

FARMER'S ADVOCATE



CANADA'S GOLDEN ERA.

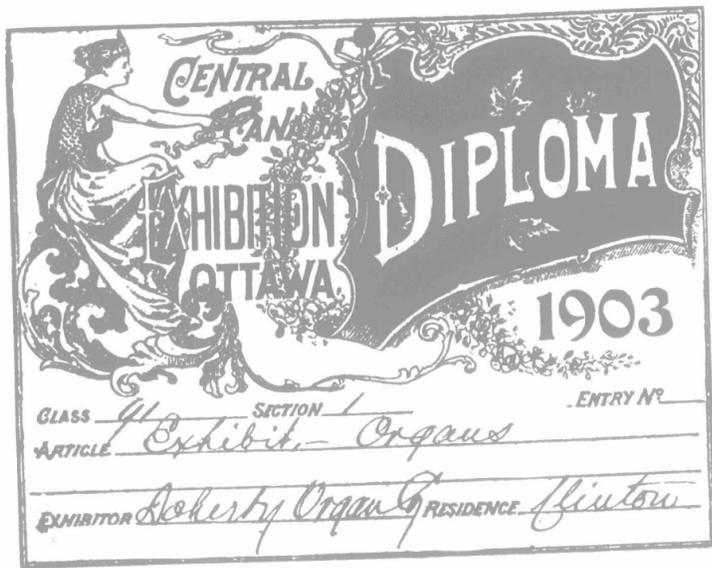
CHRISTMAS 1903

TORONTO ENG. CO.

W. W. DUFF, 1903

PRICE, 50 CENTS. Engraved according to Act of Parliament of Canada, in the year 1903, by the William Weld Co. Limited, of the Department of Agriculture, Ottawa.

DOHERTY GOLD MEDAL ORGANS



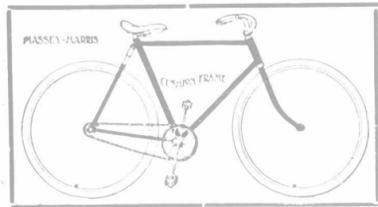
THE above is the tenth (if we mistake not) annual diploma awarded to the unbeaten Doherty Organ, the pride of the nation, by the clever and successful management of the great Ottawa Exhibition, which is certainly something to be proud of.

W. DOHERTY & CO., Clinton, Ontario, Canada.

A Good Xmas Present

A CLEVELAND OR MASSEY-HARRIS

Cushion Frame BICYCLE



The invention that made all roads appear smooth and brought thousands back to wheeling. Everybody will be riding a cushion-frame bicycle next season.

WRITE FOR PRETTY BOOKLET INTITLED "IN BICYCLEDOM."

CANADA CYCLE AND MOTOR CO., LTD., TORONTO JUNCTION.

'Melotte' CREAM SEPARATORS

ARE SENT ON FREE TRIAL

to prospective purchasers, who may thus prove the merits of the machine before buying. The simplicity of the Melotte Self-Balancing Bowl should be contrasted with the clumsy arrangements of other separators. It is THE ONLY separator which turns so easily as to necessitate the use of a brake, which is now a feature of all sizes. After six years' sales throughout Ontario and Eastern Quebec, we have never been called on to replace a single worn bearing, and this notwithstanding that the Melotte uses only one-half the oil used in other cream separators. The fact is,

The Melotte Will Outlast Any Two

Other Separators, and costs less for repairs. The enamelled bowl-casing and the

NEW SPIRAL SKIMMER

consisting of only two pieces, in size 1, make this machine by far the Easiest to Clean. For skimming, with either hot or cold milk, for general appearance, for finish and convenience in use, the Melotte is unexcelled. Write for Booklet. Agents Wanted in unrepresented districts.

Size 1. Guaranteed Capacity 400 lbs. per hour.

R.A. LISTER & CO. LTD. 579 & 581 ST. PAUL ST. MONTREAL

Binder Twine

FARMERS' FAVORITES.

BLUE RIBBON

650 feet to the pound.

REDCAP

600 feet to the pound.

TIGER

550 feet to the pound.

GOLDEN CROWN

500 feet to the pound.

Ask for these brands, because they are manufactured in Canada, and will give satisfaction.

Out of fourteen lots of binder twine confiscated by the Canadian Government Binder Twine Inspector last year, thirteen were foreign twines.

Consumers' Cordage Co'y
MONTREAL. LIMITED.

In answering any advertisement on this page, kindly mention the FARMERS ADVOCATE.

The TO

Forward, March!

that, in response to the Dominion's call, we publish the paper on the 1st, 1904. The paper is a monthly publication, nearly eleven years old.

The Dominion Demands It.

us the conviction that in order to be taken in order, a thorough series of relations to all parts of Canada has not only begun, but, comparatively speaking, is beginning.

promptly furnished, moving fast, the Dominion, with its agricultural and weekly farm news, answer of the progressive and more aggressive supplying food.

A Heavy Responsibility

over 25 per cent of the improvements in labor. Even to convert the burden of the bling the burden of quality is

The Best for the Farmer.

determination of journalism's publication of are confident staff, success contributed, loss, market

(Republished from the Farmer's Advocate of November 16th, 1903.)

The Farmer's Advocate

and Home Magazine

TO BE PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

Forward, March!

Readers of the Farmer's Advocate and Home Magazine will be pleased to learn that, in response to many requests, we have decided to publish the paper as a weekly, commencing with January 1st, 1904. Thirty-eight years ago this paper was begun as a monthly periodical. Since the 1st of January, 1893, nearly eleven years ago, it has been issued semi-monthly.

The Dominion Demands It.

The present condition and progress of agriculture in Canada impresses upon us the conviction that another step forward should now be taken in order that farmers may have a more prompt and thorough service in the distribution of information in relation to all branches of their business. The Dominion of Canada has made great advances during the past decade, but, comparatively speaking, we have as yet seen only its beginning. The pressing need for reliable information promptly furnished is therefore evident. The times are moving fast, and to keep abreast of them this broad Dominion, with its great grain-producing West, and mighty agricultural and manufacturing East, demands a progressive weekly farmer's paper. That it shall have this is the answer of the publishers of the Farmer's Advocate. Progressive and well-posted, our farmers are going to take a more aggressive share in the country's development, and in supplying food for Britain and other portions of the world.

A Heavy Responsibility.

As a semi-monthly, the cost of getting out the Farmer's Advocate has increased over 25 per cent. during the past five years, owing to improvements and advances in the cost of material and labor. Even the uninitiated can discern at a glance that to convert the Farmer's Advocate into a weekly means doubling the burdens we must assume, since the old standard of quality is to be maintained, and, we trust, surpassed.

The Best for the Farmer.

We have set out to make this advance movement with the firm, unswerving determination that every art and science known to modern journalism shall be employed to make this the greatest publication of its class on the American continent, and we are confident that, with the experience and training of our staff, success will reward our work. Articles, editorial and contributed, for every branch of the farmer's work and business, markets, the important news of the day, the Home

Department still further enlarged and improved, paper, engravings, typography—all these in accordance with the highest ideals go to make up a paper of the greatest possible value to every reader, indispensable in every home.

Subscription Price.

It will thus be seen that the subscription price of the weekly Farmer's Advocate and Home Magazine, which is to be \$1.50 for the fifty-two numbers, makes it by far the cheapest paper of its class within reach of the agricultural public to-day. Heretofore subscribers received twenty-four copies at \$1.00 per year. In 1904 they will get fifty-two, or more than double as many, for \$1.50.

Cheap Compared with Others.

That this is a moderate rate for a weekly paper of this class may be seen from the fact that the average price per annum of seven representative weekly agricultural papers published in the United States and Great Britain is \$2.20, only one being as low as \$1.50. A careful examination shows that the Farmer's Advocate is unsurpassed, if equalled, by any of them, and none of them are at all comparable with the Farmer's Advocate for the Canadian farmer.

A Special Offer.

To old subscribers we will make an exceptional offer. We will accept your renewal and one new subscription for 1904 for \$2.50, if received before January 1st, 1904. The new subscribers will get the balance of this year free from the date the subscription is received at our office, including our Christmas number.

Our Country, Our Industry, Our Homes, Our Friends.

Occupying a unique position as the oldest, largest and most widely-circulated and only national agricultural and home paper in the country, its purpose is ever the same, its mission unchanged, to foster and advance the best interests of the country, the home, and the pursuit of agriculture. Under these circumstances there will be a doubling of the circulation of the paper, a work which we desire every present reader to share, and upon which co-operation we believe we can confidently rely, judging from the cordial manner in which the Farmer's Advocate has been sustained during the past thirty-eight years.

SEE LIST OF PREMIUMS ON PAGES 1196 AND 1197.

GOSSIP.

A rather simple-looking lad halted before a blacksmith's shop on his way from school, and eyed the doings of the proprietor with much interest. The brawny smith, dissatisfied with the boy's curiosity, held a piece of red-hot iron suddenly under the youngster's nose, hoping to make him beat a hasty retreat. "If you'll give me half a dollar, I'll lick it," said the lad. The smith took from his pocket half a dollar, and held it out. The simple-looking youngster took the coin, licked it, and slowly walked away, whistling.

Mr. Geo. Rice, Currie's Crossing, Ont., breeder of Holstein cattle, writes under recent date: "Inquiry for stock is very large this fall, and amongst other sales, I have to report the sale of a fine young bull, Sir Pietertje Posch's son, to J. W. McCormick, Morewood, Ont. This is not the first sale made to Mr. McCormick. Like many other customers, they come and come again. In this young bull he has one of the finest bred, his sire being the great bull, Sir Pietertje Posch, one of the highest-priced animals of the breed. His dam, Alta Posch, sold for \$1,500, after making a record of 87 lbs. of milk a day and 27 lbs. butter a week at two days under three years old, which is the highest record ever made at that age. Mr. Joseph Dickout, Salford, Ont., also got a fine one from this same great sire, from which good results are sure to come. Mr. John Brent, of Port Arthur, New Ontario, paid a visit to us a short time ago and selected three good cows for the foundation of a herd. He took Woodland Iosco, a model of a dairy cow, and full sister to Iosco Pride, winner of sweepstakes at Toronto and the Pan-American. She created a great sensation at both places, and her full sister, Woodland Iosco, is as great a cow. Mr. Brent also took Dewdrop Clothilde, Advanced Registry record of 16 lbs. butter in 7 days; also Clarice Clothilde, a granddaughter of hers, with a record of 251 lbs. of milk and 9 1/2 lbs. of butter a week at two years old. There is a great inquiry for females as well as for males, but we cannot part with any more cows."

HONEY SUPPLY AND PRICES IN ENGLAND.

The London (England) Grocer, for September 19th, contains the following: "Reports reach us from Scotland as to the prospects of a poor honey harvest there this season. For the second year in succession, Scotch bee-hands have to be content with a crop which will reach only about one-half that of ordinary seasons, owing to an abnormally cold and backward spring, being followed up by an equally adverse early summer. At Ayrshire, a town famed for the industrious bees, the outrun of honey will once more be very limited. Various other parts of the west of Scotland report that the produce of honey will be short. Comb honey of good quality is scarce, and those who possess such ask for a further increase in prices from those of a year ago. Pressed heather honey in bulk and in bottles will no doubt be more plentiful; but with the failure of the crop of 1902, the price of this article will have an upward tendency, so that we are safe in assuring those members of the trade who deal in this article that there will be a very restricted supply this season. In the south of England, the honey harvest is over, and reports state that the crop is no better and the quality not so good as last year. Chemists are now retailing honey at 32c. per lb., against the grocer at 21c., for the same quality. Honey is an article which meets with a ready sale in the grocers' and oil-men's business, more especially during the winter months. We presume the Pharmaceutical Society will not deem the grocer a trespasser on the preserves of the chemists by the sale of honey, simply because chemists use honey largely in making up their remedies for the cure of winter colds. They have for many years encroached upon the tea-dealers' trade by selling tea, upon which they make a large profit. Why, then, should not the grocers push the sale of an article within their legitimate trade, which is as justly renowned for its value as pleasant to take?"

PURE FOOD is an absolute necessity for the preservation of our well-being.

"SALADA"

CEYLON NATURAL GREEN tea is positively "ALL PURE TEA" and as delicious to drink as "SALADA" BLACK tea.

Sold only in sealed lead packets. By all Grocers.

PORTLAND CEMENT
Concrete Silo



BUILT FOR SHERMAN HARRIS, VERSCHOYLE, ONTARIO,
14 feet in diameter and 30 feet high, with

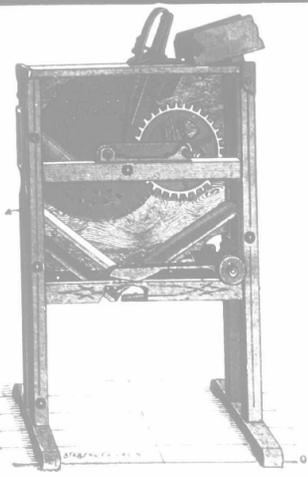
"RATHBUN'S STAR" BRAND

MANUFACTURED BY The Canadian Portland Cement Co., LIMITED

SOLE SALES AGENTS:

THE RATHBUN COMPANY

310 and 312 FRONT STREET WEST, TORONTO, ONTARIO



DAIN ONE-HOLE CORN SHELLER.

Send for circulars and prices for this machine. It overcomes all the objections in the old style machines. Strongly made, has blast fan to thoroughly clean the corn. We claim for this to be the best moderate-priced machine of its kind on the market.

Dain Manufacturing Co.
PRESTON, ONT.

FRED. R. SHANTZ,
Sales Agent for Canada.

GOSSIP.

Canadian buyers secured a round dozen of heavy harness horses at the Old Glory sale in New York last month, Mr. S. A. Fowler, St. John, N. B., taking six, including the black horse, Exioneer, by Boodle, at \$400, which he sold at a profit an hour or two later. Jas. Wetherill, Galt, Ont., bought the mare, Cressida, by Palo Alto, for \$300. W. S. Pierce, Stanstead, Que., got the mare, Novelist, by Norval, for \$260. Dr. A. Machan, Mitchell, Ont., the filly, Regina, by Sable Wilkes, at \$210, and J. A. Kerr, Perth, Ont., the chestnut colt, Monomaniac, by Monbell's Manzanita at \$950.

Mr. N. C. Maris, in North Pacific Rural Spirit, writes: "These city editors must have a hard time fillin' up their papers with things they don't know nuthin' about. Us farmers ought to be more kind and thoughtful 'bout sendin' in a line occasionally, as how we can raise big crops of hay and pumpkins, and how to make the calves and pigs git big quick. Yes, that's all we're here fur, and there ain't much good a livin' if you can't give a helpin' hand and be kinder naborly."

"The editer allers says it don't make enny difference 'bout the eddication—gist send in a few lines and he'd fix up the spellin' and the grammar and the punctions, and that's real kind of 'em. You don't hardly know your piece, sometimes, after they put in a lot of high-sounding words and kinder stretched it out like."

UNDIGESTED SECURITIES.

When Opie Read, the veteran humorist, lived at Little Rock, in the early days of the Arkansaw Traveller, which he afterward made famous, he had a love for fine raiment, which his resources never allowed him to gratify with more than one gorgeous garment at a time. One summer he had a beautiful white waistcoat with red rosebuds on it, which was his pride and delight. The rest of his clothes were indifferent, but the waistcoat was a joy.

One day a man came in and handed him a ten-dollar bill on an advertising contract. Mr. Read immediately sought the local bank and got it changed into one-dollar bills, which, with four he already had, he rolled up and tucked into the pocket of his precious vest. He then walked about town, stopping and talking to every friend he met. Casually during the conversation he would draw the money from his pocket, and, without looking at it, unroll it abstractedly, and then carelessly stuff it back in the pocket. Before he had gone far, a friend asked him to go on a little hunting trip. He hurried home, hung the waistcoat in a closet and joined his friend.

"It was two days before I got back," says Mr. Read in telling of the occurrence. "My wife met me at the door. I saw something was wrong. 'What has happened?' I asked anxiously."

"Your vest—I put it in the wash. The laundress hung it out on the line an hour ago, and a stray cow came along and ate it up."

"Merciful stars," I cried, "what about the money in the pocket?"

"It must have gone, too. I didn't know there was any there."

"But why didn't you look?"

"My dear, I've been looking in your pockets for money for five years, and have never found a cent. I gave up six months ago."

"I hunted up the owner of the cow, and demanded that the beast be killed and my property secured. He refused on the ground that he was a poor man, that he had just bought the cow and that all his money was in her. My obvious reply was that all of my money was in her too, but it failed to move him."

"I went over and abused the cow roundly, she gazing mildly at me. I searched her ribs, and even thought I could detect a slight hump, but that was all the satisfaction I ever got. My beautiful vest and my hard-earned roll were gone. It happened too soon."

"If it had been now, I could have told the cow to cough up, but the expression hadn't been invented then. I have never fully recovered from the blow."—[Saturday Evening Post.

In answering any advertisement on this page, kindly mention the FARMER'S ADVOCATE.

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HOBSON
H. BLA
L. J. M

DE LAVAL CREAM SEPARATORS ARE THE BEST.

TRY ONE.

The nearest agent will furnish
a machine; or write

THE DE LAVAL
SEPARATOR CO.,

77 York Street, - Toronto.

1859-1903.

THE LONDON MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE CO. OF CANADA.

Losses paid since
organization,
\$3,500,000.00.

Business in force,
\$70,000,000.00.

Assets,
Dec. 31st, 1902,
\$628,690.16.

Incorporated by
Dominion
Act of
Parliament.
Established 1859.



Hon. Jno. Dryden,
President.

Geo. Gillies, Esq.,
Vice-President.

H. Waddington,
Sec. and Man. Director.

Lauchlin Leitch,
Superintendent.

D. Weismiller,
Jno. Killer,
Inspectors.

HEAD OFFICE:

82 - 84 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO.

FRED. J. HOLLAND, WINNIPEG, General Agent for Manitoba and N.-W. T.
HOBSON & CO. (Limited), Vancouver, General Agents for B. C.
H. BLACHFORD, 180 St. James St., Montreal, General Agent for Quebec.
L. J. MCGHEE, Halifax, General Agent for Nova Scotia.

PATENT

Steel HOG and WATER Troughs



Patented April 21st, 1903.

Six months ago when we first placed an Adv. in these columns, we expected the farmers of Canada to be pleased with our production of a trough that would fill a need that they had long felt, but we had no idea that it would cause such a stir amongst the farmers over the length and breadth of this fair land of ours. We knew our trough was a first-class article, and as near perfect as possible, but we also knew many people had been duped by buying some of the cheap, spurious troughs on the market, and they were quick to appreciate them, and the orders we have received have taxed us to our utmost limit. Not only have farmers appreciated them, but mechanics and leading business men. It pleased us well to receive an order from such a great man as Sir William Van Horn, ex-President of the C. P. R., for 9 troughs, for his farm in New Brunswick. D. McGinn, Toronto, bought our entire exhibit at Toronto, and has since sent us in some good orders. F. E. Walton, Danforth, an order for 300 ft. A. H. Forbes, Chesterville, placed an order for 1,000 ft. Mr. John Tanner, a farmer who took the agency for Rawdon township, sold already this year over 900 ft. This shows how men who know them appreciate them. We are looking for good reliable agents, who will take the agency of a County and push it. There should be at least 3,000 ft. of our troughs sold in your County next year. Why not? Every farmer and stock-raiser wants them, and will have them when they know what they are. If we have no agent in your section, don't be afraid to send us your order direct. If troughs are not as we represent, send them back, and back goes your purchase money.

Hog Troughs, 5 ft. and longer, 60c. per ft., f.o.b. Tweed.

Water Troughs, 6 ft. and longer, 4 sizes, \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.40, \$1.50, per ft., f.o.b. Tweed.

For further particulars address

WILBER S. GORDON, TWEED, ONT.

Connection with G.T.R. and C.P.R.

In answering any advertisement on this page, kindly mention the FARMER'S ADVOCATE.

GOSSIP.

"Pardon me, gentlemen," said the individual who had just moved into the little town as he entered the grocery store, "but is there a chicken-raiser here?"

"Why don't you take an axe?" asked the village Talleyrand. "A razor will lose its edge if you use it on a chicken."

Mr. Geo. W. Kennedy, Ilderton, Ont., desires us to correct an error which occurred in the footlines under the cut of his Standard-bred stallion, Lord of the Manor, appearing in the October 15th issue of the "Advocate," page 939, where the age of this horse is given as four years, while most horsemen know that his age is eleven years. Lord of the Manor won first prize and the silver medal for best stallion (Standard-bred) of any age at the Dominion Exhibition, at Toronto, and also at the Western Fair, at London, this year. Mr. Kennedy's three-year-old stallion, Sir Casimir, won first at Toronto and London this year, and second at the National Horse Show at New York.

"What are you feeding to those hogs, my friend?" the professor asked.

"Corn, professor," the grizzled old farmer, who knew the learned gentleman by sight, replied.

"Are you feeding it wet or dry?"

"Dry."

"Don't you know if you feed it wet the hogs can digest it in half the time?"

The farmer gave him a quizzical look. "Now, see here, professor," he said, "how much do you calculate a hog's time is worth?"

In this issue, John Campbell, of Fairview Farm, Woodville, Ont., offers for sale a few of his good Shropshire ewes bred to imported rams. Anyone wanting to introduce new blood, of the choicest strains, into his flock, or one intending to lay a foundation for a high-class flock, should write for prices and description. The Fairview flock is claimed to be the oldest-established flock of Shropshires in Ontario, and certainly has produced as many winners and noted individuals as any flock in our country, its owner claims more than any other. A special selection, being a small percentage of a large number of Barred Rock cockerels, is also offered. Last year's offering in that line gave the purchasers good satisfaction, and should this season as well.

LIVE-STOCK MEETINGS, SHOWS, SALES, ETC., 1904.

January 8th-7.30 p. m. Meeting of the directors of the Dominion Shorthorn Breeders' Association, at Toronto.

January 19th-11 a. m. Eighteenth annual meeting of the Dominion Shorthorn Breeders' Association, at Toronto.

January 20th-Hamilton combination sale, Stock-yards, Hamilton.

February 2nd-11 a. m. Meeting of the directors of the Canadian Ayrshire Breeders' Association, at Toronto. 1.30 p. m.—Sixth annual meeting of the Canadian Ayrshire Breeders' Association, at Toronto. 8.00 p. m.—Third annual meeting of the Harness, Hunter and Saddle Horse Society, at Toronto.

February 3rd-11 a. m. Fifteenth annual meeting of the Canadian Shire Horse Breeders' Association, at Toronto. 2.30 p. m.—Twelfth annual meeting of the Canadian Hackney Horse Society, at Toronto. 4.30 p. m.—Third annual meeting of the Canadian Pony Society, at Toronto.

February 4th-11 a. m. Meeting of the directors of the Canadian Clydesdale Horse Breeders' Association, at Toronto. 2.00 p. m.—Eighteenth annual meeting of the Canadian Clydesdale Horse Breeders' Association, at Toronto. 8.00 p. m.—Annual meeting of the Canadian Horse Breeders' Association, at Toronto.

February 5th—Sale of cattle, Maritime Winter Fair Building, Amherst, N. S.

The provincial auction sales and the Eastern Ontario Live Stock and Poultry Show will be held during February.

March 2nd, 3rd and 4th—Second annual Canadian Spring Stallion Show, Toronto, Can.

March—Live-stock convention and sale, Winnipeg, Man.

It Leads Them All!

As applied to the gain in net amount of life insurance in force in Canada for the FIVE YEARS ending December 31st, 1902,

THE MUTUAL LIFE OF CANADA

has once more established its right to the above claim. It stands to-day

at the head of all

life companies doing business in Canada in the NET AMOUNT IN FORCE GAINED OVER all its competitors, during the past five years, as shown by the Government reports.

Policies in force January 1st, 1903, - - \$34,106,294
Gain in Canadian business in 5 years, - - \$12,679,416

This Company for the whole period of its history (34 years) has been noted for

- (1) Economy in management, resulting in low ratio of expense;
 - (2) Great care in selecting risks, resulting in low death rate; and,
 - (3) First-class investments, resulting in large income from interest.
- Three potent factors, producing very satisfactory dividends for its policy-holders.

Agencies in every town and city in Canada.
Loans at current rates negotiated at any of its agencies or at its Head Office, Waterloo, Ont.

AGENT AT WINNIPEG, P. D. MCKINNON, BANK OF HAMILTON BLOCK.
ROBT. MELVIN, Pres. GEO. WEGENAST, Mgr. W. H. RIDDELL, Sec.

CANADA'S BEST COMMERCIAL SCHOOL.

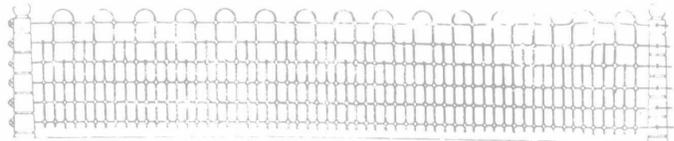
Central Business College

STRATFORD, ONT.

Only One Grade of Education Given to Our Students, and that the Highest.

Scores of business colleges apply to us for our graduates. They are wanted as teachers in other business colleges. This is the kind of proof you are looking for, as to the best school to attend. Handsome catalogue FREE.

WINTER TERM OPENS JAN. 4. W. J. ELLIOTT, PRIN.



The Anchor Fence

is constructed entirely of No. 8 and 9 galvanized steel wire. The horizontal wires being absolutely locked to the upright wires by our patent Anchor clamp, making the joints rivet tight. They cannot slip.

We manufacture FARM FENCES and GATES, as well as ORNAMENTAL FENCES also carry in stock all kinds of FENCING WIRE. Write us for catalogue and prices.

ESPLEN, FRAME & COMPANY,
AGENTS WANTED. STRATFORD, ONT.

In answering any advertisement kindly mention the name of THE FARMERS ADVOCATE.

TRADE TOPICS.

QUEENSTON CEMENT is still to the fore for house, barn and silo walls, and stable floors. Mr. Isaac Usher, Queenston, Ont., manufacturer of this cement, reports a very successful year in the demand for and sale of this cement, his sales far exceeding the record of last year. He has just finished a large two-story factory for the Challenger Leather Goods Company, of Cayuga, Ont., and a very large number of houses, bridge abutments, barn basements and stable floors have been completed during the past summer and fall to the entire satisfaction of customers. Mr. Usher makes a change in his advertisement in this issue, to which attention is directed.

A NEW BOOKLET.—"Horseology" is the title of a booklet issued by the Dunlop Tire Co., Toronto. "Horseology" is a word that spells "sensible talk about the horse" in ten letters. It will be mailed free to any subscriber of the "Farmer's Advocate" sending for it. So marked a success has attended the Dunlop Pads in Canada that their future may now be declared assured. The money spent in advertising an honestly-made and valuable article is never wasted. Such an article sells without trouble upon its own apparent merits. The Dunlop Pads have met with this success. The Company acknowledges its indebtedness to the publishers of the "Farmer's Advocate" for bringing horseshoe pads to the notice of those to whom they are most valuable. The advertising has been of the simplest form, yet it brought numerous inquiries, and a corresponding number of sales. The booklet, "Horseology," contains a short talk about horses and the utility of the Dunlop Pads. It is not so much advertising as it is good sense.

Postmaster-General Payne says there is a western bishop who has been visiting regularly a certain town to make confirmations for fifteen or twenty years, and who decided last year that there was one woman in this town's confirmation class who had a familiar look. He studied the woman, therefore, closely. He scrutinized her figure, her face, her dress. She was old and poorly clad, and decidedly her appearance was familiar.

"Haven't I seen you before?" said the bishop.

"Indeed ye hev, sir," returned the woman cordially.

"Haven't I confirmed you before?"

"Oh, yes, sir; many a time, sir."

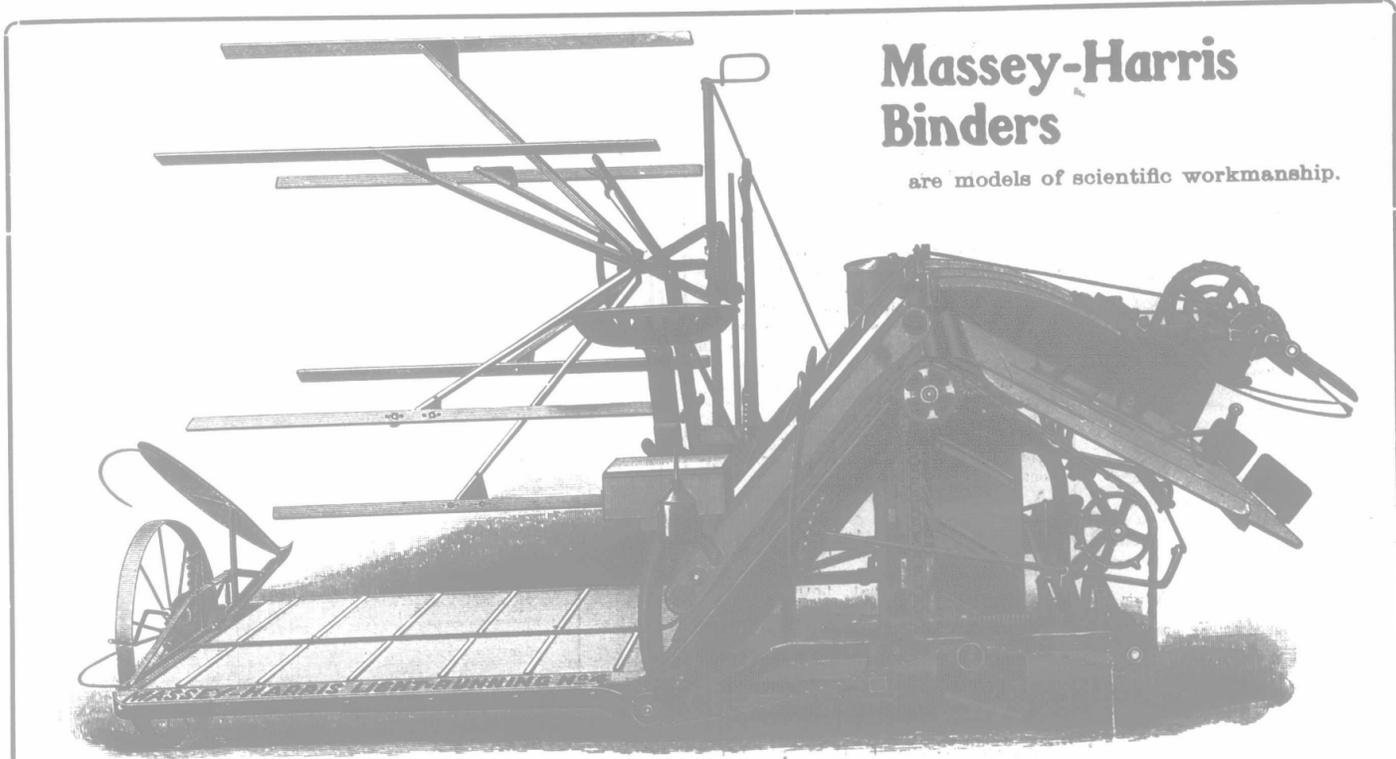
"Why—what on earth—how—" the bishop, amazed and perplexed, began; but the woman, smiling, interrupted him to explain:

"I get confirmed, sir, as often as I kin, 'cause I'm told it's good for the rheumatiz."

THE SOVEREIGN BANK.—The Sovereign Bank has just issued an attractive little folder, which clearly sets forth the noteworthy fact that this strong, aggressive financial institution established an unparalleled record during the year ending October 31, 1903. In these twelve months, the deposits increased from \$1,681,730 to \$4,309,432; the notes in circulation from \$759,995 to \$1,237,650; the reserve fund and undivided profits from \$240,000 to \$332,838; the loans and discounts from \$2,988,668 to \$5,821,350; the bonds and investments from \$439,363 to \$713,397, and the cash and bank balances from \$383,097 to \$622,774. When it is considered that the bank only commenced business May 1st, 1902, these advances appear all the more marvellous and important. Absolute security, unexcelled facilities, modern methods, courteous treatment and careful management have combined to gain the confidence of over ten thousand customers. Branches now include the following well-established offices: Amherstburg; Aylmer; Belmont; Claremont; Clinton; Dushwood; Crediton; Exeter; Harrow; Havelock; Hensall; Frelighsburg, Que.; Markham; Marmora; Milverton; Mount Albert; Montreal (2); Newmarket; Ottawa (2); Perth; St. Catharines; Stirling; Stouffville; Sutton, Que.; Toronto; Unionville; Waterloo, Que., and Zurich. Readers of the "Farmer's Advocate," who have banking business to transact, will, doubtless, avail themselves of the advantages of this institution.

MASSEY-HARRIS FARM IMPLEMENTS

THE FARMERS' ABLEST AIDS TO PROSPERITY.



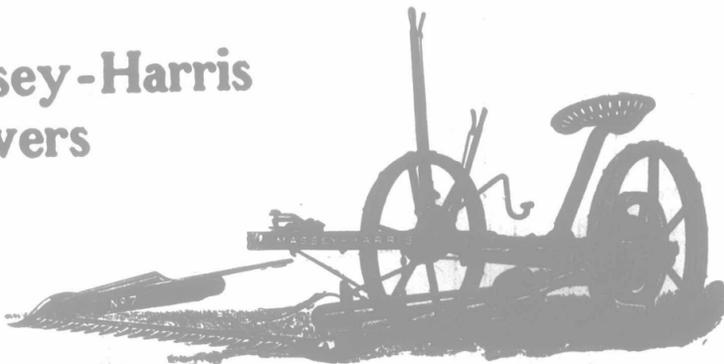
Massey-Harris Binders

are models of scientific workmanship.

As strong and light as the best material and construction can make it.

Massey-Harris Mowers

Are suitable for all kinds and conditions of mowing.



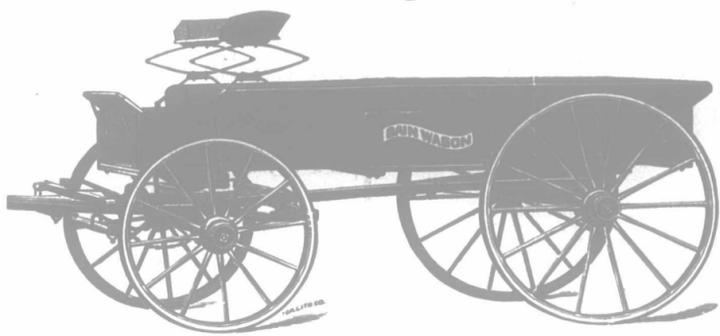
ALL MASSEY-HARRIS MACHINES ARE SUPERIOR IN THE CONVENIENT ARRANGEMENT OF ALL LEVERS, IN DRAUGHT, STRENGTH AND WORKING QUALITIES.

Verity Plows



Standards of Excellence the World Over.

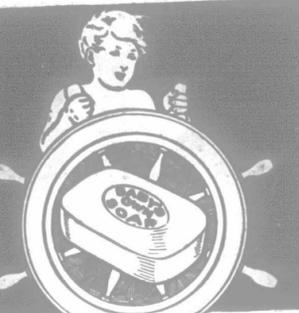
Bain Wagons



Have a National Reputation for Durability.

VERITY PLOWS and BAIN WAGONS are sold by all MASSEY-HARRIS AGENTS.

In answering the advertisement on this page, kindly mention the FARMER'S ADVOCATE.



Steer a Safe Course
The safest course for delicate skins is to use **BABY'S OWN SOAP.**
No Other Soap is as Good.
ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., Mfrs. Montreal.

Don't pay a Washwoman
who takes all day rubbing the life out of your clothes to get them clean, you can do the washing yourself—sitting down—with a **New Century Washing Machine** or you can make the washwoman's work easier and better—leave time for other cleaning—and save the wear on your clothes. Buy a New Century and throw away your useless washboard, ask your hardware dealer to show it to you—or write to us for booklet.
THE DOWSWELL MFG. CO., LTD.
HAMILTON, ONT.



THE Sovereign Bank
OF CANADA.

Head Office, - - - - - TORONTO.
Chief Executive Office, MONTREAL.

- BRANCHES:
- | | | |
|--------------|------------|-----------------|
| AYLMER | HENSBALL | NEWMARKET |
| AMHERSTBURG | MARKET | OTTAWA |
| BELMONT | BRANCH | PERTH |
| CLAREMONT | OTTAWA | ST. CATHARINES |
| CLINTON | MARKHAM | STIRLING |
| CREDITON | MARMORA | STOUFFVILLE |
| DASHWOOD | MILVERTON | SUTTON, P. Q. |
| EXETER | MONTREAL | TORONTO |
| FRELIGHSBURG | MONTREAL | UNIONVILLE |
| HARROW | WEST END | WATERLOO, P. Q. |
| HAVELOCK | MT. ALBERT | ZURICH |

This Bank is fully equipped to transact all business in accordance with modern ideas. Savings Bank Departments at every Branch. Deposits of \$1 received. Interest paid twice a year. No delay in obtaining money when needed. Interest allowed from date of deposits. No trouble, red-tape or delay.

D. M. STEWART, General Manager.

Salt Sense.

The fame of Windsor Salt grows steadily. It is the highest grade of pure salt. No salt can possibly be purer, whiter, drier, or flakier than Windsor Salt.

Windsor Salt.

GOSSIP.

The happy Christmastide is not a time for worry and weariness, but is, or should be, a season of glad brightness and light-hearted joy. If there be any amongst us who have fallen into the too prevalent habit—through our very excess of zeal, it may be—of making it a season of toil and harassment, so that our Christmas, finding us worn and troubled, fretful and fatigued, is robbed of all its peace and beauty, surely we will do well to learn from our French compatriots that the essence of tranquil, whole-hearted happiness lies in simplicity and sincerity.

Mr. Robert Taylor, Pitlivié, Aberdeenshire, has, we learn, exported this year 400 head of pedigree Shorthorns to the Argentine, and just now he has over 300 head collected at Pitlivié in preparation for further shipments. Most of the animals are young bulls and heifers, which have been bought at high prices over all the northern and midland counties of Scotland. Mr. Taylor has acquired an estancia in the Argentine about two hours' railway run from Buenos Ayres, which he intends to work to some extent in connection with his exportation business.

When "Long John" Wentworth, a famous Chicago character, was a candidate for mayor of that city, there was a vigorous discussion over a two-headed calf on exhibition in Clark Street.

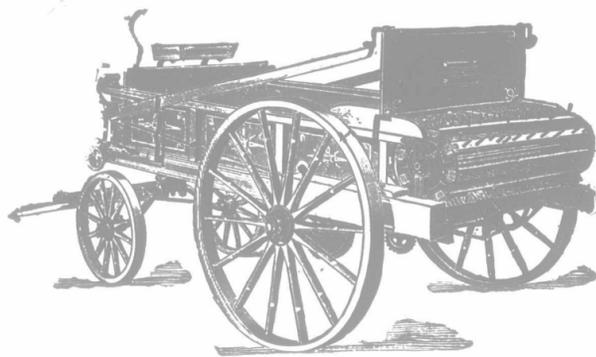
Somebody had asked the question whether the calf was two calves with one body or one calf with two heads. The city was all torn up about it. There were letters in the newspapers, and many acrimonious domestic and public discussions. At length it was decided to leave the matter to Mr. Wentworth.

A committee waited on him and stated the case.

Wentworth listened to the arguments carefully. Then made this decision: "Inasmuch as I am a candidate for mayor, I decide that both sides are right."

Mr. Israel Groff, of Alma, Ont., whose advertisement appears in this paper, has some very choice young Shorthorn bulls and heifers of rich breeding and individuality ready for shipment. Most of these young animals are of Cruickshank Crimson Flower, Rose of Stamford and Athelstane breeding, and all of them are exceptionally fine animals, showing rich breeding, good conformation and individuality. They are sired by Royal Hero and Royal Victor, and out of such well-bred dams as Duchess of Athelstane 4th, by Royal Hero, dam Duchess of Athelstane II.; Crimson Flower, by Golden Robe 20396, dam Crimson Rose 29878, by Sittyton Chief II. 20104; Roan Mary 45970, by Golden Count 26440, dam Queen Mary II. 36203, by Rantin Robin 24378; Duchess of Athelstane A, by Sittyton Chief 20104, and Violet's Beauty. It will be seen that these young animals carry in their veins some of the blood that has produced winners and high-priced animals of recent years, and besides being well bred, they are of high-class individuality. Mr. Groff has at the head of his herd Spley Robin, winner of third prize at Toronto and sweepstakes at Guelph this year, ably assisted by Victor's Roan Duke, a son of Golden Drop Victor (imp.), dam Golden Duchess (imp.). He is a very handsome youngster, a rich roan, very firm, rich mellow hide, low-down and very thick through quarters and girth; and is growing into a very handsome and stylish bull, and will make it interesting for his competitors in the showing the coming year. Mr. Groff's herd is a very uniform one, and contains some very handsome and large-milking dams, and the young stock especially show great promise. Buyers can find here a fine assortment of young bulls and heifers. Mr. Groff also has some very choice young Berkshire boars and sows ready to ship, sired by Garfield 9696, and out of Norval Lady 9421. These pigs are 12 1/2 per cent. the blood of the great sweepstakes boar, Baron Lee IV, that sold for \$1,200, the sire of more winning pigs than any boar of his time in America. These young pigs are very cheap indeed at the prices Mr. Groff is asking for them.

Kemp's 20th Century Manure Spreader



DOMINION OF CANADA
DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE
COMMISSIONER'S BRANCH.

Ottawa, Sept. 14th. 1905

Messrs. The Kemp Manure Spreader Co., Ltd.
Stratford, Ont.

Gentlemen,-

My neighbor, the Hon. Jno. Dryden, Minister of Agriculture for Ontario has used one of your manure spreaders for several years, with which he is highly pleased. I have been an interested observer for a number of years, and this year I asked him to allow us to make a test of it at Glenhodson Farm in spreading both long and short manure. The results were satisfactory, and I determined to obtain one.

I can heartily recommend this machine to Canadian farmers, and to all who have manure in quantity to spread. It is a great labor and manure saver and has exceeded my expectations. I am highly pleased with it. The machine has many advantages which I need not enumerate here.

Yours very truly
F. W. Hodson
Live Stock Commissioner.

Drop a postal card for our Booklet, entitled "Multiplying His Acres."

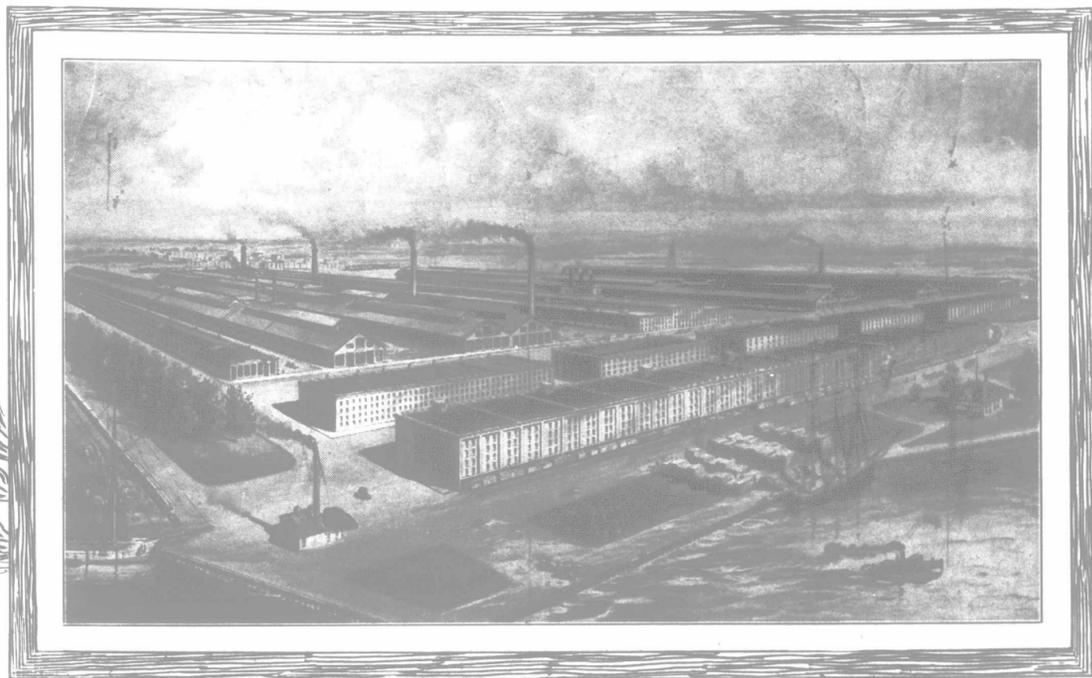
THE KEMP MANURE SPREADER CO. LTD., STRATFORD, ONT.



Let us quote on that **Wire Fence** you are going to erect next Spring.

THE FROST WIRE FENCE CO., Ltd.

Cleveland, Ohio. WELLAND, ONT. Winnipeg, Man.



DEERING MACHINES

Made in the great International
Harvester Works at Hamilton.

CARE IN SEED-TIME.

Seed well sown insures a good stand of grain and makes harvest promising. The best seeding and tillage results are obtained with

The Deering ^{Line} of Seeding and Tillage Machines

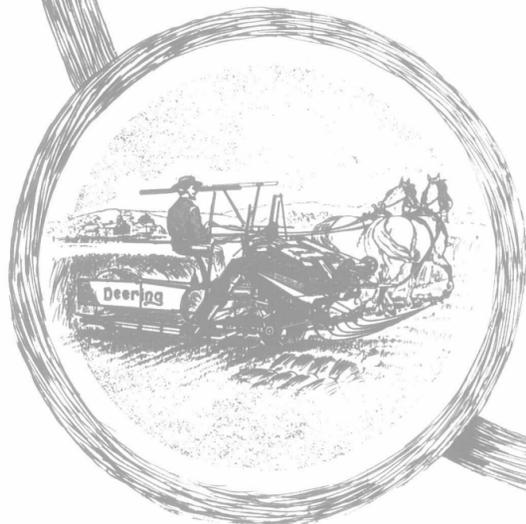
DRILLS, CULTIVATORS, SEEDERS, DISC HARROWS, SMOOTHING HARROWS.

SUCCESS IN HARVEST.

No matter how prolific the crop, or what its condition, its harvest will be sure, quick, satisfactory when the work is done with

The Deering Line of Light-draft Harvesters

BINDERS, HEADER-BINDERS, MOWERS, REAPERS, HEMP REAPERS, RAKES, TEDDERS,
CORN BINDERS, CORN SHOCKERS, HUSKERS AND SHREDDERS,
RICE BINDERS, TONGUE TRUCKS,
KNIFE GRINDERS,
BINDER TWINE, OIL.



DEERING MACHINES

Made in the great International
Harvester Works at Hamilton.



In answering the advertisement on this page, kindly mention the FARMER'S ADVOCATE.

High-class,
Reliable.

Built to Last
a Lifetime.

Bell

Pianos & Organs

PIANO PLAYERS
BELLOLIAN Self-playing ORGANS.

Everyone contemplating the purchase of an instrument will find it profitable to write us. The BELL is used all over the world by One Hundred and Twenty Thousand purchasers.

The name BELL stands for best Quality.

BRANCH AT
49 Holborn Viaduct,
LONDON, ENG.

The Bell Organ & Piano Co. Limited
GUELPH, ONTARIO

WAREHOUSES AT
146 Yonge Street,
TORONTO, ONT.

CATALOGUE FREE ON REQUEST.

RUPTURE.

Write for particulars as to how to cure it without a risky operation. Invaluable advice FREE.
C. H. Dorewend, R. S., Toronto, Ont.
State your case when writing. 393 Yonge St. om

The Berlin X-ray and Electro-Therapeutic Laboratory.
X-RAYS—Electricity in all its varied forms and high frequency currents used successfully in the treatment of cancer, fibroids, goitre, sciatica, chronic rheumatism, all forms of nervous ailments, sexual folies, rupture, varicocele, tubercular glands and joints, paralysis (some forms), facial blemishes, superfluous hair, etc., catarrh of the nose and throat, and other chronic ailments. For further information address,
DR. J. E. HETT, BERLIN, ONT.

BE A TELEGRAPHER.

For bright young men and women telegraphy offers better opportunities than any other trade or profession. We teach you in from three to six months, when a good position at good pay will be ready. Our telegraph book tells how. We mail it free. **DOMINION SCHOOL OF TELEGRAPHY**, 36 King Street East, Toronto, Ont.



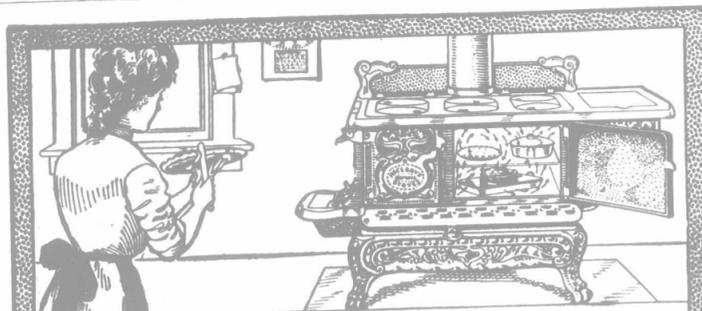
ROCK SALT for horses and cattle, in ton and car lots. Toronto Salt Works, Toronto.

CHANCE OF A LIFETIME.

Magnificent 235-acre farm in splendid condition, adjoining thriving city, together with old-established city milk business bringing in \$500 a month cash, with or without stock, implements and complete milk outfit, \$10,000 cash, balance at 5 per cent. This is an exceptional opportunity. Speak quick.
ORMSBY & CLAPP,
Real Estate, Woodstock, Ontario.

STARR'S MAGIC RHEUMATIC CURE

Guaranteed to Cure Rheumatism, Acute, Inflammatory or Chronic; also Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, and all Kidney troubles, removes Uric Acid from the system, gives immediate relief. Don't suffer but send for a bottle at once. Osborne Remedy Co., 175 Yonge St., Toronto, Canada. \$1.00 per bottle. Agents wanted.



Pandora Range

A VENTILATING OVEN THAT VENTILATES.

There is only one practical way of ventilating the oven in a range and that way has been adopted in the "Pandora"—is an actual working feature and not a mere talking point.

Fresh air is drawn from the outside through small vents into the oven and is quickly heated and disseminated, while the odors and cooking fumes escape through small vents into the smoke flues and up the chimney.

Result is that expensive, juicy roasts retain their rich, natural flavors and are entirely free from cooking odors and taints, to which the palate is so sensitive. Puddings, bread, etc., when baked, are always light, fresh and free from taint.

In the production of the "Pandora" range you have all that scientific study, practical experience, skilled workmanship, and an immense and finely equipped plant combined, can produce.

For sale by all enterprising dealers. Booklets free.

McClary's

London, Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg, Vancouver, St. John, N. B.

In summer the continuous coil takes up the slack
in the winter season pays it back.

Page Woven Wire Fence

All fences slacken in warm weather and tighten in cold—except the Page Fence. Page spring coil takes up the slack in summer and lets it out in winter. No loose sagging in summer, no straining or breaking in winter. Common crimped wire is not spring tempered and if it slackens it stays slackened; if it tightens it loosens again worse than ever. Page wire is tempered to regulate its own tension summer and winter. 60,000 miles of Page wire fence in use now.

The Page Wire Fence Co., Limited, Walkerville, Ont. Montreal, P.Q., and St. John, N.B. 9

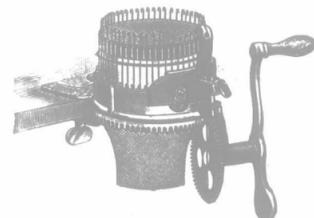
MAXIMUM and MINIMUM.

The greatest and least. These words contain the principles of success in stock-raising. Produce the maximum amount at the minimum cost. This is true economy, and if followed faithfully leads to success.

There must be no waste of food, all must be digested; there must be no sickness or getting off feed, as this is a waste of time and adds to the cost, every scheme that will aid in keeping the cost down to the minimum must be worked, and yet the animal must be forced, he must be fed to his fullest capacity in order to get the maximum amount in the minimum time, because extra time adds to the cost. Herein lies the use of Herbageum. An animal may, by its regular use, be forced to its fullest capacity without danger of derangement from indigestion. So thorough will the digestion and assimilation of food be, when Herbageum is fed regularly, that at least two months' time will be saved, and this saving of time, coupled with the fact that coarser foods may be used, shows Herbageum to be the medium by which the maximum quantity and quality of animal products may be produced at the minimum cost of time and feed.

FAMILY KNITTER.

Plain, \$8 ; Plain and Rib, \$12.



DUNDAS KNITTING MACHINE CO.,
DUNDAS, ONTARIO.

WRITE FOR CIRCULAR.

In answering any advertisements on this page, kindly mention THE FARMERS ADVOCATE.

*NOTE: line of the a only by a dre understand front cover.



THE
Farmer's Advocate
and Home Magazine.

REGISTERED IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE COPYRIGHT ACT OF 1875.

LONDON, ONT., AND WINNIPEG, MAN., DECEMBER 15, 1903.

VOL. XXXVIII. NO. 588.

An Ode for the Canadian Confederacy.

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

*Awake, my country, the hour is great with change!
* Under this gloom which yet obscures the land,
From ice-blue strait and stern Laurentian range
To where giant peaks our western bounds command,
A deep voice stirs, vibrating in men's ears
As if their own hearts throbbed that thunder forth,
A sound wherein who hearkens wisely hears
The voice of the desire of this strong North,—
This North whose heart of fire
Yet knows not its desire
Clearly, but dreams, and murmurs in the dream.
The hour of dreams is done. Lo, on the hills the gleam!*

*Awake, my country, the hour of dreams is done!
Doubt not, nor dread the greatness of thy fate.
Tho' faint souls fear the keen, confronting sun,
And fain would bid the morn of splendor wait;
Tho' dreamers, rapt in starry visions, cry,
"Lo, yon thy future, yon thy faith, thy fame!"
And stretch vain hands to stars, thy fame is nigh,
Here in Canadian hearth, and home, and name;—
This name which yet shall grow
Till all the nations know
Us for a patriot people, heart and hand
Loyal to our native earth,—our own Canadian land!*

*O strong hearts, guarding the birthright of our glory,
Worth your best blood this heritage that ye guard!
Those mighty streams resplendent with our story,
These iron coasts by rage of seas unjarred,—
What fields of peace these bulwarks well secure!
What vales of plenty those calm floods supply!
Shall not our love this rough, sweet land make sure,
Her bounds preserve inviolate, though we die?
O strong hearts of the North,
Let flame your loyalty forth,
And put the craven and base to an open shame,
Till earth shall know the Child of Nations by her name!*

Canada.

*But thou, my Country, dream not thou!
Wake, and behold how night is done,—
How on thy breast, and o'er thy brow,
Bursts the uprising sun!*

*NOTE.—Mr. Roberts, who ranks easily among the foremost Canadian authors of the present day, in a recent letter to the "Farmer's Advocate," in reply to an enquiry regarding the second line of the above poem, which was written some time ago, says: "I used to feel that a speedy change was needed—that our colonial position was not tolerable! And I was harassed, not only by a dread of annexation, but by my own doubts as to whether we should look to independence or imperial federation. Now I am so convinced that federation is our destiny that I hardly understand the 'gloom.'" Following the ode we give the concluding stanza of another poem, entitled "Canada," by Mr. Roberts, which is singularly appropriate to the design of our colored front cover.—EDITOR.

THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE AND HOME MAGAZINE.

THE LEADING AGRICULTURAL JOURNAL IN THE
DOMINION.

PUBLISHED BY
THE WILLIAM WELD COMPANY (LIMITED).

TWO DISTINCT PUBLICATIONS—EASTERN AND WESTERN.

EASTERN OFFICE:
CARLING STREET, LONDON, ONT.

WESTERN OFFICE:

IMPERIAL BANK BLOCK, CORNER BATHURST AVE. AND MAIN ST.,
WINNIPEG, MANITOBA.

BRANCH OFFICE: CALGARY, ALBERTA, N.-W. T.

LONDON (ENGLAND) OFFICE:

W. W. CHAPMAN, Agent, Mowbray House, Norfolk street,
London, W. C., England.

JOHN WELD, MANAGER.

1. THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE will be published every Thursday after Jan. 1st, 1904.
2. It is impartial and independent of all cliques or parties, handsomely illustrated with original engravings, and furnishes the most profitable, practical and reliable information for farmers, dairymen, gardeners, and stockmen, of any publication in Canada.
3. TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—In Canada, United States, England, Ireland and Scotland, \$1.50 per year, in advance; \$2.00 when not paid in advance. All other countries, 12s.
4. ADVERTISING RATES.—Single insertion, 20 cents per line, agate. Contract rates furnished on application.
5. THE ADVOCATE is sent to subscribers until an explicit order is received for its discontinuance. All payments of arrearages must be paid as required by law.
6. THE LAW IS, that all subscribers to newspapers are held responsible until all arrearages are paid and their paper ordered to be discontinued.
7. REMITTANCES should be made direct to this office, either by Money Order or Registered Letter, which will be at our risk. When made otherwise we will not be responsible.
8. THE DATE ON YOUR LABEL shows to what time your subscription is paid.
9. ANONYMOUS communications will receive no attention.
10. LETTERS intended for publication should be written on one side of the paper only.
11. WE INVITE FARMERS to write us on any agricultural topic. We are always pleased to receive practical articles. For such as we consider valuable we will pay ten cents per inch printed matter. Criticisms of Articles, Suggestions How to Improve the ADVOCATE, Descriptions of New Grains, Roots or Vegetables not generally known, Particulars of Experiments Tried, or Improved Methods of Cultivation, are each and all welcome. Contributions sent us must not be furnished other papers until after they have appeared in our columns. Rejected matter will be returned on receipt of postage.
12. ALL COMMUNICATIONS in reference to any matter connected with this paper should be addressed as below, and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Address—THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE, or
THE WILLIAM WELD COMPANY (LIMITED),
LONDON, CANADA.

A Personal Acknowledgment.

In the Divine order of human events, great trials sometimes come without warning, when the outlook seems brightest. Such an occurrence, crushing in its unexpectedness, amid the pressure of the year's heaviest business activities and preparations for the Christmas season, was the death on December 2nd, inst., of Florence Eleanor Weld, only and beloved daughter of the manager of the "Farmer's Advocate." On behalf of himself and his partner in life, he desires gratefully to acknowledge the many kindly and sympathetic messages that have come from all parts of the country in those trying hours, reminding us again that "one touch of nature makes the whole world kin."

Three-colored Features.

The conception and design of the colored front cover of this issue of the "Farmer's Advocate" will challenge attention no less than the way in which it has been executed, according to the "tricolor process." The colored back cover, occupied by that old and progressive agricultural implement manufacturing enterprise, David Maxwell & Sons, St. Mary's, Ont., is certainly a unique example of what can be achieved by up-to-date processes. Excellent though it be, however, it does no more than justice to the high-grade labor-saving machinery for the farmer on which this firm have specialized. Equally attractive are the two-colored inserts, one of which directs well-deserved attention to the productions of the famous Ontario Wind Engine and Pump Company, of Toronto, and the other to that great "Cock o' the North" enterprise, The American-Abell Engine and Thresher Company. To these, and other announcements of a business character in this issue, we take pleasure in commending the careful attention of our readers.

A Christmas Greeting.

The recurrence of the Christmas festival season recalls the mind to a consideration of its significance to the world at large, to our own Dominion, and to our homes, our families, and ourselves individually. It appeals to us in the tenderest terms for a grateful acknowledgment of the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man.

The proclamation on the plains of Bethlehem of "Peace on earth and good will to men" means more of blessing and beneficence than men are wont to own; but a calm and candid consideration of the announcement calls for the confession that upon its proper observance hinges all that is best in life in all its relations—personal, social and public. On this depends the stability of governments, the security of life and property, the acknowledgment of the rights and privileges of the individual; in short, the whole of what is

for the sake of the precious associations for which it stands and what it means to the world and to every one of us.

The "Farmer's Advocate," grateful for the blessings of the past, extends to its readers a cheerful greeting, and presents this special issue as a "Christmas-box" to its readers, with best wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

To Facilitate Mailing.

In order to expedite the mailing of the present large Christmas issue of the "Farmer's Advocate," which goes to many thousands more of readers than any previous holiday number in the history of the paper, and to provide for the more than double work of mailing the weekly issue after January 1st, 1904, we have introduced an automatic paper-feeding machine, procured from F. C. Fuller & Co., New York. This will be used in connection with the Dexter folder described in the "Farmer's Advocate" for Nov. 15th, and will feed the flat printed sheets of eight or sixteen pages each into the folder at the rate of 3,000 per hour, a work formerly done by hand. It is a costly and marvellous piece of mechanism, almost human in its operations, and is the first of its kind to be introduced in Canada.

Extra Copies Christmas Number.

Judging by the experience of previous years, there will be a very considerable demand for extra copies of the present Christmas Number for sending "With the compliments of the season" to relatives and friends, particularly those in other countries. This demand will, no doubt, be stimulated by the exceptional attractiveness and value of its contents and illustrations. A limited number of copies have been printed for that purpose, and while the supply lasts we will undertake to supply subscribers at 25 cents each per copy. To non-subscribers the price remains at 50 cents, the same as in previous years.

What the People Think.

The appreciation in which the "Farmer's Advocate" is held by the agricultural community, and the widespread satisfaction accorded the announcement of its appearance as a weekly, beginning with the New Year, have been signally shown by the hundreds of new subscriptions reaching the office daily, and the letters accompanying renewals by our old friends. It is not possible to reproduce more than a few of the latter, but the following are fairly representative:

A. Crichton, Brant Co., Ont.:—"Am glad you are changing to a weekly. Your paper suits me the best of anything I have seen of its kind, and I think it will be still better. Wishing you every success."

James Clapperton, Northumberland Co.:—"I am very glad the 'Farmer's Advocate' is to be published weekly. I have been taking it this year and am very much pleased with it, and send you another new subscriber."

W. A. Brisbin, Wright Co., Iowa:—"I think very much of your paper. Will try and send you some new subscribers in the near future."

Mr. T. P. Taylor, Brant Co.:—"I think you have made a good move in changing to a weekly, and hope to add quite a number to your subscription list here."

C. B. Chapman, Brome Co., Que.:—"The 'Farmer's Advocate' is certainly a first-class paper, and well worth double its price."

R. G. Wilson, Renfrew Co.:—"I am taking advantage of your offer for new subscribers, as I value your paper very highly, and would like to see all my neighbors getting it."

Jas. Cahill, Pontiac Co.:—"Would not be without the 'Farmer's Advocate' for twice the money."

Jas. Speir, Huron Co.:—"I have been taking the 'Advocate' for a number of years, and think it is the best farmers' paper printed, and wish you every success."

George Peardon, Welland Co.:—"I received the 'Farmer's Advocate' knife all right, and it is really a fine article. Please accept thanks for the same."

R. Hopkins, Russell Co., Ont.:—"Long may you be spared to issue the 'Farmer's Advocate' weekly. It is truly the farmer's friend."



Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, M. P.

meant by civilization, to say nothing of Christianity, which is the genesis of the highest form of civilization.

We have the spirit of Christmas crystallized in our churches, schools, hospitals, asylums, homes for the unfortunate and other charitable institutions of which we entertain such a pardonable pride. The spirit and example of Him who said, "It is more blessed to give than to receive," is at the foundation and is the impelling force of the sincerest and most unselfish of Christmas gifts, and when these take the form of helping the needy, they come nearest to the ideal of the Divine Author of the system. As another writer has said, age cannot wither nor custom stale its blessedness. Christmas is rightly regarded as a time of rejoicing, as everything relating to its institution calls for thanksgiving and the most joyous emotions of the heart and soul, and while granting a wide latitude for the indulgence of innocent amusements and festivities, a plea may well be made for the maintenance of the old-time spirit of observance in the home, of the festival



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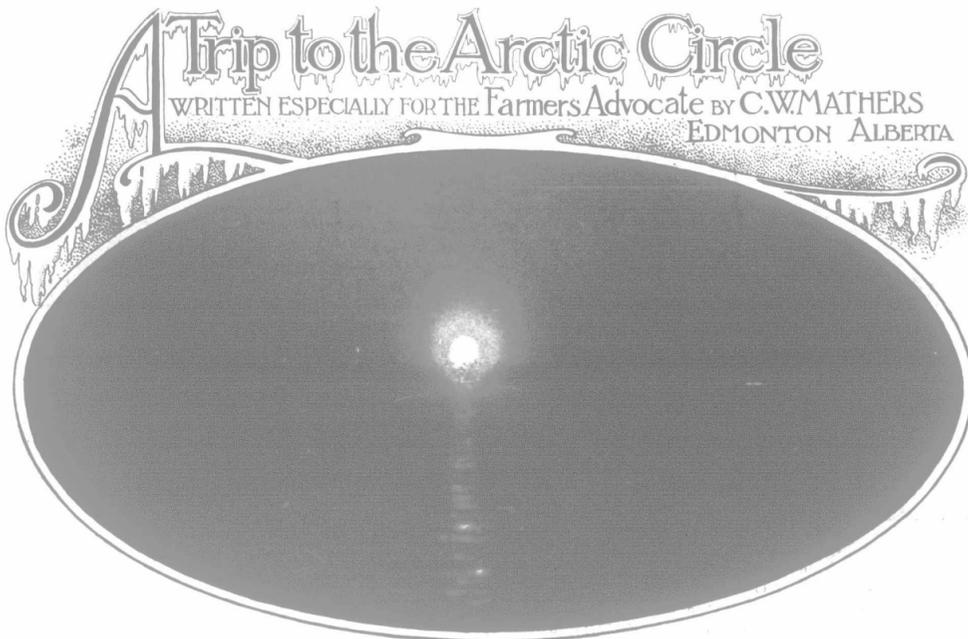
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The Midnight Sun.

In the early days of the Hudson's Bay Co., "the hundred miles" between Edmonton and the Athabasca River to the north was known as the long portage. The trail is still in use, as it was in those days, being the connecting link between the two great interior waterways—the Saskatchewan River and the Athabasca River—whose waters finally find their way into the Arctic Ocean.

This trail is not the best at any time, and when we travelled over it two years ago, on our way into the Arctic, it was decidedly bad.

As there is no Pullman accommodation to Athabasca Landing, we were permitted to occupy the hurricane deck of a freight wagon, a luxury indulged in when the conditions of the trail would allow, which, however, was not often. At other times, we found walking (the only means of transportation) good, but in due time reached the Landing, and a few days later found ourselves afloat on the Athabasca River, among a miscellaneous collection of bags, boxes, bales and barrels—in fact, everything that goes to make up a fur-trader's outfit—bound for the Far North.

For those who have never seen a trader's outfit, a description of the one with which we journeyed for the first seven hundred miles of our trip may be interesting. The scows numbered four, and were all after the same pattern, being about fifty feet long, twelve feet wide, and four feet deep. Each boat's crew consisted of seven Indians, one of whom acted as guide or steersman, and handled the ponderous "sweep"; one as bowsman, and the five others as oarsmen, whose duty it also was to pack the goods across the portages. Each scow carried about 180 pieces, each piece representing 100 pounds on an average. All the goods for the north are put up in hundred-pound lots, or as near that quantity as possible, so that they may be the more easily "packed" on the portages.

The first thing in the boat was a tier or two of bags of flour, extending from bow to stern. Then came sides of bacon, sacks of rice, caddies of tobacco, bags of shot and bags of balls, boxes of rifles, boxes of raisins, crates of hardware, pails of candies, stoves, medicine chests, kegs of powder, bales of twine for net-making, blankets, ready-made clothing, dress goods, tea, etc., all piled in without much order; the only care exercised in their placing being to see that the boat rides level.

So on we drifted, only stopping when night overtook us. Then the boats were "snubbed" to a tree, and each man took his blanket, and having selected a spot most suited to his fancy as a resting place, went to sleep. The Indians always lit a fire, and "hi-hi'ed" around it for considerable time, after which they rolled in their blankets and went to sleep with their feet to the fire.

Preparing the "grub" for the crew of 24 Indians was no sinecure. A stove, with a length or two of pipe, was set up on a raised platform in one end of the boat for the accommodation of the cook. Here he held despotic sway, and we betide the Indian who came to touch that stove. In all sorts of weather the process of making bannock had to proceed. We saw the cook in a pelting rain standing on a side of bacon with a "slicker" coat and a sou'wester on, busy mixing up the flour for his bannock. Bacon, beans, bannock and tea made up the usual bill of fare. There was no trouble in serving dinner. Everybody helped himself out of the identical dishes in which the things were cooked.

The boats were all tied together, and when "Meat sue" was called there followed a lively scramble by the crew over bales and boxes, as if the very existence of each depended on his getting there first. I have seen hungry people eat, but these Indians beat all previous records. Dippers of beans, great chunks of bannock and bacon, and cups of tea strong enough to float a wedge, disappeared apparently without an effort. For the first few days I thought they would never get filled up, but gradually they became satisfied.

A hundred and twenty miles from the Landing we passed through the Pelican rapids, and saw the place where the Government had sunk a shaft in the hope of striking oil, but struck gas instead, which was escaping in great quantities, with such force that one could hear it for almost a mile. It was on fire then, and I believe is still burning, with a flame jumping 25 or 30 feet into the air.

A hundred and forty-five miles further brought us to Grand Rapids, the most dangerous rapid on the Athabasca River, and the first of a series of almost continuous rapids for 87 miles. Everything had to be taken out of the scows and "packed," about half a mile, over the island. The boats then run empty down the channel to the right. At left side is the main channel, through which it is utterly impossible for a scow to go in safety. The package of the goods across this portage was really the first work I saw the Indians do, and the loads they carried were truly astonishing. They have a strap about eight feet long, which they use for packing purposes. The two ends of the strap are tied to the articles to be transported. It is then raised well up onto his shoulders, with the broad center part of the strap resting across the upper part of his forehead. They carried loads all the way from 100 to 200 pounds, and on the shorter portages much more than that. For example, I saw one of them packing an ordinary No. 8 cook stove, and another—small, skinny individual—walking off with a barrel of sugar.

The "run" through the rest of the rapids was most exciting and delightful; sometimes rushing along at fifteen miles an hour, sweeping around bends, shooting little falls, riding over heavy swells, where everything creaked and rattled as the scow plunged and tossed in the heavy waves.

Just before the last two rapids were "run," I saw one of the finest sights of my whole trip. As we drifted around one of the many bends, two moose were sighted almost a mile away. Instantly everybody was alert. The only two rifles in the boat were made ready, and amid a deathly silence, save for the swish of the "sweep," we were guided nearer to shore, and still nearer to the unsuspecting moose. We drifted on and on, every minute bringing us nearer and still nearer, while one of them, all unconscious of our proximity, walked leisurely around the shore, cropping the tufts of grass. As we drifted nearer, the other appeared walking slowly up the cut bank onto a small projection, and stood there looking at its companion by the water's edge. They were then both broadside to us, facing each other, and about 100 yards away, when crack went the rifles. We expected to see the death struggle of one or both, or else a fine exhibition of moose speed, but for the moment we saw neither. They simply turned their heads and looked at us. That was the last touch to the magnificent picture. How our eyes drank in the sight—the two mon-

archs of the forest standing as if carved in marble; the towering banks clothed in green luxuriance to the very summit; the gravelly beach; the rushing river; the sun glowing in mellow radiance on the great clouds of foliage, undisturbed by the slightest breath;—all these together made a scene rarely surpassed in the great picture galleries of nature!

We would have drawn the curtain on the scene just there, but the events which followed impressed us so deeply we could not. Before the animals were half skinned, two of the Indians were eating a kidney apiece. The way the carcasses were cut up and mauled around was shocking. We concluded that if we were to relish any of the moose we had better be moving, and move we did; but not before we saw another Indian trying to get a considerable piece of the paunch into the hip-pocket of his blue overalls. We camped early that night, for the Indian has a weakness for moose meat, and while any remains he feels it his duty to continue eating. Notwithstanding that a lot had been boiled, and more fried for supper, they kept the fires burning all night, and roasted and ate moose and beat their tom-toms until nearly daybreak. Next morning, "Sunday," a few came for breakfast, two or three for dinner, but none for supper. Monday morning, when we were ready to go, there was no moose left, except the hide and a small piece our cook "cached"; even the bones were cracked and the marrow extracted.

We soon reached old Fort McMurry, 350 miles from Edmonton, after successfully passing all the rapids on the Athabasca, and the boat hands, except one, were all paid off. The H. B. Co.'s steamer, "Graham," comes up as far as this point, and down as far as Smith's Landing, where the rapids on Slave River begin. There is every indication of immense tar deposits at old Fort McMurry; the odor of tar is quite noticeable as one drifts down the river. The mud of the cut bank is quite dark, and smells strongly of tar, and will burn with a little coaxing.

The next 200 miles to Fort Chippewyan, we drifted leisurely down. Interesting as it is, space will not permit a further description of our journey down the Athabasca, where all the bends or points are so much alike that you cannot tell one from the other, and all so beautiful, despite their unvarying sameness, that you can look at them day after day without tiring, and feel that "a thing of beauty is a joy forever." After leaving the Athabasca River, the west end of the Athabasca Lake had to be crossed for a distance of about twelve miles, before reaching Fort Chippewyan, from which, with the assistance of a small steamer belonging to a fur trader of that place, we went up Slave River to the mouth of the Peace.

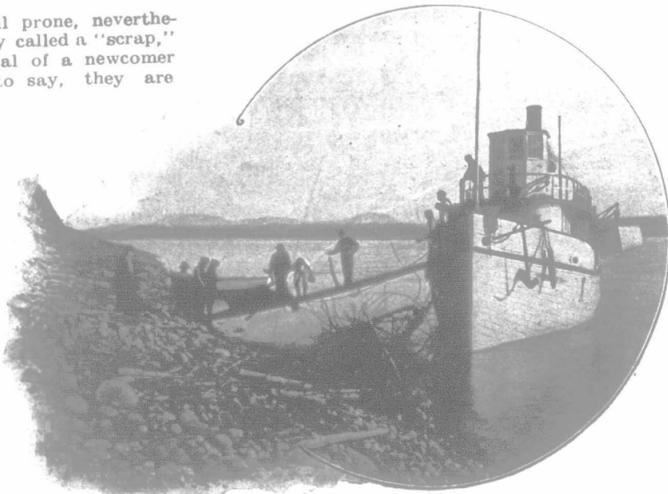
This part of Slave River, from Chippewyan to where the Peace flows into it, is somewhat erratic in its movements. One time you may find it flowing into the lake, as we did, and the next flowing the other way. Its movements are controlled by the height of the water in the lake. Once at the mouth of the Peace River, we made a quick "run" down the Slave as far as Smith Landing. Here we were confronted by twenty-five miles of very heavy rapids, and a crew of Chippewyan Indians had to be engaged as guides and packers. The H. B. Co. and some of the free traders have oxen and carts to convey the goods overland to Fort Smith, a distance of sixteen miles, instead of the laborious work of going by the river, by which way there are four distinct portages to be made in the twenty-five miles, at each of which every bag and box had to be "packed," and the boats hauled overland.

The Smith Rapids, as they are called, are simply magnificent, but the main part of the river, about two miles wide, is altogether too dangerous for boats to go down. They are, therefore, run through the numerous small channels on the east side of the main stream. The "run" to the point where we had to make the first portage was very exciting. Some places there was no more than room for the boats. The overhanging boughs almost touched our heads as we raced along, switching around bends and jumping little waterfalls. The guides were all a "qui vive," keeping their boats in the right course and avoiding the rocks that threaten to block up the channel entirely. It took us just six days to make the twenty-five miles. I found myself then at Fort Smith, from whence the H. B. Co.'s steamer, "Rigley," runs into the Arctic Ocean, making a round trip of twenty-six hundred miles once in every year, taking a supply of goods and bringing back furs.

A few miles from Smith the salt supplied for the whole north is obtained. It is of a fine coarse quality, so plentiful that it can be shovelled up by the bagful. Not far also from Smith roam a small herd of the once plentiful buffalo.

Heretofore, I have said nothing about the dogs, but it was not for lack of dogs. At every post, and with every Indian, you will find them. They are the people's horses. In the winter, when they are used principally, they are fed little or nothing, and in the summer scarcely enough to keep their

two sides apart. They are all prone, nevertheless, to enjoy what is commonly called a "scrap," and usually celebrate the arrival of a newcomer by a general fight. Strange to say, they are natural-born thieves. They will steal anything from a pair of boots to a side of bacon. We could never leave the boats for five minutes, not even if there was no dog in sight, for as sure as we did something would be missing. At Fort Smith, before we got things secure from their encroachments, they ate a side of bacon, ten pounds of cheese, two large sacks of oatmeal, and even got away with some flour. One day, when we were ready to launch a boat, but away to dinner, they licked the grease from the "ways" and ate up two pounds of putty. We have seen them stand in the water by the hour trying to catch a fish, and quite often they were successful.



Moose Hunting: H. B. C. Steamer Wrigley, Mackenzie River.

From Fort Smith we took passage with another trader as far as Ft. Resolution, on Great Slave Lake. Here we saw the "Dog Rib" and "Yellow Knife" Indians coming in off the lake with their winter catch of fur. When they came within sight of the Fort, the first thing they did was to salute by firing off their rifles, keeping up quite a fusillade until they got quite close to shore. After they land and get up their skin lodges, their next move is to visit the trading post and get what is called their "arrival." It usually consists of a small quantity of such articles as flour, tea, raisins, sugar, etc., with probably tobacco and matches added. They may, however, have nothing to put them in, in which case they take the handkerchief off their head, and in the absence of that one, usually a variegated silk one is bought. Otherwise, a long, narrow, small cotton bag, made for the purpose, is secured. First, he may get a skin of flour, which means only a cupful; that is put in, and a piece of shaginappa tied around. A skin of tea may follow, and another cord. The skin of raisins and one of sugar are put in together, and another tie. Then may come a skin of currants and a skin of rice. Finally, when the bag is full, it looks like an overgrown sausage.

The next day he returns, and talks about his fur and the price, the scarcity of game, his dogs, and how many miles they can travel in a day. In fact, there is little else you can talk to them about, and even that has to be done through an interpreter. Three or four days are taken up in this way, as if he were reluctant to part with his much-prized peltries. To him this is the one event of the year. Finally, the pack is brought in and thrown on the floor. The trader very deliberately opens and sorts the fur. He may have a few red fox, one cross fox, four or five beaver, one or two musk or a black bear or two, several rats, half a dozen marten, a fisher, and an otter or two; probably a white fox or a blue one, three or four skunks, and a wolverine or two.

After the sorting and counting is done, the trader hands the Indian two pieces of paper. On one is marked the value of the fur, and on the other the amount of his "gratuity." It seems a very absurd mode of trading. I give you so much for your furs, and so much for nothing. The "gratuity" is always traded out first.

Nothing is ever papered up. Such articles as brown paper and cord are unknown, so when the Indian comes to do his chief buying, which is usually some days after he has traded out his "gratuity," he and his squaw, with the interpreter, are the only ones admitted into the store. The door is locked. They walk around and look at everything, pointing out what they want, and indicating the quantity by so many "skins."

Each article as it is chosen is thrown in a pile on the floor. After their "limit" is reached they gather all up in their arms and are let out. When their trading is done, they usually stop around a few days, and by that time most of the luxuries are eaten up. Then they live on fish, with the only variation, that when they don't have it fresh they have it dried.

We took the H. B. Co.'s steamer from here for the rest of the trip north. A one-hundred-mile "run" brought us to the Mackenzie River—an immense stream, one thousand miles long and from two to three miles wide. Unceasing vigi-



Esquimaux and their Kayaks.

lance is the price that has to be paid for its safe navigation. Channels that the steamer followed last year may be closed this year. Sand-bars suddenly appear where formerly the main channel ran. Just before entering the Mackenzie we spent a few hours at the English Church Mission at Hay River. There we saw a most beautiful and well-kept garden—growing everything in the flower and vegetable line.

Shortly after entering the Mackenzie River we passed Fort Providence, where I saw a fine crop of barley growing. Next we came to Fort Simpson, the chief post for the whole north. There we saw several things that surprised us considerably. The first, was to see an electric-light plant



Trading with the Esquimaux, Peel River.

used for lighting up the fort in the long days of winter. The next was to see all kinds of garden truck growing, and doing just as well as any you would see in Edmonton, even though this point is 1,200 miles further north, a fact which we think should dispel the idea that some people have, that even Edmonton is too far north for successful farming. Even as far as the Arctic circle, the missionaries and attaches of the H. B. Co. grow their own potatoes.

The banks of the Mackenzie for its entire length are densely wooded with spruce and willow. Some of the spruce would square eight inches for seventy-five feet. Of course there are valleys, miles in extent, where rank grass grows in abundance. Where the fire has destroyed the timber the royal golden-rod, fireweed and raspberries grow in profusion. But in the whole north, I venture to say, that to any lover of the marvellous in nature, there is no spot so interesting as the "Ramparts." Two great stretches of perpendicular sandstone rock, 180 to 300 feet high, bound the river on either side, thereby forcing the river into the channel of only one-third its usual width; yet there is no quickening of the current, which is explained by the fact that the river here is 360 feet deep. Half way down this rocky gorge the river bends almost at right angles, which gave me the impression as we floated down that we were up against the end of the river; nothing to be seen but an immense wall of rock surrounding a pool of water. From there the snow-capped peaks of the Rockies can be seen very distinctly. After leaving the "Ramparts" we only had to make a run of twenty miles before reaching Fort Good Hope, which is virtually on the Arctic circle. All this time the days were growing steadily longer and longer, until they become as one—for almost the whole journey down the Mackenzie the night was so bright that we could not see the stars.

A 250-mile run inside the Arctic circle brought us to the delta of the Mackenzie. The river at this point is eight miles wide, and it looks as if the solid stream at a given line had agreed to break itself up into innumerable channels and islands. We here left the Mackenzie and went up the Peel River forty miles to Fort McPherson, arriving there at one o'clock one night. Although cloudy, the people at the Fort saw us coming, and had their flag up. Fort McPherson is like all other ports, built on a high bank with a flag-pole in front. Everybody seemed to be wide awake. I found out afterwards that they slept in the daytime, and were up during what we called night. We were not long anchored until we saw what we came to see—the Esquimaux in their "kayak." Three of them, in their little skin boats (kayaks), came to see us, their double paddles fitting from side to side as they apparently skipped over the water. When they came aboard we all, of course, had to shake hands, a ceremony we would sooner have dispensed with, but for courtesy's sake we indulged in it. They were fine, greasy, jolly coons; all dressed in fur, trimmed with wolverine skin. They wore labrets (great stone buttons) in their lips by way of ornament, as shown in illustrations.

The Esquimaux are a perfectly uncivilized tribe, living on meat entirely. We saw them eating the raw tallow you find in the deer, and eating dried meat by putting one end in their mouth and cutting off the bite by a murderous-looking knife held in the other hand. The old men's teeth were all worn down to the gums in consequence of so much meat diet.

At Fort McPherson, though 2,000 miles north of Edmonton, we stood in grass four feet high, and pulled wild rhubarb in blossom on July 14th. We also saw spruce trees eight inches in diameter growing along Peel River, as far north as the Arctic coast, and the night we left the "Midnight Sun" appeared to view.

[NOTE.—The photos used in illustrating the above article were taken by the author, Mr. Mathers, and are copyrighted—Editor.]

Anecdote of Lord Beaconsfield.

An amusing and characteristic story is told of Lord Beaconsfield in the days when he was wooing Mrs. Lewis, to whom in later years of married life he was so touchingly devoted.

One day Mrs. Lewis, who was then living in retirement at her seat in Glamorganshire, saw a gentleman walking leisurely up the drive. "Jane," she exclaimed to an old servant, "I really believe that horrid man, Disraeli, is coming up the drive. Do, please, run to the door and say I'm not at home." Jane opened the door to the undesired caller, and gravely announced her message. "I know," Disraeli coolly answered, "but take my bag to a bedroom and prepare luncheon. I will wait until Mrs. Lewis is ready to come downstairs." Which, of course, Mrs. Lewis felt compelled to do. "O dear, what can I do with such an obstinate, thick-kinned man?" the widow asked, desolately later in the day, when Disraeli showed no signs of leaving the siege. "Marry him, I suppose, madam," was Jane's philosophic answer; and, as the world knows, the persistent wooer had triumphed at the end in this as in most other things.



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The Summer in the Old Land.

BY J. W. BENGOUGH.



CHRISTMAS NUMBER is, of course, expected to be characterized by the frosty and Christmassy spirit of the season of mid-winter, but that season is also notably hospitable, and, therefore, your pages may be open to an article which may be called summery, in both meanings of the word. I purpose setting down briefly some impressions of the Home Land, obtained on a recent visit. It was early in the month of July, after one of the most auspicious voyages on record, that we—by which pronoun I mean a large party of Canadians—

landed in "Merry England." It was no part of our plan to tour the kingdom in a body, though many were going over to the Continent as a "personally-conducted" party. Not being of this mind, I separated from my fellow passengers at Liverpool, and decided to move more leisurely and make observation of English life and affairs.

To begin with, I found Liverpool well worthy of a better compliment than that which the average tourist pays it in scampering across from the Landing Stage to the Lime Street Station to catch the train for London. One is amply repaid for the time and effort it requires to take in the city—to visit its magnificent parks, its splendid museum and art gallery, its grand St. George's Hall, with "the largest organ in the world," and its many other attractive public buildings; to listen to the crack military band, which plays every noon-hour on the principal square; to ride hither and thither through wonderfully well-kept streets on the publicly-owned and efficiently-managed electric cars, all provided with upper-deck seats; to make the trip by elevated railway up and down the marvellous eight miles of docks, and enjoy the panorama of shipping from all the ends of the earth; and, as a finishing touch, to take four o'clock tea in the study of Ian Maclaren, and hear that gifted man's talk. Then the quaint squares and market-places in Liverpool's business districts, as well as



Rush Through Liverpool.



Tea with Ian Maclaren.

the more fashionable promenade, are of profound interest to unaccustomed eyes, as are also the slums. For Liverpool, in common with every large town on the British side of the water, has its Inferno regions—a perpetual heart-break to the lover of humanity. Needless to say, "Merry England" is a cruel sarcasm in these quarters, though I believe Liverpool really does more to enforce sanitary regulations upon the wretched denizens than any of its sister cities. Nor, of course, is it merely in the slums that one has what Carlyle called the "Condition of the people question" thrust upon one's attention. At many points the curb of the handsome Lord Street is fringed with weebegone creatures who are desperately struggling to keep body and soul together by means of their commerce in knickknacks: "Matches, a penny a box"; "Laatest suns, words and music"; "Watches, a penny each"; mechanical mice, shoe laces, jewellery, and an infinity of other odds and ends. And, of course, the appeals

are generally unheeded by the miscellaneous crowd of prosperous, semi-prosperous, good, bad and indifferent, streaming up and down, day and night. Here one sees in the concrete the riddle which



Street Peddlers.

burned itself into Henry George's heart and brain—Why does Poverty persist with Progress?—a query which he not merely confronted, but, as I believe, answered.

After several days on the waste of waters, and others in the midst of city life, a change to the country was gratefully anticipated, and I next moved southward into Staffordshire. This countryside is not usually mentioned among the beautiful parts of England, being, indeed, a portion of the so-called Black Country, but I certainly saw little to surpass it for loveliness in more famous districts. In referring to its beauty, however, I am recalling walks and drives through the rural roads and lanes, and rambles about the gardens and grottoes of the great houses of the country—Keele Hall, and such places—spots whose ideal charm has been the growth of centuries, and which are fitted to ravish the heart that has the smallest touch of poetry in it. I am emphatically excluding from view the towns with which the district is thickly sprinkled, for the most part crowded, cobble-stoned, brick-walled—ugly to the point of horror. These are the hives of industry, chiefly of the world-known pottery trade, and a leisurely visit of inspection to Doulton's, perhaps the most famous of them, while deeply interesting in itself, was also enlightening as to what Lord Rosebery and other English critics mean when they talk of the want of "efficiency" in British manufacturing methods, and British affairs generally. A more straggling, inchoate, ingeniously inconvenient concern than this Doulton factory could hardly be conceived. I was quite unable to imagine how the proprietor with a regard for economy of production—to say nothing of the comfort of his work-people—could tolerate such a series of rambling passages, crazy stairways, floors at different levels, and other absurd arrangements. But then, I suppose, his great-grandfather fashioned it so, and the question is accordingly closed. There is no doubt that these behind-the-times methods, both in factory construction and machinery, account for whatever falling off there may be in Britain's prestige as a manufacturing nation.



Snail-like Manufacturers.

After a refreshing dip thus into the pastoral (and let me at once say that no pen can overdo the beauty of English rural scenery, with its harmonious blending of hillside, copse, hedge and brook; with castles, cottages, walls, and other works of human creators), and contrasting dips into the adjacent towns, I went on to London—viewing a continuous strip of beauty, alternate town and country, all the way.

I will occupy none of my limited space with a description of the great capital. Its salient features are familiar to every reader, and the names of its "points of interest," whether abbeys, cathedrals, museums, institutions, parks or streets, are household words the world over. But here again—here principally—the heartbreak comes upon the visitor from Canada, for nowhere is the awful contrast between rich and poor so sharply seen. London is at once the glory and the shame of

our Empire—the glory being, I think, chiefly reflected from the past; the shame belonging in greater degree to the present. There is no excuse for this awful spectacle of contrast—the crippled beggar in rags and tatters gazing with dumb wonder at the carriage sweeping by with its high-steppers, its coachman and footmen, and its haughty occupants in gorgeous array. For this is the result of man-made conditions, stupidly persisted in. And the details of the picture are unspeakable touches of blackness in the background—hundreds of thousands of famishing and all but naked little children existing somehow in pestiferous hovels; or to come to other figures, actually official, fifteen thousand of London's boys and girls attending school in a condition bordering on starvation. I found myself constantly longing for some miraculous power by which I could lift a few millions of these fellow-creatures thus "damned into existence," and put them down amid the wholesome conditions and fair chances of our glorious West.



To Lift the Slum People.

But don't imagine that London takes this state of things gloomily. By no means. Here you have not exactly "Merry England," but—I am tempted to say Drugged England. What strikes me above everything else, is the absence there of sober thought, or, apparently, even of the power to think. Of course, I do not mean that there are not many earnest, intelligent people profoundly conscious of the problem, and faithfully striving to solve it; but they are the few—apparently, the helpless and unconsidered few. As for the overwhelming majority, from (and inclusive of) the Government down to the humblest costermonger, there is an apathy, if not an acquiescence in things as they are, that is fairly maddening. Whoever may officially govern



A Trinity Infernal.

London, it is really ruled in mind and soul by what I call the Infernal Trinity—the gin-palace, the race-track, and the theatre. There may be a legitimate place in human life for sport and drama—at least, I am not a prohibitionist as to races and theatres—but they are not so much pastimes in London as the regular and exclusive concern of the people. Speaking generally, rich and poor alike care for nothing besides drink, betting, and dramatic performances; or matters, if possible, less important and more harmful than these. As to drink, I can only suggest the figure of a giant lying in stupid contentment while he is literally covered from head to foot by insatiable leeches. Not only is every district of the city fairly swarming with bars and liquor shops, open till midnight on week days, and almost as long on Sundays, but in private circles everywhere, with few exceptions, the belief prevails that drink is wholesome, if not absolutely essential to health. Gambling is nothing short of a fever, which rages throughout the upper and lower classes, and finds many victims also in the middle class. As I heard an earnest speaker say in public, the average workingman of London is only interested in two things—getting his beer and his paper containing the report of "all the winners." But one other matter interests him as well—the theatre or music-hall. These institutions seem only less numerous than the bars, but, as a rule, they are jammed at every performance, however bad that may be, and in my experience it is frequently so bad as to be beneath critical contempt. The "early doors" are besieged by crowds, under police regulation, and extending two abreast usually for fifty or one hundred yards down the pavement, especially whenever a particularly flimsy or nasty play is announced. In view of all this, the writer of a short letter in the Daily News in October exactly stated my personal impression. He said: "Having come to London with thoughts of Johnson, Burke,



Liquor Traffic Leeches.

Garrick and Goldsmith in my mind, I find that the announcement that the Lyceum theatre is to be transformed into a music-hall pithily expresses the thought I found it hard to put into words as to the present condition of the intellectual center of the Empire!" The names of Johnson and Goldsmith are certainly not matched in the London of to-day. There are, to be sure, some writers of ability, and even of genius, but all the applause seems reserved for the authors of frivolous or trashy novels; or for such works of "humor" as "Wisdom while you wait," "England day by day"—stuff which has about as much claim to the title of literature as Tid-bits, Answers, Scraps, and the other delectable weeklies that the general public devours. London has many ably-edited daily papers, but only one of them, so far as I have observed, seems to be conscious of the prevailing degeneracy. The editors of most of them are distinguished, I have heard, for a certain kind of culture, curiously combined with an ignorance and conceit which is equally certain. On the whole, I am of opinion, after talking with many other Canadians residing there, that a lengthened stay in London is decidedly bad for the ideal worshipper from afar by loyal colonists.

Of course all eyes, colonial and other, are now on the fiscal campaign in the United Kingdom; and I suppose colonists throughout the Empire are practically of one mind in the view that a scheme which would bring about the organic unity of the British race, without interfering with colonial self-government or injuring the mother country, would be a grand thing. It was in the hope that Mr. Chamberlain had devised such a scheme that I readily agreed to prolong my visit and assist in the campaign he was about to inaugurate. While awaiting his formal deliverance at Glasgow, I made cartoons teaching that, to provide a basis for trade preference to the colonies, Mr. Bull must establish a tariff and reconcile himself to a tax on food stuffs. This was not quite in harmony with the free-trade views I hold, but it was a case in which I considered that the essential condition of the greater ideal must be granted, and British free trade with the world reduce itself to free trade with the colonies. But even before the date of Chamberlain's speech, it became clear to me that this condition would not be granted by the British public, and I am, if possible, still more convinced of this through the subsequent discussion. But I found another condition set forth by the orator at Glasgow, and this gave the finishing touch to my confidence in his proposals. He stated that as a quid pro quo for tariff preference in the British market, the colonies would agree to reserve all territory not now occupied by native protected manufacturers, for the manufacturers of the mother country. That is to say, would relinquish an important measure of home-rule. The condition is utterly impracticable; and I believe Mr. Chamberlain's hopes in that direction are entirely baseless. Being convinced that whatever foundation may hereafter be devised for a unity of the Empire plan, the one now under discussion is out of the question, I lost no time in retiring from the campaign, not believing it any part of my business as a colonial visitor to advocate protection for Great Britain per se.



Joseph on the Carpet.

I will not trouble you with further details of pleasant rambles made to Windsor, Warwick, Stratford-on-Avon, Leeds, Edinburgh, Glasgow; through the Trossachs, down the Clyde, and among the hills and dales of the Lake Country. I will only say that no amount of familiarity (through reading) with these—and numberless other spots in the Isles—can diminish the delight of actually seeing them; it is far more likely to increase that delight. These lovely and historic places gain an additional attraction from the kindness and hospitality the visitor meets on every hand—though it is true that frequently the attentions of people who want to sell you souvenirs almost pass the bounds of mere kindness. My strong advice is—see the Old Land, whatever you do!

Few of those who talk about the "marriage-knot" realize that the knot was ever anything more than a mere figure of speech. Among the Babylonians tying the knot was part of the marriage ceremony. There the priest took a thread of the garment of the bride, and another from that of the bridegroom, and tied them into a knot which he gave to the bride, thus symbolizing the binding nature of the union.

Fifty Years Ago and Now.

BY J. C. SNELL.

Those of us who can look back over half a century of summers, and as many winters, are apt to think that in many respects the former times were better than these, though freely acknowledging the marvellous progress and advancement made in many other particulars. We are liable, for instance, to a lingering belief that the griddle cakes and pumpkin pies our mothers made when we were schoolboys were out-of-sight more palatable than the best we get in leading restaurants now or in the menu of the most palatial of

former kind of goods has worn well, while as to looks—well, that's a matter of taste, and there's no accounting for tastes.

Similar notions to these, we know, are entertained by many old-timers as to the character of the early importations and representative specimens of pure-bred live stock seen in this country fifty years ago, as compared with present-day ideal types, and it was for the discussion of this subject, rather than that of a comparison of pancakes or of pretty girls, per se, that the penning of this article was undertaken.



Uncle Tom's Cabin—A New Ontario Settler.

of this article was undertaken. We commonly think and speak of things as good or better, big or bigger, bad or baser, by comparison with others, and rightly so, but we are liable to forget that our first acquaintance with improved live stock was to us in the nature of a revelation. We had been accustomed to seeing the French-Canadian pony stamp of horse; the brindled cow with the crumpled horn; the razor-backed hog, and the commonest kind of sheep, some white, some black, some blacker with white points like a Berkshire pig, and all allowed to wear the caudal appendages with which nature endowed them. And when we first saw old Grey Clyde, and others of the early imported drafters, they appeared to us in comparison like moving mountains of flesh and bone, making an impression on our minds similar to that produced by the parent elephants when first seen some years later in Vananburg's travelling menagerie. We are sometimes assured that the draft horses imported and bred here now are not nearly so large as those of former times. Possibly this may be true, though we have no record of weights to verify the statement, and there is room for doubt on that point, but granting

twentieth-century hotels, forgetting that at no stage of life is appetite quite so keen as in the growing period of a lad's existence, and that hunger gives a relish to the plainest bill-of-fare, while the choicest viands pall on the palate of the dyspeptic, or of the man leading a sedentary life. And so we are apt to cherish the notion that the lasses of fifty years ago, seen in short flannel frocks and knitted hoods at the spelling school, were prettier and more winsome than the befeathered and befeathered fillies of the present period, in spite of all the advancement made in the millinery and other decorative arts; and as Sandy would say, "I am not so sure but we were right about that." We know, at least, that the

Early in the history of the colony, the raising of live stock was a matter of necessity. The settlers had to raise their own food, and the only way to do this was to raise live stock. The early settlers raised a variety of live stock, including horses, cows, pigs, and sheep. The early settlers raised a variety of live stock, including horses, cows, pigs, and sheep. The early settlers raised a variety of live stock, including horses, cows, pigs, and sheep.



Photograph by J. C. Snell.

"Waiting" A Canadian Farmer's Daughter.

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The beliefs of minds of no the Shorthorn the fairs in but better to and that li fected, not modern bre again we a cattle of th longer limb and with them the a stance, but large, if wi them did—c der points, ency to lay their ribs a maturing, commonly No up-to-da to present-would cons honors, an Provincial century, su and their flesh as the ness, round type of to-large and t has taught any class either for l latter pref weigher, as readily dis tage and un priced pie swine as w and the pa ers and ju favor of t abundance brute. M those havi progeny to have been and Baro Shires, an Shorthorn

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The Highland turned, ar not surpr horns in Sittyton, cattle mor of the tir pecuniary English b idols—the of public fond they in the col on the m

for the sake of argument that they were bigger, the question arises, were they better for being bulkier, if a compact, cleaned-boned, 1,300 to 2,000 lbs. horse is big enough for his work, and more certain to remain sound? We have vivid recollections of many of the imported horses of thirty years ago, which were certainly big enough to suit the searcher for a behemoth, and left progeny in proportion, but we knew to our sorrow that too many of them were slab-sided, slouchy and soft, with meaty legs, greasy heels, and a mop of wiry hair hanging from their fetlocks, like a stable broom, sweeping the roads and gathering mud, to the exasperation of the luckless groom whose task it was to clean them.

The belated impression also lingers in the minds of not a few of the older generation that the Shorthorn cattle they were wont to see at the fairs in the former days were not only bigger, but better than those of the present popular type, and that little, if any, improvement has been effected, notwithstanding the confident claims of modern breeders for their favorite type. Here, again, we are apt to overlook the fact that the cattle of the former times, as a rule, stood on longer limbs, with more daylight beneath them, and with more prominent hook bones, giving them the appearance of greater width and substance, but were they really better for being so large, if with it they combined—as very many of them did—coarseness of bone, roughness of shoulder points, thinness of flesh on loins, and a tendency to lay on gross fat in rolls and bunches on their ribs and rumps, and were, withal, slow of maturing, four- and five-year-old bullocks being commonly found on the market in those days? No up-to-date judge of the class of cattle adapted to present-day requirements, it is safe to say, would consider for a moment in awarding prize honors, animals of the stamp of the Ontario Provincial prizewinners of the sixties of last century, such as Baron Solway and Oxford Lad and their contemporaries, big and bountiful of flesh as they were, though lacking in the smoothness, roundness and compactness of the approved type of to-day. They would now be voted too large and too coarse. Observation and experience has taught us that animals of abnormal size, in any class of stock, are not the most desirable, either for breeding or the butcher's purposes, the latter preferring a medium-sized bullock to a ton weigher, as being more easily handled and more readily disposed of, cutting up to better advantage and yielding a larger proportion of high-priced pieces. And this applies to sheep and swine as well, both in the hands of the breeder and the packer or purveyor, while the best breeders and judges of draft horses also declare in favor of the medium-sized, compact type, with abundance of quality, rather than the overgrown brute. Many of the most prepotent sires, and those having the largest list of prizewinning progeny to their credit, in all classes of stock, have been of medium size, as witness McGregor and Baron's Pride in Clydesdales, Harold in Shires, and Royal Barmpton and Indian Chief in Shorthorns.

Fifty years ago few people objected to an excess of fat in the meat they ate, but relished and bought it as freely as lean, but in these days there is a decided objection on the part of the majority to over-fat meat, while its presence in excess in a butcher's beast involves a heavy loss, since its selling price for other purposes is much lower than formerly.

Early maturity in these days, when the cost of production is being more closely calculated, is also regarded as an important factor in the raising of meat-making animals. Less than fifty years ago it was not unusual, as before stated, to find four- and five-year-old steers selling for less money per pound than is received for two-year-olds in these times, and though the former weighed more, and, consequently, brought a large total of selling price, yet, with the light we now have as to the greatly increased cost of the added weight after the beast is two years old, we know the advantage is infinitely in favor of the earlier-maturing class, and the type of beef cattle now in favor is such that early maturity may be more cheaply and profitably attained. The smoothly-turned form and well-sprung ribs, being well covered with flesh, constitutes the profitable class of cattle, the kind that make the best return for their feed, and these weigh well for their size, being free from paunchiness or an excess of offal, so apt to accompany the overgrown beast.

The Scotch breeds—Galloways, Angus and Highland—being of medium size, smoothly turned, and finding favor with the butchers, it is not surprising that the canny breeders of Shorthorns in the north country, led by the sage of Sittyton, saw the necessity of conforming their cattle more closely to that type, and to the need of the times, which they have done with great pecuniary profit; while the more conservative English breeders, for too long joined to their idols—the big, broad-hooked sort—have, per force of public opinion and the demands of the trade, found they must join the procession or be left out in the cold when foreign or colonial buyers come on the market.

Fifty years ago, and later, the common practice was to feed hogs to an age of eighteen months before fattening them, and the ambition of the feeder was to make their weight as near a half-ton as possible, even though it took twice as many bushels of peas to finish them as there were hundredweights in their dressed carcasses, which were often sold for a lower price per pound than is now received for six-months pigs of bacon type live weight, with the difference that the old-time feeder never knew how much he had lost in the



Mr. Joseph W. Flavelle.

Managing-Director Wm. Davies Co., Toronto.

operation, while the present-day feeder has the evidence in his pocket, as well as in his mind, that there is money in the bacon business for him.

It was not an unusual sight to see the farmer's wife and daughters of fifty years ago, or the hired girl of the period, wading through snow in winter, milking the cows in the barnyard, where their whole living was obtained from the straw stack, when a "patent pail" handily held the milk that half a dozen "bossies" had to spare after maintaining existence. Those were the times when it was not uncommon to find the cows in the herd of Farmer Thriftless suffering from "hol-low horn," and requiring to be "lifted" and placed in slings in the springtime to tide them over till the grass came. We do things differently nowadays, when the cow is regarded as a machine that gives out dairy products in proportion to the quality and quantity of food given her up to the limit of her digestive capacity, and we know from the evidence of weights and measures that from a well-bred and well-fed cow an annual yield of 10,000 pounds of milk, and half as many pounds of butter, is a possible production.

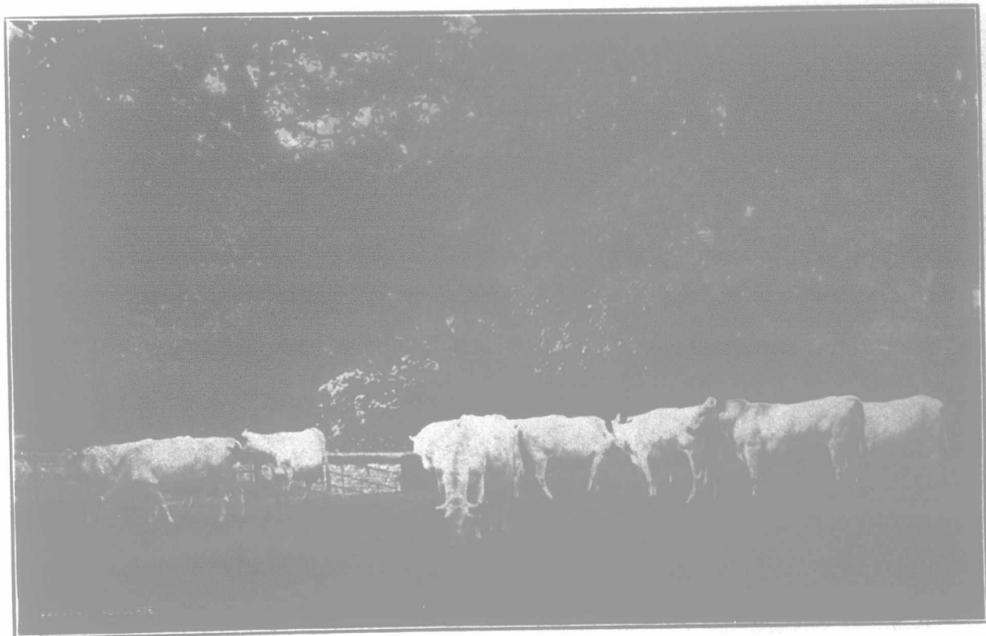
Solid chunks of cold fat mutton were at one time relished by the hard-working farmer and his hired men, but to-day they turn away from such and no one wants it, so the intelligent flockmaster produces a class of meat well marbled or mixed,

the lean with the fat, and of medium-sized joints, to suit the demands of the market, and finds profit in its production.

That the world moves, and that the present times are better than the past, is evidenced in the marvellous improvement in labor-saving appliances on the farm. Those of us who remember when the crops grown among stumps were cut with the sickle and scythe, threshed with the flail and teamed twenty or thirty miles to market, remember also the first reaping machines produced, which, if size were considered a virtue, would be sure winners, for they were big and bulky enough for anything, but were horse-killers, and hard on "the man behind the machine" delivering the sheaves, for they were neither self-rakers nor binders. Now we have compact machines, of much less size and of better quality, combined with sufficient strength, delivering the sheaves in rows or bunches as desired, and what with double-furrow plow, seed drill, horse rake, hay tedder and loader, horse fork and slings, corn harvester, husker and shredder, straw cutter and self-feeding thresher with blower for stacking the straw, manure spreader, cream separator, sewing machine, washer and wringer, and kindred contrivances, the hard work of the farm has surely been reduced to a minimum, and, fortunately so, since the lack of satisfactory help on the farm is being so keenly felt. But perplexing as is the labor problem, it would have been doubly so but for the inventions and improvements made in many lines of manufactures, of which the end is not yet.

Fifty years ago there were no trunk railways connecting the series of separate British American Provinces stretching from ocean to ocean, since happily cemented in one confederation, and constituting one of the greatest farming countries on the face of the earth, then mainly a wooded wilderness, where the pioneer settler "blazed" the trees with his axe to mark the road to his shanty home, and carried his grist to the mill on his back, or with an ox team, over roads the character of which was largely of "corduroy." Fifty years ago the illimitable Canadian Northwest, now regarded as the granary of the Empire, attracting immigration from the ends of the earth, and traversed by a trans-continental railway, with the survey of a second in progress, was an unbroken prairie, over which pagan Indians and wild buffalo roamed, and where wolves held carnival, its principal production being the furs of wild animals. Fifty years ago the dairy industry of Canada consisted in the trading of the surplus butter of the farm for goods at the village store, and one in a thousand of farmers' wives made cheese pressed by means of a pole with a sack of stones hung on its upper end, the lower end being chained to a tree. Now our export of dairy products brings us an income of \$30,000,000 annually, which, together with what we use and what we sell at home, totals a value of \$1,000,000 for every week in the year; while our "No. 1 hard" wheat is the envy of the earth, and the apples and other fruits of our Eastern and Pacific Provinces rank highest for flavor and quality in the markets of the mother country, and can be supplied in unlimited quantities. Surely, we have in this Dominion "a goodly heritage," and abundant cause for gratitude that "the lines are fallen unto us in pleasant places."

Like a postage-stamp, a man's value depends on his ability to stick to a thing until he gets there.



Wild White Cattle in Somerford Park, Cheshire, England.
See article on following page.

Agricultural Situation in Quebec.

BY H. WESTON PARRY.



H. Weston Parry,
Compton, P.Q.

The agricultural progress which has been made in the Province of Quebec during the past ten or twelve years is remarkable. The most agreeable feature of this progress is that it is general and not confined to a few lines only. Undoubtedly, improvement is more marked in some things than others, notably dairying, but still a substantial advance can be shown all along the line. Perhaps the chief cause for congratulation lies in the increase of population as compared with the increase throughout the Dominion since the census of 1890. This increase has more significance than, at first thought, one would imagine. Whereas the peopling of the Territories and younger Provinces has been largely a process of settlement, the addition to the population of the Province of Quebec is an increase of her own sons and daughters. The policy of the Provincial Government, indirectly, and that of the Roman Catholic church, directly, has been directed to the settlement of the entire Province with her own children—the French-Canadian. Large families are encouraged, and early marriage is preached from the pulpit with good effect.

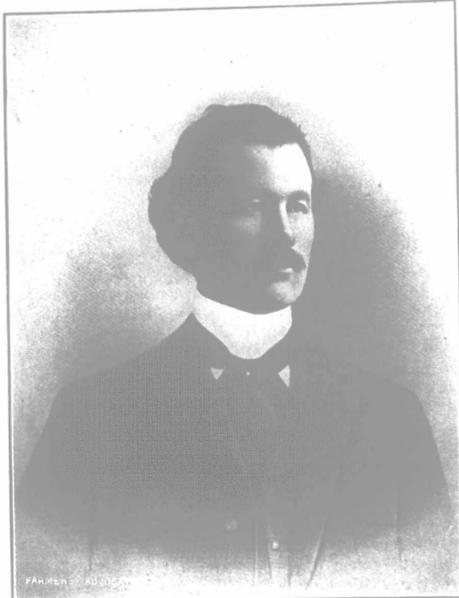
With the increase of population has enlarged the area of land brought under cultivation, and owing to more help growing up in the large families than can be employed profitably on the home farm, the young men as they grow up acquire farms of their own, and soon settle down to housekeeping.

In this connection, the banks have been willing to make liberal advances; in fact, there is a tendency among the French-Canadian farmers to assume rather too heavy incumbrances in the acquisition of new property. I do not wish to infer that their obligations are not conscientiously and reasonably met, but too heavy indebtedness is antagonistic to progress and is apt to efface public spirit pro tem. However, the French-Canadian farmers are great workers, their large families are, as a rule, self-contained. The men and boys can do their own shoe-mending, and making too, if required. The farmer's good-wife is generally an adept at spinning and weaving, and is an ever-ready counsellor and treasure in all his domestic affairs. The boys grow up strong and willing; the girls are bright and attractive, and the French-Canadian home on the

farm constitutes a bright ray of sunshine which it is impossible to obscure for long at a time.

Good law-abiding citizens are the French-Canadian farmers, and their honesty and industry is vouched for by the willingness of the banks to assist them when required. Devoted to their religion, Sunday sees every member of the family at church, and the great influence of their priests has been used very wisely in spreading agricultural as well as spiritual suggestions. Conservative by nature, new ideas are accepted with reserve, but when adopted are pushed to a successful issue without misgiving. More attention is being paid to education than formerly, and as is the experience in all civilized countries, the tendency is with increased perception to become alienated from agricultural pursuits in favor of city life. But it is on the farm the French-Canadian is seen at his best.

As I have already mentioned, our greatest progress has been made in the dairy industry, and dairying is now nearly universal. In the oldest-settled districts, where formerly grain and hay were raised only, the farmers have been com-



Hon. A. Turgeon.

Provincial Minister of Agriculture, Quebec.



A Quebec Farm Home.

Property of Mathias Ferland, Berthier-en-haut (Upper Berthier), near Montreal, who produced and shipped 7,000 bushels of potatoes this year.

elled to turn their attention to dairying in order to restore fertility to the soil. Every little community or parish has its cheese or butter factory.

Even in the eastern townships, where at one time prime beef was raised extensively and is even at the present day, to a far less extent, the principal occupation of the farmers is dairying, and in this section are to be found some of the most noted creameries of the Province.

The eastern townships comprise some of the best agricultural districts in Quebec. The English-speaking population is most numerous in these parts, but the fine farms are rapidly passing into the hands of the French.

Much of our progress is due to the establishment of farmers' clubs. Where a club is organized, a creamery or cheese factory is soon built, if there was none before.

Lecturing and the increase of the circulation of agricultural literature have both added their quota to the general progress of the Province.

The Dairy School of St. Hyacinthe has done much good work and may truly be styled the backbone of the dairy industry of the Province.

Great improvement is noticeable in the class of stock now raised, not only in quality, but also in numbers, and registered stock is to be found on many farms in nearly every parish.

The Department of Colonization has done a lot to ameliorate our agricultural conditions, both in the way of repatriation and the opening up of new districts. Of these districts, the most promising are the townships and country situated along Lake Temiscamingue, Lievre River, Lake St. John (Albanel, Peribonka, St. Cœur de Marie and surrounding country) and the Metapedia Valley. The Bay des Chaleurs and other counties situated on the south shore also offer a good field for agricultural purposes, particularly Temiscouata and the eastern townships (the latter already referred to). An effort is being made to settle these new districts first mentioned, the soil and location being evidently well adapted to agricultural operations. In order to turn to the best possible account the Government works (opening roads) in these districts, notably along the River Lievre, Ottawa country, a certain number of lots have been reserved, to be disposed of under the management of the Colonization Branch, only to approved, bona-fide settlers.

The idea is to retain lots to place at the disposal of new arrivals, with the object also of grouping them, so that the road opened up will be kept cleared on either side, and not fall into disuse at places by the resident settlers being so widely scattered. Some of the advantages which should result from this system are the prevention of:

1. Scattering of the settlers.
2. Grabbing of lots by speculators.
3. Want of roads.
4. Defective distribution of the grant.
5. Troubles with the lumber merchants.
6. Selection of bad lands.

This policy of colonization should do much in future, and should find a field in the older parishes where there is need for throwing off swarms. It is common to meet families with three or four sons, and the Department wishes to be in a position to offer very clearly to the fathers of such young men lands relatively easy of access at the ordinary prices of twenty and thirty cents per acre. In the words of the Deputy Minister of Colonization: "Our lands are becoming more valuable every day; why should not our own people be the first and best served?" Many settlers are ignorant of the fact that there are still fertile lands in this Province remaining to be cleared. They could as readily spare themselves the sacrifices and hardships of the pioneer, and in a relatively short time share in the general prosperity produced by the agricultural resources and progress of our Province.

Wild White Cattle.

The wild white cattle in Somerford Park, Congleton, Cheshire, owned by Sir Walter Shakerley, Bart., are beautifully illustrated on the preceding page. These are the only herd of their kind in existence in England. They are of great, though unknown age, and are a polled variety, of the old wild White Park cattle, of which there are only a few herds left, the most notable being the Chillingham herd. They are most difficult to photograph, and the photo from which our engraving is made is considered by their owner to be the best ever taken of them. They are pure white, with black ears, eye rims, muzzles and hoofs.

Strength of character consists of two things—power of will and power of self-restraint. It requires two things, therefore, for its existence—strong feelings and strong command over them.—E. W. Robertson.

"Glad to hear of your weekly 'Farmer's Advocate.' I think it will be welcomed by every farmer."—W. F. Jackson, Durham Co., Ont.

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Agriculture dates back to the beginning of the century. In the British Empire, a number of farmers were mostly from the East. The property was public. The wooded, so-called patch and by a log house, tile, and enough of the family.

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The Beginnings of P. E. Island Agriculture.

BY WALTER SIMPSON.

Agriculture in P. E. Island in its beginning dates back to the latter part of the eighteenth century. In 1763 the Island was ceded to the British. Previous to that date there were a number of French families living here, but they were mostly hunters and fishermen. The earliest farmers came, some from the British Isles, others from the Eastern States after the War of Independence. These latter chose to forfeit all their property rather than become citizens of the Republic. The first settlers found the Island densely wooded, so their first work was to chop down a patch and burn it off ready for a crop, and build a log house in which to live. The land was fertile, and capable of growing on a small piece enough of the necessaries of life for support of a family.

The first farmers settled on the shores, which served at first for roads. Another advantage of this was that they were able to get a large part of their living from the sea, which in these early days abounded in fish. The boats used for fishing also came useful for ferrying across the rivers, and going long journeys to where mills were established to get grinding done.

Some of the farmers who came from Scotland brought plows with them, but most of the implements of agriculture were of home manufacture, and somewhat crude. Potatoes were hoed in among the stumps, and wheat and oats were harrowed in on the burnt land with a crutch harrow. The reap-hook did the cutting, the flail the threshing, and the wind was the fanning machine that prepared the grain for market or home use. This was the wooden and the homespun age—the men made the implements of husbandry, and the women made the clothing.

Being a timber country, a trade soon sprung up in ton timber with the Old Country, giving the farmer remunerative employment in winter. Unlike Ontario and the far West, agriculture here from the first has been a mixed farming, and the early farmers soon raised quite large flocks and herds, which in summer got most of their living in the woods and along the shores and marshes, thus adding greatly to the farmers' income at small cost for keep. Quite early in our history some pure-bred stock were brought here from the Old Country, and their offspring being distributed through the Province gave the farmers a very good grade of cattle. The "Royal Agricultural Society," composed of many of the principal farmers of the Island, of 70 or 80 years ago, did very much to bring pure-bred stock here, and induce farmers to grade up their herds and flocks. About the middle of the last century, pure-bred horses of both the carriage and cart breeds were brought here, and from this time on the Island became famous for its horses. The first exhibition was held here in 1851. It was, I believe, only intended at first for a flower show, but the receipts being larger than was anticipated, prizes were given for farm products. Soon, from this small beginning, the "Fair" became an institution of our country, and by the friendly competition it stimulated among farmers, gave a great impetus to improvement in stock-raising, as well as general farming.

Perhaps the greatest drawback to the prosperity of this Province in its earlier years of settlement was that all the land on the Island was granted away by the Crown to persons in the Old Country, to compensate them for supposed services rendered to the King, thus creating a system of landlordism which obtained here till after the middle of the nineteenth century, and was only done away with when the farmers rose to the point of rebellion.

It was a great hardship for the early farmer to pay rent. Cash was scarce with him, most of his dealing was by exchange and barter; but the rent had to be paid, and often was at the sacrifice of the necessaries and comforts of him and his family. But since the farmers became freeholders they have greatly prospered, and being "Lords of the soil they till," are much more ambitious, to improve and beautify their farmsteads.

SOME OF THE EARLY SETTLERS.

Among the earliest families to engage in agriculture of the Islands were the Simpson and McNeill families, who began farming in Cavendish and Bay View in 1790; the Wrights, Hoopers and Schurmans, who began in Bedeque, and the Warrens, Lords and Calbecks, who settled in Tryon a few years previous. The Dockendorfs and Hydes also settled in the vicinity of Charlottetown, at North and West Rivers, about the same time. The country round Charlottetown has always



The Late Hon. Jeremiah Simpson, P. E. I.



Margaret McNeill Simpson.
Wife of the late Hon. Jeremiah Simpson.



Miss Laura Rose.
Of the O. A. C. Dairy School staff, and Superintendent of the Nova Scotia Travelling Dairy.

been the center of the pure-bred stock interests of the Island, on account of being near the "Government Stock Farm," where pure-bred stock was always kept, and from which the surplus was distributed.

To-day our chief industry is stock husbandry, and far the largest part of the farmers' receipts come from the sale of horses, cattle, sheep, hogs, and the produce of the dairy. When we look back from these prosperous times, and the clear, well-tilled farms of to-day, with their commodious and tastefully-constructed dwellings and barns, back to the days of the grub-hoe, reap-hook and ox-cart, to a wilderness of trees, with here and there a log dwelling, surrounded with its patch of potatoes among the stumps, we must admire the courage and determined perseverance of these pioneers of our agriculture, to whom we owe so much of our comfort and prosperity. To-day we have, instead of the reap-hook, the binder, and changed the flail for the thrasher and cleaner, the old ox-cart for the stylish buggy, and the log house has been replaced with the modern, well-furnished cottage. When we have schools and churches dotting our country, and can get our daily mail at the near-by country office; when we hurry by steam over continents or oceans, and talk to distant friends over the electric wire; when the practice of agriculture is child's play compared with what our fathers had to do, we should remember that our fathers too lived in a progressive age, and laid the solid foundations of the moral, social and educational fabric, and as pioneers of our agriculture did and suffered what to-day their descendants could never undertake. Still we have our work to do; to accept all the aids that the arts and sciences are to-day placing at our disposal; to farm intelligently, and while we get our own living, conserve for succeeding generations the fertility of the soil, which belongs to all time.

The future of agriculture is bright in this part of Canada. I know of no place where the reward of the husbandman is surer, and if we rise to our opportunities we shall soon be justly entitled to be called "The Garden of the Gulf," and perhaps a little later on, "The Orchard of Canada."

An October Day in Nova Scotia. A Trip Through the Valley.

By Laura Rose.

"See Rome and die"! Rather, take the boat at Parrsboro and ride across Minas Basin, skirting close to grand old Cape Blomidon; then drive from Kingsport down the Cornwallis Valley to Grand Pre, and be thankful you are alive to see in one day so much beauty. Such was my experience one day early in October, when I left the whirl of the churn to visit the historical spot which Longfellow has clothed with so much romance, but which he himself never saw. I thought as I stood on the doorstep of Mr. Dennison's home (my assistant in the Travelling Dairy School was fortunate in being a native of Grand Pre) and viewed the lovely scene, had Longfellow enjoyed a similar opportunity, little wonder his poetic soul had been stirred to its depths.

In the foreground, well-kept orchards fairly dripping with fruit; farther on, thousands of acres of fertile dyke land, which the ingenuity of man has reclaimed from the sea; beyond lay the blue waters of Minas Basin, sparkling in the sun, and in the distance,—

"Blomidon's blue crest looks down upon the land,
And the great waves of Fundy lap the gray stones on the strand."

I visited the field, for it is nothing more, where once stood the old French village. A sign-board marks the site of the church into which was gathered all the men before their expulsion from the land of Acadia. As I stood there, I tried to imagine that solemn march from the church to the boats at the mouth of the Gaspercaux River, and what it meant to them to leave their homes and all the fond associations.

To us, reading the story, we deem the treatment cruel and hard-hearted, but the present inhabitants express little sympathy for the French, saying that they constantly excited the Indians to warfare against the English, and would not even take the oath of neutrality to Great Britain. They were offered the full enjoyment of their lands, the free exercise of their religion and the protection of the British flag if they became British subjects, but they deliberately chose exile and poverty, and, therefore, should not have grumbled at their lot.

The row of old willow trees are said to be the really most authentic relics of the old times. As Mr. Dennison, Sr., cut me a sprig from one of the trees, he said they were smaller than as he remembered them forty years ago.

No one should miss seeing inside the old church on the hill—as quaint a building as I ever entered. High, wooden box pews, the staircase leading to the elevated pulpit, made high for the

purpose of seeing the people in the low, immense gallery which encircles three sides of the church, while over the pulpit hangs a sounding-board, resembling a huge umbrella. To think that the same dear old Gospel which brings to us at this time its message of peace and love, had echoed years and years ago against those walls, now falling to decay, and that the listeners had long given their bodies back to mother earth, shows us our frailty, and deepens our faith in the Eternal as the all unchangeable.

We drove through the Gaspereaux Valley, over the Ridge to Wolfville. The Eastern people think we Ontario people have the idea that we are just a little ahead of every other Province. Well, we'll not say but what we are in some things, but I will admit it does take the conceit out of us, so far as apple-growing goes, when we see such orchards as there are in the valley. Thousands and thousands of beautiful trees, so perfect in shape, and laden with fruit without a blemish. From a single tree it is not uncommon to get twenty barrels of apples in one season.

The secret of the success of the orchards, I was told, was due to underdraining the land, the early and constant pruning of the trees, diligent spraying, and cultivating the soil.

The farm homes in this section of the Province were especially neat and comfortable, and showed that the people were prosperous. In addition to fruit culture, the rich dyke lands grow splendid crops of hay and grain, which makes it possible to keep quite a few cattle.

I must say just a word about Wolfville, for it impressed me as being one of the very nicest towns I've seen in Nova Scotia. Its educational institutions, with their spacious grounds, and the fine private residences, blend harmoniously with the rich surrounding country.

The more one sees of Nova Scotia the better is the impression. I think the great charm of this sea-girt Province lies in her diversity of scenery and resources.

Our London (Eng.) Letter.

There can be little doubt in the minds of most business men here that Canada and Canadian interests have come very much to the front of late. The reasons for this are many and varied, but perhaps the loyalty, goodwill and practical assistance rendered the "Old Country" in the South African war, and the Colonial policy as expounded by Mr. Chamberlain, have been the primary causes. Be that as it may, Canada looms larger in our eyes to-day than at any period before the war. I now speak of Canadian interests generally, but to come to what more closely concerns readers of the "Farmer's Advocate," viz., the trade in cattle and sheep (dead and alive), provisions, poultry, etc., which is quite as important to us and necessary as armed men in time of war.

During the thirty years that have elapsed since Mr. George Roddick, the pioneer of the Canadian live-stock trade to this country, landed his first cargo at Liverpool, men, methods and markets have materially changed; but, unfortunately, the majority of breeders and feeders in Canada have failed to realize that only the best produce fetches the highest price, and that quantity can never make up for quality. This is the more to be regretted as the animals can no longer be finished for the markets in the pastures and stalls of the Old Country; but the time will come when the grazier and feeder on this side will be listened to, and have the pleasure and profit of again fattening up Canadian stores.

Since the commencement of the current shipping season from Montreal, the number of cattle sent forward is more than double that of the two previous years, the figures being: 1903, 151,267; 1902, 75,097; 1901, 74,173. The exports of sheep also show an increase of nearly 50% for the same periods, the actual figures being: 1903, 62,071; 1902, 41,845; 1901, 44,287. With regard to prices, owing to the wet and generally unfavorable character of the weather throughout the whole season, the market has been very low. The current quotations for Canadian bullocks are 10c. to 10½c., and up to 11c. for choice light-weighted animals. These prices, however, do not apply to ranch cattle, which have not been very acceptable this season, the butchers complaining—not for the first time that the lean meat from these animals is rather "fery" colored, while the fat is much too yellow. Canadian sheep may be quoted at 11½c., with an occasional 12c. for something extra nice, which may be reckoned a fair price, taking into consideration the depressed state of the meat market.

In the Provision Department, Canadian butter is in great request, and full prices have been freely paid for this commodity, notwithstanding indications of considerably increased supplies for the coming winter season.

During the past week the market for Canadian

cheese opened somewhat slow, sellers finding it rather difficult to effect sales, even at a further reduction on previous prices, has steadily improved as regards tone, although no advance in

prices can be noted. The bulk of the business done was in "colored" cheese, for which a decided preference has been shown lately.

For the past two weeks the market for bacon has been seriously affected by a "bear" movement, which has brought about a substantial reduction in values all round. Several importers and their agents have been forcing sales in their anxiety to avoid an accumulation of stock, which is an indication that ample supplies are forthcoming. The decline in prices this week alone is very marked. In the case of the most favored Danish brands a drop of no less than 75c. to \$1.25 per cwt. being recorded, while the Canadian article was most sought after at 75c. to \$1 less than last week.

With regard to Canadian poultry, up to the present time of writing I have not heard of consignments of any note reaching our markets this season.

By the time this is in the hands of your readers a most interesting event in the history of the Canadian cattle trade will have taken place at Liverpool. There is a movement on foot among the cattle and meat salesmen of that port to entertain the veteran importer and salesman, Mr. George Roddick (of George Roddick & Sons), to a banquet, and, further, as a mark of the high esteem and respect in which he is held, to present him with his portrait in oils, and a service of silver plate. No doubt Mr. Roddick is known personally by many of your readers, who, I am sure, will heartily endorse the expressions of kindly feeling towards him.

Although things here have not yet assumed a "Christmassy" appearance, announcements of annual fat stock shows bring home to us the fact that the festive season is approaching, and, therefore, in closing my letter I must express to you and all your readers my best wishes for a right Merry Christmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

A. J. SCOTT.
London, England, November, 1903.

Yawn and Stretch.

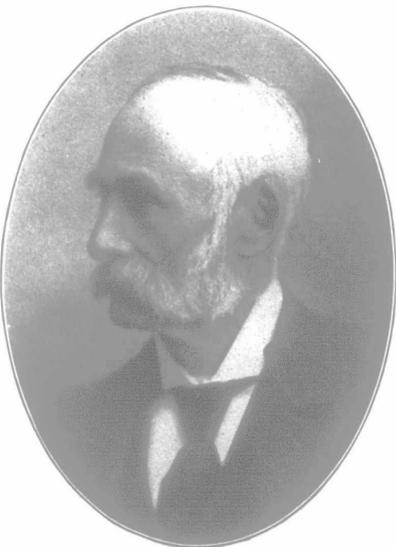
Medical Authority Advises this Exercise Before Getting Up.

Don't jump up the first thing your eyes are open. Remember that while you sleep the vital organs are at rest; the vitality is lowered and the circulation is not so strong. A sudden spring out of bed is a shock to these organs, especially to the heart, as it starts to pumping the blood suddenly.

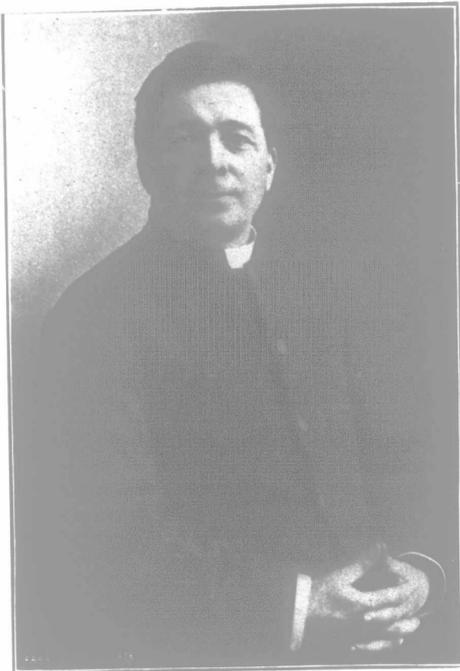
Take your time in getting up. Yawn and stretch. Wake up slowly. Give the vital organs a chance to resume their work gradually.

Notice how a baby wakes up. It stretches its arms and legs, rubs its eyes and yawns, and wakes up slowly. Watch a kitten wake up. First it stretches out one leg and then another, rubs its face, rolls over and stretches the whole body. The birds do not wake up and fly as soon as their eyes are open; they shake out their wings and stretch their legs, waking up slowly. This is the natural way to wake up. Don't jump up suddenly; don't be in such a hurry, but stretch and yawn, and yawn and stretch. Stretch the arms and the legs; stretch the whole body. A good yawn and stretch is better even than a cold bath. It will get you thoroughly awake, and then you will enjoy the bath all the more.

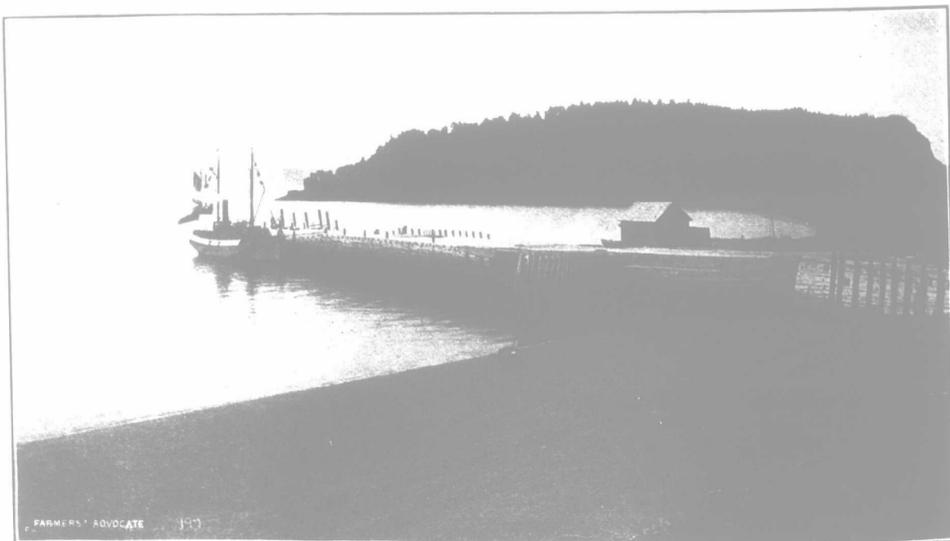
Discontent is like ink poured into water, which fills the whole fountain full of blackness. It casts a cloud over the mind and renders it more occupied about the evil which disquiets it than about the means of removing it.—[Feltham.]



Hon. Benjamin Rogers.
Provincial Secretary-Treasurer and Commissioner of Agriculture, P. E. I.



Rev. Father Burke.
President Fruit Growers' Association, P. E. Island; Vice President American Pomological Society and Canadian Forestry Association.



Taking the Boat at PARRSBORO, MINAS BASIN.

Canada horses. Sh producing vast extent ing—much ally becomi sibilities in equalled by when steam supplanting of the ordin creasing the the breeder, endeavor to ever breed horses of a this remarka eral financi recently pa boast of th produced o breed. The Hackney, th Thoroughbr Clydesdale, Canada is not suffici to attempt and charact expensive e ments. Ca anything so have gradu of different tion of bot in other co evidenced b shown their in the Unit A notable cess of Mr exhibited Internation he won in team, and ment in ou been due and mares Clydesdale consequence ing, our dr excellence ported year progenitors draft horse perform his he has bee able to go months to with horse distance. horses that purposes in That th in produc is proven exhibited United St Crow & M coe, and o class, when the Hackn the descen bred, and Royal Geo not pure-b considered George wa crossed wi in many c sion. Wh great Lexi the carri producing type, owi duces the bone prod Whalebone as a carri a beautifu those days and style, lacked th produce w present da Whalebone bred and duced a s for servic

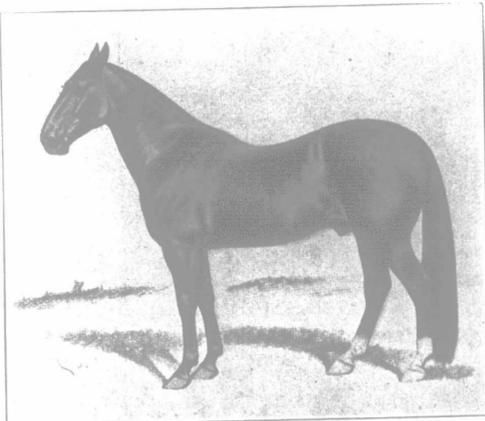
HORSES IN CANADA.

BY J. H. REED, V. S.

Canada has just reason to feel proud of her horses. She is becoming one of the large horse-producing countries of the world, and with her vast extent of territory suitable for horse breeding—much of it as yet thinly settled, but gradually becoming more thickly populated—her possibilities in this industry are probably not equalled by any other country. In this age, when steam and electricity in various forms are supplanting to a considerable extent the functions of the ordinary horse, and as a consequence decreasing the demand and value of such animals, the breeder, if he consults his own interest, will endeavor to produce a high-class animal of whatever breed or class he is producing. High-class horses of all breeds command a high price, and this remark applied even during the years of general financial depression through which Canada recently passed. While Canadians can justly boast of their horses, they cannot claim to have produced or originated any particular class or breed. The Englishman produced the Shire, the Hackney, the Suffolk, the Cleveland Bay, and the Thoroughbred. The Scotchman produced the Clydesdale, and the American the Standard-bred. Canada is probably too young, or her breeders not sufficiently wealthy, or possibly are too wise, to attempt the production of a horse of new type and characteristics, as this is a slow and very expensive experiment, and one full of disappointments. Canadian breeders, while not attempting anything so hazardous as producing a new breed, have gradually but surely improved their horses of different breeds and classes, by the importation of both sires and dams of breeds established in other countries. That they have succeeded, is evidenced by the record of exhibitors who have shown their horses in competition with those bred in the United States and imported from Britain. A notable instance in the draft class is the success of Mr. Geo. Moore, of Waterloo, who in 1900 exhibited his Canadian-bred horses at the Great International Exhibition held in Chicago, where he won in pairs, three-horse team, four-horse team, and six-horse team. The gradual improvement in our draft horses, as is well known, has been due to the importation of draft stallions and mares of the different classes, notably the Clydesdale and Shire, from other countries. As a consequence of judicious importations and breeding, our draft horses have reached that state of excellence that large numbers of them are exported yearly to the countries from which their progenitors were imported, and the Canadian draft horse has proved himself well calculated to perform his functions in every country into which he has been introduced. He appears ready and able to go to work at once, not requiring some months to become acclimatized, as is the case with horses in general when moved a considerable distance. This quality was well marked in the horses that were taken from Canada for military purposes in South Africa during the late war.

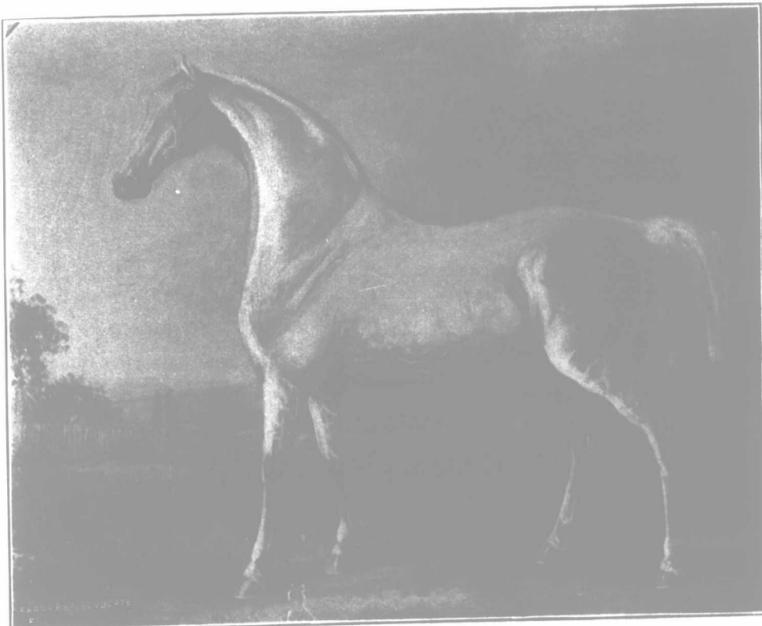
That the Canadian breeder has been successful in producing the heavy harness or carriage horse is proven by the success of Canadians who have exhibited at the best exhibitions held in the United States, notably Mr. Geo. Pepper, and Crow & Murray, of Toronto; Mr. Yeager, of Simcoe, and others. The mares which produce this class, when mated with the modern type sires of the Hackney, Coach or Standard-bred classes, are the descendants, in some cases, of the Thoroughbred, and in many of such horses as Whalebone, Royal George, Ryshawk, etc., stallions that while not pure-bred, were good individuals of what was considered a carriage horse in their day. Royal George was a horse of the road type, but when crossed with our ordinary farm mare produced, in many cases, such mares as are under discussion. Whalebone was said to be a son of the great Lexington. He produced many that won in the carriage class, and his descendants are still producing carriage horses, though of a different type, owing to the infusion of blood that produces the excessive action now so popular. Whalebone produced a son, noted in his day, viz., Oris Whalebone. This horse in his young days won as a carriage stallion wherever shown. He was a beautiful horse, with sufficient action to win in those days—in the seventies. As regards quality and style, a horse like him could win yet, but he lacked the flash action demanded now. His produce was good, and many of our horses of the present day trace to him or his sire. Another of Whalebone's sons was a horse called Henry Clay, bred and owned in Halton Co., Ont. He produced a son, also called Henry Clay, who stood for service, the property of Dr. Tanner, in Mt.

Forest. He was rather a stylish horse, with what was considered in the '80's as excessive and flash action, and while he did not appear to have sufficient prepotency to transmit his action with any degree of certainty to his progeny, he sired some excellent colts. The produce of Henry Clay was influenced, to a greater extent than that of many sires, by the qualities of the mares to which he was bred; hence, some of his colts made good carriage horses, others roadsters, and others saddlers and hunters. A daughter of his, now 27



Rysdyk's Hambletonian 10.

years old, and owned by the writer, may be said to have been an extraordinary mare. She excelled as a saddler and heavyweight hunter, and when in her prime was exhibited frequently at the best exhibitions in Canada, and occasionally in the United States, in the hunting classes, and if not always first, was never outside of the money. She could jump well and gallop fast. She was also a good harness mare and could trot in three minutes. As stated, the produce of the sires mentioned, and others of the same class, was the foundation stock on the dam's side of our present high-class heavy harness stock in Ontario. Of course, back of these was the influence of early importations from the United States of descendants of that prince of Thoroughbreds, imported Messenger, the great son of Mambrino (whose portrait, reproduced from a painting over 100 years old, appears in this issue). Messenger, who, like his sire, was a gray horse, evidenced remarkable prepotency, as the record of his noted descendants, Mambrino (bred in America), Abdallah, Rysdyk's Hambletonian, and others, amply



Mambrino, Sire of Imported Messenger.

From a valuable oil painting, over 100 years old, by George Stubbs, in the collection of G. H. Parsons, Alnager, Eng.

attest. The older generation of Canadians have vivid recollections of the beauty and excellence of horses tracing their lineage to Messenger, a large percentage of them being grays, and of fine carriage type.

The French-Canadian horse, a tough, wiry class, with long, flowing mane, fast trotting action, strength and endurance, also held a prominent place in the earlier years of Canadian settlement, and were practically a distinct breed in the Province of Quebec, which it would have been well to have maintained in its purity, as it was admirably adapted to the purposes and conditions of the habitant.

The same may be said of the foundation stock of our saddlers and hunters. In breeding these mares the class produced depends greatly upon the sire, and when bred to Thoroughbreds, as a matter of course, hunters and saddlers were the result. That our horses of this class make winners in the show-ring, both as saddlers and performers over hurdles, needs no further evidence than the success of such exhibitors as those already mentioned in the harness classes. That they are not only show-ring performers, but hunters (a horse may be a shining light over hurdles in the show-ring, and a duffer in the hunting field, when as well as jump he must be able to gallop fast and stay), is evidenced by the keen American demand, especially for those up to weight, for hunting purposes. In the production of strictly Thoroughbreds for racing purposes, Canada is not behind. The success of our breeders, notably Mr. Seagram, of Waterloo; Mr. Hendrie, of Hamilton, and Mr. Dymont, of Barrie, on the race-track, both in Canada in competition with American horses, and on American tracks, justifies this claim. The foundation stock of Canadian roadsters and harness race-horses was produced by such sires as Royal George, Erin Chief, Whalebone, Clear Grit, a son of Imported Lapadist (a Thoroughbred), and General Stanton, a son of the mighty Rysdyk's Hambletonian 10. While the first-mentioned sires and others of the same class produced horses that excelled as roadsters and some race-horses, as producers of race-horses the last two mentioned doubtless excelled. Many of our best roadsters of the present day trace on the dam's side, and not a few on the sire's side (notably the produce of Sir John, Ly Clear Grit), to some of the sires mentioned. Old Clear Grit was himself a race-horse, and he produced many who in their day were fast enough to win. A peculiarity of his get was that most of the trotters were very wide-gaited behind, which characteristic was at that time very highly prized in a trotter. Another peculiarity of his produce was that, with few exceptions, any that paced could go fast. Gen. Stanton stood for many years in St. Catharines, and though blind, he was very successful in the stud in producing both large, stylish roadsters, and race-horses. His unfortunate infirmity was imparted to a small percentage of his progeny. Our present high-class roadsters have been largely produced by breeding mares sired by the above-mentioned horses to Standard-bred stallions, some imported and some home bred.

While Canada lays no claim to the production of a breed of horses to go fast at harness gaits, she is not very far behind her American cousins in this respect. Nearly a hundred Canadian horses have entered the .30 list in 1903, with records ranging from 2.11½, made by Puge Hall at Windsor; Pluto, 2.14½; Ellen Wood, 2.14½; Sphinx, 2.15½; Margaret W., 2.17½; Dan, 2.17½; Coronette, 2.17½; Cornith, 2.17½; Jim Wilson, 2.17½; Lady Laurin, 2.18½; John Nolan, 2.18½; Lottio L., 2.19½; Jennie Scott, 2.19½; Clayson, Jr., 2.19½; Maud L., 2.19½; etc. Other Canadian horses have reduced their records, as Darkey, 2.21½, to 2.10½; Till Bass, 2.20½ to 2.12½; John F., 2.21 to 2.13½; etc. As the most of these records have been made on half-mile tracks, we may truly say that Canada is in the racing game, and if all conditions, such as fast mile tracks, running mates, wind-shields, etc., were equal to those under which the very fast records have been given to Amer-

ican horses, there is no doubt we would not be many seconds behind. While individual mention has been made only of some Ontario horses, like conditions, to a more or less marked degree, exist in all the Provinces and Territories in the Dominion.

The Horse in Art.

By W. T.

The three chief groups under which pictures are in a general way classified are Historical, Landscape, and Genre, the latter including those which do not represent special individuals or incidents, but types of people and events of ordinary or continual occurrence. With Genre, animal painting is included. In the 19th century it became an important, independent branch of art. Great pictures being in a sense the outcome of their own age and surroundings, we find Dutch artists in a land of luxuriant pastures, excelling in the painting of cattle. So, in England and in France, where horse-breeding has attained such pre-eminence, and where in war, industry and social life the horse has become so unique a figure, great artists found in this noble animal a fitting subject for their powers in interpreting the spirit and achievement of their times. People crowd heedlessly past the walls of the art exhibition, or turn over the pages on which reproductions of pictures appear, little thinking of the years of study and practice in art schools and studios there represented in perhaps a single painting. Perspective must have been learned, light and shade, color and composition mastered, correct drawing done, or the heaven-born genius will not accomplish much. But more than that is required of the prospective animal artist. Leaving the atmosphere of the studio, he must seek the company of veterinary surgeons and breeders, and study anatomy, so that the bony and muscular construction can be clearly understood and traced beneath the satiny coat of a well-groomed horse. Without a knowledge of what is below the skin the artist simply fails. Like Rosa Bonheur, he must don the "overalls" and haunt the market, the stable and the show-yard, and must harken to those who will have an utter disregard for his æsthetic ideas. He must depict the characteristic attitudes of the animals, and catch the true animal expression, avoiding the error of giving to them a human look. To put on canvas, as Paul Wickson has done in the picture "At Rest," with the effect of our bright Canadian sunshine, is a problem stiff enough for anyone, and how well he has succeeded will be appreciated by every reader of the Christmas "Farmer's Advocate" who loves the horse. How instinct with life and motion are the horses, and the leaves of the trees flutter in the breeze!

It must also be remembered that the animals themselves occupy only a portion of the space in

a picture. Landscape painting is the greater part. Soft, cloudy effects, so dear to the water-color artist, will not do, but the more difficult effects of sunshine and blue sky are generally necessary. From those who confine themselves to the city studio with its subdued light, the artistic creations of successful animal painters do not always receive the credit which is really their due, but Rosa Bonheur's "Horse Fair," Landseer's "Shoeing the Bay Mare," Mussonnier's "Friedland," Paul Potter's "Cattle," and others, are among the most valuable pictures in the world.



Typical Hackney Head.

Stallion, "Dissenter," owned by Hon. Mrs. Ward, Morfa Stud, Old Colwyn, Wales. Foaled 1898. Winner of many first prizes at leading shows.

The Thoroughbred Mambrino.

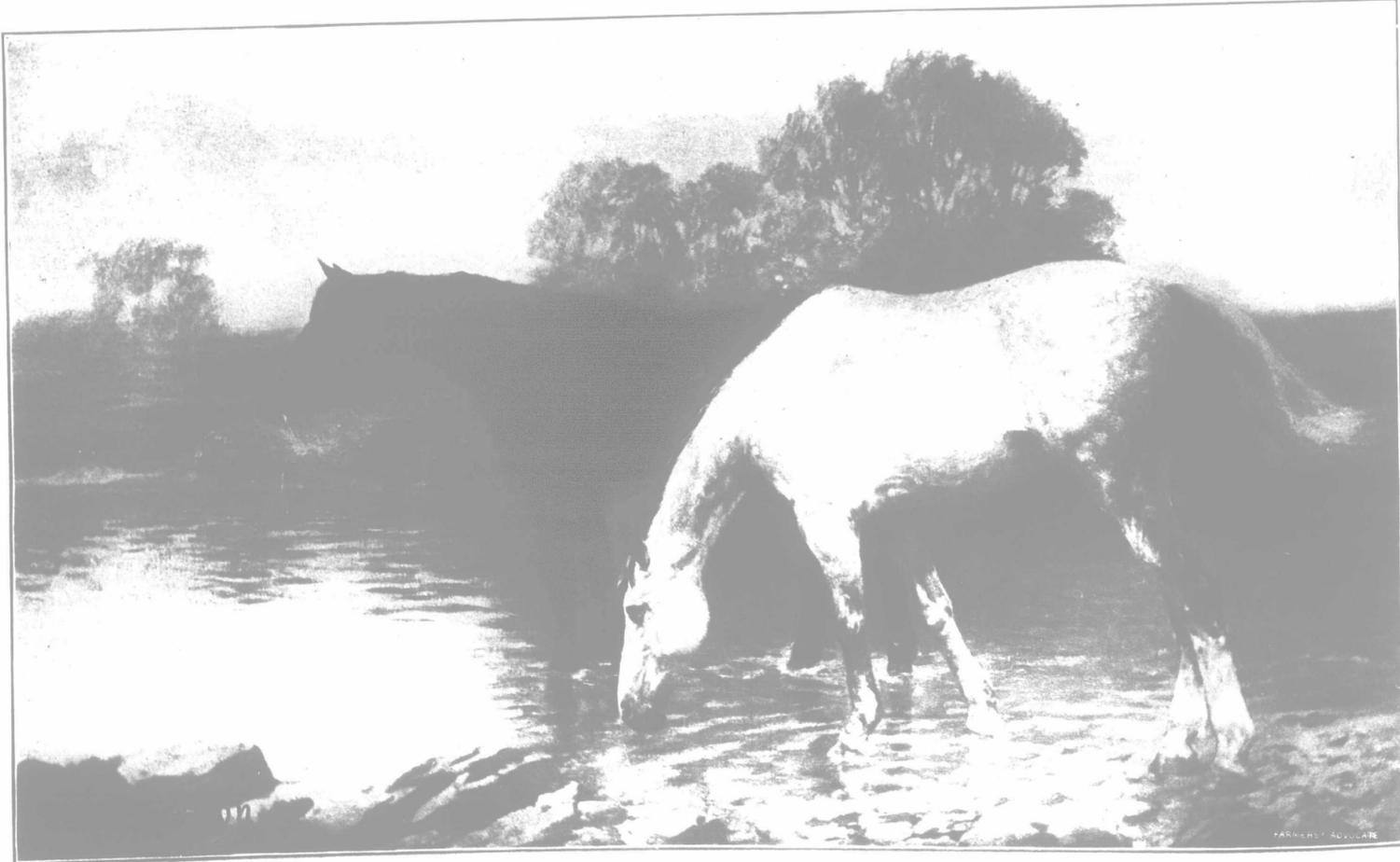
Elsewhere we give a portrait of that famous old English Thoroughbred stallion, "Mambrino," a gray son of Engineer (a son of Sampson), out of a mare by Old Cade. He was foaled in 1768. Mambrino was a successful performer on the turf, winning on eleven occasions, beating, among others, Conductor, Max Antony (twice), Florizel (the only horse that ever beat Sweet William), Trentham (twice), Comus, etc. From Mambrino through his son Messenger, exported to the States in 1788, descended some of the best American trotters, Messenger being the grandsire of Rysdyk's Hambletonian 10, and he also, says Theo. Taunton, "laid the foundation of the finest breed of coach horses ever produced in this (England) or any other country."

Seasonable Presents.

I want to endorse what you say about giving a year's subscription of the "Farmer's Advocate and Home Magazine" as a Christmas or New Year's gift to a friend, either "in this country, the United States, or Great Britain."

I would not be surprised as the years go by to find that the problem of what shall I give my friend at Christmas will be solved in many instances by sending them some magazine or periodical for a year. Supposing this was done, even by paying the full price, what present is there that one could buy that would give as much of pleasure and profit as a year's subscription to the "Farmer's Advocate"? Not only would it be a weekly reminder to the recipient of the thoughtfulness and kindness of the giver, but should be a source of profit as well. There are very few presents that could be bought for the money that will compare with that of a good paper or magazine for a year. Of course, judgment must be used in making a choice of what paper to give, but when that is settled, and the one to whom you are going to present it is not a subscriber already, then you need not have any misgivings as to the acceptability of the gift. There is another thing to be considered when sending a present of this kind. In most cases more than the one to whom it is given will be benefited.

In making a gift of this kind, let it be such, if possible, that will help them along the line of their occupation, but where this cannot be done, it can surely be such as will help to a better life (which your Home Magazine Dept. certainly does). Apart from the good feeling resulting from the giving of such a present, there is no knowing the good that may result from it. Methinks it will be valued more also when received in this way, because your endorsement goes with it, and a bond of sympathy is formed between the giver and receiver, inasmuch as both will be reading along the same line. In many instances the problem of what shall I give to such an one for Christmas can be settled in this way. After many years of experience in selling Christmas and New Year's presents, I have no hesitation in saying that such a present as I have indicated, in many instances would be vastly superior, and when going a distance no additional cost of postage or express. Is not that a consideration? I have not done justice to the "Advocate" in comparing it to a present costing equal money, and in view of the fact that its publishers offer special inducements to all who will send additional subscribers. Editors and publishers, as most of us know, are always desirous of increasing the circulation of their paper, and if this exceptional offer, made by the publishers of the "Farmer's Advocate," does not boom its circulation and make it popular as a Christmas present, then I do not know what will. Huron Co., Ont. G. A. DEADMAN.



From a painting by Paul Wickson.

"At Rest."

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Development of the Draft Horse.

BY ARCH. MACNEILAGE.

At the outset it is wise to get rid of prepossessions. The first is that a breed of draft horses came out of the ark with Noah, and has been kept pure and distinct ever since. An absolutely pure breed of any sort does not exist. Least of all does it exist among the breeds of greatest value and most symmetry. The purest breeds of all classes of stock to-day are the least valuable. The breeds which are kept pure by adherence to pedigree rules are most valuable, yet it is not difficult to fix the origin and trace the development of these breeds. Shorthorn cattle, Aberdeen-Angus cattle, Border-Leicester sheep, and many other breeds, have all been made what they are. They are pure-bred to-day, but there was a time when they were made, and no single section of the material employed in their composition possessed all the qualities which their descendants possess to-day.

Another prepossession is that there is an absolutely "best" breed of any kind of stock. Goodness in this sense is a relative term. Almost every breed has its uses. There are circumstances under which, soils on which and climates in which one breed will prove more profitable than another, and that is the only sense in which any breed can be regarded as "best." The breed which pays best under certain conditions is the best breed for those who have to farm under these conditions. While, therefore, I believe the Clydesdale to be the best breed of draft horses for Canada, as it is unquestionably the best breed for Scotland, I am not to be understood as decrying any other breed. The aim should be to make all breeds of draft horses sound in wind and limb, free from vice, and in every respect adapted for the use of man.

A third prepossession to be rid of is that horses can be bred to a given type irrespective of soil. Great Britain and Ireland do not cover a very large portion of the earth's surface, yet within the limits of these islands, and I may almost say of one of them only, there are no fewer than three distinct breeds of draft horses, several distinct breeds of ponies, and at least three distinct breeds of light horses. The varieties of breeds of cattle, sheep and swine are equally marked. This elementary fact is of much more importance in connection with stock-breeding than is generally supposed. Mr. David Riddell is now the oldest horse-dealer in Scotland. For more than half a century he has been in the front of the battle. He has travelled far and near within the British Isles, and possibly there is no market there in which he has not at one time or other made purchases; yet he has put the opinion on record that "Clydesdales bred in Lincolnshire get much grosser and stronger than in Scotland. They are up to more weight—I should say by 224 pounds each animal—than those bred in our country. I have had the practical proof of knowing this." (Heavy Horses—Breeds and Management, p. 134.) Observation will confirm this statement. A short-legged, thick, wide Clydesdale will in some parts of Ireland grow tall and bony. The Shire horse of the Fen country of England is of a different stamp from the Shire horse of the Fylde district of Lancashire. The writer of the essay on the Shire horse, in the volume just named, admits that prior to the consolidation of that breed, through the instrumentality of the studbook, there were really two varieties of what was then called the English cart horse. Visitors to the Shire horse shows in London during the past twenty-two years cannot fail to be conscious of this. The two types were discernible enough in the earlier part of the period; to-day the traces of this distinction are rarely seen.

What has now been written will almost be sufficient to indicate the drift of what is to follow. The draft horse has been developed in accordance with the demands of commerce and agriculture. Shows reflecting the views of these agencies have put their imprimatur on the type desired. The selection and mating of sires and dams has been carried out to meet the show-yard tastes. Certain soils and climates have been more favorable to the development of these qualities than others, and hence the supremacy of certain localities over others as breeding areas. Prior to the days of studbooks, the determining factor in selection was type rather than pedigree. The former could be judged of, the latter was open to grave doubt. Where there is no independently controlled record of breeding there can be no guarantee of accuracy in reputed pedigree. The system of registration has placed an additional weapon in the hands of the breeder. He

not only knows the form of what he is working with, but he can inform himself of the constituents of that material. A pedigree record can never be of value unless its controllers are merciless in dealing with cases of proved fraud. The studbook whose guides wink at dishonorable conduct is not worth the paper on which it is printed. The judge in the show-ring must be in touch with



Mr. Jas. Yule.

Manager Sir W. C. Van Horne's Farm, East Selkirk, Man.

the trade on the street. The breeder must follow the judge, and in doing so he has to look to type and pedigree.

The draft breeds competing for support at the present time are the Clydesdale, Shire, Percheron, Belgian and Suffolk. The keenest scene of conflict is the Canadian West and the Western States. Men there are each one proclaiming the goodness of his own particular kind of horse, and arguments based on our discarded prepossessions are plentifully in evidence. The wise in heart will give little heed to arguments of that nature. They will not be cajoled by the lightning-rod men who are devoting their energies to a more or less

successful imitation of David Harum. They will study the horses put before them, examine their feet and limbs, judge of their activity, and freedom from disease, and look to the record of the breeds in the markets of the world. The Clydesdale was first in Canada, and I am inclined to think he will be last there also. He has the best kind of material in him for lasting; he has been bred for generations to attain the highest quality in feet and limbs, in order to stand the street traffic of cities like Glasgow, Edinburgh, Dundee and Aberdeen, which are full of steep gradients and paved with granite setts. He has been bred in order to draw a four-wheeled lorry carrying a load of anything up to 9,000 pounds, and to do this without assistance. He is, therefore, an active, spirited horse, free from vice, yet anything but a laggard. He requires room to shift his load, because he has frequently to make a start on a gradient with a gross weight behind him four times his own weight. A horse with a short, upright pastern and a straight shoulder is of no use at such a task. He moves like a man on stilts, and is for the purpose indicated of about equal value. The flexibility of the pastern joints and the obliqueness of the shoulder are all in favor of the accomplishment of the task assailed. It is not a trifle to be toyed with. It is serious business, and the horse which overcomes it is the horse of most value for the case in hand.

Speaking generally, none of his rivals come near the Clydesdale in this matter of spirit and endurance. Percherons are rarely castrated. They are put into work entire, as are also Belgians. No one could work Clydesdales entire; as the males of these rival breeds are wrought, they have too much spirit and energy for that. When castrated they will shift a heavy load more pluckily than either of their rivals when entire. The clean limbs of the Percheron have made him popular in the unpaved cities of the West, and the result of crossing a grade Percheron mare with a rough-legged Shire is the production of a big, weighty, clean-limbed work horse. By the Percheron influence the gummy, hairy limbs of the Shire are got rid of, but the roundness of bone which characterizes both breeds, of necessity remains. The Shire gelding is seen at his best in Liverpool, Manchester, and London. The type in the two first-mentioned approaches more nearly the Clydesdale standard in feet and limbs. But the yoke is different, and the character of the task varies. In London the old English cart-horse type is much in evidence. You find them yoked three, four and sometimes six in a team, moving along at a leisurely pace, and shifting a load equal to something more than their own combined weight in a narrow lane or court, where it is a clear case of weight in the collar pitted against weight on the wheels. It may be admitted that under such conditions the Clydesdale would be worsted. One-half the same number of Clydesdales would shift the load, but the room for zigzagging is not there; hence, a Scotsman on his first visit to London is invariably convinced that there is a great waste of horsepower on the streets; and undoubtedly there is, if only the streets had to be considered. One-half the number of Clydesdales would send the

load along and be finished with the day's task one-half earlier. But it is not the street movement alone that has to be considered; hence the Shire has been developed along lines which differ greatly from those in which the Clydesdale has won renown. The Suffolk and the Belgian appear to have a good deal in common. The use of the Belgian, as represented at the Chicago show of 1902, is one of the things which I do not understand. He is a horse with good action, but of his other qualifications I am unable to speak. The Suffolk is an agricultural horse, bred for at least 200 years after his present type and color, and if purity of breeding and distinctness of type would alone make a breed valuable, he ought to-day to be the most valuable draft horse in the world.



Photo by R. H. Parsons.

Markeaton Loyal Harold (16808).

A celebrated Shire stallion. Typical example of the class of sire hired by English Horse Societies.

Instead of that, of British breeds he is the least valuable, nor do I know of any instance in which he has been successfully used as one side in producing a cross-bred. For a dead pull in the collar, the Suffolk-Punch has a proverbial reputation. As far as I know, he deserves it. The chief objection to the Suffolk is the disparity between the weight of his body and the lightness of his limbs. Like the Percheron, also, he exhibits a formation of hock which suggests a disposition to curb. For working heavy clay soil, such as prevails in East Anglia, his home, the Suffolk is invaluable. There he is seen at his best, and as long as these heavy clays are cultivated, his position as an agricultural horse is not likely to be assailed.

Half a Century of Clydesdale History.

By Robert Miller.

To write the history of the Clydesdale horse in Canada for the past fifty years would be to write its whole history, so far as Canada is concerned. About 1850 an occasional stallion was being imported to this country, notwithstanding the great cost of transportation, the great risk of shipping when only sailing ships were in use, and the small remuneration the owner was destined to receive after he had dared everything and reached home with as good as he could buy. The best that any could do at that time was to make a fair season with \$10 as the maximum fee, only a few of the most popular horses, when led by popular men, attaining that eminence. Despite the many discouraging experiences, and no work has had more, the building of the breed in this country has been a marvellous work, both as to accuracy and the short time that it has taken to get thus far.

When we look back we can see so plainly the great change that has been made in the conformation of the Clydesdale horse, that we think, naturally, the horse of that time was a very inferior animal. It may be that he was, but there is no certainty that the great change desirable in the horse stock of Canada was not brought about quicker by the use of just such stallions as we had then, than if we had had such as we are using now. Amongst the first that were imported, Old Grey Clyde, as he was familiarly named—because of his color, I presume—stands to this day as the most prominent, closely followed by Sir William Wallace, Rob Roy, Black Douglas, and Loudoun Tam, and later Netherby, Comet, Wonderful Lad, and Sir Walter Scott.

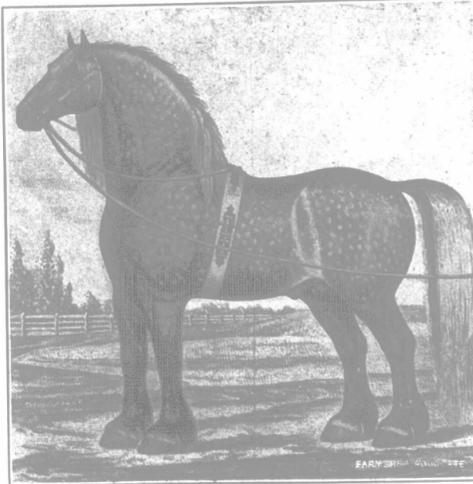
GREY CLYDE—170—78, though he appears in so many pedigrees, was not kept very long in this country, but was sold to go to Kentucky, where it appears he was lost from the Clydesdale world. He was a very showy horse, with rather short ribs and lots of life, a characteristic then appreciated very highly in his district, and in all new countries, I believe, to this day; a horse that can jump and squeal well being always a favorite. Clyde's legs were of a good kind, but had not the spring of pastern we now need; his hair

was short, and not silky like we must have now; nor were his feet of that tough nature and as well shaped as they have to be now in order to gain recognition in good company. His stock were very uniform, notwithstanding the fact that the mares bred to him were of all kinds, shapes and sizes. The color was nearly always grey, as shown by the fact that he once headed a procession of 17 of his own colts, all stallions, none of them more than three-quarter Clydesdale, all grey, and with only a toss-up between him and the worst of the colts. He seemed to be what was needed to lay the foundation of a great breed of horses, though no great model himself. I can remember many of his colts, half-bred Clyde and the rest "just horse," but they were big and good and smooth.



Young Comet (Imp.) [178].

Imported in 1863; owned by John Miller, Brougham, Ont.



Grey Clyde (Imp.) [170] 78.



From a painting by A. W. Koralski.

The Huntsman.

SIR WILLIAM WALLACE was a good sire, and he left his progeny smooth and wide, good workers and good breeders. He was a well-made horse then, but had not the fine points now desirable. He made money for his owner and for those that used him.

ROB ROY was a fairly well-made horse, smooth, with short legs and fairly good body. His legs were dark, and he had lots of hair. His progeny were smooth, and of good disposition, as well as good workers.

BLACK DOUGLAS was a rough horse, and sired a greater variety of colts than the other horses named; his offspring had in many instances great size and bone, the mares from him making good breeders when coupled with the smoother class of horses that soon followed. Tom Brown, that led him, was one of the characters of his time, a large, well-built man, strong and active, with that kindly disposition that so often goes with confidence in a man's power to take his own part in any emergency. Only the older horsemen in Canada can remember him, but to the writer his memory never returns without a feeling of regret for the accident with horses that caused his death many years ago.

We now come to the time when Joe Thompson appeared as a stallion owner with Loudoun Tam. If Joe did not know more of the horse instinct than any man that has lived in this world, it was not because he did not try hard enough and long enough to study him. For 60 years his only thought was of horses, and those horses were in nearly every case his own. Loudoun Tam did some good for the country, but he would not be appreciated highly at this time, for he was rather rough, but he too helped on the work of preparing a class of strong and smooth brood mares from the clean-legged class of mares still plentiful in Canada. Soon followed that wonder of horses,

NETHERBY, imported by Joe Thompson, and kept by him for many years. He was, probably, the sire of more foals than any horse that has ever been foaled. With his breeding list filled to overflowing every year for a long life, with a greater power for service than any horse ever heard of by the writer, he was of the greatest benefit to the part of Canada in which he was owned. He was a leggy, high-headed, long-necked horse. With nearly everything about him that is objectionable in a heavy horse now, and with everything lacking that should be found in a good Clydesdale or heavy draft horse, according to present standards, he did a work both in kind and in quantity that has not been duplicated. It was said that his dam was a small pony kind of mare, and his progeny would bear out that statement. Some of his foals were tall and rather leggy, while some were low-down and very wide. All were valuable, and higher prices were paid for them than for any other horses in the district. An idea of his breeding powers may be gathered from the fact, well-known to me, that he was bred to 365 mares in one year, and left 250 foals.

YOUNG COMET [178] (imp.), reigned at the same time. He was the very opposite in build to Netherby. He was a round, smooth, grey horse, with an amount of style and refinement not often found in a male animal of any kind. He did a great work in Canada. He was not a large horse, but his colts were in many cases very heavy and always smooth. They were of that well-made, hardy kind always in good form, with great flesh-forming propensities, just as valuable in horses as in cattle, in my opinion.

WONDERFUL LAD was a thick, heavy-made horse, that did some good.

SIR WALTER SCOTT, a bad-tempered horse, was a good sire, and helped in the good work.

About this time there appeared on the scene as an importer, the late Richard Graham. He would not have a rough horse, and he helped to introduce the kind that is now in such favor in this and in all countries where draft horses have received the consideration they are worthy of. Royal Exchange, Victor 2nd, Prince Arthur and several others of like quality bring us to the time that Graham Bros., then young boys, were left with a mother whose judgment and perseverance, with a natural love for the Clydesdale, fostered and developed by a whole life's associations, has been but seldom equalled, to go on with the work. To speak of the horses that they have imported would not be history, but it would be a tale of success in the show-rings and breeding world that is fresh in the minds of all that are interested in draft horses. The Sorbys, Robert Beith, and William Smith, of the firm of Smith & Richardson, have long been helping along the good work. They have now many contemporaries throughout the country, and I feel satisfied that there is no danger of this country taking anything lower in rank than second place amongst the different countries as a producer of smooth, heavy, blocky, beautiful and sound draft horses.

Some farmers have most peculiar ideas. So as to have their tools handy they leave them scattered about the place. This may be handy, but it is most expensive.



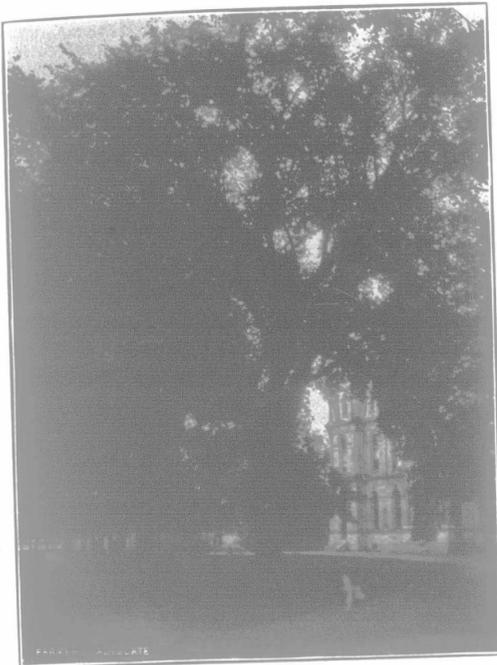
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Parliament Buildings, Trees and Lawn, St. John, N. B.

Manual Training for the Farmer's Son.
How the Province of New Brunswick is Solving the Problem.

Manual training has usually been considered a phase of education devised entirely for the benefit of the city boy, and such opinion is justified by the history of its introduction into the schools of the United States and Canada. It may have been that centers of population have been more progressive, or that greater wealth has been a factor, but at all events the rural population has not received the benefit of the movement. Educationally speaking, why not? Because we have had little or no endeavor to make it so. Few have attempted a solution.

The untiring energy of Prof. Robertson, of Ottawa, along this line is now well recognized throughout Canada. His schemes, financed so liberally by Sir Wm. Macdonald, of Montreal, have earned for him the gratitude of every Canadian country boy and girl. His system of consolidating several school sections into one large district with a central building, graded as a city school, and employing the best obtainable teachers, is well known in Canada east of the Great Lakes. Children are to be conveyed daily in covered vans to and from school. The boys will receive instruction in manual training, the girls in domestic science, and all will study plant and soil at first hand in the school gardens connected with it. Another method is to have a school garden in connection with each separate district, and employ a travelling instructor for each group of five districts—a day with each school per week. In all this Prof. Robertson's aim has been to give the rural boys and girls a chance to become intelligent thinkers and doers, to beget within each a sense of power, to work systematically, and to create with minimum waste of energy.

Men of prominence in the Province of New Brunswick have already caught the spirit of the movement. Confident of the success of Prof. Robertson's scheme, ex-Lieut.-Gov. McClellan has financed a similar institution in another part of the Province. The Provincial Board of Education has legislated for all phases of the question. For consolidation the Government, in addition to the combined grants, gives an annual sum of

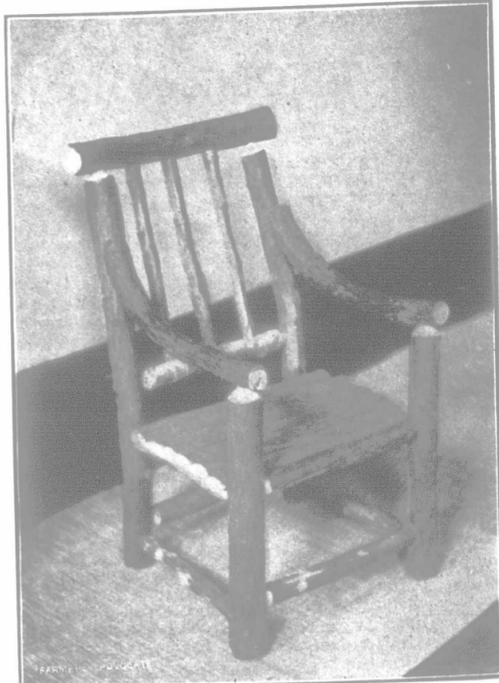
\$1,000 for a term of years. To Boards of Trustees in cities or towns, or in rural districts not thus consolidated, but who wish to establish manual training, it agrees to pay one-half the cost of equipment and one-half the running expenses thereafter. In New Brunswick the grants given to teachers are paid directly to them according to grade of certificate held. To teachers who qualify to teach manual training in city or town, and devote their whole time to the work, the grant is \$200 annually. To teachers who qualify and teach manual training in rural schools in addition to their regular work, the annual grant is \$50 additional.

The field for specialists, however, in this Province is limited to a few centers with school population large enough to justify employing such. It has been the desire, therefore, of those interested in manual training to extend the work into the rural schools. In connection with the Provincial Normal School a department has been added to give experienced teachers a thorough training for just such work as can be taken in rural schools. These courses are three months in duration. Specialists require six months. Both courses require five hours of work per day.

It is with the rural work I wish more particularly to deal. Three years ago two rural schools were equipped with three benches and necessary tools, at a cost of about eighty dollars each. Qualified teachers were put in charge, and gave one hour of three afternoons per week to the work. The younger pupils were dismissed an hour earlier on these days. There were about a dozen boys and girls in each of these schools who could take the work. While three of these worked at the benches, the others were given something which could be done at ordinary desks, such as drawing—plans of models to be made—knife work, chip carving for decoration of models already made, or rustic work in cedar, hazel, willow and alder. To this it is purposed to add later simple rush work with sedge leaves and stems, such as woven mats, wicker baskets, and plaited chair bottoms.

The results have been successful beyond expectation. It has substantially increased and extended school attendance. Not only do more attend, but the older ones remain for two and in some cases three years longer in regular attendance. Prima facie, this is enough to command recognition, for the one question in all rural schools is how to keep the older ones in school till a thorough foundation of the essentials of education has been laid.

But its influence has been far-reaching among parents as well. Interest and energy have taken place of indifference, which, alas, is far too prevalent among parents and trustees of rural schools. Instance one school. Three years ago it was reported officially as "poor." Since then it has added new blackboards, laid new floors, painted within and without, built a woodshed, and so improved generally that the inspector now reports "first-class." Parents cheerfully admit

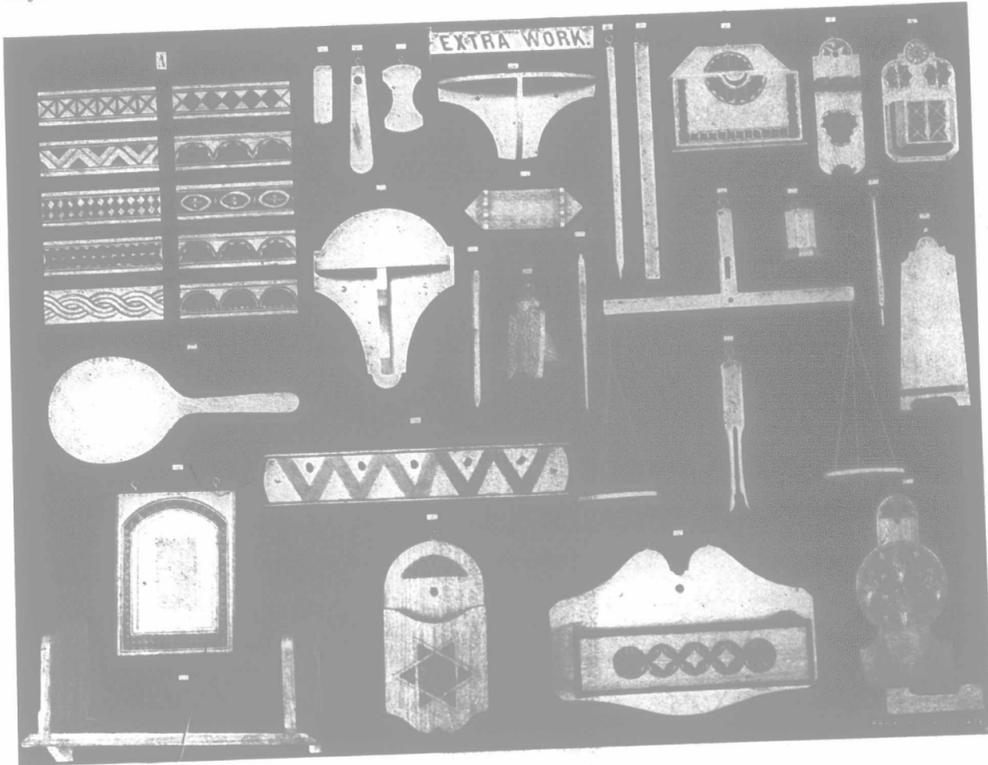


Rustic Chair.

that their children's interest has awakened them to clearer sense of obligation.

Is this harvest worth the sowing? Ask the parents; the children. They objected then to such a large expenditure of time on what appeared as utter nonsense. What does Johnny say now? Listen: "We only have two history lessons now each week, but we can understand it better than when we had three." And Johnny's sister says: "I would rather draw a picture of teacher's rustic chair or photo rack, then make one like it, than fill a whole drawing-book with copies." And Johnny and his sister know whereof they speak.

All through it has been the aim to utilize every available source in providing farmers' sons and daughters with ability to construct from simple obtainable material articles at once useful and artistic, and through these lead them into habits of economy and independence, to sturdy manhood and womanhood. The power to turn the apparently trivial and useless—the flags and shrubs of the wayside—into things of beauty and utility; the knowledge of power to live as God created us—"to have dominion over all the earth"—this is the very joy of living.
J. V. LYNN.
New Brunswick.



Manual Training Carving Exercises.

Wedge, Pencil Pointer, Thread Reel, Shelf, Plant Stick, Rule, Envelope Box, Toothbrush Rack, Match Safe, Shelf, Pencil Rest, Balances, Match-Safe, Pencil Holder, Easel, Letter Opener, Watch Stand, Penholder, Ping-pong Bat, Key Board, Test-tube Holder, Picture Frame, Whisk Holder, Wall Box, Bracket, Book Rack.

The Weekly in the West.

A Manitoba correspondent, "Observer," writes: "Nothing could better express the progress of our country than the announcement of the weekly publication of the Manitoba and Northwest edition of the 'Farmer's Advocate,' and the hearty manner in which the announcement has been received. The Western farmers feel proud that we have arrived at a stage of prosperity, population and civilization which calls for the publication of a weekly agricultural journal, and it is felt that our agricultural industries will thereby receive an additional stimulus."

I like your paper better every issue. I hope you may have even greater success as a weekly.

W. F. STEPHEN.
Huntingdon Co., P.Q.

The Outlook for Dairying in Canada.

BY J. A. RUDDICK, CHIEF OF DAIRY DIVISION, DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE, OTTAWA.

A few years ago most people thought that cheesemaking in Canada had almost reached its maximum in point of production, and there were many also who believed that we had raised the standard of quality to nearly as high a plane as it was possible to get it. Further, it was generally considered that comparatively lower prices would have to be accepted in the future. I need not say that the prophets have been agreeably disappointed, and all calculations completely upset by the records and experiences of the past two seasons, during which period our annual exports have increased twenty-five per cent., while prices have been maintained at an extraordinarily high level. Again, it is admitted on all hands that the quality of

OUR CHEESE

has satisfied the British demands better than ever before. The heavy production during 1902-03 may be accounted for as follows:

(1) There was a slight extension of the cheesemaking industry; (2) the conditions were favorable for the production of milk; and (3) the high prices encouraged patronage at the factories, and induced most of the combined ones to make cheese instead of butter. The most interesting point in this connection, and one which contains a valuable lesson to us, is that the high prices have undoubtedly been due to the fact that the cheese were of such a superior quality as to promote a steady, strong consumptive demand, which prevented the accumulation of stocks in sufficient quantity to glut the market. As a matter of fact it was the strong consumptive demand which kept the price up. It should be instructive, then, if we can determine the factor or factors which have been instrumental in bringing about this satisfactory result. I would say that the marked improvement which has characterized the quality of our cheese during the past two years is owing to the better methods employed in its production and the general improvement in buildings and equipment, and also to the fact that a large

quantity of cheese was carried to Montreal in the iced cars arranged for by the Department of Agriculture, as well as by individual shippers, but there is no doubt that the remarkably cool weather which prevailed was the main factor in elevating the standard of our cheese during the past two years. It is estimated that the value of the output of Canadian cheese for the past two years has been increased to the enormous extent of at least \$5,000,000 as the result of these favorable conditions, and this estimate does not take into account the increased production, but is based simply on the increase over what might be considered an average value under ordinary circumstances. This sum, divided among 3,200 cheese factories in the country, means over \$1,500 for each one, which amount, if applied to the improvement of curing-rooms, etc., would go a long way towards securing a permanency of those conditions which have proved so beneficial. On the whole, the present situation is full of encouragement to cheese producers, because it points out very clearly how the cheese industry may be placed on a safer and more remunerative basis. No stronger argument is needed to show the great importance of maintaining lower temperatures in the curing and transportation of cheese. These somewhat abstract deductions are fully corroborated by the practical results of curing cheese at different temperatures under various auspices.

I venture to say that those engaged in any other line of industrial enterprise of equal magnitude would never neglect to avail themselves of such a sure means of increasing the revenue from their operations.

As regards butter, the situation is somewhat different. In the first place, the fact should not be overlooked that we meet very much keener competition in supplying Great Britain with butter than we do with our cheese. We have practically no competition in cheese. New Zealand sends a comparatively small quantity, which varies greatly

from year to year, and, on the whole, is likely to decrease. The United States supply is also diminishing, and will undoubtedly reach the vanishing point before long as their home market grows. Some people are fond of dilating on the fact that we have captured the trade from the Americans, but that is hardly correct. The output of cheese has increased eighteen per cent. in the States during the past ten years, but the bulk of it now finds a better market at home, and only the surplus is exported. It must not be assumed that we can afford to be careless or indifferent because we have the trade practically in our own hands, for if we do not furnish the British consumer with the kind of cheese that he wants he will eat very much less of it, and the trade will be lost in that way.

OUR BUTTER.

Our competition in butter comes principally from Denmark, New Zealand, Australia, Russia and the Argentine. Large quantities are imported from other countries, but their product does not meet ours in such direct competition as that from the countries named. The superiority of Danish butter is well known. It sells for one to two cents a pound more, on the average, than Canadian. Yet, some Canadian butter is just as fine in quality, as evidenced by the fact that it is frequently sold for Danish. New Zealand butter is securing a front place for quality, and it has the further advantage that every box of it is exported under a thorough grading system, by which it is divided into three grades, so that a buyer knows exactly what he is getting. The imports of Russian butter into Great Britain have increased 700 per cent in eight years, and the authorities there are sparing no effort to increase the production, and at the same time improve the quality. The Siberian Butter Gazette is authority for the statement that \$90,000 is being spent this year on dairy instruction alone, in European Russia and Siberia. I mention these facts not to discourage butter-producers, but to show exactly what we have to contend with. That is a very important thing in any contest. Our splendid natural facilities for buttermaking and the intelligence of our dairymen should enable us to cope with any competition that we may meet, but we must exert ourselves to do it. Slipshod methods will not succeed. The paramount need of Canadian buttermaking to-day is better facilities for controlling temperature and keeping the butter COLD immediately after it is made and until it reaches the



From a painting by Theodore Dube, a French Canadian artist.

At the Stables.

consumer. But have a temper delivered in re managers ever butter to find tained in the ery refrigerate ssary part of defect in our men operating ignorant of t am not referi proprietors or of a creamery not, stands in who own the other manufa Surely, then, see that their where the mar them. Unfor he is doing g interests by s down to the l that the price is absurdly lo to be rendered has increased ing demands outlay. It w part of the p demand a bet a pound, pro butter, would patrons that price of Cana there is easily selling price How many of realize that management? As it is t the finest qua ther expansion it is importan a determinati

Life at a

Perhaps no spheres of te Empire that number of " and fiction, t known as " ada." The emanated fro Athabasca an gin can be riders of the last, but not periences of the Hudson's " Life at What a thrill reads that se as he smells shadow of d unadulterated ment must reader entert sisted of not citing escapa Indians hav stockades ar have been re fences, therel ance around has been so his predecessu lutely unnee pearances an perfectly safe hind him.

The life character. eight or ni trader has th his own lan Indians ofte months at during autu residing in t impossible t longing for feels at time ated beyond living proba number of n a packet or or seven mo In a year; li days short scene, as he some chance it news of t probably oc become past ity.

consumer. Butter is often found by actual test to have a temperature as high as 54 degrees when delivered in refrigerator cars. How many creamery managers ever put a thermometer into a box of butter to find out how the temperature is maintained in the refrigerator? The average creamery refrigerator is only an apology for that necessary part of the creamery equipment. Another defect in our system is that there are too many men operating creameries who are almost wholly ignorant of the requirements of the business. I am not referring to buttermakers now, but to proprietors or managing directors. The manager of a creamery, whether he is the proprietor or not, stands in the same relation to the patrons, who own the product, as the manager of any other manufacturing concern does to its owner. Surely, then, it is the business of the patrons to see that their milk is manufactured at a place where the manager knows his duties and performs them. Unfortunately, the average patron thinks he is doing good business and serving his own interests by squeezing the price of manufacturing down to the lowest possible limit. The result is that the price for making both cheese and butter is absurdly low—too low to expect good service to be rendered. The actual cost of manufacturing has increased of late years, and the more exacting demands of the markets call for additional outlay. It would be a much wiser policy on the part of the patron to pay a fair price and then demand a better service in return. A half a cent a pound, properly applied in the manufacture of butter, would go a long way towards securing for patrons that difference which now exists in the price of Canadian and Danish butter. Indeed, there is easily one cent a pound difference in the selling price of different Canadian creameries. How many of the patrons who get the lower price realize that it is almost wholly a question of management?

As it is to the export of creamery butter of the finest quality that we must look for the further expansion of the dairy industry in Canada, it is important that we face these questions with a determination to improve.

Life at a Hudson's Bay Trading Post.

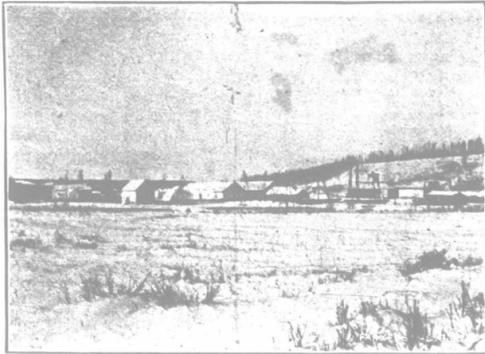
By Russell E. Bannerman.

Perhaps no district comprising one of the many spheres of territory included in this "A Vaster Empire than has Been," can produce an equal number of "tales and yarns," both actual history and fiction, than that stretch of country vaguely known as "The Northwest Territories of Canada." The majority of these stories have emanated from the northern districts of Alberta, Athabasca and McKenzie River; those whose origin can be traced to cowboy life (the roughriders of the plains); those of Indian origin, and last, but not the least, those of the actual experiences of a fur trader, particularly those of the Hudson's Bay Company.

"Life at a Hudson's Bay Trading Post." What a thrill passes through the reader when he reads that sentence! What a look of expectancy as he smells a good yarn! And after it, the shadow of disappointment as he listens to the unadulterated facts of the case, and disappointment must take the place of expectation if the reader entertained the thought that the life consisted of nothing but hairbreadth escapes and exciting escapades. Tribal warfare amongst the Indians having entirely disappeared, the old stockades around the forts—becoming useless—have been replaced by neatly whitewashed picket fences, thereby displacing that military appearance around its premises for which the Company has been so long noted; and the trader, unlike his predecessors of forty years ago, finds it absolutely unnecessary to keep up these military appearances and precautions at the present day, and perfectly safe to leave his weapons of defence behind him.

The life itself partakes much of the hermit character. At some of the more outlying posts, eight or nine months often elapse before the trader has the privilege of conversing with one of his own language and nationality. Even the Indians often fail to put in an appearance for months at a time—these periods usually being during autumn and fore part of winter. To one residing in the midst of social surroundings, it is impossible to conceive the loneliness and that longing for social intercourse which the trader feels at times. Picture to yourself a post situated beyond the confines of civilization, the trader living probably alone, or with a very limited number of neighbors in close proximity to him; a packet or mail reaching him perhaps once in six or seven months, often lucky to receive one once in a year; literature most likely scarce, and the days short and nights long. What a desolate scene, as he patiently waits for the regular or some chance packet passing his way, bringing with it news of the outside world, and which news has probably occurred five months previous, and has become past history to those living in its vicinity.

But then, again, the trader's life is not all darkness and void of excitement and adventure. During a certain part of the year the work in connection with a post drops to a minimum, especially during the long days in summer, and the trader, if of a sportive nature, can spend his recreation hours in company with his gun and



Hudson's Bay Company's Storehouse, Athabasca Landing.

rifle—small, but effective weapons—and as the trader is naturally found in the heart of the far country, there can be found enough game to warrant him in thus spending his leisure hours—moose and cariboo being the most hunted game.

About midsummer the more distant posts receive their trading outfits for the succeeding year,



Dog Train.

through the arrival of the boat brigade. The previous year's catch of fur is now loaded on these boats returning, and sent to headquarters, where they are exported. And now comes the busy time of a trader's life. He must first open up his outfit, price it, and sort it into so many smaller outfits—usually from four to ten, according to size of his district—for distribution to his outposts.

These outposts vary in distance from head post, but are usually found from 40 to 150 miles distant. The reader's conclusions may be formed as to the difficulties to be overcome in thus supplying and transporting the outfits to the different outposts, reached through some of the worst country imaginable. Transportation is effected according to the obstacles to be overcome, mostly by canoe, if possible; if not, by oxen, horses or men portaging, or it is left until winter has set in and muskegs frozen over, when the dog train is utilized.

After this work has been disposed of the trader must replenish his larder for the coming winter, unless he enjoys living on bacon continually. The replenishing occurs in October, when a duck hunt takes place, and continues until the trader has sufficient fowl cured and stored for winter use. Some people may imagine this a wasteful slaughter, but would, no doubt, alter their opinions if forced to live on bacon, with very seldom a piece of fresh meat; and then, on the conclusion of this hunting, the trader must turn fisherman and provide enough fish for his own use and to keep the dog trains in good working condition during the winter—one white fish a day being the allotted food for a dog, less than this if the work is small. This fishing is generally done after the ice has formed, and results are drawn by dog teams to the fort and stored for use. General work around the fort usually keeps the men occupied until the hunt is at its height, and now the excitement of the season commences. During the Company's early history there were no fur traders in the country, other than at the Company's own establishments, but of late years this monopoly has been invaded, until now competitors can be found in all parts of the country. These competitors, through their freedom of trading without a license for the privilege, are called "Free Traders," this term having been applied to them, apparently, to distinguish them from the Hudson's Bay Co., who, on their organization, had to procure the consent and privilege of trading. As a result of these free traders being established throughout the country, competition is naturally keen, and the Indian nature is quick to take advantage of this. Instead of the Indian bringing his fur to the Fort to trade, as in former years, it has become necessary in order to procure the fur, for the trader to take goods out to the Indian and barter on his own hunting-grounds. Now each trader, naturally, wishes to control as much of this trade as possible, and, incidentally, to keep his opponent from getting any if possible. This, of course, produces strategy on the part of the trader. This lasts until the trade winds up in the spring, when the year's programme will be repeated indefinitely, until the advancement of civilization gradually forces the Indian to retire to more secluded spots, where the white man's footsteps have not as yet invaded.

Athabasca Landing, Nov. 3rd, 1903.

"May your success in the past only be exceeded by the prosperity of the future."—Wm. McNey, Huron Co., Ont.



The Humber River—The Dairy Cow Takes a Drink.

The Future of Fruit-growing in Canada.

BY W. A. MACKINNON.

No estimate of the future possibilities for the Canadian fruit industry would be of real value without a preliminary survey of past and present conditions. Our fruit industry began amid difficulties and hardships, the first and most important of which was the unsuitability for export of many of the varieties of apples on which the trade had to depend. A great many of these were soft, early fruit, quite useful for supplying home needs, but by no means fitted for the journey across the Atlantic. Then, again, the great majority of the orchards consisted of mixed varieties. The tree agent had been abroad in the land, and had offered to the people, with words of glowing praise, every known variety which had succeeded anywhere, under any conditions. The farmers could not, without a struggle, omit any one of these varieties which had so many virtues, and so planted a few trees of each. The result was the production of a mixed lot of fruit, some of which was excellent and some useless even for domestic purposes; and when the export trade became a prominent feature in the apple-grower's transactions, he found himself handicapped by

having much to offer which was entirely undesirable.

"GO AS YOU PLEASE."—Then the early growers were neglectful of their orchards, apparently forgetting that since the days of Eden a kind Providence had imposed upon humanity the task of caring for the fruits of the garden. While no care and trouble were spared in the efforts to produce large and good crops of grain or roots, it seemed to be taken for granted that the orchard would take care of itself. It was left in the hands of the farmer, and crops of hay or grain were not removed from it. Fungous and insect pests were not so numerous as to-day, but no effort was made to combat such as there were.

In selling, the grower was equally handicapped. The facilities for shipping were undeserving of the name; railways were few, and the stations far apart; roads were rough and heavy; any wagon was good enough to haul fruit in—springs a needless luxury. When the fruit arrived at the steamer it was, in the old times, put aboard in bulk, and the condition of the steamers' holds on arrival in Great Britain, with vast quantities of rotten fruit and running juice, may be better im-

agined than described. All this resulted in tremendous loss, even in the good old days when the fruit that survived brought high prices.

In more modern times, the sale of Canadian fruit became a matter of difficulty, owing to the poor and unscientific packing. Barrels were either sent across with the fruit rattling against the staves, or were so overpressed that the juice was squeezed from the apples at the pressed end, and the fruit bruised throughout the barrel. As if this were not bad enough, the practice sprang up of facing every barrel, no matter how poor its general contents, with a row or two of first-class or fancy fruit; and when buyers, taught by experience, began to examine the pressed end instead of the faced end of barrels, that also was topped with attractive fruit, while the middle might be anything at all. The total result of these conditions was an undesirable reputation for Canadian fruit abroad.

Meanwhile, the domestic trade was even more neglected. Fruit for local sale was put up in any box, basket, bag or barrel which came to hand, whether new or old, suitable or unsuitable for the purpose; and the topping of peaches, plums, pears, and even berries, was such as to put to shame the highest efforts of the expert packer for Great Britain.

IMPROVEMENTS.—But things are much better to-day than they were. Growers have begun to select with care the best varieties, and to confine their attention to producing relatively large quantities of very few varieties, rather than a few packages each of many different varieties. Growers may cover the season fairly well, and yet have only four or five varieties.

In cultivation, modern methods prevail, and the best orchards are given as much care in this respect as any other part of the farm. Pruning is becoming more and more a scientific process, with a distinct object in view, instead of a mere exercise or architectural skill, directed to producing arbitrary uniformity in tree-tops. Spraying has also assumed a prominent place among the fruit-grower's operations. While at one time it was regarded as an unnecessary and fanciful expense, it is now looked upon as an essential if clean crops are to be secured with regularity from year to year.

THE TRADE.—The commercial handling of fruit has been equally improved by the study of packing as an art, by the improvement of country-roads, and the extension of railway systems, the apple trade having become of such magnitude as to command the attention of transportation companies. Another advantage was obtained when the growers and dealers secured the passing of the Fruit Marks Act, 1901, with the object of putting an end to fraud in the marking and packing of fruit. The knowledge that this act has been passed, and that it is being enforced with the support of almost undivided public opinion, has had a wonderful effect, both in inducing packers to do honest work, and in restoring confidence among buyers of Canadian fruit; in brief, Canadian fruit has once more obtained in British markets a thoroughly good reputation. A similar return of confidence on the part of consumers marks the situation at home; basket fruits are bought readily on the strength of the shown surface, and the householder is now seldom disappointed in the appearance of the fruit beneath the upper layer.

EXPANSION.—Bearing in mind the history of the trade as outlined above, we are in a position to look forward hopefully and expectantly to the future. Persevering and scientific experiments have led to the discovery of the suitability of certain varieties of apples, pears, plums and other fruits to sections which had hitherto been supposed unfit for the growing of fruit. Even in the older settled fruit sections of Canada there are thousands of acres yet unplanted, while in every direction the orchard is claiming new lands for its own. This is particularly the case in Nova Scotia, where large sections south and east of the Annapolis Valley are being tested with fruit; in Prince Edward Island, where pioneers in fruit-growing are demonstrating the fallacy of the former belief that the Island could not grow fruit commercially; in New Brunswick, where the St. John Valley and the southern counties are rapidly coming to the front as fruit-growing sections; while in Quebec, and in all parts of Ontario (notably in the Georgian Bay and Lake Simcoe districts), the areas under fruit are being extended from year to year. British Columbia shares conspicuously in this progress, the Okanagan Valley already contributing some of the finest fruit that can be grown in Canada. In Manitoba and the Northwest alone it may be said that the experimental stage of fruit-growing has not been passed; the rest of Canada is capable of producing many times its present output.

METHODS.—It appears to be equally certain that scientific methods of cultivating, pruning and spraying will be adopted more largely as the years go by, and will some day become universal. One of the innovations likely to revolutionize the operations of spraying, and to lead eventually to



W. A. MacKinnon.

Chief of the Fruit Division, Dominion Department of Agriculture.



Mr. A. McNeill.

Dominion Fruit Inspector and Instructor.



At Winnipeg Horticultural Exhibition.

the practical system of compressed fruit in Canada, of these varieties. Whichever method a great gain will be established to its being power will orchards in growers at a later still, it an outfit in may be scientific spruce 2 fruit from of fruit which and which cously reduce then, we son No. 2 fruit we shall be Canadian," duced.

MARKET.—plies of Canada are the products of British and distant Canada Northwest. The British larger quantities for market. Nov. Britain, who will soon be is in a similar Columbia a creasing trade where they Northwestern need not be meeting it. prior in appearance of the line, their methodness of the Winnipeg an unfavorably the States they arrive adopted the and with it in poor condition it is to-day it will be in ritories are dependent f be at least ritories can use. The East will themselves,

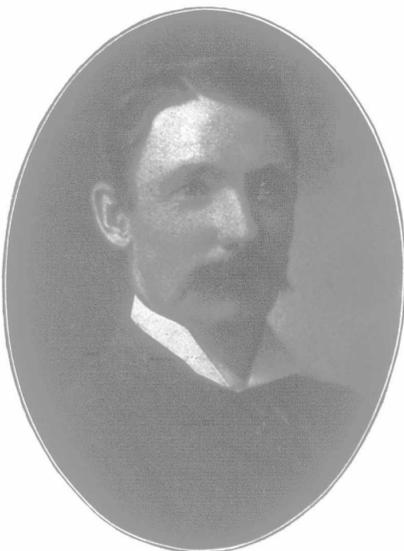
From a painting

the practical elimination of insect pests and fungous diseases from Canadian orchards, is the system of spraying by means of power. Steam, compressed air and gasoline have all been tested in Canada, and it is still an open question which of these will finally prove most satisfactory. Whichever method is adopted, there is sure to be a great gain in the efficiency of spraying, which will establish confidence in the operation and lead to its being universally carried out. The use of power will enable one outfit to spray all the orchards in a neighborhood, being hired by the growers at so much per day, or per tree; or, better still, it will enable groups of farmers to own an outfit in common, with which all the orchards may be sprayed. The lack of thorough and scientific spraying is all that usually prevents No. 2 fruit from grading No. 1; it is the second grade of fruit which usually brings loss to the shipper, and which overcrowds the markets so as to seriously reduce the price of the first quality. If, then, we some day succeed in practically banishing No. 2 fruit from the home and foreign markets, we shall be sure of satisfactory prices for "No. 1 Canadian," no matter what the quantity produced.

MARKETS.—Assuming that the coming supplies of Canadian fruit will be enormous, what are the prospects for disposing of them? Of the British and other European markets, and more distant Canadian markets, such as those of the Northwest, there is everything good to be said. The British market alone is capable of taking larger quantities of fruit than Canada can produce for many years to come, well packed and reliable. Nova Scotia fruit goes largely to Great Britain, where it is in high favor; New Brunswick will soon be able to supply local needs; Quebec is in a similar position. Ontario and British Columbia are competitors for the great and increasing trade with the Northwest Territories, where they also meet the competition of the Northwestern States. This competition they need not fear, if they will seriously set about meeting it. Canadian fruit is, admittedly, superior in appearance and quality to that from south of the line, but our neighbors sometimes excel in their methods of packing and in the attractiveness of their packages. Ontario shipments to Winnipeg and the Northwest have at times been unfavorably compared with similar shipments from the States, in regard to the condition in which they arrive. British Columbia shippers have adopted the bushel box as their standard package, and with it run much less danger of landing fruit in poor condition. This trade, important though it is to-day, is as nothing compared with what it will be in the coming decades, while the Territories are being filled with a vast population dependent for fruit on outside supplies. It will be at least a generation before the Northwest Territories can begin to grow fruit for their own use. The growers of British Columbia and the East will in the meanwhile have the field to themselves, together with the almost unlimited

markets offered in Great Britain, Ireland and Germany.

DANGER AHEAD.—Already more than once our growers have been rudely informed by glutted markets and ruinous prices that the supply of fruit was greater than the local demand. Even the British markets have sometimes fallen below their anticipated level, causing loss to speculators, if not to growers. To discuss the meaning of these warnings would require more space than that which is at my disposal. Let it suffice



W. H. Muldrew.

Dean of the Macdonald Institute, Guelph.

to quote the opinion of the trade leaders, namely, that inferior quality and poor condition have had much more to do with such depressions than the mere quantity of fruit offered. What we must aim at, therefore, is:

THREE ESSENTIAL CONDITIONS.

(1) Such orchard management as will yield the maximum of clean fruit of good quality, and such handling as will reduce to a minimum the damage to the mature fruit.

(2) Such a system of storage as will enable us to tide over short seasons of congestion, and to slightly lengthen the selling season for tender fruits.

(3) Such packing as will enable us to put up our fruit in handsome and attractive form, and to offer it for sale in uniform, substantial packages, of known capacity, each package containing only one grade of fruit.

Only by putting an end to the indiscriminate marketing of bad fruit with good, and by such careful attention to transportation as will prevent the marketing of any fruit in bad condition, and, finally, by making Canadian fruit more attractive than any of its competitors in the market, can we hope to secure and retain the confidence of the great consuming public, both at home and abroad.

Ottawa, Nov. 19th, 1903.

The Staff of Macdonald Institute.

W. H. Muldrew, B.A., D. Paed., Dean of the Macdonald Institute, Guelph, Ont., was born in the Township of Clarke, Ontario, in the year 1867, and received his early education in the rural schools of the County of Durham, and in the Port Hope High School. Later he attended the Woodstock Collegiate Institute and Queen's University, graduating from the latter in 1894. He taught with success in schools of all grades, and for nine years acted as principal of the Gravenhurst High School, where he gained an enviable reputation as a most efficient and progressive teacher. The arboretum which he established in the Gravenhurst school-grounds was one of the earliest successful attempts to introduce practical nature study and forestry, and has thus gained more than a Provincial fame. In 1899 Mr. Muldrew gained the degree of Doctor of Pedagogy, with honors, from Toronto University, winning special praise from the examiners for the high character of his work. He is the author of an excellent introduction to our native trees and shrubs, published in 1901, under the title "Sylvan Ontario." Dr. Muldrew's experience has given him a close acquaintance with the problems of both education and agriculture. His appointment as Dean of the Macdonald Institute, which came as an honor quite unsought, was due, no doubt, as much to his breadth of view on such topics as to his special training in pedagogy and nature study.

Miss M. U. Watson, the Lady Principal, is also a Canadian, whose professional education was completed in the Teachers' College of Columbia University. Miss Watson was for the past three years Principal of the Hamilton School of Domestic Science, where excellent work was done in preparing teachers for these branches. Miss H. E. Given, in charge of the practical work of this department, is a successful graduate of the Hamilton School, and was for some time associated with Miss Watson in that institution.

The manual training will be under the direction of Mr. John Evans, who has made a thorough study of this subject in England, Germany, and the United States.

The science teacher is Miss K. Lyman, M. A., of Montreal, who has also studied and taught in the colleges across the border.

Additions will be made to this staff from time to time, as may be required, and no pains will be spared to maintain a high standard of excellence in all departments of the Institute.



From a painting by H. W. R. Davis, R. A.

"Returning to the Fold."

THE WINTER WOODS.

BY H. DEAN CARMAN.



H. D. Carman.

It is to be feared that to the average man and woman in Canada the beauties of nature as revealed by the woods in winter time are a sealed book. The average person seeks the sylvan solitudes in summer in search of respite from the scorching rays of the sun; he sees the birds about him, he hears their songs and admires their plumage, and he rests himself in shady nooks, but at the first chill blasts of autumn he turns his back upon his summer haunts, until the warm breath of spring comes to coax the shy wood

flowers and migratory birds back again. If he thinks of the woods at all in winter, it is probably while he sits beside his baseburner in the cosy seclusion of his home, and as he listens to the howling of the icy blasts and sees through his frosted windows the whirling snow-drifts, he thinks of the woods as the most desolate of places.

And yet, to the nature lover and student, the Canadian woods in winter present much to charm and to instruct. The beauties of the evergreens, with their snow-laden branches, the scarlet berries of the bittersweet glistening among them; the brilliant spectacle presented after an ice storm, when every naked limb is clad in glittering icy armor; the days when the sun shines and the resident birds show themselves. Ah! well, the woods are always interesting, and never more so than at such times, to those who do not mind a trudge through the snow, with possibly a pair of wet feet at the end of it.

The naturalist may go abroad in the woods in the winter and see many things that might escape the eye of the ordinary observer, for the white mantle with which Mother Nature then covers everything is to him an open book, upon the pages of which are written many secrets. A stray feather lying in a corner tells him that the ruffled grouse, or partridge, as he is called, is wintering in yonder cedar swamp; the telltale footprints of the red fox, with the equally telltale furrow cut by his brush dragging on the surface of the snow, tells him that reynard knows it too. The curious three-foot rabbit trails are numerous, for bunny lives and keeps warm in his burrows beneath the snow. Under this bush he finds a ring of droppings, which tell him that Bob White and his family spent the night with heads together there, and how can he tell but that in yonder hollow stub a great horned owl drowns the daylight hours away, to emerge later and indulge in a light lunch of rabbit. Surely, surely, the faint tracks of the field mice will be everywhere in the snow, and down by the stream, that defies the effort of the Frost King to fetter it, the mink makes his home. Freshly-scattered husks of pine cones tell him that a red squirrel has just been having his dinner in the top of the pine tree, and if he watches awhile and keeps quiet the saucy chatterer will doubtless reveal himself before he dives into his hole in yonder hollow tree.

And the birds, for there are plenty of birds resident in Ontario all the year round, what of them? See that dark spot in the white wilderness over there? That is the carcass of a horse, and many a banquet his bare old ribs have provided for those crows you see winging their way to that clump of pines. Like a flash, as you watch them, a shy blue jay

dashes past you and joins his squalling fellows in the thicket, while you, if you are lucky, may find yourself in the vicinity of a merry family of black-capped chickadees, kinglets, downy woodpeckers, nut-hatches and brown creepers, the two former feeding busily upon the seed pods of the tall weeds, the latter tapping the tree trunks or peering into every nook and cranny in the bark for insects and grubs.

Just a word here as to the value to the agriculturist of the service rendered by these resident



Gracefield, Gatineau River Cattle Country.

On line of C. P. R.

birds. Feeding as many of them do largely on the seeds of the tall weeds, it is evident much useful work must be done by them, and if you could see the chickadees and kinglets delving into the curled-up dead leaves in which many a grub has been artfully concealed, you would probably be convinced, while the benefit to the trees from the constant hunt for insects kept up by the creepers and other bark scavengers can scarcely be estimated, a benefit that is all the greater because the birds remain with us winter and summer.

There are other birds, of course. Every year the snowy owl drifts down like a feathered phantom from his Arctic home and is shot—more the pity—by the hundred, to be stuffed and decorate the mansion or the museum; Bohemian waxwings, which are larger duplicates of the common cherry birds, sometimes appear in large flocks, and snowbirds come and go like snowflakes before the wintry blast. In the fir trees the pine siskins, grosbeaks, redpolls and crossbills, the latter interesting little birds with curiously crossed



"Know you the song the pine tree sings,
Swayed by an idle breeze?
Know you the word the bluebird brings,
Forth from the southern seas?"

ills, about whom tradition weaves a quaint and lovely legend, may at times be met, and if the bird lover leaves the woods and takes to the shores of the great lakes, he may catch glimpses of sea gulls brooding, and wild ducks bobbing in the icy waters.

How do the birds survive the rigors of the Canadian winter? It is hard to say. The quail, for instance, does not find the coldest weather as deadly as the sudden thaw and sudden frost. When the snow drifts light and fluffy he bravely burrows into the heaping drifts and keeps warm no matter how keen the wind, but should the thaw come and the frost follow, Bob White finds his fleecy retreat a living tomb, and, penned in by the icy crust that forms above him, meets an ignominious death. Doubtless, in times of stress the smaller birds find a sure and safe retreat in the hollow trees, while some, notably the owls already mentioned, are so warmly feathered as to be able to defy the severest cold.

But however they manage it, they do survive somehow, and winter after winter remain with us to enliven with their cheery presence the otherwise desolate solitudes of the Canadian woods.

In conclusion, I cannot do better than quote the advice given by a great American poet to look through nature up to nature's God:

"If thou art worn and hard beset
With sorrows that thou wouldst forget,
If thou wouldst read a lesson that will keep
Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep,
Go to the woods and hills! No tears
Dim the sweet look that nature wears."

Lord Rosebery as a Feeder.

A despatch from London, Eng., says: Replying to a toast to the successful exhibitors at the Fat-stock Club recently, Lord Rosebery said:

"Well, what am I going to say about the successes which I have achieved to-day? Only this, that it is by personal, careful and daily attention to the beasts on my part, by wakeful nights devoted to the corpulence of a particular animal, by handing to every beast his appointed oil cake from my own hand; it is only by these means I have been enabled to obtain success.

"And when I walked into the show and saw these prize animals, which have increased at the rate of three and one-half to four pounds per day for many weeks past, looking at me with proud eyes, and, I also thought, a languid and bilious eye, I felt my time had not been spent in vain, and that though others might prefer the field of politics or letters, I myself had been more usefully employed. I know it is said that personal attention is everything, and I think I exemplify that moral. I confess that I do a great deal of my agriculture by deputy, but on this occasion I am able to boast that every one of my animals which has won a prize has been my particular pet and particular charge."

The Royal and Industrial Annual Meeting.

Postponed from the last day of the fair, in deference to the exhibitors, whose minutes at such a time are doubly crowded, the society convened in New Westminster, Nov. 5th. Manager Keary presented a report to President Trapp and the members, which was very satisfactory, viz., that in spite of many handicaps, the 1903 exhibition had been a success every way, and that when the few outstandings were collected, a balance on the right side of the ledger for a little over \$800 would be the result.

Election of officers took place, T. J. Trapp, President, being re-elected; Mayor Keary again being the Manager, while Treasurer Brymner, manager local branch Bank of Montreal, again will take charge of the society's funds. Discussion of the prize-list was made, and a few alterations suggested. The society decided to make a new record for itself, and will hold a combination of fat-stock and stallion show, together with a short course in live-stock judging, during the second week of March, 1904. This move was not decided upon without considerable discussion, pro and con, but while some counselled a twelve months' delay, the majority thought it better to use the O.A.C. bee-lecturer's phrase, "Start in a small way" at once. The City Council will render some help, and the Dept. of Agriculture, Ottawa, as well as Victoria, will be called upon to help forward this most progressive agricultural society in its efforts at giving practical education along agricultural lines, which, after all, is the true reason for the existence of such societies. The manager announced that \$70 had already been promised to provide prizes for a stock-judging competition at the annual show, which will start the 14th Tuesday in October, 1904.

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From a painti

A YEAR IN THE WEST.

BY GEO. H. GREIG, LIVE-STOCK COMMISSIONER OF MANITOBA.

It seems almost essential to the well-being of any people that fat years should be liberally intermixed with lean to keep things balanced, to encourage thrift and discourage undue speculation. Following the unprecedented prosperity that prevailed throughout the West during the two preceding years of 1901 and 1902, it was hardly to be expected that 1903 would prove to be equally favorable. The pessimist with his uncomfortable predictions has had a close shave, and, doubtless, took occasion many a time throughout the season to say,

"I TOLD YOU SO."

Only the wonderful resource and recuperative power of the West saved the situation, for the season was certainly a most erratic one. Spring opened most propitiously, and the farmer was encouraged to sow every available acre. With the growing season, however, trouble began. Protracted dry spells, broken only locally, accompanied by low temperatures, retarded growth, and as the season advanced the elements became more and more unkind, culminating in the disastrous snowstorm which swept over the West at the harvest time. Recompense came, in a measure, with a late fall, and a long period of Indian summer weather enabled the husbandman to gather up the scattered fragments and put things in readiness for another season. When frost closed the ground about the middle of November, there was a much larger area of land prepared for the spring than ever before, and in spite of all the vicissitudes the West has much to be thankful for, and hope reigns supreme.

THE CROP.

The final results of the crop season will show but slight falling off in the total cash receipts, owing to the increased prices this year over last. Present estimates place this year's yield of wheat at 50,000,000 bushels, against 65,000,000 last year, but in spite of the average quality being lower, the average price will run about ten cents higher. The oat crop will also show some little falling off in both yield and quality. Flax, which was much advocated for a year or two, and of which about 1,000,000 bushels were raised in 1902, realizing about \$1.15, has dropped to almost half the quantity, and from fifteen to eighteen cents a bushel in price.

RAILWAY EXTENSION.

The Province of Manitoba is becoming fairly well served with branch lines of railway, and during the year construction has been chiefly confined to the Territories, where the Canadian Northern main line has pushed westward over 300 miles and extended the Prince Albert branch over seventy miles toward the Carrot River country. The Canadian Pacific has added about one hundred miles to its branch lines, and both roads have greatly improved their main lines, increased their rolling stock and terminal facilities, and added greatly to their carrying capacity.

ELEVATORS.

The total elevator capacity has been increased by 10,000,000 bushels, about equally divided between country points and terminals, the present storage being reckoned as follows:

	Bushels.
In Manitoba, on C. P. R.	14,411,500
In Manitoba, on C. N. R.	4,653,400
Total	19,064,900
In N.-W. T., on C. P. R.	7,720,000
In Ontario terminals, on C. P. R.	10,622,000
In Ontario terminals, on C. N. R.	3,350,000
Total	40,756,900



C. E. Hope.

Settlers' Association, Vancouver, B. C.

In addition to this, farmers are steadily increasing their storage granaries, all of which add to the facilities for handling the grain crop.

POPULATION GROWS.

The immigration returns for the first ten months of the year show that 115,000 settlers came into the West. Of these, 40,000 were from Britain and 40,000 from the United States. The immigration from the States shows a steady increase for the past three years, and now that the

tide has set in this direction there is every probability that its volume will increase. The Western American settler is quick to appreciate the fact that our immensely productive soil will produce greater returns for the capital and labor invested than the high-priced and partially exhausted soils of other districts.

EXPANSION.

Expansion and development are everywhere in evidence. New towns and villages are springing up all along the lines of railway, while new districts are being opened and rapidly occupied by the incoming settler. The bulk of the settlement during the year has gone into the country along the Edmonton branch and the Saskatchewan Valley. Southern Alberta has also had a large influx of settlers, as well as the Weyburn and Arcola sections. Everywhere, however, throughout the older sections of Manitoba and the Territories, as well as the newer districts of the West, the settler has been rushing in, and there is not a town in the whole country but shows the stimulating effect of increased trade. New buildings are to be seen everywhere, and the only restriction in this respect has been the lack of building material and scarcity of labor.

There is, however, no one object that demonstrates the development of Western Canada more emphatically than the growth of the city of Winnipeg. One need only look at the magnificent bank buildings and immense wholesale establishments that have been built within the past few years to fully realize that the West has now emerged from the experimental stage.

Manufactories are also beginning to spring up, and as more attention is given to the development of power these important industries will increase.

THE TREND OF FARMING.

There is no gainsaying the fact, however, that the prosperity of the West depends upon agriculture, and one of the most gratifying features of the present stirring times is that the farmer is devoting much of his attention to the building up of the home. Permanent farm buildings of the most improved and modern character are rapidly displacing the settler's shack, progress being hindered only by the expense of building material. On the prairie farms, tree-planting for shelter and ornament is receiving much attention, and as a little leaven leavens, this most commendable feature will quickly become universal. Along with the more general planting of shelter belts, horticulture is receiving more attention.

In live stock, there has been steady development. A great impetus has been given the horse-breeding industry, the draft horse being largely in favor.

Cattle-breeding is receiving more and more attention. Seeding down the wheat land to grass becomes a growing necessity, and fencing and stock gradually come in to complete the economical management of the farm.

The swine industry is fast becoming permanently established, and the increase of hogs supplied to the packers has been fully one hundred per cent. over 1902.

The dairy industry does not make much headway when wheat-growing flourishes, and in recent years has shown most progress where wheat is not considered a staple. The butter make is only about holding its own, and not sufficient has been produced this year for local demand. Some butter and considerable quantities of cheese have had



From a painting by W. E. Atkinson

The Sheep Ranch.

to be imported from the east. Poultry and eggs are still imported in large quantities. Ranching has, owing to the extremely wet and unpropitious season, not made a very satisfactory record for the year. The quantity of exports has been considerably reduced, and the quality and price lower than for some years.

Breeding of the Shorthorn Winners.

To the Editor "Farmer's Advocate":
Sir,—The International Live-stock Exposition held at Chicago is acknowledged to be the leading live-stock exhibition in the world to-day; therefore, the prizes won at this exposition by Shorthorns are of interest to every breeder throughout the world. There are twelve classes, where all entries compete according to age. The total entries were 262. Figuring five awards in each class would make 60 prizes. The twelve first-prize winners were as follows:

Imported from Great Britain	2
Imported from Canada	2
Got by Canadian-bred bull	1
Got by imported bulls	4
Their grandsires were imported	3
<hr/>	
	12

In making a total summing up of the sixty awards given, they are as follows:

Imported direct from Great Britain	5
Imported from Canada	4
By or out of animals imported from Canada	9
Got by imported bulls	21
Of Scotch breeding, tracing close to imported stock	11
Of miscellaneous breeding	10
<hr/>	
	60

In the championship and herd prizes, they are as follows: Senior champion bull was got by an imported bull, and out of an imported cow; this bull was also awarded the grand sweepstakes for best bull any age. The senior champion cow was imported from Canada. The junior champion heifer was imported from Canada; this heifer was also awarded the grand sweepstakes for best female any age. The first, second, third and fourth prize aged herds were principally made up of Scotch breeding. This was also true of the young herd.

The best four animals, get of one sire, were as follows: First-prize lot was by an imported bull; second-prize, their grandsire was imported; third-prize, the sire was imported; fourth and fifth prizes were close to imported stock. Best two animals of either sex, produce of one cow, was got by an imported bull, and out of a Canadian-bred cow. The junior champion bull was imported from Great Britain. The calf herds were also strong in Scotch breeding.

The prizes awarded at the International last year were also in favor of the imported Scotch and home-bred Scotch cattle, and as we are all deeply interested in trying to improve the Shorthorn the world over, therefore these lessons are of value to us. Canadians feel they have an interest in the Shorthorn breeders of the United States, from the fact of being able to assist them in carrying the Shorthorn banner. The situation of the beef breeds of cattle in the United States is most interesting, and requires close attention. There is a fair fight on for supremacy. We have none of this to contend with in Canada: the Shorthorns predominate, and will continue just so long as we keep along a broad line and improve our cattle. Let us always be free from dissensions; free to go where we wish to get anything that will improve our breed, and be willing to acknowledge at any and all times merit combined with good breeding. The demand is growing, and will continue to do so, for the early-maturing animal. The Scotch cattle are inclined to carry natural flesh, and are the type to feed rapidly and mature at an early age. There are many breeding Scotch cattle, and the demand for them has continued good, but the public, or the majority of small breeders, have not yet started, therefore, as the merits of the Scotch cattle are beyond question, I look for a much greater demand than there has been for this class of Shorthorns. Our markets demand the early-maturing, thick-fleshed cattle, and we cannot afford to ignore them. Our sales in the last four months have exceeded anything in the same space of time in the history of Trout Creek Farm.

W. D. FLATT.

Appreciated in Peel.

A Peel County subscriber, in sending in his own renewal and a new subscriber for 1904, adds the following helpful hint for the benefit of others: "If the readers of this paper who are troubled with lice on their plants would sprinkle them lightly with wood ashes, would find it a success; also, for anyone troubled with turnip lice, use ashes like plaster and put on when damp. Put on top of flowerpots, it will kill the black fly."

R. J. A.

THE CITY OF QUEBEC.

The old city of Quebec, whose importance to the traveller has so long consisted chiefly in its picturesqueness and its historical associations, has again been brought prominently before the public eye in connection with the projecting of the route of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, which will at this point cross the mighty St. Lawrence

fair to bring about a radical change in the character of the city itself. Its picturesqueness may suffer; its medievalism may be lost in the transition. Its gain will be wholly in the acquisition of a new energy, the shrieking of whistles, the trundle of lading, the rush and roar characteristic of the twentieth-century city of the new world. But the natural beauty of Quebec will never fail, nor the interest with which it will ever be invested, as well to the soldier, the patriot, the historian, the litterateur, as to the business man who may, in some future vicissitude of its career, see in the City of Quebec hitherto undreamed of possibilities in the matter of dollars and cents.

"In sailing down the river from Montreal," writes a correspondent of the "Farmer's Advocate," "the first glimpse of the historic city bursts upon us as a jumble of docks, and the houses upon Champlain street, with the Citadel crowning the almost perpendicular rock above them. As yet, the larger part of the city, or Lower Town, as it is called, is hidden behind the high rock upon which the older part of the city is built. We do not think of Lower Town, however, at this point, for there, between us and the early sun, stands the chief attraction of our visit—that natural fortress which defied Wolfe for so long—the 'Gibraltar of America.' The stillness of the morning makes the sight of the huge sentinel more impressive. One would think that, armed with modern weapons, such a fortification as the Citadel could successfully defy the most powerful naval equipment that could be brought against it. But military experts claim that, in modern warfare, it could not, unaided, withstand the assaults that it might be exposed to. So, in order to overcome this weakness, a series of fortifications have been arranged along the river, one of the largest of which has been built in the town of Levis, on the opposite shore of the St. Lawrence. Conspicuous, as one approaches the city, is the 'Chateau Frontenac,' the palace hotel of Quebec, shown in our engraving, and owned by the Canadian Pacific Railway.

"Landing at the city docks, one makes one's way towards the Upper Town by way of a narrow and very steep street which leads zigzag up the less precipitous part of the rock, and through the old wall which still surrounds the Upper Town . . . St. Louis street is, perhaps, the finest in the city, both as regards its historical associations and as a residential street. On it are situated most of the civic buildings and the Legislative buildings, which are to the right, just outside of the walls, with the entrance to the Citadel on the opposite side of the street. This street leads out to the Plains of Abraham, where is erected a high stone column, commemorating Wolfe's victory and death; and on farther, about two miles from St. Louis gate, where the street passes through the walls, is Spencerwood, the official residence of the Lieutenant-Governor of the Province.

"A walk around the walls of the city affords magnificent views of the modern part of Quebec and down the river. That to be had from Dufferin Terrace, which is situated along the edge of the cliff to the north-east of the Citadel, is particularly fine. Standing upon this terrace, one can see, immediately below him, the Lower Town built along the edge of the river on the narrow strip of shore separating the river from the cliff. Farther down is seen the large island of Orleans, which is a favorite summer-resort for Quebec citizens.

"A visit to the Citadel occupied about an hour. The road leading to it branches off from St. Louis street, just inside St. Louis gate. Once inside the fort proper, a soldier is assigned to conduct us and show what may be of interest. I observed only some great muzzle-loading guns, with the stamp, 'G. III. R.,' upon them, showing that they are probably over 100 years old. But these obsolete pieces are not all that is relied upon to guard the Citadel. Back in a large store-house are the modern 'war-dogs' which visitors are not allowed to see. Along the north wall is the grand battery of old cannon and mortars, which are, however, of no use except as military decorations; but at one time these must have presented a very formidable appearance, and have been a great source of pride and sense of security to the citizens of those stirring days.

"The lower and larger part of the city, being more modern, is much less interesting and picturesque than the upper and older parts.

"A characteristic Quebec means of locomotion, the Caleche, interested me a good deal. It is an odd-looking, covered vehicle, on two high wheels, with the body of the rig placed high between them. The driver sits in front upon a



General Marquis de Montcalm.

River, and thence, passing through the city, proceed on its way through the highlands of Quebec and New Ontario toward the West.

The diversion through this city of a considerable amount of the trade, which, en route to the coast, has hitherto proceeded, for the most part, by way of Montreal, added to the enormous impetus of new traffic which must result from the opening up of Northern Quebec, New Ontario, and the great northern portion of the Territories, bids



Major-General James Wolfe.

narrow seat usually placed rather pleasantly on top of a thing to see dian market shoes, such some parts of Altogether its curious quaint, steep rate modern its French more than a with a new every turn, twentieth century eighteenth. prosperity of wish that t crush to th and that Qu old associat reflection an isfaction, to British Emp

The Spectario Legislat and a battle sentatives o solicitors of tributions to affected by t provides for of three ass and persona railways, el phone comp by statisti ascertain th all other ki ince, and sh ways and 'The taxes t collection, a part to go other part cipalities ac tion to go the municip bill. From and the re Gibson, the with the pr equal to wh son pointed revenue pai twenty-five, sixty. Th the holiday lature, upon



narrow seat situated where the dashboard is usually placed. Riding upon such a high seat is rather pleasing, and produces, in a modified form, a similar sensation to that experienced in riding on top of a London bus for the first time . . . I was told, while in Quebec, that it is a common thing to see country people at the French-Canadian market-places in the city, wearing wooden shoes, such as have been worn by the peasants in some parts of Europe for centuries past."

Altogether, to the "Westerner," Quebec, with its curious conglomeration of men and things, its quaint, steep-roofed houses, jostled by more elaborate modern structures, its priests, its students and its French-Canadians chattering patois, bears more than a passing interest. It stimulates one with a new and peculiar sensation thus to see, at every turn, the old world mixed with the new, the twentieth century in seeming coquetry with the eighteenth. With every hope for the commercial prosperity of Quebec, one cannot refrain from the wish that the impending business rush may not crush to the death all of this pleasing variety, and that Quebec may still retain enough of the old associations to render it still a spot for reflection and reverie—aye, and for pride and satisfaction, too, to every loyal subject of the British Empire.

Railway Taxation.

The Special Assessment Committee of the Ontario Legislature has been in session in Toronto, and a battle royal took place between the representatives of the farming interests and the three solicitors of the railways present whose contributions to the taxes of the country would be affected by the proposed Pettypiece Bill. The bill provides for the creation of a Provincial board of three assessors, which shall assess all the real and personal property and franchises of steam railways, electric railways, telegraph and telephone companies. This board of assessors shall, by statistics obtained from municipal clerks, ascertain the average rate of taxation levied on all other kinds of property throughout the Province, and shall levy this average rate upon railways and telephone and telegraph companies. The taxes thus collected, after paying the costs of collection, are to be divided into two parts, one part to go to the Provincial treasury and the other part to be distributed among the municipalities according to population. The proportion to go respectively to the Province and to the municipality is left blank in Mr. Pettypiece's bill. From the general tenor of the discussion, and the remarks of the chairman, Hon. J. M. Gibson, the railways cannot be allowed to escape with the present rate of taxation, which is not equal to what they pay in the States. Mr. Gibson pointed out that the proportion of taxes to revenue paid by railways in the States is one to twenty-five, while in Ontario it is only one to sixty. The committee will report again after the holidays, and prepare a report for the Legislature, upon which final legislation may be based.

The Macdonald Institute at Guelph.

By Dr. W. H. Muldrew, Dean of Institute.
 Nearly thirty years ago Ontario's first efforts to provide training in scientific farming and related subjects resulted in the founding of the Agricultural College at Guelph. The "Model Farm" thus established met with many difficulties and discouragements in its earliest years, encountering more of criticism and opposition than of sympathy and encouragement. Even those whom it was intended to benefit directly were slow to appreciate the value, much less the necessity,

of the institution thus provided, and years of education were needed before the O. A. C. found its true relation to the farming interests of the Province, and, indeed, of the Dominion. Within comparatively recent years, however, a very decided change of opinion has taken place and it has been made abundantly evident here, as elsewhere, that "wisdom is justified of her children."

In the year 1887, a very important step forward was taken when the college became affiliated with the University of Toronto, and was thus enabled to offer a number of thorough courses, extending over three or, more recently, four years, and leading to degrees in agriculture. The standing thus given in the ranks of our institutions of learning has been of great value to the college itself, and has done much to maintain the dignity of the farming profession. But while gaining closer relations in the circles of higher education, it was felt that agricultural education was still limited in its influence along lines of even greater importance. The value of scientific training in any calling must always be in direct ratio to the general intelligence and progressiveness of those most interested. The men who know most are the men most anxious to learn, and vice versa, and it certainly says much for the farmers of Ontario when we find them heartily appreciating and supporting a college which is gaining distinction as one of the best of its kind on the continent. Yet, still higher possibilities of usefulness must always appear before a truly progressive institution, and it is the aim of the present article to indicate the direction in which such expansion is now taking place.

Up to the present year this "Farmers' University" had excited very little direct influence on our elementary schools, some sixty per cent. of whose pupils are directly connected with farm life, while only slight efforts had been made to dignify the household duties of wife and daughter by raising these also to the rank of a science. If agriculture, well named the "art of kings," has profited so much from the systematic study and practice of its principles, must we not look for similar benefits from corresponding principles applied to the various "arts of queens"? And if these sciences thus meet the needs of so large a proportion of our adult population, it must follow that to lay a broad and sure foundation for a sympathetic knowledge of agriculture and of home industry is one of the duties of our public schools. At the same time, educators have begun to appreciate the value of the simple phases of nature and of industry as school subjects for children apart from their practical value. We hear, on all sides, the demand for a more rational education appealing to the natural interests and activities of childhood, rather than attempting to develop the mind by filling it with forms which are often equally meaningless and useless to the learner.

In response to this widespread demand, and with a liberality worthy of so good a cause, Sir William Macdonald, of Montreal, in the year 1901,

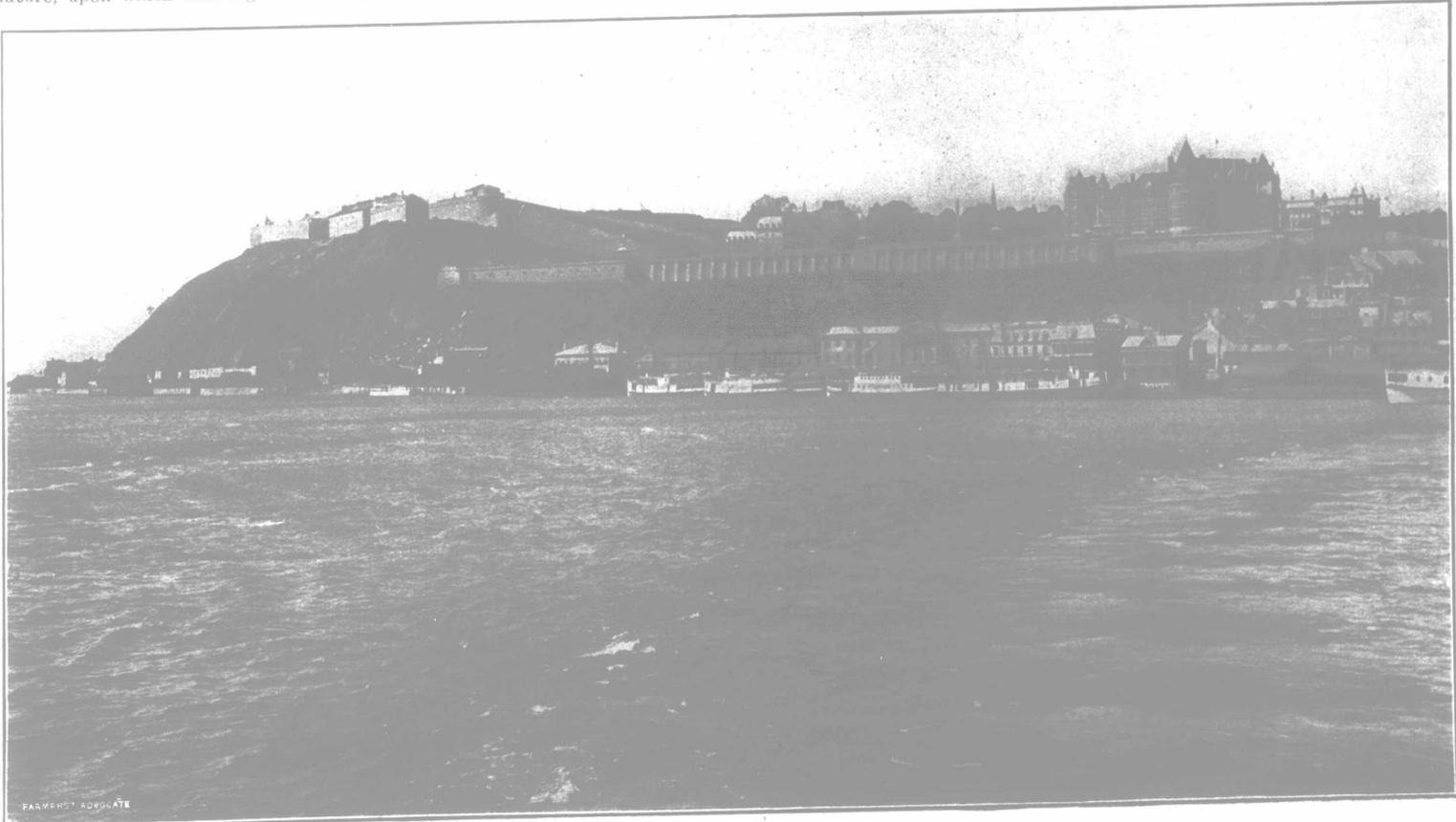


Wolfe's Monument.

On Plains of Abraham, Quebec City.



Quebec Horse and Calash.



Quebec City from the St. Lawrence River.

set apart \$175,000 for the purpose of encouraging the introduction of such studies into the schools of the Dominion. For reasons already suggested, it was decided that this object would be most effectively carried out in connection with the Agricultural College at Guelph, and here, in accordance with the wishes of the author of this splendid gift, there have been erected during the present year two magnificent buildings, the Macdonald Institute and the Macdonald Hall. The former of these is a solid structure of three stories, built of pressed brick and terra cotta, and affording ample accommodations for large classes in nature study, manual training, domestic science and domestic art. The Hall is of even larger dimensions, and will provide a comfortable home for more than one hundred women students, with adequate space for kitchens, dining-room, gymnasium, music-rooms, etc. These buildings will form an integral part of the College, and the institution will thus come under direct control of the Provincial Government.

The numerous and varied courses offered to students by the Macdonald Institute may be broadly classified as preparatory for teaching or for home life. Of the former, two-year courses are given in nature study and in domestic science and art, embracing a thorough training in these subjects, as well as in the theory and practice of teaching. Students who successfully complete these courses will be awarded diplomas as specialists in their departments. Similar work in manual training, but extending over one year, will be provided, while this subject will also be taught in connection with other branches. Short courses of three months each will be given to actual teachers who wish to prepare for dealing with the above subjects along with the usual school studies, but no diplomas will be given in such cases.

For students not intending to teach there is a very thorough two-year course in all that pertains to home economics, with greater emphasis on the practical and less on the theoretical and educational sides. Here, too, short courses are provided in the various branches of housekeeping and home industry, including optional subjects, extending all the way from millinery to dairying and poultry-raising. Such optional studies may be pursued for one or more of the three-months terms.

Although the Institute is only now nearing completion, while the Hall is still in process of building, it was thought better to make a beginning in the longer courses at the opening of the college year in September. Some twenty-four students are now enrolled, of whom sixteen are taking the Normal courses in domestic science or in nature study. The short courses and the work in manual training will open in January in the new building, but meanwhile classes are being held in the various departments of the College, and already substantial work has been done. The number of students in attendance under these circumstances has been somewhat of a surprise, and is, no doubt, an indication of the growing need for such an education as is here offered. On the other hand, those who are not to be turned aside by the inconveniences of the early stages in all new undertakings will gain the rewards which wait for the pioneers in every advance.

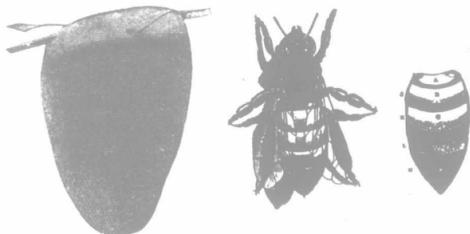
For more detailed information as to the courses, fees, etc., readers must be referred to the provisional announcement issued in August last, which may be had upon request to the Dean. It may be noted here that although the Institute

is, like the College, under Provincial control, it is open on equal terms to students from all parts of the Dominion. This is one of the few conditions imposed by its founder, and is in itself an indication of the broad spirit in which the gift was planned.

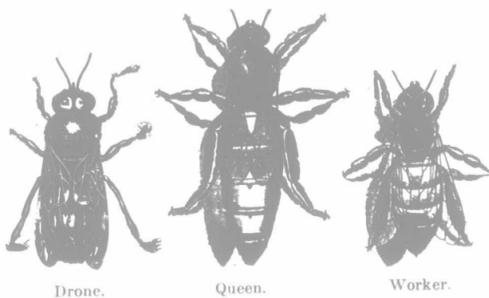
Races of Bees.

BY MORLEY PETTIT.

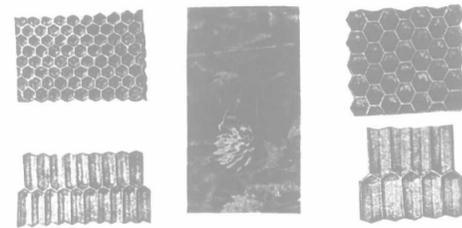
"Wheresoe'er they move, before them
Swarms the stinging fly, the Ahmo,
Swarms the bee, the honey-maker."
—Longfellow, Song of Hiawatha.



Comb Tiny East Indian Honeybee. How to Tell Hybrids from Pure Italians.



Drone. Queen. Worker.



Worker Cells, Tiny East Indian Honeybee. Bee Working on Clover. Worker Cells, Common East Indian Honeybee.

Common as they may seem in forest and farm, honeybees, as we know them, are not native of America. When and by whom they were first imported from the Old Land is not definitely known, but they seem to have come with the coming of the white man, and to have moved westward slightly in advance of the tide of civilization. The Indians, accordingly, called them

the "white man's fly," and looked upon their appearance as an ill omen. They are said to have been brought over to Florida by the Spaniards, previous to 1763, and to have crossed the Mississippi in 1797. They then spread westward very rapidly, and many old beemen positively asserted that a new swarm never flew toward the east.

There are a great many different varieties or "breeds" of honeybees, similar in shape and general appearance, but differing in color, markings, size, disposition, honey-gathering and comb-building qualities, etc. Probably the most generally known variety in this country is the black bee, so common everywhere. It was the first to be introduced here, and is native of Europe, Western Asia and Western Africa. The next comer was the well-known Italian bee. Some two thousand years ago Aristotle wrote of three different varieties of honeybees. Virgil described two. Both mention one breed in particular as being far superior to any other. The Italian bee, which we prize so much, has been fully identified as the one described by these classical writers as the best kind. It still exists in Italy, distinct and pure from the common kind, after the lapse of more than twenty centuries.

Captain Baldstein, of Switzerland, was the first to note its superiority over the black bee, while stationed in Italy during part of the Napoleonic wars, and had a colony brought over the mountains to his home in 1843. Dzierzon, by the aid of the Austrian Agricultural Society, at Vienna, succeeded in obtaining in 1853 a colony from Mira, near Venice. The first living Italian bees landed on this continent were imported in the fall of 1859 by Mr. S. Wagner and Mr. Richard Colvin. Others followed suit, until now imported Italian queens are regularly listed in the catalogues of our best queen breeders.

In appearance the Italian worker bees are slightly larger than the black, and are easily distinguished by three yellow or leather-colored bands on the abdomen. They are more gentle to handle, are more industrious and defend their homes with greater vigor. While they sting less when being handled, they keep a sharp watch at the entrance of the hive, and give robber bees, moths or other insects no chance to enter. Their queens are more prolific, and, consequently, they build up and maintain stronger colonies for the honey season. But their most attractive feature is their beautiful marking, and the quiet, dignified way in which they conduct themselves on a comb which has been lifted out of the hive. When the black bees would be racing for dear life from one side of the comb to the other, the Italians move slowly, with wings quiet and their beautiful golden bands glittering in the sunlight.

A cousin to the Italian bee is Iysis Fasciata, found in Egypt, in Arabia, along both sides of the Red Sea, in Syria, and in Cyprus. Perhaps the best known member of this family is the Cyprian bee. She is a good worker, but a little too hot-tempered. In fact, King's English is not quite adequate to express just how savage Cyprian bees are.

In the little Austrian Province of Carniola, near the Adriatic, but on the east slope of the mountains, may be found a race of bees resembling the blacks, but larger, with abdomens of a more bluish cast, the gray, fuzzy rings being more distinct. These bees have been imported extensively, and certainly possess good qualities, but any great admixture of Carniolan blood is undesirable, on account of their propensities to excessive swarming.

EASTERN RACES OF BEES.

The common bee of Southern Asia is kept in very limited numbers, and with a small degree of profit, in earthen jars and sections of hollow trees in portions of the British and Dutch East Indies. Their combs and interior hive arrangements resemble those of the bees with which we are familiar, only on a smaller scale. While the cells of combs here are more than one-fifth inch across, there they are only one-seventh of an inch. The worker bees are less than one-half inch long. The coloring and markings are also different. Another remarkable fact with regard to bees in India is that a still smaller variety, the Tiny East Indian honeybee—which is the smallest known honeybee in existence—is similar in its habits to Apis Dorsata, the Giant East Indian honeybee, which is the largest known bee. Both build combs in the open air, those of the former being exceedingly delicate, and about the size of a man's hand. Apis Dorsata lives in the jungles of India. They build huge combs of very pure wax, often five to six feet in length, and three to four feet in width, which they attach to overhanging ledges of rocks, or to large limbs of lofty trees. Several attempts have been made to domesticate and import them, but so far without success.

What's the meaning of the heart-glow
Where the birds together meet?
And what mean these merry wishes
That so many lips repeat?



Photo by R. H. Brown

A Study in Calves.

Another Expositions... at Chicago... attire from... its walls... live stock... Canada or... improvement in... was noticed... would seem... where there... ing of blue... a normal... lighter than... after novelty... success, not... to criticism... given the sa... Although... classes of... high percent... the results... of honors w... sions.

The exhib... Claremont;... Davies, Tor... In the e... breeders we... Delaware;... Maple Lodge... Jarvis; J... Thorndale;... Brantford;... A. Drummond... gessville, On... Ilderton.

From a pain

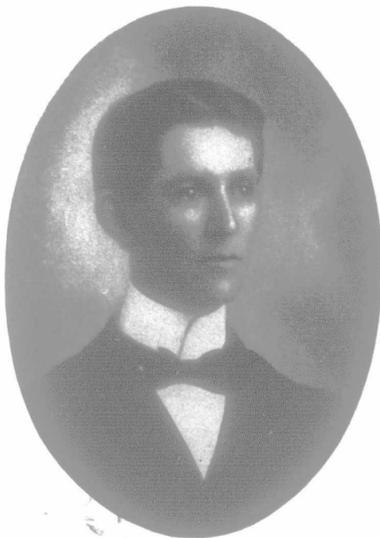
The International Live Stock Show.

Another milestone in the history of International Expositions has been passed. The fourth annual show at Chicago is over, and the continental champions have been chosen. Dexter Park Amphitheatre wore its best attire from November 28th to December 5th, for within its walls assembled the largest collection of high-class live stock that probably ever met at one point in Canada or United States. In several classes an improvement in the average quality over last year's show was noticeable, but in others the zenith of perfection would seem to have been reached heretofore. Everywhere there was evidence that the great annual meeting of bluebloods was settling down to something like a normal status. The attendance was somewhat lighter than on previous occasions, and those who run after novelties were not there. It was, however, a success, notwithstanding that the management was open to criticism, inasmuch as the smaller details were not given the same attention as formerly.

Although Canada figured neither in the breeding classes of cattle nor in swine, she got away with a high percentage of the good things competed for, and the results complete a grand addition to the long list of honors won across the boundary on previous occasions.

The exhibitors in horses included Graham Bros., Claremont; Hodgkinson & Tisdale, Beaverton; Robt. Davies, Toronto, and Jas. Davidson, Balsam.

In the exhibits of sheep, a long list of Canadian breeders were represented, as follows: Richard Gibson, Delaware; Jno. Campbell, Woodville; Alex. Smith, Maple Lodge; Jno. Gibson, Denfield; J. C. Ross, Jarvis; Jno. Kelly, Shakespeare; R. H. Harding, Thorndale; Telfer Bros., Paris; J. G. Hanmer, Brantford; Lloyd-Jones Bros., Burford; Hon. Geo. A. Drummond, Pt. Claire, Que.; Elgin F. Park, Burgessville, Ont.; Jno. Orr, Galt; and Graham Walker, Ilderton.



Morley Pettit.

A prominent beekeeper.

The only Canadian cattle exhibitor was Jas. Rennie & Son, Blackwater, Ont., but Wm. Martin, St. Jean Baptiste, Man., had a number of Galloways entered.

HORSES.

If any department of the exhibition more than another showed a great development over last year's, it was the horse show. Great as was the long line of equine munificence on previous occasions, this year's

was greater in comparison. Of the Clydesdales, it was said the display of 1902 might not be excelled for many years, but it was, and that undoubtedly. As judges, the management and exhibitors were fortunate in having such men as Robt. Ness, Howick, Que., and Prof. Kennedy, Ames, Iowa, for when their duties had been performed not a reasonable complaint could be heard. The first ring to appear was the aged stallions. C. E. Clarke, St. Cloud, Minn., showed Pleasant Prince, a horse of great substance and splendid quality, winning first prize. Second went to Woodend Gartly, by Royal Gartly, a horse possessed of much quality and style, recently imported by Alex. Galbraith & Sons, Janesville, Wis. Graham Bros., Claremont, with Baron Primrose, a mover of the right sort, came third, and the Galbraith string had the next choice in Airlie, a well-topped animal. Galbraith & Sons had also a fair share of the remaining entries, but they were all newcomers in the show-ring on this side the Atlantic, and, as one judge remarked, had they had the benefit of another month's preparation they would have carried off more trophies.

The call for stallions over three and under four years brought forth the champion of the stallion classes, Cairnhill, owned by Graham Bros., being the lucky number. As an example of style and quality he is hard to beat, and the people of Manitoba are to be congratulated upon securing such an excellent specimen of horseflesh. Messrs. Macmillan, Beatty and Colquhoun, Brandon, Man., are the fortunate purchasers. The Clarke string came in for second and third, and Galbraith fourth, in a strong class.

The two-year-old ring was undoubtedly the best of the Clydesdale show, and Criterion, of the Graham string, with feet and legs of the best, managed to land the coveted blue. Clarke's Netherton came next, and McLay Bros., Janesville, had the third.

In yearling stallions, Baron William, from the Claremont string, had too much quality to go any place but first, MacCluic, his stable mate, coming fourth, while entries by Clarke and McLay stood second and third.

The honors for the best aged female called forth several high-class matrons, and, much to Canada's credit, Lady Superior and Nellie Lynedoch, both owned by Robt. Davies, Toronto, came first and second. The former also came in for the female championship, her great quality being too much for her competitors.

In a strong ring of three-year-old mares, the same exhibitor had the fourth entry, and for mare one year old and under two, he was second, Hodgkinson & Tisdale third, and Jas. Davidson, Balsam, fourth, in a strong class. The three latter were of the Macqueen stamp, full of Clyde character and quality toward the



From a painting by Fred Brigden.

"Calves, Upland Pasture."

Co. This is one of the kind that does one good to see. If he could be improved upon, about the only place that would need it is in the arch of his foreribs. Junior yearlings were headed by Right Lad, from S. L. Brock's herd; Royal Welcome second, and Hazlewood's Perfection third. The calves had a strong show in both sections. Benjamin Wilton 10th and Benjamin Wilton 16th headed the seniors and juniors, respectively, for O. Harris, of Missouri.

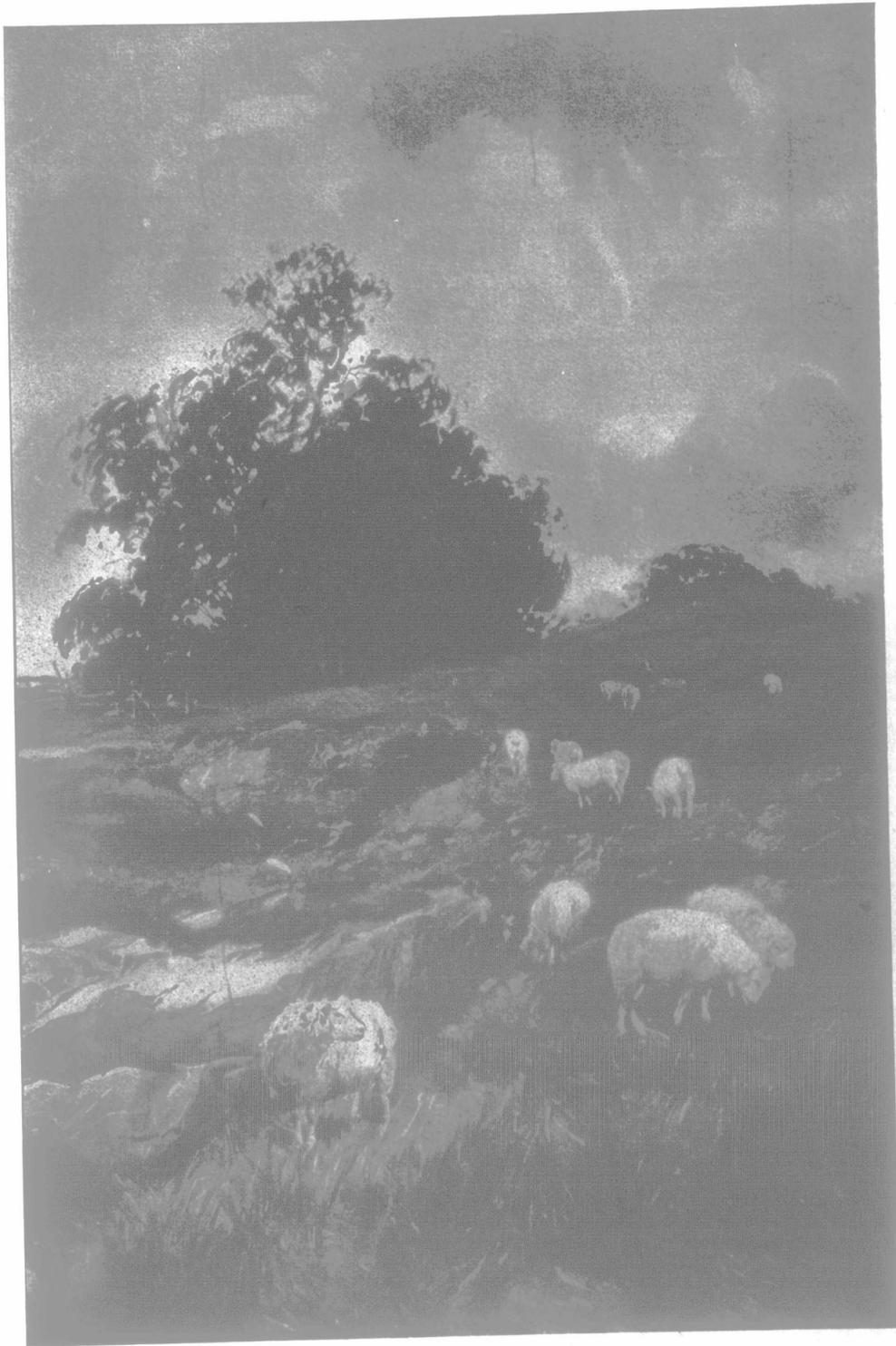
Lorna Doon, a remarkably massive cow, with good middle and quarters, was the choice of the judges for first place in the aged cow class, and also won senior sweepstakes. She had plenty of competition, however, but was not dangerously pressed by Russet, a sweet old cow, that had to be considered, although she is not as massive nor fresh as the cow above her. The two-year-olds displayed the merits of the breed to good advantage. Lucile 2nd, Belle Donald 59th and Belle Donald 56th won in the order named. For the yearlings, the senior, Rosalie, by March On, attracted considerable attention. Build, finish and bloom she had in abundance, and, in the final competition, won the junior female sweepstakes of the breed. In the open sweepstakes class, Prime Lad won over Prairie Donald, and Lorna Doon did the same trick for the females. When the herds had finally been passed upon, Van Natta's wore the blue, Harris' the red, and Curtice's the third-prize frill.

ABERDEEN-ANGUS.—It only requires a visit to the International to convince one of the popularity of the "doddies" in the corn belt. Seldom is there seen at any show a higher average standard of quality and so few tail-enders in the classes. The breeding sections were strong, without exception, and the yards were rich in the supply of "dodie" beef. A close observer might notice a slight change in this breed from year to year. The blue grass and the corn of the Central States are deepening the quarters and ribs and broadening out the backs of these smooth, low, meat cattle. The first herd prize was captured by C. H. Gardener, Blandinsville, Ill. D. Bradute & Son, Cedarville, Ohio, came second, and O. G. Callahan, Helena, Ky., third. The winner of the senior championship for bulls was Lucy's Prince, two years old, and for cows, Vala, four years old, and these were also winners of the grand championships of the breed for males and females, respectively. D. Bradute & Son own the former, and C. H. Gardener the latter. A. A. Armstrong, of Camargo, Ill., placed the awards in the breeding divisions.

GALLOWAYS.—It was expected that the crack Canadian herd of Galloways belonging to Wm. Martin, of St. Jean, Manitoba, would have been at the International, but owing to the vexatious arrangements at the border line, and for other reasons of a personal nature, the Western herd was deprived of the privilege of measuring strength with the Americans. The breed, however, made a grand display, their heavy, mossy coats, thick flesh, and low, soggy bodies winning the admiration of every spectator. Cattlemen are much enamored of the improvement the breeders have made in the Galloways during recent years. Hardiness and easy-feeding qualities are two characteristics of these black bovines that commend them to the consideration of breeders and feeders in cold climates and where building materials are scarce or expensive, and that these qualities are being appreciated was evidenced at the great show. Prof. Kennedy, of Ames, Ia., placed the awards in the breeding divisions. The leading exhibitors were Jas. Frantz, Ohio; C. E. Clarke, Minnesota; J. E. Bates & Son, Iowa, and Brookside Farm, Indiana.

POLLED DURHAMS AND RED POLLED. though not as numerous as other breeds, made creditable showings. The dual-purpose standard is the aim of the breeders of these cattle, and in many respects they attain their aim. Red Polls, however, approach a little nearer the dairy type than do the Polled Durhams, but the latter have the advantage of carrying considerably more flesh. In the class for farmers' cows, the Red Polls were particularly prominent, and made a good record for themselves.

FAT CATTLE.—Never before at Chicago, or any other center in the world, was there gathered together such a wealth of live fat cattle. Individual and carload lots were eloquent of the good judgment of the breeders and the liberality of the feeders. Two years ago a Hereford steer was champion, last year an Angus was the paragon, this year honors fell to a steer that could not boast of a long line of ancestry in any particular breed. A pure-bred Hereford was the sire of Challenger, this year's champion, and his dam was of mixed breeding, with enough "doddy" blood in him to give him a blue-gray color. This steer was shown by the Nebraska Experiment station, and had for opposition the representatives from the Minnesota and Iowa stations. The former, however, a doddy, was the real antagonist. Challenger was a two-year-old, and had been in feeding since last April. After the show he sold at auction for twenty-six cents per pound to a Buffalo firm. The honor of winning the championship for carload lots fell to the Herefords on a bunch of yearlings, well matured and in prime finish. A car lot of three-year-old Shorthorns was quite a serious consideration at one time for championship, but it was decided that animals of this age and weight were not the ideals, from either the producers' or butchers' standpoint, although for beef form, fleshing and finish they seemed to excel. The only Canadian exhibitor of fat cattle was Jas. Rennie, of Blackwater, Ontario, who won second in Shorthorn two-year-old fat steer class, and second in junior calf class, and two



From a painting by C. M. Manley.

"Uplands and Sky."

other seconds. A creditable record for four entries in such competition.

SHEEP.

It was in the sheep classes that the Canadian stock particularly distinguished themselves. Fully two-thirds of all the awards given for breeding sheep were captured by Canadian exhibitors, and most of the animals were bred in this country. This success is all the more gratifying when it is remembered that only the very best flocks of the continent find their way to the International. Sheepmen across the line improved the occasion to strengthen their flocks for the World's Fair by securing as many prizewinners as possible. The strongest representation came from the Shropshires, and the rosettes were pretty well distributed among the different flocks. John Campbell, Richard Gibson, J. G. Hanmer and Lloyd-Jones Bros., all from Ontario, carried off major honors against such flocks as Dr. Davidson's, Millbrook, N. Y.; Geo. Allin's, Allerton, Ill.; and C. H. Hutchinson's, White Pigeon, Mich. The awards were made by W. H. Beattie, of Wilton Grove, Ont.

Southdowns were well represented by the flocks of Telfer Bros., Paris; Hon. Geo. A. Drummond, Pointe Claire, P. Q.; Geo. McKerrow, Wisconsin; Geo. Allin and other American breeders. Southdowns, one of the breeds that Americans do not propose to be beaten in, were well prepared for this struggle. Championships for ram and ewe both went to Geo. McKerrow, who also won the flock prize, followed by Telfer Bros. and Senator Drummond. The pen awards, how-

ever, were slightly altered, Drummond going first, Telfer Bros. second, and McKerrow third.

The prize list of the Leicester classes reads much like that of one of our own shows, the names of A. W. Smith, Maple Lodge; John Kelly, Shakespeare, and John Orr, Galt, standing for all the winnings. The male, female and flock championships were all won by A. W. Smith, while Kelly won the first place for pen of four lambs. Prof. Shaw, of Minnesota, made the awards in this breed.

R. H. Harding, of Thorndale, Ont., made a good showing with his flock of Dorsets, Tranquility Farms, N. J., being his chief competitor. Four firsts and two championships fell to the Canadian flock, the champion ram being the same as won at Toronto and London, than which there is no better in America to-day. In wethers, Harding got all the awards.

John T. Gibson, Denfield, Ont., with selections from his noted flock of Lincolns, brought out in its usual fine bloom, captured every first prize in the class, and every second but one, including championship for best ram and best ewe, and the first prize for best flock.

The crack Cotswold flocks of J. C. Ross, Jarvis, Ont., and Elgin F. Park, Burgessville, Ont., came out against strong competition from across the line, but when the contest was over many of the most brilliant rosettes adorned the pens of the Canadians. Both the Canadian flocks were splendidly shown, and richly deserved the admiration of the visitors so lavishly extended to them.

Oxfords were not by any means the weakest breed at the show, Geo. McKerrow, Wis., and R. J. Stone,

Ill., being the two principal exhibitors. McKerrow got the lion's share of the frills in this breed, but the contest might be made much more interesting were some of the Ontario Oxford breeders who gather in the awards at our exhibitions to try conclusions at Chicago.

Fat Sheep.—It was not alone in the breeding divisions that the Canadian flockmasters distinguished themselves, but in the fat classes also most of the best things came the way of the Canucks. Among the exhibitors of longwools, J. T. Gibson, J. C. Ross, Elgin F. Park, John Kelly and J. Orr were the principal winners. J. T. Gibson, besides winning nearly everything in the Lincoln breed, won the grand championship for best five wethers, open to all breeds. The rosettes from the Leicester rings fell largely to John Kelly and John Orr, and from the Cotswolds to Elgin F. Park and J. C. Ross, Park winning first, second and third for wether lambs, first for pen of five, and championship for best wether of the breed.

The exhibitors of shortwools also had a large share of success in the fat classes. Gibson's, Campbell's and Lloyd-Jones Bros.' Shropshires were always conspicuous, Gibson winning the championship fat wether award in the breed, and Campbell carrying the blue for pen of five. Besides winning so largely in the pure-bred fat sheep classes, these same exhibitors also won many awards in the grade divisions, which requires not only skill to feed, but good judgment to select.

SWINE.

The swine department of the International is one that might be considerably enlarged. As it now stands, it represents only the hog-raising industry of the corn belt. The bacon hog of commerce is practically an unknown quantity at Chicago, although the Americans profess to be anxious to engage in his production. Poland-Chinas, Duroc-Jerseys, Chester Whites, Berkshires and Large Yorkshires were the only breeds catalogued. The fat classes in each breed were well filled, but so long as the demand for Canadian bacon remains there is little interest to our producers in the type of mortgage-litters so much admired by the farmers of the Central States.

A Monster Mushroom.



The Elm Pleurote Mushroom.

There is a group of white-spored toadstools, or mushrooms, called pleurotes, which are common in wooded parts of Canada in the early fall. They have white or cream-colored caps, flesh and gills, and their stems are lateral or eccentric; that is, at the side of the cap or near it, not at the center. They grow out of half-decayed wood, and usually in colonies. One kind, called the oyster mushroom, from its appearance rather than its flavor, and another, the sapid mushroom, from its juiciness, have short lateral stems; while a third, the elm pleurote (*Pleurotus ulmarius*), because it is usually found on elm, has an eccentric stem. When fresh and free from insects, these three kinds of toadstools are edible and wholesome; indeed, some people think them quite dainty when nicely cooked.

The engraving is from a flash-light photograph by Mr. S. Pickles, of an elm pleurote which grew from an angle of a cellar window in the Robinson Hall, Dundas St., London, Ont. The photograph was taken after material sufficient for seventy-five specimens had been removed. The newspaper, an ordinary daily, 17 x 23 inches, placed above it, gives a means of estimating the dimensions of the enormous cluster. The total growth would have filled the box of an ordinary wheelbarrow. Probably an elm plank or timber used in the building, or in an early pavement adjoining, furnished the matrix for the mycelium of the mushroom.

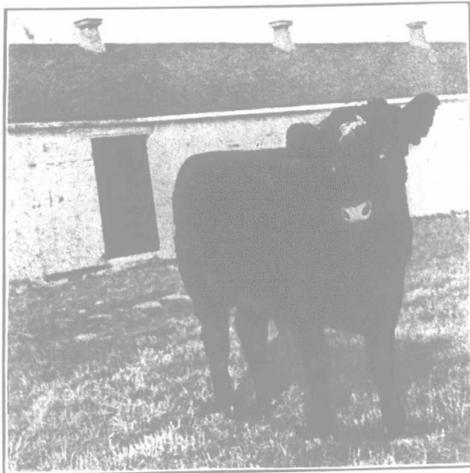
J. DEARNESS.

"I've just been reading some statistics of births and deaths. Extraordinary thing! Every time I breathe a man dies!"

"Great Scott! Why don't you chew cloves?"

Trout Creek Farm and Herd.

One of the most remarkable enterprises in the line of pure-bred stock importation, breeding and distribution in America in the last decade has been that of the founding, growth, and show and sale record of the Trout Creek herd of Shorthorns, instituted and owned by Mr. W. D. Flatt, of Hamilton, Ontario. Though bred and born on a farm, with an innate love for good stock, and possessed of a natural intuition, by which his appreciation of symmetry and grace in animal form and motion constituted him ever an ardent admirer and a critical judge of a driving horse, yet the years of his early manhood were per force of circumstances devoted mainly to the lumbering business, in which his sound judgment and indomitable industry rendered him so successful that in comparatively few years he had gained a competency. But a nature and disposition such as his could never be content to live in luxurious and aimless inactivity, and his mind naturally turned



Gold Cup (Imp.).

Bred by W. Duthie. Red-roan. Calved April 4th, 1903. Sire Nonpareil Courtier 79,488; dam Golden Day. Of the Cruickshank Brawith Bud family. Property of W. D. Flatt, Hamilton, Ont.

to the land, the farm and fine cattle. Some seven years ago, having acquired Trout Creek Farm, near the home of his boyhood, and partially stocked it with useful Shorthorn cows, he wisely concluded that success in breeding depends mainly on the character and quality of the sires used, and his first introduction to the public as a breeder was at a sale in Markham, Ontario, of imported Scotch-bred bulls brought over by Mr. John Isaac, the first consignment of cattle to cross the sea in several years, owing to extremely stringent quarantine regulations and a period of financial depression affecting many lines of business. Here, the budding young breeder, learning the consensus of opinion as to which was the best of the bunch, determined to have that one—a principle he has almost invariably acted upon since that day—and although the last bid of \$700 was considered a big price for a bull at that time, the buyer was announced as W. D. Flatt, while the question was eagerly asked around the ring, "Who is he?"—for he was then "little and unknown" in the ranks of breeders. And who at that time could have believed that in less than five years from that date this young breeder would himself have imported hundreds of high-priced animals, won the first herd prizes and championships at Canada's leading show and the Pan-American, and sold a bull for as many thousands as he paid hundreds of dollars for Golden Fame at the Markham sale. Yet such is the record, which reads like a romance. But in the later case he was handling "Choice Goods," a reference that means no discredit to Golden Fame, for he was by no means second-class timber, as he was sold after his term of service at Trout Creek Farm for \$1,200, while at one of Mr. Flatt's sales at Chicago, where later a consignment of 45 head made an average of over that price for each of the number.

Coming upon the scene at a time when the selling of Shorthorns was at low ebb in this country, Mr. Flatt's faith and fervour and his unselfish interest in the fraternity of the breeders proved a tonic and a tower of strength to the industry. Indeed, it is not too much to say that there is not a breeder of Shorthorns in the Dominion who has not, directly or indirectly, been benefited by the impetus imparted by his influence and diligence in making a market for the breed at home and abroad, a benefit in which, incidentally, the country at large has shared, since the general distribution of improved types of live stock increases the value of the product of every farmer who avails himself of the privilege of using it. Having seen the best farming sections of two continents, Mr. Flatt is firmly convinced that Canada should take no second place in agricultural and live-stock production, and he feels that our people have heretofore failed to fully appreciate the richness of the heritage we possess in the country we are privileged to call our home, the climate, soil and social conditions of which are excelled by none. If equalled by any. Mr. Flatt's faith in the future of Shorthorn cattle in this country is extended by his

late select importation of sixty head, which he proposes sharing with the public at the combination sale at Hamilton on January 20th, and it is his intention to build up and maintain at Trout Creek Farm a herd of Shorthorns second to none on the Continent of America. The herd now consists of eighty head of Scotch-bred, and of the type that wins in the showing breeding, and of the type that wins in the showing breeding, and of the type that wins in the showing breeding, and of the type that wins in the showing breeding. None but bulls of superior merit and breeding will be used, and the produce that can be spared will be offered for sale once a year, and those who know Mr. Flatt's honorable, frank and fair manner of doing business will have neither doubts nor fears of his success in the years to come.

A Canadian Landscape Artist.

W. E. Atkinson, A.R.C.A., Canadian landscape painter, a reproduction of one of whose sheep pictures appears in this issue, was born in Toronto, studied at the Ontario School of Art in 1881 under John A. Fraser and Robt. Harris; afterwards he went to Philadelphia and studied at the Academy of Fine Arts, where his talents for landscape work were recognized by Thomas Eakins, Director of the Academy. He first went to Paris, France, in 1889, sketching in Brittany during the summer in the little village of Pont-Aven, where he first met a fellow Canadian artist, the late Paul Peel. He afterwards sent his Brittany landscape to the French "Salon" of 1890, where it was highly spoken of. The following year he painted about the home of "Corot," sending a fine landscape to the "Salon" of 1891. Afterwards he painted in Canada for a few years, then journeyed once more to England, and located in Devonshire, painting on Dartmoor and also the Cascades of Wales, noted for their rugged simplicity. He was awarded the Ontario Society of Artists' prize of \$200.00, for the best picture in the exhibition of 1903. See engraving, page 1139.

"Glory in the highest!" ringing, ringing ever on the air,
"Peace and good-will" ever bringing, every human heart may share.



Rosy Morning (Imp.).

Bred by W. Duthie. Roan. Calved March 18th, 1903. Sire the \$2,250 Missie bull, Merry Morning; dam a Roan Lady. Property of W. D. Flatt, Hamilton, Ont.

Had Reason to Grumble.

If we were really to reason it out, many of us have about as much cause to grumble as the farmer in the following story. He was a rich farmer; his barns were overflowing with grain and hay. One day, during a fine harvest season, his pastor met him and congratulated him on the fine weather.

"Oh, I don't know about that," was the sulky rejoinder.

"Why, man, look at the crops!" exclaimed the preacher reprovingly. "Everything has gone splendidly all over the country. Why, what fault can you find?"

"Well," growled the man, "there won't be no spoiled hay for the calves to eat."

When you wake up in the morning of a chill and cheerless day,

And feel inclined to grumble, pout or frown,
Just glance into your mirror and you will quickly see

It's just because the corners of your mouth turn down.
Then take this simple rhyme—

Remember it in time:

It's always dreary weather in countryside or town
When you wake and find the corners of your mouth
turned down.
—Youth's Companion.

An Old Friend.

Dear Sir,—Enclosed please find amount to renew my subscription and one for a friend. I have been a reader of the "Farmer's Advocate" for nearly 34 years, and I know of no better gift for a friend. I hope you will continue to prosper as you have done in the past.

Pictou, N.S. JAMES E. THOMPSON.



Manitoba



Assiniboia

Alberta

Saskatchewan

The Four Districts that are Commanding
More Attention than any other Section of the Continent

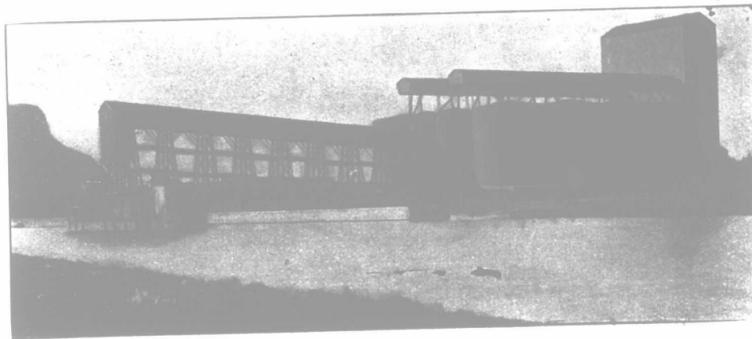
The Best Wheat
Lands

The Best Grazing
Lands

The Best Farming
Lands
(Of any character)

A Perfect Climate

An Excellent
School System



A Generous
Producer

Wonderful Yields
of Grain

An Assured Crop

Fuel Supply assured
for Hundreds
of Years

Railway Privileges
Unequaled

Western Canada Free Farms

COMPRISE 160 ACRES OF LAND

and this is given free to actual settlers. Adjoining these lands, at moderate prices, are railway lands that can be purchased on easy terms, and near the line of railway. The immigration during the past few years has been wonderful, and has opened up many new districts. If you are paying rent or dissatisfied with present conditions, WRITE FOR ATLAS and other information, to the undersigned:

W. D. SCOTT,

SUPERINTENDENT
OF IMMIGRATION,

Ottawa, Canada

OR TO

M. V. McINNES—No. 2 Avenue Theatre Block, Detroit, Michigan.

JAMES GRIEVE—Spokane, Washington.

J. S. CRAWFORD—214 W. Ninth St., Kansas City, Missouri.

E. T. HOLMES—315 Jackson St., St. Paul, Minnesota.

T. O. CURRIE—Room 12B, Callahan Building, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

C. J. BROUGHTON—430 Quincy Building, Chicago, Illinois.

W. V. BENNETT—801 New York Life Building, Omaha, Nebraska.

W. H. ROGERS—Box 116, Watertown, South Dakota.

O. PILLING—317 Kittson Ave., Grand Forks, North Dakota.

J. C. DUNCAN—Room 6, Big Four Building, Indianapolis, Indiana.

H. M. WILLIAMS—Room 20, Law Building, Toledo, Ohio.

C. O. SWANSON—Scandinavian Immigration Agent, Department of the Interior, Ottawa, Canada.

R. A. BURRISS—Port Arthur, Ontario, Canada.

C. A. LAURIER—Marquette, Michigan.

J. M. MacLACHLAN—307 Third St., Wausau, Wisconsin.

BENJ. DAVIES—Great Falls, Montana.



In answering the advertisement on this page, kindly mention the FARMER'S ADVOCATE.

CALENDAR FOR 1904

Jan.	Feb.	March	April	May	June	July	Aug.	Sept.	Oct.	Nov.	Dec.
S 3 11 18 24 31	M 4 12 19 26	W 5 13 20 27	T 6 14 21 28	F 7 15 22 29	S 8 16 23 30	S 1 9 17 24 31	M 2 10 18 25	W 3 11 19 26	T 4 12 20 27	F 5 13 21 28	S 6 14 22 29

COCK O' THE NORTH LINE

AMERICAN-ABELL

ENGINE AND
THRESHER
LIMITED COMPANY

THE
MAPLE LEAF
FOR EVER

HEAD OFFICE AND WORKS, TORONTO.
NORTH WEST AGENCY, WINNIPEG.
BRANCH HOUSE, REGINA, N.W.T.

Feb.	April	June	Aug.	Oct.	Dec.
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The twenty-tario Fruit-growing convention, which was held in Leamington, was a history of the industry. Mayor Wigle, of Leamington, was the local speaker, and from Michigan, the felicitations of their respective Secretary, encouraging the influences of the result of this growers the operative sp order to avoid of early vari meetings of were well att gession had Dominion Fr for fall fairs ing prizes. be to promo trade: to decorative fe

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A paper read by W fruit-packi lined a s splendid ro of about t sand acres picked from where it is of the am nishes. T

Annual Meeting of the Ontario Fruit Growers' Association.

The twenty-eighth annual meeting of the Ontario Fruit-growers' Association was held at Leamington on November 24th to 26th. The convention, which was one of the largest in the history of the association, was welcomed by Mayor Wigle, John Auld, M.P.P., of Amherstburg; M. K. Cowan, M.P., Windsor, and other local speakers. Several delegates were present from Michigan and Ohio, who brought with them the felicitations of Fruit-growers' Associations in their respective States.

Secretary G. C. Creelman presented a most encouraging report, notwithstanding the backward influences of the early summer weather. The result of this year's crop suggests to the fruit-growers the necessity of some scheme of co-operative spraying, packing and marketing, in order to avoid the waste incident to a full crop of early varieties, such as we had this year. The meetings of the year held in different orchards were well attended and much appreciated. A suggestion had been received from Mr. A. McNeill, Dominion Fruit Inspector, to revise the prize-lists for fall fairs, and improve the system of awarding prizes. The object of the fair exhibits should be to promote domestic trade; to promote export trade; to encourage amateurs, and to add a decorative feature to the fairs.

PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS.

In his address, President Bunting, of St. Catharines, reviewed the success of the association in assisting to beautify rural and city homes, pointed out that the work for the future was to secure improved transportation facilities; to secure legislation that will benefit the whole fraternity of fruit-growers; to ably suggest the wisest methods of expending public money, and in every possible manner to assist in civic improvement. The association wished to enlist the best effort of every citizen to attain these ends, particularly that of the vexed problem of the distribution of fruits.

Transportation was the live subject of the convention. G. C. Caston, reporting for the transportation committee, said no definite action had been taken pending the appointment of a railway commission, but just as soon as that commission is appointed the fruit-growers will lay before it a well-prepared case. Some of the requests the association has to make are: (1) A change in the classification of fruits; (2) privileges in mixed lots; (3) better local rates (for instance, on cull apples—50 cents per ton local rates); (4) lower express rates; (5) better refrigeration car service; (6) better accommodation at stations; (7) facilities for tracing cars. E. D. Smith, Winona, noticed that although the railroad companies were not declaring such very large dividends, other associations were being granted shipping privileges, and the fruit-growers must press theirs too. Dr. Mills would memorialize the Government to establish an express service in connection with the postal department, if the express companies would not reduce their rates and improve their service.

In the matter of ocean service, some of the shippers were much inclined to believe it could be considerably improved. Instances were cited where the thermographic records read far too high and too marked discrepancies appeared between the official reports and the chief engineer's report. E. D. Smith believes that in many cases our fruit is frozen in transit. Mr. Hamilton, Ottawa, showed that by the continuance of ripening on board ship a certain amount of heat was given off, and unless there were sufficient ventilation among packages there would be sure to be high temperatures near the middle of a consignment. Ventilation among packages, it was believed, would remedy much of the difficulty in connection with ocean transport. A committee, consisting of Messrs. Bunting, R. J. Graham, W. L. Smith, J. R. Shuttleworth, H. W. Dawson, D. D. Wilson, and D. J. MacKinnon, was appointed to attend to transportation matters for the association.

CO-OPERATION IN OHIO.

A paper of more than ordinary interest was read by W. H. Owe, of Ohio, on "Co-operative fruit-packing and marketing." The paper outlined a system of co-operation that is giving splendid results where practiced. An association of about thirty members, controlling some thousand acres of fruit, agree to deliver their fruit as picked from the tree at a central packing house, where it is all graded and accurate accounts kept of the amounts of each grade every grower furnishes. This fruit is then marketed each day,

and the grower receives the returns for his fruit. Buyers prefer this method of packing, and would much rather buy from such a company than from a private grower. The cost of grading, packing, package, etc., amounts to from 17 to 19 cents per bushel for such fruit as peaches. Several Ontario growers were much enamored with the suggestion, and will have something similar in operation in their neighborhood next season. Some of these associations also undertake to carry out spraying operations in the orchards of their members.

POWER SPRAYING

was the subject assigned to W. A. MacKinnon, Chief of the Dominion Fruit Division, and the work of his department in the Ingersoll district, as reported in our September 1st issue, was thor-

oughly discussed. There appears to be now no question as to whether or not spraying should be done, but the problem was how to do it most economically, and at the most suitable time. Instances are numerous where sprayed orchards returned from sixty to ninety per cent. clean apples, while unsprayed returned only from twelve to fifty per cent. free from scab. Pear or twig blight was described by Prof. Harrison, who emphasized the importance of cutting out all affected branches well down below the line of discoloration. Dr. Jas. Fletcher, of Ottawa, reminded the convention that nearly every crop grown in Ontario is depleted by about one-fifth by the ravages of insect pests. The worst insect we have in Ontario to-day is the San Jose scale, and the good practical remedy is the California wash of lime, salt and sulphur, which also answers well for other scale insects. This year the insect most complained of was the cherry aphid, a black plant-louse, the remedy for which is whale-oil soap, one pound to four gallons.

PROF. L. R. TAFT,

of the Michigan Agricultural College, took for his subject "Peach-growing in Michigan," and described the methods of planting out orchards, pruning, thinning, packing, and marketing. W. W. Hilborn, of Leamington, and others, discussed the peach-growing industry in Ontario. What the



From a painting by Owen P. Staples.

Flax Harvest.

peach-growers want now is an Elberta peach a week earlier and a week later than that now on the market. Varieties recommended were the Yellow St. John, Early Crawford, Fitzgerald, Engol Mammoth, New Prolific, Elberta, Bronson, Kalamazoo, Late Crawford, Banner Smok, and Salway.

NEW FRUITS

were reported upon by Prof. Hutt, Guelph, and Prof. Macoun, Ottawa. Of the new apples, Campbell's Seedling, a new variety originated in Muskoka, promises well for northern districts. It is a red apple, of medium size and a very long keeper. Mr. Ireland, of Owen Sound, submitted a peach highly colored, and a freestone, that promises well, being originated in a northern section. Mrs. Lindsay, of Guelph, originated another good peach. A few new plums, seedlings of both European and American varieties, promise fairly well, among the earliest of them being the Emerald, which ripens about August 1st. A large gooseberry, and one that is particularly free from mildew, was originated by a Mr. Crossby, of Highland Creek, Ontario. Bismarck, a mid-season strawberry, is another promising new fruit. For the northern districts, Prof. Macoun has great hopes of a new apple, Dempsey's No. 8, a cross between the Northern Spy and the Golden Russet. Windsor Chief is also promising. It is a cross between Wallbridge and Northern Spy. The most promising new grape is Campbell's Early. Other good varieties of grapes recommended by Mr. Murray Pettit are Warden, Lindley, Concord, Niagara, and Delaware. Speaking of fruit-growing in the northern districts, Prof. Macoun said the most common difficulties were sun-scald and root-freezing. To escape the former he recommended planting low trunks, three feet or less, to lean them to the south-west, and to protect them in winter with paper or other material. To avoid root-freezing, grow cover crops, and graft on hardy stalks of Transcendent crab.

Mr. Sherrington recommended the following varieties of raspberries for early use: Reliance, Turner and Miller; late, Cuthbert and Phoenix. The market does not demand light or purple varieties. Mr. Stevenson, Jordan, submitted the following list of strawberries:—Early: Michel, Van Deman, Johnston's Early, Bederwood, Clyde, Monitor, August Luther, and Palmer's Early; mid-season, Haverland, Tennessee Prolific, Saunders, Williams (a good shipper), Glen Mary, Bismarck, Parson's Beauty, Lyon, Success, and Mrs. Fisher; late, Joe, Aroma, Nettle, and Timbrel. A new variety that appears to be a perfect model is Cardinal.

The horticultural societies held sessions during the convention, which were addressed by T. H. Race, of Mitchell; Prof. Hutt, Guelph; A. K. Goodman, Cayuga; J. S. Scarff, Woodstock; R. B. Whyte and Dr. Fletcher, of Ottawa, and W. Hunt, of Guelph.

RESOLUTIONS.

A resolution was passed, with the object of settling the question of the size of boxes, which recommended that the commercial apple-box be one-third the capacity of a barrel, and measure 10x11x20 inches, and that the pear-box be one-half the depth.

The nominating committee moved that the officers of the past season be re-elected, with the exception of the director for District No. 10; E. A. Sherrington, of Walkerton, being substituted for W. W. Cox, of Collingwood.

The next meeting will be held in Toronto, and in connection it is expected that facilities will be arranged for holding a fruit fair.

Bees in a Chimney.

A curious incident is reported from Pelee Island, Ont. A swarm of bees during the summer settled in the chimney of a church. They worked industriously, and soon blocked up the chimney. A few days ago the furnace was lit, and the chimney would not draw. Investigation resulted in the discovery of a large nest and a big supply of honey. Bees have often settled in curious places, but a church chimney is about the strangest.

Secrets of a Long Life.

You sometimes see a woman whose age is as exquisite as was the perfect bloom of her youth. You wonder how this has come about. You wonder how it is her life has been a long and happy one. Here are some of the reasons:

- She knew how to forget disagreeable things.
- She kept her nerves well in hand, and inflicted them on no one.
- She mastered the art of saying pleasant things.
- She did not expect too much from her friends.
- She made whatever work came to her congenial.

Dr. T. S. Sproule, M. P., Grey Co., Ont., writes the "Farmer's Advocate": "I like your journal very much. It is up-to-date in every respect, and intelligently conducted."

Is the Hen a Paying Proposition?

By W. R. Graham, Poultry Department, Ontario Agricultural College.



Hen and Her Brood, Fort Saskatchewan.

Like all other classes of live stock upon the farm, much depends upon the individuals belonging to the class of stock. Some cows pay well, whereas others are kept at a loss, and so on down the list.

I do not know that I can do better than to give you the figures in regard to

the expenses and income of one flock of hens kept at this department during the past season.

About a year ago it was decided to undertake to keep eighteen hens in a pen that was considered by many to be too cold for hens during the winter. This pen is fully described in bulletin 127, of the Department of Agriculture, Toronto. The house is but one ply of boards, and the cracks are battened. Surely any farmer has a coop equal to this one.

We selected ten common barnyard hens from a farmer's wagon on its way to market. Kindly bear in mind that these ten old hens were culls. This much, however, was in their favor, that they



Cannon Digley, N. S.

were in fairly good feather. The balance of the flock consisted of high-grade Leghorns, Plymouth Rocks and Wyandottes.

The flock remained healthy through the eleven months, with the exception of one hen, which died of indigestion in March.

Two of the hens were allowed to set and rear chickens. Twenty chickens were raised by the two hens. These chickens were kept in the yard of the old flock, and did not do so well as chickens of the same age that had more or less of a free range. Notwithstanding this disadvantage, they are fairly well matured, and the pullets should lay this winter. The yard surrounding the pen is 150 feet by 40 feet.

The following table shows the feed consumed by both hens and chickens. This feed was weighed out, usually in 100 and 200 pound lots, and I think I am safe in stating that enough grain is charged to feed the flock until Dec. 1st:

Wheat	480 lbs. at \$0 70 per bus.,	\$5 60
Corn	385 " " 56 "	8 35
Barley	271 " " 48 "	2 71
Wheat bran	69 " " 85 "	59
Shorts	69 " " 1 00 "	69
Corn meal	13 " " 1 15 "	15
Oatmeal	20 " " 1 25 "	25
Clover meal	10 " " 1 50 "	15
Stale bread	100 " " 1 00 "	1 00
19 beef heads, at 10c. each		1 90
30 lbs. beef scrap, at 3c. per lb.		90
2 bags of roots, at 15c. per bag		30
300 lbs. milk (estimated), at 10c. per cwt.		30
Total		\$17 89

In the following table is given the number of eggs laid each month, and the selling price of the same. The price of eggs is taken from the Guelph market:

Month	No. hens in pen.	Eggs laid.	M. P. per doz. Cents.	Amt.
Dec.	18	167	24	\$3 34
Jan.	18	149	24	2 99
Feb.	18	167	18	2 51
Mar.	17	281	15	3 51
Apr.	17	269	11	2 46
May	17	191	12	1 91
June	17	184	12	1 84
July	11*	127	15	1 59
Aug.	11	112	15	1 40
Sept.	11	90	18	1 35
Oct.	6†	26	20	43
Total				\$23 33

*Killed and sold 6 hens.

†Killed and sold 5 hens.

Stock sold.

July, 6 old hens, 25 lbs., at 8c. per lb.	\$2 00
August, 6 cockerels, 22 lbs., at 9c.	1 98
Oct., 5 old hens, 22 lbs., at 9c.	1 98
Nov., 1 cockerel, 6 lbs., at 7c. per lb.	42
Total	\$6 38

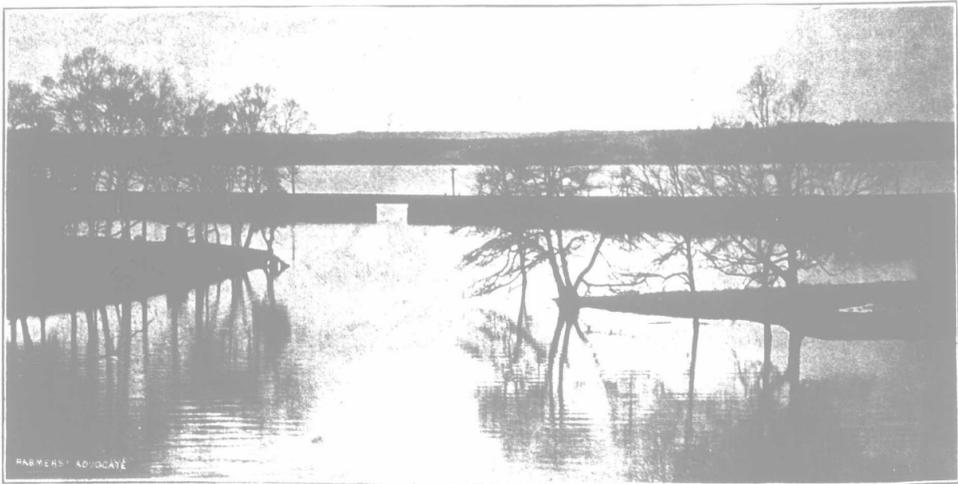
Note.—The old fowl were sold dressed-weight, and the chick is live-weight.

Total sales	\$29 71
Cost of feed	17 83
Profit	\$11 88

This is a fair profit from what might be considered an inferior flock. The hens that were purchased from the farmer might have been two years old or seven years old. The age was not known, but they were considered to have outlived their usefulness. What class of stock can show a better profit on the food consumed?

Space forbids me giving the figures of each month's laying of a pen of ten White Wyandotte pullets that had been bred in line for a number of years, with the view of getting heavy egg producers. In eleven months, Dec. 1st to Nov. 1st, 1903, each pullet laid 172 eggs, or at market value equivalent to \$2.32 in cash, which, after allowing \$1.00 for feed for eleven months, leaves a profit of \$1.32 each from the production of eggs alone. This pen of fowls had no special care, and laying appeared to be a matter of business, there being not a day in the eleven months but what eggs were laid.

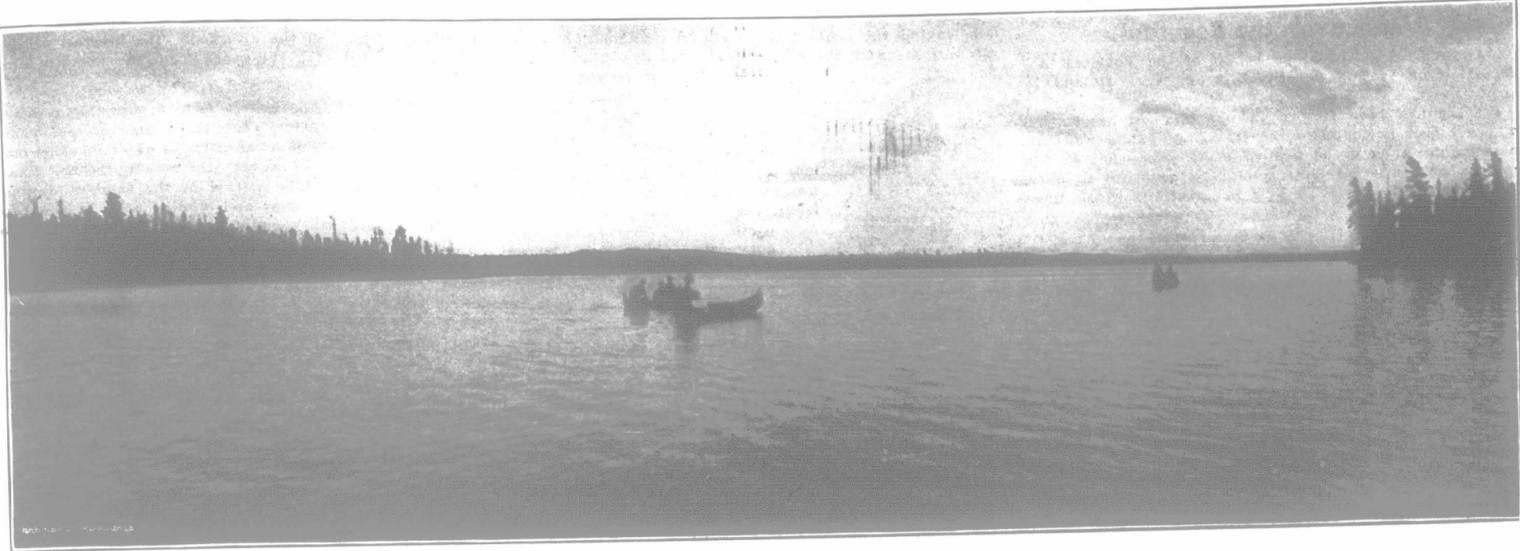
Busy housewives everywhere
For loved ones a feast prepare,
Christmas joy, Christmas joy,
Christmas joy, joy, joy!



Intercolonial Railway, near Bothesay, N. B.

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Lake Scene, Mississauga River. Canoe Trip, C. P. R. Line.

The King as a Breeder of Live Stock.

The active interest taken by the late Queen Victoria and other members of the Royal family in pure-bred stock had a splendid influence in directing the attention of the nobility to farming and stock-raising, and it is gratifying to know that the present Sovereign is deeply interested in this branch of farming, as indicated in the following letter recently appearing in the Toronto Mail and Empire:

Farming doesn't pay well in England as a rule, but there is one man who makes, as nearly as can be estimated, \$200,000 a year out of it, and has taken \$50,000 worth of cash and cups as prizes in the last two and a half years. He would have done better yet, except for an accident of birth which has made it necessary for him to give part of his time to reigning over Britain, using the name Edward VII. for that purpose. As it is, he is declared to be one of the most successful breeders and exhibitors of stock in the world.

Of course, when Royal Highnesses do anything as well as an ordinary mortal might have done it, loyal subjects are wont to regard it as well-nigh superhuman; but in this case the facts, which speak for themselves, indicate that if the King had not been born to the purple, and had grown up under his family name as Squire Wettin, of Sandringham, he would have been a famous farmer. Aside from the fact that he usually gets better prices for his stock just because it comes from the Royal farm, he has no particular advantage over his neighbors through being an Imperial Majesty. He was a born stock-breeder, and I venture to say that he is more genuinely and personally interested in his horses and cows and sheep than he is in politics.

And he has the reputation of being the best judge of pigs and one of the best judges of poultry in all England.

In her day Queen Victoria was the greatest prizewinner in the country for cattle, but in the early part of her reign there used to be a good deal of grumbling on the part of her competitors because she used to buy her prize stock instead of breeding it on her own farms. She changed her policy in her later years, showing only animals bred on the Royal farms, but she knew and cared comparatively little about her beasts, had no idea how great her possessions were, and interested herself chiefly in accumulating prizes for their own sake, gathering in a total of nearly 200 cups. King Edward, however, delights in keeping a record of his herds at Windsor, Sandringham and Balmoral, and pays frequent visits to the various farms, watching the progress of his pets.

It is show animals that are the object of his special attention, and if he discovers that they are not developing the points he looked for, they are cast out among the common herd and sold to the first purchaser at current prices. It is this rigorous weeding out that has made his herds of cattle so valuable. He applies the same rule to his horses, whether they be racers, hunters or ordinary draft animals, and, as a rule, they invariably command the best prices of their class in the market.

The draft sales from the King's famous Short-horns have been eloquent of the royal progress in this direction. Before they were established long they brought an average of about \$170 a head; and one of the Sandringham Shorthorn bulls brought \$5,000 not long ago. At the first draft sale of the Royal Shire horses in 1892 the average per head was about \$550, whereas fifty-four head brought an average of \$1,100 each at the sale of 1898, and over \$5,000 each was paid for choice stallions.

The King's farm at Sandringham has also become famous as the birthplace of two Derby winners, Persimmon and Diamond Jubilee, together with a number of other animals, with which His Majesty has won a lot of money on the turf—sums not included in the estimate of \$200,000 as his annual income from agricultural pursuits.

The King's appearance as a breeder at the Royal Show when he was Prince of Wales was always somewhat obscured by his mother, but since her death he has been without a rival, and it is believed, furthermore, that the twelve first prizes which he took at the latest exhibition of the Royal Agricultural Society will be increased in number next year. One might suppose that the judges would be somewhat influenced by the rank of this distinguished exhibitor, but it can be stated without fear of contradiction from any one who knows that plain Squire Wettin would have fared just as well as King Edward does. The competitors are so jealous of the slightest sign of favoritism that if there were a diversion of opinion as to where the prize should go, the chances would be, if anything, slightly in favor of the other side.

According to all accounts there rarely ever was such a head for detail; and, in consequence, the Sandringham stock is probably the best cared for in England. The trait is disconcerting to the employees, but it has its good features, for the King has his mother's knack of remembering all

span, dressed in the latest London style, are always objects of much speculation among the farmhands, and it is only the stewards who are aware that they are a couple of Scotland Yard detectives, whose duty it is to safeguard His Majesty on lonely tours of this description.

The ambition to obtain some of the fat cattle sent from the Royal farms to the yearly Fat Stock Show held in London during Christmas week is one of the features of English competitive trading. The fat beasts stand in their stalls, decorated with badges and ribbons, breathing out a week's painful existence awaiting the friendly pole-ax and the butcher's knife. The hot competition among traders in meat to have something at Christmas time which they can label "royal" causes the beasts to fetch a price out of all proportion to their real market value, and this is one of the reasons why farming by royalty becomes such a valuable undertaking.

The accounts of the Royal farms are kept as a separate item, and so methodical has the King become since he ascended the throne that a balance is now struck every half year. The profits are paid into the King's private accounts, and are drawn upon from time to time as the occasion requires by the keeper of His Majesty's private purse. Gratuities are paid yearly to the heads of the departments in recognition of their "faithful services," and this inspires them with additional energy in working the farms successfully. The King is a great believer in paying men according to their merits.



Main Offices, Grand Trunk Railway System, Montreal.

about the servants' families. He was heard on one occasion, after a month's absence from Sandringham, to enquire of one of the grooms how the little boy's cough was. The groom was embarrassed, and had to inquire which of the little boys it was that had had the cough. The King with considerable amusement refreshed the fond father's memory by pointing out that it was little Johnny.

When the King leaves affairs of state for his farm, he becomes a typical farmer, wearing a soft or hard felt hat, as the state of the weather demands; corduroy breeches, the regulation gaiters, and a pair of heavy hob-nailed boots—the latter a great deal heavier than those worn by the man who follows the plow. He is accompanied on such occasions by the steward and two mysterious-looking personages, who always follow at a regulation distance. These men, so spick and

Weight of Paper in Christmas Number.

An interesting guessing competition has been completed, regarding the weight of paper required for the present Christmas Number of the "Farmer's Advocate." Some time ago, we announced a number of prizes for the nearest correct guesses. We desire now to announce that the nearest guess was that sent in by J. C. Fuller, of Forest, Ont., 45,000 lbs.; the next, 20 tons, by Jessie Semple, Brule, N. S.; then, 18,750 lbs., by Oswald Bollert, Cassel, Ont.; next, 14,150 lbs., by Sam. Lyons, Byng; 8,874 lbs., by Douglas Moorhouse, Cairo; and so on. The lowest guess was 6,000 lbs., by Robt. McCarter, Crindale, and the highest, 462,045 lbs., made by A. McKilligan, of Galt, who certainly determined not to put it too low. If our circulation keeps on increasing as it is doing at the present time, we have no doubt that many pounds will be required to print a Christmas issue in the near future. The prizes have been mailed to the entire list of winners. The following certificates show that the total quantity of paper ordered for the issue was 56,784 lbs., or over 28 tons.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.—We hereby certify that we have manufactured the coated paper for the cover and inserts used in the Xmas number of the "Farmer's Advocate" for 1903, and have shipped the Wm. Weld Co., Ltd., of London, Ont., 7,584 lbs. of the above paper.

Yours truly,
RITCHIE & RAMSAY.

80 Bay St., Toronto, Ont., Dec. 12th, 1903.

The Wm. Weld Co., Ltd., London, Ont.:

Dear Sirs,—We hereby certify that we manufactured and shipped to the Wm. Weld Co., Ltd., London, Ont., 49,200 lbs. of paper of a special quality for use in printing the Xmas number of the "Farmer's Advocate" for 1903.

Yours truly,
C. HOWARD SMITH,
Sales Agent Kinleith Paper Co.

Toronto, Dec. 12th, 1903.

"A man might then behold
At Christmas, in each hall,
Good fires to curb the cold
And meat for great and small."—Old Song.

Vancouver the Beautiful.

An address delivered on behalf of the Tourists' Association of Vancouver, B. C., by Rev. Roland D. Grant:

There has been formed in our city an association whose object is to make the travelling public welcome, and as much as in us lies to make your visit here a perfect success. We have something beautiful to offer, therefore this epistle to you in greeting, which must tell its own story.

WHERE ARE WE?

Vancouver is a city approaching forty thousand inhabitants, being the last city on the mainland in the Province of British Columbia toward the sunset.

Three thousand miles from Montreal, it is situated on a peninsula, nearly surrounded by the waters of the Pacific Ocean, and easy of access by rail or sail from Tacoma or Seattle, or by delightful sail from Victoria or Nanaimo, and east or south by all the great railroads. It is the terminus of the Canadian Pacific Railroad, where that line connects with many Oriental steamers. The routes now to the far East are by way of the far West, and pass through our beautiful city.

THE NAME.

Vancouver is named for that early English voyager who himself a century ago gave names to most of the mountains and scenic points on this north-west coast. It is interesting to know that most of the names he gave are still in good repute, and it seemed becoming



Hastings Street.

that this city, which is bound to be the largest in the Dominion, should bear his name.

HOW OLD ARE WE, OR, RATHER, HOW YOUNG?

The travelling public is ever looking for new worlds to explore, looking for something novel and out of the usual. In this wilderness city by the western sea, the tourist will find an inexhaustible source of novelty. The city itself is a continual surprise, and the newcomer never ceases to express this emotion.

After travelling five hundred miles through mountain grandeur one cannot account for the sudden presence of such full-grown civilization as the train rolls into the nine-story station.

In fact, this city has grown so fast that the great trees are still fighting for their place against the rapidly spreading streets and business blocks, disputing their claim. You will occasionally find enormous primeval stumps fifty feet in circumference still holding alternately vacant lots, and you may be sure they will not give up, only after the hardest struggle.

British Columbia is quite suggestive of great antiquity, but the city is very young. It is impossible to realize that in 1886 there was but one building of any kind standing here. In that house now lives a kinsman of Henry Ward Beecher. No one born in the city of Vancouver has ever yet been married here. These are hints of its youth.

THE RED MAN.

The tourist in his long ride across the continent has hurried out of the train to gaze at every red-blanketed squaw, only to find when he arrives here a real live Indian reservation in the very city limits.

Here he can see the red man of the forest in his real native haunts, and talk with him in his cabin, wigwam or council-chamber; that is, provided you can talk chinook. You will still find him carrying his water and soup in the tepee-made baskets, spurning thus your newfangled notions of tin pails and buckets. If you should be tempted to swap your Paris creation of a bonnet for the kloöchman hat, you will find the squaw's headgear brings the larger price in New York, as a curiosity. You can paddle, or he will do it for you, in his well-carved, high-pointed canoe, which is really a work of art. Occasionally, a group of a dozen will be found camped for dinner in some retired nook on the sidewalk in the heart of the city. They are always glad to dicker, and one finds they have hearts like other mortals, and a civilization not wanting in many points of comfort and pleasure. There is a bewitching charm in their natural life.

If you are so fortunate as to be here at the time of a great potlatch or festival, then they will be found camped about by the thousands, for in the last few years they have gathered in great numbers for the playing of Hiawatha, or copying the Oberammergau Passion Play, which they do with some originality.

A FOREIGN CITY.

Surely the American tourist will call Vancouver foreign, for he soon finds that he has "gone abroad" with-

out leaving the continent. Here he meets people from all nations, and the plainest man he meets may have encircled the globe several times, for a more cosmopolitan city cannot be found, and every man says "good night" for "good evening."



A walk in the miles of dock and maritime freight sheds reveals endless stacks of foreign-marked goods from the uttermost parts of the earth. In several lines of commerce there are larger shipments of Oriental goods arriving on this north coast than in the entire Eastern States. The wisest judges say that the commerce of the Pacific in twenty-five years will equal that of the Atlantic.

It is not a rare thing, even now, to see far-ocean vessels enough in our harbor to fill over a mile of docks.

STANLEY PARK.

This city is near to nature's heart. It has more entertaining points that differentiate it from other cities than have most places visited by tourists. No matter how many others you have seen, this city and surroundings must not be missed.

As the great steamers pass through the narrows and swing around into the magnificent harbor, they encircle the splendid Stanley Park, where the Government has preserved an altogether unique pleasure forest.

Here, among wild, impassable, tangled growths, stand the great trees whose circumference it will take ten sets of arms to embrace, and one tree with a burned-out center large enough to hold an audience of forty. I have lectured to near that number in the tree, though there was hardly room to take up a collection.

From these forests have been cut single sticks of timber twenty-four inches square and one hundred and twenty-five feet in length, without one knot. Here the undergrowth is so luxuriant and tropical that the ferns and bracken reach a height of over ten feet. A day, a week, or a month, can be spent in searching for new paths in this ocean-girt primeval forest park—just what you have longed to enjoy in all your long trip. I have seen many parks, but this is the only satisfying one. The Pacific Ocean waters play around the park, forming a bewitching shore line of seven miles.

From the open spaces and roadways, mountains rise before you in all directions, from a few thousand feet to yonder snow-capped and snow-skirted Mount Baker, two miles and a half into the heavens.

As the mountains here are all seen from the sea level, they are vastly taller mountains than others of the same altitude seen in inland parts, so that Pike's Peak, as seen from Denver, would have to reach twenty



The Wreck of the SS. Beaver, Beneath Prospect Point, Stanley Park.

thousand feet to match one here of fifteen thousand. This is a peculiar feature of this coast scenery.

A HEALTH RESORT.

The vast coniferous forests give the air a tone of health that can be felt and enjoyed at every breath. It has not been uncommon for men who have been worn out in some Oriental clime, on going home to recuperate, to stop over here, intending to stay only a day or two. Finding this clime exhilarating, their days have grown to weeks. Surprised they find themselves able to tramp among the trees, they return here the health they sought, and returned to their homes to business.

For a part of the day at least the winds of the early day are from the east, changing at noon to west. Hence, the morning breezes come laden with the resin of the vast sea of pine forests that cover the great

mountains, while in the afternoon the breezes, always gentle, are filled with the ozone from the western seas.

SEA BATHING.

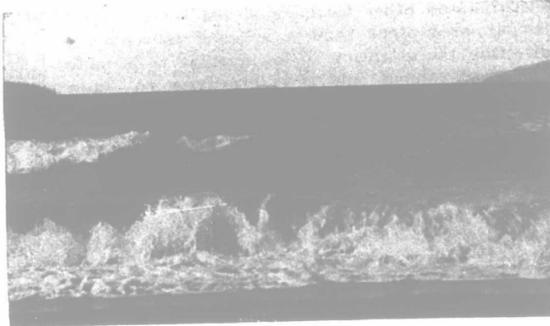
These warm Pacific waters form a charming crescent beach into the city center, where large sums of money are being spent to create an ocean park, of which no other city can boast; miles of warm sea bathing beach, where tiny hexagonal crystals sparkle in the sand, and great salmon jump in the sun and whales play in the bay. This ocean park will soon be a dream of beauty.

Every combination of undefiled nature quiets the most nervous to restful sleep. Indeed, that "nature's sweet restorer" needs not to be sought and wooed, for it seeks the visitor the first night in this atmosphere. In the long summer evenings, when one can read outdoors until ten o'clock, conditions are simply perfect, and make one feel that life is worth living. It is never hot here and it is never cold, and few changes of clothing are ever made from one season to another, and pestering insects and mosquitoes never bother in the city. No thunder storms ever trouble here.

If that vast army of hay-fever sufferers would abide here for a short season, they would find quick relief of their irritating distress, as this clarified air is a panacea for that tantalizing complaint, while all malaria is unknown.

CLIMBING, IF YOU WANT IT.

The tourist who wants rugged mountain climbing can be satisfied not far away. Even a Mazama, an Appalachian, or Sierra Mountain Club member can be



The Surf, English Bay.

made happy here, and stretch his legs over a wild mountain snarl of ledge and tree and shrub he never dreamed of elsewhere. From goodly heights he will catch views of crag and river landscape most charming.

The less rugged and strong can quickly get to easy heights and glens of wildwood or bewitching canyon, through which tumble foaming torrents. These can all be reached without effort by footpath, pony trail, or even carriage drive in many cases, and a bicycle is not a bad companion, for many trails are very smooth.

Speaking of bicycles, this city is a paradise for the wheel, for cinder paths have been provided on many streets, where it is always safe to ride, provided you turn to the left hand instead of to the right, which is the law of the road here (though contrary to nature, this writer is prepared to show).

If one wants to come in contact with a real gold mine, he has but a pleasant sail to satisfy his wish, while a day's trip takes him to the now famous coal mines in unique Nanaimo, on Vancouver Island. That island stretches northward along the west of the Gulf of Georgia, three hundred miles from the Straits of Juan de Fuca, and makes our sunsets beautiful. Italian sunsets are never more fair than ours, and never more gorgeous.

Easy and safe steamers ply up the coast among the silent firds that match the world-famous heights of the North Sea and the Norway Coast. The firds here in this Western archipelago are greater in number and distance. A day's sail on Howe Sound is positively beautiful. The views from the deck, of the snow-capped Garibaldi and miles of crags and cliffs, will never be forgotten.

ALASKA.

Far away run these inland seas to great Alaska, whose mysterious world lies nearest to this port. An Alaskan tourist from the east should insist upon being routed this way. From that land of the midnight sun comes a continual stream of yellow gold that flows through this and other coast cities, where the assay office is always a point of interest and amazement.

THE SPORTSMAN.

If the sportsman come he will find a virgin world before him. Let him stand, first on the bluff, or on the deck of a moonlight excursion steamer, and watch the thousands of lights that glimmer at night on the fishing boats.

The endless fleet of these that go down to the deep at evening, literally by thousands, is a sight not to be met with anywhere else in the world. Go out once with a regular fisherman to troll in the mighty sea or on the bay. Sometimes these waters are literally alive with salmon, until their fins show above the surface.

Go a day or more with a rod and fly to whip the crystal brooks and creeks that never send you home with the empty basket. This sport is endless and exciting under these conditions.

If one's taste is for woods and bear company, and bear company and bear company, gaze and woods on the city side. The glad to join in. You can have more genius. Speaking of representation.



and Canadian Grounds in St. Louis would charm a. It is doubtfully athletic field c.

If one will he can, in a magnificent scene cliffs that rise beauty or charm us are full of to be compared awful mountain of emerald green and ice, where the top of Mount still rise another lakes.

There are larger than a. There are greater Vancouver by are just finding they never know has been telling for years, to believe it. I travel through How glad I am. Edward W. climber, says their immen Switzerland. And further climbers in t.



lined attempt Rockies, the hundred year.

If the traveler remembering forest, asks, perity?" it is the largest supply the m Boston or S that were sa

We have the gold mi

GAME.

If one's taste is to kill larger game, then the nearby woods are filled with grouse, while splendid deer and bear come to yonder north shore of the Inlet to gaze and wonder at the changes taking place on the city side. The stranger will easily find someone here glad to join in his wildest sport.

You can hunt here with a camera, as that takes more genius.

Speaking of sports, all forms of athletics have good representation here, like the English game of cricket



One Day's Sport near Vancouver.

and Canadian lacrosse, and the Brocton Point Athletic Grounds in Stanley Park are so beautiful that they would charm an Olympic racer from the Grecian fields. It is doubtful if another such a nature-surrounded athletic field can be found in the world.

MOUNTAINS AND LAKES.

If one will make Vancouver his center for a season, he can, in a day's ride or less, come to the most magnificent scenery in the world. If he would find cliffs that rise a mile perpendicular, they are to be found. If he would see lakes that have no equal in beauty or charm, then the mountains to the east of us are full of them. The lakes of Switzerland are not to be compared to some rare gems found in these awful mountain arenas. There are bewitching lakes of emerald green, surrounded by fields of eternal snow and ice, where the surface of the lake is higher than the top of Mount Washington, and the mountain peaks still rise another Mount Washington height above the lakes.

There are single glaciers in these ranges that are larger than all the glaciers of Europe put together. There are grandeurs of this order easily accessible from Vancouver by rail or boat and pony ride. Some who are just finding these things out are wondering why they never knew them before. Your humble servant has been telling this in his lectures east and south for years, to incredulous audiences, who begin now to believe it. In less than ten years the tide of tourist travel through this city and scenery will have no equal. How glad I am that I tramped it all while it was new.

Edward Whimper, the most famous Swiss mountain-climber, says: "These vast ranges are appalling in their immensity and grandeur, for here are fifty Switzerland rolled into one."

And further, he says: "If all the mountain-climbers in the world to-day were to make a com-



Crown and Grouse Mountains.

bined attempt to explore these Western Canadian Rockies, their task would not be completed within a hundred years."

A FEW QUESTIONS.

If the traveller who sees this city for the first time, remembering that but yesterday it was a trackless forest, asks, "What is the foundation of your prosperity?" it is easily answered. The largest forests of the largest pine and cedar on earth are here, and now supply the markets of the world. Houses in Shanghai, Boston or South Africa are covered with cedar shingles that were sawed in Burrard Inlet, our harbor.

A FEW HINTS.

We have been a little slow to make it known, but the gold mines of this Province are as rich as Klondike or Africa, and other minerals in good proportion.

The salmon fisheries amount to millions of wealth each season, while trainloads of halibut leave here for Boston every few days, and the general commerce of the port is gaining continuously. Come and see for yourselves, and find a delightful welcome.

As to possible commerce from this port, there are over 600,000,000 acres of tillable land west of Winnipeg. If one acre in six should be cultivated to wheat, at the minimum of fifteen bushels to the acre, it would supply one train of forty freight cars every fifteen minutes for six months. No one can tell how much of this will soon come this way.

A FEW FACTS.

Vancouver is the largest city in British Columbia. It is but seventeen years old, and now has a rapidly growing population of nearly forty thousand.

Hotel accommodations compare with any city.

It has an ideal summer climate, free from malaria, evenings always cool, air pure, refreshing and free from storms.

It is the home port of the Empress Line of Royal Mail Steamships to the Orient, Sandwich Islands, New Zealand and Australia. Also, steamers to Alaska and all north and south coast points, including Portland and San Francisco.

It has the largest saw and shingle mills in the world.

The Government assay office is here. This is the natural headquarters for tourists of the Great Northwest.

This last winter here has been equal to an eastern month of May, and all that could be called real winter was inside of ten days, and all the snowfall not over six inches, while the flowers never quite gave up. I picked pansies every week in our yard.

Vancouver is supplied with fine and growing church conditions of every denomination.

The schools are, in every sense, first class.

The water supply from high Capilano Canyon is simply perfect and plenty.

Every facility is here for enjoying a day or a year.

When you purchase your tickets for Lewis and Clarke Exposition in Portland, Oregon, be sure that they read one way by Vancouver, British Columbia, as it will add nothing to the expense and much to your pleasure.

The Tourist Association is always glad to be of service, whether you are to stop in the city or merely passing this way. Their rooms are near the post office, and free to all.

Thirty trips from Atlantic to Pacific waters and journey days in Europe have fitted me to know and appreciate this continent, and I do not hesitate to say, when you have taken the magnificent wild tour of the Northwest Canadian mountains and heavenly blue lakes, spent some days in and about this center, and seen the Yellowstone, you will have seen the best the earth has to show. Anything short of these points will be always incomplete and unsatisfying.

The traveller from any nation will be pleased to find his flag and Consulate here to give him welcome and assistance.

[The "Advocate" representative, while in Vancouver, found the Tourists' Association's rooms of great assistance, and is much indebted to the President, Mr. J. J. Banfield, a leading real-estate man, and Mr. A. J. Baxter, the Secretary. The Tourists' Association is very much in evidence and a credit to the city. Many very favorable opinions were heard from tourists as to the courtesy and efficiency of the management.—Edit.]

Canadian Implements.

A BRITISHER'S TRIBUTE.—Sir Thomas Brassey, M. P., and his eldest son, the Hon. T. A. Brassey, are well known throughout the British Empire. The former owns a large estate in England, was Governor of Victoria, Australia, from 1895 to 1900, and was President of the British Board of Trade Congress, which met last summer in Montreal. He also owns large tracts of farm land in our own Northwest. Both father and son are enthusiastic admirers of Canada, and are well able to speak authoritatively and intelligently as to Canadian products. The Hon. T. A. Brassey, who lately spent some months in Canada, has paid a just tribute to Massey-Harris implements, as per the following cablegram:

"London, November 28th.—Hon. T. A. Brassey, speaking at Rye yesterday, said farmers need not be anxious that Mr. Chamberlain's policy would raise the cost of machinery. The best agricultural machinery in the world is made by the Massey-Harris Company, of Toronto, and by other companies in Ontario, and there would be no duty upon it."

A SOUTH AFRICAN TRIBUTE.—At a practical test of self binders, held at Mooresburg, Cape Colony, South Africa, on November 5th last, under the auspices of the Western Provincial Agricultural Society, the

Massey-Harris binder was awarded the first prize of £10. There were seven competitors—three Massey-Harris, three McCormick, and one Champion. The judges, in determining their awards, amongst other points, also took into consideration the length of the stubble and the tightness and compactness with which the sheaves were bound. About six hundred agriculturists, some of whom came from a considerable distance, witnessed the interesting competition.

The Experimental Union.

The twenty-fifth annual meeting of the Ontario Agricultural and Experimental Union was opened in Convocation Hall, of the Massey Library, at Guelph Agricultural College, at 1.30 p. m. of Monday, December 7th. After disposing of some formal business, and the appointment of a nominating committee, Mr. Nelson Monteith, B. S. A., delivered the President's address. He referred briefly to the success of the Union, reviewing some of the work accomplished from the time of its inception by a few ex-students of the O. A. College to the present day, when the number of experimenters has reached a total of three thousand eight hundred and forty-five. Several varieties of grain of great practical importance to the farmer have been introduced, particular mention being made of Mandescheuri barley and Siberian oats. However, all is not gold that glitters, and in spite of apparent prosperity, the scarcity of labor on the farm and the need of improved social conditions have mitigated against the enjoyment of farm life. He spoke of the influence of the young men from the college on political life, and hoped that something might be done to draw still closer the bond of union between the students and ex-students of the institution. Mr. E. C. Drury, who led the discussion, spoke in favor of making the O. A. C. Review the official organ of the Union, which suggestion was approved.

EXPERIMENTS IN POULTRY.

Prof. Graham, of the Poultry Department, then gave the report on co-operative poultry experiments. The work was not so successful as desired. Only six had reported successful experiments. The charts used had not gone far enough; that is, had not sufficiently covered the details of the work. The work of artificial incubation requires a considerable knowledge of the science of embryology, and considerable difficulty is experienced in securing satisfactory results. Too free a supply of air or too much heat during the early stages of incubation resulted in the development of a blood-ring, showing too rapid growth of the embryo, and consequent weakness. In reply to questions, the Professor stated that he considered the month of January or February the worst for incubation. This he believed was due to the fact that the fowls at that time did not secure sufficient exercise, and this tended to a lowering of vitality.

Mr. C. A. Zavitz, the redoubtable knight of the Experimental Department, and permanent Secretary of the Union, took up the work of co-operative experiments, covering almost the entire range of farm crops. This work has now been carried on for such a length of time that the trials embrace almost every variety of soil and climate, and the results are, therefore, much more accurate and valuable.

FIELD ROOTS AND FODDER, SILAGE AND HAY CROPS.

The results in the tests in mangels were as follows:

	Comp. value.	Yield, tons.
Sutton's Mammoth Long Red.....	78	43.68
Yellow Leviathan	100	41.84
Cornish Yellow Globe	67	41.32

It will be observed from a study of the above that the heaviest yielding variety is not always placed first in a table of comparative values. Thus, while Sutton's Mammoth Long Red mangel proved the highest yielder, it was not, in the opinion of the experimenters, the most valuable variety.

In sugar beets, "New Danish" is still in the lead, giving a yield of 27.02 tons per acre, carrying 11% of sugar. On the other hand, Kleinwanzlebener gave a yield of only 22.31 tons per acre, but the beet with the long-handled name showed a rich sugar content, analyzing over 16% of sugar. In turnips, Magnum Bonum stood first in popularity and yield during the past year. It is an English variety introduced by Sutton, one of the leading English seed houses. Hartley's Bronze-top, although outclassed this year to the tune of 58 bushels per acre, is still a strong favorite with the farmers. Pearce's Half-long White still heads the list among field carrots. Parsnips were sent out last year for trial in competition with carrots, but the yield was considerably lower. Some expressed the opinion that parsnips should be sown in the fall, and the suggestion met with strong approval from many present.

ONTARIO'S GREAT FODDER CROPS.

Three varieties of fodder corn were sent out.



Good Sport for the Hunter.

over Ontario during the past season. Mastodon Dent, Wisconsin Earliest White Dent and White Cap Yellow Dent were the varieties selected. Of these, Wisconsin Earliest stands first in favor, although Mastodon Dent surpasses it in yield by considerably over one ton. The reason for the popularity of the lower yielding variety is undoubtedly the fact that it ripens more readily in the Province of Ontario, and produces a heavier crop of ears. Hairy vetch was also discussed, but more interest was evinced in its merits as a cover crop for orchards than as a fodder crop. Its merits in this respect were very fully presented in the "Farmer's Advocate" for December 1st by Mr. E. D. Smith, M.P. Better results were attained from fall sowing. So far the greatest difficulty has been the expense of securing seed, which at present is rather high priced. It is, however, not very difficult to grow, and if grown for seed should be sown with some other crop, such as oats or rye, to hold it up and secure even ripening.

METHODS OF CULTIVATING.

In the discussion of methods of cultivation, an interesting fact was brought out in connection with the corn crop. Taking the average of four years' experiments, better results were obtained from planting in hills than in drills. The returns were as follows:

Average of four years.	Tons.
Total yield—In hills	11
Total yield—In drills	10
Yield of cobs—In hills	2.9
Yield of cobs—In drills	2.7

Or, one ton per acre more from hills than from drills, one-fifth of which was ears.

CEREAL CROPS.

Siberian oats still hold the fort, as far as yield is concerned, though Liberty—a new oat, having a slightly thicker hull—was the most popular variety over Ontario during the past summer. The Alaska, which is not so heavy a yielder as either Siberian or Liberty, has proven very useful as an early oat. It is sometimes mixed with barley in this way, securing a heavier yield of valuable feed than if sown alone. Mandescheuri is still the leader among the varieties of barley, and "Success," which was boomed to such an extent a few years ago, has been turned down rather decidedly. Emmer, which was sent out with the spring wheats, has proven a heavy yielder. Its average yield among thirteen experimenters was 1,810 pounds per acre. White Goose wheat, which was the next heaviest yielder, gave only 1,078 pounds per acre. It is well to remember that 23% of the emmer is hull, but even after making due allowance for this, emmer has proven a valuable variety of wheat, at least for feeding purposes.

FIELD PEAS AND SOY BEANS.

Early Britain, a brown pea, somewhat smaller than the Canadian Beauty, has led in the field tests over Ontario. These tests were conducted over Northern Ontario, as the presence of the weevil renders futile the work of experimenters in the more southern sections. Soy beans are strongly recommended by the Professor for sowing with corn for the silo. It is thought that if they could be successfully grown in conjunction with corn they would prove a great help in improving the feeding value of the ensilage.

POTATOES.

The tests of different varieties of potatoes were conducted by 227 experimenters throughout the Province. Empire State remains the chosen favorite of the people for a late variety, while Early Pinkeye was the earliest variety among those tested, and proved to be of superior quality.

EXPERIMENTS WITH FERTILIZERS.

In the experimental work with fertilizers, nitrate of soda, muriate of potash and superphosphate were used, at the rate of 160, 160 and 320 pounds respectively, and in addition a complete fertilizer, made up of one-third of each of the above compounds, was also tested. Nitrate of soda gave the best results on mangels in four years out of the five in which it had been tested; the extra yield being produced at a cost of 2.3 cents per bushel. Muriate of potash proved the most useful on corn, giving an increased yield of 1.6 tons per acre, at a cost of \$2.87 per ton. Swede turnips, however, favored the complete fertilizer, and yielded their increase at a cost of only 1.7 cents per bushel. The complete fertilizer, although giving the largest yield of any when applied to oats, yet proved entirely too expensive; the increased yield of grain costing 47 cents per bushel.

THE LOSS OF VALUABLE FERTILIZERS TO CANADA.

An important point was brought out in this connection by Prof. Harcourt. A chart was shown on which were given the figures showing the exports from Canada of fertilizing material in the form of bones, tankage and ashes. From

Ontario alone over one million bushels of ashes had been exported. These ashes, containing as they do large amounts of just such chemical elements as our soil requires, had been purchased from the farmers for a few paltry cakes of soap. In this way thousands of dollars' worth of the most valuable fertilizing constituents are annually lost to the farmers of Ontario.

INSECTICIDES FOR THE POTATO BEETLE.

The question of various insecticides for the destruction of the potato beetle has been carefully investigated by Prof. Harcourt, and below is a tabulated statement, showing the results of his investigations:

	Cost.	Per cent. of Paris Green.	Paris Green Per lb.
Paris Green20	95.00	.21
Black Death	1 2-3	.43	3.86
Potato Bug Finish.....	1 2-3	1.06	1.56
Slug Shot	6	2.13	2.81

All the insecticides mentioned above depend upon arsenic for their insecticidal value, and it can be plainly seen from the above chart that in

C. C. James, Deputy-Minister of Agriculture, spoke on farm statistics, showing the value of the work of the Bureau of Industries, and giving some figures relating to the progress of agriculture in Ontario.

THE AMERICAN AGROSTOLOGIST.

Mr. Spillman, Agrostologist for the American Dept. of Agriculture, gave an address on farm management. He spoke of the importance of study in connection with farming, and said that no person makes a success on the farm without being a student. In the United States the average yield of hay per acre was 1 1-10 tons. Good management might easily double the average yields of these farms. In the difference lies the profit, and it is the reading, thoughtful farmer who uses brains that reaches the highest measure of success.

Dr. Muldrew, Dean of the Macdonald Institute, gave a short address on nature study, showing the need of that form of education to keep us in touch with country life.

FEEDING VALUE OF DIFFERENT FOOD-STUFFS.

Considerable interest was aroused by the speech of Prof. Day on the foodstuffs available for the Ontario farmer, and the feeding value of each in the agriculture of our Province. He said that when the margin of profit was as narrow as at present it was necessary to feed a much lighter grain ration. This conclusion was being arrived at by all the prominent feeders in the Province. Corn was, he considered, one of the most valuable foods for fattening animals, but owing to a deficiency of ash was not so useful for growing animals. He spoke very highly of the feeding value of some of the by-products of packing houses, and hoped the Canadian factories would soon arrange to manufacture these products instead of turning them into fertilizers as at present. The refuse from sugar factories is now being prepared by drying and mixing with molasses, and in the opinion both of Mr. Day and Mr. Grisdale, will prove a profitable food. Millstuffs, such as bran, gluten meal, etc., are feeding stuffs which vary much in value. It was thought by the members of the Union that something should be done in the way of securing a guarantee of quality from the manufacturers.

A MEMORIAL TO THE GOVERNMENT.

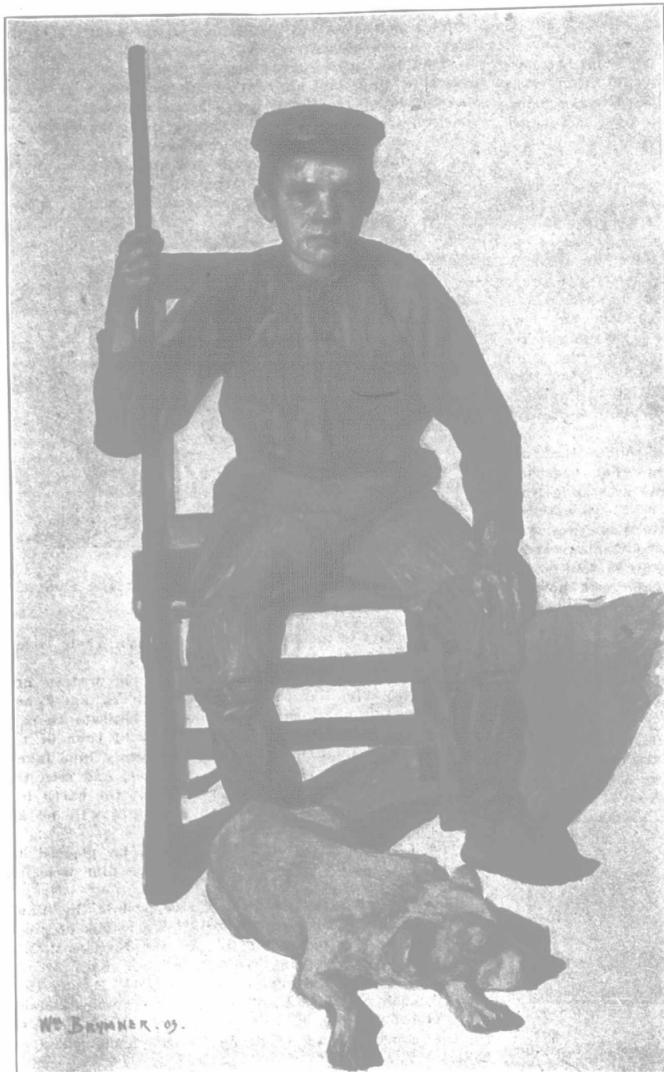
With a view to overcoming this difficulty, a resolution was moved by Mr. Glendinning, seconded by Mr. Raynor, as follows: "That this Experimental Union memorialize the Dominion Government to enact a law that the manufacturers of all by-products used as feeding stuffs for live stock, such as bran, gluten meal, etc., be compelled to place upon each package the analysis showing the percentage composition of protein, carbohydrates and other extract that the food contains, and that the same be guaranteed." After a brief discussion, the above resolution was carried unanimously.

REPORT ON FORESTRY.

Mr. Ross, who has charge of much of the work in the Dominion Dept. of Forestry, spoke of the necessity of establishing a nursery where farmers could procure trees for planting at something near the cost of production. He instanced the case of the Northwest, where trees could be grown and furnished to the farmers when one year old at 50 cents a thousand. The forestry question elicited quite a discussion, the meeting being strongly in favor of something being done to alter the present system of taxation in such a way as to encourage rather than discourage any tendency there may be to keep the land under timber.

IMPROVEMENT OF SEEDS.

G. O. Clark, of the Ottawa Seed Dept., and



From a painting by Wm. Brynner. The Habitant Boy.

point of price Paris green is still the cheapest and most economical poison for the destruction of the potato beetle. Some of the compounds mentioned contain some substances of value as fertilizing material, such as gypsum, and in one case potassium nitrate, but these are present in such small quantities that it is not considered expedient for farmers to purchase fertilizing material in such costly shape.

THE EVENING MEETING.

The Unionists met in the college gymnasium on Monday evening to listen to some of our visitors from over the line. At the opening, Prof. Day gave a brief sketch of the history of the O. A. College, pointing out a few of the many improvements that had been made within the past few years. Miss Martha Van Rensselaer, of Cornell University, gave an interesting address, in which she outlined the work being done in the United States for the better education of farmers' wives and daughters. She emphasized the importance of hand and brain working together to secure more ideal conditions in our home life.

L. H. Newma of pure seed applied to see must be to be done by had been great Macdonald-Rol

The experi 4,297, and d nement of sent out. B among the fa Strawberrie Raspberrie and Columbia Blackberrie Gooseberrie Red Curra Black Cur White Cur The work ful along th ment has bee industry.

On Tuesda grasses. Lu is now one o States, grow

Drumtoch ond time on Kildrummie Glen and d high affairs. stable coul horse, and v hour out of without nur heard from only smack house, and v "Hoo's a' But he dis gate-post, a precincts of

"It 'ill his foreman ner wha's i likely."

When th in the coun nctions dis prices, till he affixed a Kirk door, penal servit Doctor Dav the poor c ments were allowed in their gra large type, posing wor ordinary sp man, were by "heifer "agricultu ratus." J yielded to and barley a semi-educ Persons the grand short of "What Sale?" i given ten more ambi dis he mea Milton as o' 'heifer "Ye're Jamie Sou Jock's eff unctioneer think yers Gin ye hed naebody w langidge s

"Man this argum no sayin' an' ne fea Constal day as la literature morning w

L. H. Newman, B.S.A., spoke on the importance of pure seed. The same principles of breeding applied to seeds as to animals, and the effort must be to secure a pedigreed seed. This could be done by a careful process of selection, and it had been greatly encouraged by the work of the Macdonald-Robertson Seed-growers' Association.

SMALL FRUITS.

The experimenters in this Dept. now number 4,297, and during the ten years since the commencement of the work, 63,690 plants have been sent out. Briefly summarized, the result places among the favorites the following varieties:

- Strawberries—Van Deeman, Warfield and Irene.
- Raspberries—Marlboro, Cuthbert, Golden Queen and Columbian.
- Blackberries—Agawan.
- Gooseberries—Pearl and Red Jacket.
- Red Currants—Fay and Victoria.
- Black Currants—Champion and Black Victoria.
- White Currants—White Grape.

The work of the Union has been very successful along this line, and much needed encouragement has been given to the development of the industry.

THE GRASS CROP.

On Tuesday afternoon, Prof. Spillman spoke on grasses. Lucerne was very highly spoken of. It is now one of the leading hay crops of the United States, growing successfully anywhere, providing

the soil does not become water-logged or the subsoil prove of too impervious a nature. It is of excellent feeding value, there being practically no difference between the various cuttings in this regard. It can usually be cut three times a year. Mr. Spillman has given a great amount of study to the question of grasses, and is a very able speaker.

THE HONORED DEAD.

In memory of the late Prof. Panton, it was decided to make an appeal to the students and friends of the college, in order that a suitable memorial in the form of a portrait in oil, may be procured and placed in the library to his memory.

The meeting was brought to a close by the usual banquet of the students and ex-students of the College on Tuesday evening. To the little coterie of workers who have done so much for the organization all honor is due, and may success be with them for the coming year, is the earnest wish of the "Farmer's Advocate."

The following are the officers for the incoming year: Pres., E. C. Drury, Crown Hill; Vice-Pres., F. C. Elford, Holmesville; Secretary and Editor, C. A. Zavitz; Treasurer, H. L. Hutt. Board of Control—Dr. Mills; G. C. Creelman, Toronto; Geo. Wardlaw, Warkworth; N. Monteith, Stratford; R. J. Deachman, O.A.C.

"As for puir fouk, he wes clean redeeklus; there wesna a weedow in the Glen didna get her seed frae him in a bad year. He hed abeility in gaitherin', but he wes wastefu' in spendin'."

"Hooever, he 's gone noo, an' we maunna be sayin' ill o' the dead; it 's no what he wud hae dune himsel. Whatna day 's the beerial?" inquired Jamie, anxiously.

"Beerial? Losh preserve 's, Jamie," began Hillocks, but Drumsheugh understood.

"Jamie hes the richt o't; if Burnbrae hed slippit awa, yir faces cudna be langer. He 's no oot o' the Glen yet, and wha kens gin he mayna beat the factor yet?"

"It 's no muckle we can dae in that quarter, but there 's ae thing in oor poor. We can see that Burnbrae hes a gude roup, an' gin he maun leave us that he carries enouch tae keep him an' the gude wife for the rest o' their days."

"There 's a wheen fine fat cattle and some gude young horse; it wud be a sin tae let them gae below their price tae the Muirtown dealers. Na, na, the man that wants tae buy at Burnbrae's roup 'ill need tae pay."

The countenance of the kirkyard lifted, and as Hillocks followed Drumsheugh into the kirk, he stopped twice and wagged his head with marked satisfaction. Three days later it was understood at the "smiddy" that Burnbrae's roup was likely to be a success.

Thursday was the chosen day for roups in our parts, and on Monday morning they began to make ready at Burnbrae. Carts engrained with the mud of years were taken down to the burn, and came back blue and red. Burnbrae read the name of his grandfather on one of the shafts, and noticed it was Burnbrae in those days. Ploughs, harrows, rollers were grouped round a turnip sowing machine (much lent to neighbours), and supported by an array of forks, graips, scythes, and other lighter implements. The granary yielded a pair of fanners, half a dozen riddles, measures for corn, a pile of sacks, and some ancient flails. Harness was polished till the brass ornaments on the peaked collars and heavy cart saddles emerged from obscurity, and shone in the sunshine. Jean emptied her dairy, and ranged two churns, one her mother's, a cheese-press and twenty-four deep earthenware dishes at the head of a field where the roup was to take place.

"Dinna bring oot yir dairy, Jean wumman," Burnbrae had pleaded in great distress; "we 'ill get some bit placey wi' a field or twa, and ye 'ill hae a coo as lang as ye live. A' canna bear tae see ma wife's kirn sold; ye mind hoo a' tried tae help ye the first year, an' ye splashed me wi' the milk. Keep the auld kirn, lass."

"Na, na, John, it wud juist fret me tae see it wi' nae milk tae fill it, for it 's no an ae-coo-kiirn mine like a pendicler's (small farmer's), an' a' wud rather no look back aifter we 're awa," but Jean's hands were shaking as she laid down the wooden stamp with which she had marked the best butter that went to Muirtown market that generation.

On Thursday forenoon the live-stock was gathered and penned in the field below the garden, where the dead lassie's name bloomed in fragrant mignonette. Burnbrae and Jean saw all their gear, save the household furniture, set out for sale. She had resolved to be brave for his sake, but every object in the field made its own appeal to her heart. What one read in the auctioneer's catalogue was a bare list of animals and implements, the scanty plenishing of a Highland farm. Jean saw everything in a golden mist of love. It was a perfect preposterous old dogcart, that ought to have been broken up long ago, but how often she had gone in it to Muirtown on market days with John, and on the last journey he had wrapped her up as tenderly as when she was a young bride. The set of silver-plated harness—but there was not much plating left—Jean had bought from a Muirtown saddler with savings from her butter money, and had seen the ostler fit on the old mare—her foal, old enough himself now, was to be sold to-day—against John's coming from the cattle mart. He was so dazzled by the sheen of the silver that he passed his own conveyance in the stable yard—he never heard the end of that—and he could only shake his fist at her when she came from her hiding-place, professing great astonishment. John might laugh at her, but she saw the people admiring the turnout as they drove along the street in Muirtown, and, though it took them three hours to reach Burnbrae, the time was too short for the appreciation of that harness. It seemed yesterday, but that was seven-and-twenty year ago.

"Come intae the hoose, Jean," said Burnbrae, taking her by the arm; "it 's ower tryin' for ye; we maun hae oor half oor afore the roup begins."

Burnbrae and Jean never said a word about such secret things, and indeed there was not in them a trace of Pharisee, but their children and the serving folk knew why the old people always disappeared after the midday meal.

"It 's a black shame," said Bell to her neighbour as they cut up cheese for the roup, "tae cast sic a gude man oot o' his hame; dell tak them that dae 't."

"Be quiet, wumman, or the maister 'ill hear ye; but ye 're richt about whar they 'ill gang

A DISPLENISHING SALE.

BY IAN MACLAREN, IN "DAYS OF AULD LANG SYNE."

Drumtochty, hoeing the turnips for the second time on a glorious day in early August, saw the Kildrummie auctioneer go up the left side of the Glen and down the right like one charged with high affairs. It was understood that Jock Constable could ride anything in the shape of a horse, and that afternoon he had got ten miles an hour out of an animal which had been down times without number, and whose roaring could be heard from afar. Jock was in such haste that he only smacked his lips as he passed our public-house, and waved his hand when Hillocks shouted, "Hoo's a' wi' ye?" from a neighboring field. But he dismounted whenever he saw a shapely gate-post, and spent five minutes at the outer precincts of the two churches.

"It 'ill be a roup," and Hillocks nodded to his foreman with an air of certitude; "a' wunner wha's it is; some Kildrummie man, maist likely."

When the advertising disease first broke out in the country, a Muirtown grocer with local connections disfigured our main road with his list of prices, till in a moment of incredible audacity he affixed a cheap tea advertisement to the Parish Kirk door, and was understood to have escaped penal servitude by offering an abject apology to Doctor Davidson, and contributing ten pounds for the poor of the parish. Constable's announcements were the only mural literature afterwards allowed in the Glen, and Jock prided himself on their grandeur. They were headed in large type, "Displenishing Sale," and those imposing words, which had never been heard in the ordinary speech of the Glen within the memory of man, were supported in the body of the document by "heifers," "fat oxen," "draught horses," "agricultural implements," and "dairy apparatus." Jock had "cereals" in one bill, but yielded to public feeling, and returned to "oats and barley" as a concession to the condition of a semi-educated people.

Persons without imagination used to carp at the grand style and demand explanations, but short of "cereals," Jock carried the community.

"What gars Jock aye say 'Displenishing Sale?'" inquired Hillocks one day, after he had given ten minutes to a bill and done the more ambitious words in syllables. "An' what dis he mean by 'heifer?'" A' ken the beasts on Milton as weel as ma ain, an' a' never heard tell o' 'heifer' outside o' the Bible."

"Ye're a doited (stupid) body, Hillocks," said Jamie Soutar, who was always much tickled by Jock's efforts; "ye wudna surely expeck an unctioneer tae speak aboot roups, and div ye think yersl that quey soonds as weel as heifer? Gin ye hed naething but oor ain words on a post, naebody wud look twice at it, but this kind o' langidge solemnises ye an' maks ye think."

"Man Jamie, a' never thoct o' that," for this argument touched Hillocks closely. "an' a'm no sayin' but ye're richt. Jock's a gabby body an' ne feared o' words."

Constable made a point of publishing on Saturday as late as light would allow, so that his literature might burst upon the Glen on Sabbath morning with all the charm of a surprise.

Drumsheugh, waking, as it were, from a reverie:

"A' wudna wunner gin the Milton roup did come aff sune . . . there's twa acre mair neeps than a' expeckit."

Then Hillocks would casually remark, as one forced into a distasteful conversation, "The gude wife keeps ae coo, a' hear; she 'ill be taking a pendicle at Kildrummie, a'm judgin'," but any thorough treatment was hindered by circumstances.

The kirkyard was only once carried beyond itself by Jock's bills, and that was when he announced Burnbrae's sale.

"Keep 's a', fouk, this is no lightsome," was



Photo by G. H. Forsons **Welsh Ram.**

Owned by W. Conway Bell, Rhudlan, N. Wales. Winner of numerous prizes.

all Whinnie could say as he joined the group, and the boxes were passed round without speech.

"Weel, weel," Hillocks said at last, in the tone consecrated to funerals, "he 'ill be sair missed."

It was felt to be an appropriate note, and the mouths of the fathers were opened.

"A graund fairmer," continued Hillocks, encouraged by the sympathetic atmosphere; "he kent the verra day tae sow, an' ye cudna find a thistle on Burnbrae, no, nor a docken. Gin we a' keepit oor land as clean it wud set us better," and Hillocks spoke with the solemnity of one pointing the moral of a good man's life.

"He hed a fine hert tae," added Whinnie, feeling that Hillocks's eulogy admitted of expansion; "he cam up laist summer when George was lying in the decline, and he says tae me, 'Whinnie, yir pasture is fair burnt up; pit yir coos in ma second cutting: George maun hae gude milk,' an' they fed a' the summer in Burnbrae's clover. He didna like sic things mentioned, but it disna maitter noo. Marget was awfu' touched."

"But ye cudna ca' Burnbrae a shairp business man," said Jamie Soutar critically; "he keepit Jess Stewart daein' naethin' for five year, and gared her believe she was that usefu' he cudna want her, because Jess wud suner hae deed than gaen on the parish."

for meddling wi' the elder"—for they had not learned the Shorter Catechism without profit in Drumtochty.

When Burnbrae went out again, Jock Constable had arrived, and an old mare was being run up and down the field at such speed as a limp allowed.

"Keep her rinnin', laddie," Jock was shouting from the middle of the fat cattle; "she 'ill be as soople as a three-year-auld afore the fouk come."

"What 's this ye 're aifter wi' the mare, Jock?"

"Doctoring her stiffness, Burnbrae; it wears aff as sune as she gets warm, and the fouk nicht as weel see her at her best."

"It 'ill pit a five-pound note on her," continued Jock, "an' a 'm no tae gie a warrant wi' onything the day."

"Man, hoo did ye no get the wricht tae gie those carts a lick o' pent? They did it at Pitfoodies, and there was an auld corn cairt went aff for new."

"Ye mey dae what ye like at Pitfoodies, but ye'll play nae tricks here, Jock," and Burnbrae's eye had a dangerous gleam; "gin ye dinna tell the fouk that the mare hes a titch o' 'grease' on her aff hind-leg, a 'll dae it mase!"

Jock was much dashed, for he had intended some other legitimate improvements, and he carried his wrongs to Drumsheugh.

"There 's sic a thing as bein' ower gude, an' a 'dinna see ony use in startin' this roup; he nicht as weel fling awa' his gear tae the first bidder. Wull ye believe it," said Jock, in bitterness of soul, "that he hesna providit a drop o' speerits, an' is gaein' tae offer the fouk tea an' lime-juice—lime-juice," and Jock dwelt on the word with scathing scorn.

"Did ye ever hear o' a roup comin' aff on sic like drink? It 's fifteen year sin a' took tae the unctioneerin' trade, an' a' tell ye nae man 'ill gie a bid worth mentionin' till he 's had his tastin', an' there 's nae spunk afore the third glass."

"Noo there was Pitfoodies roup," exclaimed Jock, harking back to high-water mark; "if a' didna send roond the glesses sax times, an' afore a' was ower Lochlands bocht a geizened (leaky) water-cairt without wheels for aucht pund twal shillings, an' it 's lying at Pitfoodies till this day. Ye 'ill no see a roup like that twice in a generation. Lime-juice—it 's a clean temptin' o' Providence."

"Ye needna get in a feery-farry (commotion), Jock," said Drumsheugh, eyeing the little man severely; "the 'ill be nae call for speerits the day. A 'm no a jidge o' lime-juice mase, but it 'ill dae as weel as onything else, or water itsel for that maitter."

"Pitfoodies! Man, it 'ill no be mentioned wi' the prices ye 'ill get at Burnbrae, or a' dinna ken Drumtochty."

"Div ye mean that Drumtochty 's gaein' tae stand in?" said Jock, much cheered.

"A' mean what a' say, an' the suner ye begin the better. Ye 'ill be takin' the potatoes first," and the gait of Drumsheugh as he moved off was that of a general on the morning of battle.

The dealers from Muirtown and outlying strangers from Kildrummie bore themselves after the time-honoured manners of a roup—a fine blend of jocose gaiety and business curiosity; but the Glen and stragglers from the upper districts were not in a roup mood, and seemed to have something on their minds. They greeted Burnbrae respectfully, and took a spare refreshment with marked solemnity. Their very faces chilled Jock when he began operations, and reduced to hopeless confusion an opening joke he had prepared on the way from Kildrummie. This severity was hard on Jock, for he was understood to have found his role in auctioneering, and a roup was the great day of his life. He was marked out for his office by the fact that he had been twice bankrupt as a farmer, and by a gift of speech which bordered on the miraculous. There were times when he was so carried on political questions in the Muirtown Inn that the meat flew from the end of his fork, and a Drumtochty man, with an understood reference to Jock's eloquence, could only say "Sall" at the Junction, to which another would reply, "He 's an awfu' wratch." This tribute to Jock's power rested, as is evident, less on the exact terms of the eulogy than on his monopoly of the Drumtochty imagination for two hours. His adroitness in throwing strong points into relief and infirmities into the shade, as well as his accurate knowledge of every man's farming affairs and his insight into their peculiarities as buyers, were almost Satanic. People who did not intend to buy, and would have received no credit if they had, went to hear Jock selling a horse, and left fully rewarded. Indeed, if Whinnie suddenly chuckled on the way home, and did not proceed farther than "It coves a'," he was understood to be chewing the cud of Jock's humour, and was excused from impossible explanations.

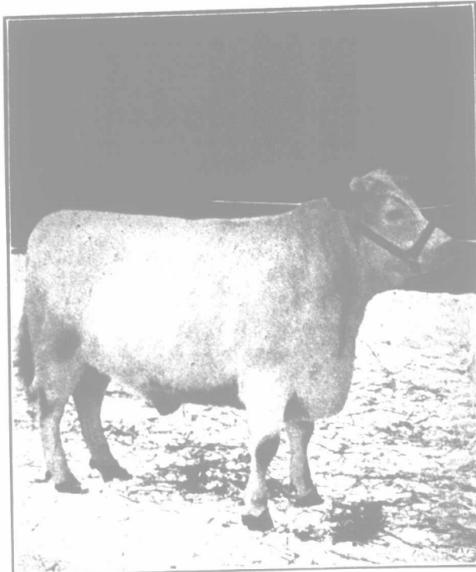
"Ye needna waste time speaking the day, Jock," Drumsheugh advised before they began on the potatoes; "pit up the articles, and we 'ill see tae the bids." Which Drumtochty did without one slack moment, from the potatoes, which fetched one pound an acre more than had been

known in the parish, to a lot of old iron which a Kildrummie blacksmith got at something under cost price. People hesitated to award praise where all had done well, but the obstinacy of Hillocks, which compelled a Muirtown horse-dealer to give forty-two pounds for a young horse, and Whinnie's part in raising the prices for fat cattle, are still mentioned. When Jock came down from his table in the field, he was beyond speech, and Drumtochty regarded Drumsheugh with unfeigned admiration.

"Gude nicht tae ye, Burnbrae," said that great man, departing; "if ye hae tae gang it 'ill no be empty-handed," and although Burnbrae did not understand all, he knew that his neighbours had stood by him without stint that day.

For an hour the buyers were busy conveying away their goods, till at last the farm had been stripped of all the animal life that had made it glad, and those familiar articles that were each a link with the past. Burnbrae wandered through the staring sheds, the silent stable, the empty granary, and then he bethought him of his wife, when her kirk was put up he had been moved by a sudden emotion and bought it back, and he saw her face for an instant between the bushes of the garden. Where was Jean? He sought her in the house, in the garden, and could not find her. Then he heard the rattle of a chain in one of the byres, and understood. Jean's favourite cow had been kept, and she was sitting in the stall with her, as one left desolate. When Burnbrae entered, Brownie turned her head and looked at him with an intelligent understanding in her soft, motherly eyes.

"She 's a' that 's left o' ma byre," and Jean burst into a passion of weeping. "Ye mind hoo they deed in the rinder-pest ane by ane, and were



Prince.

Two-year-old grade steer. Winner of first prize in his class, and first as best steer sired by a Shorthorn bull, Ontario Winter Fair, Guelph, 1903. Property of James Wilson & Sons, Fergus, Ontario.

buried; juist Brownie cam through, and noo she 's alane again.

"That was the judgment o' the Almichty, and we daurna complain, but this was the doin' o' man, an' ma hert is bitter."

"A' the beasts a' reared, an' the gear we githered, a' sold and carried off, till there 's nae soond heard in the hooses, nae wark tae dae."

Burnbrae sat down and flung his arm round her, and as the two old heads were bent together, the gentle animal beside them missed her companions and moaned.

After awhile Burnbrae began: "It 's a shairp trial, wife, an' hard tae bear. But dinna forget oor mercies. We hae oor fower laddies left us, an' a' daein' weel."

"We oucht tae be thankfu' that Sandie's been kept in the battle. Think o' yir son winnin' the Victoria Cross, wumman, an' ye 'ill see it on his breast."

An' oor lassie's safe, Jean . . . in the Auld Hame, an' . . . we 'ill sune be gaein' oorself an' . . . the 'ill be nae partin' there."

"Ye hae me, Jean, an' a' hae ma ain gude wife, an' luvie is mair than a' the things a man can see wi' his een or hand in his hands. Sae dinna be cast doon, lass, for nae hand can touch oor treasures or tak awa' oor luvie."

When Jean was comforted, Burnbrae gathered his household together in the kitchen, and he chose the portion from the tenth chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel:

"Whoever therefore shall confess Me before men, him will I confess also before My Father which is in heaven."

As Burnbrae read the last words, he tilted up his head, and it seemed even unto the staring girls as if he had received a crown.

Toronto Markets.

Live stock has been stationary in values, with prices inclined to tend upwards.

Quotations on the Toronto stock markets are: Cattle—Exporters, best, \$4.85 per cwt.; medium to good, \$4.25; export bulls, best, \$4 to \$4.25; medium, \$3.50 to \$3.85; export cows, \$3.50 to \$3.75.

Butchers' Cattle.—Choice picked lots of butchers', 1,100 to 1,175 lbs. each, equal in quality to the best exporters, are worth \$4.40; good, \$4.20; fair to good, \$3.60 to \$3.80; common, \$3.20; rough to inferior, \$2.25.

Feeders.—Steers of good quality, 1,050 to 1,150 lbs. each, \$3.75 to \$4.00.

Stockers.—One-year-old to two-year-old steers, 400 to 700 lbs. each, \$2.75 to \$3; off-colors and of poor breeding quality, of same weights, \$2.00 to \$2.50 per cwt.

Milch Cows.—Milch cows and springers are worth \$30 to \$50.

Calves, \$2 to \$10 each, or from \$4 to \$5.50 per cwt.

Sheep.—Prices, \$3.40 to \$3.50 per cwt., for ewes, and bucks at \$2.50 to \$2.75. Spring lambs from \$4 to \$4.25 per cwt. Export ewes and wethers, \$4.40 to \$4.50.

Hogs.—Best select bacon hogs, not less than 160 lbs., nor more than 200 lbs. each, off cars, \$4.75 per cwt.; lights and fats, \$4.50; sows, \$3.50 to \$3.75; and stags, \$2 to \$2.50 per cwt.

GRAIN AND MILL FEED.

The tone of the grain market is firmer in all quarters.

Wheat.—76c. for No. 2 red and white, east or middle freights; goose, 70c. for No. 2, east; spring, 73c. for No. 1, east; Manitoba wheat, 89c. for No. 1 hard; 85c. for No. 1 northern; and 83c. for No. 2 northern, at Georgian Bay ports, and 6c. more grinding in transit.

Flour.—Steady, at \$3.05 for cars of 90-per-cent. winter wheat patents, in buyer's bags, east and west; choice brands, 15c. to 20c. higher; Manitoba, steady, at \$4.55 to \$4.75; for cars of Hungarian patent, \$4.25 to \$4.45 for second patents, and \$4.15 to \$4.25 for strong bakers', bags included, on track Toronto.

Mill Feed.—Steady, at \$17 to \$17.50 for cars of shorts, and \$14.50 for bran in bulk, east or middle freights; Manitoba steady, \$20 for cars of shorts, and \$18 for bran, sacks included, Toronto freights.

Barley.—No. 2, 40c.; No. 3 extra, 38c., and No. 3, or feed, 36c., east or middle freights west.

Rye.—52c. for No. 2, east or west.

Corn.—Steady; Canada, 46c. for cars of new, and new American, 50c. to 50c. for No. 3 yellow, on track Toronto; old American, 53c. for No. 2 yellow, 53c. for No. 2 mixed and No. 3 yellow, and 52c. for No. 3 mixed, on track, Toronto.

Oats.—28c. for No. 1 white, and 27c. for No. 2 white, east; No. 2 white, 27c., middle freights, and 27c. bid, high freights west.

Baled Hay.—Car lots, on track, Toronto, \$9 per ton. Baled Straw.—\$5 per ton, car lots, on track.

SEEDS.

Alsike clover, \$4 to \$6; red, \$5 to \$6; timothy runs from \$1 to \$2, according to quality.

DAIRY PRODUCTS.

Butter.—Choice lines scarce; lower grades plentiful; creamery prints, 21c. to 22c.; solids, 20c. to 21c.; dairy, pound rolls, 17c. to 19c.; large rolls, 16c. to 17c.; tubs, good to choice, 16c. to 18c.; medium, 14c. to 15c.; poor, 10c. to 12c.

Cheese.—Steady, 11c. to 11c.

Eggs.—Strictly fresh, 27c.; selects, 23c.; storage, 22c. to 23c.

Potatoes.—Car lots, 65c. to 70c.; store lots, 75c. to 80c.

Poultry.—Chickens, 7c. to 8c.; ducks, 8c. to 9c.; geese, 7c. to 8c.; turkeys, 10c. to 12c.

Dressed hogs.—On track, \$6 to \$6.15.

Chicago Markets.

Chicago, Dec. 11.—Cattle—Market slow; good to prime steers, \$5 to \$5.75; poor to medium, \$3.25 to \$4.15; stockers and feeders, \$1.75 to \$3.90.

Hogs—Market steady to strong; mixed and butchers', \$1.35 to \$4.65; good to choice heavy, \$4.55 to \$4.62; rough heavy, \$4.30 to \$4.50; light, \$4.15 to \$4.50.

Sheep—Good to choice wethers, \$3.75 to \$4.30; fair to choice mixed, \$3 to \$3.75; native lambs, \$4 to \$5.75.

Buffalo Markets.

East Buffalo, Dec. 11.—Cattle—Dull, unchanged.

Hogs—Heavy, \$4.70 to \$4.80; mixed, \$4.70 to \$4.75; roughs, \$4.80 to \$4.20. Sheep and Lambs—Lambs, \$4.50 to \$6; yearlings, \$4.25 to \$4.50; wethers, \$4 to \$4.25; ewes, \$3.40 to \$3.65.

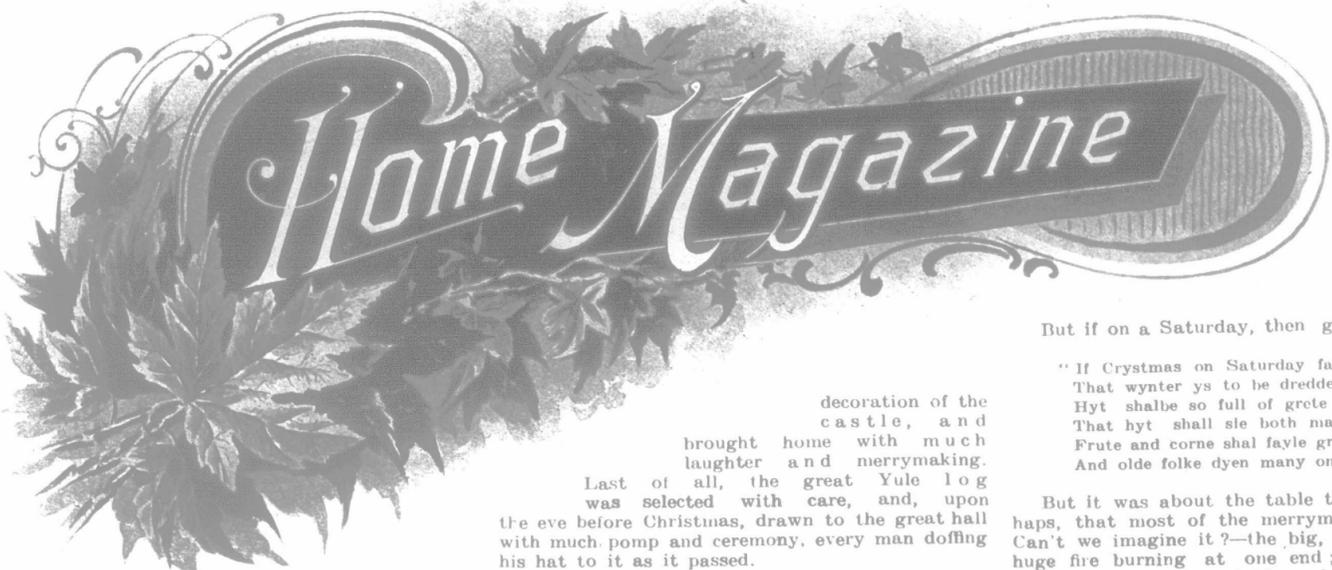
British Markets.

London, Dec. 10.—American cattle are steady, but unchanged at 10c. to 12c. per lb. (dressed weight); medium beef is 8c. to 9c. per lb.; sheep, 10c. to 12c. per lb.

Montreal Markets.

Montreal, Dec. 11.—Cattle—Prime steers, \$4; lower grades, \$3.50. Hogs, \$4.50 to \$5.00, weighed off cars.

Though our readers still the special Year to a zine, so now nearl for our e keeping a During more help time "No no doubt places far making h organized Old fr Hostess," gracefully in her ne will shar "Advoca
Chris In try really int cate" at it occur mases, a found as in the lo and coat determine had succ be curio quiet lib the thing home.
The re below, c part, fro Days. Christmas so; but most cur greatest
Accor mas festi ber, and ing befor to eccles removed by the v consist o lvy, hav chus (go was also associati
In fe od betw given up old caro in those time the baronial were giv mistletoe



I heard the bells on Christmas Day
 Their old familiar carols play;
 And wild and sweet the words repeat
 Of "Peace on earth, Good-will to men."
 —Longfellow.

Christmas Greetings.

Though we have many Christmas greetings to our readers scattered through our pages this time, still the editor of the Home Department wishes a specially Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to all the readers of this part of our magazine, so many of whom have, during the year now nearly past, sent kind letters of appreciation for our efforts in trying to lighten their house-keeping and other daily cares.

During the coming year we hope to be even more helpful. We expect to publish from time to time "Notes from a trained nurse," which will no doubt be gladly welcomed by those living in places far removed from doctors or nurses. Dress-making helps, and everything relating to the well-organized home, will have careful attention.

Old friends will be glad to hear that "The Hostess," who for so many years presided so gracefully over the Ingle Nook, is well and happy in her new sphere, and in her Nova Scotian home will share in our enjoyment of the Christmas "Advocate."

Christmas "Once Upon a Time."

In trying to think of something that would be really interesting to the readers of the "Advocate" at the approach of the Christmas season, it occurred to me that it would be a good idea to hunt up some of the records of old-time Christmases, and tell you something of what I had found as to how people spent their Christmases in the long, long ago. So I just put on my hat and coat, and started out for the city library, determined to burrow among the books until I had succeeded in finding some things that would be curious and interesting to us all. The big, quiet library is one compensation to me for all the things that I love about the dear country home.

The results of my investigations you will find below, condensed and rearranged, for the most part, from a big volume, entitled the "Book of Days." I cannot give you the whole of the Christmas part of it, although I would like to do so; but I have endeavored to select just what is most curious and least known about this, the greatest Christian festival of the year.

According to canonical rule, I find the Christmas festival really begins on the 16th of December, and ends on the 1st of February (or the evening before Candlemas), at which time, according to ecclesiastical canons, all decorations must be removed from the churches. These decorations, by the way, were in earlier times preferred to consist of holly, bay-leaves, laurel, or rosemary. Ivy, having been a favorite at the feasts of Bacchus (god of wine), was deemed inappropriate, as was also the mistletoe, on account of its early associations with the Pagan rites of the Druids.

In feudal and medieval times, this entire period between December 16th and February 1st was given up to feasting and merrymaking—dreadful old carousals they used to have sometimes, too, in those days, it must be confessed. During that time the great lord descended somewhat from his baronial dignity. His servants and retainers were given a greater freedom. Huge bunches of mistletoe and holly were torn down for the

decoration of the castle, and brought home with much laughter and merrymaking. Last of all, the great Yule log was selected with care, and, upon the eve before Christmas, drawn to the great hall with much pomp and ceremony, every man doffing his hat to it as it passed.

It was an occasion of great rejoicing to see this log thrown upon the hearth and rolled into the huge, cavern-like fireplace, where the flames licked about it, sending red tongues of flame and curls of smoke far up through the huge chimney towards the starry skies. (Before the time of Elizabeth there were few chimneys, and the fireplace was placed simply beneath a hole in the roof.) They were superstitious people, those ancestors of ours, and who knows what mysterious and fateful things they saw in those red tongues and curling vapors! . . . It was deemed a sign of great ill-omen if a "squint-eyed" person happened to come into the hall during the burning of the Yule-log. And woe betide the whole party if a flat-footed woman dared to enter. It is to be hoped that the poor squint-eyed person and the flat-footed woman managed to have a good time together during the Christmas season. Otherwise, it would appear that there was very little of the merrymaking and festivity for them. . . . If that poor woman, now, could only have had a pair of French-heeled shoes!

Good or ill omen also clung closely about the day upon which Christmas chanced to fall. If on Sunday, then all was, most certainly, well. As an old poet sang:

"Yef that day Cryste was born,
 Falle uppon a Sunday,
 That wynter shall be good par fay,
 But grete wyndes alofte shall be
 The somer shall be fayre and drye."

But if on a Saturday, then gruesome outlook:

"If Crystmas on Saturday falle,
 That wynter ys to be dredden alle,
 Hyt shalbe so full of grete tempeste,
 That hyt shall sie both man and beste,
 Frute and corne shal fayle grete won,
 And olde folke dyen many on."

But it was about the table then, as now, perhaps, that most of the merrymaking concentrated. Can't we imagine it?—the big, smoky hall; the huge fire burning at one end; the rush-strewn floor; the long, long table—a higher one at one end for the great lord and his friends—the lower part for the lines of retainers and servants, who looked on greedily, in the prospect of the most lavish, most riotous dinner of the year. . . . Be it said, under one's breath, that the bones were all thrown under the table, and that the retainers and the barons, too, quite overcome by the contents of the bowl of wassail, usually tumbled down after the bones. That was the custom of the olden time.

Upon the table a great array of festal things was spread. In the post of honor, a huge boar's head—tusks and all; and if the affair took place in the house of a very great nobleman, perhaps a peacock, from which the skin had been carefully taken, with the feathers adhering, and then put on again after the bird had been baked, so that he reappeared in all the gorgeousness of his brilliant plumage. . . . Further down the board, huge sirloins, young pigs—stuffed and roasted whole—venison, mince pies, sweetmeats, frumenty (wheat boiled and dressed with milk and eggs), plum porridge—venerable ancestor of our plum-pudding—which was made by boiling beef or mutton with broth, thickened with brown bread, raisins, prunes, cloves, mace and ginger; and last, but not least in those days, the huge, never-failing bowl of brown wassail. . . . A wondrous repast!

We are not told much about how the women amused themselves during those queer, wild old Christmases, and those that followed. In the diary of John Pepys, written more than 200 years ago, there is the following entry: "Christmas



James Clark; exhibited at Royal Academy, 1900.

The Christmas Dinner.

day (1668). To dinner alone with my wife, who, poor wretch! sat undressed all day until ten at night, altering and lacing a noble petticoat; while I, by her, making the boy read to me the life of Julius Cæsar, and Des Cartes' book of music." Wife! Poor wretch!—Poor wretch, John Pepys, say I, who didn't get his wife another dress, so that she shouldn't have to sit undressed! and poor little martyr boy, compelled to sit there reading about Julius Cæsar, and Des Cartes' old book of music.

It's a rather curious fact that all of the practices noted above, some of which are still common, date back to pagan feasts. The hanging of the mistletoe took its origin in the Druidical custom of decorating the altars of the Druid's god, Tutanés, the sun-god, with this plant at the time of the winter solstice. . . . The burning of the Yule has come down from the pagan Norsemen, who, at their feast of Juul, or Yuul, also at the time of the winter solstice, made great bonfires in honor of their god, Thor. . . . Our annual feasting dates back to the Roman Saturnalia.

To-day, with our greater civilization and spirituality, we have less of the sensual and more of the spiritual in our Christmas observances. We have our religious services in the morning, in commemoration of the birth of our Saviour; in the evening the happy reunion of friends and relatives. I do not dwell to-day upon the "Sweet, old story," the child in the manger, the Gloria in Excelsis of the angels who heralded His birth. You will hear about that, far better than I can tell you, in all the churches of the land, and, in our own paper, from the pen of our own "Hope," who always has the comforting word to say. . . . I have just been gossiping on, telling you a few of the little things that have interested me to-day down in the big library.

I should like to speak in detail of many other things, of how our Christmas-tree owns Germany for its birthplace, as well as the name of our Christmas visitor, Santa Claus, of how it was once believed, in Devon and Cornwall, that, at midnight of Christmas Eve, the cattle fall upon their knees, and the bees hum in their hives; and of how it has been said that at that charmed time, and until dawn, the Powers of Darkness can work no ill. As Shakespeare put into the mouth of Marcellus:

"Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long;
And then, they say, no spirit can walk abroad:
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm."

But I have no space for more. We are glad that we have come to a better realization of the Christmas time; glad that it has come to mean something better to us than a mere season of revelry and superstition; glad of its message of "Peace to all the World."

Wishing you every one, then, the very happiest of Christmas cheer—
DAME DURDEN.

"A Dish of Gossip."

A cup of "Cafe au lait" and a good dish of gossip, very welcome after a long tramp to market. The good woman has forgotten Chanticleer, shut up in his basket, and the chances are that the young hopeful of the house will, from sheer mischief, let him escape. If he does, he is pretty safe to receive a good sounding box upon his ears for not resisting a temptation for which the bit of gossip would be more to blame than the natural curiosity of the little lad. The details of the picture are good, from the pot over the fire, the oven in the corner, to the coffee-mill on the corner of the dresser. H. A. B.

Lord and Lady Aberdeen Like to Read The "Farmer's Advocate."

The following is an extract from a letter recently received by one of our writers in the Home Department, showing appreciation of its articles: "Lady Aberdeen writes on 17th November: 'Thank you so much for sending us the last copy of the "Farmer's Advocate," with H. A. B.'s reference to her visit to Dollis Hill and our young people.' And Lord Aberdeen adds: 'And may I say a word too, to express my particular share in the charming allusion made? Together with that feeling, one admires the skill and tact which contrives by a few touches to indicate and convey so much.'"

Physician (looking into his ante-room, where a number of patients were waiting)—"Who has been waiting the longest?"

Tailor (who has called to present a bill)—"I have, doctor; I delivered the clothes to you three years ago."



"A Dish of Gossip."

Christmastide.

"A Merry Christmas!" How the old words waken
A thrill and throb for many a Christmas fled,
For hopes fulfilled not, that the years have taken
Into their keeping, like the tears ye shed.

"A Merry Christmas!" Let the happy chorus
Bring a new thrill, new freedom, new delight;
Past pain makes present joy but sweeter for us,
E'en as the dawn of morning after night.

"A Merry Christmas!" Be ye thankful ever,
For friendship that is left, warm, sure, and strong,
For love that fills your hearts with high endeavor,
Live life anew. Ye do the past no wrong.

"A Merry Christmas!" Life has halting places,
Where ye may pause in all the busy strife
To comfort those whose sorrow-stricken faces
Tell their own story in the book of life.

"A Merry Christmas!" Raise on high the holly,
With spirits leaping at the sound of mirth,
Far nobler than all sorrow is your folly
That sheds "good-will" and gladness o'er the earth.

—Harriet Kendall.

One Christmas Eve.

Here is a Christmas story that has been told the little children in Germany for many hundreds of years:

'Twas the night before Christmas. A little child was wandering all alone through the streets of a great city. People were hurrying hither and thither, and express wagons were being rattled through the streets. Even the snowflakes seemed happy with the expectation of the coming Christmas morning.

But the little child seemed to have no home, and wandered on from street to street. No one noticed him except perhaps Jack Frost, who bit his bare toes and made his fingers tingle. The north wind, too, pierced his ragged garments and made him shiver with cold. Home after home he passed, looking with longing eyes through the windows in upon the happy children who were trimming Christmas trees and hanging stockings for old Santa Claus to fill.

Cold and alone the little wanderer softly tiptoed his way up to a beautiful window through which he could see a tree loaded with gifts and glittering with lights. He tapped on the glass, but a little girl coming to the window frowned and shook her head, saying: "Go away. We are too busy to take care of you now."

Back into the dark street he went. Coming to another happy home, where he heard the song and laughter of merry children, he climbed up the broad steps and gently tapped on the door. It was opened by a tall footman in white hat and gloves. He looked at the child, then shook his head and said: "Get down off the steps. There is no room for such as you here."

Again and again the little child rapped softly at door or window-pane. At each place he

refused admission. Later grew the night, and colder blew the wind. Farther and farther the little one wandered. The street was lengthy, when suddenly there shone ahead of him a single ray of bright light. He hurried on, saying, "I will go where the little light beckons me."

He soon reached the end of the street, and went straight up to the window from which the light was streaming. It was a poor, little, low house. What do you suppose the light came from? A tallow candle. Looking in, the little one saw standing upon a small wooden table a branch of a Christmas tree. Near the fire sat a lonely-faced mother, with a baby on her knee and an older child beside her. She was telling them a Christmas story.

The little wanderer crept closer and closer to the window-pane. So sweet seemed the mother and so loving the children that he took courage and tapped gently, very gently, on the door. The mother stopped talking; the little children looked up. "What was that, mother?" asked the little girl. "I think it was someone at the door. Run quickly, dear, for it is too cold a night to keep anyone waiting in the storm."

The child ran to the door and threw it wide open. The mother saw the little stranger, cold and shivering, clothed in rags, and his little feet almost bare. "Oh, you poor, dear child! Come in quickly and get warm. Have you no home? No Christmas to celebrate?"

The mother put her arms around the strange child and drew him close to her. She sat beside the fire with the little one on her knee, and her own two little ones warmed his half-frozen hands and, bending low over his head, kissed the little wanderer's brow. They gave him the bowl of bread and milk that had been put away for their own breakfast, and when he had eaten it the little girl said, "Now, let us light the Christmas tree and share our presents with this little child."

So busy were they lighting the tree and getting the presents ready that they did not notice that the room had filled with a strange and beautiful light.

They turned and looked at the spot where the little wanderer was. His ragged clothes had changed to garments white and beautiful. His tangled curls seemed like a halo of golden light, and his face shone with a light that they could scarcely look upon.

The little room seemed to grow larger, the roof of the low house to expand and rise until it reached the sky.

With a sweet smile the child looked upon them for a moment, and then slowly rose and floated through the air, higher even than the clouds themselves, until he appeared like a shining star in the sky, and at last disappeared from sight.

The wondering children turned and whispered to the mother, "Oh, mother, it was the Christ child!" And the mother said in a low tone, "Yes, my children."

Don't forget, my children, that
Santa Claus on Christmas Day will give you each a call.



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THE QUIET HOUR.

"They Presented Unto Him Gifts."

The imperial Child to whom the wise men brought
 Their gifts, and worshipped in His lowly nest,
 Gave no gifts back. It was Himself they sought,
 And, finding Him, were sated in their quest.
 Their gifts, not expectation, but their joy expressed.
 Now was the world's long yearning satisfied!
 Now was the prize long waited for possessed!
 Their gifts meant love, unmarred by lust or pride!
 Be it so with ours: our aim not debts to pay,
 Nor any recompense save love to win.
 Nor any grosser feeling to convey
 Than brought the wise men's gifts to Bethlehem's inn.
 Those rate we best that no return afford
 Save the pure sense of having found our Lord."

When Satan on one occasion quoted Scripture for his own purposes, he left out a very important part of the sentence, and he is quite capable of doing the same thing now. He might say, "They presented gifts," and make out that the custom of giving presents at Christmas time, which is indulged in even to excess by the world to-day, is a true following in the steps of the wise men, who presented "unto Him" gifts. Year after year the warning is urgently needed that Christmas is being changed into a worldly festival. Christ is in danger of being forgotten while His birthday is grandly celebrated. Plenty of presents are given, but how few are really offered "unto Him." Our churches are decorated, and the services are bright with joyous music commemorating the good tidings of great joy, but even there, too often, He is almost overlooked.

"Will people think the church looks as nice as it did last year?" "Will the congregation be pleased with the music?" is the secret thought of many who have worked eagerly to make the Christmas service a success. Long ago there was no place for the King in an "inn," now there is too often no room for Him even in His own House. Are all our churches really adorned in His honor? Does the music ascend as high as His throne?

I shall never forget a sermon about church decorating which I heard many years ago. We were arranging plants as effectively as possible, and one of the party said: "Oh, don't put that flower there! Nobody will be able to see it." The quiet answer was a sermon in a sentence: "Are we only decorating to please the congregation?"

Who can tell how far a word may reach, or how mighty it may be for good when God sees fit to give the increase? The speaker never thought that the few words spoken so quietly to half a dozen people in a little village church would, many years afterwards, be sent on a mission from one end of Canada to the other. May they influence you as they have influenced me.

As for the question of church music, most of you will know the story of the monks who had been accustomed to chant the Magnificat with more piety than musical knowledge. One day, when a young monk with a magnificent voice was amongst them, the others stopped singing, afraid that their harsh, unmusical tones would spoil the harmony. But an angel came down to ask why the Magnificat had not been chanted as usual. The singer cared only for the praise of men, and he won that, but nothing more—his song had risen no higher than his thoughts and desires. Let us be careful that this Christmas, our decorations, our music and all our gifts are really presented to God, even though they may pass through men's hands to reach Him.

In many a home you will find excitement and pleasure; in some you may find people cross and irritable, because they are nearly worn out with the hurry and fuss of preparing for Christmas, but in how few, comparatively, will you see the Christmas "peace" promised by the angels on that first Christmas day? This is not because God has failed to keep His promise. Try Him and see. Present your gifts "unto Him," and see if the royal gift of peace presented to you in return is not a glorious fact. In a Christmas story I have lately read, a little girl says: "I give the Christ-child's presents to the ones I think Jesus would like to have me give them to—the people who seem to need them the most." Too often we give expensive presents to people who don't need them at all, and perhaps never give a thought to Christ on His own birthday.

No matter to whom our presents are given, they may be in very truth presented "unto Him," but the true Christmas spirit vanishes whenever the thought of barter or exchange is cherished. Can anything be rightly called a "gift" if offered

in the hope that something equally good or better will be handed over in exchange. Let us never be guilty of "selling" our Christmas presents. Gifts which show forth neither glory to God nor goodwill to men have no right to the name of "Christmas presents," and they bring very little happiness to either giver or receiver. If we feel inclined to consider the Christmas season a bother and a nuisance, there is certainly something wrong with our gifts.

Once a little girl of three years old found her greatest Christmas pleasure in throwing bright bags of candy from the window into the eager hands of any poor child that passed. Was it any wonder that each year she looked forward with great delight to the fun of playing "Santa Claus" to the poor children whose stockings were never well filled.

Let no one think that he is too poor or too sad to "keep Christmas." We may, if we will, offer the most valuable of all gifts both to God and men. Without love all our gifts are worthless, even though, as St. Paul says, we bestow all our goods to feed the poor.

"The love is the priceless thing,
 The treasure our treasures must hold,
 Or ever the Lord will take the gift,
 Or tell the worth of the gold
 By the love that cannot be told."

HOPE.

"Mother's Joy."

This picture must appeal to the young motherhood of all nations, never mind whether this special bit of joy has come to palace or to cottage, but there is a foreign look about the window and the quarter-section of an antique chair, which suggests the interior of the lodge-keeper's house to a foreign castle, rather than the inside of any British home. Baby is evidently the first to come to the nest, and, fresh from his bath, is cooing happily in the arms of his happy young mother, the love and the joy being equally alive in the breasts of each.

H. A. B.

Christmas.

And all the bells on earth shall ring,
 On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day,
 And all the bells on earth shall ring,
 On Christmas Day in the morning.

And all the souls on earth shall sing,
 On Christmas Day, on Christmas Day,
 And all the souls on earth shall sing,
 On Christmas Day in the morning.

Not in vain the angels' joy notes, not in vain the
 Christ was born;
 Millions join the heavenly anthem each returning Xmas
 morn.



Bodenhausen.

"Mother's Joy."

The Legend of a Duchess.

The Duchess sat by the latticed pane
And watched the world as it passed below,
A Christmas world in its garb of snow;
And her look was full of a fine disdain.

She counted her presents one by one;
The duke's great pearl with its ruby set,
The empress' splendid coronet,
And a hundred more ere the tale was done.

Yet her heart was full of a minor strain;
She longed for the skies of a southern land,
For light and beauty on every hand,
And the Christmas bells of her native Spain.

She felt the breath of that warmer air,
And saw the cathedral, old and gray,
Where on festive days she was wont to pray,
With a lace mantilla upon her hair.

A quiver crept to her haughty mouth,
Her breast heaved under the diamond clasp;
Though she had more than a queen could ask,
She pined mid the ice for the South! the South!

At length there entered a dainty page,
A casket he bore from some mighty lord,
Which should have hidden a Peri's hoard
Of treasures held from another age.

She lifted the lid in a listless way,
Then her face was filled with a sudden light,
For there lay the roses, red and white,
Which had bloomed in Spain but the other day.

Fairer she seemed than ever before,
Dancing that night at the emperor's ball;
But, as for her jewels, she scorned them all;
Her only gems were the flowers she wore.

—New York Sun.

Miss Carlyle's Success in Art.

Florence Carlyle, A. R. C. A., who is steadily winning her way to the front among Canadian artists, at the outset of her career spent a delightful though arduous six years in Paris and London studios, which put her in permanent possession of that most desirable thing, "An object in life." She won the distinction of having her canvases accepted three times at the Paris Salon and at the London Royal Academy. A year ago Miss Carlyle's large picture, "The Tiff," won the prize at the O.S.A. Exhibition, and the prize picture was purchased by the Government for the Provincial gallery. Photogravure reproductions of two of her recent works, "Reminiscences" and "Badinage," we are privileged to give in this issue of the "Farmer's Advocate." About the woman's eyes in the former there is a world of thought that carries her beyond her present toil, back into the distant past. The other picture portrays the beaming face and attitude of a girl brimming with merriment and playful raillery, with whom teasing is a pastime. Miss Carlyle leaves at Christmas for New York.



From a painting by Florence Carlyle.

"Reminiscences."

If we have of an abundance,
Then on others gifts bestow,
That all, whether high or lowly,
May the Christmas gladness know.

"Oh, the tree that blooms at Christmas
With its fruit so strange to see!"



From a painting by Florence Carlyle.

"Badinage."

Crochet Work for Christmas.

The possibilities of crochet are so great and it is such delightful work to pick up while one chats with a neighbor or listens to reading on the long winter evenings, that pretty gifts of that sort should be thought of early.

Fine linen crochet laces and insertion and knotted fringe with crochet heading almost out-rank embroidery as a decorative finish for table and bed linen, and the various scarfs and covers that are accessory to both. Like all other styles of ornament, simple designs are, as a rule, more decorative than elaborate ones, and the closer the insertion resembles the lace used in combination, the prettier is the finished effect.

The newer style of insertion made in separate wheels, blocks, diamonds or other fanciful-shaped sections, and applied in a continuous line above a hem, in an evenly-spaced row, clusters or corner sections, by basting it nearly to the right side of the linen, then the buttonhole stitching it down finely around the outer edges and afterward cutting the cloth away from the back of it, is the one oftenest employed on table linen; but the old way of inserting straight-edged insertion between two hems is by no means done away with. Indeed, a very handsome sideboard scarf may be made of fine linen huckaback ornamented across each end with a three-inch wide band of crochet insertion set between two hems of the same width and the lower one edged with lace four inches wide. The hems of the scarf proper are simply finished with a French hem.

Another handsome bureau and washstand scarf may be made of plain satin damask (which can be bought 18 inches wide), ornamented along the ends with linen crochet medallions applied in the newer style described above. Along the center just above the hem a line of five joined together is inserted; while just inside the hems at each corner the same number of medallions (counting the corner one) extend across the end and up the side.

A tea-cloth of plain round thread linen may be given an exceptionally effective edge finish consisting of small buttonhole stitched scallops formed into a large one, and alternated with a fine "lacey," scalloped-edged crochet medallion one inch in diameter. The latter was only buttonhole stitched down around the inside half—the other half making an edge scallop. The same idea could be effectively carried out on a centerpiece.

Bonbon and pickle-dish doilies of all crochet neatly lined with pale green and yellow linen will be sure to add a pretty touch of color to a table, but larger ones of the same style are too pronounced.

Linen huckaback and cotton turkish bath towels, ornamented with crochet lace or fringe, were the original gift of a country girl (who, I am sure, did wiser than she knew) to a city friend with no apparent needs. They were made of piece towelling and with the narrowest hems possible, the foundation row of crochet being made directly into the towel inside the hem, and concealing it.

An exceptionally soft and convenient as well as pretty bath sheet for a young mother to spread over her lap when bathing "His Royal Highness" may be made of two thicknesses of heavy unbleached cotton flannel—nap side outward, and with a crochet scallop edge made with cream linen.

Almost if not quite the most exquisite gift I have seen was a spread two yards long and half as wide "to keep grandmother's dear old toes warm." It was made of two thicknesses of old blue eider-down flannel with a layer of cotton batting between them; tacked regularly in diamonds with butterfly bows of baby ribbon and edged all around with worsted crochet lace, both edging and ribbon a shade lighter than the flannel.—[Katherine B. Johnson, in "The Country Gentleman."

Disagreeable Habits.

Nearly all the disagreeable habits which people take up, come at first from mere accident, or want of thought. They might easily be dropped, but they are persisted in until they become second nature. Stop and think before you allow yourself to form them. There are disagreeable habits of the body, like scowling, winking, twisting the mouth, biting the nails, continually picking at something, twirling a key or fumbling at a chain, drumming with the fingers, screwing and twisting a chair or whatever you lay your hands on. Don't do any of these things. Learn to sit quietly, "like a gentleman," I was going to say, but I am afraid even girls fall into such tricks sometimes. Have a care about your way of sitting and standing and walking. Before you know it you will find that your habits have hardened into a coat of mail that you cannot get rid of without a terrible effort.

WANTED!!! 10,000 women and girls to secure new subscribers for the Farmer's Advocate! Cash commission, or valuable books given as premiums!

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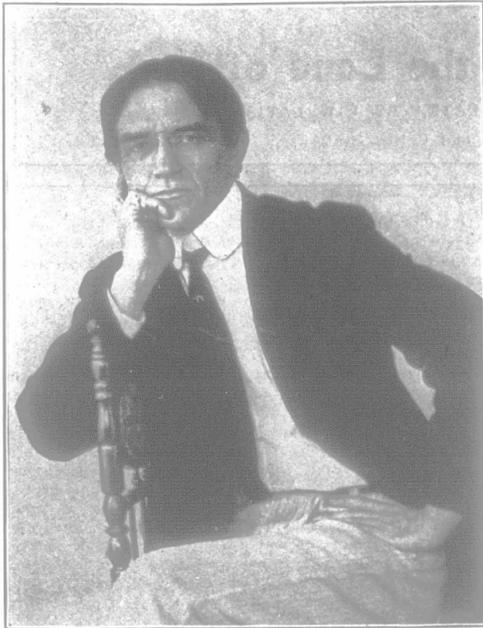
Charles G. D. Roberts.

The descendant of an intellectual and U. E. Loyalist ancestry, Charles George Douglas Roberts was born on January 10th, 1860, in Douglas Parish, New Brunswick; a son of Rev. G. G. Roberts, M.A., rector of the English Cathedral Church at Fredericton. He graduated with honors from Fredericton University, 1879, became principal of the Chatham, N.B., Grammar School; in 1880 he married Mary Isabel Fenety; became editor of "The Week," Professor of English Literature and Economics, King's College, Windsor, N.S., and in 1895 devoted his life wholly to literary work. Conspicuous among his works are: "A History of Canada," "Barbara Ladd," "The Heart of the Ancient Wood," "The Forge in the Forest," "A Sister to Evangeline," "The Marshes of Minas," "The Kindred of the Wild," "Poems," "New York Nocturnes," "The Book of the Native," "In Divers Tones," "Songs of the Common Day," "Earth's Enigmas," and many others. At the present time he is carrying on his work in New York City. How strongly he is imbued with the Imperial spirit of Canada is manifested in his poem on our first page in this issue. In literature, he has beyond peradventure won an enduring place. He possesses a rare insight into nature; is a master of strong, pure English, and stands in the very front rank of the Canadian literary men of our times.

"In the Toils."

Baptiste, the sailor, has come up over the hill to see his sweetheart. Marie, her sister, hearing the fun, comes out to the doorway to join in it, probably chaffing him about being already set to work at winding the twine, which is to be part of the net Lucille will have netted for him by the time he has earned enough to buy the boat which will enable them to start housekeeping in the little fisherman's hut under the cliff. Lucille repeats to Marie the joke which Baptiste evidently does not yet quite see, but about which he apparently does not much concern himself. The longer Lucille takes to unravel the skein he is holding the better for him. He is in the toils, and well content to have it so. H. A. B.

May the hours be made so happy
To the little ones, that they,
Twined about with love, will ever
Welcome the glad Christmas Day.



Charles G. D. Roberts.

Author of the patriotic poem on the first page of this issue of the "Farmer's Advocate."

Humorous.

There is an old negro living in Carrollton who was taken ill several days ago and called in a physician of his race to prescribe for him. But the old man did not seem to be getting any better, and, finally, a white physician was called. Soon after arriving, Dr. S— felt the darkey's pulse for a moment and then examined the tongue. "Did your other doctor take your temperature?" he asked.

"I don't know, sah," he answered, feebly. "I hain't missed anything but my watch as yit, boss."

"Shall I administer gas before extracting your tooth?" asked the New York dentist.

"Well," answered the fair patient from a back township, "if it doesn't cost any more I'd rather you'd give electric light."

Keeping Christmas.

By Henry Van Dyke.

It is a good thing to observe Christmas day. The mere marking of times and seasons when men agree to stop work and make merry together, is a wise and wholesome custom. It helps one to feel the supremacy of the common life over the individual life. It reminds a man to set his own little watch, now and then, by the great clock of humanity.

But there is a better thing than the observance of Christmas day, and that is keeping Christmas.

Are you willing to forget what you have done for other people, and to remember what other people have done for you; to ignore what the world owes you, and to think what you owe the world; to put your rights in the background and your duties in the middle distance, and your chances to do a little more than your duty in the foreground; to see that your fellow men are just as real as you are, and try to look behind their faces to their hearts, hungry for joy; to own that probably the only good reason for your existence is not what you are going to get out of life, but what you are going to give to life; to close your book of complaints against the management of the universe and look around you for a place where you can sow a few seeds of happiness—are you willing to do these things even for a day? Then you can keep Christmas.

Are you willing to stoop down and consider the needs and the desires of little children; to remember the weakness and loneliness of people who are growing old; to stop asking how much your friends love you and ask yourself whether you love them enough; to bear in mind the things that other people have to bear on their hearts; to try to understand what those who live in the same house with you really want, without waiting for them to tell you; to trim your lamp so that it will give more light and less smoke, and to carry it in front so that your shadow will fall behind you; to make a grave for your ugly thoughts and a garden for your kindly feelings, with the gate open—are you willing to do these things even for a day?

Are you willing to believe that love is the strongest thing in the world—stronger than hate, stronger than evil, stronger than death—and that the blessed life which began in Bethlehem over nineteen hundred years ago is the image and brightness of the Eternal Love? Then you can keep Christmas.

And if you keep it for a day, why not always? But you can never keep it alone.



"In the Toils."

Strange Folk from the Land of Nod.

WRITTEN FOR THE "ADVOCATE," BY J. W. DAVIS.
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The library seemed unusually quiet this particular evening, and Tom Wintergreen resolved to go down into the kitchen and see what Aunt Chloe was about.

The large, roomy kitchen was a picture of peace and comfort as he thrust his head cautiously through the door and gazed about. A bright, brisk fire was burning in the great kitchen range, and the oven emitted the savory odor of mince pies, while on the top of the stove a huge iron pot was sending forth clouds of vapor scented with the odor which belongs to plum pudding only; and the brass kettle, as though unwilling to appear a laggard in the midst of such bustle and activity, was sending forth a revolving column of steam, and singing cheerily.

Aunt Chloe was at the zenith of her glory, with her sleeves rolled above her elbows and her black fists embedded in a lump of dough, which in the course of a few moments would take the form of cookies and eventually tickle the palates of the Wintergreen family the following Christmas day.

Chloe wore a stern, preoccupied air, which Tom felt boded ill for him were he caught trespassing within the sacred precincts of her domain—the kitchen. So he slipped in quietly, so quietly, in fact, that the family cat which lay stretched in close proximity to the kitchen range was unaware of it.

Chloe's massive arm-chair, with its soft cushions, which stood beside the kitchen table, soon held an occupant, and he leaned forward on his elbows to watch Chloe as she deftly rolled,

placed them in pans to join the mince pies in the oven.

Five minutes later a low, cautious knock sounded on the panel of the kitchen door, and a black, shiny face made its appearance at the small window adjoining. Tom recognized it at once, as did Chloe, who, with an embarrassed chuckle, hastily pulled down her sleeves, and seizing a shawl which was suspended from a convenient nail, disappeared through the door, and Tom found himself alone.

He felt inclined to go upstairs to bed, but was loath to leave the snug arm-chair, so he leaned his head forward until it rested upon the table, and fell into a reverie.

What would the morrow bring him? Would he get that camera and developing set, and could he reasonably expect to—but here his reverie came to an abrupt end. He heard a voice shout:

"Hello there, your Majesty! Where are you?"

He jumped up so suddenly that his head struck the back of the arm-chair with an unpleasant thud. However, such a

trivial occurrence did not disconcert him. He was too eager to determine where the voice came from. It appeared to proceed from the direction of the kettle, so he turned that way.

Great clouds of thick, white vapor were issuing from the spout with a seething, rushing noise that in some manner or other he thought vaguely resembled the voice he heard.

"Great Cæsar, but it's getting hot here! I think I had better be getting out! Ho! ho! Jester, where are you?" piped an authoritative voice that seemed to proceed from the pot.

Tom glanced that way and beheld nothing but a vast cloud of vapor, and was about to pinch himself to discover whether he was awake or dreaming, when he imagined that the vapor was taking a definite shape. He was right. Growing clearer and more distinct each moment was the form of a little creature not more than eight inches in height. It had a long flowing beard, not unlike a tapering cloud of white mist, and on its head was a crown, to all appearances, made of gold, yet so bright and glowing that it seemed afire. In its hand it held a long wand.

"Ho! ho! Jester, I say, where are you?" it shouted in a high falsetto voice.

"Here, your most exalted Majesty," answered the voice from the kettle, and Tom beheld a figure queerer and more fantastic than the misty potentate of the pot.

At the first sight of it he jumped to the conclusion that it was a miniature edition of the famous and laughable Punch, but on closer inspection was convinced that it was a jester, for it possessed the accoutrements of such a personage.

"I'm almost boiled into a jelly," continued he of the crown and wand, "and I believe if it were not for the odoriferous, invigorating smell of that grand plum pudding, I would not have survived a minute longer."

"Plum pudding, did you say?" cried the Jester, giving an excited jump from the spout of the kettle and landing beside the King on the rim of the pot.

"Plum pudding!" he repeated when he had recovered his balance, but he said no more. The next moment he was leaning over the pot, and breathing in the vapor which arose from it, while a look of indescribable joy overspread his countenance.

But the King! What could be the matter with the King! Tom watched him closely. He was hopping up and down the rim on one foot and shouting, lustily:

"Sir Jester! I say, Sir Jester!" but in vain. Sir Jester was too absorbed in inhaling the appetizing fumes that arose from the pot to be oblivious of his surroundings.

Finally, the King, despairing of making any impression upon him with his voice, seized him by the collar and gave that portion of his apparel a few vigorous shakes, with the intended result.

"Sir!" continued his Majesty, "this is a breach of etiquette which would have merited serious punishment had it occurred at court. However, the circumstances warrant me in being lenient upon this occasion. Sir Jester, we must put both our heads together and determine upon some modus operandi which will extricate us from this trying position. In the first place, we must get out of this kitchen and back into the well from which that barbarian Chloe carried us this morning and deposited you in the kettle and me in the pot to get the greatest roasting that has ever fallen to my royal lot. However, to come to the point, what would you advise?"

The Jester looked perplexed and scratched his head, and his eyes began to wander about the kitchen, scrutinizing intently each wall, then the ceiling, and, finally, each separate piece of furniture, as if seeking a loop-hole through which they might escape. At length, his gaze rested on Tom, curled up in the large arm-chair, and a shout of exultation broke from his lips as he gesticulated vehemently in his direction.

Tom had in the meanwhile reclined his head upon the table and feigned sleep. The King's gaze followed the Jester's gesticulation. He saw Tom, to all appearance fast asleep.

"Well," said he, "what do you mean by cutting up such monkey antics? Do you think that I have forgotten that you are a fool, and do you act thus to remind me of the fact?"

"That's right, give me another roasting, just because you've had one yourself. But you can't disconcert me, and fool though I be, I have thought of a plan, or, as you call it, a modus operandi, whereby we may both escape from this predicament. Here it is: Now, there is Tom Wintergreen over at the table all ready to assist us to escape, just for the asking. But we must approach him in the proper manner; not too abruptly, for he might become frightened, or, ah, ah, I should say embarrassed, but with dignity and decorum. In the first place, we must attract his attention, and I propose that we address him in verse. How do these lines strike your Majesty," and the Jester began:

'Look where you may
The livelong day,
On sea, on ground,
There'll ne'er be found
On mortal sod
A place so grand
As this quaint land,
This Land of Nod.'

"They strike me," replied the King, "as too abrupt. Something more dignified and sedate would suit the purpose better. I suppose, as is always the case, I must provide for the emergency, so here goes:

'Have you heard of the wonderful people
And the wonderful things they do,
In a queer and wonderful city
Far beyond all human view?

'Far, far away in Cloudland,
Miles and miles above this sod,
Is the queer, quaint land I speak of,
The queer, quaint Land of Nod.'

"How is that for a salutation? Not too short and abrupt, as was yours, but one calculated to give our friend Tom an idea of the place we came from, and when I have finished you may step forward and introduce me in such strain:

'Somnus the Great,
Our Potentate;
Lord of Air
And sky so fair,
Where all is joy
Without alloy.'

There remained nothing for the Jester but to obey the King's command. So taking a parting sniff of the plum pudding, he leaped from the rim of the pot and, sailing lightly through the air, lit on the kitchen table close to Tom's head. The King followed, and now both stood still, apparently at a loss how to proceed.

There Tom was, but how attract his attention? They hit upon coughing as the best expedient; so they began to hem and haw, and haw and hem, until both were red in the face and on the verge of losing their tempers.

Finally, Tom took pity on them, and raising his head, glanced at them with feigned surprise, commencing to rub his eyes. Sir Jester thereupon stepped forward to repeat the verses the King had recited, but alas for him, he could not remember them and began in this wise:

'Have you heard of the wonderful pudding,
And the wonderful scent it's got?
And it's boiling and boiling and boiling,
Over there in that big iron pot!'

But that was as far as he got, for the King gave him a whack across the mouth that stopped further utterance, and delivered the lines himself, having first remarked that since he had no herald competent to introduce him he would have to do it himself.

"I tell you, Tom Wintergreen," said he, "you have a chance to distinguish yourself by assisting Somnus the Great, King of Nod and all its neighboring principalities—Revery, Doze, Sleep and Snore, and a good many others. All I ask you to do is to get a pail, and we'll condense that idiot over there," pointing to the discomfited Jester, "and myself, and carry us out and throw us into the well. In return, I will send you the grandest dream that mortal ever dreamed, this very night; and by my royal sceptre, I'll send that big black cook of yours the most terrible nightmare that ever was. The very idea of dipping us out of the well and trying to boil us into rags. To be brief," continued his Majesty, "will you assist us?"

"You'll condense, did you say?" queried Tom, disregarding his question. "How in the world will you do it?"

"Oh, that's simple enough, just watch," said the King, turning to the Jester and making passes in the air with his hands, at the same time muttering some weird incantations. In less than a moment the Jester was nowhere to be seen, but on the table where he last stood was a single drop of transparent water.

"That's how we condense," said the King pompously, turning toward Tom. "Now, will you do as I ask?"

"Certainly," responded Tom, "but I would like ever so much to see how you create dreams."

"That would be difficult under the present circumstances. Now, if you will, whereupon I beg leave to direct your impetuous coat."

"Saw two glistening spoons sailing heavenward."



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When bright stars shine,
'To sail thro' air
All free from care
And be as free
As liberty."

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them), I would do so, but since"—here his eye fell on the drop of water which was rolling about in an agitated manner up and down the table.

"Ha! ha! Sir Jester has an idea. I think we had better release him from his state of liquidity," and he began anew the passes and incantations.

The Jester gradually assumed his former shape and, bowing to the King, said:

"Behold, sire, there is the wherewith," pointing to the large iron pot. "If that plum pudding doesn't furnish the best material for dreams, I am greatly mistaken."

"The very thing," responded the King. "And now, Tom Wintergreen, if you will give me your attention for a few moments, I will show you how dreams are made," and the King began again to gesticulate and murmur incantations.

He had not proceeded far when the vapors from both the pot and the kettle began to travel from the stove to the table where the King stood. Then as a sculptor moulds a mass of clay into a definite shape, only with far more celerity, the King evolved from those two clouds of vapor a picture which was as beautiful as it was astonishing. Words would not suffice to describe it. It was grand and awe-inspiring. The King, with pride, said: "Behold the Matterhorn!"

Tom's doubts were dispelled, for at the word "Matterhorn" he recognized the scene from descriptions of it his Uncle Rube had given him, and thereupon resolved to aid the King and his comical follower, Sir Jester.

"Of course I'll help you," said he, "but on condition that you send this dream to my Uncle Rube. His room is on the top floor at the further end of the corridor."

"Agreed!" cried the King. "Agreed!" echoed Sir Jester.

Five minutes later Tom was wending his way down the path which led to the well. In his hand was the pail in which two drops of crystalline water reflected the light of the moon. A few straggling flakes of snow were falling, the rear guard of the myraids that enveloped the ground.

When he reached the well, he drew up the bucket and, depositing the two drops of water in it, lowered it carefully until a gentle splash told that it had reached its destination. As he turned away he heard a voice say:

"Somnus the Great thanks you," and immediately after, the voice of Sir Jester shouted:

"Don't let the plum pudding burn. It would be a shame to spoil it," and then the two voices seemed to join in chorus and sing:

"Isn't it fine
When bright stars shine,
To sail thro' air
All free from care
And be as free
As liberty."

On reaching the kitchen koor, he turned back and saw two glistening specks sailing heavenward, and heard the voices of the King and Jester grow fainter and fainter, until they were lost in the distant heavens. Then he wended his way slowly and thoughtfully to his room and to bed.

When he awoke, it was Christmas morning. This experience of Tom Wintergreen may appear strange to some, and no wonder that it should, for even he felt inclined to view the whole matter as a dream. However, that Christmas morning he saw his tracks in the snow leading to the well, and at the breakfast table Uncle Rube told of his wonderfully realistic vision of the Matterhorn, while Chloe, poor Chloe, had a terrible dream that night in which the witches of Macbeth and the goblins of Tam O'Shanter vied with each other to make her life miserable, and Tom felt in his inmost heart that the King had fulfilled his threat, and poor Chloe had experienced "the most terrible nightmare that ever was."

Greeting to the Editor.

An editor of a noted magazine received the following Christmas greeting:

TO THE EDITOR:
May your Christmas
Numbers be numberless.

- May your "press" be filled with good things at this season of the year;
- May your "staff" support you ably on the way;
- May your arduous task be lightened by a lot of Christmas cheer;
- May you spend a jolly Christmas Day.
- May your "comps." who can't afford a goose have lots of "matter" fat;
- May your printer man for slumber never sigh;
- May "that awful office boy" of yours beside plum pudding squat;
- May the "P. D." pick (in peace) his Christmas "pl."

Dear editor, your Christmas Number Has stolen many an 'oor frae slumber; I wish that ye could gie's anither, Or that twa Yuletides cam' thegither. But, weel I wat, sic wish is vain, Sae I'll juist read it ower again, And send to you the wish sincere— A merry Yule, a guid New Year.



The Christmas Flower-piece.

In arranging the menu for the Christmas dinner, the centerpiece of flowers should, by no means, be forgotten. No matter what luxuries or dainties grace the table, the flower-piece will be the chief center of attraction, the first object to arrest the eye, the only one which will give continuous pleasure throughout the meal. Among your guests there is sure to be one or more of artistic or aesthetic temperament, to whom a pleasing arrangement of beautiful flowers will give



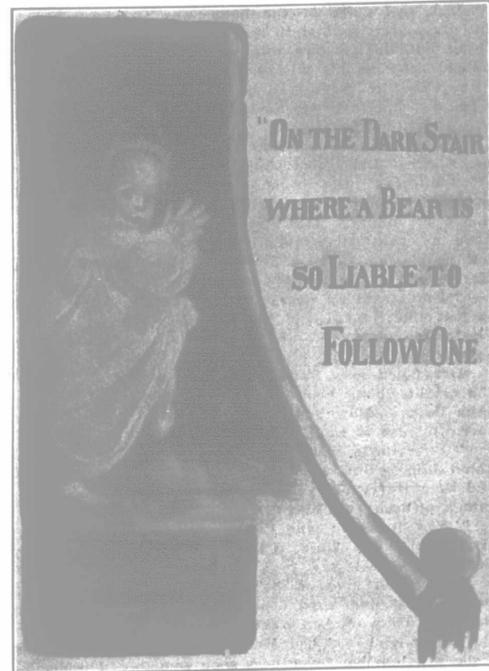
Group of Angora Cats.

Specially photographed for the "Farmer's Advocate."

infinitely more pleasure than could any savory dish or elaborate confection which you can devise. Hence, you must not forget your Christmas flower-piece.

But you must remember, also, that there are flower-pieces and flower-pieces. At a fair this year I saw some which, viewed from an artistic standpoint, were simply atrocities. If, however, the object of their composition was to present a kaleidoscope of all the flowers a garden can produce, then that object was assuredly attained. Yellow and orange marigolds, purple larkspur, candytuft, scarlet sage, sweet peas, zinnias of all shades, asters and mignonette—all were there—"topped off," precisely in the center, by a big red dahlia.

The Christmas dinner-table, however, is not a fair. At its beauty and harmony count far more than mere variety; and the beauty and harmony



of the table should concentrate; or, rather, perhaps, should be given tone by the arrangements of the floral decorations.

Some prefer to place two or three small bowls of flowers at intervals down the table. Others like just one center-piece of somewhat greater proportions; but in no case, nowadays, must towers of flowers be used, or great, branching candelabra of them. The view across the table should, by no mischance, be obstructed. A very pretty idea

is to lay a small "nosegay" at each place, upon the napkin.

But whatever plan be adopted, it should be seen to that the flowers are not tied up too closely; that their colors do not clash; and that, if possible, they should be possessed of a sweet, delicate odor. A few hothouse roses, placed loosely and carelessly in a clear glass vase, adorned only by their own green foliage, form as beautiful a table-bouquet as can be devised. Carnations, with some smilax added for grace, are also delightful, but pink and crimson ones should never be put together. If so, the rich crimson of the one species will completely kill the effect of the more delicate hues of the other. Chrysanthemums, especially the large, loosely-formed varieties, are also very beautiful, although they lack perfume—and azaleas, less common, perhaps, but not less dainty.

Personally, I prefer but one species of flowers in a table-bouquet, especially if the flowers be at all large. But, of course, this is merely a matter of taste. If different species be mixed, the main points to be observed are: (1) That the colors must harmonize; (2) that the individuality of each flower must be preserved. In consideration of this latter point, it is to be noted that flowers of similar size and form should not be mingled.

Although the season of dahlias and coreopsis is past, I may, in illustration of this, mention a fact which was observed when these were in season last fall. Crimson dahlias with yellow centers were placed in a bowl along with golden-glow, whose flowers are very similar in size and outline to those of the dahlia. The effect was not happy. The golden-glow was then removed, and a few clusters of branching, long-stemmed coreopsis (the brownish-crimson, yellow-edged variety) put in its place. The difference was marvellous; the colors now harmonizing perfectly, the smaller blossoms of the coreopsis seeming to "set off" to perfection the heavier ones of the dahlia—and vice versa. . . . Hence, it seems an axiom that, when flowers of entirely different species are mingled, small or feathery ones should be used with the larger and more compact varieties. . . . It seems to me, also, that clear glass vessels are much preferable to colored glass or opaque ones of any description. It is always nice to see the stems. Another point which may be worthy of attention, is that some consideration must be given to the time at which the dinner is to be served. Yellow flowers do not appear to advantage by lamp-light, unless the form in some way compensates for the color. Purple, or mauve flowers, which, by the way, are seldom used, are simply ruined in effect by artificial light. . . . The small, individual bouquets put at each place should be very tiny—one flower, simply, or a single rosebud.

In many houses, however, it will not be convenient to obtain hothouse cut flowers. In this case, a growing plant may be used—a geranium in flower, a begonia, or a fern—placed in a pretty jardiniere. If there be no suitable jardiniere in the house, the pot may be enclosed prettily with some white "crinkle" Japanese paper, tied with white ribbon. When a geranium is used, a pretty idea is to scatter a few clusters of the same carelessly about the pot, on the doily upon which the flowerpot is placed.

Upon Christmas day you will have your glitter of cut-glass and silver, or your equally attractive array of snowy linen and simple china—that goes without saying. In either case, don't forget your flower-piece. If your table be ever so plain; if you can only afford a single flower, a bit of holly, or a bunch of pigeon-berry vine dug out from some hollow underneath the snow, have your bit of green. Christmas comes but once a year. Let it not suffer for lack of one little reminder of those "relics," as Keble has called them, "of Eden's bowers," whose "silent lesson" for us may well be:

"Live for to-day!—to-morrow's light
To-morrow's cares shall bring to sight;
Go sleep, like closing flowers, at night,
And Heaven thy morn will bless."

FLORA FERNLEAF.

"Farmer's Advocate" office, London, Ont.

We shall be much pleased if those who have had experience in the raising of flowers will send us short accounts of methods which they have proved successful.

Christmas brings a flood of gladness,
So rejoice we may
In His love whose birth hath given
This glad Christmas Day.

Those who love at Christmas,
Will ne'er their loving rue;
Those who love at Christmas
Will love the whole year through.

Love is the very best Christmas gift,
Of that we all have a store;
We may give, and give, and give, and give,
And always have plenty more.

Making the World Brighter.

It was the night before Christmas. I had gone to Oakland in the afternoon with some bundles for my small nephews, and was returning to San Francisco on the 7.30 boat. Going over, the steamer had been crowded with tired shoppers, their arms full of boxes and bundles of all sizes and descriptions, the gleanings of the city shops; but on the return trip the assemblage was different altogether—one of beautiful women, successful business men, merry girls and gay collegians, all going to spend the evening in the great city whose illuminated hills arose skywards along the horizon, and whose lights rivaled the twinkling stars.

The passengers were all well dressed and in high spirits. The atmosphere of Christmas was everywhere—a Californian Christmas, full of flowers and plenty. All over the great boat were sounds of laughter and merriment.

I took a seat well forward, and began to watch the throng about me. To the left a chattering flock of girls came to rest like so many birds. Their fresh faces, their dainty clothes and their laughing voices made a pretty picture. Opposite them sat a richly dressed woman with gray hair. She was alone, and there was a hungry look in her eyes as she watched the gay group, which made me remember that the richest are sometimes the loneliest at Christmas time.

Along the deck to join the others came another girl, who attracted my attention at once. She was tall and slight, with a poise to her figure that told of perfect health. Her eyes were clear and fearless; her hair was brown with a glint of gold, and curled softly around her face, which was all alight with merriment. Her dress, rich but in perfect taste, stamped her as the daughter of a refined and cultivated home. In her hands she carried a great bunch of brilliant manzanita berries.

Just as the boat was starting, a small boy entered the cabin and took a seat opposite mine. He was, evidently, an errand boy, and carried a covered basket, which he placed at his feet. His suit was worn and too small for him, his shoes were parting company, and his wrists showed the sleeves of a ragged shirt.

The child, for he was little more, was tired out. The cabin was warm, the boat rocked softly, and presently his head fell back against the seat and he was asleep.

There was a sudden silence in the laughing group of girls. Some one said: "Poor little chap!" in a low voice, and then the girl with the manzanita berries crossed the deck and sat down softly at his side. She had an open box of bonbons in her hand, and she began deftly slipping caramels and creams in their paper covers into the boy's ragged pockets.

The lad roused once at the sound of the steamer's whistle signaling, and looked sleepily around him, but the girl swiftly hid the box beneath her berries, and gazed calmly out at the lights on the water, and he never connected the smiles on the faces around with himself, nor dreamed that the elegant creature beside him was even conscious of his existence.

When he fell asleep again the girl quietly finished, then bent and gently lifted the cover of the basket at his feet. It was empty, and after a moment's thought she laid the red bunches of manzanita in it. Then she returned to her companions. I heard her say: "Girls, you don't need that second box," and she went back with an unopened case of French candy. By this time all the passengers in that end of the boat were interested, and when the girl rose to her feet, after placing the box with the berries, a man came softly forward with a package in his hand.

"It's skates," he said, as he gave it to her. "I'll tell my boy about it, and he won't mind waiting."

Then a motherly-looking woman at the end of my seat passed a book, and from somewhere behind me came a wonderful Chinese top. One of the College students took a knife from his pocket, another a whistle, and presented them with low bows to the girl.

The girl passed again behind the sleeping boy, and placed the bundles one by one in the basket. As she softly closed the lid, the lonely lady beckoned her with a sudden eager light in her eyes.

"I have no toys to give," she said in a low tone, "nothing but this." There was a sound of money, and a shining gold piece made its way to the girl's outstretched hand. "From Santa Claus," she said, softly, and the girl wrapped it carefully in a bit of paper and tucked it in the messenger's inner pocket.

The boy woke again at the steamer's warning signal as she entered her slip, and felt mechanically for his receipt book. He drew out his hand suddenly, staring in amazement at the bonbons.

His surprised face was the target of many eyes, but, without noticing them, he searched one pocket after another, his bewilderment deepening at every moment. Then as the boat struck against the swinging piles and was made fast, he crammed the candy hastily back and took up his basket—and as hastily sat down again to investigate the reason of its unexpected weight. Then the surging crowd hid him from my view.

Later, as I came through the nave and down the stairs of the depot, the boy passed me, whistling gaily through his teeth, the basket on his arm, and a broad grin upon his face. And further on, outside the colonnade, I saw the lonely lady and the girl standing together. I could not hear what they said, but I saw the woman bend forward and take the slender figure in her arms.

Then the girl went, with a quick, light step, in the direction of a whirling turn-table, and the old lady

turned to get in a carriage which drew up beside me. The sadness and the lonely look were all gone from her face, and in their stead their shone a tender light in her eyes and a soft smile on her lips.—Selected.

The Home-keeping of Harry; Or, A Successful Christmas Scheme.

"What are we going to do to-morrow, May?" asked Harry Grant of his sister on the twenty-fourth of December.

"To-morrow, Christmas Day!" she replied. "Oh, I don't know. The usual thing, I suppose."

"I hate the usual thing," he returned, crossly. "It's always the same over and over. A farm in winter is the dullest place on earth. I just wish—"

He did not finish the sentence, for a shrill voice was heard calling, "Harry, Harry," and he went to answer the summons, leaving his wish unspoken. But May knew well what it was. She had heard it often before.

"Poor fellow," she murmured to herself, "it is lonesome for him here. I wonder what we could do for a change?"

She began to consider the matter as she washed the breakfast dishes, and presently her face brightened.

"Why, that's the very idea," she exclaimed aloud. "If I can only manage it. I'll try anyway."

Carefully she wiped the last shining plate, and then left the room.

The Grant family were four in number—the father and mother, Harry, a tall young fellow of nineteen, and May, who was twelve months younger. The brother and sister resembled each other in appearance, both having brown eyes and hair, but their dispositions were very different. May was always happy and contented, while Harry was restless, and fretted at the quietness of country life. His one ambition was to be an engineer, and he longed to live in a town or city, where he could at least be near the trains in which he was so much interested.

But it did not seem likely that his wishes would be realized, for his father declared that he was needed at home and would have to stay there. Mr. Grant had little sympathy with his son, and relations were sometimes strained between them. May was the only one who understood the lad, and they were great friends, often spending hours together in the evenings, one talking eagerly of what he meant to do in the future, and the other listening attentively. Always, however, May counseled her brother to be patient in regard to his father's opposition.

"Wait a little while, Harry," she would say, "and your turn will surely come."

But every summer he declared he would leave in the autumn, arguing that a hired man could take his place.

His mother noticed his discontent, and was sorry for him, yet she could give very little help one way or the other. She was a small, tired-looking woman, for whom life meant only long periods of toil and shorter ones for rest. Still, she liked to see the young people enjoy themselves, and often wished that her children could have more pleasure, but the matter did not rest with her.

The real ruler of the home was the husband and father, a somewhat stern man, who cared little for anything outside his own affairs, and thought his family should defer to his wishes in everything. Yet, in his own way, he meant to be kind to them, and May, who was his favorite, could generally obtain anything she desired by coaxing.

But it was to her mother that she went first to describe her Christmas plan.

"Mother," she began, entering the sitting-room where Mrs. Grant was sewing, "I want to talk to you about something. Don't you think it would be nice to have a little party to-morrow night; just invite a few people, and have a good time together. I'm afraid Harry finds it rather dull at home in the winter."

"I'm afraid he does," Mrs. Grant answered. "He is just like your Uncle Ned was; always wanting to go to the city, and at last he did go, and—and he never came back."

Her faded eyes filled with tears as she thought of the bright young brother she had loved so well in by-gone days. May had heard the story before, and a sorrowful one it was, too.

"Poor Uncle Ned," she said, pityingly, "it was sad about him. But, mother, wouldn't it be better to try and keep Harry at home as long as we can by making things pleasant for him?"

"Yes, it would, and I'd like to have some company myself, but you know it's your father must decide. See what he will say."

"All right, mother, he's in the old kitchen, so I'll run and ask him now," and, humming a merry tune, she sped away on her errand.

"Poor girl," sighed Mrs. Grant, looking after her. "She will lose her brightness soon enough. I remember when I was like that too."

But all unconscious of such gloomy forebodings, her daughter ran swiftly downstairs to the cellar kitchen, as it was called. At one time it had been the only kitchen, but a new part had been built to the house, and now the old kitchen was used as a workshop and storeroom.

"How nice and warm it is here," May remarked, as she entered and stood by the large, old-fashioned stove, which was piled high with blazing blocks of wood. "But it's very cold outside. I do hope it will be fine to-morrow, though, don't you, father?"

"Not particular," he responded, carelessly, "the weather doesn't matter much when there's no work to do outdoors."

"Oh, but I want it to be fine," she returned, quickly, "because I have such a nice plan for to-morrow night. I came to tell you about it."

She paused for a moment, and he glanced up at her.

"Well, go ahead," he replied. "Sometimes you have queer notions, both you and Harry."

"Yes, but this is a fine one," she maintained, taking a seat near him, and beginning to unfold her project.

He listened silently until she finished, then looked sharply at her.

"That's a queer idea, sure enough," he commented, "havin' a crowd of folks here. I'd like to know what you want that for. Don't you suppose they would rather be in their own homes? I think that would be a sight better than galivantin' round the country."

"But we could have a nice time together, and that is what we want," she pleaded, "and, besides, Harry would like it, too. I think he finds it pretty dull at home sometimes."

"He can just take things as he finds them, dull or not," Mr. Grant declared, gruffly.

Yet, in his heart, he feared that his rule over his son would not last long unless he let him have his own way a little. So, after a few minutes' consideration, he thought it might be as well to agree to May's plan, but he would not give his consent at once. That would be giving in too easily. He would let his daughter petition a little longer. May wondered what thoughts were passing in his mind as she sat looking at him.

"Do let me have the party, father," she continued, "it would be nice for you, too. You could have a chat with the neighbors, and you haven't seen some of them since a long time."

"I have something else to do in this world besides talk, and it's likely they have, too," he retorted curtly.

But his rebuff did not daunt May, and steadily she coaxed until she won a reluctant assent.

"But, mind now," he warned, "there is to be no extra expense. Just give them what we have in the house, and nothing more."

"All right, father, I'll remember," she agreed, and, after expressing her thanks warmly, hurried away to impart the good news to her brother, who was in one of the barns.

"Harry, Harry," she cried, running in to him, "listen, listen, we're going to have a party here to-morrow night."

"A party here!" he exclaimed, in surprise.

"Not in the barn, of course," she laughed, "but in the house, and we can ask a good many people. Won't that be fine?"

Harry stared at her in wonder.

"Did father really say we could?" he asked, incredulously. "Then, something must be going to take place."

"Why, yes, a party is. Haven't I just told you that?" she returned, teasingly. "But I can't wait to talk about it now. I must go and tell mother, and then begin to get things ready."

And back she went to tell of her success.

"I'm very glad, dear, very glad," Mrs. Grant said, when she heard the result, "and I'll help you all I can. We must set to work right away. You will need more cake, won't you?"

"Yes, I will make some after dinner," her daughter replied.

So, a little later, armed with the cook book, May began her task, one to which she was well accustomed.

"Father said just what we have in the house," she observed, "and that includes flour, butter, eggs, sugar and milk, so I can manage all right."

She worked quickly, and in a few hours the pantry shelves were laden with a tempting array of pastry, sufficient to suit any taste, the cook said. Then, too, there were other things to be done, and when the evening came May Grant was a very tired girl.

"But it doesn't matter about me," she thought, "as long as Harry is pleased. I do hope the weather will be fine, though."

Fortunately, however, in that respect, her wishes were destined to be realized, for Christmas Day dawned clear and sunny—an ideal winter morn.

The morning was spent in doing the usual farm work and making the final preparations for the expected guests, and, after dinner, May and Harry started off to deliver the invitations. It was short notice, but they knew that in most cases it would be long enough.

"People will think you are crazy," remarked their father as they were leaving, "and I don't believe they will come anyway."

"Oh, yes, they will," May returned confidently.

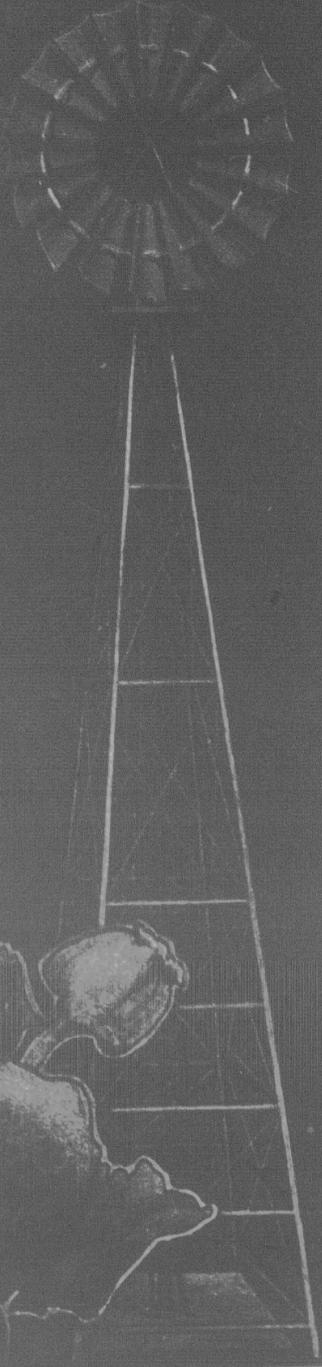
"All the same, they will be surprised, for this is something new in our line," said Harry, as they drove through the gateway.

"Well, better late than never," quoted his sister, lightly. "Let us go to Cameron's first."

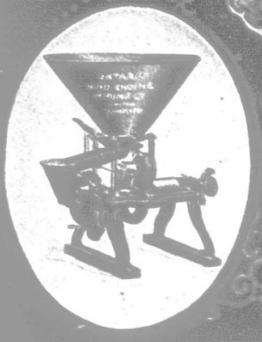
The gray mare carried them along swiftly, and soon they were exchanging greetings with their neighbors, and when May explained the reason of their visit, she found if they could come.

"I am glad to hear of it, and be glad to," replied the first neighbor. "I was just wishing there was some place like this about here. It's very kind of you to have a party."

"I'll be the general one, as



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DECEMBER

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nearly all the invitations were accepted, even if, as Harry said, they did cause a little surprise at first. Still, it was a pleasant surprise, and the sister and brother felt very happy as they drove home again in time for tea.

About half-past seven the guests began to arrive in parties of twos and threes. Mr. and Mrs. Grant and May welcomed them cordially, while Harry was kept busy seeing to the horses. Merry Christmas wishes were heard on all sides, and presently everyone settled down to enjoy the evening in the way he liked best.

In the parlor, the fathers and mothers sat and talked cosily, and in the other rooms the young people played games of various kinds. Then, a little later, strains of music issued from the kitchen as the dancers gathered there. Thus the evening passed by happily, and at eleven o'clock simple refreshments of cake and tea were served.

May moved around briskly, chatting brightly and attending well to the needs of the visitors. Her father sat talking to one of the neighbors as she came up to them with a plate of cake in her hand.

"You must say it is good, Mr. Ross," she told him, smilingly, "for I made it all myself."

"Then it's sure to be," he returned, gallantly.

"And, indeed, Grant," he continued, after May had left them, "that's a smart girl of yours, and kind-hearted, too. Mrs. Grant was tellin' me it was her idea to have us all here to-night."

"Well, yes, it was," his host admitted. "I thought it was all nonsense, but they seem to like it."

He liked it himself, though not for one moment would he admit the fact.

On the other side of the room, his wife sat talking with a friend, her face wearing a happier look than it had worn for a long time.

"I hope this will help to keep Harry at home," she was saying, "but young folks are so restless nowadays, there's no keeping them with you at all."

"Oh, he will probably settle down after a while," Mrs. Scott returned, cheerfully. "He looks contented enough now at any rate," she added, glancing across at him as he stood laughing with a group of girls.

And her words were quite true. Harry was contented because he was happy. He liked fun and pleasant company, and he liked it best of all in his own home.

Still, even the happiest hours must come to an end, and a little later the guests rose to take their departure, but May detained them.

"Wait a few minutes more," she added, "and we will have some singing."

So they crowded around the organ, and for half an hour their voices rang out heartily, first in their favorite songs, and, lastly, in the dear old Christmas hymns. Then the party broke up, every one declaring that they had enjoyed it thoroughly, and, indeed, they had.

"It was all right, wasn't it, Harry?" asked May, as they stood together watching the sleighs drive away.

"Yes, it was," he answered, quickly, "and you were a brick to think of it, May. If a fellow had a good time like that now and again, he wouldn't be in such a hurry to get away."

"Then, we must try and have them very often," she said, softly, "for we can't do without the fellow for a long time yet."

"He will just have to stay then," Harry smiled back, "or else take his sister with him when he goes."

Stellarton, N. S.

S. L. HARIVEL.

Christmas Mottoes.

"Then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, no witch hath power to charm,
So hallowed and so gracious is the Xmas time."
—Shakespeare.

"It is the blessed Christmastide,
The Christmas lights are all aglow."—Whittier.

"Above our heads the joy-bells ring,
Without, the happy children sing."—Whittier.

"This holy tide of Christmas
All others doth deface."—Old Song.

"At Christmas play, and make good cheer,
For Christmas comes but once a year."—Old Song.

"Now thrice welcome Christmas,
Which brings us good cheer,
Mince pies and plum pudding,
And friends that are dear."—Old Song.

"Kindle the Christmas brand, and then
Till sunne-set let it burne."—Herrick.

"Give the honor to this day
That sees December turn'd to May."—Herrick.

"Now, now the mirth comes,
With the cake full of plums."—Herrick.

"Those who at Christmas would repine,
And would fain hence despatch him,
May they with Old Duke Humphrey dine
Or else may Squire Ketch catch him."—Old Song.

"Without the door let sorrow lie,
And if for cold it hap to die,
We'll bury in a Christmas pye,
And ever more be merry."—George Wither.

Some Christmas Doings at Cullerston in 1810.

When the big family coach from Cullerston Manor came clattering up Hammet St., Taunton, at the beginning of the present century, and stopped at No. 3 of the big old double houses which nestled under the very shadow of the far-famed Tower of St. Mary's church, neither of the little twin sisters, Dolly and Betty, could at first believe that it had come to fetch them, and, better still, that their stern old great-aunt, Mistress Rebecca Lemorne, had relented at last and consented to the Squire's request that the little maids should spend their Christmas at Cullerston. She herself had declared that she never would put her foot inside its doors, and in her grim, but, according to her lights, faithful guardianship of the orphan children of her dead nephew, she had hitherto refused on their behalf the oft-time extended hand of welcome from their mother's kin. Why she had yielded now no one dared enquire of her, nor did it matter one whit to the happy little ones. They were going to Cullerston at last, and their cup of joy was full! It had been but a part of Madam Rebecca's "system" that the matter had been kept secret from them until the last moment. She was not going to have the routine of their daily lives disturbed by anticipation. It would be hard enough to undo the effect of the coming fortnight of misrule when Christmas jollities and New Year's unchecked fun would most certainly turn her usually well-conducted little wards into regular hoydens. She had pledged her word to Squire Cullerston that they should go when he sent for them, and so go they must, but she had bargained that Nurse Dibble should go with them, to act in the double capacity of ladies' maid and chaperone, and Nurse Dibble could hardly compose her features to their usual expression of respectful restraint as she listened to her unwonted instructions for the duties of her new trust. Had she dared to do so, she could have shouted for joy, a little for her own share in the coming delights, but far more that at last, at last, the stern laws which had ruled the lives of her nurselings were to be relaxed, and they were to take their proper places in the family gathering amongst their kinsfolk at the Manor. She had gladly put together all their little braveries, so that, though they were "only Lemornes" by name, they might not be one whit behind their Cullerston cousins in dainty attire, a matter upon which Madam Rebecca had strongly insisted. Therefore, when the carriage came to the door it found all preparations made, and nothing remaining to be done but to lead the children, speechless with a delight they dared not show, in the presence of their stern guardian, each to drop her a prim little courtesy and to say "Thank you, Aunt Rebecca, for letting us go to Cullerston."

Past the Four All's Inn, along the Bishop's Hull road, and by many turns and twists lumbered the old family coach. Owing to the good hard frost of the last few days they escaped the very common disaster of sticking in the mud, neither did they come into collision with the big farm wagons bringing produce into Taunton, for, from his high position upon the imposing-looking coach-box, draped with hammercloth richly fringed and ornamented by the armorial bearings of the family he served, John, the many-caped and bevigged coachman, could see far enough ahead to draw up his own carriage or to signal to the driver of the vehicle about to meet them to do the same at one or other of the spaces always left for the purpose, in the picturesque but inconveniently narrow lanes of beautiful Somersetshire. How the little maidens chattered, and how Nurse Dibble enjoyed listening to them! "Look, Dibble, look," cried dark-eyed Dollie, "there's a robin redbreast singing on that hawthorn. It seems to say 'happy Christmas, merry Christmas!' to us, and that is what the rooks are saying too," and "Oh! Dibble, look my side, please," cried blue-eyed Betty, not to be outdone, "There was a thrush, and a blackbird, and I know they said 'A happy New Year, too,' before they flew over the hedge." The two hours of that memorable drive seemed but as one to nurse and nurslings alike, neither of whom could realize that they were actually there, when the big gates, once used as a portcullis in rebellion days, swung open and the carriage passed through the outer court and up to the old oak entrance doors of Cullerston Manor. Then came a very Babel of welcoming voices; Cousin Tom Cullerston seizing Dolly, and Cousin Basil catching up Betty, hoisting them on their shoulders and prancing up and down the wide hall, whilst shouts of "Welcome, Welcome," from the grown-ups and the very babes from the nursery, made the old black rafters ring. Nurse Dibble noted the signals of distress and bewilderment in the sweet eyes of her children, so she ventured a protest: "Please, young masters, put them down. They'll soon get used to you all. They have led such lonesome lives that just at first they are a bit timorous, but that won't last. With your permission I will take my little

ladies to their room and make them ready to be presented when the Squire and Madam Cullerston shall summon them." Happily, it does not take long for children to make acquaintance with one another, or to respond to what they recognize as real affection from their elders. "They are both Cullerstons, every inch of them, and though their eyes are not alike in color, they have both Sister Mollie's expression," was the verdict of their uncle and aunt. "Children, be very kind to your little cousins. Boys, don't be rough in your play, but see that they have the very merriest of Christmases and New Years."

A very few days saw Dolly and Betty perfectly at home, and ready for every romp and festivity which was to follow upon the arrival of the guests, with which every available corner of the old Manor was to be filled. The programme was to be as near as possible to that of the old-time celebrations, some of which, but not all, had begun to drop out of use.

The first was the bringing in of the Yule Log, or, as it is called in Southern England, the "Ashton-faggot." "We'll have the faggot," agreed Tom and Basil, "It's more fun, and Nurse Dibble can wrap up the twins and bring them out to the near copse to see it brought in," and this is what they saw: The farm laborers had cut the ash-sticks all ready for binding some days ahead, and on Christmas Eve they sallied forth with shouts and songs to wind them around with nine stout bands and bear the monster faggot to the master's house, where it was deposited upon the wide hearth ready for burning. The big chimney had been cleaned with care to avoid risks of fire, and upon the settles around, or standing in groups, were gathered master and mistress, men and maidens, to watch the sparks fly upwards and to greet with shouts the bursting of the bands, each signifying some new toast or special addition to the feast on behalf of the master. Not to be a restraint upon the guests in the servants' hall, the "family" retired after singing the quaint old ditty:

"All you that to feasting and mirth are inclined
Come, here is good news for to pleasure your mind.
Old Christmas is come for to keep open house,
He scorns to be guilty of starving a mouse,
Then come boys, and welcome, for diet the chief,
Plum pudding, goose, capon, minc'd pies and roast beef."

To which was responded, all standing:

"God bless the master of this house,
Likewise the mistress, too,
And all the little children
That round the table go."

Whilst below stairs the rougher games, such as jumping in sacks or with hands tied behind for cakes covered with treacle, diving in tubs for apples, etc., the corridors and central hall re-echoed with the sounds of mirth and fun from the merry-makers above, until all alike were summoned to see the Mummings. Dolly and Betty held tightly to the skirts of Nurse Dibble. They could not help laughing sometimes, but, oh! that dreadful dragon, and that wonderful St. George, who, before any one could even cry out "Don't," had knocked over and injured or killed everyone who challenged him. But it was "Father Christmas" who introduced him, and so it must be all right! and, besides, was there not amongst the Mummings not only a parish beadle, with his cocked hat and stick, but also a wonderful doctor, who came in after each fight, saying:

"Here come I, a doctor,
A ten-pound doctor;
I've a little bottle in my pocket,
Called hokum, shokum, alcampane;
I'll touch his eyes, nose, mouth and chin,
And say: 'Rise, dead man,' and he'll fight again."

"Mercy on us!" thought Nurse Dibble, "what would Madam Rebecca say to me for letting the children see such heathenish play-acting? but bless their little hearts, they couldn't make head nor tail of it, and so I doubt me that they'll not come to harm by it after all." Comforting herself with the hope that the sweet carols of the village children which would greet the morrow's dawn and the bright services in the holly-decked church in the park would serve in some measure to efface from the minds of her darlings the bewildering performances of those village lads, Nurse Dibble tucked the snow-white lavender-scented sheets around them, and with a "God bless my dearies," laid at last her own tired head upon her pillow, and slept a dreamless sleep.

What more Dolly and Betty saw at Cullerston must be told another time. H. A. B.

"Let winter breathe a fragrance forth
Like as the purple spring."—Herrick.

"Christmas, the joyous period of the year,
The threshold bind with boughs."—Herrick.

"The neighbors were friendly bidden,
And all had welcome true."—Old Song.

Candy Making for Christmas.

It is just delightful fun for the boys and girls to make their own candies for the holidays. These rules following are very simple, and an extra delicious taste will be imparted if made in the kitchen of one's home. Just try it and see. Get on clean white aprons, have clean hands, bright saucepans and dishes, and everything just "spick and span" clean. Buy confectioner's sugar for most kinds of candy. It costs but little more, is fine-grained, and is always more satisfactory in results than the common kinds.

Walnut candy is an easy kind for little folks to try first. To begin with, pick out the halves of English walnuts without breaking, and then put the whites of two eggs into a bowl without beating. Into this stir as much sugar as it will possibly take up and be as hard and stiff as dough. When about half thickened, however, stir in some vanilla flavor, plenty of it, a large spoonful or more. It will equalize itself readily if put in before the mixture is too thick. Now take into the hands a little of this dough, and form into shapes as large around and a little thicker than a quarter dollar; put a half nut on each side, press it in a little so it will look exactly like the candied nuts at the stores. Lay on plates to dry. Sugar the hands instead of flouring them, so the candy will not stick. This candy, being made without cooking or heat, can be made even in the parlor if care is used, and the confections are just the same thing as those in the stores.

Chocolate caramels are very easy to make. There are many rules, but we have found the simplest to be the best. Get half a pound of sugar—half a pound is half a pint; one ounce of grated chocolate, and that is one heaping spoonful; half a cup of cream, or milk will do; nearly a teaspoonful of lemon juice. Put all together into a porcelain saucepan, heat slowly, and stir till thoroughly dissolved; then boil briskly till it hardens. Try it by putting a few drops in a cupful of cold water; if it hardens quickly, it is done. Then pour it out into a well-buttered square, shallow tin, and when nearly cold mark off in squares with a dull knife. Set in a cold place to harden. The quantity given can be doubled if more is wanted.

Cream dates.—These are comparatively rare, but are a most delicious confection. Put two whites of eggs and an equal quantity of water into a bowl, add one teaspoonful of vanilla flavor, beat until frothy, and add sufficient sugar to make a paste stiff enough to mould in the fingers. Form a little bit into a long roll. Now, having removed the stones from some large fine dates, put the roll of sugar paste in where the stone was, and press the two halves together so the white cream will show between. Cherries, too, can be done in the same way, and this kind also can be made without a fire.

Nut candy of all kinds is made by boiling two pounds of sugar and one cupful of water together till it will harden when dropped into cold water, and then pouring it over the kernels of nuts in a buttered tin. A fanciful and delicious variety is made by using several kinds of nuts in the same candy—hickory nuts, Brazil nuts cut in slices, halved almonds, cocoanut cut in thin strips, bits of orange peel, a few broken dates and stoned raisins.

Cream candy.—Granulated sugar is best for this particular kind. Dissolve a level teaspoonful of gum arabic in one spoonful of water, add to this one pound of sugar, half a teaspoonful of cream of tartar, and one cupful of water. Mix all these, and stir over the fire till the sugar is dissolved; then boil without stirring till it hardens when dropped into cold water. It should be rather elastic, not brittle. Now stir in one teaspoonful of vanilla, and pour out on a buttered tin, and when nearly cold pull it like molasses candy, till it is perfectly white, then cut into strips, or it can be braided. This is one of the most delicate and wholesome of candies. Lemon makes an agreeable change of flavor. The flavor mostly evaporates if put in when the mixture is hot.

Maple-sugar candy.—Take two and a half pounds of maple sugar, and one-quarter ounce of cream of tartar. Break up the sugar, add to it two cupfuls of water; when the syrup boils up, throw in one spoonful of cold water, remove from the fire and skim it; continue this till no impurities rise, and boil till it hardens with the usual test, in cold water. Pour out to cool on buttered pans, and pull like molasses candy when partly cold, till light and crisp.

The various "drops" of the confectioners are easily made in our own kitchens. Loaf sugar should be used, dissolved with very little water, boiled till it hardens, and then flavored with peppermint, horehound, lemon, strawberry, raspberry and anything else fancied. A drop or two of cochineal gives them a pretty color. Drop upon buttered plates to cool.

Popcorn balls are a favorite with many children; they have the merit of being less liable to

disturb the stomach than some of the richer, sugary kinds, but eating too much of candies of any sort is not considered healthful. To make popcorn balls, for six quarts of corn boil one pint of molasses about fifteen minutes, then put the corn into a large pan and pour the boiled molasses over it, stirring constantly till thoroughly mixed. Then with clean, buttered hands make into balls of the desired size.

Fig candy is good, and out of the common line of sweets. Boil one cupful of sugar with three large spoonfuls of water till amber colored, without stirring. Just before removing from the fire stir in half a teaspoonful of cream of tartar, cut up the figs in long, thin strips, lay them out evenly in a shallow tin pan, and pour over the syrup to cool. It is needless to add that only figs of the best, cleanest quality are fit to buy, at any time. They can contain, unnoticed, more dirt and life than almost any other imported fruit we know of.



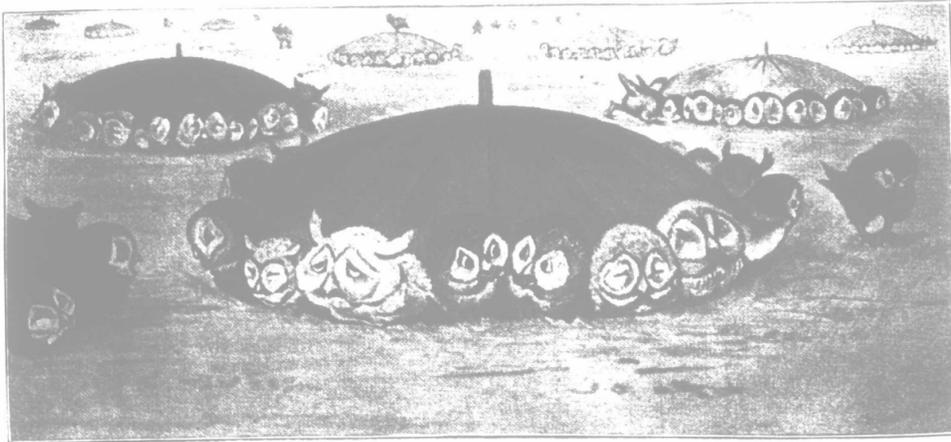
The Fashionable Owls.



'Twas in a bleak December,
A long, long time ago—
The date I can't remember,
'Twas Christmas time, I know—
Each day was cold and bitter,
Still colder was the night;
The owls could scarcely twitter,
Oh, doleful was their plight.

"Let's put on coat and trousers,
And dress ourselves like men,"
Said one of the bird-mousers,
"No frost can hurt us then."
The plan was caught up gladly,
And soon each owl was dressed
In hat that fitted badly,
Tight trousers, coat and vest.

Forth from their barns they sallied
And stalked across the snow,
The mice around them rallied—
To laugh at them, you know.
In cut and style, the trousers
Were quite the latest thing,
But all the famous mousers
Were fettered, leg and wing.



Next night they choose another
Fine plan to keep them warm,
And father, sister, brother,
Take shelter from the storm.
Umbrellas are the notion
Which fill owls' hearts with pride,
And, after wild commotion,
They're snug and warm, you see.

Cousin DOBDELITY

The Borrowed Chimney.

[A Christmas story for boys and girls, with a hint to the owners of "big chimneys."]

"Please, sir, has your house a chimney?" the voice was weak and sad;
And the child that asked the question was pale and thinly clad,
But the gentleman who was passing slackened not his hurried pace,
Nor saw the disappointment in the little eager face.

It was on the eve b'fore Christmas, and through the falling snow,
The crowds of holiday shoppers were hurrying to and fro;
Each loaded with Christmas bundles, all merry with laugh and jest,
And none ever paused to listen to the little waif's request.

But when one who passed unheeding had reached his home that night
And entered the great wide hallway, ablaze with warmth and light,
He recalled with a start the question, and remembered the childish form,
Clad in its pitiful garments, and buffeted by the storm.

"Please, sir, has your house a chimney?" Yes, with fireplace wide and deep,
In which the bright coals sparkle and the red flames roar and leap;
But no stockings hung 'neath the mantel, no tiny feet crossed the hall,
And a spirit of silence and absence seemed hovering over all.

He remembered a baby stocking, unworn for many a day,
Which used to hang by the fireplace ere Santa Claus lost the way;
A childish face smiled upon him from the canvas of long ago,
And he thought with a lonely heartache of a grave beneath the snow.

But a voice within was demanding: "Is not your hearthstone wide?
Then give to the poor and homeless room at your fireside.
Will you grieve for a child safe sheltered from this world's care and woe,
And close your door to the outcast who wanders to-night in the snow?"

He turned from his cheerful fireside, and passed out into the night
To find the child and bring him into the warmth and light,
But where should he seek, he wondered, the hour was growing late,
The chill winds whirled the snowflakes as he opened the entrance gate.

He started back
in the cold
And hanging
ragged and
He lifted the
Then carefully
wide.

The little one
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But when I re
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"I don't min
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He was thin
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And his voice
slow:
"If you don'
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Bright dawn
that was
The bells of
frosty air.
Santa Claus
in the day
And filled the
before.

The little one
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His pale lips
and weak,
But he who
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"Thank you
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The voice gr
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He started back in amazement, for a child there crouched
in the cold,
And hanging above on the railing were two stockings
ragged and old.
He lifted the tiny figure and carried it safe inside,
Then carefully hung the stockings above the fireplace
wide.

The little one smiled and thanked him, and whispered:
"I followed you,
For you see the folks we live with have nothing but
just a flue;
But when I remembered old Santa would have to come
in the gate,
I hung our stockings upon it, and thought I could sit
and wait.

"I don't mind a bit for myself, sir, but the baby
would hate it so.
He's looking for Santa to bring him ever so much,
you know.
If our mamma and papa were living we'd have a big
chimney, too,
But as it is we've been staying where there's only a
little flue."

He was thin and frail from hunger, he was wet with
the chilling snow,
And his voice was but a whisper, painfully weak and
slow:
"If you don't mind to lend your chimney, our stock-
ings can stay to-night,
And I'll take them away to-morrow, as soon as it's
good daylight."

Bright dawned the Christmas morning o'er a world
that was wondrous fair,
The bells of the happy Yuletide pealed forth on the
frosty air.
Santa Claus had come down the chimney, as he used
in the days of yore,
And filled the tiny stockings as they never were filled
before.

The little one held them closely; he smiled and tried
to speak,
His pale lips moved but feebly, and his voice was faint
and weak,
But he who sat beside him heard this whisper, bending
low,
"Thank you, sir, for lending your chimney. It is
morning, and I will go."

The voice grew faint and fainter, his head dropped on
his breast,
And the poor little weary pilgrim sank to a peaceful
rest.
The pale hands, oft so empty, in vain would no longer
wait,
The little feet, tired and aching, had entered the Beau-
tiful Gate.

Years have flown, but as surely as Christmastide re-
turns,
The old hall is lighted bravely, and brightly the Yule-
log burns.
For all who would seek its shelter the mansion is
ample wide,
And those who are poor and homeless find warmth and
cheer inside.

And he who was called "the baby" has found it a
happy home.
He tells this tale each Christmas to all who may
chance to come.
Only a simple story is this which he oft relates,
But it lives in the hearts of the homeless who stand
without our gates.

[Sent in by Myrtle L. Sinclair, Independence, Alta.;
aged 13 years.]

Who Fills the Stockings?

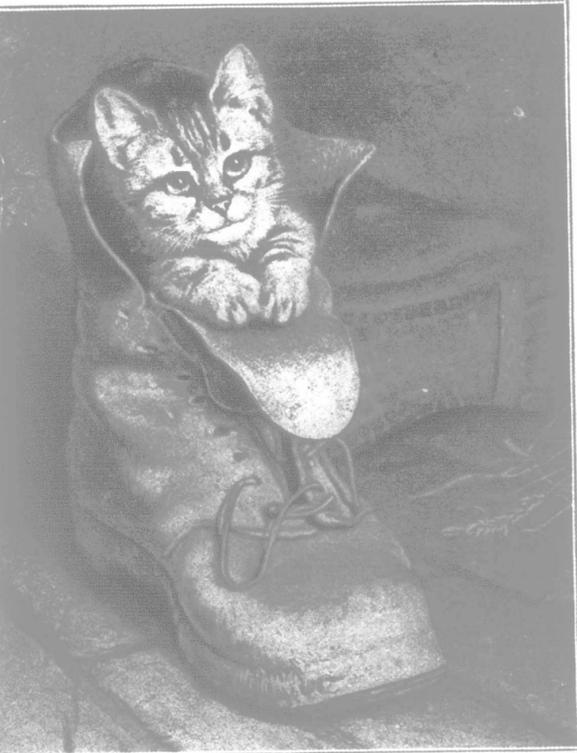
Look where the stockings hang in a row!
Least and greatest, how plump they show!
Let hispers and toddlers still believe
Lapland Kriss on a Christmas Eve
Lowers himself through the chimney black,
Lades each sock from his well-filled sack,
Leaps to his sleigh—and his reindeer go
Lightly over the frozen snow.

"Likely story!" you cry, and you
Laugh with your lips and eyes of blue.
Look sharply now—and now look again—
Lesson in primer was never more plain:
Long stocking, short stocking, all show the same
Large letter L, which stands for a name!
Love left his monogram written here;
Love fills the stockings, O children dear!
—Edith M. Thomas.

Brimful of good things each stocking will be,
Brightly will glisten the gay Christmas tree,
Presents for you, presents for me,
Presents for all he will bring.

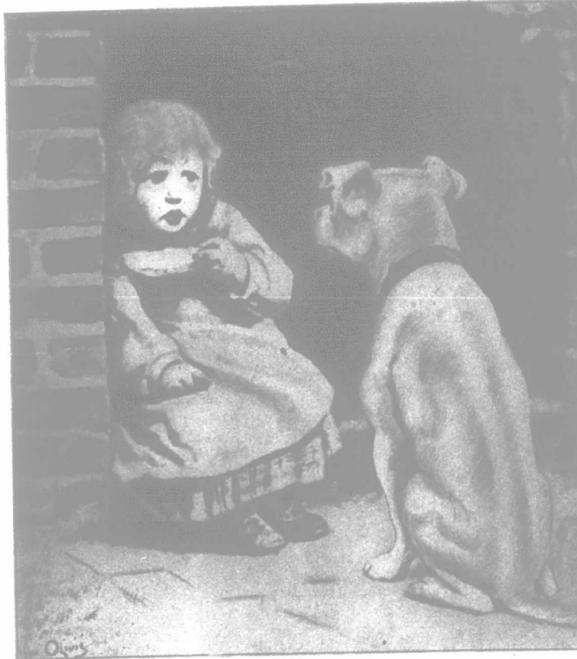
The "Advocate's" Boots are Not Worn Out Yet.

A Merry Christmas I wish to all
The "Advocate" readers, large and small,
In my seven-league boots I swiftly stride
From farm to farm of our country wide,
My hoots, as you see, have good service done,



They were made for work and not for fun,
Nearly forty years they have been worn,
Being farmer's boots, they're not even torn.
In other men's shoes I need not stand,
In these I can cross both sea and land.
Now, farmers, I know that you seek the best,
Most helpful paper, so make this test.
Send a year's subscription, and you will find
That I leave all rivals miles behind.
A welcome I'll win, yes, never fear,
In every week of the coming year.
I've thousands of friends, but shall win some more.
That's certain, in 1904. C. D.

A Christmas Guest.



"Please give me a Christmas box,
Little girl, I'm faint and cold
And you're well fed,"
The poor dog said,
"You're young and I'm very old."
At first, little Nell drew back,
Afraid of her guest so white,
But he looked so sad
That she soon was glad
To offer him a bite. C. D.

Nellie's Christmas.

It was Christmas Eve. Nellie had just gone
to bed; she went to sleep thinking of the pretty
doll and dress she was expecting to get on the
morrow. Her father and mother were down
stairs putting her presents on the tree. They
had just opened a parcel, and were looking in
amazement at the cheap doll and
dress that it contained. "Someone
else has got her presents," said Mrs.
Graves. "Maybe some poor little
girl that has been wishing for a
pretty doll and dress got them," said
her husband. They put the doll and
dress on the tree. "It will not mat-
ter just this once, and will do Nellie
more good than harm, she has been
thinking too much of pretty things
lately," said Mrs. Graves. Nellie
came down early next morning to
look at her presents. When she saw
the cheap doll and dress, she looked
at them a moment, and then began
to cry. "Your things have got
changed, Nellie," said her mother.
"Oh, mother, let papa find out who
got them, at once, please," she said.
So her father went out. In a few
hours he came back with a large doll
and pretty dress. "The Widow Jen-
ner's little girl got them," he said.
"When I went there she was hugging
and kissing the doll; when I brought
it away, she cried a great deal."
Nellie was sad the rest of the day.
Towards evening she said, "Mamma,
do you suppose that little girl ever
had a pretty doll?" When her
mother said "No," she was very
quiet for a long while. At last she
said, "I am going to give that little
girl my doll, if you will let me. It
is too late for a Christmas present,
but it will do for New Year's." Her
mother agreed to this, and I think
Nellie was happier than if she had
kept the doll herself.
[Sent in by Amy C. Purdy, Went-
worth Station, Cumb. Co., Nova
Scotia; aged 10 years.]

The Legend of the Chrysanthemum.

One snowy Christmas Eve, Hans, the charcoal-
burner, was tramping homewards through the
forest. The sun was set, darkness had fallen, and
the bitter north wind drove the snow in his face
as he dragged his weary limbs along. Hans was
a poor man, and there were many small mouths
to feed at home. His brows were knit now in
anxious thought; he was wondering if he could
afford to take the children some little luxury for
a Christmas treat. Suddenly he stopped. That
was surely a child's cry! But what
could a child be doing at that hour
in the lonely forest? There it was
again, and not far off either. Hans
plunged into the thicket in the
direction of the cry, and in a few
minutes came upon a tiny boy lying
under a tree and weeping bitterly.
He seemed numb with cold, and
could scarcely stand, so tired Hans
lifted him in his arms and hastened
onwards. "Good-bye to the chil-
dren's treat," he said to himself.
"Here is another mouth to be
filled," loud were the exclama-
tions of wonder when at last he
reached the cottage and laid his
burden in the goodwife's arms, who
gave the little stranger a warm
welcome. She hastened to bring
dry clothes and food, while the chil-
dren clustered round and caressed
the half-frozen waif, declaring that
he must be a Christmas gift which
the good God had sent to them.

When the family retired to rest
that night the boy blessed them and
prayed for those who had shown
him so much kindness. Hans and
his wife secretly marvelled at the
piety displayed by so small a child.
Who could he be, and where had he
come from? Next morning their
questions were answered, for he ap-
peared before them as the Christ-
child, and as the worthy couple fell
on their knees he vanished from their sight.
That day the charcoal-burner revisited the
place where he had found the child. To his
amazement a cluster of beautiful white and gold-
en flowers, surrounded by bright green leaves,
were growing on the spot. He plucked them
reverently, and carried them home.
"These shall be called Chrysanthemum, in
memory of our Christmas gift," he said, and so
they have been called ever since, and to all who

know their story they teach the Christ-child's lesson—"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

[Sent in for "Christmas story" competition by Alberta Balfour, aged 12 years, Langley, B.C.]

Rosie's and Tom's Christmas Eve.

It was Christmas Eve. Rose and Tom had gone to bed, and Rosie's doll lay between them. They had hung their stockings on the mantel, and Rosie hung her doll's up between them. At nine o'clock they were sound asleep. At midnight Tom awakened up and saw Rosie looking at something. "What are you looking at, Rosie?" asked Tom. "Ah! there is Santa Claus," said she. And sure enough, there stood old Santa filling their stockings.

"Well, now," he said, "I forgot to get Rosie's doll a present. I shall have to get one." "May I go with you, please, Mr. Santa Claus," asked Tom.

"And me, too, please?" said Rosie. "Hello there, children! You awake? Well, come along. Never mind dressing, I am in a hurry. I will put you in my pockets; never mind the doll."

So into his pockets he put them. Up the chimney he went; out on the roof, and into the sleigh. "Hi! there, Prancer, Cupid, Dancer, and Comet, away we go!" Away they went right through the air. Were they not warm? At last they came to a house made of ice. "Is that your house, Mr. Santa?" asked Rosie.

"No," said Santa, "Mine is made of rock candy. Here we are."

Into a room he popped, where hundreds of little elves were at work.

"Here," said Santa, "You get me a present for Rosie's doll."

Away one of them went, while the others crowded around Rosie and put a coat and cap on her and filled her pockets with sugarplums.

"Now," said one, "Let us kiss her."

"No," said Santa, "You might turn her into an elf like yourselves."

He put her into his pocket, and Tom rode on the back of a Brownie who rode on a bicycle.

On sped Tom right through the air. Then the Brownie bit his ear, and down, down, down went Tom into bed. Then he woke up and saw Rosie looking at her presents; in the corner stood his bicycle. He found he had been dreaming.

[Sent in by Mae Smithers, Moosomin, N.-W. T.; aged 15 years.]

The "Christmas Story" sent in by Janet Waterman is too long for this issue, but will be published next month. C. D.

Eight Great Secrets of Success.

A certain fellow who answered advertisements in cheap story papers has had some interesting experiences. He learned that by sending \$1 to a Yankee he could get a cure for drunkenness. And he did. It was to "take the pledge and keep it."

Then he sent fifty two-cent stamps to find out how to raise turnips successfully. He found out—"Just take hold of the tops and pull."

Being young, he wished to marry, and sent thirty-four one-cent stamps to a Chicago firm for information as to how to make an impression. When the answer came it read, "Sit down on a pan of dough." It was a little rough, but he was a patient man and thought he would yet succeed.

The next advertisement he answered, read: "How to double your money in six months." He was told to convert his money into bills, fold them, and he would see his money doubled.

Next he sent for twelve useful household articles, and he got a package of needles.

He was slow to learn, so he sent \$1 to find out "how to get rich." "Work like everything and never spend a cent," and that stopped him.

But his brother wrote to find out how to write without pen or ink. He was told to use a lead pencil.

He paid \$1 to find out how to live without work, and was told on a postal-card, "Fish for suckers, as we do."

Keeping His Place Warm.

This story is told of a successful general, who was far from being a brilliant scholar at school. After he became famous, he one day dropped into the old school, to pay a visit to the scene of his former woes. The teacher was anxious to make a good impression on the general, and put the pupils through their lessons so as to show them to the best advantage. After a while the general said: "But which is the dunce? You have one, surely. Show him to me."

The teacher called up a poor fellow, who looked the picture of woe as he bashfully came toward the distinguished visitor.

"Are you the dunce?" asked the general. "Yes, sir," said the boy.

"Well, my good boy," said the general, "here is a crown for you for keeping my place warm."

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

A POOR SANTA CLAUS.

An ugly, gray, gaunt spinster, with spectacles on nose, sat in an attic darning an old stocking. There was nothing picturesque about her poverty—which was of the clean and decent sort—nor that of the room—bare, scoured, destitute of comfort. The poor, threadbare clothes, which hardly covered the large-boned frame, were neatly mended; there was that indescribable look of "better times" about the woman that made her fellow-lodgers in the tall tenement, of which she occupied this room, call her "Miss Simpson" to her face, and the "old lady upstairs" when they spoke of her. She was shy, reserved, proud; some found her manner and short-sighted form repellent, and called her a "sour old maid," but there were others who had discovered the soft heart underneath, and had had many kindnesses from her. The stocking she was darning now belonged to a little crippled lad in the room across the passage, and Ned French was a great friend of old Miss Simpson. She kept his poor clothes tidy while his mother scraped a poor living by washing, leaving the delicate little fellow alone (except when Miss Simpson kept him company) for long dull hours.

Mrs. French was a young woman, with a fragile look, pale, but very pretty—worn to sharpness by the grinding of poverty and sorrow—but tender withal to her only child, a child born in a dark hour, but all the dearer for that. She was worse than a widow. She had married a man with whom she lived in comfort and happiness for nearly a year, when a drunken virago, long since thought to have been dead, appeared on the scene and had him up for bigamy. Agnes controlled her temper and shed many tears. No one said anything against her, and poor French, who had really believed his wife dead (though on slight evidence), and who loved the other little woman heartily, was denounced as a cruel deceiver and criminal, and received a heavy sentence of penal servitude, which he was still undergoing. Ned was born the very month of his conviction, a poor, wailing, sickly baby, who proved to be incapable of walking. He was now six years old.

When Miss Simpson had finished darning the stockings, she took them into her neighbor's room. It was nearly dark; one feeble candle stood on the table by the child's bed, and the small fire flickered a little, so Ned did not hear his friend come inside the open door, with her cloth slippers. He was chanting to a sort of monotonous tune to himself, as he often did. Miss Simpson stood and listened. Ned had an odd habit of half singing his thoughts in a kind of rhythmic measure:

"Please, dear God, oh! if you please, do—do two things for Ned on Christmas Eve! Please let him have a Santa Claus—like other children do. For Santa Claus ain't been this way—not once to visit Ned. And Ned ain't got a many things. Dear God, you know he ain't. So jest this once, do let him call, and fill my stocking full. Just once, and then, I'll not ask again. But only one thing more. My mammy says my daddy ain't dead—not like Maria's daddy. Make him come home—now, do!"

Miss Simpson stood quite quietly listening, and felt her bosom rise in a silent sob. The poor little lad! It was Christmas Eve—his mother was out preparing for some festive family's Christmas—there was no time and no money to prepare for Ned's—and he was talking to God in the dusk, and letting the longings of his poor little soul become audible in perfect faith that there was a listener. Miss Simpson made a sudden resolve—then she creaked the door and came in up to the little bed with a would-be cheery, "Well, Ned?"

He looked up at her with his usual smile. He loved her, ugly and gaunt and gray as she was, and in her heart she adored him for loving her, now that there was nobody of her own left to do so.

"Well, Simmy, dear!" he said, and stretched out his thin, white, little claw of a hand.

"What were you talking about as I came in, Neddy?"

He colored high, though she could not see for the dim light. "I—I was talkin'," he stammered a little, "well—not exactly talking—sort of singin' or prayin', somethin' like that."

"You were praying for something? Is that it, dear?"

"Ay," he nodded, "dessay it's a bit silly like, but you know, Simmy, George and Maria Porter they come to see me yesterday, and they say as they hangs up their stockings a' Christmas Eve, and—Santa Claus comes and fills 'em. D'you believe there's a real Santa Claus somewhere, Simmy?"

"When I was a little girl, at home," she answered, dreamily, "I used to hang up my stockings, and someone filled it."

"D'ye reckon as it was Santa Claus?" he asked, eagerly.

She stroked his soft, fine brown hair, that fell like the feathers of a bird.

"Maybe, Neddy; I used to think it was."

"Has yer brought in my stockings as you took to mend?" he asked, still with feverish eagerness.

"Yes, dear."

"So if there was to be anythin' in, it wouldn't fall out now at the heel?"

"No; it's quite mended."

"Oh, then, please—would you please hang one up, or maybe both, at the bottom o' my bed?"

A look of sweetness that transfigured it passed over the ugly gray face of the "old maid"—that look of motherhood which spinsters often wear—as she answered him. "Yes, my love, I will. And if ever Santa Claus comes to a good little boy, be sure he'll come to you."

She stooped to kiss him on the white forehead laced with faint violet veins, and then she pinned the mended stockings at the foot of his bed.

"I'll give his mother a hint not to go against him," she said to herself as she went to her room. She lighted her little lamp, and reached down a tin money-box from a high shelf. Poor little money-box; it was so sadly light! "If I don't have any dinner to-morrow but a morsel of bread and tea, I can do it," she murmured. "The little lad shan't be disappointed. He's had no joy in his life yet—and he goes on trust-

ing. When I was little I had my good days."

She emptied out the small hoard of shillings, six-pences and coppers, put aside her rent and a shilling for her remaining week's food, and there was left three shillings. A tiny sum to spend in Christmas presents, rich folks would think, barely enough to buy sweets with, but it meant a good deal to Sarah Simpson, whose needlework for a baby-shop brought her in but just enough for a bare existence.

She hastened to tidy up her room, and went down into the quiet street where the lodging-house stood. This, however, led into a bustling thoroughfare anything but quiet—gas jets flared at the butchers' and green-grocers' shops, and the costermongers' barrows were crowded with eager buyers trying to get bargains out of the hoarse-voiced, shouting sellers.

Miss Simpson only stopped a moment at a barrow to buy two oranges, then she looked about for a toy-shop. Her three shillings seemed to go pretty far. She bought a little figure of Father Christmas, a box of chocolates, some china animals, a few penny toys, and so on. She spent the last sixpence on a frosted cake, which she meant for the boy's mother, for Neddy would not be happy, she knew, if mummy had nothing.

When she got home, she found the poor little sad-faced mother at the table, with the crimson spots on her cheek-bones that showed extreme fatigue, standing, after her hard, long day's toil, to iron a clean shirt for the child and an apron for herself, for Mrs. French struggled against dirt as against a disease.

"Is Ned asleep?" Miss Simpson whispered, stealing a half-frightened glance at his bed.

"Just dropped off," the mother answered, in the thin, sharp, irritable tone of dire fatigue. "He's been bothering about his stockings. I tried to get the nonsense out of his head. Santa Claus don't visit these parts." Her little bitter laugh was sadder than tears.

"Ah, hush!" the old maid said, still whispering. "You weren't come in before I went to buy the things. I couldn't tell you. Ned shall have his stocking filled for once. But don't you stand any longer now, Mrs. French, you're like to drop. Sit you down, and I'll make you a cup of tea and cut some bread-and-butter. I'll finish ironing for you."

Mrs. French dropped into a chair, too weary to resist.

"Oh, you don't mean to say as you 'av been buying him things," she began, and then she suddenly burst into sobs. "You didn't ought to, you're as poor as we are; but, oh, you're a kind, kind soul."

"Hush, hush, don't cry, don't cry. It's nothing, it's a pleasure. I'd rather spend a little so than have a feast. The poor, dear little fellow was asking God to let Santa Claus come. He shall think that God has listened to him. You will keep it up, won't you? And what do you think his other prayer was?"

"I don't know," the mother said, still sobbing. Miss Simpson came close and whispered in her ear: "That his father might come."

There was silence. Agnes French stared hard at the other woman, her large, bright eyes dry now, and beaming with a strange flame. At last, the color rushed all over her thin white face, and she drew a long struggling breath and said:

"Maybe I should. We women, we're that weak."

"It isn't weak to forgive," Miss Simpson said, passionately; "forgiveness is the strongest thing in all the world—stronger than death or sorrow."

"How do you know?"

"I know," the old maid said, solemnly. "I forgive."

"You'll have your dinner and spend the day with us," Mrs. French said, in her imperious way. "I've had a little bit of meat and a pudding given me. Ned

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The next morning when Miss Simpson was dressed, in more haste than usual, she went to the Frenchs' room with her old heart beating as fast as if she were going to meet a lover. She was greeted with an ecstatic babble from Ned, who was sitting up in his bed, flushed, radiant, triumphant with his spoils about him. A flow of incoherent words confused her ears. "He came, he did come. God sent him 'cause I asked. He brought sech things, sech lovely things. They must have shops where Santa Claus comes from. Oh, Simmy, dear, when I woked I was afeared to look. I did shake and shiver so—for fear—for fear there wasn't nothing. Simmy, you'll taste my chocolates—kiss me, Simmy; I wants to wish you a Merry Christmas!"

She clasped him close to her thin throbbing chest, and kissed his soft hair and face in a sort of ecstasy. Her heart was full of love and a kind of heavenly joy. Then for the first time she missed his mother.

"Why, where's mammy?" she asked. "She's never gone out already?"

"Yes," Ned said, carelessly, for his soul was full of Santa Claus' gifts. "She was here when I woked up and found my stockings—she laughed and said sure enough Santa Claus had come. Then, someone knocked and asked her to go outside, and she went, and she ain't never come back."

"Oh, well, I suppose it was to help someone. See, Ned, I'll get your breakfast for you, if you don't want to breakfast on Santa Claus' present."

The message that had come to Agnes French was a strange one. A little boy knocked at her door early that Christmas morning, and presented a crumpled scrap of paper.

"A man giv it me, and says I was to give it to Mrs. French—he's outside—a bloke with his face all wrapped up with a muffler."

The note contained these words: "They've let me out six months before my time for Christmas. I'm ashamed to come in—maybe you don't want to see me no more—but if you do, come down and speak to me.—G. F."

Agnes French only waited to snatch the shawl which hung on the door. The red spots were burning on her cheek-bones, her eyes were wild with some sort of passion, none could have said whether with anger or love; then, without a word, she sped down the dark and dingy stairs.

Ned had been persuaded to make a tiny breakfast by much coaxing, and Miss Simpson was beginning to wonder why his mother did not return, in intervals between answering his ecstatic chatter, when the door opened suddenly, and Agnes French came in leading a man by the hand, an unshaven, gray-haired man, pale and hallow-eyed, who hung his head. There did not seem much in him to justify the pride and strange, flushed joy in the little woman's transformed countenance, but she held her head high, as if introducing a princely visitor.

She drew the man up to her child's bed. "Neddy, dear," she said, with such a thrill in her voice that the boy hardly knew it, "this is your daddy—he's come back—to stay with us. You put your arms round his neck now, and love him well, like you does mammy."

The man stooped humbly over the child, who, with the generous confidence and love of his age, threw both his thin little arms round the bowed neck.

"There!" he cried, triumphantly, looking over the shoulder at Miss Simpson. "You see! God's gone and done jest as I asked Him to. First, He sent Santa Claus along, and next my daddy!"

While the father kissed the boy in silence, trying to keep back his tears, Mrs. French was murmuring explanations in Miss Simpson's ear.

"The woman is dead—really dead—a year back. After all, he's suffered a lot more than he deserved. I'm going to be married to him as soon as we can. I'll try to make it up to him."

"Then, you forgive him?" Miss Simpson said, with rather an odd smile. The little woman threw up her head angrily. "Forgive! I don't reckon as I've any call to forgive. He's as good as anyone's husband—don't let a body dare to say he ain't."

"I'm saying nothing," Miss Simpson responded, meekly. "I'm ever so glad to think as your good days are coming."

Mrs. French gave her a sudden embrace. "And don't you think as you're going to be left out of 'em. George has promise of work out of London in the place where he used to live—you shall come along and lodge with us. Neddy here can't do without his Santa Claus. You've shared the dark days with us—God bless you for it—you shall share the brighter ones now, and the first happy Christmas that has come to me for six long years!"

And while she spoke Ned was telling his daddy how God had sent Santa Claus to fill his empty stockings. His poor old Santa Claus stood by smiling with peace in her heart and goodwill towards men.



Dear Friends,—Christmas is at our gates again, with all its train of gifts, and greetings, and family reunions. We hope it will prove to be a very happy Christmas indeed to all of the members of the Ingle Nook. However—now I'm going to be horribly unsentimental, and ask you a horribly unsentimental question—has it ever occurred to you that a great many of these Christmas gatherings, in order that they may be wholly satisfactory to all concerned, require to be "handled" with more tact than any other assemblage of the year? To be explicit—they are usually composed of family connections and relatives. . . . "Lovely!" you say. Yes, lovely—but!!! Isn't it a fact that we talk our best usually to comparative strangers? The comparative stranger

is an unfathomed well to us. We are fathoming him (or her, as the case may be) and he is fathoming us. Our experiences are mutually new—we are in no danger of making a twice-told tale of any of them. So, also, are our ideas; and in the interchange of these ideas, or in the bracing of one against another, our minds are sharpened, brightened and stimulated to flights which rather surprise even our own selves.

In family parties, on the other hand, everyone knows everyone. There isn't a weakness anywhere that hasn't long ago become a skeleton in a closet exposed—exposed so long, at that, that it has even become an object for ridicule, like the poor mass of bones all riveted with copper pins which used to dangle before our eyes in the physiology lecture-room at school, and which was so unceremoniously and prosaically dubbed "John Smith." . . . Now, you "Normal Girls" everywhere, who have developed into staid farmers' wives, or more staid teachers with glasses and a chain to them, or still more staid editorial women, lean-visaged and long-jawed!!! I know you remember John Smith. . . . How you shivered when you saw him first, his bones rattling whenever a blackboard brush fell on him, and his ghastly grin which never varied. How you wondered who he was in life, what he looked like, whether he was a pauper or a murderer, and whether he had been stolen out of his grave in the middle of the night. . . . And then—and then—you came down to just handling his bones and calling him—John Smith! Didn't you, now? . . . But I'm getting away from our topic.

To come back to our Christmas family parties: There are Aunt Martha and all her children, you have to have them, and the children are just lovely, but a little inclined to be noisy. Then there is Cousin Thomas. He's an old bachelor, and dreadfully bookish, and you know he'll be wrinkling his brow and looking daggers at the children whenever he thinks Aunt Martha isn't looking. But of course you can't leave him out. He hasn't anywhere else to go for Christmas. Then, there's Jack's sister. She's an awful gossip, and you don't care very much for her, but, of course, you must have her, for Jack's sake. The only trouble is that you don't want to leave out Brother Will, and Brother Will detests gossips so, and is so alarmingly outspoken. You know you will be in terror of your life for fear he'll say something queer to Jack's sister. . . . And so it goes. . . . Now, really, doesn't it require the wisdom of serpents, with the harmlessness of doves, to be able to handle such a complication as this?

Leaving nonsense aside, however, we know well that all Christmas reunions are not so "difficult," and that the happy ones this year will be as the sands of the sea. There aren't cross Thomases, and gossip sisters-in-law and too-outspoken brothers in every family, thank goodness! Yet, in issuing invitations for the Christmas dinner, it's as well not to lavish all the thought on the menu and the decorations—but to expend a little also upon the dispositions of those invited. It is always better to invite those whose tastes and temperaments are somewhat



Northwest Buffalo Hunting in the Early Days.

similar at least. If this be impossible, it behooves the host and hostess to look well to the conversation, taking the part of skilful guides in it, or "switchmen," or whatever is necessary to preserve harmony, dispel awkward silences, and keep the entertainment rolling, at all times, smoothly and pleasantly.

What a pleasure to the housewife the planning for the Christmastide is! Verily, I believe she has the best time of any of the grown folk, for her Christmas seems to have begun in earnest from the very day, weeks before, that the first raisin is seeded for the Christmas cake. . . . And what a more than delight is this festive season to the children. Bless their little curly heads and pink toes! What a shame it is that the Santa Claus idea has to be disillusioned! . . . After all, no matter how many Marthas and Thomases there are, we wouldn't want to be without the Christmas time, were it only for the sake of seeing, upon this day of days, the bright eyes and trembling fingers of the joyfully excited little ones.

Now I must stop. Several letters from correspondents are in my drawer. To-day, however, I have only room for one, which came immediately in response to our appeal for the New Ontario boy, of whom mention was made in the last issue. It was sent by Mrs. J. R., Humber Bay, and we hope it will prove of great value to others, as well as to our young friend in New Ontario. Here it is:

"Dear Dame Durden,—In your issue of November 2nd, you ask for a recipe for some simple meals that will help a man, who has lost his wife, and his four motherless boys. . . . Number 1—Take a piece of fresh meat, about three or four pounds—a coarse, cheap piece; cut it into inch slices, and then into pieces about half the size of your hand. Put on a pot, and when it is hot put in the meat, the fat pieces on the bottom of the pot. Stir them to prevent burning, and when a nice brown, put in three or four onions cut into quarters, three or four carrots, and about half a peck of potatoes, peeled and cut into halves or quarters, according to size of the potatoes. Then cover with boiling or cold water. Then take two tablespoonfuls of salt and one of pepper, put into a basin, and mix smoothly with a little cold water, then stir into the pot. Put the lid on and set it over a steady fire, and let it simmer for three or four hours or more. Then, for a change, the vegetables may be omitted, and about half an hour before dinner take a pint of flour, one small tablespoonful soda, a little salt; mix dry through the flour, then mix with buttermilk into a soft dough, but if you have no buttermilk use two teaspoonfuls of baking powder and mix with sweet milk or water. Flour your hands and take a piece of the dough about the size of an egg and drop it into the pot with the meat and gravy, and let it boil quickly for ten or fifteen minutes, or, if you have any stale bread or crusts, toast and drop in instead of the dumplings. This will make a rich, warm dinner, and perhaps enough left over to warm up for breakfast. This will only take about half an hour to prepare. Can be made at night or early in the morning. Set it over a steady fire, and you can go about your other work.

"Two nice puddings that any intelligent child of eight or ten years old can make: Grease a pudding dish that will hold a quart or three pints. Wash a cupful of rice. Put it into a dish, also two tablespoonfuls heaping of brown sugar, a little spice or nutmeg, or a little essence of lemon or vanilla. Fill the dish with skim milk, sweet, and set into a slow oven for two or three hours, and you will have a rich, creamy pudding; and if any is left over, it is nice cold. Number 2—Grease the pudding dish as for the rice pudding, and take stale bread or crusts and break into pieces about an inch thick. Peel some apples, and cut the same size as the bread, and fill the dish with equal parts of bread and apple. Then put over two heaping tablespoonfuls of brown sugar, a little grated nutmeg, and fill the dish with cold water and put bits of butter over the top. This will take only about an hour to bake, if the oven is hot, and is nice to pour a little milk over when eaten.

"Never forget the golden rule: Clear as you go. Take away all vegetable peelings, and wash and put away all the things used in cooking in their places when done with." MRS. J. R.

We thank Mrs. J. R. very much for her suggestions, and dare to hope that she will write again. . . . Wishing to all the members of the Nook a very Merry Christmas—

DAME DURDEN.

"Farmer's Advocate" office, London, Ont.

The Christmas chimes are pealing high
Beneath the solemn Christmas sky.

"Good-will and peace, peace and good-will,"
Ring out the carols glad and gay,
Telling the heavenly message still,
That Christ the Child was born to-day.

Happy hearts and smiling faces
Welcome in the gladsome day.

Like charms to lull the dying year,
The Christmas bells are pealing.

Prize Essay Competition.

In the year 1901 we announced an essay competition whose subject was the cover designed by our artists for the Christmas number of that year. So encouraging was the response to the announcement on that occasion that we have decided to set on foot a similar competition this year. The design of the colored front cover for the present issue is, we think, especially unique. In fact, we consider it quite the best cover the "Farmer's Advocate" has ever borne, as it is not only graceful in design and rich in coloring, but also full of meaning and replete with suggestion. Look at it. See if you can think out all that it means. Write down your ideas upon the subject and send them to us. You may win a prize. To the most successful competitor we will award the sum of \$4.00 in cash; to the second \$3.00, and to the third \$2.00. Make your essays as short as possible—they must not exceed 500 words—and send them to reach this office on or before Jan. 25th, 1904. The competition is open to subscribers to the "Farmer's Advocate" whose subscriptions are paid up for 1904, or to members of their families. Address, "Competition Department," "Farmer's Advocate" office, London, Ont.

A Christmas Carol of Cromwell's Time.

Christmas Eve in Eldore village,
Two long centuries ago,
Found the streets deserted, empty,
Covered with untrodden snow.
Silence with the darkness deepened;
Not a sound, no light aglow;
Shutters barred hid frightened faces
Full of dread and woe.

Christmas Eve, but what a Christmas!
Fear for gladness, care for joy,
For the Puritans were coming
Christmas customs to destroy.
"Christmas is a heathen fast day,
All who keep it are defiled;"
So the Roundheads spoke; all trembled—
All save one, a child.

By some strange mischance a choir boy,
Sweetest singer of them all,
Had not heard the evil tidings,
Listened for the well-known call;
Entered in the old cathedral,
Wondering none were with him there;
Thought to practise, while he waited,
Christmas carols fair.

Now along the whitened roadway
Come the steady tramp of feet—
Stern, determined, gray-garbed soldiers,
Marching to a muffled beat.
Soon the light from the cathedral
Streamed far out across their path,
And the regiment, long silent,
Stirred to sudden wrath.

"Slay these idol-loving heathens!"
Called the leader, and the rest
Rushed toward the village houses,
Quick to follow his behest.
Hark! Above the growing tumult
Rose a child's voice, high and clear;
At the abbey door the captain
Paused and stopped to hear.

Turning then, he gave a signal,
Each grim Puritan stood still,
While a boyish voice sang sweetly,
"Hallelujah! Peace! Good will!
To God be glory in the highest,
Peace on earth, good will to men;
Unto us is born a Saviour—
Christ, the Lord! Amen."

When at last the anthem ended,
Strange the scene the stars looked o'er:
Lo, each man, with bared head, kneeling
Where in arms he stood before.
Resting then and shouldering matchlocks,
Silent from the town they fled;
No man saw them thence departing
But the angels smiled.

Tired of waiting now, the choir boy
Passed out the abbey gates,
Wends alone his slow way homeward,
Wondering why "they were so late."
Wondering if "he might the Christ child
Really would come down to-day."
Wondering why there were so many
Footprints in the snow.

Mollie at the Poultry Show.

We are not off to the Continent yet, for two reasons: One was that I wanted to go to the National Poultry Show at the Crystal Palace, and the other that a dear Canadian friend, a one-time contributor to our Home Magazine, was to pass through England on her way to another Colony than Canada, and I longed to give her first the hand-clasp of welcome, and then a hearty Godspeed before she set sail again for other shores.

But now for what I saw at the poultry show. I thought I had made acquaintance in the course of my life with a good many varieties of the feathered tribe, but I soon discovered my mistake when I stepped into the big Palace of Crystal, transformed for the time being into a huge farm-yard, wherein were quartered 8,000 head of poultry, pigeons, rabbits, etc., hailing from every part of the United Kingdom, as well as from Holland, France, Belgium and Austria, whilst America was represented in the several classes of the fantail pigeon. What struck me most of all, was the utter fearlessness of man manifested by the pretty creatures, which proved how tenderly and gently they had been treated. As I passed cage after cage I could put in my hand, all alike allowing me to caress them in the most confiding manner. They often did not even move, merely blinking at me with their pretty eyes, as if they had never known anything but tender handling since they first saw the light of day. I could not help wishing that some of the thoughtless amongst our Canadian lads and lassies could benefit from the "object lesson" in humanity which was exhibited before the eyes of those thousands of visitors to the Crystal Palace. Nor would the lesson be lost from the point of view of profit and loss wherever man, by care and culture, seeks to produce the very best of its kind from amongst the creatures God has created for his benefit or happiness. In proof of how necessary to success was the most careful treatment, I was told that some of the breeds had required the most minute attention in the matter of washing and "grooming"! There was no bird exhibited valued at less than \$5, whilst the remainder ranged from that sum up to \$2,000. The prizes awarded amounted to £2,500, besides 300 challenge cups and medals, costing from three to one hundred guineas each. The catalogue stated that the 3,600 fowls were worth at the lowest estimate £45,000, and the 3,700 pigeons £40,000, whilst the value appended to the 700 rabbits and canines was £7,000, making a total of £100,000. Truly kindness pays. I was glad to learn that the old English game cocks of the fighting breed, of which there was a very fine collection, are chiefly bred for exhibition purposes only. It seems that the old breeds of poultry, such as Polands and Spanish, which had become almost extinct, are again being revived, as, indeed, why should they not? My cicerone, who understood the subject better than I, pointed out that the fact that in point of numbers the Orpington and Plymouth Rock classes took the premier position, was an indication that utility is as much sought after nowadays as the production of exhibition species only. It is interesting to note that amongst the competitors and prizewinners are the names of many of England's aristocracy and most cultivated and humane people, but I know not who exhibited the specimens of a class which held my interested gaze longer than any other. They were called "frizzled bantams," all their feathers curling up the wrong way, i.e., from the tail to the head, instead of vice versa, somewhat in the fashion one sees from time to time when a disrespectful high wind at a seaside resort plays unexpected pranks with the well-crimped front of an otherwise decorous-looking middle-aged matron. With best Christmas greetings and a Happy New Year to all friends of the "Advocate," from—

MOLLIE.

The Secret of Success.

"What is the secret of success?" asked the Sphinx.
"Push," said the Button.
"Take pains," said the Window.
"Never be led," said the Pencil.
"Be up-to-date," said the Calendar.
"Always keep cool," said the Ice.
"Don't do business on tick," said the Clock.
"Do a driving business," said the Hammer.
"Never lose your head," said the Barrel.
"Aspire to do greater things," said the Nutmeg.
"Make light of everything," said the Fire.
"Make much of small things," said the Microscope.
"Never do anything offhand," said the Glove.
"Spend much time in reflection," said the Mirror.
"Be the work you are suited for," said the Flue.
"Get a good pull with the ring," said the Door-bell.
"Be sharp in all your dealings," said the Knife.
"Find a good thing and stick to it," said the Glue.
"Trust to your stars for success," said the Night.
"Strive to make a good impression," said the Seal.

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A FAIR BARBARIAN.

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

[NOTE.—An innovation in our Home Department is the introduction of a serial story. We are sure our readers will be pleased to see this, especially as the one with which we begin bears so patent a signet-stamp of worth as the authorship of Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett. In order that those who missed the first chapter may be able to follow the story, we give the following synopsis of it: The scene opens in Slowbridge, an aristocratic Old Country town, which is just recovering from the shock of seeing "mills" erected within its borders. Old Lady Theobald, "the corner-stone of the social edifice of Slowbridge," has been especially exasperated at this commercial catastrophe which has befallen the town. Scarcely, however, have the effects of this first shock passed when a second one comes in the guise of a very stylish young woman from America, Miss Octavia Bassett, who arrived one day, quite unexpectedly, at the home of her aunt, Miss Belinda Bassett, a decorous little maiden lady who lives in a very decorous little house on High street. She informs her aunt that her "pa," who had been on the way with her, had been suddenly recalled to the "mines" in Nevada, by some calamity in which he may have lost his last dollar. The scene of the second chapter opens in Miss Belinda's house, in which Octavia's six trunks have just been stowed away. Pretty Octavia has sunk into a chintz-covered chair, and Miss Belinda, still tearful, and somewhat shocked at the unaccustomed manners of this businesslike American girl, is gradually recovering her equilibrium and beginning to make enquiries about her long-lost brother.]

CHAPTER II.—Continued.

"Nothing!" echoed Miss Belinda. "A voyage across the Atlantic nothing? When one thinks of the danger, my dear!"

Octavia's eyes opened a shade wider.

"We have made the trip to the States, across the Isthmus, twelve times, and that takes a month," she remarked. "So we don't think ten days much."

"Twelve times!" said Miss Belinda, quite appalled. "Dear, dear, dear!"

And for some moments she could do nothing but look at her young relative in doubtful wonder, shaking her head with actual sadness.

But she finally recovered herself, with a little start.

"What am I thinking of," she exclaimed remorsefully, "to let you sit here in this way? Pray excuse me, my dear. You see I am so upset."

She left her chair in a great hurry, and proceeded to embrace her young guest tenderly, though with a little timorousness. The young lady submitted to the caress with much composure.

"Did I upset you?" she inquired calmly.

The fact was, that she could not see why the simple advent of a relative from Nevada should seem to have the effect of an earthquake, and result in tremor, confusion, and tears. It was true, she herself had shed a tear or so, but then her troubles had been accumulating for several days; and she had not felt confused yet.

When Miss Belinda went down-stairs to superintend Mary Anne in the tea-making, and left her guest alone, that young person glanced about her with a rather dubious expression.

"It is a queer, nice little place," she said. "But I don't wonder that pa emigrated, if they always get into such a flurry about little things. I might have been a ghost."

Then she proceeded to unlock the big trunk, and attire herself.

Down-stairs, Miss Belinda was wavering between the kitchen and the parlor, in a kindly flutter.

"Toast some muffins, Mary Anne, and bring in the cold roast fowl," she said. "And I will put out some strawberry-jam, and some of the preserved ginger. Dear me! Just to think how fond of preserved ginger poor Martin was, and how little of it he was allowed to eat! There really seems a special Providence in my having such a nice stock of it in the house when his daughter comes home."

In the course of half an hour everything was in readiness; and then Mary Anne, who had been sent up-stairs to announce the fact, came down in a most remarkable state of delighted agitation, suppressed ecstasy and amazement exclaiming aloud in every feature.

"She's dressed, mum," she announced, "an' 'll be down immediate," and retired to a shadowy corner of the kitchen passage, that she might lie in wait unobserved.

Miss Belinda, sitting behind the tea-service, heard a soft, flowing, silken rustle sweeping down the staircase, and across the hall, and then her niece entered.

"Don't you think I've dressed pretty quick?" she said, and swept across the little parlor, and sat down in her place, with the calmest and most unconscious air in the world.

There was in Slowbridge but one dressmaking establishment. The head of the establishment—Miss

Letitia Chickie—designed the costumes of every woman in Slowbridge, from Lady Theobald down. There were legends that she received her patterns from London, and modified them to suit the Slowbridge taste. Possibly this was true; but in that case her labors as modifier must have been severe indeed, since they were so far modified as to be altogether unrecognizable when they left Miss Chickie's establishment, and were borne home in triumph to the houses of her patrons. The taste of Slowbridge was quiet,—upon this Slowbridge prided itself especially,—and, at the same time, tended toward economy. When gores came into fashion, Slowbridge clung firmly, and with some pride, to substantial breadths, which did not cut good silk into useless strips which could not be utilized in after-time; and it was only when, after a visit to London, Lady Theobald walked into St. James's one Sunday with two gores on each side, that Miss Chickie regretfully put scissors into her first breadth. Each matronly member of good society possessed a substantial silk gown of some sober color, which gown, having done duty at two years' tea-parties, descended to the grade of "second-best," and so descended, year by year, until it disappeared into the dim distance of the past. The young ladies had their white muslins and natural flowers, which later decorations invariably collapsed in the course of the evening, and were worn during the latter half of any festive occasion in a flabby and hopeless condition. Miss Chickie made the muslins, festooning and adorning them after designs emanating from her fertile imagination. If they were a little short in the body, and not very generously proportioned in the matter of train, there was no rival establishment to sneer, and Miss Chickie had it all her own way; and, at least, it could never be said that Slowbridge was vulgar or overdressed.

Judge, then, of Miss Belinda Bassett's condition of mind when her fair relative took her seat before her.

What the material of her niece's dress was, Miss Belinda could not have told. It was a silken and soft fabric of a pale blue color; it clung to the slender, lissome young figure like a glove; a fan-like train of great length almost covered the hearth-rug; there were plaitings and frillings all over it, and yards of delicate satin ribbon cut into loops in the most recklessly extravagant manner.

Miss Belinda saw all this at the first glance, as Mary Anne had seen it, and, like Mary Anne, lost her breath; but, on her second glance, she saw something more. On the pretty, slight hands were three wonderful, sparkling rings, composed of diamonds set in clusters; there were great solitaires in the neat little ears, and the thickly-plaited lace at the throat was fastened by a diamond clasp.

"My dear," said Miss Belinda, clutching helplessly at the teapot, "are you—surely it is a—little dangerous to wear such—such priceless ornaments on ordinary occasions."

Octavia stared at her for a moment uncomprehendingly.

"Your jewels, I mean, my love," fluttered Miss Belinda. "Surely you don't wear them often. I declare, it quite frightens me to think of having such things in the house."

"Does it?" said Octavia. "That's queer."

And she looked puzzled for a moment again.

Then she glanced down at her rings.

"I nearly always wear these," she remarked.

"Father gave them to me. He gave me one each birthday for three years. He says diamonds are an investment, anyway, and I might as well have them. These," touching the ear-rings and clasp, "were given to my mother when she was on the stage. A lot of people clubbed together, and bought them for her. She was a great favorite."

Miss Belinda made another clutch at the handle of the teapot.

"Your mother!" she exclaimed faintly. "On the—did you say, on the—"

"Stage," answered Octavia. "San Francisco. Father married her there. She was awfully pretty. I don't remember her. She died when I was born. She was only nineteen."

The utter calmness, and freedom from embarrassment, with which these announcements were made, almost shook Miss Belinda's faith in her own identity. Strange to say, until this moment she had scarcely given a thought to her brother's wife; and to find herself sitting in her own genteel little parlor, behind her own tea-service, with her hand upon her own teapot, hearing that his wife had been a young person who had been "a great favorite" upon the stage, in a region peopled, as she had been led to suppose, by gold-diggers and escaped convicts, was almost too much for her to support herself under. But she did support herself bravely, when she had time to rally.

"Help yourself to some fowl, my dear," she said hospitably, even though very faintly indeed, "and take a muffin."

Octavia did so, her over-splendid hands flashing in the light as she moved them.

"American girls always have more things than English girls," she observed, with admirable coolness. "They dress more. I have been told so by girls who have been in Europe. And I have more things than most American girls. Father had more money than most people; that was one reason; and he spoiled me, I suppose. He had no one else to give things to, and he said I should have everything I took a fancy to. He often laughed at me for buying things, but he never said I shouldn't buy them."

"He was always generous," sighed Miss Belinda. "Poor, dear Martin!"

Octavia scarcely entered into the spirit of this mournful sympathy. She was fond of her father, but her recollections of him were not pathetic or sentimental.

"He took me with him wherever he went," she proceeded. "And we had a teacher from the States, who travelled with us sometimes. He never sent me away from him. I wouldn't have gone if he had wanted to send me—and he didn't want to," she added, with a satisfied little laugh.

CHAPTER III.

L'Argentville.

Miss Belinda sat, looking at her niece with a sense of being at once stunned and fascinated. To see a creature so young, so pretty, so luxuriously splendid, and at the same time so simply and completely at ease with herself and her surroundings, was a revelation quite beyond her comprehension. The best-bred and nicest girls Slowbridge could produce were apt to look a trifle conscious in the white muslin and floral decorations; but this slender creature sat in her gorgeous attire, her train flowing over the modest carpet, her rings flashing, her ear-pendants twinkling, apparently entirely oblivious of, or indifferent to, the fact that all her belongings were sufficiently out of place to be startling beyond measure.

Her chief characteristic, however, seemed to be her excessive frankness. She did not hesitate at all to make the most remarkable statements concerning her own and her father's past career. She made them, too, as if there was nothing unusual about them. Twice, in her childhood, a luckless speculation had left her father penniless; and once he had taken her to a Californian gold-diggers' camp, where she had been the only female member of the somewhat reckless community.

"But they were pretty good-natured, and made a pet of me," she said; "and we did not stay very long. Father had a stroke of luck, and we went away. I was sorry when we had to go, and so were the men. They made me a present of a set of jewelry made of the gold they had got themselves. There is a breastpin like a breastplate, and a necklace like a dog-collar; the bracelets tire my arms, and the ear-rings pull my ears; but I wear them sometimes—gold girdle and all."

"Did I," inquired Miss Belinda timidly "did I understand you to say, my dear, that your father's business was in some way connected with silver-mining?"

"It is silver-mining," was the response. "He owns some mines, you know."

"Owns?" said Miss Belinda, much flustered; "owns some silver-mines? He must be a very rich man. I declare, it quite takes my breath away."

"Oh! he is rich," said Octavia; "awfully rich sometimes. And then again he isn't. Shares go up, you know; and then they go down, and you don't seem to have anything. But father generally comes out right, because he is lucky, and knows how to manage."

"But—but how uncertain!" gasped Miss Belinda; "I should be perfectly miserable. Poor, dear Mar!"

"Oh, no, you wouldn't!" said Octavia; "you'd get used to it, and wouldn't mind much, particularly if you were lucky as father is. There is everything in being lucky, and knowing how to manage. When we first went to Bloody Gulch—"

"My dear!" cried Miss Belinda, aghast. "I—I beg of you—"

Octavia stopped short: she gazed at Miss Belinda in bewilderment, as she had done several times before.

"Is anything the matter?" she inquired placidly.

"My dear love," explained Miss Belinda innocently, determined at least to do her duty, "it is not customary in—in Slowbridge,—in fact, I think I may say in England,—to use such—such exceedingly—I don't want to wound your feelings, my dear,—but such exceedingly strong expressions! I refer, my dear, to the one which began with a B. It is really considered profane, as well as dreadful beyond measure."

"The one which began with a B," repeated Octavia, still staring at her. "That is the name of a place; but I didn't name it, you know. It was called that, in the first place because a party of men were surprised and murdered there, while they were asleep in their camp at night. It isn't a very nice name, of course, but I'm not responsible for it; and besides, now the place is growing, they are going to call it Athens or Magnolia Vale. They tried L'Argentville for a while; but people would call it Lodginville, and nobody liked it."

"I trust you never lived there," said Miss Belinda.

"I beg your pardon for being so horrified, but I really could not refrain from starting when you spoke; and I cannot help hoping you never lived there."

"I live there now, when I am at home," Octavia replied. "The mines are there; and father has built a house, and had the furniture brought on from New York."

(To be continued.)

TRADE TOPICS.

THE LITTLE GIANT SPRAYER.—An exhibit that attracted unusual attention at the Western Fair, 1903, was a spraying machine shown by the inventor and patentee, Mr. F. A. Perkins, of Port Dover, Ont., whose ad., appearing on another page, is well worth careful perusal. The sprayer operates by means of a sprocket wheel attached to the wheel of cart or wagon on which the outfit is mounted. It has taken first prize. Mr. Perkins intends that the sprayer will be built to last a lifetime, and sold at a price withing reach of those requiring the services of such a machine.

A PROGRESSIVE ENTERPRISE.—That the Ontario Wind Engine & Pump Co., of Toronto, whose handsome advertisement appears on a colored insert in this issue, is entitled to rank as one of our leading Canadian manufacturers, can not be disputed when one contemplates the rapid strides made by this company in a few years. The manufacture of the Canadian airmotor was begun in a modest way on Spadina Ave. in 1895, with a paid-up capital of only \$10,000, but with determination to make it a machine of which all true Canadians would be so proud that the cheap foreign windmills being offered at slaughter prices would soon have to take second place. That their efforts have been appreciated is evidenced by the fact that in the few years intervening, their trade has increased over six times, and that, whereas their premises then covered a space 40 x 80, they now require and own premises covering two blocks, from Jefferson to Pacific Ave., 420 x 172 feet, and have this year found it necessary to increase their capital to \$250,000 to enable them to handle the large increase in their trade. A year ago, a new galvanizing shop was built, 112 x 32 feet, which has proved so inadequate that a second one is now being built, 114 x 60, which, with a new storehouse adjoining, 100 x 50, will constitute by far the largest galvanizing plant in the Dominion, if not on the American continent. The present galvanizing shop is to be used for a blacksmith and tower shop, thus leaving room for further extension of the foundry and machine shop, to which it is proposed to build a further addition in the spring. It will be especially interesting to our farmers in the West to learn that, as a result of the increasing demand for the "Canadian Airmotor," and their excellent line of pumps, grain grinders, etc., in the prairie country, and after their President and Manager, Mr. S. H. Chapman, having viewed the land on the recent excursion of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, they have purchased a property in Winnipeg, and propose opening a branch in the spring, under the management of Mr. J. M. Reid, who has been with the company as travelling salesman for a number of years, and who will, therefore, look after the Western trade. It is safe to prophesy that this new departure to be right on the ground, and prepared to meet the requirements of the good Canadians in the West, will meet with the reward it deserves, and that this company will not be disappointed in their firm belief that, "The goods that are made in Canada are the goods that her sons demand," and that in the West, as in the East, there will be an increasing demand for the "Canadian Airmotor."

Gossip.

T. J. Cole, Bowmanville, Ont., writes: "I have some choice young Yorkshire stock to part with, of both sexes, three and four months old; one sow in farrow, one year and eight months, and four eight-months-old sows. Four of my best sows are nursing good, strong litters, from imported boars, S. H. Dalmeny Cavalier 10955, bred by the Earl of Rosebery, K. G., Dalmeny Park, Edinburgh, Scotland; Holywell Hewson 9221. Sales have been extra good this fall."

Mr. W. H. Luke, of Bothwell, Ont., the energetic local representative of the De Laval Separator Co. in portions of Kent and Lambton, paid the "Farmer's Advocate" a call on returning from the Fat Stock Show at Guelph, where he was specially interested in the exhibit of separators and dairy cows. He reports the successful use of hand separators becoming more general among farmers, and they are beginning to use sizes of larger capacity per hour.

We make it warm.

FOR YOU. It's a cold day when we don't. Who earns his winter comforts more honestly than the man who has out in a solid summer's work with no "Union" to cut down his day to eight hours? Why should the farmer, who has to feed his stock at five o'clock of a frosty morning, have to wash his face in ice-water while the townsman has a furnace or hot-water boiler that burns the nose off Jack Frost whenever he pokes it in to the house? Have you a mother whose old joints would ache a little less at Christmas as if she had a warm, cosy room to dress in when the "cold, chilly winds of December" begin to blow? Have you a goodwife who longs to have her home the snuggest spot on earth for her boys and girls—also, if she has a young heart, for her neighbors' boys and girls? Are you able to make life easier and brighter for yourself and your home circle? If not—if you are mortgaged up to the neck—

Don't Buy a Pease Furnace.

But if you are able, now is the time. In the Fall we are busier than bees, for they work only in the sunshine, while we have had to work nights, and pay time-and-a-half, for the last four months. To save the worry and expense of this, we want to sell all the furnaces we can in the late winter and spring, and offer on all orders received between January and July next a discount of TEN PER CENT. PER ANNUM from date of payment to 1st October, 1904. While any of our furnaces will burn any kind of fuel at a pinch, our hard-coal furnace will burn wood so well as our wood furnace will. There is no such thing as a "general purpose" furnace any more than a general purpose cow. Perhaps a Shorthorn of a good milking family comes nearest in the one case, and our Victor furnace comes nearest in the other. Write us, naming this paper, and we will send you a booklet giving fuller information. We believe we have more furnaces installed in Toronto than all other makers combined.

J. F. Pease Furnace Co'y, Limited,
TORONTO, ONTARIO.

16 Shorthorn Bulls FOR SALE.

Bred in the herd that produced Topman and Moneyfuffel Lad; sweepstakes winners at Toronto, all ages competing; also Lord Stanley Junior, champion over all beef breeds, and heading three first-prize herds at World's Fair, Chicago.

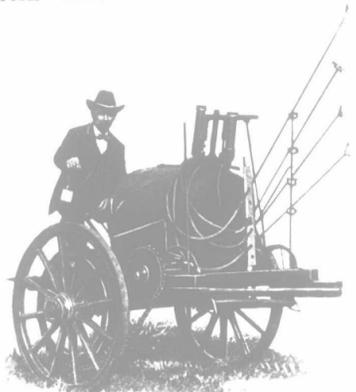
Yonge St. Trolley Cars from Union Station, Toronto, pass farm.

J. & W. RUSSELL, RICHMOND HILL, ONTARIO.

YOUNG, capable women wanted to enter training-school for nurses in connection with Muskoka Cottage Sanatorium, Gravenhurst. Apply to

MISS JONES, Nurse-in-Charge, Gravenhurst, Ont.

THE LITTLE GIANT SPRAYER.



This labor-saving and money-saving machine is operated by means of sprocket wheel attached to the wheel of cart or wagon on which the outfit is mounted. Four to six lines of hose, 12 to 18 nozzles that can be worked on one side or both sides and rear all at the same end of the big driver. Fifty to 75 apple trees can be sprayed in one hour; 6 rows of potatoes, sugar beets or turnips at one time, and for mustard, 20 to 25 feet can be sprayed on each side of outfit as it passes down the field. These machines are built to last and at moderate prices. Won first prize wherever shown. Agents wanted, County and Provincial rights for sale. Apply to

T. A. PERKINS, Port Dover, Ont.

H. J. Davis, of Woodstock, Ont., proprietor of the Woodstock herd of Yorkshires, has sold to Mr. C. Hutz, of Freeman, Ohio, eight nice young Yorkshires. These were the pigs that won eight firsts, four seconds and two thirds, including sweepstakes for best young herd and sow, any age, at the International Exhibition. Among recent sales from this herd were a very fine imported sow, bred at Ruddington, Eng., and a Lady Frost sow to Mr. Wesley Boyle, of Kinlock, Ont.

ROSEDALE STOCK FARM.

The Rosedale Stock Farm, of Weston, Ont., J. M. Gardhouse, proprietor, is again to the front with some choice offerings in Shorthorn bulls, Clydesdale and Shire stallions and mares, and Leicester ewe and ram lambs. The Shorthorns are mostly of imported blood, and the Shires and Clydesdales are sired by some of the most noted sires on this continent. The stock sent out annually from these farms for many years has stood the test of time and can be found in all the leading livestock sections of the Dominion of Canada, and quite a number of places in the United States. About one-third of the Shorthorn herd consists of imported animals, sired by bulls that have demonstrated their great prepotency and also show-yard qualities, under some of the best judges in England and Scotland. Uniformity and individual excellence are striking characteristics of the herd, which Mr. Gardhouse has spared neither time nor money in getting together. His success in the show-ring is in no small measure due to his own personal energy and skill in the supervision of every detail of the herd. The bull that is helping to maintain the splendid reputation is the young imported son of the great Bapton Chief, and out of Blythsome 16th (sold at W. D. Platt's sale for \$950). Bapton Chief is by the same sire as Bapton Diamond, perhaps the highest-priced bull brought to America for many years. The young bull is a very rich dark red, of immense scale, good quarters, and very straight and even. He should make a good record for himself. Among the many very excellent young animals for sale in this herd can be mentioned a very fine red-and-white, six-months-old bull, by Republican, a son of the \$6,000 cow, and out of Fairview Strathallen, a strikingly handsome young cow of excellent conformation and style, and her whole appearance is indicative of the rich breeding. This young bull calf should make someone a very desirable header, and he is the sort that grow into money. There is also a six-months-old red bull, by Prince Gloster, and out of Adela, by Revenue, dam Amy, by Earl of March. Prince Gloster was second at Toronto as a three-year-old. This young bull is a straight Cruickshank, an extra nice handler, low down and strong, with a good head and back. Amongst the heifers for sale is a red Mysie, with little white, by Monitor 28194, dam Missie Duimore 23846, by Princess Duke, dam Lady Clonmore. She is a rich, mellow handler, very straight, and shows promise of growing into a big, strong, handsome cow. A four-year-old Loyalty, dam Verena Dandy, by Prince Master, dam Princess Bees, nearly bred this fall, is a very fine-looking animal, with straight top and bottom line, and a good handler. Three-year-old roan Ester

Dalmeny Primula, is by Principal of Dalmeny, dam White Primrose, by Spicy Robin, blood that has produced so many show-yard champions and high-priced animals in recent years. She is an excellent individual. Besides showing her breeding in every line, she has plenty of size and well sprung of rib. There is also a red heifer by Merry Hampton, dam Monarch's Lady, by the great show bull and breeder, Gay Monarch. There is also a red-roan Nonpareil heifer, by Crimson Lovely, dam Lovely Mary. She is going into the combination sale at Hamilton next month, and should bring a long price, as she is one of the famous Cruickshank Lovely family. She is a good one. Some seven heifers in all, one going to the sale at Hamilton in January from the herd. There are also a number of choice young heifers of the Crimson Flower, Nonpareil, Strathallen and Mayflower families, mostly in calf to Imp. Chief Ruler. The excellent breeding of the dams in this herd (both imported and Canadian-Scotch bred) are so well known as to need no comment here. Suffice to say that they are all showing, more than ever, the results of good care and feeding.

The Shire stallion, Morley Baronet, is a fine upstanding bay two-year-old, by Hendre Baronet 16714, and out of Gretto 21863, by British Lion 3493. Another fine young stallion is Sparkler 22105 (imp.), light bay, by Uyn Hitchen Duke 14782, dam Spark 26917, by Lincoln's Reserve 13260. He is a big, handsome horse with style and action, flat, flinty bone, and splendid feet and legs. Another very handsome light bay Shire stallion is the Imp. Sand Boy, by Sure Side, and out of Kate, by Sir James II. He is also a strikingly handsome horse, of immense size and bone, style and action, with massive frame, yet withal combining neatness and finish. He should do credit to any section. In Royal Kerr 11913, the great three-year-old Clydesdale stallion, Mr. Gardhouse has a prize indeed, on account of his great individuality and breeding. He is sired by Royal Champion 8956, dam Jessie Mahen 13365, by Prince of Wales 673. The Clyde and Shire mares in these stables are a fine big handsome lot, of excellent breeding. They have on hand also a very choice selection of Leicester ram and ewe lambs.

Messrs. J. & W. Russell, Richmond Hill, Ont., advertise for sale in this number of the "Advocate" sixteen young Shorthorn bulls, bred in their Springbrook herd, which produced Lord Stanley, Topman and Moneyfuffel Lad, a triumvirate of champion bulls such as no other herd in America has produced. The sire at the head of the herd at present is Imp. Fitz Stephen Forrester —36030—, by Stephen Fitz Lavender, of the Cruickshank Brawth Bud family, and bred by Mr. J. Deane Willis, of Bapton Manor, dam Flower of Aylesby 29th, by British Hope. This bull is nicking nicely with the kind of cows that produced the trio of champions above named, and the young things in the herd are of the right type, full of flesh, covered with lots of good hair, standing on short legs, and having all the indications of early maturity. The farm is easy of access from Toronto, as the Yonge St. electric cars run past the farm, and the distance is only about fifteen miles.

THE GRIMM MFG. CO., 84 Wellington St., Montreal, have been singularly honored by the Canadian Commissioners of the St. Louis World's Fair, who recently authorized them to prepare a representative maple sugar and syrup exhibit, for display at the Exposition. That the showing to be planned and supervised by this famous firm will reflect credit upon the entire country, goes without saying. No more competent house could have been selected for such a responsible duty. The appointment, however, is only one of many distinct triumphs achieved by the Grimm Mfg. Co. during the past few years. A representative of the "Farmer's Advocate" called on the genial and hustling manager the other day, only to find him as of yore, working indefatigably to meet the demands of the ever-increasing trade. "They are simply rushed with new and repeated orders," he said in answer to an inquiry, "but so far have been able to promptly fill every one." Firmly, stability and aggressiveness characterize the Grimm Mfg. Co. to a marked degree.

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Great Combination Sale

IN SALE PAVILION AT STOCK-YARDS, HAMILTON, ONT.,
WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 20th, 1904.

63 Head Imported and Home-bred Shorthorns

49
FEMALES
and
14
BULLS.



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The offering consists of 23 imported Scotch heifers and cows, 26 Canadian-bred heifers and cows, nearly all of Scotch breeding; 10 imported Scotch bulls, 4 Canadian Scotch bred bulls. A superior lot, suitable for foundation stock and to strengthen herds. The bulls are good enough to head the best herds. For catalogue write

Auctioneers: CAPT. T. E. ROBSON, THOS. INGRAM,
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W. D. FLATT, Hamilton, Ont.

A Made-to-Order Corset
\$1.50.

This is the cheapest made-to-order corset on the market. Best imported jean, best quality steels, best workman-hip, guaranteed fit, perfect finish. Direct from maker to wearer, no middlemen's profits.

A CORSET FOR YOU
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Enclose this ad. and send for catalogue.
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Champion Evaporators.
MAPLE SYRUP EVAPORATOR.

Not a single feature of the "Champion" Evaporator could be dispensed with and leave a perfect Evaporator. Durability, rapidity, and high quality of product, with saving of fuel, are its features. Our sectional pan system makes it easy to handle, and everlasting. Write for catalogue, state number of trees you tap, and an estimate of your requirements will follow.



Also manufacturers of the
CHAMPION FRUIT EVAPORATOR.

The Grimm Manufacturing Co.
84 WELLINGTON ST., MONTREAL.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

VETERINARY.
ITCHY HORSE.

Horse is very itchy. He bites and rubs himself severely. He eats well, but does not gain in flesh. T. H. B. Haldimand Co., Ont.

Ans.—He has either hen lice or eczema. If hens roost in or near his stall, look closely for lice on horse, and remove hens and whitewash the stable. If there be no lice, clip him, and, of course, keep him well clothed after clipping. Wash off thoroughly with warm soft-soap suds, and follow up with a daily application of a lotion made of 80 grains bichloride of mercury (corrosive sublimate) to a gallon of water. Rub the lotion well into the skin. Purge him with 8 drams aloes and 2 drams ginger, and follow up with 1 oz. Fowler's solution of arsenic, night and morning for two weeks.

MISCELLANEOUS.
LINE FENCING.

Adjoining my place is a lot about 200 feet long. For some years an old woman lived there, but the house was burned. It then became vacant for a number of years. Lately the lot was sold, and a house was built upon it. The purchaser of lot claims the first half of fence next the road. This half I have kept in repair for three years, the time I have lived here; and the other half is nearly all down. My cattle get in on his lot. He turns them on the road. The posts of this fence, including both halves, are all on his side.

1. Can occupant of lot claim first half of fence, after my keeping it in order for so long?

2. If not, can I compel him to repair back half?

3. If so, can I prosecute him for turning my cattle on the road?

Ont.
Ans.—It is usual in cases such as this, to call in the fenceviewers, and take their award respecting the matters in dispute. It would be impossible to form an opinion without taking evidence.

A DISPUTED BOUNDARY.

Line fence between my neighbor and myself has been in dispute for some time. Has lately been surveyed by a Government surveyor. 1. What course, should I take to have fence placed on the proper line? 2. The fence has been this way for six years, and has been disputed most of this time. By the line being in the present place, my neighbor has had the use of over an acre of my land. Can I claim anything for the use of it the six years, he knowing he had that much more than his own? 3. Also part of this disputed land has been plowed by him this fall. Can he claim pay for his plowing? 4. Who should pay for the services of surveyor, I having employed him? 5. Can I claim all of line fence, it being on my property? FARMER. York Co., Ont.

Ans.—1. First, you should endeavor to arrange the matter amicably with your neighbor. Failing in that, it would then be in order to take advantage of the provisions of the Revised Statute re-

TOBACCO AND LIQUOR HABITS.

Dr. McTaggart's Tobacco Remedy removes all desire for the weed in a few days. A vegetable medicine, and only requires touching the tongue with it occasionally. Price \$2. Truly marvelous are the results from taking this remedy for the liquor habit. Is a safe and inexpensive home treatment; no hypodermic injections, no publicity, no loss of time from business, and a certainty of cure. Address or consult Dr. McTaggart, 75 Yonge St., Toronto.

MOTHERS!



Does the happiness of your sons and daughters concern you? If their faces are blotched and pimply, or discolored and muddy, can they feel truly happy? We have had twelve years' experience in successfully treating such troubles. Our home treatment never fails. Write for particulars; all letters private. Send 10c. for treatise on dermatology and sample of oream.

Superfluous Hair, moles, birthmarks, etc., eradicated forever by our method of electrolysis. Satisfaction assured. Come during holidays for treatment. **Graham Dermatological Institute,** DEPT. F., 502 CHURCH STREET, TORONTO. Established 1892.

pecting line fences, and have the matter passed upon by fenceviewers of the locality. 2. Possibly; but it is not a claim that it would be advisable to attempt to realize upon by suit. 3. We think not. 4. We should say that you are liable for the surveyor's fees. 5. No.

HOLIDAYS AND WORK.

1. Can a man hired for eight months charge his employer for holidays when he stays and does nothing but chores? 2. Can the boss take the pay for holidays out of his wages? 3. Or does he have to work his holidays as lost time? W. H. M. Peel Co., Ont.

Ans.—1. No. 2. No. 3. No.

ASSETS, \$23,600,000.00.
Canada Permanent Mortgage Corporation

Formerly The Canada Permanent and Western Canada Mortgage Corporation.

Head Office: Toronto Street, Toronto.

President: GEORGE GOODERHAM.
1st Vice-President and Managing Director: J. HERBERT MASON.
2nd Vice-President: W. H. BEATTY.

DEPOSITS
received in sums of
ONE DOLLAR
and upwards.

Interest paid or compounded twice a year at
3½ PER CENT.

In answering any advertisement on this page, kindly mention the FARMER'S ADVOCATE.

SUPERIOR DRILLS

As will be seen from the illustration, it required three men to operate the Hoe Drill at the right side of the SUPERIOR Disc Drill. Then they were unable to work it satisfactorily. A one-armed man successfully operated the Superior WITHOUT help—and he didn't tramp trash.



SUPERIOR DISC DRILLS NEVER CHOKE IN TRASH.

WRITE FOR
CATALOGUES.

CANADIAN DIVISION AMERICAN SEEDING-MACHINE COMPANY,
TORONTO, ONT. WINNIPEG, MAN.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS. MISCELLANEOUS.

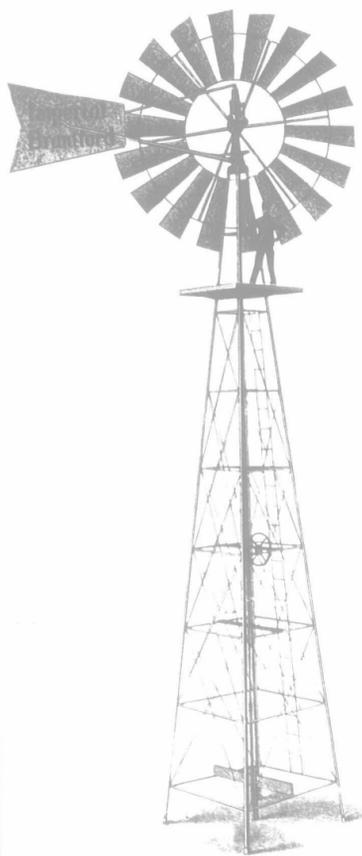
A FEEDING PROBLEM.

Will you kindly give your opinion on the following questions: I have taken a number of steers, rising three and four years, average weight 1,175 lbs., to winter. They were weighed into the stable, at \$3.50 per hundred, and are to be weighed back to the drover the first of May, at \$4.50 per hundred. I have plenty of rough feed such as ensilage, clover hay, straw and clover chaff, with grain feed as follows: Shorts, \$18 per ton; bran, \$16 per ton; barley, 40c. per bushel; oats, 28c. per bushel. How would you advise me to feed in order to produce the most clear profit for the feed consumed? Would you advise feeding a heavy grain ration or not? Can steers be fed with profit at an advance of \$1 per hundred pounds? Would it be profitable to add cotton-seed meal or oil cake to the ration; if so, how much? Middlesex Co., Ont. T. F.

Ans.—If the agreement did not call for feeding until next spring, it would be wise to sort out those steers, if any that are well advanced in flesh, and put them on a heavier grain ration than any that might be somewhat poorer. Steers that are put into the stables in such condition that they can be fed well and finished in about two or three months, are called short keeps to distinguish them from a class that requires a longer period to fatten. In feeding experiments, it has been found that the long keeps, fed on a rather light meal ration, though not making as rapid gains, made considerably more economical gains. In this case, therefore, we would begin on light meal ration. Some good feeders, in feeding steers under the conditions mentioned, limit the grain allowance to as little as one and a half or two pounds per day per head. This, however, is very light, and is fed in conjunction with the best of silage, clover, chaff, and roots. With the grains on hand, a mixture of equal parts of each by weight, fed with about thirty pounds of silage, five of clover hay, and five of chaff or oat straw, would make a good

Brantford Steel Windmills

Are the Best in the World.



We have
proven this
in the

Two Months' Trial

HELD
BY

The Royal Agricultural
Society

IN ENGLAND

WHEN
WE

EASILY TOOK
FIRST PRIZE.

Write for Booklet.

Cool, Shapley
& Muir Co.

LIMITED.

BRANTFORD,

CANADA

ration. To begin with about three pounds per head per day would be sufficient, gradually increasing, until by the first of May nearly a pound per day for every hundred pounds of live weight were being fed. Where there is a sufficient supply of clover, bran and oats, and the steers are feeling mellow, there is little demand for cotton-seed meal or oil cake. A little of either, however, toward the end of the feeding period is a good thing to give a juiciness and mellowness to the flesh.

Feeders generally agree that by careful feeding, and by turning the cattle off when they are finished, a margin of a cent a pound between buying and selling will clear the feeder and furnish a good market for the farm products. See our January 15th issue, 1903.

GOSSIP.

The stock offered for sale elsewhere in this issue by Dr. J. S. Sproule, Markdale, Ont., includes the following: Cows—Trilby =27737=, roan, sired by Lord George =13555=, bred by the late Col. Trywhit, M. P., Bradford; also, a bull calf by her, rising one year old, red, and sired by Royal Standard 27134, bred by Russell, of Richmond Hill, and belongs to the Isabella and Miss Ramsden family. Ida of Brookdale =31641=, red, got by Lord Gloster =26995=. Markdale Queen, white, sired by Cedarville Chief =26838=, dam Hopeville Beauty =21003=, by Dusty Joe 6962. Lady Marlboro, red, by Cedarville Chief =26838=, dam Spotted Beauty 37072, by Duke of Argyle 20165. Markdale Lady, roan, by Cedarville Chief 26838, dam Hopeville Beauty. Also, two heifers—one from Lady Marlboro, and the other from Markdale Queen. Bulls—Two-year-old red from Ida of Brookside, sire Lord Gloster; the other from Trilby, sired by Royal Standard. The third, out of Spotted Beauty, got by Markdale Chief, out of Lord Gloster, dam Ida of Brookdale. All are in good thriving condition, but not fat, and all of good size and conformation. The cows are all in calf.

In answering any advertisement on this page, kindly mention the FARMERS ADVOCATE.

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Elgin Co.,

Could you
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is the best
heaving?

**QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.
MISCELLANEOUS.**

REMEDY FOR SMALL WARTS.

In December 1st "Farmer's Advocate," "J. H.," Middlesex Co., asks for a remedy for small warts on colt's nose. I have used the following for 30 years, without a failure. Take a teacup and fill half full of common soft soap (such as farmers make from wood ashes), and heat it on the fire until warmed through like new soap, then stir in prepared chalk (i. e., common white chalk well pulverized) until you make a paste, and apply once or twice a week. It is cheap efficient and harmless, and much safer about the eyes and mouth than silver nitrate pencil. This remedy may be of some value to others.

Elgin Co., Ont. WM. DEO.

MAMMOTH CLOVER-GATE POST HEAVING.

Could you please inform me, first, is Mammoth clover likely to be as sure a catch, and as heavy a crop on high, dry ground as the common red? How do they compare on all kinds of ground, and as fodder, and time for cutting? What is the best plan to keep gate posts from heaving? Will sheep eat ox-eye daisy so as to prevent it from seeding?

Durham Co., Ont. R. P.

Ans.—1. Mammoth clover is one of the rank-growing, tender varieties whose special value is for use as a cover crop to be sown in midsummer and plowed down in the fall, or left to retain moisture over winter. When sown on well-cultivated soil it is almost certain to grow rapidly, even in the hottest and driest of seasons. It may sometimes be used for fodder in the fall, but will scarcely live over winter in most Canadian latitudes. The Mammoth does not compare with the red for general utility on all kinds of soil, but is particularly valuable for the purpose mentioned above. 2. One of the best plans to keep posts from heaving is to mortise both sides of the post near the bottom, and fasten two cross pieces of scantling, long enough to project on each side, upon which to build a platform about one and one-half feet square. On this platform pile heavy boulders. This arrangement would require a broad hole in which to set the post. Another plan is to select posts of large size, and trim down the part above ground to reasonable dimensions, leaving the lower end full size. In either case the earth should be well mounded about the post to turn off the surface water. 3. In many cases they will, especially if the grass is short, but they cannot always be depended upon to do so.

Not the Real Thing.

A new tenant had leased the farm of Drumbirch, and Donald and Sandy were discussing the question of his desirability as a neighbor:

"Ye wis in his hoose, Sandy," said Donald.

"Iye, Danald, I wis in his hoose."

"An' hoo did ye get on wi' him?"

"Oh, I got on nae sae bad, but he's nae the real thing, ye ken."

"Hoo dae ye mak' that oot, Sandy?"

"Well, Donal, he took oot the bottle a' richt, an a big enough gless too, an' began to poor oot the spirits a' richt, but I cried oot: Stop! an' he stoppit; that's the kin' o' man he is, Donal."

Fat Stock and Stallion Show for B. C.

The Royal and Industrial Exhibition Association, of New Westminster, B.C., has shown that its members are possessed of enterprise and enthusiasm in the cause of animal husbandry. As may be noticed on another page of this issue, active steps have been taken to have a fat stock and stallion show during the second week of March, 1904.

The encouragement that a show of this kind will give to the live-stock industry of the Pacific Province is sure to be far-reaching in its effects. In the fertile and productive valleys, and amid the hills where good pasturage may be had throughout the entire year, there roams at pres-

ent large herds of cattle. To foster the growing tendency toward the improvement of this stock is the work of a fat-stock show. In the farming country, too, horse-breeding, although, comparatively speaking, yet in its infancy, is on the increase. The purchase of sires, ever important, is doubly so in a new country. Scrub stock should not be used, and the addition of a stallion exhibit with fat stock should prove a mighty educator to horse-breeders desirous of a better knowledge of his equine majesty.

Value of Feeding for Sale.

In view of the strong possibility that a horse sale will be held in Calgary next March, it would be advisable for all who intend to offer animals for sale to have them in good condition by beginning at an early date to feed for that purpose.

Range horses in general are in excellent condition at present, and as fodder is cheap, special systematic feeding is advisable, not only to retain flesh that exists, but increase it. To anyone who has carefully noted what a great difference in price from 50 to 100 pounds of flesh makes at sale time, it is not necessary to suggest preparatory feeding.

There are many records, especially among draft horses, where 200 pounds of additional flesh have almost doubled a horse's selling price. Instances are quite common where full-grown teams in poor condition were considered altogether too light for city dray purposes, when a few months later, after

being fitted by some dealer, these same teams were readily purchased at a high figure for the very same work. It is the last few pounds for which the high price is paid.

Decency at Fairs.

The Commissioner of Agriculture for New York State has issued the following warning to all the Agricultural Societies which receive State money:

"Any Agricultural Society which shall permit any immoral or indecent exhibition, any gambling device or contrivance in the operation of which bets are laid or wagers made, wheel-of-fortune, or the playing or carrying on of any game of chance, upon the grounds used by it during an annual exhibition, will forfeit its rights to any moneys it would be entitled to receive; and it shall be the duty of the president and secretary, or treasurer, of every Agricultural Society entitled to receive money, to certify in their annual report to the Commissioner of Agriculture, executed under oath, on or before the 15th of December in each year, that at the last annual exhibition it did not knowingly permit any immoral show, or any gambling device, or the playing of any game of chance, upon the grounds used by it during such last annual fair, which report shall be filed in the office of the Commissioner of Agriculture. The department will take active means to ascertain whether this portion of the agricultural law is violated."

GOSSIP.

Louis D. Barchfield, Grimsby, Ont., writes us that his herd of pure-bred Tamworth swine is in excellent condition at the present time, and being cramped for room will part with a number at reasonable prices. The boar at the head of the herd is Maple Cliff George 3325, a grand one, as are the stock sows. Read his special announcement elsewhere in this issue.

Official records of 41 Holstein-Friesian cows, from Nov. 12 to Dec. 3, 1903, have been received. Fourteen full-age cows averaged: age, 7 years 3 months 8 days; days after calving, 25; milk, 425.4 lbs.; butter-fat, 14.800 lbs., equivalent butter 17 lbs. 4.3 ozs., per cent. fat shown in the milk 3.52. Twelve four-year-olds averaged: age, 4 years 6 months 1 day; days after calving, 18; milk, 382.9 lbs.; butter-fat, 13.342 lbs., equivalent butter 15 lbs. 9.1 ozs., per cent. of fat shown in the milk, 3.50. Six three-year-olds averaged: age, 3 years 5 months 29 days; days after calving, 16; milk, 348.6 lbs.; butter-fat, 12.142 lbs., equivalent butter 14 lbs. 2.6 ozs., per cent. of fat shown in the milk 3.47. Nine two-year-olds averaged: age, 2 years 4 months 4 days; days after calving, 68; milk, 282.1 lbs.; butter-fat, 9.817 lbs., equivalent butter 11 lbs. 7.2 ozs., per cent. of fat shown in milk 3.51. It must be borne in mind that these records are made under the careful supervision of agricultural experiment stations, and that 85.7 per cent. of fat found in the milk is equivalent to a pound of butter. Among the number were the following: Empress Josephine of Brookside 39515, age 8 years 8 months 1 day; days after calving, 46; milk, 473.3 lbs.; butter-fat, 14.915 lbs., equivalent butter, 17 lbs. 6.4 ozs.; and Sara Jewel Hengerveld 55841, age 2 years 1 month 9 days; days after calving, 228; milk, 262.3 lbs.; butter-fat, 9.052 lbs., equivalent butter 10 lbs. 9 ozs. Owner, W. W. Brown, Lyn, Ontario.—S. Hoxie, Supt. of Advanced Registry.

TRADE TOPIO.

AN EXTRAORDINARY CORSET OFFER.—On pages following the Home Department will be found a bargain inducement that should be profited by all over the country. It is altogether exceptional in the history of corset selling. There is money to be saved by writing the Robinson Corset Co., London, for their catalogue, and by taking advantage of this unusually good opportunity.

WOODSTOCK STEEL Windmills.

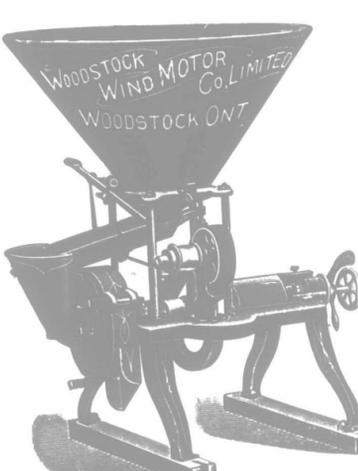
GALVANIZED OR PAINTED.
FOR POWER OR PUMPING.

The Dandy Windmill

with graphite bearings,
runs easy, and controls itself
in the storm.



GRINDERS, PUMPS,
WATER TANKS,
DRINKING BASINS,
SAW BENCHES.



WOODSTOCK WIND-MOTOR CO. LIMITED
WOODSTOCK, ONTARIO

IDEAL FENCING

has large, hard steel wire for both upright and horizontal wires.

MADE TO LAST.

The lock does not slip; being galvanized, it will not rust. Write for catalogue.

IDEAL

THE MCGREGOR-BANWELL FENCE CO., LIMITED, om Walkerville, Ont.

What the Masses Say.

Jas. A. Moore, Agreuteuil Co., Que. :- "I like the 'Farmer's Advocate' well, and will take it another year, and am sending another new subscriber."

Mrs. A. Rodd, Queen's Co., P. E. I. :- "We enjoy reading the 'Farmer's Advocate,' and are rejoicing that it is to become a weekly."

R. G. Martin, Hastings Co., Ont. :- "I enclose \$1.50 for my renewal for the year 1904, not due yet, but I will send it on in time. Wishing the 'Advocate' a prosperous New Year."

A. Adamson, Bruce Co., Ont. :- "I may be able to get more new names later on. Pleased you are able to produce the 'Advocate' weekly. It is another link to your chain. Keep on welding, forge ahead, is my motto."

Wm. N. Leslie, Wellington Co., Ont. :- "I understand the 'Farmer's Advocate' is to be changed to a weekly, which will be very beneficial."

Chas. Lessard, Addington Co., Ont. :- "I am very much pleased that the 'Farmer's Advocate' is to be published weekly, but sorry that some are so backward in appreciating so valuable a paper."

J. W. Stephens, Ontario Co., Ont. :- "We are very much pleased to know of the proposed change to a weekly periodical, as we feel assured that this change will place the 'Farmer's Advocate' where it is designed to be, 'in the van,' and as we have always appreciated the paper very much, we feel that the change will surely enhance its value as a farm and stock journal. Wishing you every success in the new venture."

F. H. Apperley, Simcoe Co., Ont. :- "I look upon the 'Farmer's Advocate' as being the best agricultural paper that has come under my notice."

J. C. M. Hawley, Missisquoi, Que. :- "I think the weekly 'Farmer's Advocate' will be all right. I have taken the _____ and the _____ for ten years, and the 'Advocate' for two or three, and you are advancing, and will be at the head."

Samuel Parker, Bruce Co., Ont. :- "I like the 'Farmer's Advocate' fine. I wouldn't like to do without it in my home, so you will send it on."

Sparks on the Roof

Will not start fires if you have been wise enough to use . . .

EASTLAKE

STEEL SHINGLES.

They prevent fire as surely as they resist lightning—two points that commend them to every farmer. Besides, they're so easily fitted together and laid—and not expensive.

MADE BY

Metallic Roofing Co., LIMITED.

TORONTO. ONTARIO.

For goodness sake appear up-to-date. Wear the

Adjustable Abdominal Corset

You will appear just as slim as you wish below the waist in front, and as full as you care to above.

PRICE for the month reduced to **\$1.50**

Enclose this Advertisement and send for Catalogue.

ROBINSON CORSET CO.
375 Clarence St., - LONDON.

Harry Morris, Huron Co., Ont. :- "I received the knife for the other two new subscribers, and think it is splendid. Many thanks for same."

Walter Bennett, Kent Co., Ont. :- "Will be much pleased to have the 'Farmer's Advocate' arrive weekly at our house."

Jno. Curry, Oxford Co., Ont. :- "I have been a subscriber for several years, and consider your paper an excellent one for farmers."

Leonard Lanceley, Wentworth Co., Ont. :- "Am pleased to note the proposed change to a weekly, and wish you success in the enterprise."

Geo. D. Schurman, P. E. I. :- "Thank you for your enterprise, and make no doubt of its success. I am your appreciative student."

Jno. W. Gilmore, Judge of Probate, Sunbury and Queen's Co. :- "Your new venture deserves every encouragement from Canadians. Although not personally concerned in farming, your journal is of interest and pleasure to me. Now that the 'Advocate' will arrive weekly, it should gain subscribers down this way."

GOSSIP.

Wm. Howe, of North Bruce, Ont., makes an exceptionally fine offering in this issue of Improved Large White Yorkshire hogs at greatly reduced prices to make room for new stock coming on. Look up his advertisement elsewhere in this issue.

In some country districts of Ireland it is not unusual to see owner's names simply chalked on carts and other vehicles, in order to comply with legal regulations. A policeman accosted a countryman whose name had been wiped off unknown to him by a mischievous boy. "Is this cart yours, my good man?" "Av course it is," was the reply. "do you see anything the matter wid it?" "I observe," said the pompous policeman, "that yer name is o-bliterated." "Then yer wrong," quoth the countryman, who had never come across the long dictionary word before, "for me name's O'Reilly, an' I don't care who knows it!"

WHY WALK WHEN YOU CAN RIDE?



Write for particulars of our **NEW MODEL HARROW CART.**

DUNN BROS. & HARMER,
Box 472. WINNIPEG, MAN.

FAT STOCK AND DAIRY SHOW.

The building to accommodate the Fat Stock Dairy and Poultry Show at Ottawa is being rapidly completed, and should be ready by the date set for the show, March 8th to 13th. This was decided upon at a conference of livestock men held here, November 30th, when the officers were also appointed as follows: President, J. C. Smith, Hintonburg; Secretary, A. P. Westervelt, Toronto. Sub-executive—F. W. Hodson, J. G. Clark, and F. H. Gisborne, of Ottawa. Superintendent, D. G. Hamner, Mount Vernon. Executive Committee—A. Johnston, Greenwood; J. G. Clarke, Ottawa; N. F. Wilson, Cumberland; G. B. Hood, Guelph; J. C. Smith and R. Clark, Ottawa; R. H. Harding, Thornedale; J. A. Richardson, South March; H. J. Whitteker, North Williamsburg.

The prize list has been considerably increased since last year, and stockmen in this part of the country intend making the show no doubtful success this year. Every effort should be put forth to have a large entry of stock, as last year's entry in the new large building would have anything but an imposing appearance.

THE LAIDLAW PRODUCE CO., of 169 1/2 Spadina Ave., Toronto, invite correspondence from producers who have eggs, butter, potatoes or dressed poultry to sell, as they make a specialty of handling these lines.

The Ontario Agricultural College



FARMERS ADVOCATE.

YEAR.	STAFF.	STUDENTS.	REMARKS.	YEAR.	STAFF.	STUDENTS.	REMARKS.
1874	2	26	College opened 1st May.	1885	15	250	Experimental Building and Bacteriological Laboratory erected.
1875	4	32	Wm. Johnston, B. A., appointed Principal.	1886	16	257	New Chemical Laboratory.
1879	5	162	Jas. Mills, M. A., appointed Principal.	1901	19	359	Biological and Physics Laboratory erected; Massey Hall and Library donated.
1887	8	110	Chemical Laboratory built.	1902	22	768	Live Stock courses started and Instruction Pavilion erected; Macdonald Buildings begun.
1888	8	131	First degrees B. S. A (5).	1903	25	800	First classes established in Domestic Science for young women.
1891	10	132	Convocation Hall and Gymnasium erected.				
1892	10	159	Botanical Laboratory erected.				
1893	12	246	Dairy School established.				
1894	14	290	Poultry Department established.				

In January, 1904, there will be short courses in **DAIRYING, LIVE-STOCK FEEDING, POULTRY MANAGEMENT, AND DOMESTIC SCIENCE.**

**Are You a Farmer's Son?
Are You a Farmer's Daughter?**

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE

JAMES MILLS, LL.D., President, GUFPH, ONT.

In answering any advertisement on this page, kindly refer to THE FARMERS ADVOCATE.

ST. FE
Stat
Port
Ordn
Gate
Stoc
Post
End, Corner
and Intern

Write for Prices and Terms.

MENTION THIS PAPER.

FRED R.
Preston, Ont., Sa
DAIN MFG.
Mfrs. of Special

TRAI

DIETETIC S
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Dr. Scott & T

THE L. C.

LITTER CAR
consists of a v
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The carrier w
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foot passage at
Safety switch
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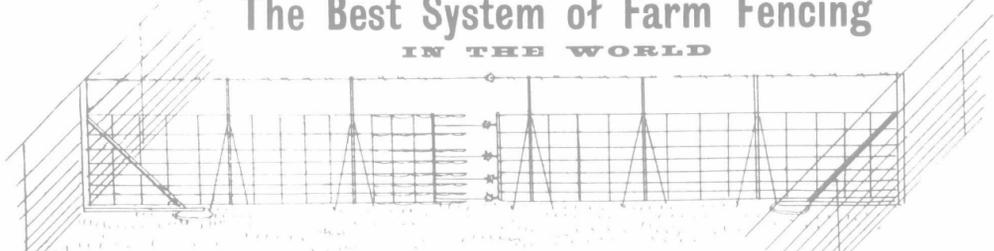
STEEL FENCES

Stationary
Portable
Ornamental

Gates
Stock Pens
Posts:

End, Corner,
and Intermediate

**The Best System of Farm Fencing
IN THE WORLD**



Canadian Portable Fence Co. LIMITED.

Corner Jarvis St. and Esplanade, Toronto, Ont.

PORTABLE FENCE

Saves $\frac{2}{3}$ of the Cross Fencing of a Farm.

Quickly and Easily Moved

As Good as Any Stationary Fence

Write for Particulars. Agents Wanted.

Write for Prices and Terms.

LARGE FEED OPENING.

Dain's Pull Power All Steel Baling Press

Catalogue Mailed on Request.



Compound Leverage Power.

LOW BED REACH.

MENTION THIS PAPER.

FRED R. SHANTZ
Preston, Ont., Sales Agt. for Can.
DAIN MFG. CO., of Iowa,
Mfrs. of Special Hay Machinery.

THE POWER APPLIED TO PLUNGER IS A DIRECT PULL, NO PUSH PITMAN. For durability, light draft, rapid work and for making smooth and compact bales, we challenge all competition. The press can be set at the center of the stack; therefore, will bale more hay with less labor than other presses. The pneumatic check on power prevents strain or wear from the quick back stroke of the plunger.

Canadian Branch: **DAIN MANUFACTURING CO., Preston, Ont.**

TRADE TOPICS.

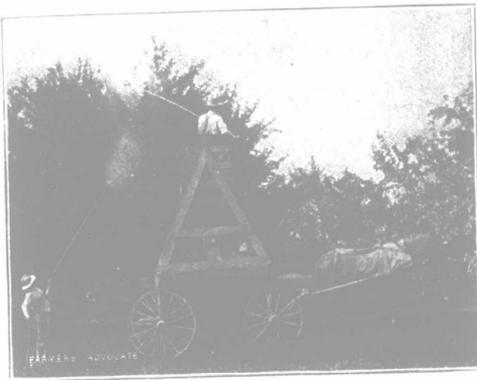
DIETETIC STOCK FOOD.—The feeding of live stock has become such an exact science, that there is no longer any necessity for cattle becoming run down or unfit for show and slaughter purposes, if proper precautions are taken and general conditions anticipated. It is claimed for Scott's Stock Food that it is a dietetic preparation which cannot be equalled, containing as it does three times as much nutriment as is ordinarily found in the general run of stock foods. Farmers and stockmen who are meeting with difficulty in the care of farm or show animals should investigate the merits of this formula. Read the advertisement on another page, and write Dr. Scott & Tamlin, London, Ont.

THE L. C. SMITH FEED AND LITTER CARRIER, patented June, 1903, consists of a water-tight box suspended from a car that runs on an overhead track. The track is made of flat bars fastened to the ceiling of the stable by suitable hangers. This track can be bent readily to turn in any direction. The carrier will pass down a four-foot passage and then turn into another four-foot passage at right angles to the first. Safety switches are provided where branch tracks are needed. These switches are so constructed that the car cannot possibly run into an open switch. The box is raised by means of a crank, sprocket and chain, and wheel-and-axle device that easily elevates the box when full of litter. It may be lowered by the crank, or by applying the brake one may allow it to lower itself, the crank being thrown out of gear. A ratchet secures the box as rapidly as it is elevated. The carrier will convey, at one load, litter from twenty to twenty-five cattle, providing too much straw be not present. When lowered near the floor, it is moved along behind the cattle, and when filled is raised to the desired height, when it is run out into the shed or yard and dumped by a rope. If desired, it can be dumped into a sleigh or wagon. The elevating device, while so effective, is completely out of the way in operating the carrier.

HAVE YOU INVESTIGATED THE Automatic Power Spramotor?

IT'S WORTH YOUR WHILE

80% More Revenue Where The Spramotor Is Used.



Used by The Dominion Government During 1903 to Show the Benefits of Co-operative Spraying

IT'S USE WILL

Improve Your Fruit Crop Over 80%

- DESTROY Wild Mustard in the growing grain and not damage the grain, at a cost of 80 cents per acre.
- PREVENT blight and rot in the Potato crop and double the yield.
- PAINT your buildings at a cost relatively trifling.

IT'S MONEY IN YOUR POCKET

TO LEARN ABOUT IT'S MANY USES
Send for our Illustrated Treatise and Catalogue. It's FREE

Spramotor Co., 68-70 King St., London, Canada

J. K. Livingston, Bruce Co., Ont.:—"I am glad to hear that the 'Farmer's Advocate' is coming out as a weekly, as it has always been a welcome visitor, and it will be more so as a weekly. Wish you success."

O. W. Foster, Prince Edward Co.:—"Am well pleased with the watch received. Will be sure to try for some more premiums, another knife at least, for the one you sent me is well made and of superior quality."

NEW STOCK FOOD BUILDING.—The International Stock Food Co., of Minneapolis, Minn., have issued a fine lithograph of their new building, which contains over 16 acres of floor space. The main office is 60 x 360 feet, and in that department alone 150 people are employed. Their Canadian trade has so greatly increased that they have established a factory in Toronto, under the management of Mr. E. B. Savage, son of Mr. M. W. Savage, of Minneapolis, the general manager and proprietor.

THE ANCHOR FENCE.—Esplen, Frame & Co., of Stratford, are constructing a particularly strong, durable and handsome fence for farm purposes. It is built entirely of 8 and 9 galvanized steel wire, and after the most approved methods. As the horizontal wires are absolutely locked to the upright wires by the patent Anchor clamp, the joints rivet tight. They simply cannot slip. Every farmer contemplating the erection of any amount of fencing, large or small, should correspond with this company. They also manufacture farm gates and ornamental fences, and carry in stock all kinds of fencing wire. Write for catalogue and prices.

TELEGRAPHY AS AN OCCUPATION.—One of Canada's most useful educational institutions is the Dominion School of Telegraphy, 36 King St. East, Toronto, Ont. Here all branches of railway office work, as well as railway and commercial telegraphy, are taught in a thoroughly practical way, the teachers being competent telegraphers and railway men of long experience. There is a scarcity of telegraphers at the present time, and there will be an even greater demand, as the Canadian railways now under construction and for which charters have already been granted will require at least twenty-five hundred more telegraphers. Besides the opportunities offered for advancement in telegraphy, it is an attractive proposition from a financial standpoint, as a competent young man can earn all the way from \$45.00 to \$150.00 per month. Young women, as operators in commercial telegraphy, are paid from \$35.00 to \$60.00 per month. It requires from three to six months to graduate at the Dominion School of Telegraphy. A book on telegraphy, giving full particulars of the course, will be mailed free to any address on application being made for it.

In answering any advertisement on this page, kindly mention the FARMER'S ADVOCATE.

St. Lawrence Sugars

ARE THE BEST.

MADE ENTIRELY FROM CANE SUGARS.

The St. Lawrence Sugar Refining Co., Ltd., Montreal.

GOSS'P.

Mr. Wm. Doherty, Clinton, Ont., breeder of and dealer in Scotch Shorthorn cattle, advertises in this issue two young bulls, which he writes "are grand individuals, and grandly bred. One of them has had the milk of two cows for the past season, and well deserves the name of 'Matchless.' My Crimson Flower bull, 'Crimson Prince,' now eleven months old, is by Crimson Chief, a grandson of imported Indian Chief, the great sire of show bulls and champions. The dam of 'Crimson Prince' is Rosedale 18th, by Baron Camperdown (imp.), second dam Rosedale 16th, by Enterprise (imp.), third dam Rosedale 6th, by Baronet (imp.), fourth dam Rosedale, by Prince Charlie (imp.), fifth dam Margaret 3rd (imp.). Among the choice cows in our herd now is the show cow, Winsome Beauty 3rd, imported by Mr. E. Battye. Wimple Blossom, by Village Squire, is individually as good as her relative, Young Abbotsburn, by the World's Fair champion. Rosedale 18th took first prize this year at Sherbrooke, Que. Matchless Royal, by Royal Don (imp.), and out of Matchless of Elmhurst 13th, of the richest of Cruickshank breeding. We have also 'Clinton Jilt,' that won in six important county show fairs first and sweepstakes this year. Another beautiful red heifer is Nonpareil 78th. We have also Minas and Waterloos, all doing well, and bred to imported bulls."

The regular annual meeting of the American Aberdeen-Angus Breeders' Association was held at the Palmer House, Chicago, Ill., Wednesday, Dec. 2, 1903, with a very large attendance of members. The following were elected as general officers for the ensuing year: George Findlay, of Illinois, President; E. T. Davis, of Iowa, Vice-President; Thos. McFarlane, of Illinois, Sec.-Treas. And the following were chosen as directors for three years: L. H. Kerrick, of Illinois; W. A. McHenry, of Iowa; O. E. Bradfute, of Ohio. Detailed reports showed the income to be \$23,000, the disbursements \$21,000, with a building fund on hand of \$11,000. New members, to the number of 122, have been added to the roll during the year as follows: 30 from Iowa, 17 from Illinois, 15 from Missouri, 14 from Indiana, 8 from Nebraska, 6 each from Minnesota and Ohio, 5 from Kansas, 4 from Kentucky, 3 each from Wisconsin, Texas and Canada, 2 each from Virginia and West Virginia, and 1 each from Michigan, Tennessee, Colorado, and South Dakota. The recorded entries were 9560, transfers 7868. The total number of entries in the herdbook now reach to 65060. The trade in pure-bred Aberdeen-Angus animals during the year in private and public sales has been very successful, with almost an entire absence of the boom element, and, therefore, of a healthy character. Thos. McFarlane, Secretary.

Get a **FARM** of Your Own in New Ontario.

The soil is rich, the price is merely nominal, and the land can usually be cleared at a profit, owing to the splendid local markets for timber of all sorts. Special rates of fare to land-seekers. For particulars write to

Thomas Southworth,
Director of Colonization,

OR TO
Hon. E. J. Davis,
Commissioner of Crown Lands,
TORONTO, ONT.

TRADE TOPICS.

CANADA'S BUSINESS COLLEGE, CHATHAM, ONT.—The record of this institution is, without doubt, one of the most creditable to be found in this or any other country. In eleven months, 346 students have been placed in good positions, at an average salary of \$600 per annum. Such results are truly an inspiration to young men and women desirous of fitting themselves for worthy professions. The College has issued a very beautiful catalogue that should be in the hands of every ambitious farmer's son or daughter. It will convince that a business college education opens up immense possibilities. Write for general catalogue 3A, to D. McLachlan & Co., Chatham, Ont., and start the new year aright.

Mr. W. Thomas, York Co., Ont., says:—"Your paper is all right, and would not care to be without it."

GOSSIP.

A NEW POULTRY ASSOCIATION.

For some time many poultry fanciers in the Ottawa district have felt that they have not the voice in the management in the Provincial Association that they were entitled to, and they lately have decided to organize themselves. This they have done under the name of the Ottawa Poultry Association. They hope, by doing this, to work more in unison regarding any matters pertaining to the Provincial Association, such as the appointment of judges at shows, and thus to secure to themselves better satisfaction as individuals. They intend holding regular monthly meetings, when at least one good address will be given by an authority. The first of these was held on Thursday evening, Dec. 3rd, when several short addresses were given on the utility breeds of fowls.

TRADE TOPICS.

CONSUMERS' CORDAGE COMPANY.—In buying binder twine, the farmer's security rests in his procuring brands that have an acknowledged standing all over the country. Prominent among these are the Blue Ribbon, 650 feet to the pound; Redcap, 600 feet to the pound; Tiger, 550 feet to the pound; Golden Crown, 500 feet to the pound. These are manufactured in Canada by the Consumers' Cordage Co., and are regarded as reliable in every particular, and may be confidently depended upon to give entire satisfaction. This Company put years of experience and a great business reputation into their output, and feel no hesitation whatever in placing their twine in the hands of the farmers of the country upon its merits.

PORTLAND CEMENT.—The most popular building material at the present time is Portland cement. This is not only due to the fact that foundations for farm buildings, including even the walls of handsome residences, may be erected much more cheaply than with bricks or stone, but to the fact that Portland cement is healthier, cleaner and more durable under all atmospheric conditions. All over this country at the present time one may see, even from a car window, that cement is rapidly displacing brick or stone in the estimation of up-to-date agriculturists. F. Hyde & Co., Montreal, carry a full line of Portland cement, and we would strongly urge the advisability of writing them regarding prices and particulars in connection with any building you may anticipate erecting during the coming year. The company is old, well-established, and for many years past has enjoyed a fine reputation all over the Dominion. They also handle drain pipes and tiles, large quantities of which are annually used by progressive farmers. Read the advertisement on another page, and correspond with F. Hyde & Co. at once.

CANADIAN PORTABLE FENCE CO.

This firm, which is practically new to our readers, starts out with patents and a system of fencing that should prove of the utmost value to farmers. By purchasing their portable fence, it is claimed that fully two-thirds of the gross fencing used on the farm may be saved. The company at their magnificent factory, corner of Jarvis St. and the Esplanade, Toronto, Ont., also manufactures gates, stock pens, and end, corner and intermediate posts, all of which can be depended upon to possess perfect construction and the staunchest material. This fencing may be easily and quickly moved, and will at all times give as good service as any permanent substitute that may be erected. It seems safe to predict that this new invention will prove a decided boon to the agriculturist and stockman, and that in time its popularity will be country-wide. Agents are wanted everywhere, and salesmen who appreciate a good thing should get into communication with the company at once. Read the advertisement on another page, and write at once, no matter whether you wish to make a purchase for personal use or to represent the company in your vicinity.

In answering any advertisement on this page, kindly mention the FARMER'S ADVOCATE.

Messrs. B. breeders of write: "We official testing made under v as all the cov Toronto and tance of over home. We w conduct test all the cows l quantity of mil Jewel Henger 26th, commer calving, and seven days. stakes female three-year-old her calf on menced test 16.93 lbs. but kerk, second Ottawa, and fair grounds, mencing 62 c ter. Empres commenced h calving, and She was tak making her r aging 73 lbs. test, she coul and dropped dam of Inka was sweepsta ning over t the noted ov Sylva, the l condition. imported bull cordia, have number of t We do not c equal, but b bulls in Can official backin butter recor years old, ar old, with th grandam, ave He is sired Kol, whose d 27 lbs. 14 o his sisters aging 24 lb made the fol bull, Sir Mu Davidson, Sp one of the b breeding, his Butter Boy official recor Kol of Pl Bullard, Plu first prize at Waldorf's De official recor in seven da Waldorf's De prize at O Limehank. dorf's De Ko at Toronto, Mills, Que. Que., secured pion, Car B sired by Sir whose dam h years old of son of Sir Y Rea, Moose C

Many a reputation
for punctuality
rests upon the
ELGIN
WATCH

Every Elgin Watch is fully guaranteed. All jewelers have Elgin Watches. "Timemakers and Timekeepers," an illustrated history of the watch, sent free upon request to
ELGIN NATIONAL WATCH CO., ELGIN, ILL.

GOSSIP.

Messrs. Brown Bros., Lyn, Ont., breeders of Holstein-Friesian cattle, write: "We have recently had some official testing done. These tests were made under very unfavorable conditions, as all the cows tested were exhibited at Toronto and Ottawa, travelling a distance of over 700 miles before returning home. We were unable to get a man to conduct test until November 9th, when all the cows had dropped considerably in quantity of milk. The 25-mos. heifer, Sara Jewel Hengerveld, dropped her calf Mar. 26th, commenced test 228 days after calving, and made 11.30 pounds butter in seven days. Car Born DeKol, sweepstakes female at Toronto, and first in three-year-old class at Ottawa, dropped her calf on her way to Toronto, commenced test 72 days later, and made 16.93 lbs. butter. Inka Josephine Abbekerk, second in three-year-old class at Ottawa, and fifth at Toronto, calved on fair grounds, and made in test, commencing 62 days after, 17.26 lbs. butter. Empress Josephine of Brookside commenced her test 46 days after calving, and made 18.60 lbs. butter. She was taken sick three weeks before making her record, when she was averaging 73 lbs. milk a day. At time of test, she could not stand heavy feeding, and dropped to 66 lbs. This cow is dam of Inka Josephine Abbekerk, and was sweepstakes female at Ottawa, winning over the Toronto champion and the noted cows Carmen Sylva and Inka Sylva, the latter being in the pink of condition. Our herd is headed by the imported bull, Beryl Wayne Paul Concordia, have 25 cows bred to him, a number of them due in Jan. and Feb. We do not claim that this bull has no equal, but believe there are few, if any, bulls in Canada that can show greater official backing. The official seven-day butter records of his dam at three years old, and her dam at three years old, with those of his sire's dam and granddam, average 22 lbs. 11 ozs. each. He is sired by Beryl Wayne's Paul De Kol, whose dam has an official record of 27 lbs. 14 ozs. in seven days. Ten of his sisters have official records averaging 24 lbs. each. We have recently made the following sales: The imported bull, Sir Mutual Butter Boy, to Thos. Davidson, Spring Valley. This bull is one of the best, both individually and in breeding, his sire being De Kol 2nd's Butter Boy 3rd, and his dam having an official record of 15.6 lbs. butter. De Kol of Plum Hollow went to B. Bullard, Plum Hollow. This calf won first prize at Ottawa, was sired by Lady Waldorf's De Kol, whose dam has an official record of 22 lbs. 5 ozs. butter in seven days. Another son of Lady Waldorf's De Kol, and winner of second prize at Ottawa, to Wilson Gamble, Limebank. A daughter of Lady Waldorf's De Kol, and winner of third prize at Toronto, to John Cruise, Lachute Mills, Que. M. B. Nantel, St. Jerome, Que., secured a son of the Toronto champion, Car Born De Kol. This calf was sired by Sir Ybma De Kol Hengerveld, whose dam has an official record at two years old of 14 lbs. 13 ozs. Another son of Sir Ybma's went to Nelson McRea, Moose Creek. His dam was second

BRITISH COLUMBIA.

"Fruitland," Kamloops, B. C.

Newly developed irrigated lands in the beautiful fertile valley of the Thompson River, on the main line of the C. P. R., within half a mile of the City of Kamloops, the inland capital of British Columbia, and a well-known health resort. Magnificent soil for fruit of all kinds: Apples, pears, cherries, plums, peaches, grapes, strawberries, and all kinds of vegetables grown in abundance. Perfect climate; arid dry and bracing. Good schools, churches, boating, shooting, fishing, etc. For full information apply to:
Manager, Canadian Real Properties, Ltd.,
Box 185, Kamloops, B. C.

in yearling class at Toronto, and third at Ottawa. The promising young bull, De Kol of Dundela, went to Jas. G. Hamilton, Dundela, Ont. Roselien 2nd to Andrew Johnson, Dundela. Clinton's De Kol, a fine individual, strong in blood of De Kol 2nd, went to John McRae, Howick, Que. A. R. Hanton, Frankville, secured Pietertje Wietske. This cow was a member of gold medal herd, Ottawa, 1902 and 1903, and has a milk record of 2,000 lbs. in thirty days. Mr. Hanton has a small but choice herd of Holsteins, and wishing to strengthen the herd in aged class, selected this cow, and made no mistake in his choice as he has been successful in winning the red ribbon with her wherever shown. We have at present a number of heifers bred to Beryl Wayne Paul Concordia for sale, also five young bulls from seven months to two years old. One of them is a son of Pietertje Wietske, and sired by Lady Waldorf's De Kol, others equally as well bred.

The copy for change of advertisement for the Pioneer Stud Farm, Bushnell, Ill., arrived too late for insertion, but we copy the following from it: "At the recent International, we won twenty premiums and one gold medal. The champion Shire stallion and the third-premium Shire stallion of the show were both imported by us. We have made seven importations the past twelve months, and have another shipment ready to leave Europe." The twenty-fifth annual catalogue of the firm is now ready, and will be mailed free to any address.

Seeds A GOOD CROP SEEDS
DEPENDS ON THE FIRST ESSENTIAL:
GOOD SEED.

Sow "EWING'S" THOROUGHLY Selected FARM and GARDEN SEEDS,
RELIABLE THEY WILL POSITIVELY PROVE IT TO YOU.
WE SOLICIT A TRIAL.

Write for our illustrated 1904 SEED CATALOGUE—mailed FREE on receipt of address

Our assortment is complete and includes a full line of PLANTS, FLOWERING BULBS, SHRUBS, TOOLS, Etc. Besides all varieties of SEEDS for FARM and GARDEN, and SEED GRAIN, CYPHERS INCUBATORS and BROODERS, and complete line of POULTRY SUPPLIES. Inquiries at any time regarding same will receive our prompt and careful attention.
EWING'S CHOICE RE-CLEANED CANADIAN TIMOTHY has no peer. Prices on application.

WILLIAM EWING & CO.,
SEED MERCHANTS, 142-146 McGill St., Montreal.



The Joy of Winter is in the heightened pleasure of indoor life. But your health must be protected by perfect cleanliness of your room.

BOECKH'S Household Brushes and Bamboo-Handled Brooms

ENABLE EVERYONE to have the comfort of a clean, hygienic house, with the minimum of labor. Wise people use them daily. Your Grocer sells them. Look for name "Boeckh" on each Brush and Broom.

In answering any advertisement on this page, kindly mention the FARMER'S ADVOCATE.

Dr. Smith's Hoof Liniment



PRICE, \$1.00 PER QT. CAN.

A SPEEDY and positive cure for all diseases of the feet and limbs, especially hard and contracted hoofs, scratches, grease and cracked heels, galls, cuts, bruises, etc. A certificate of guarantee with every can for refund of money in 30 days if not satisfactory. CURES WHILE THE HORSE WORKS. Ask your dealer for it, or order from

A. WORKMAN & CO.,
WHOLESALE AGENTS, OTTAWA.

WARM FEET DRIVING.



No more colds, chills, rheumatism or pneumonia, due from exposure or cold feet while riding.

THE CLARK CARRIAGE HEATER

14 in. long, 7 in. wide, weighs 6 lbs. "The Heater That Heats" prevents all such evil results and makes riding a pleasure and healthful. It costs but \$3 and up, and burns the Clark prepared coal without flame, smoke or odor. Coal costs but one cent for eight hours' ride. Cheaper than doctor bills. Send for catalogue. For sale by all leading hardware and harness jobbers.
CHICAGO FLEXIBLE SHAFT CO.,
14 La Salle Ave., Chicago.

SHORTHORNS FOR SALE

If a man is to be known by the Shorthorns he keeps, as in England and Scotland, then our offering of two choice young, superbly bred Scotch Shorthorn Bulls is important, as they are both good enough to be "Herd-headers," being low, deep, thick, smooth, and when fully grown and developed, will surely be like their ancestors—of great sale and substance.

CRIMSON PRINCE 48335, - Vol. 20—, ran, 11 months; by Crimson Chief 43462; dam Rosedale 18th -27047—, by Baron Camperdown (Imp.)
LORD BELLILANT -Vol. 20—, deep red, a Matchless, by Meadow Archer -41253—, by Baron's Heir (Imp.), Dam Matchless Royal -Vol. 18—, by Royal D'n (Imp.)

om **W. DOHERTY,**
BREEDER OF SCOTCH SHORTHORNS, CLINTON, ONT

MONEY

Won't buy it, but we will send "FREE" to any address our "Farm Pamphlet," which contains valuable information regarding

British Columbia Farm Lands
in the far-famed LOWER FRASER VALLEY, "THE GARDEN SPOT OF CANADA."

F. J. HART & CO.,
Real Estate Agents,
NEW WESTMINSTER, B. C.

ROSEDALE STOCK FARM J. M. Gardhouse, Prop.
CLYDE AND GIRE HORSES,
SHORTHORN CATTLE,
LEICESTER SHEEP.

Choice imported and home-bred stallions and mares, also young stock. Two extra good young bull calves, and a few imported and Canadian-bred Scotch cows and heifers, bred to the imp. Mr. R. Bull, Chief Ruler. Telegraph Post Office and Tel. phone (at residence), Weston, Ont. G.T.E., C.P.R. Stns.

LIDLAW PRODUCE COMPANY

169 1/2 Spadina Avenue.
Our Specialties:
BUTTER, EGGS, POTATOES,
DRESSED POULTRY.
Correspondence Invited.
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Catalogue Printing Our Specialty.

Many of the best Catalogues in Canada are produced by us. Latest type faces, designs, ornaments, and modern machinery. Best in America. Up-to-date covers designed by special artists without extra charge.

London Printing & Litho. Company, Ltd.,
LONDON, ONTARIO.

GOSSIP.

WILLOW LODGE BERKSHIRES.

Mr. Wm. Wilson, proprietor of Willow Lodge herd of Berkshires, at Snelgrove, Ont., has made a change in his advertisement, and is offering some choice pigs of all ages. In this herd are to be found some of the choicest-bred Berkshires, and Mr. Wilson is one of Canada's most prominent breeders of this excellent class of hogs, having won a large percentage of the best prizes at the leading shows in Ontario in recent years, and imported and bred the best type of the breed. The good reputation that the Willow Lodge Berkshires have held in the past is largely due to the excellent judgment of the owner in the selection of his sires and dams, as is evident in the very uniform type of his herd. And there is no doubt that the large business that he has built up is due to the fact that he sends out first-class stock only.

The excellency of the breeding to be found at Willow Lodge may be judged when we mention such boars as Willow Lodge Perfection 10357, a grand hog with a good head, stands erect on feet and legs that no weight will break down, and he is a getter of large, lengthy and uniform litters. He won first at Toronto, Ottawa and London in the under-one-year class, 1902, and first at Toronto and Ottawa as a yearling, 1903. Then comes Highclere Crown 3rd 9058, by Golden King, dam Highclere Maid, by King Highclere. He is a winner of first at Toronto and Ottawa, 1903, and an all-round good boar that will make a big one, while his breeding needs no comment, he being of the great Highclere family, bred by Edney Hayter, of Whitchurch, Hants, Eng., the herd that produced the famous Highclere Topper that sold for \$1,800.00 at a public auction, and winner of first and sweepstakes at the Royal (the only time in the history of the breed that the prize has gone to a boar). He should make a great nick on the Longfellow sows. Next comes Victor Duke 11856, dam Imperial Lady 9493, a nice young boar that traces close up to imported blood. Last, but by no means least, we come to the great Longfellow 10th of H. F. 8633, whose dam was a daughter of Highclere 15th (imp.). Here comes a boar of which any breeder might be proud. He is long, low-down, smooth, and stands on good feet and legs. He carries plenty of imported blood, and his pigs show his great prepotency. Most noticeable among the brood sows in the herd are Willow Lodge Topsy 11947. She is by Longfellow 10th, winner of second at Toronto. Willow Lodge Belle 11944, by Longfellow 10th, a really first-class sow, with plenty of length, winner of third at Toronto. She has a full sister and litter mate in this herd that is equal to any, and they are both exceedingly good mothers, and farrow large, even litters. Stratton Lizzie XVII. 54373, by Highclere King, is one of those typical brood sows that give prominence to any herd. Fairview Queen 8175 is a granddaughter of the \$750 Baron Lee IV., the hero of many a show-yard contest. Beauty Diamond 8161, whose dam is by Baron Lee IV., is another of the sort that you want to go back and take another look at. She is a credit to her great breeding, and her record is a credit to herself: winner of first at Toronto, Ottawa and London, 1902, and second at Toronto and Ottawa. Willow Lodge Primrose 12031, by Longfellow 10th, is a very richly-bred, stylish and symmetrical sow, winner of second at Toronto and first at Ottawa (only times shown).

The young boars and sows in this herd are typical of the excellent breeding and individuality of their sires and dams, and one could pick from them pigs that will make someone sorry that the other fellow owned them. There are also several very young choice-bred sows in this herd that will make good investments for their lucky purchasers. As many as 152 boars and sows have been sold from this herd from January 1st to December 1st of this year.

During the last three months sales of boars have been made to: W. Donney, Castleberg; H. Morgan, Ripley; P. J. McEwen, Kertch; W. J. Moore, Lindsay; J. P. McIntosh, Cranbrook; J. E. Barkley, Dunbar; G. A. Dewar, Kertch; J. Brown, Woodlawn; R. Reed Co., Hintonburg; W. R. Rankin, Demorestville; W. H. Marston, Warden, P. Q.; S. A.



DR. J. L. SCOTT
The Discoverer and Compounder of
THE CONDENSED DIETETIC STOCK COMPOUND

Formerly State Veterinary Surgeon of Wisconsin, U.S.A., and President of the State Veterinary Medical Association.

I take the liberty to place the facts of this discovery before all stockmen throughout Canada. This Dietetic Food, highly medicated, is the greatest flesh and blood food that has ever been compounded and placed before the public, standing on its own merit. Every pound is equivalent in active principle to ten; therefore, twenty-five pounds is equal to 250 pounds of ordinary stock food. In feeding it goes three times further, therefore the cost is just one-third. After spending thirteen years experimenting and perfecting

this Dietetic Food, I now place it before the world, unequalled, unrivalled and unexcelled as a flesh and blood food, and preventive of disease, for horses, cattle, sheep and swine. I ask all stockmen to be convinced of my statement by using this Dietetic Compound. A trial will convince. If your dealers have not got it, have them send for it. Consult your own interest, insist on having Dr. Scott's and no other. Put up in 25-pound pails for \$2.50, or in \$1.00 and 50c. packages. Read following testimonial:

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:
After using The Condensed Dietetic Stock Compound (prepared by Dr. J. L. Scott, of London, Ontario) during the past winter, I take much pleasure in recommending it as a valuable preparation for keeping stock in a healthy condition, as the result of its use in my herd has exceeded my most sanguine expectations. Yours truly,
(Signed) T. E. ROBSON.

Iderton, Ont., June 11th, 1903.
COMPOUNDED BY
DRS. SCOTT & TAMLIN,
LONDON, ONTARIO, CANADA.

"I hear they want more"

BOVRIL

"RAPID-EASY GRINDERS"



THIS is the machine that does the work!
And will do as well FOR YOU! CHEAPEN your COST OF FEEDING by grinding the MOST GRAIN—grinding it well and with LEAST POWER—with a "RAPID-EASY" GRINDER. ALL OTHERS are SECOND to it—some too far BEHIND to rank AT ALL!

"I bought one of your 'RAPID-EASY' Grinders last winter from your agent, Mr. Harry Lawrence. In my opinion your Grinder cannot be SURPASSED for CAPACITY and EASY RUNNING. I consider it the best INVESTMENT I EVER MADE."
MARSHALL DESJARDINE, Brentwood, Ont.
"The GROUND FEED and also the opinion of the PURCHASER of your GRINDER are both VERY SATISFACTORY."
W. J. MAYELL, Shannonville, Ont.

"The 'Rapid-Easy' Grinder which I got from you this autumn is giving GOOD satisfaction. She does GOOD WORK with VERY LITTLE POWER."
N. W. MCKENZIE, Washabuck Bridge, N. S.

BEST GENERAL AGENTS AND DEALERS IN CANADA:
The Fairchild Co., Winnipeg, Man. High & Prince, Truro, N. S.
J. Clark & Son, Fredericton, N. B. T. J. Trapp & Co., New Westminster, B. C.
Lounsbury Co., Newcastle, N. B. A. Burn & Co., Charlottetown, P. E. I.
R. E. Mutch & Co., Charlottetown, P. E. I. J. M. Clark & Co., Summerside, P. E. I.

WANTED—Best local dealers in all Provinces.
A fine lithograph hanger and ANY INFORMATION YOU ASK.
J. FLEURY'S SONS, AURORA, ONTARIO, CANADA.
MEDALS and DIPLOMAS: World's Fairs, Chicago and Paris.

Denyen, Odessa; J. B. Steele, Greensburg, Pa.; J. C. Hamell, Chesterville; Robt. J. Campbell, Havergal; A. McDonald, Staffa; F. Obee, Glenboro, Man.; L. Smith, Tyrrell; P. A. McIntosh, Dundela; M. Fraser, Lancaster; G. H. Mark, Oakwood; H. McBride, King; J. Lee & Son, Danham, P. Q.; J. Dixon, Russellton; and sows to Thos. Donevan, Estcourt; O. Smith, Tyrrell; W. Nixon, Richmond West; J. N. Todd, Corinth; G. H. Mark, Oakwood; R. E. Kelly, Moorefield; J. I. Balsdon, Markham; J. Foster, Erickson, and to O. Smith, W. R. Rankin, J. B. Steele, J. McMillan, St. Andrews; E. J. Estey, Easton, P. Q.

Mr. Wilson says: "I can credit my best and largest sales to the use of the advertising columns of the 'Advocate.' It certainly reaches the class of buyers that are willing to pay a good price for good stock."

Mr. Alex. McGregor, Uxbridge, Ont., when sending in a change of advertisement of his six young Clydesdale stallions, makes change in his address, formerly Epsom, Ont., now Uxbridge, Ont. His stallions are by noted sires and deserve inspection.

Mr. John McFarlane, Dutton, Ont., breeder of Shorthorns, Oxford Downs and Berkshires, in ordering change of advertisement, writes: "My herd of Shorthorns are in a fine, healthy condition. My two-year-old bull, Imp. Royal Prince, sired by the noted Golden Fame 76786, has done well as regards true Shorthorn character. He is hard to be excelled, is red in color, with fine head, straight lines, and will weigh 1,750 lbs. His calves this year are a well-proportioned lot. Noticeable in the herd is Lady Bess (imp.), sired by Abbotsford 2nd, winner of first prize in Aberdeen, and second at Royal, in England. She has a handsome bull calf, Abbotsford (imp.), sired by Evening Star 78828, who took champion cup at four shows in Aberdeen. This calf in one year old, has a smooth body, heavy quarters, is thick-fleshed, and has a fine coat of soft hair. He is for sale, and is fit to head any herd of high-class females. Another three-year-old imported heifer is Tidy Lass, by Morello, Vol. 48, and imported by George Isaac, bred by John Lipp, Haddock. She has a fine heifer calf sired by Prince of Archers 71260. This calf is smooth and low-set, and gives every promise of being a prizewinner. Tidy Lass is of Marr's Alexandria family. Among my recent purchases is Imp. Camelia Blossom, of the Orange Blossom family. She was imported by Hon. Mr. Cochrane, Hillhurst, bred by James Durno, Jackston. She is a wealthy-fleshed roan heifer. Among the home-bred cows is Kate, of Scotch breeding. She has a fine dark red, heavy bull calf, five months old. In all, this herd comprises eighteen females of choice breeding, all of suitable age being in calf to Imp. Royal Prince. Have for sale bulls from five to fifteen months old, reds and roans. Have recently sold Blue Ribbon 2nd, and three cows from my herd. In Oxford Downs, I have for sale yearling ewes and ewe lambs from Kempford Hero (imp.). Have a few nice Berkshires. Heading this herd is the boar, Colirex 12107, a grand type of the bacon breed."

THE SPRING STALLION SHOW.
The prize list and announcement of the second annual Canadian Spring Stallion Show is now out. The place of meeting will again be at Grand's Repository, Toronto, and the dates this year will be March 2nd to 4th. The change of dates from February to March has been made to meet the wishes of owners and buyers from Manitoba and the Northwest. Liberal prizes are provided, \$700 being given by the Canadian Clydesdale Horse Association for premiums for Clydesdales. Entries will close February 17th, and should be addressed to Henry Wade, secretary, Parliament Buildings, Toronto, Canada. Horses in all classes must be registered in the Canadian Clydesdale or Shire Studbook, as the property of the exhibitor before the date of entry. All food and bedding will be provided at the Repository, at a charge of 75c. per head per day. Applications for stabling should be sent in early in order to secure the best positions, and to facilitate arrangements.

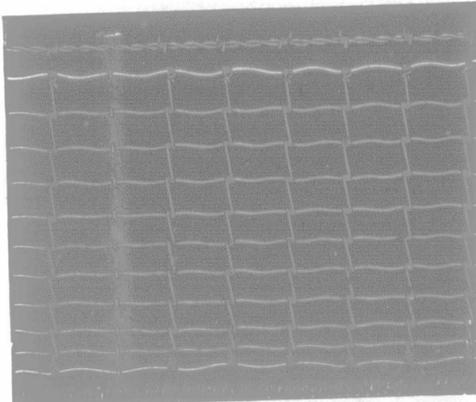
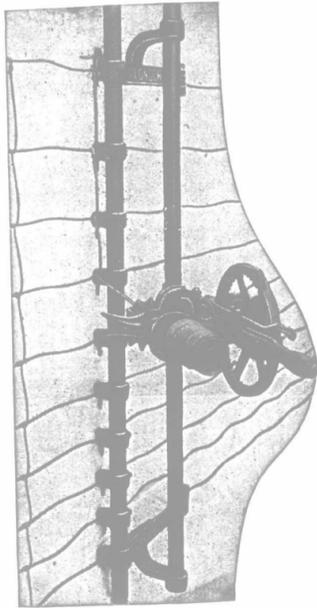
"THE LONDON"

Best Field=weaving Wire=Fence Machine on Earth

IN POINT OF UTILITY, SPEED AND PRODUCTION OF HIGH-GRADE FENCE AT A MINIMUM COST.

WHY THE BEST?

Because it's fastest; a single revolution of its crank makes a joint, 20 seconds sufficing for one man to put an upright on a 10-bar fence. It has been done in 10 seconds.
 Because it's easiest to operate. It's so simple a boy can learn to use it in 5 to 10 minutes.
 Because it does its work perfectly. Doesn't curl or warp the fence, but makes its joints tight, stays straight, and does not injure any of the wires in the least degree.
 Because the London will build any weight, height or spacing of fence desired, and can be adjusted to any in 3 to 5 minutes.
 Because fence built on the ground with it is 25 to 50 per cent. more valuable than fence of the same weight woven in the factory.
 Because there are no waste remnants to pay for, every pound counts.
 Because it builds its fence perfectly over hill, dale or plane.
 Because its cost is from 50 to 60 per cent. only for fence of similar weight and grade of wire; or, in other words, you can fence two rods at the cost of one in factory-made fence.
 Because we can show you that a saving of \$100 to \$300 can be effected on a 100 acre farm, and a far superior fence built.
 Because twice more London Fence Machines are being sold in Canada than all others put together. Thousands of practical, up-to-date farmers have tested them and are ready to testify to their great qualities.
 Because it makes the neatest most serviceable and strongest wire fence that can be made for any certain cost. We challenge anyone to produce for the same cost 75 per cent. as much strength, utility and durability by any other style of fence, or way of building it, as is done by building it on the ground, as with London machines.



THE LONDON "PERFECT" WIRE GRIP.

The Best Ever Placed on the Market. Parallel jaws 1 3/4 in. long, perfectly smooth. Does not cut or crush the wire. These Grips are supplied with our Safety Tackle Block Stretcher.



(Patents Pending)

Wire for 100 rods 11-bar coiled steel spring woven-wire fence, like the cut, with No. 7 top wire, No. 12 body wires and No. 9 bottom wire, with No. 13 stays 12 inches apart (in small balls ready for weaving) — all high-grade galvanized steel wire — will be furnished by us or by our agents, or dealers who have our agency, for \$30 cash, delivered at any regular station in Old Ontario. Or, the 100 rods as above and a London Machine complete, London Tackle Block Stretcher with rope and London Perfect grip complete, a London Reel and a pair of Bernard's best 6 1/2 nickel-plated Cutting Pliers, delivered as above, for \$46 cash. Ask our agents for particulars, or write us.

Head Office and Works:
LONDON, ONTARIO.

London Fence Machine Co.

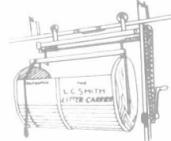
American Office and Works:
CLEVELAND, OHIO.
Limited.

THE L. C. SMITH FEED and LITTER CARRIERS.

Patented June 16th, 1903.

Can be adapted to any barn or farm building. Write us for particulars.

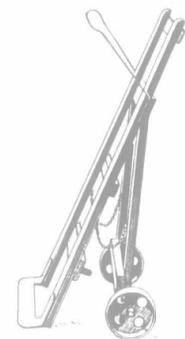
LYMAN C. SMITH, OSHAWA, ONT.



Farmers' Sons

Can make \$3 or \$4 per day by selling this

"COMBINED TRUCK AND BAG HOLDER." Sells on Sight!



During the winter months you can make a nice living.

Write at once and secure territory

ADDRESS:

ARTHUR C. MORRIS, ATLANTIC AVE., TORONTO, ONT.

TORONTO ENGRAVING CO.
92 BAY ST
CUTS BY ALL PROCESSES
LIVE STOCK A SPECIALITY

GOSSIP.

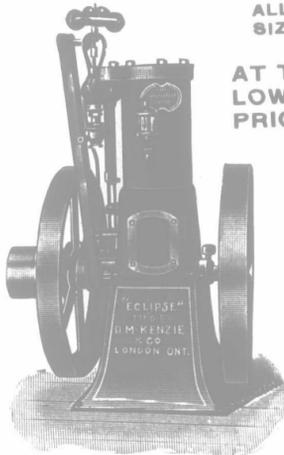
Mr. L. Rogers, Emery, Ont., proprietor of the Weston herd of Large English Yorkshires, one of Canada's most successful and experienced breeders, has been associated with Yorkshire interests for many years, and has built up a very choice herd. As his advertisement reads, Mr. Rogers' motto has been, "Not how many, but how good," and, in looking over the herd, it is very evident that this motto has been faithfully followed, to which fact Mr. Rogers owes his success as a breeder. Animals from this herd have more than held their own in the showing during recent years, several having made a clean sweep wherever shown. Mr. Rogers says he maintains just as large a herd as it is possible to give full attention to, and do credit to himself and the breed, and the same careful and intelligent management is everywhere evident on this farm. Mr. Rogers started here five years ago, and has more than doubled the output of his farm during that time, having taken off the land this year an average of 48 1/2 bushels of wheat to the acre, 70 of oats, 60 of barley. Mr. Rogers has sold over 70 head of young boars, gilts and bred sows since the first of the year to go to all parts of Canada, and he has several letters from customers saying they were well pleased, and one man, writing from New Brunswick, writes: "If you have more as good as the one you shipped me, my brother-in-law will take one or two at the same price." And there is no doubt that Mr. Rogers' success is in no small degree due to the care he takes to have his stock start off and arrive at the destination in good condition. This feature alone, as any breeder knows, is dollars in the pocket of the breeder, and tends to retain customers.

Brief mention may be made of some of the popular lines of breeding found in the Weston herd, in order that customers may know that young boars and sows can be supplied not akin or to cross on those already purchased. Mr. Rogers will have at the head of his herd the coming year the young imported boar,

ECLIPSE GASOLINE ENGINE

ALL SIZES.

AT THE LOWEST PRICES.



Buy the best direct from the manufacturer.

D. MCKENZIE & COMPANY, LONDON, CANADA.

AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.

SHORT COURSES in Stock and Grain Judging and in Poultry Raising, free. Three months' course in Dairying—\$1 registration fee. These courses will commence early in Jan., 1904. Send for circulars. JAMES MILLS, M. A., President. Guelph, Nov., 1903.

Weston Advance, by Ruddington Ensign 8138 (imp.), dam Dalmeny Lady Frost 9th 8136 (imp.). This young boar is of perhaps the highest-priced breeding in Canada to-day, being of the great Dalmeny Park herd of Lord Rosebery. Another imported boar is Nottingham Lad 7175, sire Summerhill Nottingham, dam Lady Sarah III. (imp.). He is a typical Young Yorkshire, of excellent breeding, good bone and size, good feet and legs, and lengthy body. The breeding of the

sows is equally good, among which is Summerhill Pansy, by Prince Monarch 10803 (imp.). Prince Monarch was bred by Mr. D. R. Dabell, Bottesford, Eng., and was sired by Holywell Bottesford 4689. Summerhill Nottingham Lady Sarah 15th 12423 (imp.), is a very stylish young sow, and considered by Mr. Rogers one of the best sows in the herd, being an excellent mother, and farrows nice, large, even litters. Another good sow is Western Pansy, a daughter of Summerhill Pansy, and a good, low-down, very even young sow, typical of her breeding. There is also a yearling sow, by Ruddington Ensign, and out of Dalmeny Lady Frost 9th 8136 (imp.), that is a particularly nice young sow in every way. She is bred to Dalmeny Topsman. She won first under six months at Woodbridge, beating the sow that won first at Toronto. She is a show sow of high quality. Three young boars that are for sale are sired by Summerhill Ruler 7558, Summerhill Leader III. 6545 and Prince Monarch 10803 (imp.), and out of first-class dams. There are two young sows by Summerhill Ruler, and out of Dalmeny Lady Frost 9th, that are very choice, and they are ready to breed and should make an excellent investment for someone if bred to one of the good boars in the herd. There are also some very fine young pigs by Summerhill Ruler II. 3956 that show great promise. Summerhill Ruler II. was sired by Look-Me-Over, the \$700 boar, sire of the sweepstakes boar at the Pan-American Exposition, sold for \$700. Mr. Rogers intends to add some more imported blood to his herd in the near future, and his facilities for supplying young boars and sows not akin for foundation stock will be better than ever. Appended is a list of sales from this herd during the last two weeks: Bred sows to J. L. Howlett, Keldon; A. L. Patterson, Milton; David Duncan, Don; W. Howard, Bondhead; J. J. Smith, Parkhead. Boars to W. F. Starr, Newmarket; Chas. Morton, Redgrave; W. Giffin, Snelgrove; Thos. Hull, Belfast; P. M. Thompson, Uxbridge (this boar won first at every county fair but one); L. M. Smith, Smithtown, N. B.

In answering any advertisement on this page, kindly mention the FARMER'S ADVOCATE.

Built With the Old Reliable Thorold Cement.



HOUSE AND BARN OF MR. J. E. REAVEY, AT MARSHVILLE, ONT.
(Size of house, 28x40x22 high. Size of barn walls, 40x80x10.)

MATERIAL AND LABOR FOR HOUSE.		MATERIAL AND LABOR FOR BARN.	
Thorold cement.....	110 barrels	Walls—Thorold cement.....	96 barrels
Gravel.....	80 cubic yards	Gravel.....	71 cubic yards
Stone.....	20 cubic yards	Stone.....	17 cubic yards
Labor.....	6 men 12 days	Labor.....	6 men 10 days

FLOORS OF BARN—Thorold cement, 64 barrels; gravel, 40 cubic yards; labor, 6 men 5 days.

CEMENT

OUR BRANDS:

- “THOROLD,” Hydraulic.
- “CROWN,” Portland.
- “WHITEHALL,” Portland.

We recommend “THOROLD” for WALLS, “CROWN” for FLOORS, and “WHITEHALL” for GRANOLITHIC SIDEWALKS or cement work of any kind.

We have given up our RETAIL TRADE and now make sales or shipments of not less than CAR LOADS, which is 146 barrels Thorold or 100 barrels Portland.

ESTATE OF JOHN BATTLE THOROLD, - - ONT.

Mail Course Department
Canada Business College
Chatham, Ontario

WE WANT 200 YOUNG MEN IMMEDIATELY to qualify in Shorthand and Bookkeeping, either through our MAIL COURSE DEPARTMENT or by attending with us at Chatham.

WE WILL GUARANTEE to place every one of them within a few weeks after graduation, at wages ranging from \$35 to \$80 per month. The average will be from \$50 to \$70 per month. Do you know of any other line that will produce such results in so short a time? Attend at Chatham if possible, but if you cannot, then take our mail-course work.

Ours is an old-established school of 27 YEARS' STANDING WITHOUT CHANGE OF MANAGEMENT, and OUR GUARANTEE IS GOOD.

WE ALSO WANT A LARGE NUMBER OF BRIGHT YOUNG LADIES to qualify as Stenographers and Bookkeepers. It matters not to us whether you get your training by our Mail Course or in the school, we will assist you to a position when you are qualified. If you wish to attend here, write for catalogue 3 A; if you want Mail Course, write for Catalogue 3.

We can give you instruction at your home in
Bookkeeping, Shorthand, or Penmanship.
Write for particulars to *J. McEachern & Co.*
Chatham, Ontario.

LEAMINGTON BUSINESS COLLEGE

OUR SPECIAL FARMERS' COURSE

During the winter months we give a special course for farmers' sons who wish to use their knowledge on the farm. It takes about three months to complete. We try to make your stay here as homelike as possible. No evil city influences. Only persons of good character admitted. Healthy moral atmosphere. Our new term begins on Jan. 15th, 1901. Write at once for our free catalogue "F 1".

PHONE 45 A. L. BROWN, Prin.

PROVAN'S PATENT REVERSIBLE Carriers, Fork and Slings

FOR ROUND IRON, WOOD OR ANGLE STEEL TRACKS.

Have now become a standard of excellence with the farmers of Canada and the United States. At the World's Fair, Chicago, 1893, the only medal and diploma given on hay carriers, forks and slings was awarded to us on these implements. Following is a copy of the judges' award: "AWARD:—For open trip hook to receive the sling; automatic clutch, adjustable for size of load desired; ingenious design of stop-block, which enables perfect control of carriage; no springs required for locking car, which has motion in all directions; compact form of fork, which can be tripped in any position; the car is reversible and of double action; for novelty, ingenuity and usefulness, excellence of material and construction." Correspondence solicited. Manufactured by

JAMES W. PROVAN,
Special discount for cash. OSHAWA, ONT., CAN.

GOSSIP.

Mr. Mac Campbell, Samson, Ont., breeder of Shorthorn cattle, Leicester sheep and Berkshire swine, writes: "The young bulls offered are mostly by Dunblane =39834=, the highest-priced bull at A. & D. Brown's sale. He is of the Syme family, which is too well-known to need comment. Suffice to say that his prepotency as a sire is demonstrated in the collection of young things offered for sale. Some very fine heifers, bred to him, are among the offering. The Berkshires are of the large and lengthy type, that are in great demand now. The Embden geese are very large, up-to-date ones."

GIBSONS WINNERS.

At the International Exhibition at Chicago in 1902, the brothers Gibson, Richard, of Delaware, Ont.; John, of Denfield, Ont., and William, manager of Hon. G. A. Drummond's Huntleywood farm, Pointe Claire, Que., each won the championship for fat wethers in the breeds which they make their specialty, the first in Shropshires, the second in Lincolns, the third in Southdowns, a record which they each repeated at the same show in 1903, while John won the grand championship this year for best five wether lambs, open to all breeds and crosses. Such a record surely speaks well for the men behind the sheep, as breeders and feeders, and for the country that raises the feed that makes the quality of flesh that wins. Canada may well be proud of the Gibsons.

JOHN GIBSON'S VICTORY.

Mr. John T. Gibson, Denfield, Ont., at the late International Exhibition at Chicago, made a remarkable record in prize-winning with his pure-bred Lincoln sheep and grade Lincoln fat sheep. In the pure-bred breeding class he captured every first prize offered, and every second prize save one; also, the first for a flock, first and second for pen of four lambs, and the championship for the best ram any age, and for the best ewe any age. In the class for pure-bred Lincoln fat sheep, he won the first, second and third prizes, competing with one imported from England for show purposes, also first, second and third for wether lambs; first for best pen of five wether lambs, and the championship for best wether in the class. In the class for Long-wooled grades and crosses he won second for yearling wether; first, second and third for wether lambs, in an entry of twenty; first for pen of five yearling wethers; first for pen of five wether lambs; and last, but not least, the grand championship for the best five wether lambs, open to all breeds and crosses. Surely such a record should excite the ambition of any man, and be a credit to the breed, the breeder and feeder, and the country represented. Mr. Gibson's winnings totalled close to \$500, and, besides, he made a number of excellent sales at the show of sheep, to be shipped later from home.

Now is the Time

to start a course by mail in

General Agriculture, Farm Crops,
Stock Raising, Poultry Raising,
Fruit Farming, Market Gardening,
Household Science,
Veterinary Science, etc., in the

Canadian Correspondence College,
LIMITED.

A high-class college, expert teachers, low fees, excellent courses, satisfactory work. Write for particulars.

Walter James Brown, B. S. A., Prin.
42-46 King St. West, Toronto, Ont. o

BE SELF-RELIANT

is good advice to give those who have improved opportunities. But how can you expect a boy who has not had the training to have confidence in his ability. It is the work of the Forest City Business and Shorthand College, London, Ont., Y. M. C. A., to prepare young men to become self-reliant.

J. W. WESTERVELT,
PRINCIPAL.

BISSELL'S
DISK HARROW

In sizes for 2, 3 or 4 horses.

The greatest Cultivator for all the Provinces. Inquire of your local agent or write direct for particulars. Address: om

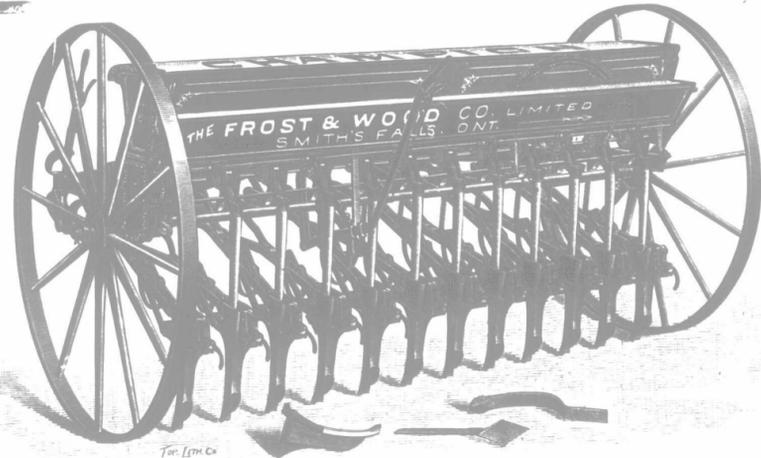
T. E. BISSELL,
DEPT. W, ELORA, ONT.

Oil Cure for Cancer.

Dr. D. M. Bye has discovered a combination of oils that readily cure cancer, catarrh, tumors and malignant skin diseases. He has cured thousands of persons within the last ten years, over one hundred of whom were physicians. Readers having friends afflicted should cut this out and send it to them. Book sent free, giving particulars and prices of Oils. Address the home office, Dr. D. M. Bye Co., Drawer 505, Indianapolis, Ind.

In answering any advertisement on this page, kindly mention THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE.

Sow Your Next Crop



WITH THE
Frost & Wood
Champion Hoe Drill

HERE'S WHY:

All the seed will be sown where it will grow. The wind won't blow it away.
Seed is not cracked nor crushed. It all gets a chance to take root.
Feed is continuous while Drill is in motion, and stops when the wheels stop.

Sample Drills, or samples of any Frost & Wood Implements from Binders to Plows, can be seen at all our Branch Warehouses and Agencies.

WE DEAL IN EVERYTHING FOR THE FARM.

SEND FOR OUR
CATALOGUE "F,"
AND
CALENDAR FOR 1904.

THE Frost & Wood Company
LIMITED.

Head Office and Works:

SMITH'S FALLS,
ONTARIO

TORONTO LONDON WINNIPEG MONTREAL QUEBEC ST. JOHN TRURO

C. P. R. LANDS

The Canadian Pacific Railway Company have 14,000,000 acres of choice farming lands for sale in Manitoba, Assiniboia, Saskatchewan and Alberta. Manitoba lands and Assiniboia lands east of third meridian, \$4 to \$10 per acre. Lands west of third meridian, \$3.50 to \$7 per acre.



STUBBLE PLOWING IN MANITOBA.

\$6 LANDS: 160 acres, or one-quarter section, of \$6 lands may be bought for settlement with a cash payment of \$143.80 and nine equal annual instalments of \$120 each, which include interest at 6 per cent. Purchasers who do not undertake to go into residence on the land within one year from date of purchase are required to pay one-sixth of the purchase money down, and the balance in five equal annual instalments, with interest at the rate of six per cent. per annum.

DISCOUNT FOR CASH: If land is paid for in full at time of purchase a reduction in price will be allowed equal to 10 per cent. on the amount paid in excess of the usual cash installment of one-sixth. Interest of 6 per cent. will be charged on overdue instalments.

FOR MAPS AND FULL PARTICULARS APPLY TO

F. T. GRIFFIN, Land Commissioner,
WINNIPEG.

In answering any advertisement on this page, kindly mention the FARMER'S ADVOCATE.

Horse Gain Horse Loss



The gain and loss account of a horse is in his feet. If his feet are sound he will last. The one simple and sure way of putting staying power into a horse's feet is by protecting them with

Dunlop Ideal Horseshoe Pads

They take up the concussion which weakens the hoof and leg, just as the iron shoe takes up the wear that would otherwise destroy the hoof.

Dunlop's Improved Ideal Horseshoe Pads prolong the working life of a horse—make him useful into real old age, prevent cracking and splitting of the hoofs, prevent balling and slipping on winter roads, prevent and cure lameness.

Write for "Horseology," a handsome small book made up nicely. Mailed absolutely free to your address. Write our expert for advice if your horse's hoofs are in bad condition.



The Dunlop Tire Co.
LIMITED.
TORONTO.

Queen's Hotel,
MONTREAL,

FUCHS & RAYMOND,
PROPRIETORS.

GEO. D. FUCHS om D. RAYMOND,

GOSSIP.

Mr. John Campbell, of Woodville, Ont., is down for an address at the New York State Sheep Breeders' Association meeting, at Syracuse, on Wednesday, Dec. 16th.

Messrs. D. C. Flatt & Son, Millgrove, Ont., proprietors of the noted Summer Hill herd of Yorkshires, write: "T. H. Canfield, of Lake Park, Minnesota, has purchased from us, at \$300.00, the grand young boar, Summer Hill Reformer. Reformer was first in his class, and the champion hog of his breed at Toronto this year. He is grandly bred, being by Look-Me-Over, and a half-brother to Summerhill Victor 6th, which was considered by experts the best Yorkshire boar ever shown in Canada. He was also the highest-priced boar, of any breed, ever sold in Canada. With such noted boars, together with Imp. Summerhill Colston Eclipse 2nd, the highest-priced young boar at our June sale, Mr. Canfield should be able to produce the highest type of Yorkshires."

FAIRVIEW SHROPSHIRE AT THE INTERNATIONAL.

Mr. John Campbell, Woodville, Ont., writes: "At the largest, and, as admitted by all breeders, decidedly the best show of Shropshires ever seen on the continent, our Fairview flock has scored high marks. In breeding class, of 14 first premiums offered 9 went to this flock; several of the seconds and thirds, and one champion for ewe. Four first flock premiums were offered, and all of them, with the only two firsts in the pure-bred wether lamb class—pens of five—went to the Fairview exhibit. That is a satisfactory record, and becomes more so, as John Campbell published and sent to Dr. Davison, of New York State, an acceptance of his challenge to show lambs against the world, backing his offer with \$100 to \$1,000. The fact of Campbell's ewe lambs winning all firsts in sections but one, and all five being first-prize winners somewhere, and three of them several times first, while only one other ewe lamb in the class was a first-prize winner, shows which flock would win had Dr. Davison stood by his challenge, but that he did not do."

DOES IT HIT YOU?

[Rev. Dr. Coburn, Chicago.]

Most love stories come to an end when the honeymoon commences. I think this is the place where the best love story of life ought to begin.

True love, like true religion, grows sweeter every day.

If you have married the wrong woman, bear the fruit of your mistake like a man.

Job had a wife that deserted him in his sorest extremity and told him that the best thing he could do was to die, yet he lived to prove that a man is strong enough to conquer the devil, even if his satanic majesty has his wife for a colleague.

Never speak unless you have something pleasant to say.

You supposed she was all honey. Now you find her a jar of vinegar. But are you quite sure you are all honey?

Be absolutely true to your wife. Never give her slightest cause to be jealous. The Bible says: "Jealousy is as cruel as the grave."

A husband will keep his wife's love, usually, if he keeps his own.

He is a wise man who remains a lover husband. To him the best romance of life lies in the long years far removed from the wedding day.

The wife deserves the same attentions and tender courtesies ten years after marriage as on ten days before. We used to thank her for any little favor and praise her to the skies. Now she gets up the best kind of a dinner for us seven times a week, and too many of us never say a word, unless it is "what's the matter with this coffee?"

I have heard of a mythical character—I suppose she was a wife who was killed by kindness, but I never happened to be acquainted with her or to be invited to the funeral.

A PROFITABLE HEN

One hen eats 16 times its weight in one year, and to pay a profit, must return 6 times its weight in eggs.

CARNEFAC FED HENS

do this all the time, and more most of the time. Many of you know this gentleman, and he knows what Carnefac Poultry Food will do. READ:—

MAPLE MOUND POULTRY YARDS.

The Home of America's Choicest B. P. Rocks, Black and Mottled Minorcas and Registered Scotch Collie Dogs.

S. M. CLEMO & CO., Proprietors.

WELLAND, ONT., October 27th, 1903.

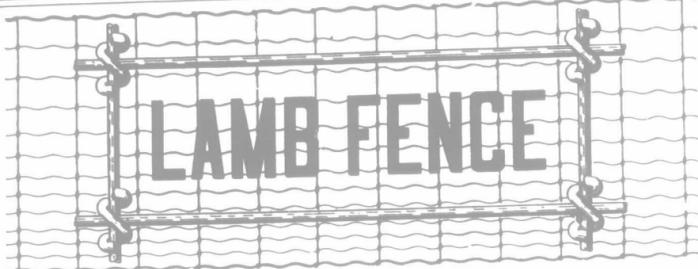
CARNEFAC STOCK FOOD CO.

Dear Sir,—I presume you are wondering what has become of me—I am still hammering away. I have been paying attention to some pullets and a pair of hogs and giving the people a practical demonstration on "CARNEFAC"; they were hatched May 16th, grade P. Rock, and started feeding Carnefac; they were hatched May 23rd; got eggs from Rocks Sept. 30th and by Oct. 4th all five had laid; one week later the Leghorns started; the man I bought the five from has some older, some same age, and has fed them well, with free range, but has got no eggs yet. So much for Carnefac. In front of my shop I have a glass case with a nest of pullet's eggs, with a card explaining how I got them.

Respectfully yours,
(Signed) S. M. CLEMO.

AT ALL DEALERS.

Carnefac Stock Food Co., 65 Front St. East, Toronto.

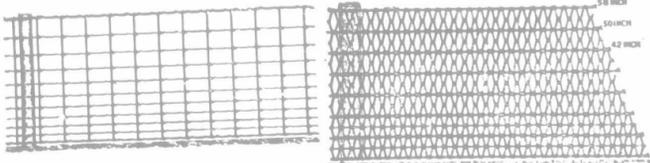


If you haven't seen our fence, and purchase some other make, you will be sorry when you do see your neighbor's LAMB FENCE. Write for our illustrated catalogue and price list.

THE H. R. LAMB FENCE COMPANY, LTD.,
LONDON, ONT. WINNIPEG, MAN.

IT'S UP TO YOU

to use not only the BEST, but the CHEAPEST.



American Field and Hog Fence.

Ellwood Field and Lawn Fence.



Hinge Joints and Tension Curves.

MADE BY The Canadian Steel and Wire Co., Ltd., HAMILTON, ONTARIO.



H. J. TILLOTSON, M. D.
The Master Specialist of Chicago, who Cures Varicocele. Established 1880.
(CORPORATED)

Varicocele Cured to Stay Hydrocele Cured in 5 Days

No Cutting or Pain. Guaranteed Cure or Money Refunded.

VARICOCELE Under my treatment this insidious disease rapidly disappears. Pain ceases almost instantly. The stagnant blood is driven from the dilated veins and all soreness vanishes and swelling subsides. Every indication of Varicocele vanishes and in its stead comes the pleasure of perfect health.

I cure to stay cured, Contagious Blood Poison, Kidney and Bladder Troubles, Nervous Debility, and allied troubles. My methods of treatment and cure are original with me and cannot be obtained elsewhere. I make no experiments. All cases I take I cure.

Certainty of Cure Guarantee to cure you or refund your money. What I have done for others I can do for you. My charge for a permanent cure will be reasonable and no more than you will be willing to pay for benefits conferred. I CAN CURE YOU at Home.

Correspondence Confidential Write me your condition fully and you will receive in plain envelope a scientific and honest opinion of your case, FREE of Charge. My home treatment is successful. My books and lectures mailed FREE upon application.
H. J. TILLOTSON, M. D., 255 Tillotson Building, 84 Dearborn Street, CHICAGO.

In answering any advertisement on this page, kindly mention the FARMER'S ADVOCATE.



Wide-Tire Metal Wheels FOR WAGONS

Made to fit any axle, of any desired height or width of tire. Are stronger, lighter and cheaper than wooden wheels. Just the thing for the farm. Our

QUEEN CITY HANDY WAGON

With metal wheels, is low and convenient for farm and general work. Made by skilled workmen, and of the best material. Guaranteed to carry four to five thousand pounds. Write for catalogue with full description of both Wheels and Wagons.

Dominion Wrought Iron Wheel Co., Ltd. ORILLIA, ONT.

Day's Aromatic Stock Food



Saves feed by assisting stock to digest their food. A small dose in the usual food twice each day. It contains no drugs; purely aromatic.

3 LBS. 30c. 36 LBS. \$3.10.

Ask your dealer or write us.

The Day's Stock Food Co., STATION C, TORONTO.

MAMMOTH BRONZE TURKEYS, heavy birds, sired by imported toms, stock from the first-prize Pan-American winners in Buffalo in 1901. Pairs and trios mated not akin. **E. G. ROSE, Glanworth, Ont.**

PEKIN DUCKS, We offer for sale fine, heavy ducks at close prices. First-class in every way. Also Barred Rocks. Free circular.

H. GEE & SONS, Selkirk, Ont.

Canadian Produce Company, TORONTO.

POULTRY

bought at best prices. Returns made day of arrival.

POULTRY and EGGS WANTED.

Empty crates forwarded upon application.

Highest prices paid

Payments weekly by express order.

Correspondence solicited.

Toronto Poultry & Produce Co.

83 Colborne St., TORONTO.

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE

Toulouse and Embden geese, Pekin ducks, White Plymouth Rock, Barred Plymouth Rock and White Leghorn cockerels. Would exchange for Partridge Cochins pullets, Brown Leghorn cockerels or White Muscovy drake. Also Yorkshire swine from the Pioneer Herd of the Province of Quebec, all ages and sexes. Nothing but No. 1 pigs shipped. Write for prices to **A. GILMORE & SONS, Athelstan, Que.**

A. E. SHERRINGTON

Importer and breeder of **BARRED ROCKS**

exclusively. Breeding hens, pullets and cockerels for sale. Write for prices. Box 100, Walkerton, Ont.

WHY RUPTURED?

You can be Cured at Home, Without Pain, Danger and No Loss of Time from Work. No Case too Bad or too Long Standing



MR. JOHN MORRIS, Niagara St., St. Catharines, Ont., is cured of a dangerous rupture and lost no time from work. A Valuable Book, telling how all ruptures can be cured and a **Free Trial Method** sent sealed post-paid, free of all cost to all sufferers. Write at once; correspondence confidential. **DR. W. S. RICE, 2 Queen St. East, Dept. (27), Toronto, Ont.**

GOSSIP.

THE COMBINATION SALE AT HAMILTON.

Besides the twenty head of imported and home-bred Shorthorns contributed by Mr. W. D. Flatt to the joint sale announced to take place at Hamilton, Ont., on January 20th, 1904, the firm of H. Cargill & Son, of Cargill, will consign twenty head of richly-bred animals, thirteen females and seven bulls, about one-third of which are imported, and all bred straight from first-class Scotch families, most of the younger things being the get of the great Duthie-bred bull, Golden Drop Victor (imp.), of Imp. Crescent Knight, or Imp. Prince Royal, while the females of breeding age have been bred to these or other high-class imported bulls in use in the herd. A brief sketch of the breeding of the Cargill contingent is as follows:

Sappho 2nd (imp.) is a good red cow of the Mayflower family, sired by a worthy son of the great Scottish Archer, viz., Prince of Archers, and out of Sappho, by the Cruickshank bull, Sittyton Yet. Merry Girl 8th (imp.) is a red heifer, good enough to win in the calf class before leaving Scotland in 1901, sired by the good bull Abbotsford 2nd (69838), and out of Merry Girl 6th, which with her daughter, Merry Girl 7th, were winners of the prize for best pair of cows in 1901. Mina C. is a beautiful red calf of good lines, grand quality, sired by the Marr Princess Royal bull, Prince Royal (imp.), and out of the imported cow, Mina 5th, by Admiral 2nd (75989). Prince Royal was sired by Lavender Victor (76994), out of Princess Royal 39th, by William of Orange. Miss Delmark is a heifer of fine lines and nice quality, a good milker as evidenced by the young bull calf at foot. This calf is a roan, calved in October, 1903, and sired by the Missie bull, Merchantman (imp.). This is indeed a very promising pair. Mina 8th is a large, good roan heifer, sired by the Fragrant bull, Fashion's Favorite (imp.) (76565), and out of Miss Primrose (imp.), by Watchman. Mina 6th (imp.) is a very thick, low-down heifer of great quality, sired by Oom Paul (81802), and out of Mina 5th. Oom Paul is of the same family as the noted show bull, Choice Goods (imp.). August Flower 6th is a tidy nice roan heifer, sired by Count Douglas (imp.), out of the Canadian-bred cow, August Flower 5th =40162=. Clara C. 2nd is a very stylish red heifer, with good lines and fine quality, sired by Count Douglas (imp.), and out of the Marr-bred cow, Clara 57th, by Spicy Robin. Count Douglas was sired by the Duthie-bred Count Sunbeam, and out of the grand cow, Clara Douglas, by Lord Douglas. Lovely Lass 3rd is a great, massive, thick red heifer, of the Cruickshank Lovely family, sired by King David =38665=, and out of Lovely Lass 2nd, by Lord Abbott 2nd =10691=. Amaranth C. 2nd is a deep red heifer, of grand quality and even conformation, sired by Golden Drop Victor (imp.), and out of the Duthie-bred cow, Sittyton Amaranth 4th, by Chief of the Clan. Lavender Drop is another deep red, low-down, thick-fleshed Scotch type, sired by Golden Drop Victor (imp.), and out of Lavender Nell, a Duthie-bred cow, sired by Count Lavender. Lavender Nell was the dam of Silver Nell, one of Mr. Hanna's show heifers, by Silver Plate. Caroline C.C. is a nice roan heifer, of good conformation, not in as good fix as those already mentioned, sired by the Upper-mill bull, Crescent Knight (imp.), and out of the grand, thick, big cow, Caroline 13th (imp.), by My Lord (73126). Mavis is a strong, big dark red heifer, due to calve before the sale. She is sired by the Watt-bred Matchless bull, Red Lion =33652=, and out of Mabel Royal, by Prince Royal (imp.) (56349), bred by E. Cruickshank. Cluny Flora 85th (imp.) is a good heifer, sired by the Rosebud bull, Royal Pride (71489), a son of Pride of Morning (64546), and out of Cluny Flora 70th, by Radnor of Cluny (64620).

Among the younger bulls from the same herd are: Star Chief (imp.)—A dark roan calf, born January 25th, 1903, a long, low, level fellow with well-sprung rib and good ends, sired by a son of the Prince of Sanguhar (71251), viz., Chal-

(Continued on next page.)



The Sunlight Maids have washed the Sunlight way.

SUNLIGHT SOAP

This is the best soap for washing clothes. It requires much less labor than common soap and makes the clothes snowy white. If you want to boil and scrub your clothes you will get much better results with Sunlight Soap than if you used common soap. If you wash according to the directions on the package you will know what the Sunlight way really means. You will give up boiling and scrubbing. Sunlight Soap is made of pure oils and fats and will not injure the most delicate fabric.

ASK FOR THE OCTAGON BAR

Sunlight Soap washes the clothes white and won't injure the hands.

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, TORONTO.

Oaklawn Farm

The Greatest Importing and Breeding Establishment in the World.

Percherons, Belgians, French Coachers.

GREATEST COLLECTION EVER GOT TOGETHER NOW ON HAND.

Come to Oaklawn, where you will find the best, the most to choose from, and demonstrated reliability. Although our horses are better, our prices are lower than can be obtained elsewhere in America. Catalogue sent on application.

DUNHAM, FLETCHER & COLEMAN, Wayne, Du Page Co., Illinois.

BELGIAN STALLIONS and MARES

IMPORTED LAST SEPTEMBER. THOROUGHLY ACCLIMATED.

The up-to-date drafter, big and medium weight, dark colors, short, straight back, no hair on legs, immense rumps, pony-built body. Not a shaggy lump of fat. A Klondyke in your stable. Honest value for honest money. Write, or, better, come to

BARON DE CHAMLOUIS, Importer, DANVILLE, QUEBEC.

CLYDESDALE and YORKSHIRE COACH STALLIONS

A large lot of extra good stallions and fillies just landed, and most of the fillies served by prizewinning sires. Will be on sale at

BLACK HORSE HOTEL, TORONTO,

on and after

Wednesday, November 4.

DALGETY BROS., LONDON, ONTARIO, and DUNDEE, SCOTLAND.



In answering any advertisement on this page, kindly mention the FARMER'S ADVOCATE.



HAS NO EQUAL
For Spavins, Ringbone Splints, Curbs, and all forms of Lameness, bunches or bony enlargements.

Dr. B. J. Kendall Co., I have used your Kendall's Spavin Cure for 20 years and have found it an infallible remedy. Please mail me your book at once as I have a colt I am now having trouble with. Yours truly, L. L. JA. VI., Dayton, Texas. As a liniment for family use it has no equal. Price \$1.00 per bottle. Ask your druggist for **KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE**; also "A Treatise on the Horse," the book free. Address Dr. B. J. Kendall Co., Enosburg Falls, Vt.

Thorncliffe Clydesdales

THORNCLIFFE STOCK FARM has for sale a carload of Clydesdale stallions and mares, including prize-winners. Some of the mares are in foal to the justly-celebrated stallion, "Lyon MacGregor." For prices, etc., apply to

ROBERT DAVIES
36 Toronto Street, TORONTO.

Imported Clydesdales just landed. Five stallions—4 two-year-olds and one 3-year-old. The gets of Mains of Airies, Clan Chattan, etc. Prices right. **ALEX. McGEHEE, Epsom, Ont.** 4 miles east of Uxbridge station, on the G. T. R.

FOR SALE.

Seven Imported Clydesdale Fillies, 2-year-olds, sired by the prizewinning stallions, Ascot Corner, Handsome Prince, William the Conqueror, etc. All have been bred to stallions. For further particulars address: **PATTERSON BROS., Millbrook, Ont.** Millbrook on G. T. R. Cavanville, C. P. R.

CLYDESDALES

AYRSHIRES and POULTRY.



R. Ness & Sons, Howick, Que.

Importers of Clyde, Percheron and Hackney stallions, Ayrshire cattle, and poultry, have for sale 5 Clyde stallions, sired by Baron's Pride, Sir Everitt, and Royal Carrick, 1 Percheron, and 1 Hackney, winners. Ayrshires of both sexes, and poultry.

CLYDESDALE MARES

Registered mares, from three years old and upwards, for sale.

NELSON WAGG.

Claremont station, C. P. R., 2 miles. Stouffville station, G. T. R., 4 1/2 miles.

IMPORTED

Clydesdales

8 stallions and 6 mares of this year's importation for sale. Stallions got by such noted sires as Hiawatha, Sir Everard, Ascot, etc.

T. H. HASSARD

Millbrook, Ont.

Stations: Millbrook, G. T. R.; Cavanville, C. P. R., four miles.

THE KINDERGARTEN STUD FARM, GUELPH
JAMES HURLEY, Proprietor.

Breeder of Thoroughbred horses from noted sires and dams. All classes of horses for sale.

New Book on how to prevent and cure diseases of horses and cattle, to know sound horses, age, constitution, valuable recipes, etc., prepared especially for farmers, from facts gathered in 20 years' practice, by S. S. Dickinson. (Out shortly.) Advice by mail, \$1.

Address **S. S. Dickinson, Port Hope, Ont.**

DEATH TO HEAVES Unrational. **NEWTON'S Heave, Cough, Distemper and Insigitation Cure.** A veterinary specific for wind, throat and stomach troubles. Strongly recommended. \$1.00 per can, mail or express paid. **Newton Remedy Co., Toledo, Ohio.** Your druggist has it or can get it from any wholesale druggist.

GOSSIP.

The Pine Grove Farm herd of Large Yorkshire and Essex swine is the property of J. Featherston & Son, Streetsville, Ont., who claim for theirs the distinction of being the oldest-established registered herd in Canada. They have bred and imported so many good ones during their long experience as breeders that a list would exceed the limit of available space, and the breeding and excellency of the noted animals that have gone out from this herd are so well known to the breeders of Canada and the States that to enumerate them all would appear superfluous. Amongst them, however, may be mentioned Whiston Star 3689, Haskett III, 1937, the sire of Oak Lodge Conqueror, and Look-Me-Over, the latter the sire of Summerhill Victor 6th, the champion boar at the Pan-American and the Chicago International Exposition, and sold there for \$700.00. This herd won 20 first prizes at the World's Fair, Chicago, 1893. This record tends to illustrate in a forcible manner the kind of stock they breed. They have some very fine young boars and gilts on hand, also some very choicely-bred young sows, bred to their great boars, Ruffed Prince (imp.), Pine Grove Inwood, Prince Edward (imp.) and Oak Lodge Butler 8th. Ruffed Prince 4682 (imp.) is proving the sire of uniform pigs of the strict bacon type. He is a full brother and litter mate of the first-prize boar at Toronto in 1902. He is, as his breeding denotes, a grand boar, and his pigs sell for big prices. Prince Edward (imp.) is one of those typical Yorkshires that we read about, but too seldom see. He is a great getter of show pigs, and winner of first at Toronto under one year and first at London. Oak Lodge Butler 8th is sired by Oak Lodge Royal Prince 7652 (imp.), dam Oak Lodge Butterfly 15th. He is an exceedingly well-bred boar, and is a sure getter of high-class pigs. The young stock are out of such good sows as Fame's Beauty, by Prince Monarch IV, 10803 (imp.). She has a nice litter by Ruffed Prince, by Whiston Star 3689, dam Ruffed Belle 46833 (imp.). Pine Grove Fame 6th, by Halton Pride 5268, is 25% the same blood as the great Whiston Star. Pine Grove Walton III, 10462, by Summerhill Master 4686, dam Pine Grove Beauty (imp.), bred by Sir Gilbert Greenall, is a perfect type of a profitable brood sow. Bottesford Maud II (imp.), by Peterborough King, dam Peterborough Lady, was bred by D. R. Dabell, Bottesford, England. Nottingham Maid II (imp.) is a full sister to Bottesford Maid II. Both these sows are very prolific and farrow large litters of very even and showy pigs. Pine Grove Fame 6th 11098 and Pine Grove Fame 7th 11099, full sisters and litter mates, are young brood sows sired by Halton Pride, and out of Brook Fame 6794, by Britannia Wonder 3028. Mr. Featherston has a great prize in the young boar, Fame's Monarch, by Prince Monarch IV, 10803 (imp.), and out of Pine Grove Fame 6th. He is a great hog, good in hams, sides and shoulders, low-down, stands erect on good feet and legs, has fine, strong bone, and is a boar that will carry immense weight, and should prove a world-beater in the hands of his owners. He was second at Toronto, and first at several local shows. We are glad to learn that the Messrs. Featherston are enjoying such a good trade through their ad. in the "Advocate," and trust it may continue. Appended is a list of their recent sales: Yorkshire boars to D. Reed, Victoria Cross, P.E.I.; J. W. Rand, Arthur, Ont.; J. Marshall, Shelburne; Hugh Gibson, Newcastle; J. Grott, Norval, Ont.; W. J. Clegg, Lakelet, Ont.; A. Elleoat, Brucefield, Ont.; A. Hewson, Manatawaning; S. McDonald, Granton; Thos. Wilson, Pickering; R. J. Canick, Roseville; W. A. Martin, Corbyville; J. Goodfellow, Myre Hall; Alex. Cameron, Oshawa; W. J. Pomeroy, Bellmore; A. Whitney, Orillia; F. Foster, Clarksburg; J. J. Cunningham, Belgrave; D. Humick, Mitchell; Thos. Crawford, Callachie; R. Buckingham, Kincardine; J. Lathangue, Lotus, P. Q.; W. J. Cunningham, Egbert; Thos. Redman, Hurondale; A. W. Bonser, Sussex, Upper Corners, King's Co.

(Continued on next page.)

Gombault's Caustic Balsam

The World's Greatest and Surest Veterinary Remedy

HAS IMITATORS, BUT NO COMPETITORS!

Safe, Speedy and Positive.

Supersedes all Caustery or Firing. Invaluable as a CURE for

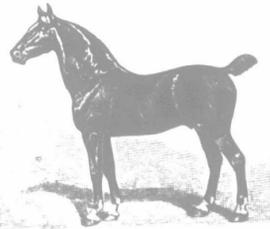
Founder, Wind Puffs, Thrush, Diphtheria, Skin Diseases, Ringbone, Pink Eye, Sweeney, Bony Tumors, Lameness from Spavin, Quarter Cracks, Scratches, Poll Evil, Parasites. Removes Bunches or Blemishes, Splints, Capped Hock, Strained Tendons,

Safe for anyone to use.

WE GUARANTEE that one tablespoonful of Caustic Balsam will produce more actual results than a whole bottle of any liniment or spavin mixture ever made. Every bottle sold is warranted to give satisfaction. Write for testimonials showing what the most prominent horsemen say of it. Price, \$1.50 per bottle. Sold by druggists, or sent by express, charges paid, with full directions for its use.

The Accepted Standard Veterinary Remedy.

ALWAYS RELIABLE. SURE IN RESULTS.



None genuine without the signature of The Lawrence, Williams Co. Sole Importers & Proprietors for the U.S. & CANADA. CLEVELAND, O.

CAUSTIC BALSAM IS THE BEST

Your Gombault's Caustic Balsam is the best liniment I know of. I have bought four bottles for my neighbors, and two for myself. I have cured a sweet-foot horse with the Balsam.—Louis Miller, Sharon, Wis.

GOMBAULT'S CAUSTIC BALSAM IS EXCELLENT.

Having read an advertisement in Wisconsin Agriculturist about your Gombault's Caustic Balsam, I have tried some of it and think it excellent.—J. M. Woradzowsky, Big Flats, Wis.

SOLE AGENTS FOR THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA:

THE LAWRENCE - WILLIAMS CO.
CLEVELAND, OHIO. TORONTO, ONT.

TRUMAN'S PIONEER STUD FARM



BUSHNELL, ILL., U. S. A.

Has for 25 YEARS been headquarters for the CHOICEST

SHIRE, PERCHERON, SUFFOLK AND HACKNEY STALLIONS.

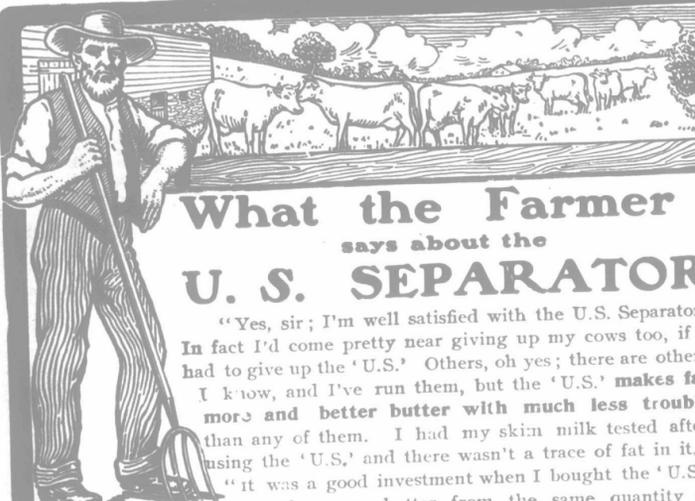
SEVENTH importation for 1903 arrived April 10th. Our importation of exclusively SHOW STALLIONS will arrive Aug. 1st.

20 to 30 Good Practical Salesmen Wanted.

Best lot of draft stallions in the United States or Canada. Notwithstanding the superior quality of our horses, it is a fact that our prices are lower than can be obtained elsewhere in America. If there is no first-class stallion in your neighborhood, please write us. For our 24th annual catalogue, etc., address—

J. G. TRUMAN, Mgr., Bushnell, Illinois, U. S. A.

In answering any advertisement on this page, kindly mention the FARMER'S ADVOCATE.



What the Farmer says about the U. S. SEPARATOR

"Yes, sir; I'm well satisfied with the U.S. Separator. In fact I'd come pretty near giving up my cows too, if I had to give up the 'U.S.' Others, oh yes; there are others I know, and I've run them, but the 'U.S.' makes far more and better butter with much less trouble than any of them. I had my skim milk tested after using the 'U.S.' and there wasn't a trace of fat in it." "It was a good investment when I bought the 'U.S.' I can make more butter from the same quantity of milk, and have fresh clean skim milk to fatten calves with, than I ever did before I got the U.S. Separator."

"It paid for itself in the increase of butter within a year after I got it—any of the children can run it and keep it clean, and it hasn't cost me a cent yet for repairs."

USE PROVES THE WISDOM OF HIS CHOICE.

WALKERVILLE, Ont., Aug. 29, 1903.
After having tried three different makes of cream separators, i.e., the U.S., the DeLaval and the Melotte, I decided to keep the U.S., which, in my judgment, is the most durable, the best skimmer, and the easiest washed. After using the U.S. Separator nearly two years, I can safely say it is the most profitable machine on the market.
WM. A. ST. LOUIS,
Treas., Tp. of Sandwich East.

For Manitoba and the West we transfer our Separators from Chicago and Minneapolis, and for Eastern Provinces from Quebec, Sherbrooke, Montreal and Hamilton.
Address all letters to VERMONT FARM MACHINE CO., BELLOWS FALLS, VT.

FREE to Examine

This High-grade, Powerful No. 7
Electric Belt

Is the quickest and cheapest cure for Weak Men, Varicocele, Stricture, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Urinary Diseases, Lameness, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Kidney Trouble, and is a general invigorator for all Weak, Worn-out and Run-down People. Cut out this advertisement and send to us, and we will send this elegant Electric Belt with Suspensory attachment. If you find it is just as represented and equal to belts that are being sold as high



THE KARN BELT

as \$10.00 by medical sharks, then pay the express agent our special cut price for 60 days, \$5.00, and the belt is yours. Use it for ten days, and if you are not fully satisfied that it is worth four times what you paid, return to us and we will refund your \$5.00. We guarantee this Belt to be as good as any on the market at any price, and is our very best Belt. We have Belts as low as 98 cents, but it is always best to buy a good article. Lowest prices quoted on other electrical goods. AGENTS WANTED. Send to-day and your order will have prompt and careful attention. Address your letter plainly to
F. E. KARN CO., 132 Victoria St., Toronto, Ont., N. B.—We are the largest Electric Supply House in Canada. Send for Catalogue of Electrical Appliances. It's Free.

GOSSIP.

Volume 56 of the American Shorthorn Herdbook has, through the courtesy of the secretary, Mr. John W. Groves, Chicago, Ill., been received at this office. It is a heavy volume, consisting of 1,150 pages, and containing pedigrees of 5,529 bulls, numbering from 198416 to 203945, and about 7,500 females. As these records are being issued annually, the above figures give some idea of the extent of the breeding of Shorthorns in the U. S.

Aberdeen-Angus Bulls
For sale: One one-year-old, two bull calves, sired by Laird of Tweedhill. Will sell right. on Drumbo Station.
WALTER HALL, Washington, Ont.

HEREFORD BULL FOR SALE.
The bull, Spotless 3rd of Ingleside (No. 9392), calved Feb. 2nd, 1899; bred by H. B. Smith, Compton, Que.; sire Mark Hanna (No. 7130), dam Spot 3rd (No. 48222). This bull is a good stock-getter; selling on account of all the young stock being got from him.
J. R. McCaig, Beaver, Que.

GOSSIP.

(Continued from page 1185.)

New Brunswick, Essex boar; B. B. Morrell, Stanstead, P. Q., Essex boar and sow. Sows to J. M. Rand, Arthur; R. Buckingham, Kincardine; W. Ross, Shakespeare; R. J. Canick, Roseville; J. J. Murray, Glenwilliams (4); Alex. Cameron, Oshawa; W. J. Pomeroy, Bellmore; Thos. Redman, Hurondale. To A. M. Bonser, Sussex, N. B., Essex boar; to B. B. Morrell, Stanstead, Que., Essex boar and sow.

God has two dwellings—one in heaven, and the other in the meek and thankful heart.—Izaak Walton.

Messrs. H. Gee & Sons, of Selkirk, Ont., send the following testimonial, showing customers' opinions of the stock sent out:

Alton, Ont., Nov. 16, 1903.
Dear Sirs,—I received the drake on Saturday, November 14th, and am glad to say it is a first-class one, and I am well satisfied. Wishing you much success in your business.
George McLellan.

Mr. G. A. Brodie, Bethesda, Ont., breeder of Shorthorns and Shropshires, ordering change in his advertisement, writes: "My stock came into winter quarters in good condition, and I never had a better lot of calves. Several will make show animals. The bulls are an even lot, just the kind in demand. Some of the families represented are Miss Ramsdens, Red Roses, Mazurkas, Sybils and others. The Miss Ramsdens are a choice lot, some being well advanced in calf, and others ready to breed. My Shropshires are also in nice condition. Have some grand shearing and two-year-old ewes for sale, also ram and ewe lambs, all from Mansell-bred sires and dams.

W. F. Stephen, Spring Brook Farm, Trout River, Que., breeder of Ayrshire cattle, writes: "My herd has gone into winter quarters in fine condition, and have done remarkably well this season. The young cows sired by Uncle Sam of Trout River are proving to be typical dairy cows. They are of good conformation, good size, large udders and teats, and give a good flow of milk, many of them testing over four per cent. butter-fat. Comrade's Last of Glenora 13474 is developing into a fine large animal of good quality, and is leaving excellent stock. The demand for Ayrshires has been good this year. Numerous sales have been made during the past few months. I have a few male animals yet to dispose of, from one to eight months old."

Dr. T. S. Sproule, M. P., Markdale, Ont., breeder of Shorthorn cattle, in ordering a continuance of his advertisement for another year, writes: "I like your journal very much. It is up-to-date in every respect and intelligently conducted. I have sold the young bulls I had recently advertised. One went to J. F. Sproule, Maple Creek, N. W. T.; one to Joseph Richardson, Euphrasia, and the third to R. Black, Artemesia. They were all good bulls, and are giving good satisfaction."

TRADE TOPICS.

PORTLAND CEMENT DRAIN PIPES and tiles are advertised on another page by F. Hyde & Co., Montreal.

SHORT COURSES IN STOCK-JUDGING, grain-judging and poultry-raising will commence early in January, at the Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph. These courses are free. See the advertisement, and send for circular.

California-Oregon Excursions.

Every day in the year, single and round trip excursions, via the Chicago, Union Pacific and North-Western line. Through first-class Pullman and tourist sleeping cars, daily, to points in California and Oregon. Personally-conducted excursions from Chicago to San Francisco, Los Angeles and other Pacific coast points; leaving Chicago on Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays and Fridays. Lowest rates. Shortest time on the road. Finest scenery. For maps, illustrated folders and rates, write B. H. Bennett, 2 East King St., Toronto, Ont.

Lame Back for Four Months.

Was Unable to Turn in Bed Without Help.

Plasters and Liniments No Good.

This was the experience of Mr. Benjamin Stewart, Zionville, N. B.

TWO-THIRDS OF A BOX OF Doan's Kidney Pills CURED HIM.

He tells of his experience in the following words: "For four months I was troubled with a lame back and all this time was unable to turn in bed without help. I tried plasters and liniments of all kinds but with no effect. At last I was induced to try Doan's Kidney Pills, and by the time I had used two-thirds of a box my back was as well and as strong as ever and has kept so ever since."

Backache, Frequent Thirst, Scanty, Cloudy, Thick or Highly Colored Urine, Puffing under the Eyes, Swelling of the Feet and Ankles, are all symptoms of kidney trouble that Doan's Kidney Pills will cure.

Price 50 cts. per box or 3 for \$1.25, all dealers, or
THE DOAN KIDNEY PILL CO. TORONTO, ONT.

High Park Stock Farm Galloway Cattle.

4 choice young bulls and heifers, 6 months to 2 years old, for sale. Prices right. Come and see.
Shaw & Marston, P. O. Box 294, Brantford, Ont.

THE SUNNYSIDE HEREFORDS

FOR SALE, CHEAP: 20 choice bulls, from 7 to 19 mos. old; 10 good young cows and heifers, also some heifer calves. Our herd numbers 90 head, and have the best of breeding and individual merit. Write us before placing orders. O'NEIL BROS., Southgate, Ont. Iderton Sta., L., H. & B.; Lucan Sta., G.T.R. o

THE MAPLES FARM HEREFORDS

Near Orangeville, Ont., on G. P. R. (Owen Sound branch). Imported and pure-bred bulls and heifers for sale, from imported and pure-bred dams, and sired by imp. Spartacus, No. 109829, -1716-, winner of sweepstakes and silver medals, Toronto, 1902 and 1903. Young bulls a specialty. Prizewinners wherever shown. Inspection invited. Popular prices. W. H. HUNTER, on Near Orangeville, Ont. THE MAPLES F. O.

INGLESIDE HEREFORDS 100 Head.

Calves to 6-year-olds. If you want to start a small herd, write for particulars. The quality and breeding is of the best. A good foundation means success, and here is where you can get it at prices and terms to suit your purse. on H. D. SMITH, COMPTON, QUE.

SHORTHORN CATTLE and Oxford Down sheep Imp Prince Homer at head of herd. Present offering: Young bulls and heifers from imported and home-bred cows; also a choice lot of young rams and ewes from imported sire. JAMES TOLTON & SON, Walkerton, Ont. Farm 3 1/2 miles west of Walkerton Station, Ont.

HOT-SCOTCH FOR SALE

First-class 14-months Shorthorn bull. Color, roan, with red head and neck. Sired by Rustic Chief (imp.); dam Celia 10th (imp.). A low-down, wide-ribbed, beefy bull; good head and horn, and an excellent handler. Price right. Address JAS. GOWAN, Seaforth, Ont.

BARREN COWS CURED.
Write for Pamphlet and Testimonials.
Oldest and Best Treatment Extant.
McGee Bros., V S Albany, N. Y.

In answering any advertisement on this page, kindly mention the FARMER'S ADVOCATE.

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BOOK REVIEW.

Any book reviewed in this department may be ordered through this office.

The "Farmer's Advocate" would call the attention of its readers to the publication of "A Christmas Portfolio," under the auspices of the Y. W. C. A., London, Ont. Every writer is a Canadian, and every illustration is by Canadian artists. The subjects chosen are all Canadian, and, therefore, should have a very especial interest for Canadian readers. The magazine will, it is hoped, through its many Canadian friends, find its way to all parts of the Empire, and convey the juster idea that Canada is not, as she has been poetically but somewhat misleadingly represented, "Our Lady of the Snows," but that she is also the queen over a realm where the sun shines gayly and beneficently, and where mother earth "yields of her increase" freely and ungrudgingly. Among the contributors are such notable Canadian writers as: Jean Blewett, "Fidelis," Mrs. Boomer, Arthur Stringer, Dr. Drummond, Cy. Warman, Bliss Carmer, Paul Peel, Rev. Dyson Hague, John Innes, J. Castell Hopkins, "Seramus," and many others. Orders may be sent to the Y. W. C. A. Price, 25c. per copy.

GOSSIP.

"Money am offen like some days," says Brother Watkins, "dew in de mornin' and mist at night."

A Yorkshireman undertook for a wager made in a tavern to eat a whole turkey and three pounds of sausages.

The turkey was cooked and set before him. Slowly, but relentlessly, he got through it. Then the sausages, and here the excitement began. Surely he would break down at the second pound. Surely, surely—but no; gallantly, solidly, on he went, bite, bite, bite—the audience holding their breath—till the platter was clean.

He received his money, took a glass of beer, and then, accompanied by a friend, set out for home. There was a strained silence between the two, till they were within sight of the victor's home, and then he opened his lips and spake: "Say, Tom, de'ant tha say ou't to ma missus about t' turkey?" "For why, Jack?" "Happen she won't gi'e me ma sooper."

The strange forgetfulness of a father who could not tell the name of his grown-up daughter is related by a Birmingham solicitor, who conducted a case at one of the towns in the Black Country. Desiring to put the girl in the box as a witness, he inquired her name from the father. The latter, a rough-cut boilermaker, scratched his head, with a puzzled air, and confessed for the life of him he could not recall the particular name with which his daughter had been christened. "It were one o' them new-fangled 'uns o' my wife's picking," said he, rather awkwardly, "and we've always called her 'Tom,' because her's so ladlike." The mother was consulted, and it turned out that the child had been entered on the church register as "Gwendoline."

H. K. Fairbairn, Thedford, Ont., writes: "My Shorthorns have been in their winter quarters for three weeks, and are in good condition. The red cow, Golden Gem, has just dropped us a fine roan heifer calf, by Royal Prince. Jubilee's Julia is due to calve December 15th, by Royal Prince, our stock bull. Frances Folson 3rd, the dam of Fair Queen, gave us a fine roan heifer calf by R. Prince. Fair Queen took first at Toronto Industrial and London, 1902, in calf class; in Chicago, as a yearling, first; at Illinois State Fair, first; Iowa, as a yearling, first; first at Hamline, Indiana, Kansas City, she having won the junior championship four times. She was first-prize senior yearling and junior sweepstakes female in the yearling class. This famous Shorthorn heifer has won eight firsts and sweepstakes prizes in Canada and the United States. Her latest and crowning victory being the winning of the grand championship as best Shorthorn female, any age, at the Chicago International, 1903.

Portland Cement

DRAIN PIPES & TILES

WHICH ARE ALWAYS NEEDED BY CANADIAN FARMERS WHO ARE UP-TO-DATE.

F. Hyde & Co.,
MONTREAL.

Scotch-bred Shorthorns, with size and quality, at bargain prices; reds and roans, of both sexes, from 6 to 12 months old.

L. K. WEBER, Hawkesville, Ont.

MANITOULIN SHORTHORNS
Edwin Beck, Gore Bay, Manitoulin Island
Breeder of SCOTCH and SCOTCH-TOPPED SHORT-HORN CATTLE. A few choice animals.

W. G. PETTIT & SONS
FREEMAN, ONT., CAN.
Importers and breeders of

Scotch Shorthorns

The herd now numbers over 100 head. Fifty of them imported direct from Scotland, consisting of the most popular and richly-bred Cruickshank and Aberdeenshire families.

BULLS IN SERVICE.
Imp. Scotland's Pride, a Cruickshank Clipper, by Star of the Morning; Imported Scottish Pride, a Marr Roan Lady, by Scottish Prince; and Imp. Prime Favorite, a Princess Royal, by Bapton Favorite.

Bulls, cows and heifers suitable for foundation stock or show purposes for sale. New descriptive catalogue ready August 15th.

Shorthorns, Shorthorns. 4 Spicy Marquis bulls. Shorthorns that challenge comparison. For sale: 3 yearling bulls and 1 nine-months' bull by the great Spicy Marquis, imp., champion at Toronto, 1902 and 1903. These are rare individuals, and where can you find such breeding? "Brave Ythan" at the head of my herd.

Six Shorthorn Bulls
Fit for service; Also cows and heifers, imported and home-bred, of Scotch breeding, prizewinners. Moderate prices. **DAVID MILNE & SON,**
Ethel Station and P. O., Ont.

Hawthorn Herd OF DEEP-MILKING SHORTHORNS.

FOR SALE: Five young bulls, also a few females, by Scotch sires. Good ones.

Wm. Grainger & Son, Londesboro, Ont.

Scotch Shorthorns and Leicester Sheep.

Ready for shipment: 3 young bulls, 5, 7 and 10 mos., by Imp. Christopher 28850 and Tuscarora Chief 46733; all good individuals and showing lots of quality. No reasonable offer refused to insure quick sale. **Leicesters.**—I have on hand a very choice selection of rams, yearling ewes, ewe lambs and young bred ewes, mostly imported breeding, and bred to my stud ram "Hetspur." You can get show animals from my herd. Write for my prices and let me quote on something choice. **W. A. DOUGLAS, Caledonia Station, Tuscarora P. O., Ont.**

17 Shorthorn Bulls

3 imported bulls.
7 bulls from imp. sire and dam.
7 bulls from imp. sire and Scotch dams.
25 females, imp. and Canadian Scotch.

R. MITCHELL & SONS,
Welson P. O., Burlington Jct. Sta.

SCOTCH SHORTHORNS

A baker's dozen of sappy bull calves, 8 to 12 mos. old, reds and roans, sired by the Princess Royal bull, Imp. Prince of the Forest = 4049=, and out of high-class Scotch and Scotch-topped cows. Also ten thick-fleshed heifers, in calf to Imp. Prince of the Forest, placed at head of herd at cost of \$650.

Come and see, or write for prices.

J. & E. OHINNICK, Chatham, Ont.

CEDARDALE FARM. For Sale, three young old to two years. All good standard reds and from first-class stock. "Gloucesters" and "Lord George" stock. Also three cows in calf, and three heifers, from one to two years old, two of them in calf. "Trilby," "Beauty" and "Mora" dams. **DR. T. S. SPROULE, Markdale, Ont., P. O. and Station.**

GOSSIP.

It is a pleasant sight to see anybody thanking God, for the air is heavy with the hum of murmuring, and the roads are dusty with complaints and lamentations. —[Spurgeon.

L. W. Paisley, Chilliwack, B. C., secretary live-stock associations, recently shipped for E. A. Kipp, Chilliwack, the Yorkshire boar, Summer Hill Pilot 9th, to Estes and Radcliff, Salem, Oregon. This is a lengthy pig, a winner at the Provincial Show, and has done good service in the Kipp herd. A. C. Wells & Son, Chilliwack, B. C., shipped a Berkshire sow to A. P. McQuarrie, Armstrong, B. C.

The offerings of Shorthorns by J. Watt & Son, of Salem, Ont., in their advertisement, on another page, are of exceptional interest to breeders, and well worthy the attention of anyone desirous of purchasing really first-class young Shorthorns. The firm need no introduction to the Shorthorn world, as the senior member has been breeding Shorthorns of high merit for over twenty-five years, many of which have been dividing honors at state and provincial fairs, in competition with many high-priced animals. Quite a number of the herd are imported, and all are of approved Scotch breeding. They have in service Prince Louis (imp.), by Prince Charli dam Lancaster Girl, by Bendigo. He is a rich roan, evenly turned in conformation, very low-down, and leaving nothing to be desired in regard to quality. He has proved an exceedingly fine breeder, and should accomplish great things in the herd. They also have a red ten-months-old bull, imported in dam, by Golden Prince. He is a very handsome young bull, is grandly bred, and should prove a coveted possession for anyone looking for a really first-class young stock bull.

Still another young bull of exceptional merit is a roan one-year-old son of Imp. Scottish Peer, dam Roan Lady II. This young bull's breeding is exceptionally fine, and he is as good an individual as one could desire. He has a very rich, mellow hide, and is very thick and even. Still another young bull of great merit is a son of Royal Wonder, a first-prize Toronto winner, dam English Lady 12th. This young bull, whilst not quite so thick and stocky a bull as those already mentioned, is a fine fellow, and shows great constitution, and a frame that is capable of carrying any weight. His breeding is of the best, and he should make a bull of great size at maturity. Among the many good things in the list of breeding cows in the herd are: English Lady XII., by Imp. Royal Sailor; Roan Lady II., by Royal George; Merry Lass 8th (imp.), by Lord Lovat. She has a handsome bull calf at foot. Her bull calf is by Bapton Chancellor, and he by Silver Plate. Lady Baroness (imp.), by Bellisarius, is a Miss Ramsden cow, and has a very fine red bull calf. To see this finely-turned, richly-bred young cow is to fall instantly in love with her. She is one of the sort that attracts and holds attention. Duchess 42nd is another of the imported beauties. She was bred by His Grace the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, and sired by Village Archer 7178E. She is a showy, beautifully-moulded young cow. These above mentioned cows are typical of the rich breeding and individuality of this famous herd. There are yet two Barmpton Hero cows in their herd, viz., English Lady 10th and Roan Lady, that are well up in years, still good breeders and strong and healthy. They have each recently dropped a young heifer by Coming Star, that are indeed worthy of their great breeding and promising to make good show animals. Purchasers desirous of getting really choice young stock could not do better than to inspect the offerings in this herd. They also have on hand some young Berkshire boars and gilts of good breeding, rich in the blood of the great champion boar, Baron Lee IV. Berkshires are fast coming to the front again in Canada, and the demand for them is steadily increasing, and here is a chance to get good young Berks. at reasonable prices. Intending purchasers will do well to write this firm what they want.

BRITISH



TROOP OIL LINIMENT

FOR

Sprains, Strains, Cuts, Wounds, Ulcers, Open Sores, Bruises, Stiff Joints, Bites and Stings of Insects, Coughs, Colds, Contracted Cords, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Bronchitis, Croup, Sore Throat, Quinsy, Whooping Cough and all Painful Swellings.

A LARGE BOTTLE, 25c.

SHORTHORN CATTLE AND GOSWOLD SHEEP

of good breeding and individuality. Young stock for sale at reasonable prices. Special—Two 6-months and two yearling bulls. Seven ram lambs.

CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED. ADDRESS **J. E. DISNEY, GREENWOOD, ONT., HILLVIEW FARM.**

3 SHORTHORN BULLS 3 FOR SALE.

Two 2-year-olds, 1 bull calf, all of good breeding and from deep-milking strains. Prices right. Also heifers for sale.

W. B. ROBERTS, - SPARTA, ONT.

Imported Shorthorns Imp. Royal Prince heading the herd of imported and home-bred Shorthorns of best Scotch families, for sale, both sexes, at reasonable prices; also Oxford Down sheep. **John McFarlane, Dutton, Ont., P. O. and Sta., Box 41.**

We are offering **18 BULLS** from 4 to 10 months old, sired by imported Diamond Jubilee = 28861 =. Also a few females, all ages, of good Scotch breeding.

FITZGERALD BROS., Mount St. Louis, Ont., Elmvale Station, G. T. R.; Hilldale Telegraph Office.

SHORTHORN BULLS AND HEIFERS

Of Scotch breeding and good quality for sale at moderate prices. Write

H. SMITH, EXETER, ONTARIO.
Farm adjoins Exeter, on G. T. R.

Greengrove Shorthorns Number 35 head families. For sale: Several young bulls, by Wadsworth's Last, Imp. Fitz Stephen and Freebooter. Females of all ages. **W. G. MILLSON, Goring P. O., Markdale Station.**

Shorthorns, Clydesdales, YORKSHIRES.

I offer for sale a young red bull calf by Republican (imp.), out of Nonpareil 34th (imp.)—a good one. Also young Yorkshires and Clydesdales, all ages. Also Count Amaranth at a bargain, if taken soon.

A. E. HOSKIN, SPRINGVALE FARM, OSBOURNE STA. & P. O.

JOHN DRYDEN & SON

BREEDERS OF

CRUICKSHANK SHORTHORNS AND SHROPSHIRE SHEEP.



Catalogue of twelve young bulls of choicest breeding and splendid quality sent on application.

Your choice of 25 BEAUTIFUL YEARLING RAMS at reasonable prices. Also a FEW SELECT EWES.

Station and Post Office, Brooklin, Ont.

SHORTHORNS. 8 young bulls, 11 heifer calves, yearlings, two-year-olds and young cows for sale. Several Miss Ramsdens and the very best families represented. Prices moderate. **G. A. BRODIE, Wethesda, Ont., Stouffville Station.**

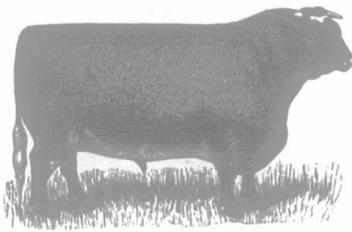
In answering any advertisement on this page, kindly mention the FARMER'S ADVOCATE.

GOSSIP.

W. B. WATT & SONS' SHORTHORNS.

The old and widely-known herds of Shorthorns at Salem, Ontario, for more than a quarter of a century conducted under the firm name of J. & W. B. Watt, will henceforth be conducted separately, and the business of the estate of the late Mr. W. B. Watt will go forward under the firm name and style of W. B. Watt & Sons. The name of Watt has been so long and favorably known in connection with the breeding and exhibiting of high-class, up-to-date Shorthorns that it needs no introduction to the people of Canada and the United States, since cattle of their breeding have stood in the first rank at the head of first-class herds and in the prize lists of the leading exhibitions in both countries. The grand championship bull, winning over all beef breeds at the World's Fair, Chicago, Young Abbotsburn, was bred by the Watts, and time after time the first herd prize and the sweepstakes honors at Toronto, Winnipeg and elsewhere have gone to animals bred in these herds, which have always been judiciously bred and fed, and are of the approved type, conformation and breeding, and selling for first-class prices. The sons of Mr. W. B. Watt, to the manor born, are acknowledged as first-class judges, and may be relied on as honorable business men. They have now on hand some extra choice young bulls and heifers that they are offering in their advertisement on another page, and which are well worthy the attention of farmers and breeders desiring to improve their herds. They have now at the head of their herd Scottish Beau =36099= (imp.), bred by Wm. Duthie, of Collynie, Aberdeenshire. He is sired by the great Silver Plate 78638, dam Vain Belle II., by Scottish Archer, and grandam by Field Marshal, a trinity of progenitors unexcelled in the annals of the breed. The excellence of this breeding is well known to all breeders of Shorthorns on both continents. Scottish Beau cost the Messrs. Watt \$1,200. He is a beautiful dark roan of wonderful richness of flesh, with fine, loose, mellow hide, level quarters, short legs, splendid chest and heartgirth, and a perfect head set on short neck, with smooth shoulders. In fact, he is a typical modern Scotch Shorthorn of exceptional quality. Among the younger ones we find a handsome fourteen-months-old roan bull, by Scottish Peer =40424= (imp.), and out of a Matchless dam. He is in every sense a splendid animal, and would make a very valuable head for any herd. He is the equal, if not the superior, of any young bull of his age we have seen in a long time. He is very thick and solid, has a compact, well-knit frame that easily promises 2,400 lbs. weight before he is three years old. Where can better breeding be found. Five young bulls by Scottish Peer, recently sold by this firm, were among the highest-priced animals sold this year. Here also is another son of Scottish Peer and out of another Matchless cow, and that they are closely related would be easy to guess, even by a novice. The true lines and rich appearance characteristic of the sons and daughters of this worthy sire are plainly noticeable. This young bull is also 14 months old, and a rich red, with small white markings. He is built on exactly the same lines as his half-brother and stall mate, and might easily have been turned in the same mould. Here are two young bulls ready for service that are worth going a long way to see, and either should be a prize for someone. Here also we find several exceedingly choice young bulls, ranging in age from five to eight months, also by Scottish Peer, and all of true type. A bevy of beautiful young heifers, seven to eleven months and older, by Royal Wonder, Royal Prince and Scottish Peer, are as fine as we could wish to see. To give anything like an adequate idea of the high standard of excellence of the entire herd would be to give a complete description of each animal contained in the herd, which numbers sixty head, and this the limits of space forbid.

Messrs. Watt also have several nice, well-bred young Clydes, among which is a particularly fine yearling stallion, by Ashdale, and out of Grace Darling 5th (sold for \$100). He is a nice stocky colt, with good strong, flat bone, and of good conformation. Also a bay filly, by



23

High-class Shorthorn Bulls For Sale

Some imp. and some from imp. cows, and sired by imp. bulls. Also cows and heifers. New importation comes home Dec 10th.

Arthur Johnston, Greenwood, Ont.

FOR SALE—1 yearling bull, bull and heifer calves; Berkshire boars and sows, ready for service, and suckers ready to wean. Write for wants, or come and see E. Jeffs & Son, Bond Head P. O., Bradford and Beeton Stns., G.T.R. o

Mertoun Herd of Shorthorns

Established in 1882. Prince of Banff (imp.) =45212= heads the herd. **THREE CHOICE YOUNG BULLS** for sale; also **A FEW FEMALES**, in calf to Prince of Banff. Prices right. o

D. HILL, STAFFA P. O., ONT.

R. & S. NICHOLSON

Sylvan P. O. Parkhill Station, Ont.

Importers and breeders of

SHORTHORNS

Have for sale: **13 IMPORTED HEIFERS, 20 HEIFERS** (choice). Safe in calf to Imp. Spicy Count.

Home bred herd composed of Nonpareils, Minna, Clementines, Crusshank Lovelya, Shethin Rosemarys, A. M. Gordon's Estelles, Miss Symes, etc. om



For sale at reasonable prices—Five imported bulls, nearly all roans. Twelve imported cows and heifers. Also a number of nice Canadian-bred bulls, cows and heifers, in calf or with calves at foot. H. J. DAVIS, Woodstock, Ont. C. P. R. and G. T. R. om

Scotch-Topped Shorthorns—(Imp.) Captain Mayfly (No. 28858), winner of sweepstakes at Toronto (1900), 1st at Toronto and London (1902), at head of herd. Animals of all ages and both sexes for sale. JOHN C. BRICKER, Elmira P. O. and Station, on G. T. R. o

T. DOUGLAS & SONS,

STRATHROY STATION & P. O.,

BREEDERS OF Shorthorns and Clydesdales

88 Shorthorns to select from. Herd bulls (Imp.) Diamond Jubilee =28361= and Double Gold =37854=. Young bulls, cows and heifers for sale at all times. Also one (imp.) stallion and two brood mares. om

ROSEVALE SHORTHORNS. Herd comprises Augustas, Polyanthus, Crimson Flowers, Minna, Strawberries and Lavinias. For sale, both sexes, the get of Imp. Marengo Heydon Duke, Imp. Baron's Heir, Imp. Golden Able and Imp. Golden Conqueror. om W. J. SHEAN & Co., Owen Sound P. O. & Sta.

HIGH-CLASS SHORTHORNS

Now offering 5 bulls, from 4 to 17 mos. old, sired by Royal Duke, he by Royal Sailor (imp.). Also females, all ages, some in calf. Prices moderate. o J. R. McCALLUM & SON, Iona Sta. & P. O., Ont.

SHORTHORNS.

Four Bulls, nine to fifteen months old; four heifers, two years old. A number of cows, also in calf to Royal Prince 3241=, by imp. Royal Sailor. om

H. K. FAIRBAIRN,

Theford P. O., Telegraph and G.T.R. station.

Red Duke (imp.) (the horse that beat the \$4,000 Young McQueen), and out of Moss Bank, winner of twenty-eight first prizes. She is very handsome, compact, possessing great size for her age, with thick, massive quarters, large, flat bone, and will make a high-class mare.

Messrs. Watt say: "Our sales have been very good indeed this year, and I think prices have been even better than last year, on the average. A few of our recent sales are: to W. D. Flatt, Hamilton, Mildred 12th, yearling roan heifer, by Roan Cloud, and out of Mildred 7th, a show heifer. To C. B. Wade, Pendleton, Oregon, English Lady 12th, six years old, by Royal Sailor (imp.), probably the highest-priced cow sold this year, and a winner at Toronto in 1902. To Mr. Silverthorn, Rossville, Indiana, Scottish King, a one-year-old roan bull, by Scottish Peer, dam English Lady 12th. This bull was purchased on personal selection at a very big price, as being the most suitable young bull he could find in Ontario. Sailor's Peer, a roan yearling, by Scottish peer, dam Mildred 7th a fine young bull, one of twins, and a bull that is going to make a reputation for himself in the hands of his lucky purchaser, Mr. A. G. Smiley, Hensall, Ont. Also, to Thos. McKay, Warton, Ont., a handsome yearling Clyde filly, by McCauley, the champion horse of Nebraska, that sold for \$3,000."

The Missouri State Commission to the Louisiana Purchase Exposition has appropriated \$100,000, in aid of the World's Fair live-stock exhibit from that State. N. H. Gentry, of Sedalia, has been made the Commission's representative in charge of the live stock exhibits. He has secured the co-operation of more than 100 leading stockmen, forming twenty-four committees, each in charge of the interests of a breed.

GEO. ISAAC'S IMPORTATION.

In a new advertisement in this issue, Mr. Geo. Isaac, of Bomanton, Ont., Cobourg Station, G. T. R., announces and offers for sale his recent importation of five young Clydesdale stallions; one superior Shire stallion, Gallant Prince, by Harold Conqueror; eleven Clyde fillies, some Shorthorn bull calves and heifers, and imported Yorkshire pigs. Following is a brief description of the Clyde stallions: 1. Erskine's Heir (11330), a brown four-year-old, with white feet and stripe, a good hard-boned horse, with good feet and a clever mover, got by Prince of Carruchan (8151), by Prince of Wales, dam by Lord Erskine (1744). 2. Marlborough (11428), brown three-year-old, by Prince Stephen (9363) (whose dam was by Darnley), dam Miss Garnet, by Garnet Cross (1662). This is a large horse with good legs and feet, a good mover, and will make a ton weigher. 3. Blood Royal, a brown two-year-old, with star and four white feet, by Prince Thomas (10262), dam Diana, by Prince of Wales. This horse has an extra good set of legs and feet, is a good mover, and when matured will make a show horse. 4. Prince of Asloun (11854), a brown three-year-old, by Mount Royal (8065), by St. Lawrence, by Prince of Wales, dam by Gloaming Star, a sweet horse, with grand head and neck, and a good mover, will make a horse about 1,800 lbs. 5. Collenann Duke (11662), a bay three-year-old, with stripe and white hind legs, sire Royal Champion (8956), by Lord Lothian, by Top Gallant, dam by Prince Alexander (8899), by Prince of Wales, dam by Darnley. This will make a horse that will weigh about 1,900 lbs., is low-set, with good hard legs and good style. These, it will be seen, are an exceedingly well-bred lot of horses, and we are assured they are as good individually as in breeding, while the fillies, whose breeding will be given in our next issue, are equally well bred and of first-rate quality. The Shorthorns offered in the advertisement are strictly Scotch bred and of the right stamp, and worthy the attention of buyers. The Shire horse, Gallant Prince 18750, is a dark brown with stripe and three white feet, an extra large horse with an extra good set of legs and feet, while his breeding is in the purple, being sired by Harold Conqueror, dam by Harold Harefoot, and grandam by Black Prince.

When you get too old to learn, you will be too old to live.

The Best Horse



is liable to "go lame" at any time. **Curbs, Splints, Sprains** and other forms of Lameness yield readily and are cured permanently by

Tuttle's Elixir

Used and Endorsed by Adams Express Company. Used internally it is infallible for Colic, Distemper, Founder, Pneumonia, etc.

Tuttle's American Condition Powders

A specific for impure blood and all diseases arising therefrom. **TUTTLE'S FAMILY ELIXIR** cures rheumatism, sprains, bruises, etc. Kills pain instantly. Our 100-page book, "Veterinary Experience," FREE.

Dr. S. A. TUTTLE, 46 Beverly St., Boston, Mass. Beware of so-called Elixirs—some genuine but Tuttle's. Avoid all bilsters; they offer only temporary relief, if any.

LYMAN, KNOX & SON, Agents, Montreal and Toronto, Canada.

SHARPLES TUBULAR FARM SEPARATORS

Built on the Square,

as everybody knows. Entirely different from other separators, new in principle. Guaranteed more convenient, efficient and durable than any other kind.

Write for catalog No. 193.

P. M. SHARPLES, West Chester, Pa. THE SHARPLES CO., Chicago, Ill.

Queenston Heights Shorthorns

Two Scotch bull calves, choice heifers, at reasonable prices.

HUDSON USHER, - QUEENSTON, ONT.

Farm 3 miles north of Niagara Falls.

Choice Shorthorns and SHROPSHIRE SHEEP.

I am offering 5 YOUNG BULLS of exceptional breeding and quality, 6 to 15 months old. Also 10 SHEARLING rams, fit for any herd. I am pushed for room. Will sell reasonably to quick buyer. Be sure to get my prices before purchasing elsewhere.

CHAS. CALDER, Brooklin, Ont.

OAK LANE STOCK FARM.

Shorthorns, Cotswolds, Yorkshires and Barred Rock Fowls.

Imported and Canadian-bred Shorthorns. Open to take orders for N.-W. trade. Write for prices. Satisfaction guaranteed.

GOODFELLOW BROS., MACVILLE, ONT.

CHAS. RANKIN, WYEBRIDGE, ONT.

IMPORTER AND BREEDER OF SHORTHORN CATTLE and OXFORD DOWN SHEEP.

Herd headed by Pride of Scotland (imp.). **FOR SALE**—Females and bulls of all ages, from noted Scotch families. o

WILLOW BANK STOCK FARM

Shorthorns JAS. DOUGLAS, PROP., Leicesters Established 1855.

We have a grand lot of young stock for sale. Bred in the purple, and the kind that will make champions, and they carry the blood of champions, Scotch, Booth and Bates families, of strong constitution and deep milking qualities. Rescrician of Dalmeny, Imp. 45290, at the head of our herd. We breed the best to the best. Foundation bulls a specialty. Also Leicester sheep of rare breeding and merit. Write us your wants, we can supply you. P. O. and Station, CALEDONIA, ONT.

FOREST HILL STOCK FARM.

HIGH-CLASS SHORTHORNS for sale. A choice lot of young bulls, from six to eighteen months old. Apply G. W. KEAYS, HYDE PARK P. O., ONT. o

Shorthorns and Lincolns

A few choice bulls from 12 to 15 mths. Also females any age for sale. J. K. HUX, RODNEY, ONTARIO. L. E. & D. R. K. and M. C. R. o

Shorthorns and Shropshires. Scotch and Scotch-topped families of Shorthorns, Young bulls and heifers for sale. Shropshires, bred direct from imported stock; Mansell and Cooper strains. BRUCE BROS., Souffville Station, G. T. R. o Gormley, Ont.

GOSSIP.

Prior to leaving Brooklyn, Ont., to take up their residence in Toronto, temporarily at least, Hon. John Dryden and Mrs. Dryden were presented by the Baptist Church, of which they have long been faithful and efficient members, with a magnificent silver tea service.

According to the United States Department's inventory of farm animals for January 1st, 1903, the value of horses was over one billion dollars, and of mules, nearly two hundred million dollars. The value of cattle of all kinds considerably exceeded 1,300 million; of sheep, 168 million, and of hogs, 365 million dollars.

Mr. Wm. McDermott, of Living Springs, Ont., is offering some very nice richly-bred young Shorthorn bulls and heifers in his ad., on another page. Mr. McDermott is one of Ontario's oldest breeders, though he has not been loudly proclaimed as such, but has striven to breed and produce none but the best, and that he has succeeded is very evident by the character of his herd and the sales he has made during the last few years, which have been very satisfactory. He has at the head of his herd Capt. Bruce 32001, by Geo. Bruce, a Toronto first-prize winner, dam Maiden Star, by Silver Star, another Toronto first-prize winner. He is a fine, handsome roan, four years old, of immense size, and carries his weight with great ease, is very even and thick, has massive quarters, and is very straight, a rich, mellow handler, and shows lots of breeding, and has won first at six county fairs. Here is a great chance for someone to get a fine stock bull, as Mr. McDermott has used him all he can, on account of his breeding, and he is for sale at a moderate price. He has another good one in Sailor Bruce II, 48540, twelve months old, a rich dark roan. He is by Capt. Bruce, and out of Mayflower III., by Imp. Royal Sailor, a very deep milker, and a show cow in any company. Still another that should by no means be overlooked is a very nice twelve-months-old bull by Capt. Bruce, and out of Mayflower II. He is a stylish red-roan, with plenty of length and breadth, and capable of carrying immense weight, and he will certainly make a big one in another year. He won sixth at Toronto in a class of nineteen, and has won five firsts at the county fairs this fall in strong competition. This is a good young bull, and can be bought reasonably. Mr. McDermott has several more young bulls and heifers to select from, and they all show the results of good breeding and feeding. Space forbids mention of the many excellent young cows and heifers in the herd, showing in their pedigrees the use of bulls of richest breeding, and in their persons the truest type. Those looking for some choicely-bred young animals of good individuality should not overlook the offerings from this herd.

HOLSTEIN COWS AT ST. LOUIS.

The World's Fair Holstein-Friesian Association was recently organized, having for its sole object the assembling of the best cows of this popular dairy breed at St. Louis for participation in the competitive demonstration. Twenty-five cows are wanted. The owner of every superior Holstein-Friesian cow bred to calve April, 1904, who is interested in promoting the interests of the breed is requested to advise the Secretary of the World's Fair Holstein-Friesian Association at the earliest possible date. The champions of the breed claim the Holstein-Friesian cow the best for all dairy purposes, while our competitors are crowding every available publication with the challenge for the Holstein-Friesian advocates to either "put up or shut up." Let every breeder of Holstein-Friesian cattle from this time forward widely publish the fact that the World's Fair Holstein-Friesian Association has accepted the challenge, and will "put up" and continue the contest, and effectively "shut up" all the avenues of adverse criticism. (Signed.) M. E. Moore, Cameron, Mo., President; Dr. Geo. E. Mosher, Kansas City, Mo., Treasurer; R. W. Maguire, 5737 Bartmer Avenue, St. Louis, Mo., Secretary.



Cure Them All
You can cure all these diseases and blemishes easily, thoroughly and inexpensively. You can also cure Curb, Splint, Sweeny and soft enlargements of every description. If you have any such cases to treat, write us. We will send you two big booklets giving you all the information you need. No matter how old the case or what has failed, we will guarantee a cure by the methods the books tell of—methods now employed by over 140,000 farmers and stockmen. Write today.

FLEMING BROS.,
Chemists,
46 Front St. West,
Toronto, Ont.

Lamp Jaw
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Ringbone
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Knee Spruns

MERCER'S SHORTHORNS

Comprise Missies, Stamfords, Floras, Clarets, Princesses, Red Roses, Young Sterlings, Fashions and Matchlesses. They number 80 head for sale. There are several choice heifers, 17 heifer calves, 3 bulls fit for service and 4 bull calves. A few older females.

Thos. Mercer, Markdale P. O. and Station.

Shorthorns, Berkshires and Leicesters.

FOR SALE: Choice two-year-old heifers, well gone in calf; also yearling heifers, bull calves. Boars and sows fit for breeding, and young pigs.

ISRAEL GROFF, ALMA, ONTARIO.

Spring Grove Stock Farm

Shorthorn Cattle and Lincoln Sheep.

HERD prize and sweepstake at Toronto Industrial Exhibition, three years in succession. Herd headed by the Bruce Mayflower bull, Prince Sunbeam, imp. Present crop of calves sired by Imp. Wanderer's Last, sold for \$3,005. High-class Shorthorns of all ages for sale. Also prizewinning Lincolns. Apply

T. E. ROBSON, ILDERTON, ONT.

SHORTHORNS (Imp.)

We have on hand for sale 3 yearling bulls (imported in dam), 7 three-year-old heifers (imported in dam) due to calve during next 3 months. These young animals are of exceptional breeding and individuality. The heifers are in calf to Rustie Chief 79677 (sold at 2 years for \$550), and show great promise. Prices reasonable. Write for particulars. om

EDWARD ROBINSON, Markham P. O. & Sta.

SHORTHORNS AND BERKSHIRES.

Shorthorns.—We have for sale several excellent young bulls, ready for service, that will make show animals; also cows and young bred heifers. Berkshires.—Young boars and sows, of rare breeding and individuality, for sale at all times. Write us your wants, we can supply you. F. MARTIN-DALE & SON, Caledonia Sta., York, Ont.

SHORTHORNS.

THORNHILL HERD, ESTABLISHED 27 YEARS.

Imp. Royal Member and Sailor Champion now at head of herd, which are all bred on straight Scotch lines, and are of the up-to-date kind. Present offering: some choice young bulls. om

BERDMOND BROS., Millbrook Sta. and P. O.

Newcastle Herd Shorthorns and Tamworths

We have for quick sale 1 1/2-mos.-old roan Shorthorn bull that is a beauty and will do credit to any herd. He is by Brave Baron (23257), by Indian Chief (imp.) 11108, and out of Rose of Newcastle, a big red cow of great breeding and individuality and winner of 1st as yearling, 2-year-old and 3-year-old at Newcastle. Also 5 nice young Tamworth sows, bred to our great unbeaten Colwill's Choice 1343, winner of 1st at Toronto, as 6 mos. old, and 1st at Toronto as aged bar, 1900, 1901, 1902 and 1903; also winner of over 20 1sts at other county fairs—never defeated. Address: om

COLWILL BROS., Newcastle, Ont.

SHORTHORNS.

Importer and breeder of choice Shorthorns. Scottish Hero 156728 at the head of herd. om

JAS. A. CREER, Shakespear, Ont.

SHORTHORNS.

Imp. Christopher = 28859 = heads herd. A few choice young cows, heifers and bulls for sale, of milking strain. Also Summerhill Yorkshire pigs. om

A. M. Shaver, HAMILTON Sta. Ancaster P. O., Ont.

GRANDVIEW SHORTHORNS

For Sale.—1 bull, by Royal Beau; also a few females. Herd headed by the Marr Missie bull, Marengo = 31055 =. om

J. H. BLACK & SON., ALLANFORD P. O. and STATION.

TRADE TOPICS.

A FAMOUS SCHOOL.—Read the advertisement of the Central Business College, of Stratford, Ont. We know that this popular institution is doing excellent work, and has a large patronage. Write to Mr. W. J. Elliott, the Principal, for one of his catalogues.

"CURES WHILE THE HORSE WORKS" is the encouraging announcement in the advertisement in this issue of Dr. Smith's Hoof Liniment, said to be an effective remedy for hoof and other ailments of horses. A. Workman & Co., Ottawa, are wholesale agents.

THE CLARK CARRIAGE HEATER is a device for burning carbon brickettes in sleighs in cold weather. They are convenient, substantial, and do not emit flame, smoke or gas, can be placed in any vehicle, and can be operated for about one half cent per hour. A booklet describing the apparatus and giving prices will be sent free, on application to the Chicago Flexible Shaft Co., La Salle Ave. and Ontario Sts., Chicago.

CHRISTMAS CANADIAN MAGAZINE.—The Christmas issue, for 1903, of the Canadian Magazine ought to deepen the interest of literary people, general readers and all concerned in the advance of Canadian sentiment and national progress in that excellent monthly production. It contains many excellent Christmas stories and engravings, and a strong symposium on "Canada and Mr. Chamberlain." We wish the magazine the success which its merits so well deserve.

CANADIAN APPLES TAKE FIRST PLACE.—Woodall & Co., in their weekly letter of November 7th, write as follows: "Receipts of apples show a smart advance, being 80,395 barrels for the week. Canadians were excellent in quality, and have taken by far the first position on the market. It is regrettable that so many varieties, in such small quantities, are being shipped, as they seldom bring their proper value, and the expense of samples so much reduces the net results. It is a matter for shippers to find if some arrangement can be arrived at by which small parcels can be grouped together, and so avoid unnecessary labor and expense."

GOSSIP.

Mr. Lew Cochran, Crawfordville, Indiana, breeder of Percheron, Shire and Hackney stallion and mares, whose advertisement appears on another page, makes an interesting announcement to horsemen, to which their attention is directed. Mr. Cochran has been very successful in showing his horses at leading exhibitions and State fairs in the Western States, and this record of his prizewinnings speaks eloquently of the quality and character of his horses.

The Oak Park girl had just come home from her first ping-pong party. She had never played the game before that evening. When she entered the library her father was folding up his newspaper, preparatory to going to bed.

"Do you know, papa, I discovered tonight that I never really cared for anything before in my life," she said by way of introduction, "I want you to know about it."

"Yes?" said the old man, with a rising inflection on the word. He was interested, perhaps excited. His daughter's face was serious.

"I have fallen in love with ping-pong."

"What!" exclaimed paterfamilias. His dismay was now unmistakable. Just then his wife entered the room. He turned indignant eyes upon her:

"You are a nice woman!" he shouted at her. "What do you mean, madam, by bringing up your daughter the way you have done? No, don't interrupt—it's matter enough. Owing to your skillful management, our little girl has lost what little sense she was born with. She has fallen in love with a Chinaman."

Five minutes later the old gentleman was apologizing, both to his wife and his daughter. As he went off to bed, however, he muttered under his breath:

"Ping-pong, ping-pong; that's a nice name for a game!"

STRONG AND VIGOROUS.

Every Organ of the Body Toned up and invigorated by



Mr. F. W. Meyers, King St. E., Berlin, Ont., says: "I suffered for five years with palpitation, shortness of breath, sleeplessness and pain in the heart, but one box of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills completely removed all these distressing symptoms. I have not suffered since taking them, and now sleep well and feel strong and vigorous."
Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills cure all diseases arising from weak heart, worn out nerve tissues, or watery blood.

SHORTHORNS FOR SALE

I have on hand 9 young heifers from 5 to 11 months, 8 young bulls from 7 to 11 months, and 8 or 4 bred heifers (bred to Royal Sovereign), that I will dispose of at reasonable prices to quick buyers, as I am overworked. This is a great chance to get some first-class young stock of good breeding and individuality. Be sure and get my prices before purchasing. om

Address RICHARD WARD, Balsam, Ont.

FLETCHER'S SHORTHORNS

Comprise Cruickshanks, Orange Blossoms, Nonpareils, Crimson Flowers, Mysies, Langshires, Butterflies and Jessamines, and are headed by the noted Duthie-bred bull, (Imp.) Joy of Morning (76929), winner of 1st prize at Toronto Exhibition, 1903. Several choice heifers and young cows bred to Joy of Morning, also bull calves suitable for herd headers, for sale. om

GEORGE D. FLETCHER, Erin Shipping Sta., C.P.R. o Binkham P.O.

Imp. Shorthorns and Lincolns

A. D. MUGGAN, RODNEY, ONT., P. O. AND STA.,

Imported Aberdeen Hero at the head of the herd, which is composed of the best Scotch families. Ten grand shearing and two-year-old ewes for sale, in lamb to a Royal winner. Also ewe lambs from imported Dudding ewes at reasonable prices. om

CHOICE SHORTHORNS.

We are now offering 12 heifers from 6 months to 3 years of age, and 7 bulls from 6 to 10 months old, some of them extra choice and prizewinners—a low-down, thick lot Also, Yorkshires. om

WM. McDERMOTT, Living Springs P. O., Fergus Station.

SHORTHORNS.

Lady Fannys and Beautys for sale 5 bulls, from 6 to 14 months old; 7 heifers, from 1 to 3 years old, some of them in calf to Prince Solips 33049. om

James Caskey, Tiverton P. O., Kincairdine Sta.

Shorthorn Cattle, Lincoln Sheep

Imp. Prime Minister at head of herd. Imp. Queens, Miss Ramadens, and other Scotch families. Lincolns won more than half the money and first for stock at the Pan-American; International, Chicago, 1901 and 1902. om

J. T. GIBSON, om DENFIELD, ONT.

MAPLE LODGE STOCK FARM, 1854

Am offering a very superior lot of Shorthorn Bulls and Heifers as well as something VERY attractive in Leicesters.

Choice ewes not by imported "Stanley" and bred to imported "Winchester." Escellent type and quality. om

A. W. SMITH, MAPLE LODGE, ONT.

Shorthorns: Hair-at-law

Present offering in — 2453 —, a grand stock-getter and sure, 3 years old. Also 1 bull, 13 months; heifers and cows, Shropshires, all ages and sex. BELL BROS., Bradford, Ont.

J. WATT & SON,

G. T. R. & C. P. R. Stations and P. O. Salem, Ont. SHORTHORNS AND BERKSHIRES Ready for shipment, two yearling bulls, by Royal Wonder and Scottish Peer. Also three two-year old heifers, by Velasco, No. 9, and Royal Victor, No. 9, bred to Royal Archer, imp. in dam, or Prince Louis, imp. Our stock show excellent quality and individuality. Young Berkshire Boars and Glits, rich in blood of the great sweepstakes Baron Lee IV. Write for description and prices. om

In answering any advertisement on this page, kindly mention the FARMER'S ADVOCATE.

THE VALUE OF CHARCOAL.

Few People Know How Useful it is in Preserving Health and Beauty.

Nearly everybody knows that charcoal is the safest and most efficient disinfectant and purifier in nature, but few realize its value when taken into the human system for the same cleansing purpose.

Charcoal is a remedy that the more you take of it the better; it is not a drug at all, but simply absorbs the gases and impurities always present in the stomach and intestines and carries them out of the system.

Charcoal sweetens the breath after smoking, drinking or after eating onions and other odious vegetables.

Charcoal effectually clears and improves the complexion, it whitens the teeth and further acts as a natural and eminently safe cathartic.

It absorbs the injurious gases which collect in the stomach and bowels; it disinfects the mouth and throat from the poison of catarrh.

All druggists sell charcoal in one form or another, but probably the best charcoal and the most for the money is in Stuart's Absorbent Lozenges; they are composed of the finest powdered Willow charcoal, and other harmless antiseptics in tablet form, or, rather, in the form of large, pleasant-tasting lozenges, the charcoal being mixed with honey.

The daily use of these lozenges will soon tell in a much-improved condition of the general health, better complexions, sweeter breath and purer blood, and the beauty of it is, that no possible harm can result from their continued use, but on the contrary, great benefit.

A Buffalo physician, in speaking of the benefits of charcoal, says: "I advise Stuart's Absorbent Lozenges to all patients suffering from gas in stomach and bowels, and to clear the complexion and purify the breath, mouth and throat; I also believe the liver is greatly benefited by the daily use of them; they cost but twenty-five cents a box at drug stores, and although in some sense a patent preparation, yet I believe I get more and better charcoal in Stuart's Absorbent Lozenges than in any of the ordinary charcoal tablets."

Feeding Bees in Winter at the Central Experimental Farm.

Four frames of sealed honey were taken from each of the six colonies, leaving the cluster on the four remaining frames. The four frames were left in the center of the hive, with a division board at each side, and some light packing was placed between the division boards and the sides of the hive. The wooden covers were removed, and a large propolis quilt, made of heavy canvas, placed over the top of each hive. Over the top of the propolis quilt, extra packing was placed to keep in the heat, absorb moisture and prevent drafts or upward ventilation. The bottom boards were left on as they came from the bee-yard, leaving the entrances wide open.

1. Two colonies received maple sugar of the best quality.
2. Two colonies received candied honey and sugar.
3. Two colonies received partly-filled sections of honey.

Each colony, when put on this test, weighed 31 pounds, and each was given five pounds of its particular food to start with. The experiment lasted from November 18, 1902, to March 22, 1903.

The two colonies fed on maple sugar consumed 11½ pounds each. They were examined every two weeks, and water added to the sugar through holes in the tops of the cakes, keeping it soft and moist.

The two colonies fed on partly-filled sections of honey, consumed during the same time 14½ pounds each. There was, for several reasons, considerable waste in this test, and if partly-filled sections could be sold, even at a reduced price, it would be advisable to do so instead of feeding back.

The two colonies that were given candied honey consumed 10½ pounds each. The candied honey was moistened at intervals, which made it easier for the bees to suck up. Candied honey is made as follows: Take good thick clover honey and heat (not boil) it until it becomes very thin, then stir in fine granulated sugar. After stirring in all the sugar the honey will absorb, take it out of the utensil in which it has been mixed, and thoroughly knead it with the hands. The kneading makes it more pliable and soft, so that it absorbs, or rather take up, more sugar. The kneading operation, with the adding of fine sugar, should be continued until the dough is so stiff as to be quite hard to work. It should then be allowed to stand for a day or two, and if at the end of that time it is so soft as to run or to be sticky, a little more sugar should be kneaded in. It should be cut into convenient-sized cakes and placed on top of the frames in such a way that the bees can get at it easily.

The colonies, in all three tests, came through in excellent condition. Any one of the three methods may be safely followed, but I would strongly recommend examining and weighing all bees the first week in September. At that time every colony should have a good laying queen, and should weigh over 50 pounds. In seasons when there is no fall flow of honey, all colonies in Langstroth hives weighing less than 50 lbs. in September should be fed up to that weight at least. The best method for getting colonies up to the required weight is, when extracting, to save several full, well-sealed combs, then remove some of the light ones out of the hives, and replace them with the heavier full frames. If no honey is available, feed sugar syrup. This latter plan is rather a tedious one, and great care must be taken not to daub the hives or appliances, as robbing at this season of the year is very easily started and very hard to stop.

Sugar syrup may be made as follows: Use the best grade of granulated sugar, two parts to one of water, by weight. The water should first be brought to a boil, then the pan or vessel set back on the stove so that the boiling will not continue, but the water be kept sufficiently hot to dissolve all the sugar.

The sugar should be poured in slowly, and thoroughly stirred until all is dissolved. The syrup should then be fed in a lukewarm condition.

JOHN FIXTER,
Experimental Farm Bee-keeper.

The National Cream Separator.

NATIONAL is free from complicated parts.

And is a close Skimmer.

Turns with the least effort.

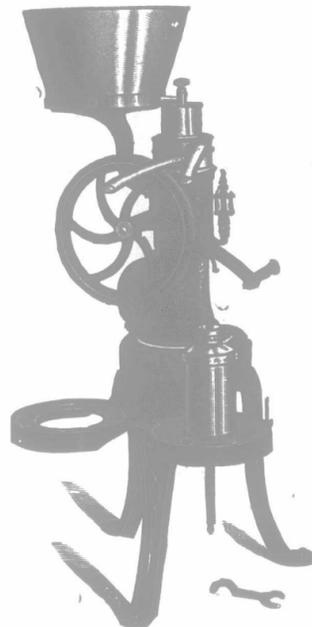
Its construction and its

operation is perfection.

None more durable, and

an up-to-date machine.

LEADING THE MARKET.



NATIONAL.

STYLES "B"—Capacity 250 lbs. per hour.
No. 1 —330 to 350 lbs. per hour.
No. 1 A—450 to 500 lbs. per hour.

Send for Catalogue and Prices to
The Creamery Supply Co., Guelph, for Southern and Western Ontario.
The T. C. Rogers Co., Guelph, for Northern and Eastern Ontario.
Jos. A. Merrick, Winnipeg, Manitoba, for Manitoba, N.-W. T. and B. C.
H. E. Nunn, Truro, N. S., for Maritime Provinces; or to the well-known manufacturers

The Raymond Mfg. Co., of Guelph,
GUELPH, ONTARIO. LIMITED.

FOUR FREE FRIENDS FOR FARMERS

Our money winning books, written by men who know, tell you all about

Potash

They are needed by every man who owns a field and a plow, and who desires to get the most out of them.

They are free. Send postal card,

GERMAN KALI WORKS
98 Nassau Street, New York

I GUARANTEE A \$5.00 PACKAGE OF BARREN COW CURE

postpaid, to make any cow under 10 years old breed, or refund money. No trouble, no risk. Given in feed twice a day.

L. F. Selleck, Druggist, Morrisburg, Ont.

CANADA'S GREATEST JERSEY HERD.

127 SELECTED JERSEYS 127

We have now for sale 15 imported and home-bred bulls, out of noted dairy and prizewinning cows, and by such sires as Brampton Monarch, imp. Also cows and heifers, all ages. Call and see our exhibit at the leading shows. Farm within 2 miles of station, C. P. R. and G. T. R. om

B. H. BULL & SON, Brampton, Ont.

Maple City Jerseys FOR SALE: 10 head of cows and heifers 10, and 2 young bulls; all bred from prizewinning and high-testing cows. W. W. EVERITT, Chatham, Ont. Dunedin Park Farm, Box 552.

OUR PRESENT OFFERING

17 SCOTCH BULLS

Imported and Home-bred. Individuality, Breeding, Quality.

and reasonable prices. Catalogue free.

JNO. CLANCY, Manager. H. CARGILL & SON, Cargill, Ont., Can.

PINE GROVE SHORTHORNS AND SHROPSHIRE.

Our herd comprises over 150 females, including our last importation of 30 head, all of the most esteemed strains. Of Shropshires, we offer a few choice Rams, also high-class Ewes bred to first-class Rams. Address om

W. C. EDWARDS & CO.,

Rockland, Ontario.

W. B. WATT & SONS,

BREEDERS AND IMPORTERS OF

SHORTHORNS and CLYDESDALES.

At head of Herd, Scottish Beau, imp.; Velasco 40th. We breed our show cattle and show our breeding cattle. Several young bulls and heifers by Scottish Peer, imp.; Royal Wonder and Royal Prince, and out of highly-bred dams. Also nice yearling Clyde Stallion and Filly, and several young things, by the great Ashdale, imp. Quality the very best. Prices reasonable.

P. O. ALMA. TEL. 42A. STATION, ELORA G. T. R. & C. P. R.

Riverside Holsteins 75 Head in Herd.

Over 20 females in Canadian Advanced Record of Merit, headed by Johanna Rue 4th Lad and Victor DeKol Pieterje, C. A. R. of Merit No. 3, with six daughters in C. A. R. of M. to date. FOR SALE—6 bulls, 8 to 12 mos. Their dams have weekly official butter records from 17 to 2 lbs. each. Write to day. MATT. RICHARDSON & SON, Haldimand County, Caledonia, Ont.

"The best thing that hearts that are If you really knew that every mean... Is to do... and unjust thing you say about an... other recoils and hurts yourself you... would be more careful, wouldn't you?"

Brain Controls Every Muscle.

Injury to Brain or Nerves, Deficiency of Nerve Force, Mean Paralysis and Helplessness.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

Every muscle of the body controlled by the will is connected with the brain, and every muscular action is originated by nervous force, generated in the brain and transmitted along the nerves to the muscles.

When the nerves are injured or diseased, when there is a deficiency in the supply of nervous energy, paralysis, locomotor ataxia, or some form of helplessness results, because the brain no longer has control of the muscles.

It may be weak heart action, inability to digest food, failure of the lungs to purify the blood or impaired action of any of the vital organs, but the cause of trouble is with the nerves.

The restorative action of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is soon felt throughout the entire system, because it restores the vigor and vitality of the nerves—fills them with new nerve force, the vital power of the body; weakness, nervousness, irritability, sleeplessness and low spirits disappear and new energy and strength take their place.

Mrs. C. Corkey, 32 Maine St., St. John, N. B., states:—"I had been in very poor health; and, in fact, when I began using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food I had just got up from a bed of sickness, my nerves were in a bad state, I was weak and could not sleep. Now I am getting up in years, and, of course, could not look for immediate results, but must say that I have been delighted with the use of this preparation, as it has done me a great deal of good. I am now able to sleep very much better, my nerves are steadier, and my strength is gradually increasing."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, 6 boxes for \$2.50, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Company, Toronto. To protect you against imitations, the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous recipe-book author, are on every box. -om



Burdock Blood Bitters

holds a position unrivalled by any other blood medicine.

DYSPEPSIA, BILIOUSNESS, CONSTIPATION, HEADACHE, SALT RHEUM, SCROFULA, HEARTBURN, SOUR STOMACH, DIZZINESS, DROPSY, RHEUMATISM, BOILS, PIMPLES, RINGWORM, or any disease arising from a disordered state of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels or Blood. When you require a good blood medicine get

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.

HOLSTEIN BULLS

MAPLE GROVE offers a few very choice bulls, at right prices to quick buyers. For particulars, address H. BOLLERT, Cassel, Ont. o

Lyndale Holsteins

Won gold medal on herd at Ottawa, 1902 and 1903, and sweepstakes for females at Toronto and Ottawa, 1903. Present offering: Five young bulls from 7 months to 16 months old; 6 heifers from 2 to 3 years old, bred to Beryl Wayne Paul Concordia.

BROWN BROS., Lyn, Ont.

GOSSIP.

Farmer Skidmore (reading signs in a city hotel-room)—"Gas burned all night charged extra." "Don't blow out the gas." These fellows is bound to catch you one way or the other.

"It's a wonder that stock hasn't taken a tumble," said the first speculator. "It's going up steadily, although I believe it's full of water." "But," remarked the other, "how can it be full of water if there isn't a drop in it?"

"There was once a minister in Hartford," says Mark Twain, "who had a lot of boys in his Sunday-school who were in the habit of staying away on the Sunday when the big steamer City of Hartford docked in the morning.

"One Sunday the minister came down to Sunday-school and found all the boys there. He was profoundly affected.

"Boys," he said, "you cannot imagine how much this exhibition of loyalty on your part to the Sunday-school affects me. When I came by the docks this morning and saw the City of Hartford there —"

"Gee whiz!" shouted the boys in chorus, "is she in?" and they left in a body."

PARALYSIS IN HOGS.



By this we refer more particularly to the loss of use of the hind quarters. The first symptoms are shown by slight stiffness, disinclination to move, the back may also be slightly arched and

the hind legs will knuckle forward. During the growth of young animals, food rich in nitrogenous material must be supplied, such as bran, middlings, and oats, milk, beans, and peas, as these go directly to the construction of bone, lean meat, tendons, hoofs, hair, etc. If such materials are not supplied and much fat-forming food is allowed, such as corn, the weight of the animal becomes too great. The muscular structures are not sufficient to sustain it. The conducting power of the nerves is impaired, and from slight exciting cause complete paraplegia, or paralysis of the hind quarters, will ensue.

When attacks come on give good surroundings and give a physic. For a pig castor oil in one or two-ounce doses; for older animals, one to two or even three ounces of Epsom salts dissolved in a half-pint of water should be given in gruel or as a drench at once.

This should be followed by the administration of iodide of potassium in ten to fifteen-grain doses three times a day. If this is not followed by improvement, nerve tonics should be employed, such as tincture of nux vomica in ten to thirty-drop doses, three times a day in gruel. Stimulating liniments or friction to the back is often valuable.

As after treatment or as preventive—there is nothing else equal to Dr. Hess Stock Food, the great hog tonic—the great live-stock reconstructive. It takes hold of every vital organ; revives every function; gives a sharp appetite and strong digestion, which is followed by quick assimilation of the food eaten and very rapid growth in solid flesh. It keeps the animal free from disease by giving it the vitality necessary to resist and throw off the cause of disease.

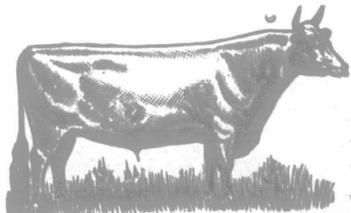
Dr. Hess Stock Food is the scientific compound for horses, cattle, hogs and sheep, formulated by Dr. Hess (M. D., D. V. S.). Sold on a written guarantee, 100 lbs. for \$7.00; smaller quantities at a slight advance; fed in small dose. For any disease or condition for which Dr. Hess Stock Food is not recommended, the little yellow card in every package entitles you to a letter of advice and special prescription from Dr. Hess.

Dr. Hess has written a book on the diseases of stock and poultry. It is the only complete treatise for farmers and stockmen published.

Write and state what stock you have, and how many head of each; what stock food you have used; also mention this paper. Address Dr. Hess & Clark, Ashland, Ohio, U. S. A., and for this information you will receive this valuable book free, postage paid. -om

AYRSHIRES

WATSON OGILVIE, PROPRIETOR.



Ogilvie's Ayrshires won the herd and young herd prizes at Toronto, London and Ottawa in 1902; also at the Pan-American, in 1901, and in 1900; also at the Pan-American, in 1901, and in 1902 they won all the herd prizes and medals, sweepstakes and diplomas, with one exception. The cows are all imported, and were carefully selected for strength and constitution, style, size of teats, and milk (quantity and quality). The herd is headed by Douglasdale (imp.), champion at the Pan-American and at Ottawa, Toronto and London, in 1902, ably assisted by Black Prince (imp.). Stock, imported and home-bred, for sale at all times.

ROBERT HUNTER, Manager.

Near Montreal. One mile from electric cars. Lachine Rapids, P. Q.

Special Notice for Immediate Sale!

Two Ayrshires, One Guernsey, registered stock bulls, quality and breeding of the best; prices right. Also shropshire ram and ewe lambs, from selected dams, imported sire, first quality, woolled correctly.

ISALEIGH GRANGE FARM, DANVILLE, P. Q. J. N. GREENSHIELDS, PROP.

SPRING BROOK HOLSTEINS.

Meet me at Toronto Exhibition. Will again exhibit. Come and see my stock and get prices. A choice lot of young bulls to offer, of rare quality and breeding. A. O. HALLMAN, Waterloo Co. o

HOLSTEIN, TAMWORTHS, OOTRWOLDS Present offering: Bull calf, 8 mos., won 4 first prizes. Litter 3-months old pigs, and younger ones; choice animals. Ram and ewe lambs and two 2-sheat rams; perfect covering. E. O. McCOMBS, Hilton, Ont., Brighton Sta., G. T. R. o

Holsteins and Tamworths

Present offering: 12 March and April sows, 10 June boars and sows; sired by Elm Dale Ned 2503, a typical sire of the bacon type. Write for what you want, or call and see the stock. Enquiries promptly answered. o

BERTRAM HOSKIN, Grafton Station, G.T.R. THE GULLY P. O.

Brookbank Holsteins

16 to 25 lbs. of butter in 7 days' official test are the records of this herd of Holstein cows. Heifers of equivalent records. Bulls for sale whose sires and dams are in the Advanced Registry, with large official butter records. o

GEO. RICE, Currie's Crossing, Ontario. OXFORD COUNTY. o

Ridgedale Farm Holsteins Bull and heifer rich milking strains, on hand for sale. Prices right. Write for what you want. R. W. WALKER, Utica P. O., Ontario. Shipping stations: Port Perry, G. T. R., and Myrtle, C. P. R. Ontario County. o

4 HOLSTEIN BULLS

FOR SALE: From 4 to 7 months old, having sires in their pedigrees from such strains as Inka, Netherland, Royal Aaggie, and Tritonia Prince, and out of imported females that have proven their worth at the fair. THEOS. B. CARLAW & SON, Warkworth. om

STOCKWOOD AYRSHIRES. Our herd now numbers 40 head of all ages, with milk records from 40 lbs. a day up. Stock of both sexes for sale. Bulls a specialty. WATT BROS., Allan's Corners P. O. St. Louis Sta., near Howick, Que. o

TROUT RUN STOCK FARM

AYRSHIRES AND STANDARD POULTRY. We Combine Beauty and Utility. Our herd has won upwards of 700 1sts, 200s and sweepstakes; also several diplomas and 3 bronze medals during the last 8 years at 8 county shows. We have on hand ready for shipment 6 young bulls 4 to 10 mos., by Royal Star of St. Anne 7918, winner of 1st at Toronto as 2-yr.-old, 1st and sweepstakes at London as 2-yr.-old. Also 3 bred heifers. Standard poultry—B.P. Rocks, White Wyandottes, Silver-Gray Dorkings, Toulouse geese and Pekin ducks from our prize pens. W. TEORN, 7 miles from Delhi, G. T. R. o Lynedoch, Ont.

HIGH-CLASS AYRSHIRE CATTLE FOR SALE: Both sexes; bulls and heifer calves from 2 to 9 months old; cows and heifers all ages. Famous prizewinner bred from this herd, including Tom Brown and White Fines, sweepstakes prizewinners at Chicago. DAVID BENNING & SON, "Glenhurst," Williamstown, Ont. o

Menie Stock Farm

Choice young AYRSHIRE bulls and heifer calves, from 2 to 9 months old. Also cows and heifers all ages. Write WM. STEWART & SON, Menie, Ont. o

Holstein Bulls

Five Bull Calves under one year for sale. Also a choice lot of Oxford Down Ram Lambs. Write or call on o

J. A. RICHARDSON, South March, Ont.

SPRING BROOK AYRSHIRES

are bred for profit and comprise animals with a large milk record and high test. COMRADE'S LAST OF GLENORA 1347 now heads the herd. Several Bull Calves for sale. Prices right. W. F. STEPHEN, Spring Brook Farm, Trout River, Que. Carr's Crossing, G.T.R., 1 mile. Huntingdon, N.Y.C., 5 miles.

DAVID A. McFARLANE,

Breeder of high-class AYRSHIRES. KESLO, P. Q.

Young stock for sale from imported and home-bred foundation. Prices reasonable. o

AYRSHIRES AND YORKSHIRES



YORKSHIRES in pairs not skin now ready for shipment.

SIX AYRSHIRE BULLS

nearly one year old, out of big, strong,

deep-milking dams, and sired by Comrade's Heir of Glenora (11966). Cheap if sold before winter. o

SEND FOR CATALOGUE, W. J. G. CLARK,

Woodroffe D. and S. Farm, Ottawa.

High-class AYRSHIRES,

including cows, heifers and young bulls out of our prize and sweepstakes cows. Foundation selected with due regard to quality and productiveness. Come or write. WM. WYLIE, HOWICK, QUEBEC. o

For Sale at SPRING BURN STOCK FARM

12 Ayrshire bulls from 2 to 15 months old, females any age; 4 Oxford Down rams; 20 Berkshire pig, and some fine Buff Orpington cockerels. Prices reasonable. E. J. Walker & Sons, North Williamburg, Ont. o

IMPORTED AND HOME-BRED AYRSHIRES

The average butter fat test of this herd is 4.8. A few young bulls and females, all ages, FOR SALE. o

Robt. Hunter & Sons, Maxville, Ont.

Farm one mile from Maxville station on C.A.R.

AYRSHIRE CATTLE

SHROPSHIRE SHEEP, B. P. ROCK FOWL and 20 YOUNG LARGE ENGLISH BERKSHIRES FOR SALE. o

J. YULL & SONS, Carleton Place, Ont.

Tredinnock Ayrshires.

Imported bulls at head of herd: Glencairn 3rd, Howie's Finaway, and Lord Dudley. Forty imported females, selected from leading Scotch herds, and their produce from above-named bulls. Size combined with quality and style, well-formed udders, good-sized teats, and capacity for large milk production. Bull calves for sale; also a few young cows and heifers. For prices and particulars address JAMES BODEN, Mgr., St. Anne de Bellevue, Quebec. Farm close to St. Anne Station, G. T. R. & C. P. R., 20 miles west of Montreal. om

Maple Cliff Dairy and Stock Farm

BREEDERS OF AYRSHIRE CATTLE, BERKSHIRE and TAMWORTH PIGS.

Special offer this month of TWENTY-FIVE YOUNG BOARS, fit for fall service. They are good ones. o

Farm adjoins Central R. REID & CO., Experimental Farm. o Hintonburg, Ont.

SUNNYSIDE AYRSHIRES.

Our present offering is 10 heifers, from 10 mos. to 2 years of age; 1 bull, 6 mos. old, and 8 young cows—a rare good, straight-lined lot, and will be sold right. o

J. W. LOGAN, Allan's Corners P. O., Howick Sta., Que.

AYRSHIRE Bulls.

Two fit for service, two March calves, and a few August, 1903, calves. o

W. W. Ballantyne, Weidpath Farm, Stratford, Ont.

THE HUME FARM

For choice Ayrshires or Yorkshires. Write us for anything you are in need of. o

ALEX. HUME & CO., Menie P. O., O. T.

In answering any advertisement on this page, kindly mention the FARMER'S ADVOCATE.

GOSSIP.

Sigh not for the old times. The new are better, or else you are out of tune.

At a sale of imported Jersey cattle, the property of Frank C. Ward, at Hoboken, N. J., November 12th, 61 head were sold for an average of \$160. The four highest-priced females went to Howard Willetts, White Plains, N. Y., at \$530, \$410, \$410 and \$400. The two bulls brought \$460.

My five-year-old granddaughter was eating pancakes for breakfast. She cut off a little piece and said: "This is the baby pancake," then a large piece, saying, "This is the mamma pancake." Then she ate the little piece and, taking the larger piece on her fork, remarked: "Don't cry, baby, you mamma is coming."

The American Leicester Breeders' Association recently shipped two carloads of registered Leicester rams to the range country of the U. S., one car going to Casper and the other car to Douglas, Wyoming. Mr. Jas. Snell, of Clinton, Ont., one of the directors of the Association, had personal charge of the shipment. These rams were bought from the members of the Association, and the reports from last year's shipment are so good that the officers of the Association hope to make this a permanent feature of their organization.

The following are some of the butter tests accepted for publication by the American Jersey Cattle Club, November 19th, 1903:

- Clarion Girl 161289—Butter, 14 lbs. 14 ozs.; milk, 200 lbs. 8 ozs. Test made from June 8th to 14th, 1903; age, 3 years 6 months. Property of W. Gettys, Athens, Tenn.
- Darby's Lady Ajax 2nd 158049—Butter, 15 lbs. 12 ozs.; milk, 295 lbs. 8 ozs. Test made from May 20th to 26th, 1903; age, 5 years, 8 months. Property of J. R. Smith and W. G. Phelps, Quincy, Mich.
- Duchess of Pioneer 127659—Butter, 16 lbs.; milk, 287 lbs. 5 ozs. Test made from September 17th to 23rd, 1903; age, 8 years 11 months. Property of William S. Tingley, Littleton, Maine.

The Scottish Farmer says the 470-guinea Collynie bull, Nonpareil Champion, bought at the Duthie-Marr sale by Mr. Garne, has since been secured by Mr. W. S. Marr, Uppermill; and that Imperial Favorite, the Uppermill bull calf, bought by Mr. Taylor, Pittlivie, at 600 guineas, was resold by him the same day to Messrs. Dean & Son, Donsby, Lincoln, for 800 guineas. He is to be used among the Lincoln Reds, and so popular was he among Lincoln breeders that it is said that 20 cows were booked for him on the day of sale, at £10 each. Following is the result of the Scotch Shorthorn sales following the Duthie-Marr offering:

	No.	Average.
	head.	£ s. d.
Pirriesmill	26	50 5 7
Newton	14	42 19 6
Cluny Castle	91	30 9 1
Strowan	45	39 11 6
Pictur	65	24 9 2
Knowhead	10	45 13 6

The death of the noted Hereford bull, Dale, which occurred on Oct. 18th, at the home of his owner, Jesse C. Adams, Mowequa, Ill., removes from the scene of action a princely specimen of the breed. He was bred by Clem Graves, Bunker Hill, Ind., and sired by Columbus, the paternal ancestor of some of the best Herefords in America. Dale's dam was Rose Blossom, by Peerless Wilton, and he was a winner from calfhood to maturity in hot competition at leading American exhibitions, and many times a champion. When a yearling he was sold for \$1,100 to F. A. Nave, Attica, Ind. About the end of 1899 he was sold for \$8,000 to S. H. Godman, Wabash, Ind., and in Jan., 1901, he was purchased by Mr. Adams, his last owner, for \$10,000, the highest price on record for a Hereford bull. Dale proved a prepotent sire, and his late owner refers to him as "the sire of more champion show cattle than any other bull, living or dead."

THE \$60,000

DAN PATCH 1:56 1/4

CHAMPION PACING HORSE OF THE WORLD
(Without Hopples, Wind-Break, Etc., Etc.)

EATS
3 FEEDS FOR ONE CENT
EVERY DAY.

"International Stock Food" greatly aids Digestion and Assimilation so that More Nutrition is obtained from all grain eaten. It "tones up" and Permanently Strengthens the entire system and Purifies the Blood so that disease is prevented. Every \$3.50 pail of "International Stock Food" is positively guaranteed to save \$7.00 worth of grain. It will cause your Race Horse to have more speed and endurance. It will make your Carriage Horses healthy, fat and beautiful. It will give your Show Horses more life and action and make them glossy. It will make your Work Horses strong, healthy and of great endurance. It will make your Stallions and Brood Mares surer, and your colts will be better and grow and develop more rapidly. "International Stock Food" is absolutely harmless even if taken into the human system. It is prepared from Roots, Herbs, Seeds and Barks and is fed in small amounts as an addition to the regular grain allowance. It is equally profitable when fed to Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Hogs, Colts, Calves, Lambs or Pigs. It will make you a large extra profit when fed to your stock for Growing, Fattening or Working. It will increase milk 15 to 25 per cent. in Cows, Mares, Sows or Ewes, and only costs 3 FEEDS FOR ONE CENT. A Dan Patch colt commanded \$5,000 at eight months of age. He looked like a yearling and was beautiful, strong and vigorous. The dam was fed "International Stock Food" before and after foaling, and the colt as soon as it would eat. Dan Patch became the World's Champion Harness Horse nine months after commencing to eat "International Stock Food" every day. If it is good for such horses don't you think it would pay you to test it on yours? Our "International Stock Food Farm" contains 650 acres, 12 miles from Minneapolis, and on it we own Dan Patch 1:56 1/4 Directum 2:05 1/4, Roy Wilkes 2:06 1/2, and a band of brood mares. They all eat "International Stock Food" every day. BEWARE OF IMITATIONS and SUBSTITUTES. There are many worthless imitations on the market, put out by people who seem to think that the way to start a business is to steal as much as they can from some prominent firm. No chemist can separate and name all of the ingredients used in "International Stock Food," etc., and any chemist or manufacturer claiming to do so must be an Ignoramus or a Falsifier.

A BEAUTIFUL DAN PATCH PICTURE FREE

We have a very fine, large lithograph of Dan Patch with the great driver, M. E. McHenry, in sulky. This Lithograph, Printed in Six Brilliant Colors, is one of the finest and most attractive horse pictures ever published. It is 21x28 and printed on heavy paper suitable for framing. We will Mail You One Copy Free, postage prepaid, if You will Answer Two Questions.
1st.—Name This Paper. 2d.—State How Much Stock You Own.
Answer these questions in a letter or on a postal card and we will mail at once.
Write at once before the offer is withdrawn. Address.....

Largest Stock Food Factory in the World. Capital Paid in, \$1,000,000. **International Stock Food Co.**
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., U. S. A.
Also Factory at TORONTO, CAN., No. 4 So. Bay St.

A QUICK, SHARP CUT
Hurt much less than a bruise, crush or tear.
DEHORNING Done with the
WYSTONE KNIFE
is the safest. Quick, sharp cut. Cuts from four sides at once. Cannot crush, bruise or tear. Most humane method of dehorning known. Took highest award World's Fair, 1903. Write for free circulars before buying.

Owned and Manufactured by R. A. McKenna, V.S. Picton, Ont.

Holwell Manor Farm

SHROPSHIRE FOR SALE.

Twenty shearing rams; twenty shearing ewes; twenty-five ram lambs; also twenty Cotswold rams, shearlings and lambs. These are animals of choice quality. Prices very low, quality considered.
Scotch collie puppies from first-class stock.
D. G. GANTON, Elmvale P. O., Ont. om

SOUTH DOWNS A high-class lot of 50 EWES for sale, in lamb to imported Babraham Hodge and imported Babraham Pattern, the latter a winner at the Royal and at the Western Fair, London, beating the 1st prize Toronto winner.

ROBT. McEWEN, BYRON, ONT.

Horned Dorsets, Shorthorns and Yorkshires

Shorthorns of both sexes and all ages; Horned Dorsets of both sexes, and Yorkshires of true type. These animals are all superior quality.—D. HARTLETT & SONS, Smithville, P. O. and Station. o

Oxford Down Sheep at "Farnham Farm." Flock established 1881.

First time entered show-ring since "World's Fair," Chicago. Won this year at Toronto, Syracuse, London and Ottawa, 40 firsts, 25 seconds, 12 thirds and 6 champion prizes. Am offering for fall trade 20 yr. and two-shear stock rams, strong, fine fellows; 40 yearling and two-shear ewes, bred to imported Vanity and Hampton Hero 4th, both flock rams; 100 ram and ewe lambs of most modern type, from imported sires. Prices reasonable.
Guelph, G. T. R. Arkell, C. P. R. Telegraph, Guelph.

HENRY ARKELL, ARKELL, ONT.
Reference—"Farmer's Advocate."

BEST and CHEAPEST
IN THE MARKET.

Kemp's Instantaneous Sheep-Dipping Fluid.

1-gal. Imperial tin for **75c.**
STRENGTH EQUAL TO ANY.

Instantly kills ticks and parasites on sheep and lambs. Improves and waterproofs the wool. A sure remedy for vermin, mange, etc., on horses, cattle, sheep, and dogs.
Ask your druggist for Kemp's Dip. I will express it, prepaid to any part of the Dominion, for \$2.1.

W. W. STEPHEN, Agent, MEAFORD, ONT.

American Leicester Breeders' ASSOCIATION.

A. W. Smith, Pres., Maple Lodge, Ont.
Pedigrees now being received for Vol. 5. For information, blanks, etc., address:
A. J. TEMPLE, SED., CAMERON, ILL., U. S. A.

Linden Oxfords.

A number of choice yearling and ram lambs for sale, sired by English and Canadian prizewinners. o
R. J. HINE, Dutton, Elgin County, Ont.

SHORTHORNS and BERKSHIRES—A choice lot of bulls and heifers, Scotch and Scotch-topped. Berkshires of the bacon type; also Embden geese. Price reasonable.
WAC CAMPBELL, Sarnia, Ont. o

SHROPSHIRE.

We are now offering an extra good lot of shearing Shropshire Rams and Ewes, some fitted for show, also ram and ewe lambs. All at very reasonable prices.
JOHN MILLER & SONS, BROUGHAM, ONT.

W.S. CARPENTER
Breeder and Importer of
SHROPSHIRE SHEEP

Model Farm, Simcoe, Ontario.

Am offering a choice lot of yearling rams, yearling ewes, ewe lambs and ram lambs sired by Imported Hills ram, "Ruddington Knights," and lambs by Thorpe Victor, first-prize yearling ram at Toronto, 1902. If you want something with price consistent with quality, a card will bring them.

SPECIAL SALE OF SHROPSHIRE SHEEP.

Offering for this month: 30 shearing rams and 8 ram lambs, out of imported ewes; also a few imported ewes and ewe lambs. Prices very low for immediate sale.
T. D. McCALLUM, "Nether Lea," Danville, Que. o

COTSWOLDS

Shearling ram, shearling ewes. Ram lambs and ewe lambs from 450-lb. ram, winner of silver medal, Toronto. o
ELGIN F. PARK, Box 21, Burgessville, Ont.

Only The Best. My small but select importation of Shropshires and Short-horns are just home. Imported and home-bred rams and ewes, bulls and heifers of the best quality and breeding for sale at moderate prices.
ROBERT MILLER, Stouffville, Ont.
Representative in America of Alfred Mansell & Co., Shrewsbury, England. om

FAIRVIEW SHROPSHIRE EWES.

A few good ones, bred to first-class imported prizewinning Rams, for sale. Also Barred Rock cockerels, equal to the 1902 birds, which, without exception, pleased customers. Prices \$1.50 and \$2. o

JOHN CAMPBELL, Woodville, Ont.

In answering any advertisement on this page, kindly mention THE FARMERS ADVOCATE.

Forget Y

Catarrh, the Stamped
Catarrh is disease that Anyone with renounce then catarrh, for l all, will be foul and sic eyes, the haw discharge at nate sufferer beings.
Stuart's Ca and relief of world. They the disease s from the hu and purify poisons and purities are comes pure, is cleared, th lost sense of charges cease that he has is again a meet his fel and pleasure.
The followi lawyer is on praising the of Stuart's what he say "I suffer years. It seasons than annoy me misery duri year ago I abandoning ance to my me. My co and especial had tried, remedy; all inhalers, sp had comple told of St friend who drowning m got some began to and I kept rest assured free from ce but to ma continued longer.
"I have system snc the odious man. I w the benefit may give you wish."
Stuart's by all drug
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Am offerin ewes and a Also young Reservoir, C Highway, G

Forget You Ever Had It.

Catarrh, the Most Odious of All Diseases, Stamped Out, Root and Branches.

Catarrh is the most foul and offensive disease that afflicts the human race. Anyone with social ambitions had better renounce them if he has a bad case of catarrh, for his presence, if tolerated at all, will be endured under protest. The foul and sickening breath, the watery eyes, the hawking and spitting and fetid discharge at the nose make the unfortunate sufferer the most avoided of human beings.

Stuart's Catarrh Tablets are the hope and relief of catarrh victims all over the world. They go direct to the root of the disease and thoroughly eradicate it from the human system. They cleanse and purify the blood of all catarrhal poisons and under their influence all impurities are carried off. The blood becomes pure, the eye brightens, the head is cleared, the breath becomes sweet, the lost sense of smell is restored, the discharges cease, and the sufferer again feels that he has something to live for. He is again a man among men, and can meet his fellow-beings with satisfaction and pleasure.

The following letter from a St. Louis lawyer is only one of thousands received praising the merits and curative powers of Stuart's Catarrh Tablets. Read what he says:

"I suffered from catarrh for fifteen years. It would be worse at certain seasons than others, but never failed to annoy me and cause me more or less misery during that period. About a year ago I got so bad that I thought of abandoning my practice. I was a nuisance to myself and all who came near me. My condition was very humiliating and especially so in the court-room. I had tried, I thought, every known remedy; all kinds of balms, ointments, inhalers, sprays, etc., till I thought I had completed the list. I was finally told of Stuart's Catarrh Tablets by a friend who took pity on me, and, as a drowning man will catch at a straw, I got some and began taking them. I began to improve from the first day, and I kept up the good work, you may rest assured. In six weeks, I was as free from catarrh as the day I was born, but to make assurance doubly sure, I continued the treatment for six weeks longer.

"I have had no trace of catarrh in my system since. I am entirely free from the odious disease and feel like a new man. I write this letter unsolicited for the benefit of fellow-sufferers, and you may give it as widespread publicity as you wish."

Stuart's Catarrh Tablets are for sale by all druggists at 50 cents a box. -om

PENNABANK SHROPSHIRE AND SHORTHORN
Ram and ewe lambs for sale, sired by imported Rydard ram; 2 shearing rams; 1 bull, fifteen months old. om **HUGH PUGH, WHITEVALE, ONT.**

CHOICE LAMBS

Both sexes, by our PRIZEWINNING Mangel ram. Also a few

GOOD SHEARLING RAMS.

Come first and get your pick. om

LLOYD-JONES BROS., Burford, Ont.

Lincoln Sheep and Shorthorn Cattle

Choice Lincoln Lambs of both sexes. Several carloads choice yearling rams and two carloads of one and two-year-old ewes, ready for Sept. and Oct. delivery. Also some choice young bulls, cows and heifers, which will make good herd foundations.

F. H. NEIL, PROP.

Telegraph and R.R. Station, om **LUCAN, ONT.**

DORSET SHEEP

A choice lot of EWES and RAMS of different ages for sale. om

JOHN HUNTER, WYOMING P.O., ONT.

SHROPSHIRE shearing rams, shearing ewes, ram and ewe lambs of choice breeding. Prices right. **GEO. HINDMARSH, Ailsa Craig, Ont.**

SHROPSHIRE—A flock of 110 head, fine, healthy sheep. Can supply 2-year, 1-year and ewe lambs; also 2-year, 1-year and ewe lambs. Prices reasonable. **ABRAM RUDELL, Hespeler, Ont.**

"BROAD LEA OXFORDS."

Am offering choice ewe and ram lambs, shearing ewes and a few shearing rams for flock headers. Also young Yorkshire pigs of the best bacon types. **W. H. ARKELL, Midway, G. T. R., om Teeswater, Ont.**

GOSSIP.

When shall I attain to this,
To thank thee for the things I miss?
—[Higginson.

Tommy—When you want to call a person selfish you always say he's looking out for number one, don't you?

Pa—Unless you're speaking of a widow, my son. She's looking out for number two.

Dr. Daniel M. Stinson, the family physician of R. H. Stoddard, is credited with an anecdote of Mr. and Mrs. Stoddard to the effect that the poet, while endeavoring to procure an impromptu luncheon for a number of friends after Mrs. Stoddard and the servants had retired, found a box of sardines. His somewhat vigorous remarks, inspired by a sardine-can's objections to the "open sesame" of a dull jack-knife, attracted the attention of Mrs. Stoddard on the floor above.

"What are you doing?" she called down.

"Opening a can of sardines."

"With what?"

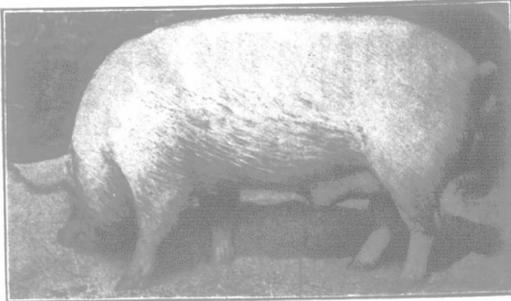
"A dashed old jack-knife," cried the exasperated poet. "What did you think I was opening it with?"

"Well, my dear," she said dryly, "I didn't exactly think you were opening it with prayer!"

The fertile Plains of Portage are appropriately known as the home of good horses, and there is nothing in the circumstance to be wondered at, for thirty years ago only Portage Plains was known in Manitoba as a field for the agriculturist. The Plains were early settled, and after the struggles of the early years were got over oxen were discarded for the horse, and the good points of the latter animal began to be cultivated. A great many fine horses are now to be found in the district, and a good deal of attention is being paid to the breeding of horses. Mr. John Wishart has a stud of first-class Clydesdales, and the "Advocate" field man, on a recent visit, found the animals in good thriving condition and well cared for. Prince of Prospect, one-year-old stallion, is a well-developed, clean-limbed animal. He moves freely and with good action. He won third place at Winnipeg last season, and as a foal, in 1902, he was first at Winnipeg, Portage and Brandon. He is got by Prince of Eden Grove, out of Lady Granite. Lady Granite, by Granite City, out of Lady Slack, is a free-moving, well-knit, clean-limbed mare. Maude Granite, by Granite City, out of Maude Slack, is another of Mr. Wishart's typical Clydesdales. Wonderful Lady, by Wonderful Boy, out of Lady Granite, is a well-grown, deep-ribbed three-year-old. She gives good promise of grand development. Lady Coleridge and Lady St. Gatien, the former by Lord Coleridge, out of Lady Slack; the latter by St. Gatien, out of Lady Granite, are a pair of first-class mares. Queen of Prospect, by Prince of Eden Grove, out of Maude Granite, was first at Winnipeg and Portage this year as a yearling. Lady Prospect, by the same sire, out of Lady Coleridge, is also a very fine yearling. A nice Hackney was noticed, Jenny Young, with a filly. The mare took first in the roadster class and the foal took first in the Hackney class at Portage.

TO ENTERTAIN A FRIEND.

But how shall we entertain the visiting friend? Chiefly by letting him alone. Only the featherweights feel that they must be talked to all the time, shown about, "entertained." Such a person would complain of being forlorn, if left alone with the nightingale in the Forest of Arden; of being desolate if set down among the "marble brede" in the gardens of the Vatican. Let such persons perish of their own emptiness. Give the guest the freedom of the house, and the gift of stillness if he wishes it. Let him follow his heart's desire. Let him find something to do for himself. So shall he find joy, and leave behind him a pleasant memory when he goes; some mark of his individuality; even as old Montaigne, gallantly visiting every prince along his route, always left his coat of arms behind him for remembrance.—[Edwin Markham, in Good Housekeeping.



We hold the world's public sale record for

Yorkshires

At the leading shows of America, in 1901 and 1902, we won 90 PER CENT. of all first prizes. Pigs of all ages for sale at all times. We have the best blood from the leading herds of the world. When you want something good, write us. Prices are moderate.

D. C. FLATT & SON, Millgrove, Ont.

HILLCREST LARGE ENGLISH BERKSHIRES HERD OF

Founded upon imported stock and Canadian show animals. Various strains represented and new blood introduced at intervals. Each purchaser gets registered certificate of pedigree, and any animal failing to prove a breeder is replaced. **JNO. LAHMER, VINE, ONT.;** Vine Sta., G.T.R., near Barrie. o

EUROPEAN ADVERTISEMENTS.

W. W. CHAPMAN,

Secretary of the National Sheep Breeders' Association, Secretary of the Kent or Romney Marsh Sheep Breeders' Association, and late Secretary of the Southdown Sheep Society.

Pedigree Live Stock Agent, Exporter and Shipper. All kinds of registered stock personally selected and exported on commission; quotations given, and all enquiries answered.

Address: **HOWBURY HOUSE, NORFOLK ST., LONDON, W. C., ENGLAND.**

Cables—Sheepote. London.

SUSSEX CATTLE

The breed for hardiness and early maturity. The highest average daily gain, live, 2 lbs. 8.34 ozs., and also the highest percentage, 68.02, of carcass to live weight of any animal, for its age, at Smithfield Show, was given by Mr. Gerald Ward's first-prize Sussex steer at the age of 681 days. Leading honors won at all the principal shows. Selections always on sale. Apply **G. Warde, West Farleigh, Kent, England. SUNNYLEA FARM.**

TAMWORTHS

At living prices. Have some excellent young stock of good bacon type; both sexes. **LOUIS D. BARCHFELD, Grimsby, Ont., P. O. and Station. Telephone on farm.**

TAMWORTHS

FOR SALE: Two young sows, bred to Dandy =2954=, a good typical sire; also several young boars and sows of very best breeding.

BRONZE TURKEY EGGS—\$3 per setting. MAZEL DELL, D. J. GIBSON, STOCK FARM, Bowmanville, Ont.

GLENHOLM HERD OF TAMWORTHS

For sale: 1 boar, 6 months; Sept. and Oct. pigs, both sexes. Pairs supplied not akin. **F. O. SARGENT, Eddystons, Grafton Sta., G.T.R.**

LARGE YORKSHIRES

GLENBURN HERD; winners of gold medal 2 years in succession; averages 100 head. Sires at head of herd: Imp. Helywell Hewson and Oak Lodge Prior. A large number of sows for sale, due to farrow in March or April, also few good young boars. Prices reasonable. **David Barr Jr., Renfrew, Ont. Box 3.**

YORKSHIRES AND COTSWOLDS.

Grand young boar and some excellent young sows, 5 months old, of right type. Also high-class Jersey cattle and young Cotswold ewes. **WM. WILLIS & SON, Newmarket P.O. and Sta.**

CHESTER WHITES

We will furnish some first-class pigs, farrowed July 21st, at seven dollars each if taken soon. Pigs are the best we ever raised. **J. F. PARSONS & SONS, Barnston, Que.**

For Sale, Chester White

swine of good bacon type, and Shropshire sheep. Write for prices. **W. E. WRIGHT, Sunnyside Stock Farm, Glanworth P.O., Ont.**

YORKSHIRES FOR SALE.

Young sows, bred for Sept. and October farrowing, and young stock of spring farrowing on hand. Prices reasonable. **WM. HOWE, North Bruce, Ont.**

BERKSHIRES AND YORKSHIRES.

For Sale—Boars fit for service; sows in farrow and ready to breed, and younger stock, all of the ideal bacon type. Pairs not akin. **JOHN BOYES, Jr., Rosebank Farm, om Churchhill, Ont.**

LARGE ENGLISH YORKSHIRES

For sale: Young sows in pig to Dalmeny Royal (imp.) 12444; also boars and sows not akin, and Leicester ram lambs. Prices moderate. Write **om C. & J. CARRUTHERS, Cobourg.**

ENGLISH BERKSHIRES.

Young boars at special prices; young sows, bred or ready to breed; also Shorthorn calves and Shropshire rams and ram lambs. **om JOHN RACEY, Jr., Lennoxville, Que.**



One hundred Tamworth and Improved Chester White Spring Pigs of a true bacon type, our herd having won the best prizes offered at the leading exhibitions throughout Ontario and Quebec for the past ten years. Stock for exhibition purposes a specialty. We pay express charges between stations, and guarantee safe arrival of all stock shipped. Pairs furnished not akin. Write for prices. **H. GEORGE & SONS, Crampton P.O., Ont.**

PINE GROVE FARM HERD OF LARGE ENGLISH YORKSHIRES.

The oldest-established registered herd in America. We have 19 imported boars and sows and 20 home-bred animals breeding, and have a limited number of young boars and sows for sale, suitable for this fall's breeding. Satisfaction guaranteed in all mail orders. **Joseph Featherston & Son, Streetsville Station, C. P. R., and P. O. and Telegraph, Clarkson Station, G. T. R.**

Yorkshires, Collies and Poultry

This month we are offering something extra in Yorkshire boars and sows, 6 weeks to 4 months. Will sell 10 yearling W. Wyandotte hens and two cocks, all fine stock. Choice pedigreed collies. **J. A. & A. B. Armstrong, Warkworth, Ont.**

IMPORTED AND HOME-BRED YORKSHIRES.

Boars and sows ready to breed. Choice lot of imported, to-dam young pigs. Sows in pig and being bred to imported show boars. Young Canadian-bred pigs supplied, not akin. Write **H. J. DAVIS, Woodstock, Ont.**

Weston Herd Large Yorkshires

Choice young stock for sale, from imported and home-bred stock of highest breeding and quality. Prices low. Satisfaction guaranteed. My motto: "Not how cheap, but how good." Telephone, Telegraph and Stations: **C. F. R. and G. T. R., Weston, Ont.** (electric cars from Toronto). Address: **om L. ROGERS, EMERY, ONT.**

LARGE ENGLISH YORKSHIRES

For sale: Imported sow, in farrow to imported boar; one imported boar, year old; boars 5 and 6 months, fit for service; sows ready to breed, from imported stock; young pigs, 8 weeks old. Write **JAS. A. RUSSELL, Precious Corners, Ont. o**

MAPLE GROVE HERD YORKSHIRES OF LARGE ENGLISH YORKSHIRES

I have several young sows, bred to my Imp. boar, ready to ship. Also 3 or 4 nice young boars, 6, 10 and 12 months old, of my usual good breeding. My herd have won 29 1sts, 25 2nds and 2 diplomas at 5 county fairs this year, including diploma for best bacon bear and sow (all breeds competing). Write for my prices, as I have some first-class stock for sale. **T. J. COLE, Box 188, Bowmanville, Ont.**

FOR SALE: Yorkshires and Holsteins

Best type and quality. Young stock constantly on hand. Prices right. **E. HONEY, om Brickley P. O., instead of Warkworth.**

Chesterswine

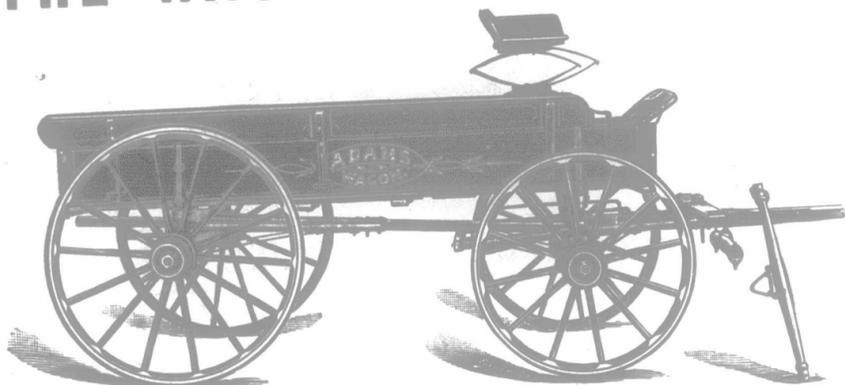
From Toronto and London prizewinners. Dorset sheep and lambs. Prices reasonable. **E. E. HARDING, Mapleview Farm, om Thorndale, Ont.**

Willow Lodge Berkshires.

I will offer very cheap for the next thirty days, young boars and sows from 2 months old up to 7 months old, of extra quality and breeding, in order to make room for the litters now with sows. Can supply pairs not akin. **om WM. WILSON, Snelgrove, Ont.**

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THE WAGON THAT MAKES CANADA FAMOUS.



ESTABLISHED 1863.

WHEN YOU ARE IN THE MARKET FOR

Farm Wagons, Farm Trucks,
Heavy Teaming Wagons,
Log Trucks, Stock Racks,

SEE

The Adams.

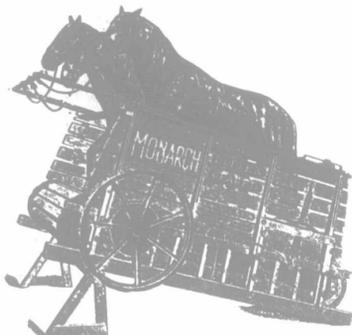
WRITE US FOR CATALOGUE AND PRICES.

ADAMS WAGON CO., LIMITED, BRANTFORD, ONT.

MY NAME IS
CROWN JEWEL
I AM A GOOD
WORKER AND CAN
STAND HARD USAGE
IF YOU WANT TO
EMPLOY ME, WRITE
DUNDAS AXE WORKS
DUNDAS-ONT.



McGILL
Tread Powers



The **McGILL MONARCH TREAD POWERS** are the best general-purpose Farm Powers on earth, and are the only Powers made having Angle Steel Track, Cold Rolled Steel Shaft, 7-inch Traversers, Solid Maple Lags, with Brake entirely independent of Band Wheel. A Patent Governor or Speed Regulator with each machine.

A. McGILL & SON
CHATHSWORTH, ONT.

WANTED

to purchase 400 tons No. 1 timothy hay, baled, f. o. b. Grand Trunk Ry. points.
HENDRIK & COMPANY, Limited,
Hamilton, Ontario.

9 CORDS IN 10 HOURS



By One Man with the **FOLDING SAWING MACHINE** made at Essex Centre, Ont. **NO DUTY TO PAY.** Send to Main Office for free catalog showing Latest Improvements, and testimonials from thousands. First order gets agency. Address Folding Sawing Mach. Co. 55 N. Jefferson St., Chicago, Ill.

GOSSIP.

Nell—Yes, we're engaged, but I took my time about accepting him.
Belle—Indeed? Waited until he actually proposed, did you?

ANNANDALE FARM FOR HOLSTEINS.

In a letter received from E. D. Tillson Estate, Limited, of Tilsonburg, Ont., they write: "As a result of the advertisement in the 'Farmer's Advocate,' we have just closed a deal with Mr. Geo. Rice, of Currie's Crossing, the well and widely known Holstein breeder, by which he leases Annandale Farm for a term of years. The demands on Mr. Rice for this breed have outgrown his present accommodation to produce them, and his object in leasing is to secure the necessary accommodation. It is his intention to more than double his herd. The management of E. D. Tillson Estate feel that in placing their farm under Mr. Rice's control they have given it to a man who will make a still better reputation for himself as a breeder of Holsteins, and also keep Annandale Farm before the public as the home of the Holsteins, for which breed the late Mr. E. D. Tillson always showed such a decided preference.

"The management recognize the possibilities of success in raising well-bred stock, if in the hands of experienced men, but they lack that experience, and their time is fully occupied in conducting their large milling interests, hence the change that has been made." The "Farmer's Advocate" congratulates Mr. Rice on securing so suitable a field for the extension of his business and the display of his acknowledged skill and ability as a successful breeder of his favorite class of cattle, and as an intelligent and progressive dairyman.

IMPORTED GALLOWAYS.

The largest importation of Galloway cattle ever made to this side of the Atlantic has just arrived at Quebec quarantine from Glasgow. This shipment is for Mr. O. H. Swigart, of Champaign, Illinois, who has shown himself to be a fearless believer in the superior merits of this popular breed, and has the reputation of owning more prizewinning Galloways than any breeder, either here or in Great Britain. Mr. Swigart has in the above mentioned importation eighty head of stock, and has brought away nearly all the prizewinning animals at recent Royal and Highland Society Shows. Among these are Campfollower of Stepford, champion at the Royal at Carlisle, 1902, 1903; Chief 2nd of Stepford, first-prize yearling at same show in 1902; Maggie 10th of Tarbrooch, champion female at Royal, 1902. In fact, the importation fairly bristles with prizewinners, and is one that all Galloway men may feel proud of, and it will give an impetus to the Galloway breed such as it never had before. In mentioning this item of Galloway news, we may add that at the Kansas City Royal this year the championship for ear lots of range steers, open to all breeds, went for the second time to the Galloways.

1,000-MILE AXLE GREASE

Is the Best Grease on the Market

Its Use Will **SAVE YOU MONEY**

FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS

Campbell Mfg. Co., Hamilton, Canada



THIS machine is fitted with reversible knives for pulping or slicing. Has roller bearings, and a special shaped hopper, made in such form that the turnips and mangels or other roots, no matter how large they are, are not going to choke. We guarantee satisfaction. Try them. Made with either 4 or 6 knives. Prices on application to

P. E. SHANTZ
PRESTON, ONT.

FREE LADIES' FUR SCARF

This beautiful fine quality rich black Fur Scarf is

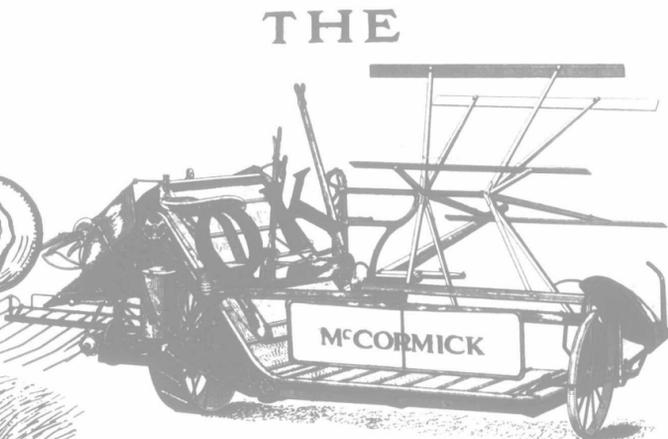
OVER 44 INCHES IN LENGTH

Made from fine selected full furred skins. It has six lovely large black Martin tails, it is made in the latest New York Style, and is in every way equal in appearance to any high class Fur Scarf made. In order to introduce Marvel Washing Blue, the great wash-day help, we will send this lovely Scarf Free to any one for selling only 20 packages at 10 cents a package. Marvel Washing Blue sells quickly as it is the best bluing made and every family needs it. Each customer buying is entitled to receive a handsome silver-ware present from us. Just send your name and address, and we will send the Bluing by mail, postpaid; when sold send us the money, \$2.00, and we will send you this beautiful Fur Scarf. You need no money, we trust you with the goods till sold. Write for the Bluing to-day, and have the swellest scarf in your town. Address **MARVEL BLUING CO., DEPT. 48 TORONTO, ONTARIO.**



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THE STAMP OF APPROVAL



McCORMICK

There is no grain that is heavier or more trying on a machine than that produced on Canadian soil, and there is no binder better fitted to handle it than

THE

McCORMICK

This has been the experience of Canadian farmers, east and west, and accounts for the enormous demand for

The "O K" Line in Canada

Ask any farmer that uses the McCormick his opinion of it. The invariable answer will be, "It's O. K." This is the stamp of approval that all its users give it.

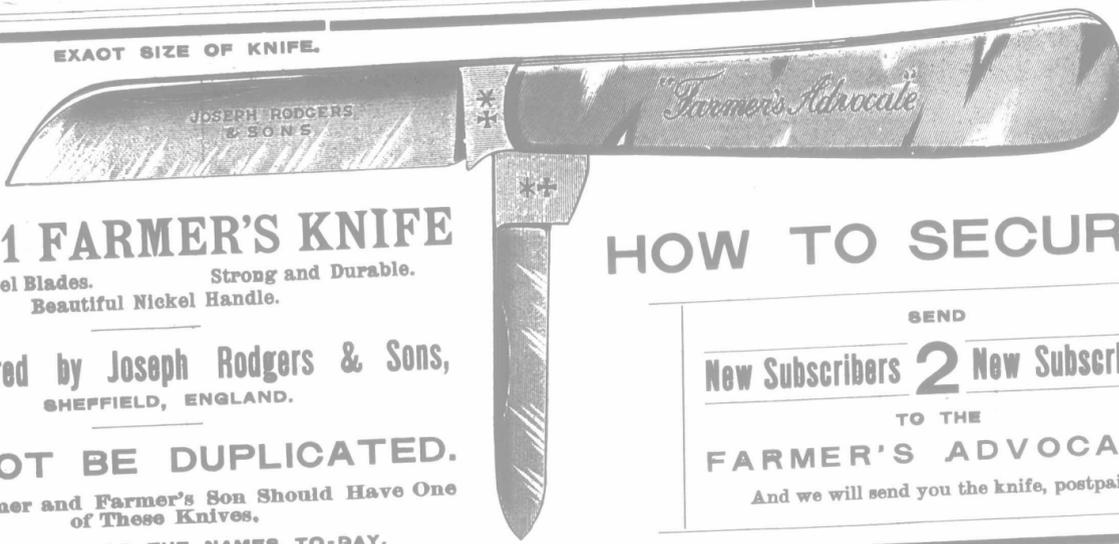
McCormick machines are made in the great International Harvester Works at Hamilton.

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Valuable Premiums

Given for Obtaining New Subscribers to the Weekly FARMER'S ADVOCATE.

EXACT SIZE OF KNIFE.



AN A 1 FARMER'S KNIFE
 Finest Steel Blades. Strong and Durable.
 Beautiful Nickel Handle.

Manufactured by Joseph Rodgers & Sons,
 SHEFFIELD, ENGLAND.

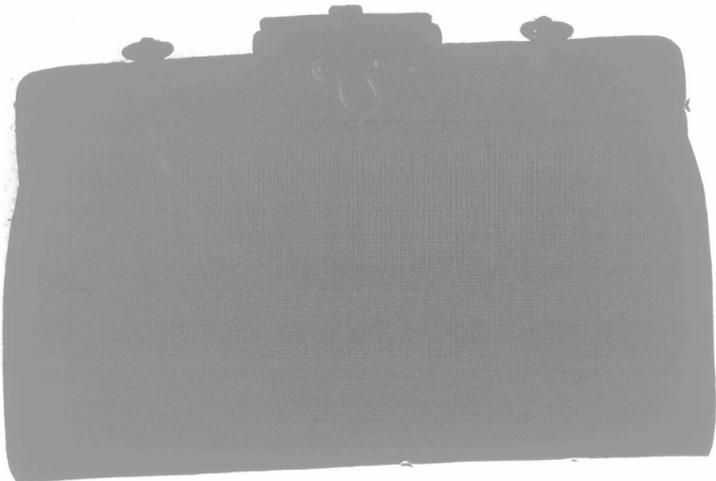
CANNOT BE DUPLICATED.
 Every Farmer and Farmer's Son Should Have One
 of These Knives.

START OUT FOR THE NAMES TO-DAY.

HOW TO SECURE IT.

SEND
 New Subscribers **2** New Subscribers
 TO THE
FARMER'S ADVOCATE
 And we will send you the knife, postpaid.

Lady's Hand-bag.



SIZE, 4½ x 7½ inches.

A magnificent Hand-bag, leather-lined, leather handle, nickel-plated clasp, for 3 new subscribers. Cash price, \$1.50.

Handsome Curb-link Bracelet: Silver Filled

For 2 new subscribers. Sterling silver for 3 new subscribers. For each additional new subscriber, two Sterling Silver Friendship Hearts.



Our Self-Binder

HANDY, DURABLE and ATTRACTIVE. Made to contain the 24 issues of the year. We will forward this Binder, postpaid, to anyone sending us the names of two NEW SUBSCRIBERS and \$3.00.

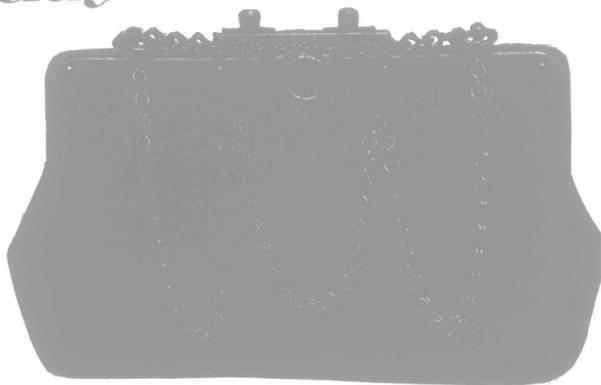
THE MICROSCOPE



Is a means of great entertainment and instruction in the home and out of doors. To meet the wishes of many subscribers, we have arranged with a first-class firm for a supply of those instruments; which we now offer:

Tripod Microscope, with strong magnifying lens, useful for examining weed and other seeds, insects and other small objects, for obtaining one (1) new subscriber to the FARMER'S ADVOCATE.

Lady's Wrist-bag.



SIZE, 3½ x 6 INCHES.

This handsome Wrist-bag, leather-lined, nickel-plated clasp and chain, for 2 new subscribers. Cash price, \$1.00.

BEGIN TO CANVASS
AT ONCE

CASH MUST ACCOMPANY
NEW NAMES.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE:

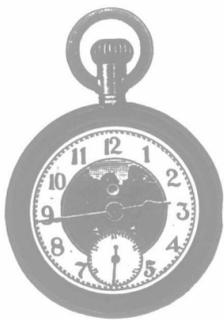
\$1.50 PER ANNUM

THE NAME OF SENDER DOES NOT COUNT. NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS MUST BE FOR FULL YEAR EACH.

THE WM. WELD COMPANY, LTD., LONDON, ONTARIO.

PREMIUMS

We have again arranged, on most favorable terms, to offer our present subscribers the following premiums—all extra good value and genuine quality—for sending new subscriptions to the Farmer's Advocate. SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, \$1.50, from date same is received to end of 1904, including all special issues, Christmas Numbers, etc. Begin at once and earn one or more of the useful and attractive premiums named below. Sample copies will be mailed upon application. It is stated after each premium named the number of new subscribers required to obtain it. Cash to accompany order in every case.



Half Size.

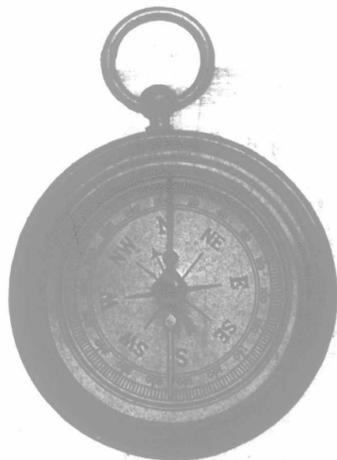


Ladies' Watches.

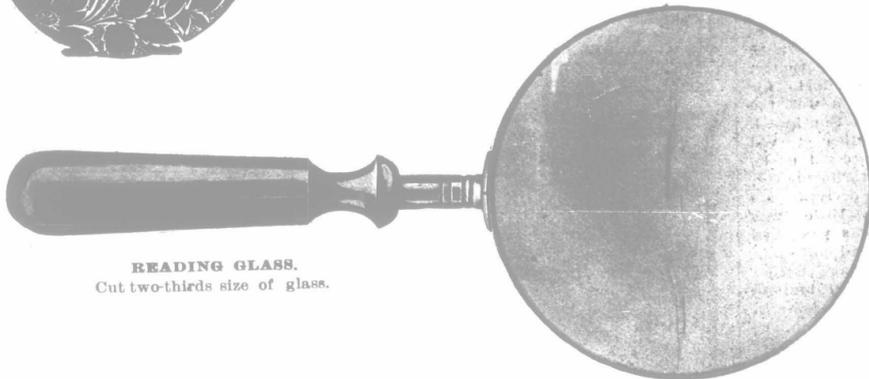
- No. 1.—Sterling silver, open face, with genuine American jewelled movement, engraved, plain or engine-turned case, and stem winder. 10 new subscribers; selling price, \$3.50.
- No. 2.—Gold-filled case, guaranteed for 15 years, with genuine American jewelled movement, very finely timed, and stem wind. 15 new subscribers; selling price, \$11.50.
- No. 3.—Lady's regular size, hunting case, 14 karat, gold filled, guaranteed to wear for 25 years, and genuine Elgin 7-jewelled nickel movement, stem wind and stem set. 23 new subscribers; selling price, \$17.

Gents' Watches.

- No. 4.—American nickel, open-face boy's watch, absolutely guaranteed to keep good time and give satisfaction. For 2 new subscribers; selling price, \$1.25.
- No. 5.—Nickel, open face, strong case, with thick glass and genuine American movement, with fancy dial. For 4 new subscribers; selling price \$3.25.
- No. 6.—Genuine Elgin or Waltham 7-jewelled nickle movement in 14-karat, twenty-year guaranteed, gold-filled, open-faced, screw back and bezel case. For 14 new subscribers; selling price, \$15.
- No. 7.—Genuine Elgin or Waltham 15-jewelled nickel movement, same case as No. 3. 30 subscribers; selling price, \$20.

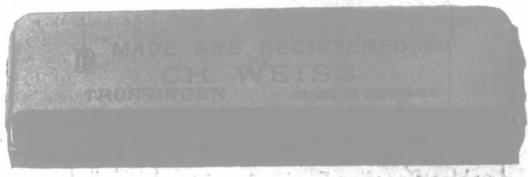


The Brass Band Harmonica, finest instrument in the world, extra full tone For 1 new subscriber. Cash price, 50c.
 Mariner's Compass (two inches in diameter), nickel plated; ring attachment for convenient carrying. 1 new subscriber. Cash price, 50c.
 Reading Glass, powerful lens, nickel mounted. 1 new subscriber. Cash price, 50c.



READING GLASS.
Cut two-thirds size of glass.

Each new subscription must be for full year. This applies to all premiums.



FARM BOOKS.

The farmer's home without an Agricultural Library is lacking in one of the chief aids to pleasure and success. We have gone over the available first-class works on agricultural subjects, and have selected the best. See below for prices and how to obtain them.

SOIL AND CROP.

- A BOOK ON SILAGE.—Woll. 185 pages. \$1.00.
- SOILING, ENSILAGE, AND BARN CONSTRUCTION.—F. S. Peor. 247 pages. \$1.00.
- SOILING CROPS AND THE SILO.—Shaw. 366 pages. \$1.50.

LIVE STOCK.

- VETERINARY NOTES FOR HORSE OWNERS.—M. H. Hayes, F. R. C. V. S. 828 pages. \$4.00.
- VETERINARY ELEMENTS.—A. G. Hopkins, B. Agr., D. V. M. \$1.50. A practical book for stockmen and agricultural students.
- THE STUDY OF BREEDS (CATTLE, SHEEP, AND SWINE).—Prof. Shaw. 400 pages; 60 engravings. \$1.50.
- HORSE BREEDING.—Sanders. 422 pages. \$1.50.
- LIGHT HORSES—BREEDS AND MANAGEMENT. 226 pages. \$1.00.
- HEAVY HORSES—BREEDS AND MANAGEMENT. 219 pages. \$1.00.
- CATTLE—BREEDS AND MANAGEMENT. 270 pages. \$1.00.
- SHEEP—BREEDS AND MANAGEMENT. 232 pages. \$1.00.
- PIGS—BREEDS AND MANAGEMENT.—Sanders Spencer. 175 pages. \$1.00.
- THE DOMESTIC SHEEP.—Stewart. 371 pages. \$1.75.
- FREDS AND FEEDING.—Henry. 600 pages. \$2.00.
- LIVE STOCK ALMANAC.—Handsomely bound. 75 cents. Paper cover, 40 cents.

GENERAL AGRICULTURE.

- AGRICULTURE.—C. C. James. 200 pages. 30 cents.
- AGRICULTURE.—Storer. 1,375 pages, in three volumes. \$6.00.
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- FARMYARD MANURE.—Allen. 65 pages. 50 cents.
- SUCCESSFUL FARMING.—Rennie. 300 pages. \$1.50, postpaid.

DAIRYING.

- THE BOOK OF THE DAIRY.—Fleischmann. 330 pages. \$2.75.
- MILK AND ITS PRODUCTS.—Wing. 230 pages. \$1.00.
- TESTING MILK AND ITS PRODUCTS.—Warrington & Woll. 255 pages. \$1.00.
- DAIRYING FOR PROFIT.—Mrs. E. M. Jones. 50 cents.

POULTRY.

- POULTRY CRAFT.—Robinson. \$2.00.
- FARM POULTRY.—Watson. 341 pages. \$1.25.
- ARTIFICIAL INCUBATING AND BROODING.—Cypher. 146 pages. 50 cents.
- AMERICAN STANDARD OF PERFECTION.—Pteroc. 378 pages. \$1.00.

APIARY.

- THE HONEYBEE.—Langstroth. 621 pages. \$1.50.

FRUIT, FLOWERS, AND VEGETABLES.

- VEGETABLE GARDENING.—Green. 224 pages. \$1.25.
- FLOWERS AND HOW TO GROW THEM.—Rexford. 175 pages. 50 cents.
- HORTICULTURIST'S RULE BOOK.—Bailey. 313 pages. 75 cents.
- SPRAYING CROPS.—Weed. 50 cents.
- AMATEUR FRUIT-GROWING.—Samuel B. Green. 5x7 inches; 134 pages, with numerous fly-leaves for notes; bound in cloth, and illustrated. 50 cents.

PLANT AND ANIMAL LIFE.

- THE STORY OF THE PLANTS.—Grant Allen. 212 pages. 40 cents.
- THE STUDY OF ANIMAL LIFE.—J. A. Thomson. 376 pages. \$1.75.
- INSECTS INJURIOUS TO FRUITS.—Saunders. 422 pages. \$2.00.

MISCELLANEOUS.

- THE HOME PHYSICIAN AND CYCLOPEDIA OF MEDICINE.—By seven eminent physicians, aided by specialists. 1,300 pages; illustrated. Cloth, \$4.75; leather, \$5.75.
- LANDSCAPE GARDENING.—S. T. Maynard. 338 pages. \$1.50.
- BIRDS THAT HUNT AND ARE HUNTED.—Nellie Blanchan. 360 pages. \$2.25.
- CARPENTERS and JOINERS' HANDBOOK. 75 cents.
- AMERICAN TANNER.—Briggs.—25 cents.
- TAXIDERM.—Haslwick.—50 cents.
- GINSENG.—Kains.—50 cents.

HOW TO OBTAIN THESE BOOKS.—We will furnish present subscribers any of the above books for cash or as premiums to those obtaining new yearly subscribers to the "Farmer's Advocate" according to the following scale:

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AND it's the same way with Cream Separators. Some are just as good as ours for a while, but they don't last as long or fare as well.

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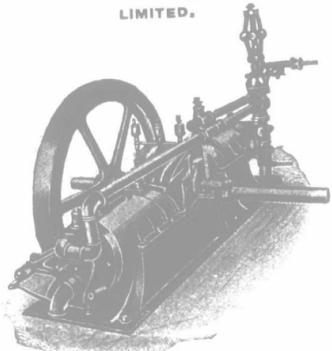
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Cheap Lands;
Good Markets.

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GOSSIP.

"Why does Amelia hate Cholly so?"
"Why, when she told him she could never learn to love him, he insisted that one was never too old to learn."

A well-known writer tells the following: Lord Rosebery's name is associated with that of Lord Chesterfield for politeness. On one occasion, when he gave an estate dinner to his tenants, an iced pudding was handed round. A man sitting next to His Lordship, took a large spoonful and hurriedly dropped it. Gaping round in surprise, he ejaculated: "Pudden's froze!"
Although inclined to laugh at the man's comical expression, Lord Rosebery gravely tasted the pudding, remarking: "By Jove! so it is."

"We-ell, some ways I'd like to, an' some ways I wouldn't," said Farmer Bentover, when the suave dispenser of encyclopedias had paused in his siren song. "Ye see, if I was to sign for that 'ere cyclopedee in forty-seven parts, including the index and appendicitis, I'm sorter afraid I'd hev to work so hard to pay fer it that I'd be too tired to enjoy readin' it; while if I read it at my leisure, as I'd ort to, in order to get the good of it, I wouldn't have time to earn the price. So, all things considered, I'll have to deny myself the privilege, as it were. Looks sorter like rain off to the sou'cast, don't it?"

On the 26th November, 1789, died John Elwes, a striking example of the impotent poverty of wealth when it does not enlarge the understanding or awaken the social affections, and, consequently, cannot purchase common comforts for its wretched possessor. Elwes was the son of a successful brewer in Southwark named Neggot. Elwes' mother starved herself to death, and his paternal uncle, Sir Harvey Elwes, was a notorious miser, from whom John Elwes derived his name and a vast fortune. Elwes was not a mere miser, but he was possessed of qualities which, if they had not been suppressed by the all-absorbing passion of avarice, would have entitled him to the love and respect of his friends. In spite of his penurious disposition, he had an unshaken gentleness of manner and a pliancy of temper not generally found in such a character. One day he was out shooting with a gentleman, who exhibited constant proofs of unskillfulness; so much so, that in firing into a hedge he lodged some shot in the miser's cheek. The awkward sportsman approached to apologize, but Elwes anticipated him by saying: "My dear sir, I congratulate you on improving; I thought you would hit something in time?"

DODDIES VICTORIOUS.

At the Norfolk and Norwich Christmas Show, held at Norwich, England, last month, the President's prize for the best steer in the show was awarded to Twin Ben, an Aberdeen-Angus shown by Mr. J. J. Cridlan, sired by Equerry of Ballindalloch, and weighing 18 cwt. (2,018 lbs.) at under three years old. The Patron's prize for the best beast in the show (presented by the King) was won by Mr. R. W. Hudson's cross-bred heifer, Aberdeen-Angus sire and Dexter dam, Danesfield Patricia, weighing, just under three years, 1,589 lbs. The reserve number for the championship was Mr. Cridlan's Twin Ben above mentioned.

SOME GOOD MILK RECORDS.

The yearly milk record of the cows in the famous Tring Park dairy herd, in England, is just published. The breeds kept are Jerseys, Shorthorns and Red Polled. Twenty-six Jersey cows yielded, in the year ending Sept. 26th, 1903, 173,153 lbs. of milk in the year, an average of 6,659 19-26 lbs. One cow, five years in the herd, gave an average of 8,729 2-5 lbs. per annum, and another, four years in the herd, gave an average of 9,544 1/2 lbs. per annum. Twenty-six Shorthorn cows yielded in the year 188,290 lbs., an average of 7,241 24-26 lbs. One cow, six years in the herd, gave an average of 9,849 1-6 lbs. per annum, and another, three years in the herd, gave an average of 10,038 1-3 lbs. per annum. Thirty-seven Red Polled cows gave an average of 7,097 1/2 lbs., one cow, ten years in the herd, having averaged 9,508 lbs. per annum.

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Among the leaders are The Overland Limited, Chicago to San Francisco, and The Pioneer Limited, Chicago to St. Paul. Both trains run via the

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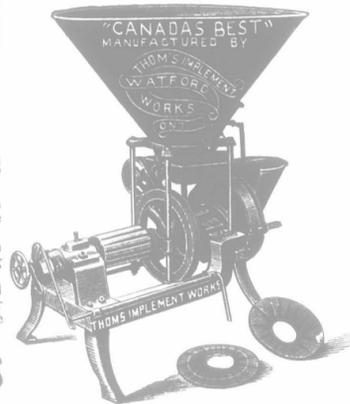
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SUPERIOR TO A PIANO. No one will deny that it is far more pleasure to listen to the perfect strains of a Berliner Gram-o-phone than a piano manipulated by the average performer. Then again, figure the cost of a Berliner Gram-o-phone, almost nominal, and from an entertainment point of view, the superiority of the Berliner Gram-o-phone—universally conceded.

HOW TO GET ONE! READ THE FOLLOWING:

EASY PAYMENT PLAN. Fill out the coupon and send it to us with one dollar and we will ship the Gram-o-phone to you at once. Enclose two dollars extra if you want spun-brass horn. Send your order for extra records at the same time and save extra expressage. Almost any vocal or instrumental music you wish can be had—or we'll send complete list of records.

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Cabinet—Quartered oak, highly finished. Horn—16 in. long, 10-in. bell. Finish—All exposed metal parts heavily nickel-plated. Sound Box—The improved Turret Concert Sound Box. Needles—200 free. Records—Three 7-in. records free. Guarantee—Written guarantee for five years. Weight—Completely boxed, 25 lbs. Cash Price—With japanned steel horn \$15, with spun brass horn \$17. Easy Payment Price—With japanned steel horn \$17, with spun brass horn, \$19.

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 Enclosed find one dollar in payment on the Standard Berliner Gram-o-phone, type A, complete, with 16-inch japanned concert horn and three records. If satisfactory after five days' trial, I agree to pay three records. If not satisfactory, I will return the Gram-o-phone and this order is null and void.

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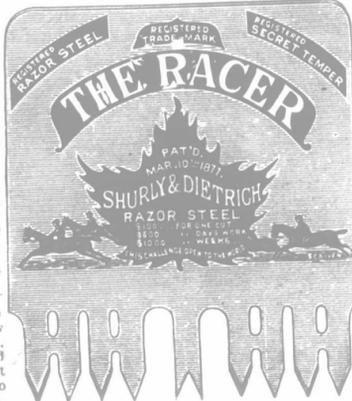
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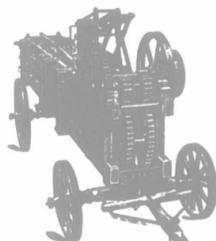
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