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FARMER'S ADVOCATE

and HOME JOURNAL



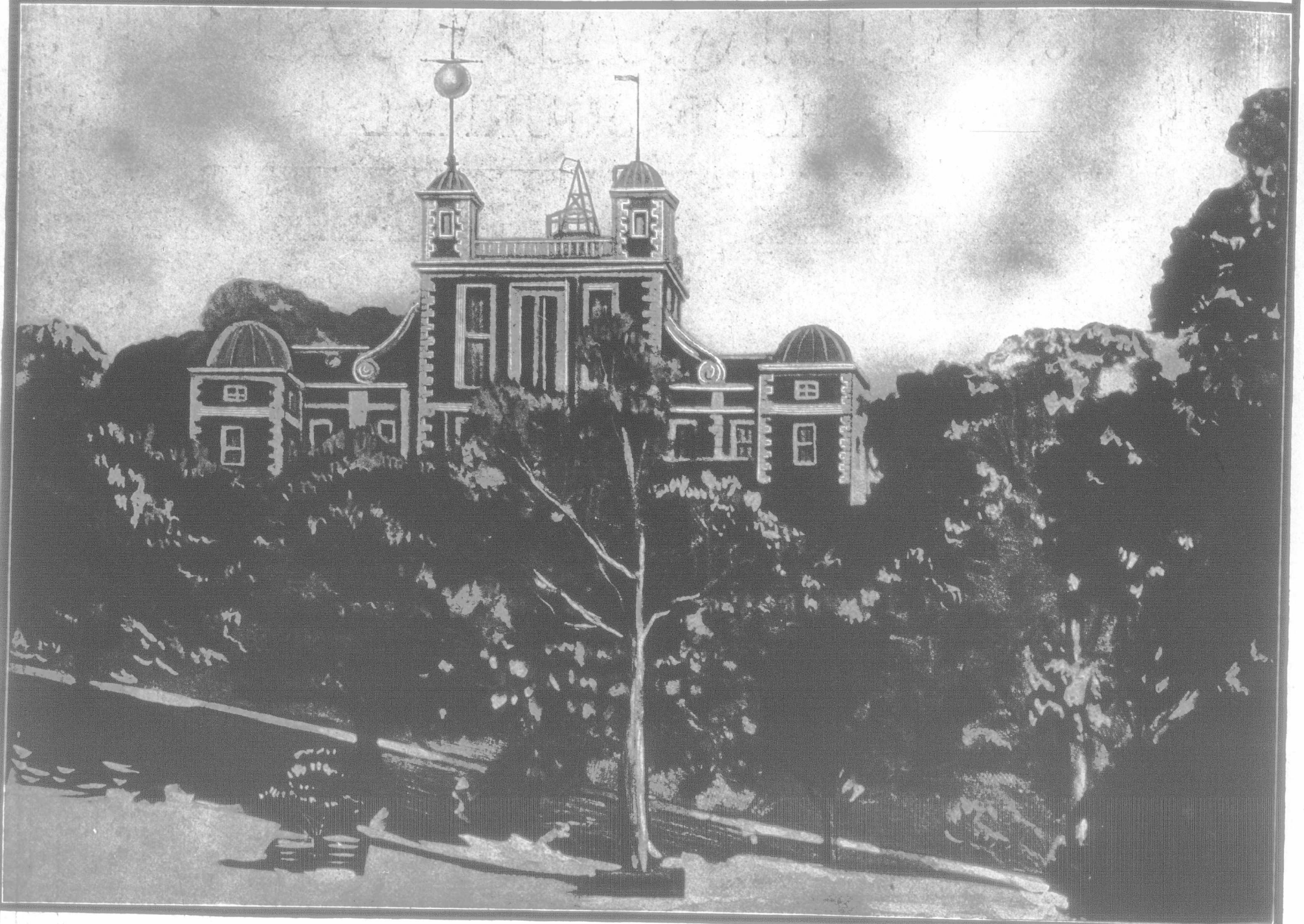
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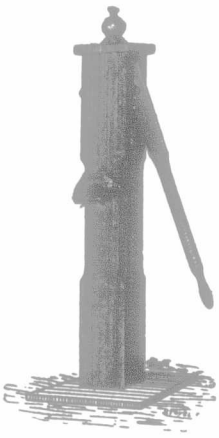
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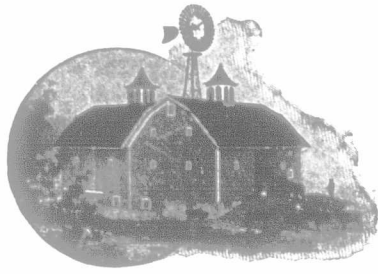
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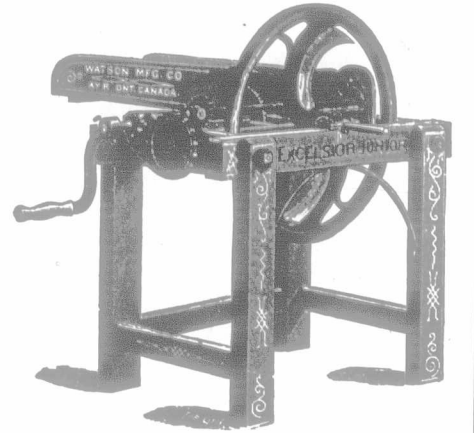
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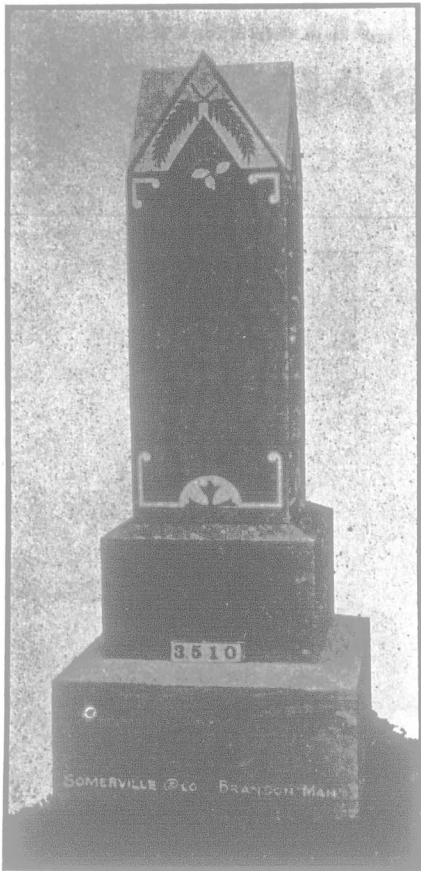
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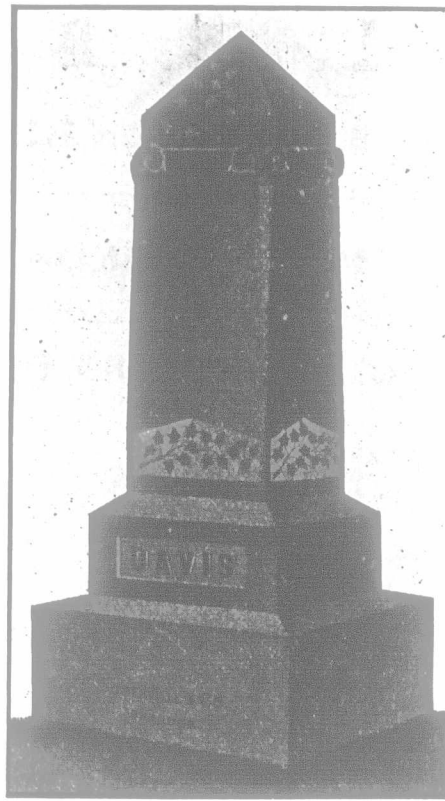
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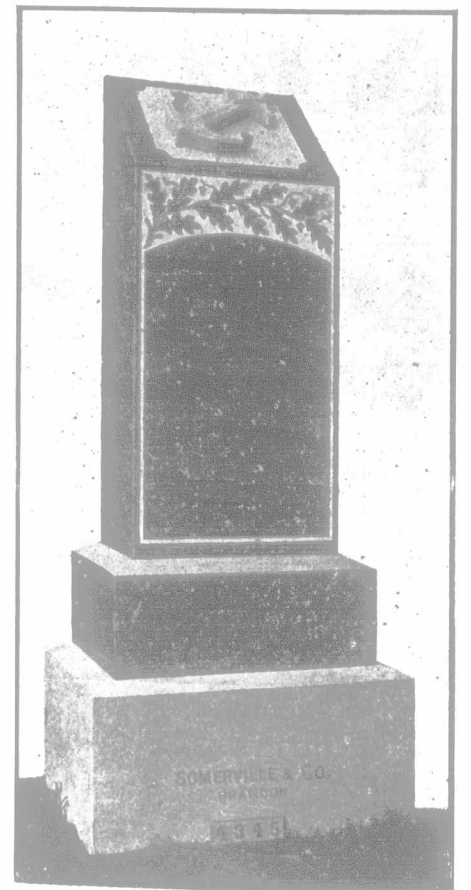
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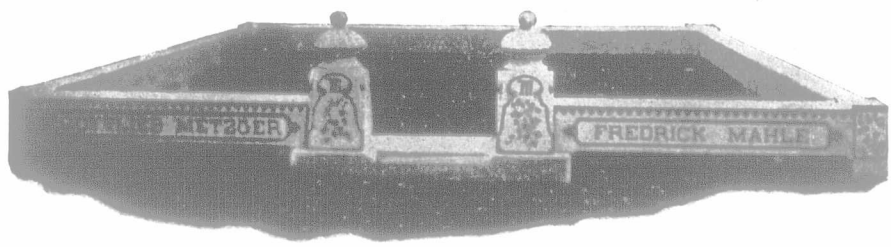
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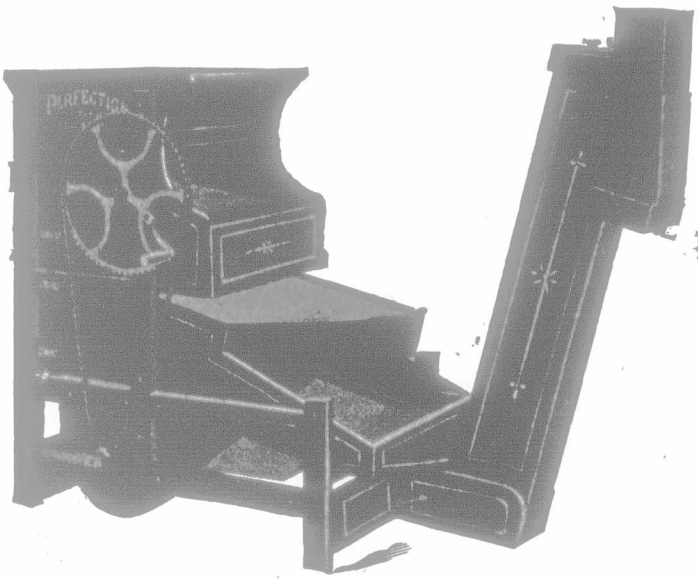
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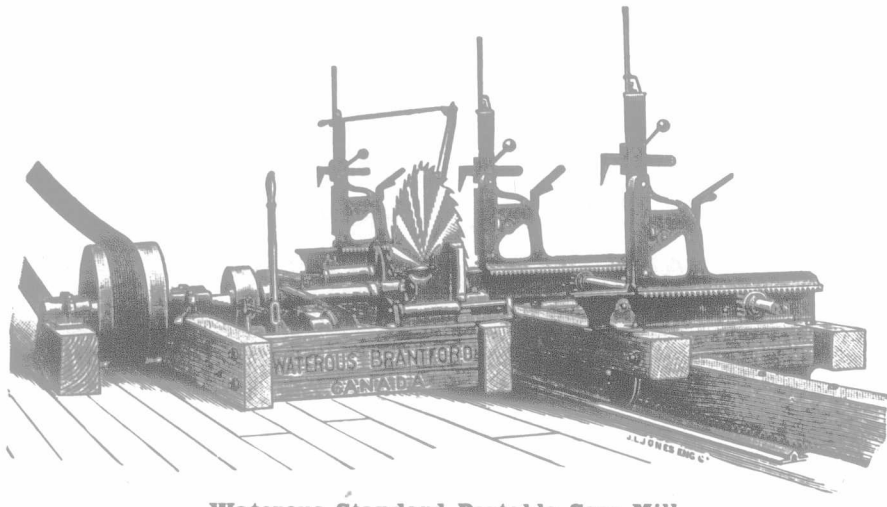
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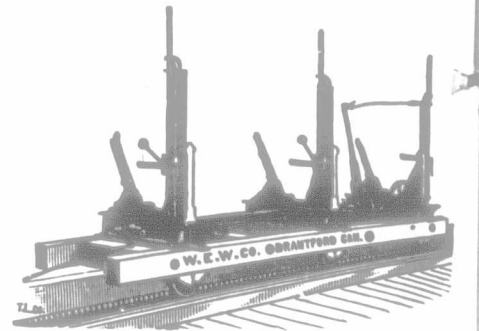
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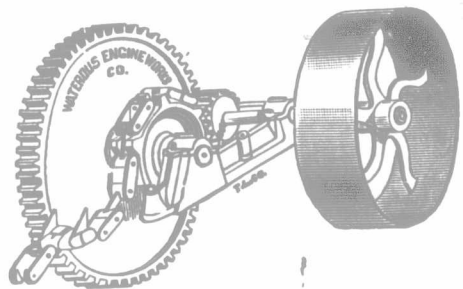


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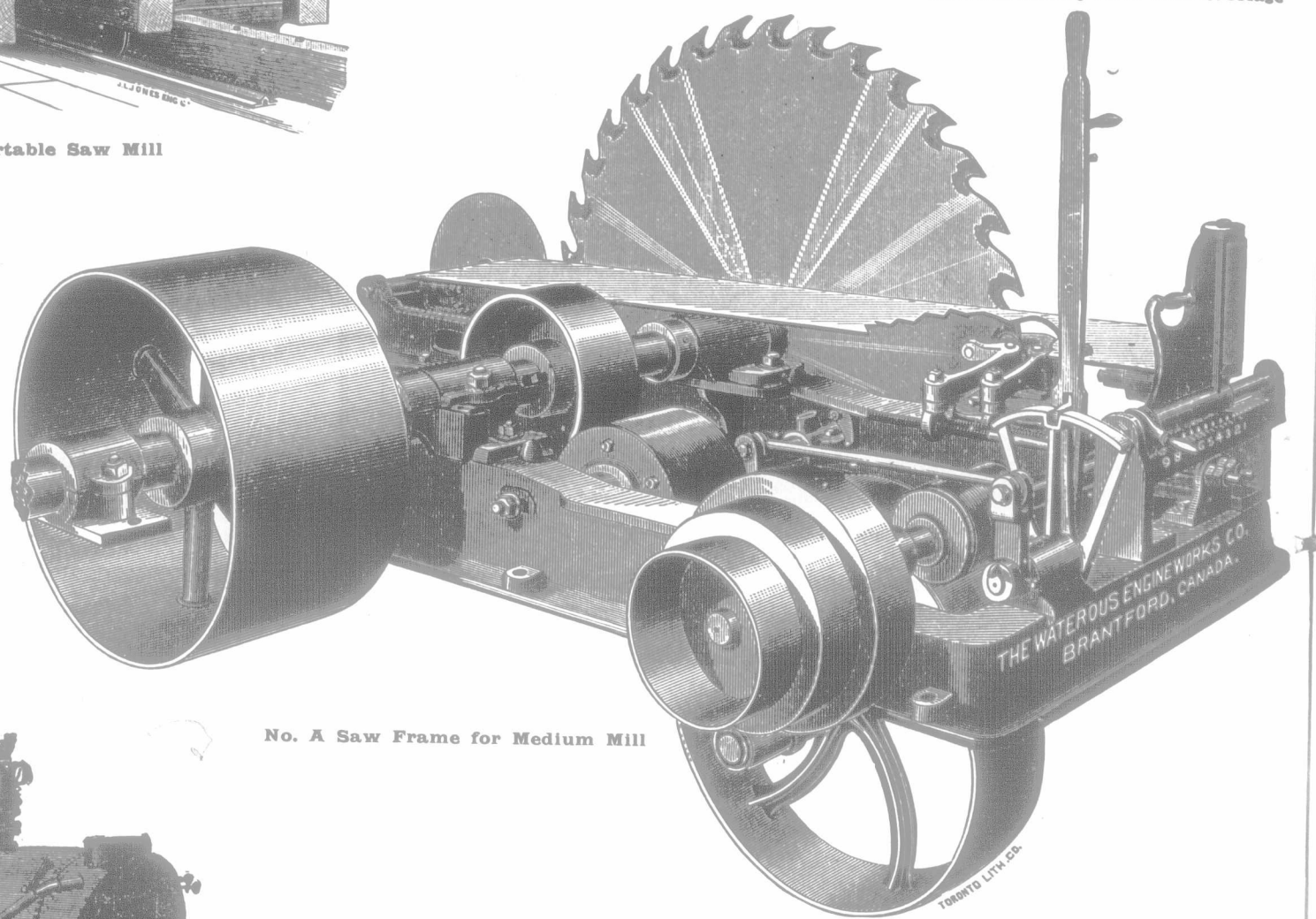
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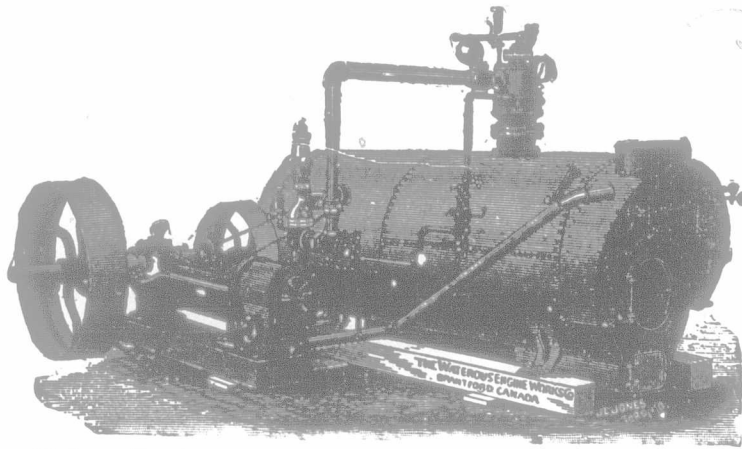
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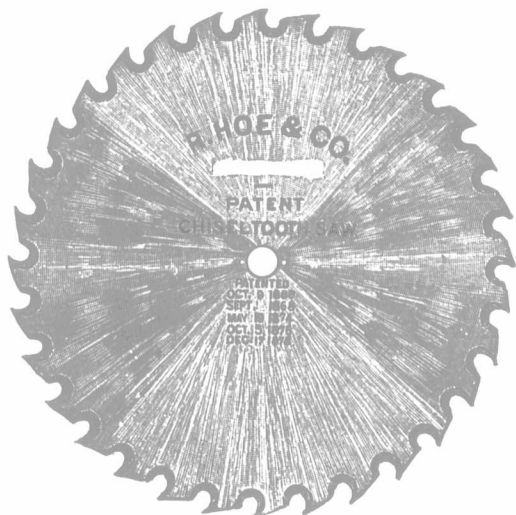


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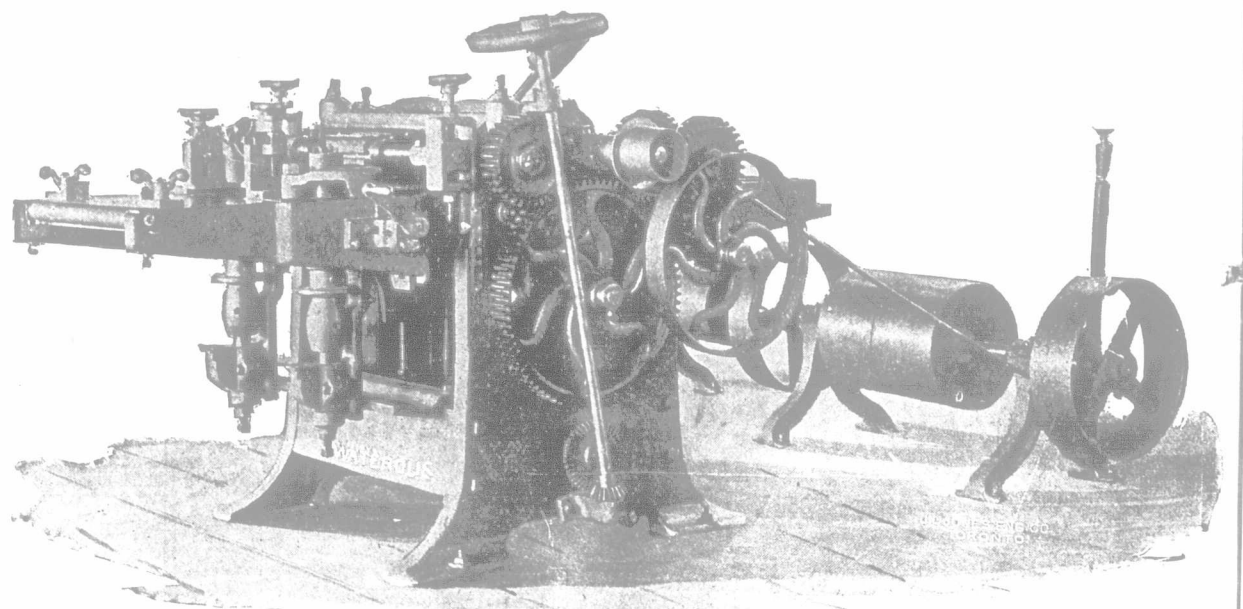


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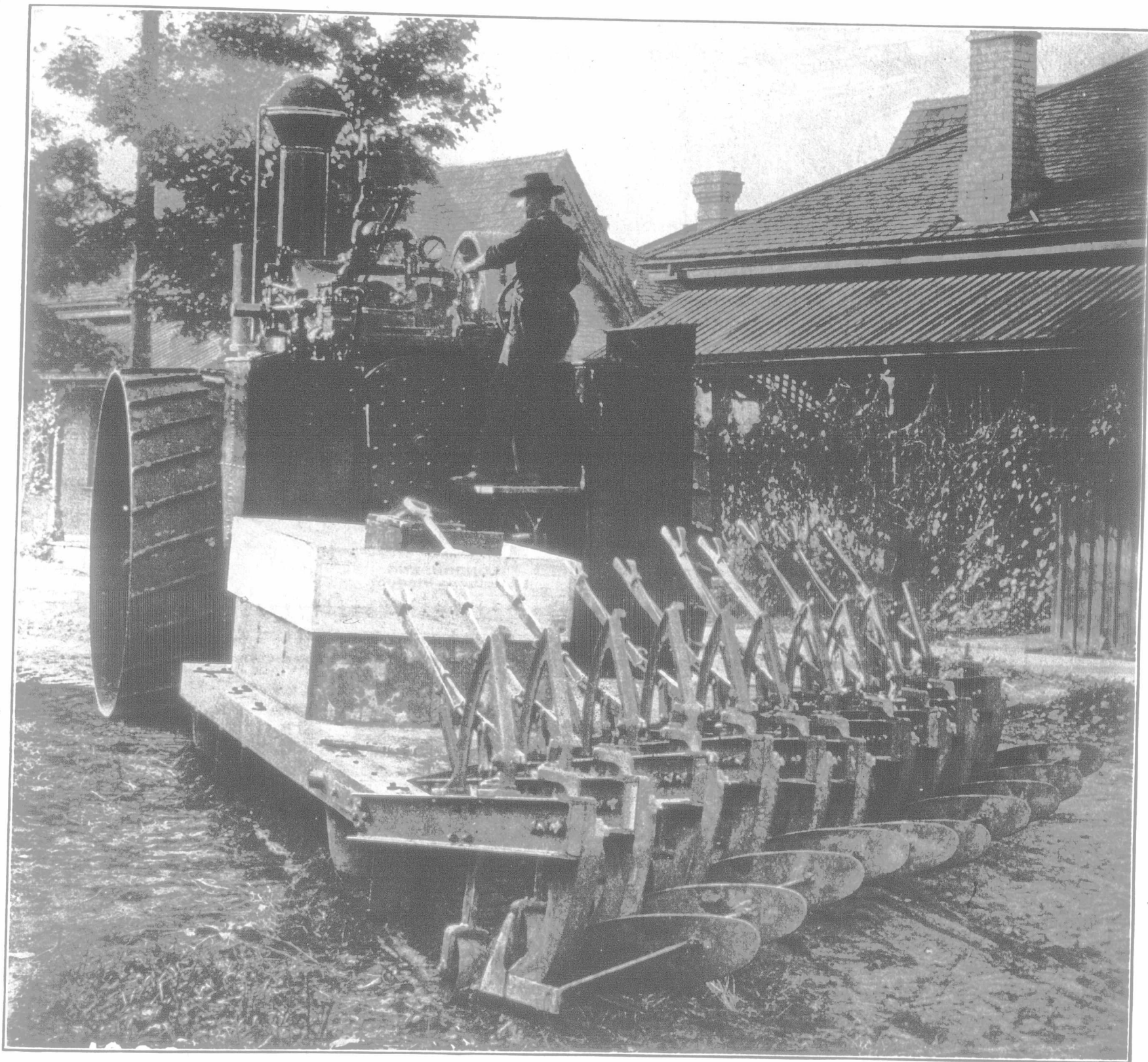
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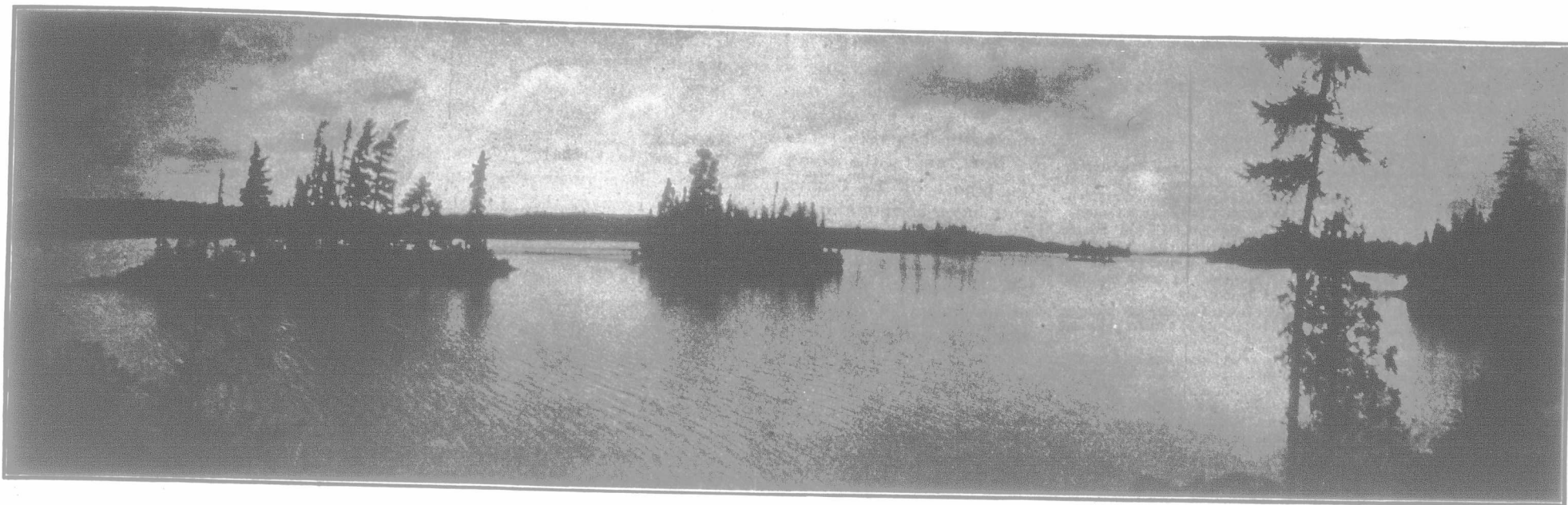
THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE

AND HOME MAGAZINE

* AGRICULTURE, STOCK, DAIRY, POULTRY, HORTICULTURE, VETERINARY, HOME CIRCLE. *

VOL. XL. REGISTERED IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE COPYRIGHT ACT OF 1875. NO. 690.

WINNIPEG, MAN. DECEMBER 13, 1905. LONDON, ONT.



Proposed Georgian Bay Canal, Canada's New Waterway

Special correspondence "The Farmer's Advocate."

The recent congestion of the grain traffic at Georgian Bay ports and the apparent inability of the railways to handle the traffic offered to them by upper-lake steamers in a reasonable time has been a source of much anxiety to everyone interested in the progress and prosperity of Canada. We are but at the beginning of the development of the Northwest, yet here we have the assertion made that unless speedy means are provided to prevent a recurrence of the vexatious delays in unloading grain vessels at Midland and Parry Sound, there will be great loss to the farmers of the West and incidental injury to all the allied interests. The fact is strikingly sent home to us by the statements of Mr. McLaren, M. P. for North Perth, who has just returned from a trip to the Northwest extending over the harvest months. Mr. McLaren is not generally over-optimistic in his views regarding Canada's advancement, but he is so struck with the progress of the Northwest that he asserts we may look next year for an increase in the wheat crop of the country to the extent of forty per cent. over the present year. The problem will be how to market it so as to secure for the grower a fair return for his labor. It is apparent that the present facilities for handling the crop are defective when Georgian Bay is reached. The trouble is to provide means to take the grain from the Bay to the seaboard. We will have the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway by and bye. It will give much help in the solution of the transportation problem; but it is quite evident that this is not all that is required. Indeed, the first effect of the construction of its branch to the head of the system of inland navigation at Fort William will be to vastly aid in increasing the traffic by rail to the head of Lake Superior, which will in turn add to the freight requiring to be handled at lower Georgian Bay ports, en route to the seaboard. We may expect the railway companies to continue

their efforts to provide cars for conveying the grain from Midland, Parry Sound and other ports to the ocean steamship; but there is a limit to what railway men will be inclined to do in this respect; we cannot expect the railway managers to go on providing an indefinite quantity of rolling stock for use during a comparatively short season, to be laid up the remainder of the year.

There are many who believe that only by the construction of a waterway connecting Lake Huron with the St. Lawrence via the Ottawa River can the reasonable prosperity of Northwestern Canada be fully assured, and we await the report of the experts who have been surveying the proposed route of the Montreal, Ottawa and Georgian Bay Canal with a more than passing interest. This is likely to be presented to Parliament at its ensuing session, and much may depend upon the results that have been ascertained.

It is intended that this new waterway shall extend from the mouth of the Ottawa River near Montreal to the Georgian Bay. Unlike the system of canals that connect the inland lakes on the borders of the United States, it will be an all-Canadian canal, from the Great Lakes to Atlantic tide-water. It will extend up the Ottawa River to the mouth of the Mattawa, and from thence by the last-named stream to a chain of small lakes on "the height of land," through which it will go to Lake Nipissing, which it will enter at the now prosperous town of North Bay. From the south-west corner of Lake Nipissing the canal will proceed by way of French River, at the mouth of which it will enter Georgian Bay.

Some doubts have been raised as to the feasibility of this great waterway. But from the day—sixty years since—when the Duke of Wellington first proposed the construction of the canal, to the present, eminent engineers who have looked into the scheme have been unanimous in their declaration that there are no undue obstacles in

the way. Marcus Smith, the eminent civil engineer, has declared that there is no physical difficulty in the way. Mr. Wicksted, C. E., considers the conditions most favorable. The water supply, he says, is ample, and the facilities for constructing locks are phenomenal. A. M. Wellington, another authority, says: "The finest place upon the globe for a deep-water canal is the Ottawa River route." Andrew Bell, C. E., asserts that "there probably is no river on this continent from which so large an available amount of power can be obtained. The falls and rapids are distributed in such a manner that it is possible to make use of a very large percentage of the power. Walter Shanly, C. E., believes that with the waterway established the Ottawa Valley might become the greatest milling country in the world. Sir William Van Horne maintains that the construction of the waterway should be of great benefit to the general trade and commerce of the country. And Mr. Higman, Dominion Electrician, says: "The power that could be used for electrical purposes is infinitely superior to Niagara for the reason that the power at Niagara is confined to a radius of, say, 40 miles, and the Ottawa River affords power along four hundred miles at convenient distances. The electric power could be used as fuel for the smelting of iron, and the country all along the route abounds with iron; it could be used for railway purposes, for canal purposes, and an endless variety of purposes. The generating stations would occur at such convenient intervals that they would only stretch from thirty to forty miles either way, so that there would be a continuous current right along the whole route." The editor of the New York Engineering News speaks of the proposed canal as being on a route provided through Canadian territory for American commerce. Nor have statesmen been backward in recognizing the importance of the proposed great waterway. Sir John Macdonald as well as Sir Wilfrid Laurier have both looked with favor on the proposition, and the late Hon. Alex.

THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE AND HOME MAGAZINE.

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Mackenzie, shrewd mechanic as he was, said: "I am certainly satisfied that the Ottawa Valley presents the greatest facilities of any route upon the continent for the transportation of the products of the Northwest to the Atlantic Ocean."

The first effect of the opening of this new waterway would be to greatly shorten the water distance from the west and north-west, and from such lake ports as Chicago, Milwaukee, Duluth and Sault Ste Marie, very considerably, so that produce going by it from say Fort William or Chicago to Liverpool or Bristol would have the advantage of a route some 1,000 miles shorter than any via New York. When the matter was before the Canadian Senate in 1898 figures were presented showing that by this route produce would get to the Atlantic tide-water from the Great Lakes 75 hours quicker than via the Welland Canal and the St. Lawrence. This means a saving of over three days in inland navigation each way, and is applicable to the commerce of over 2,250,000 square miles of North America.

The great point for the farmer is, of course, to have his produce carried to the market cheaply, as well as expeditiously. On this point we have some valuable information from Mr. T. C. Clarke, consulting engineer, who goes into details to show that by way of the proposed Ottawa and Georgian Bay Canal wheat would be carried from Chicago to Montreal at a total cost of 2½ cents per bushel, which, he adds, is far below the cost of any existing route; indeed, less than one-half the estimated charge by the New York route after the Erie Canal is deepened. If the carriage of wheat could be so lowered from Chicago, it follows that our ever-increasing wheat crop from the Northwest, and other heavy

freight both east and west, could be carried to corresponding advantage. Your readers do not need to be informed of the enormous benefit that comes to the public from the presence of waterways in a country. It was long since proved that the Great Lakes that lie between Canada and the United States are the most powerful regulators of railway rates that can be conceived. Mr. Fink, for instance, points out that a few sailing vessels at Chicago, in connection with a few canal boats on the Erie Canal, have been able, during the season of navigation, to fix the rates for the transportation of grain from Chicago to New York. Similarly, in Canada, we have experienced great and abiding benefits from the water carriage of freight. The construction of the proposed new canal would be but an addition to the facilities already afforded, and if it could be provided for a reasonable expenditure, and its advantages were as here set forth, it would be an exceedingly good thing to have at the earliest possible time.

Now, as to the cost. We will not anticipate the report of the Canadian Government engineers who have been making a thorough survey of the route for the guidance of Parliament. But it is interesting to note the expert evidence given before the Senate Committee on this point. It has to be borne in mind that the distance between Montreal and the terminus of the new waterway at the mouth of the French River, on Georgian Bay, is some 430 miles. Of this distance, some 351 miles are already a perfect natural navigation, and require little, if any, improvement, and the engineers report that it is entirely practicable so to improve the remaining 79 miles as to convert the whole chain of waters into first-class navigation for steam vessels, and to reduce the length of canalling to about twenty miles. One engineer estimates that this could be done for \$17,000,000, and another says it would require \$25,000,000 to complete the canal and provide the necessary elevator and other terminal facilities. It is understood at Ottawa that British moneyed men were ready to raise the capital a number of years ago, on condition that the Government guaranteed the bonds for twenty years, paying between \$800,000 and \$1,000,000 a year for this purpose, and the leading member of a great firm of British engineers and builders came to Canada and undertook to aid in raising the money required, and to complete the works in four or five years, on the conditions suggested, it being understood that the canal would be fourteen feet deep. But, though the Senate Committee reported in favor of the scheme, and the Senate unanimously endorsed the report, nothing further was done by Parliament till last session when the Minister of Public Works agreed to have the new and exhaustive survey undertaken which has been progressing all summer.

The engineers tell us there is plenty of water for a fourteen-foot canal, that the engineering dif-

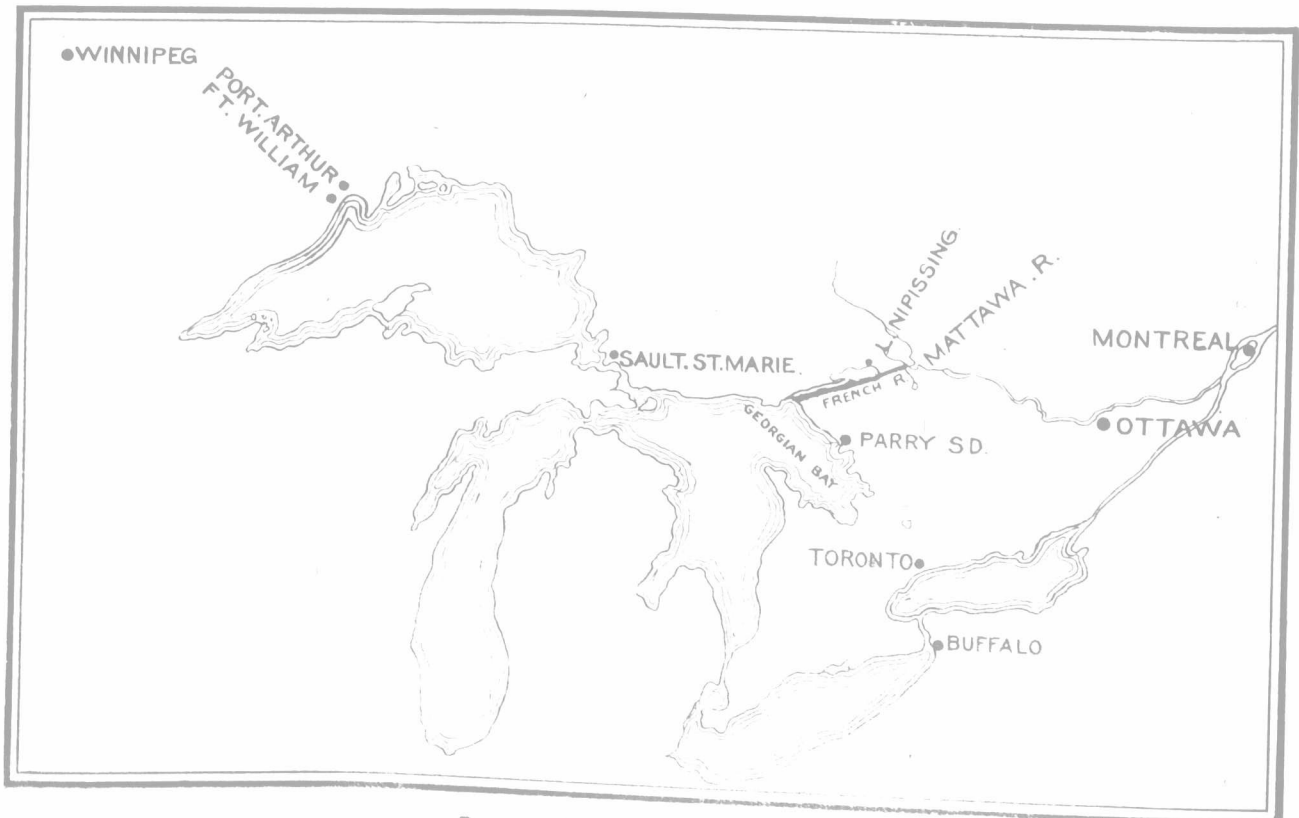
ficulties are not very great, that the waterway is already by nature nearly all that it ought to be, and so it resolves itself into the price the taxpayers will have to give for the capital necessary to provide this splendid new waterway, with all its attendant advantages for the production of that great desideratum and modern motive power—electrical energy. We have been spending money freely for the development of our country—some say too freely. But if money is spent in such a way as to vastly lower the cost of carrying our products and what we have to buy in exchange, a liberal expenditure is wise economy.

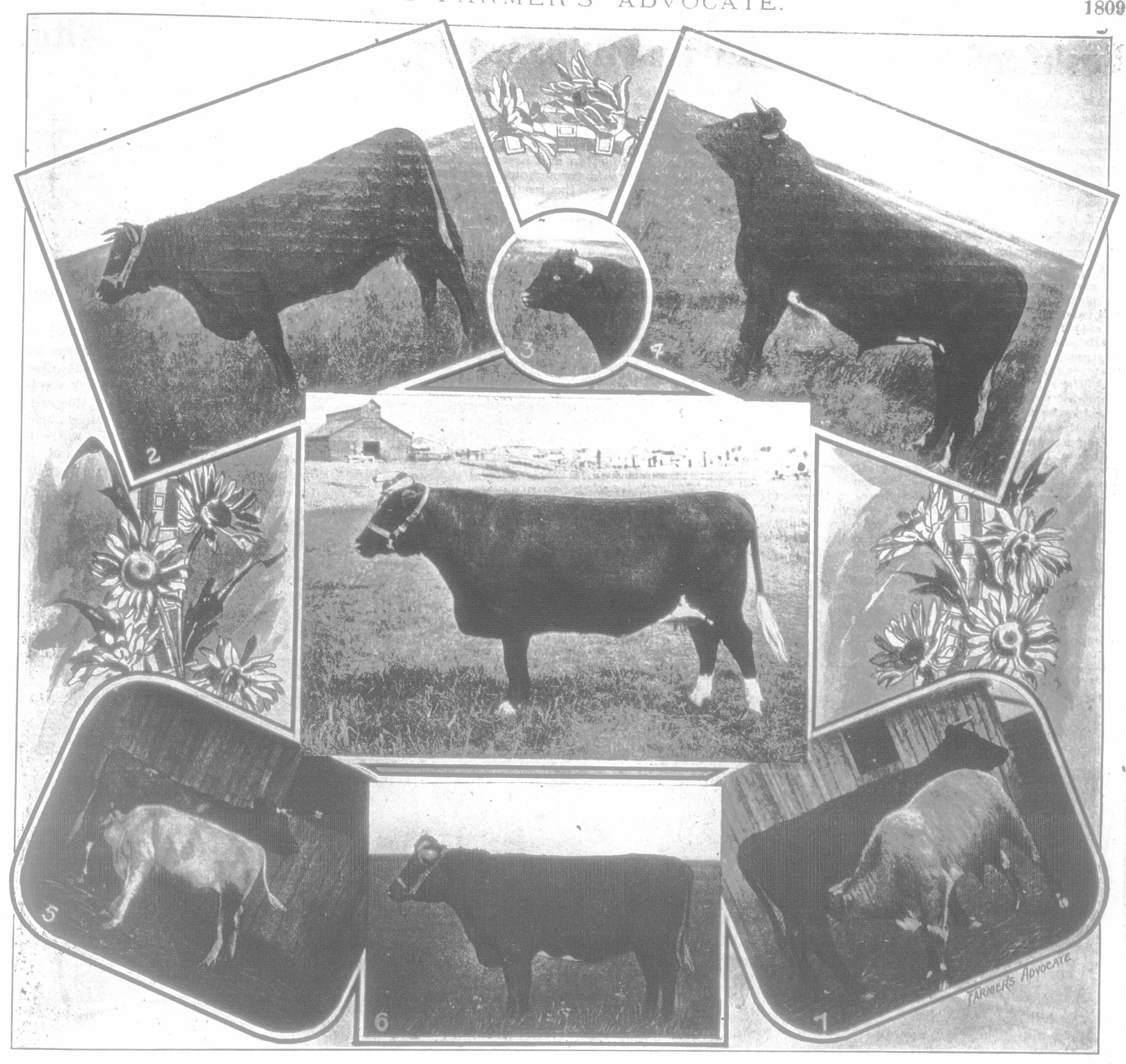
Some peoples, like our neighbors to the south, have a large national indebtedness as a consequence of warfare. We believe in an indebtedness, if we must have it, for the peaceful development and upbuilding of our industries, trade and commerce, and if it will compensate the country to provide the Georgian Bay Canal, it ought to be provided, but we must first be well assured about the cost. The people of New York State are spending \$100,000,000 to improve the Erie Canal, so strenuous is their effort to divert the carrying trade of the West and Northwest to the port of New York. Can Canada afford to leave unprovided a waterway that will, more than any other agency, enable her to hold her own in the carrying trade of North America? is the query propounded to us by those who favor this new and short water route to the Atlantic.

If it is resolved that the new waterway is a necessity, the question of who shall build it and who control it will at once come up. Eminent engineers have readily expressed the conviction that if built by private enterprise alone, the canal could be made profitable to the promoters. But there have been many, indeed, who believe that this waterway—the gateway of continental commerce—should be constructed and controlled by the National Government and held in trust for the benefit of the whole Dominion. In this we fully agree.

We have endeavored to set forth the merits of the proposed new artery of continental commerce, which has the recommendation of being one entirely through Canadian territory, and to be unrivalled in point of directness of route to and from the great wheat fields of the West and Northwest, in plain and unvarnished fashion. When the Government engineers have made a thorough and complete report to Parliament, which they are now compiling, the time will have come to give the subject the fullest consideration on the lines indicated. With the development of the Northwest proceeding at its present rate, there will be abundance of traffic not only for this new waterway, but for all the rival routes, whether by rail or water. But if the eminent engineers whose opinions we have quoted know their business, the Georgian Bay Canal will have an enormous advantage over them all.

J. D. C.





Some of the Shorthorns on Ramsay's Ranch. Property of John Ramsay, Priddis, Alta.

Ramsay's Ranch, where Shorthorns are Bred.

South-west of Calgary, out across the Sarcey reserve, is Priddis, and not far from Priddis is the home of John Ramsay, well known to the cattlemen of Alberta as a prominent exhibitor, breeder and importer of pure-bred Shorthorn cattle. Ramsay is a Scot, with all the Scotchman's pride in good stock, and all of the ability of that race in the skillful handling of a well-bred herd. Carefully and persistently he has bred along a definite line, until his herd is now built up to an exceedingly high standard, as has been seen by the record of the herd at the leading shows.

The head of the herd was, until a few weeks ago, a bull named "Remus," bred by Goodfellow Bros., Macville, Ont. He was got by Shining Light, out of Gipsy Maid, a winner at the Eastern shows, taking prizes at both Toronto and Ottawa. "Remus" has lately passed from Mr. Ramsay's hands, and is now the property of Mr. Ford, whose farm is a few miles from his. As the future head of the herd Mr. Ramsay has obtained for the sum of five hundred dollars the imported roan, Scotch-bred, three-year-old bull, Lucerne =50053=, recently disposed of at the dispersion Shorthorn sale of W. D. Flatt's herd, at Hamilton, Ont. Lucerne belongs to the Duke of Richmond's favorite Lustrre family, and is a son of the Duthie-bred Cyprus, by William of Orange. With this animal at the head of his herd, Mr. Ramsay will be prepared to give all comers a run for their money.

Another good bull of this herd is Royal Morn-

ing, a two-year-old bred by Arthur Johnston. He is the get of Royal Edward, dam Morning Glory. In color, he is a red, with a few touches of white, and is a straight-lined, well-built chap that gives every promise of developing into something pretty good.

Among the cows, an outstanding winner is Howard's Queen 2nd. She won the red in the three-year-old class at the summer show in Calgary, and was indeed worthy of the prize. She was bred by E. J. Wilson, Ridgetown, Ont., and is by Aberdeen Hero =28850=. Mr. Ramsay obtained her from W. D. Flatt about two years ago. As will be seen by our illustration, she is a cow of rare substance and quality, and a worthy matron for any herd.

The two-year-old heifer, Lady Riverside 59th, is another animal worthy of more than passing mention. She is a strong-constituted, well-bred animal, with good substance, and gives promise of proving an A 1 breeding animal. She was bred by W. H. Smith; sire Midshipmite =24691=; dam Myrtle Red Rose =33650=. We predict for this animal a career of usefulness on the Ramsay ranch. This heifer and the cow previously spoken of are typical examples of Mr. Ramsay's stock, and show clearly the line of his work in the development of a strong herd of Alberta Shorthorns.

Among the younger stock might be mentioned Village Jeannie, a yearling heifer of undoubted merit. She was bred by that noted Ontario

breeder and importer, Hon. W. C. Edwards, of Rockland, and was purchased by Mr. Ramsay from Mr. W. D. Flatt about one year ago. Her sire is Village-Champion, and her dam is Jeannie of Pine Grove. Although only taken off the range, and, therefore, not in show shape when the "Farmer's Advocate" field man last saw her, she gave every promise of developing into a future money-maker for her owner.

Other glimpses caught at the ranch, show Victoria and calf, and also Tennis and her calf. Altogether, Mr. Ramsay has about thirty-five head of pure-breds—a good sound, useful lot in every way, and under his care they are bound to show their worth, both as breeding and show-yard animals.

The buildings are plain, but comfortable. Nestling at the foot of a slight hill, protected from the cold winds, with a never-failing stream within a few rods of the barns, the place possesses many advantages of situation and convenience. Long may the sunshine of prosperity rest on Ramsay and his work. He is taking risks on importations, spending money and time, and the work and time and money are well spent in the building up of the live-stock interests of the Province of Alberta. May that honesty and integrity of purpose which has always been characteristic of Mr. Ramsay's dealings be the means of increasing his already large business, and may his skill and experience guide him in the development of one of Alberta's strongest herds of pure-bred stock.

Rushford Ranch: Shorthorn Breeding near Calgary, Alta.

This is Rushford Ranch, and nature made no mistake when that stretch of land was first laid out for a ranch. It is, indeed, a beautiful valley, parked with clumps of trees affording shade and shelter, with ample grain fields, and rich meadow and pasture lands; surely this is the cattleman's ideal—the home and breeding-ground for pure-bred stock of surpassing quality. Near the bottom of the valley lie the buildings and corrals—comfortable, trim and neat, for Mr. R. K. Bennet, the proprietor, is a carpenter himself, and everything shows the touch of neatness. The place is named after the home in the Old Land, and the well-built stacks and general park-like aspect of things conveys the same impression. This is the home of the Shorthorn, for Mr. Bennet stands by that breed, and is very well known as an exhibitor at our leading shows. Trout Creek Hero is the present head of the herd and the sire of most of the young stock, and if we may judge by the appearance of the youngsters on this ranch, the old Trout, as Mr. Bennet calls him, is proving a valuable sire.

Among the females, one of the most striking features is a group of three strong, straight-lined, deep-made, well-balanced roans. When the "Farmer's Advocate" camera caught these cattle they were not in show-yard condition; they were just from the range, but as a strong, even, well-built, breedy-looking lot they would be hard to beat. In the illustration, beginning from the left, stands Miss Clare, got by Golden Crown =15534=, dam Lady Clare =15850=, by British Sovereign. The center figure of the group is Janetta 2nd, got by Lovely Prince =32949=, dam Canada Janetta; and on the right is Olive Wenlock 2nd, an imported cow, bred by Robt. Menzies, of Aber-

fely, Scotland. Her sire is Major of Sanquhar (74988), and her dam is Olive Wenlock. She is a splendid breeder, and the mother of some A 1 young stock at present on the ranch. The whole group is a utility-bred bunch, and show the influence of steady selection and breeding along one definite line. There is throughout a similarity of conformation and type, the result of bending effort toward a definite point.

In another group is to be seen Olive Wenlock 2nd and her white bull calf, a son of Trout Creek Hero. This is a fine mossy-coated, well-fleshed youngster, but he sulked under the gaze of the camera, and refused to stand up and show all that is really in him. He was a mighty close second in his class at the Calgary show last year.

Our third group represents Miss Cicely, a Platt-bred heifer, out of Miss Clare, by Trout Creek Hero, and her splendid red calf, Miss Constance, by Loyalty (imp.) (40437). This bull, whose photo has appeared in previous issues of the "Farmer's Advocate," is also the sire of several of the young things at present for sale at Rushford Ranch.

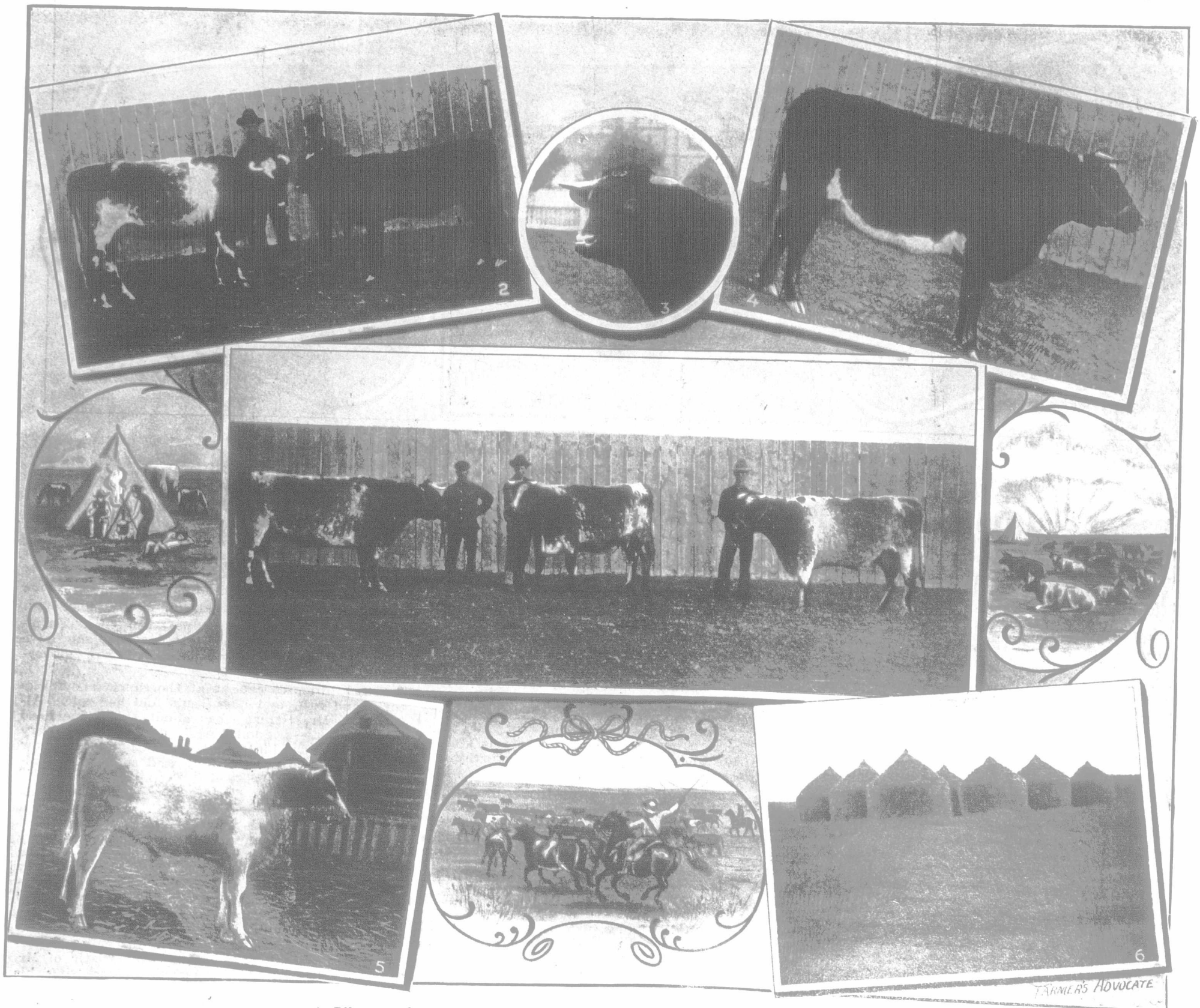
Last in our illustration comes Carnation 6th (imp.), a low-down, strong heifer of excellent quality. Among the other animals on the ranch, Queen Mary, bred by J. Snell, of Clinton, Ont., should not go without mention. She is a particularly sweet-looking heifer, and unless we greatly mistake, will prove her worth in field and show before many years have passed. Altogether, the herd comprises about forty head, and when grazing in the knee-deep pastures of the Rushford lowlands are a sight well worth seeing.

The mainstay of the feeding is oat sheaves, cut green and properly cured, and a patch of turnips adds succulence to the ration.

Rushford Ranch is a well-managed place; it is yielding good returns to its owner, and is also a benefit to the surrounding country. The building up of our live-stock interests depends on the untiring efforts made to improve the breeding stock of our country, and for this work the ranchers and stockmen of the district owe a debt of gratitude to our breeders of pure-bred stock. Stock-breeding is the coming industry of this Province; it will show great development during the next few years, and illustrations such as here presented show the present standing of the industry in this country.

New Building Erected by "The Farmer's Advocate," Ltd., Winnipeg.

As a feature of the present Christmas Number of "The Farmer's Advocate and Home Magazine," we are pleased to give our readers, on the front cover page, a glimpse of the new building erected this season in the business heart of this city. The structure is of stone and pressed brick, substantially built throughout, the walls being over two feet thick at the foot, and the foundations about five feet wide, with four-inch flooring throughout, fireproof glass on the side and rear, and fireproof doors to stairways and elevator shaft. Beginning with the new year the paper will be known as "The Farmer's Advocate and Home Journal," and will be printed in and issued from its new home on Donald street, which is being equipped in a manner befitting the growing demands of the agricultural and business interests of Western Canada.



A Glimpse of Rushford Ranch. Property of R. K. Bennet, Calgary, Alta.

Prospects of the Live-stock Industry in Canada.

By Hon. John Dryden.

Within the last fifteen years, and especially the last ten, Canada has made rapid strides in the development of agriculture. Better educational methods have been devised, carrying to the remotest parts, not only "theories" in agricultural work, but what has proven to be the "best practice."

In the prosecution of this industry, the practical, or "HOW to do," is valued much more than the theoretical, or "WHY it is so." In the first case, the added knowledge produces results at once in "dollars and cents," while a study of the theory, at best, can only gratify the student mind.

In live stock, especially, this knowledge has been disseminated east and west, north and south. How to select, how to feed, how to judge the best, have been proclaimed from the house-tops, first through journals devoted to this industry, and, in addition, great classes of men—young and old—have been taught at conventions, institutes, colleges and fairs. The result is an added and growing interest in live stock generally. An ever-increasing number are engaging in it, putting into actual practice the information received. This, we believe, is true of every Province in the Dominion. It is certainly true of Ontario and the Provinces by the sea, as well as in the Far West. In both cases conditions are changing, and as the original vegetable matter of the virgin soil is taken out, live animals are introduced to recover it. In our Northwest Territories, before the plow was seen at all, large tracts of country had been devoted to this industry: cattle, sheep and horses have been and are now grown on the open prairie without shelter. It will not be claimed that this is the best way, but when land is abundant and settlers few, it sometimes yields large profits. But conditions are rapidly changing. The "Far West" cry is carrying in thousands from all parts of the world. These demand land for a home. The rancher is thus gradually pushed beyond, so that where his cattle a few years since grazed peacefully without molestation, waving fields of grain, with the attendant cry of the locomotive, proclaim his retirement. Soon—very soon—he will be crowded to the mountains, but the live stock will not decrease. On the contrary, a great increase will, ere many years go by, be seen everywhere. The cultivated farms will take the place of the ranch; the number of cattle will increase; the quality will also improve. The education being given everywhere will multiply in force as it passes from father to son, comrade to comrade, man to man. Undoubtedly, the greatest impetus comes from satisfactory returns. The breeders of horses have already reached that point. The infilling of the new country with settlers, with only a small percentage bringing with them the live stock necessary as a foundation, will increase the local demand considerably for some time to come. But, in addition to that, the railway construction to be prosecuted for the next five years in that vast country must, of necessity, add further to the local demand for fresh meats as well as for working horses. Where such demand exists, there will always be the effort to supply it. The difficulty

in this case will be the fact that horses, and cattle too, take years to mature. The farmers in the West will do well to start now to meet this certain demand. It is altogether probable that everything, good and bad, will be brought into use; but let the producer beware. In the end, only the best will be acceptable, while the inferior will surely go a-begging. If I could rule arbitrarily in this matter, I would have every inferior mare worn out in railroad building, leaving only the best to be mothers of a better class. I would send every inferior heifer to feed the hungry navy, leaving only the select to become

of the ground. Let the NUMBER be less, if, by reduction, we can increase the value in dollars. I would not like to say that the true stockman does not find much satisfaction in the impressions he receives as he looks on his superior animals; but, after all, does not the satisfaction largely come from the fact that such animals are worth more in dollars and cents?

I hope our Western cattlemen will rapidly look away from mere numbers and devote their attention to better average quality. Then they will be ready for any market at home or abroad. Let me express another wish, that the dairy and beef breeds be kept apart. In Ontario we have suffered much in real deterioration because, when there was small demand for beef, dairy bulls were introduced with a view to increase the value of the milk and butter. Ever since, the crosses as steers find their way to the beef markets, until our country, the best in the world for beef production, has almost entirely lost its old-time reputation. It is a mistake which takes years to rectify. Let the Far West take warning. The product of any of our dairy breeds is not beef, but milk, butter and cheese. Keep them to that and no harm can come. The mixing where beef is one of the principal products is a great mistake. Breeds of sheep and pigs will sometimes mix with good results, but horses and cattle of different breeds should be kept separate for best results.

A new outlook appears now for the first time for the stockman, in the demand soon to come from Japan for foundation stock of different kinds. Already there are known to the writer Japanese young men of the best families taking the place of servants on some of our best stock farms in Canada, that they may personally learn the business with a view of starting operations in the home land. This is the way success so marvellous has been achieved in the army and navy of Japan. All honor to those who are willing to start thus at the bottom! We shall treat them kindly, and some day all our spare stock and animal products will not move eastward to the mighty British market, but an increasing volume will find its way across the sea to their own country in the Orient. From that day they will be for many years our best customers for breeding stock.

Let our stockmen take courage and keep the ideals high. The best is always sought for. Let the number decrease, if only the quality of the remainder shall improve; let real utility be always foremost; let every fad or prejudice be cast aside, and our motto always be "BEST" in form, in construction, in quality, and we shall successfully face the world's competition. We have the soil, the climate, and the men, and the achievements of the past in live-stock husbandry are the promise of a still more splendid future.

We search the world for truth; we cull
The good, the pure, the beautiful
From graven stone and written scroll,
From all old flower fields of the soul;
And, weary seekers of the best,
We come back laden from our quest,
To find that all the sages said
Is in the Book our mothers read.

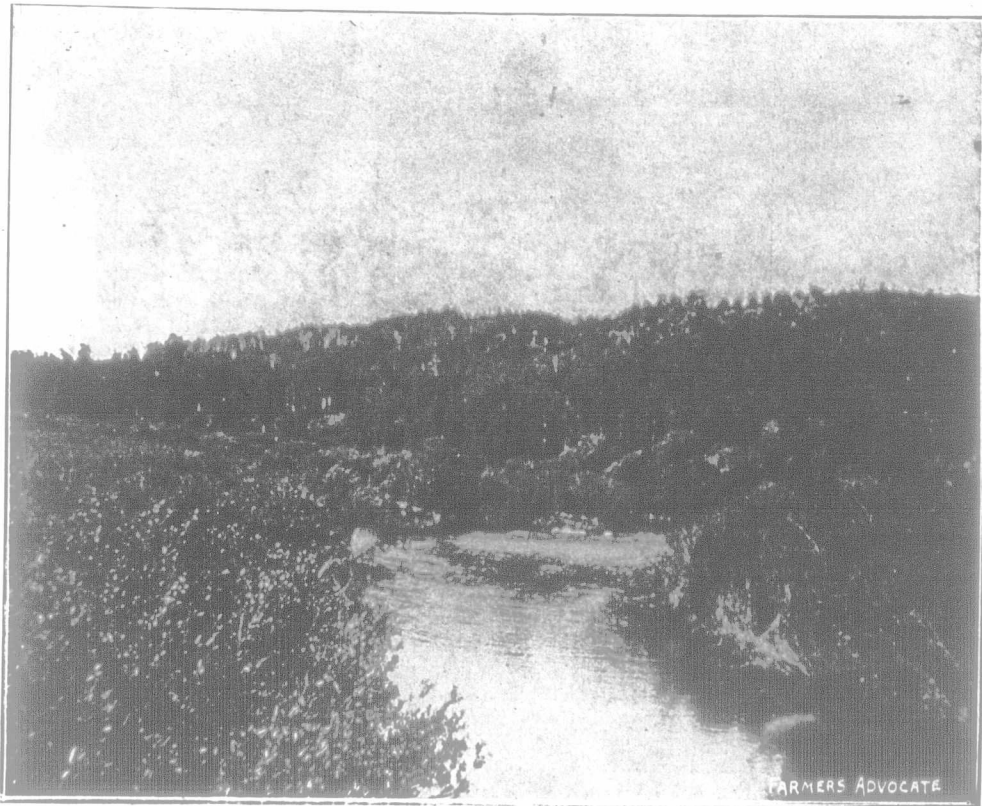


Photo by Jas. Fenton, Solsgrith. A Manitoba River.

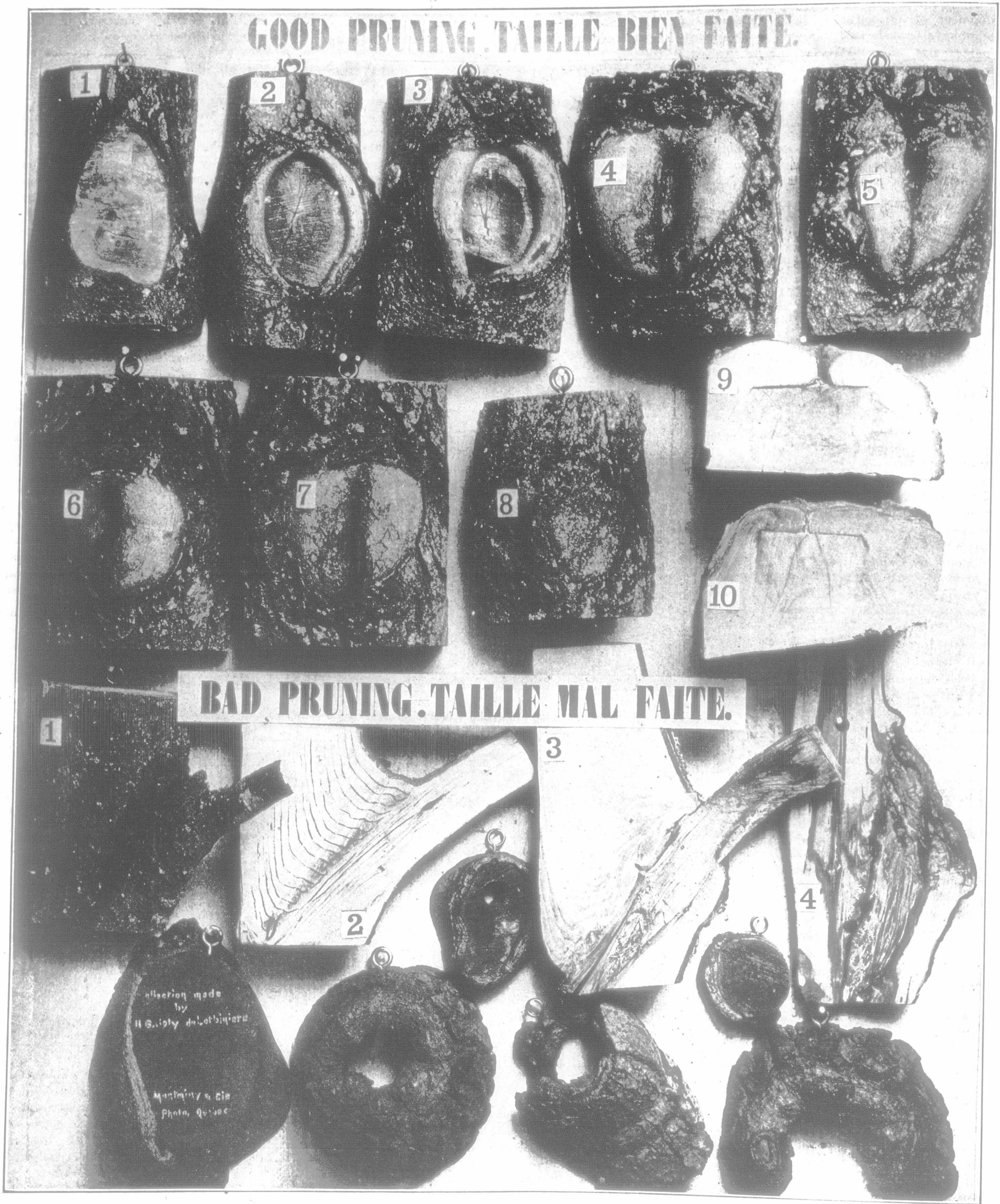


Photo by Jas. Fenton. A Favorite Drive near Birtle, Man.

the foundation of the supply of the future, which must come into open competition with the food supply of other countries.

When that time comes, cattle and horses, fewer in number but better in quality, will bring the best returns. It seems that some producers delight only in numbers. To count ONE MORE is the chief thing with them. This additional ONE may be useless, either for milk or beef; it may tend, inevitably, to the degradation of the herd, but it is ONE more—let it alone. False doctrine, surely. Whatever comes, let there be no reproduction of such animals; they are cumberers

A Practical Demonstration of Methods of Pruning Trees.



When it is clear that a branch will have to be removed sooner or later, better remove it sooner, before it gets too big; the injury to the tree will be less. Paint over the wound.

A glance at the specimens of pruning shown with this will leave no doubt as to the evil results of careless pruning, of which we see so many examples in our daily walks, and it will show at the same time how to avoid such evil results.

It will be seen by sample marked No. 1, that the branch starts from near the heart of the tree.

Instead of cutting off the branch close to the trunk of the tree, so as to give nature the opportunity for covering safely the wound (as the samples produced with this show that it can do),

if part of the branch (a stump) is left outside the tree, it dies and will soon begin to decay, under the influence of the weather, and gradually fall off, leaving an opening in the side of the tree. Through that opening the interior of the tree becomes exposed to the same injurious influence as that which destroyed the stump left outside the tree, and with the same results.

Number eleven in the specimens of defective pruning shows how decay resulting from defective pruning has continued in that part of the branch inside the tree, and how it has been arrested.

In this case the decaying stump must have been sawn off close to the tree before it had quite fallen off, otherwise a hole would have been

left in the side of the tree through which its heart would have been reached, with the unavoidable fatal result. The new bark was able to cover the wound so as to keep out the cause of further decay.

But close pruning, applied in time, is the only safe method. In this particular case we can learn its value. Though it was resorted to too late to prevent the decay from entering the tree, it stopped it before it could penetrate deep enough to cause the death of the tree.

HUNTER, DEAN, DE LOTBINIERE.
Montreal, Que.

...is made from a

photo of an exhibit put up under Sir Henri Joly de Lotbiniere's direction. Sir Henri, the present Lieutenant-Governor of British Columbia, has always taken a great interest in horticulture, and related to the writer how, on returning one time to his estate, in the seigniory of Lotbiniere, Quebec, he found his workmen pruning the trees after the wrong method; he corrected them, and had the other trees pruned in the proper way. Some years afterwards, noting the results of the good and bad methods of pruning on the several trees, he had these trees cut down and an exhibit prepared, from a photo of which our illustration is made. We have not seen a more practical illustration at any of the agricultural colleges we have had the good fortune to attend or visit.—Ed.]

A large party of North Dakota young men were in town yesterday on their way to Humbolt, Sask., to purchase land. There were 78 men.—[Star.]

Co-operation and the Creamery Business.

The annual report of the Dairy Commissioner for 1904 shows that the average cost of manufacturing a pound of butter at the Territorial creameries during that season amounted to 3.61 cents per pound, and at the five largest creameries the cost was only 2.66 cents per pound. It is a notorious fact that the cost of running a Government institution is usually more than the cost of the same institution under private management, and yet we must admit that this method compares rather favorably with private or company ownership where the maker gets 4 cents per pound, plus the overrun. During the next few years there will, no doubt, be a large number of new creameries started in the Western Provinces,

and the farmers will, in a majority of cases, find it to their interest to build and equip these factories themselves. This method has been very successful in the dairy Provinces of the East, and should prove equally advantageous here. In many cases speculators start factories or creameries, run them for a season, and then sell out, thus pocketing a comfortable rake-off which should really belong to the farmers. Details of the cost of construction and equipment of creameries can be obtained from the Commissioner's Branch of the Department of Agriculture, and the farmers should realize the importance of co-operation in the development of the dairy industry, and thus try, by united effort, to eliminate the middleman and make the best of the opportunity for themselves.

The Popular Equestrian Game of Polo.

In the foothill country this side of the Rocky Mountains, polo is no less a popular game than is poker in the mining and logging camps farther west. By this comparison we do not wish to infer any similarity in the methods of play between polo and poker. There is no more resemblance between them than between the dim, reeking shanties where the one holds sway and the broad, level sward under heaven's own blue which invites the devotees of the other. Polo is most largely played by the rich of the cities, but in the foothill country of Alberta are to be found some of the best teams on the continent, comprised of men who take practically all their recreation in the saddle. Polo is essentially a game for the equestrian. It is a game in which the speed, quickness and endurance of the pony, and the skill and alertness of the rider, must mutually combine to accomplish a certain purpose, namely, to drive a ball about three inches in diameter between two goal posts, where an equal number of players are endeavoring to effect the very opposite result.

Polo is played on a grass field 900 feet in length and 500 feet in width. Four men compose a team, and an enthusiastic polo player will often have from two to eight ponies, and is at liberty to change mounts at any period of the game. It is doubtful if there is any work to which horses are put that is more strenuous than polo playing. A trotter in a race exerts himself to do a mile, and is then given a long rest. A Thoroughbred is run from one half to four miles—the latter of great exception. A steeplechaser never carries more than 170 pounds, and the minimum is 132. In flat races a horse carries a jockey weighing between 85 pounds and 130. A Thoroughbred is seldom entered in more than two or three races a week, while many trainers will think this too much to ask of a horse. Good horses for running races range from 15.2 to 16 hands, although height is a minor consideration in a race-horse; he first must have speed and stamina. With a polo pony harder work is required of a smaller animal than in racing. A polo pony must not exceed 14.2 hands, the maximum height of ponies; he carries varying weights from 140 pounds up. He is made to scamper over a circumscribed area at full speed, dodging, turning, twisting, often for from five to seven minutes without a check. He must change steps, alternating his lead, swing right about, and all the time answer to the least pressure of his rider's hand upon the reins. The polo pony is always guided by the reins upon the neck, not by the mouth, and should a heavy-handed man not exercise care he may very easily spoil the most perfectly mannered animal.

The best polo ponies are the product of Thoroughbred sires and range mares, with more or less Thoroughbred blood in their veins, but which originally sprang from the ponies of the plains. Ponies of this breeding are always cooler-headed than the pure Thoroughbreds, and, besides, are usually of the right size. The infusion of Thoroughbred blood gives speed, intelligence and courage, while his natural toughness and ranch life makes him hardy and sure-footed, nimble and resourceful.

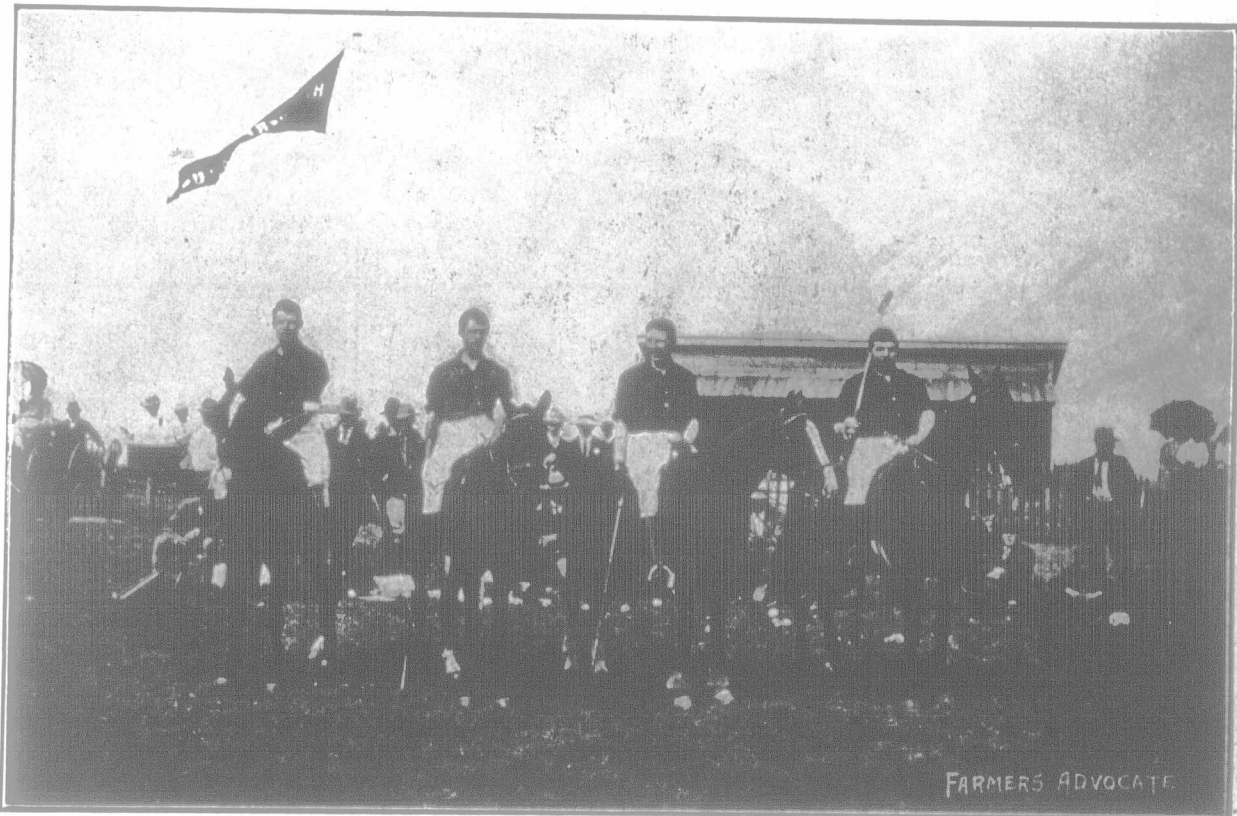
The range is essentially adapted to the breeding and development of polo ponies. The climate of the range country, its scarcity of water, and the nature of its grass, are all conducive to the production of a small, deep-chested, sure-footed, fine-boned, undersized horse, rather than to an animal with opposite characteristics, which is usually found in countries of luxuriant pastures. Besides, there is much racing and riding in the West, and this tends to develop polo ponies.

When growing up, the traits of character which make for a good polo pony are noted by the cowboys. The practiced eye very soon detects the

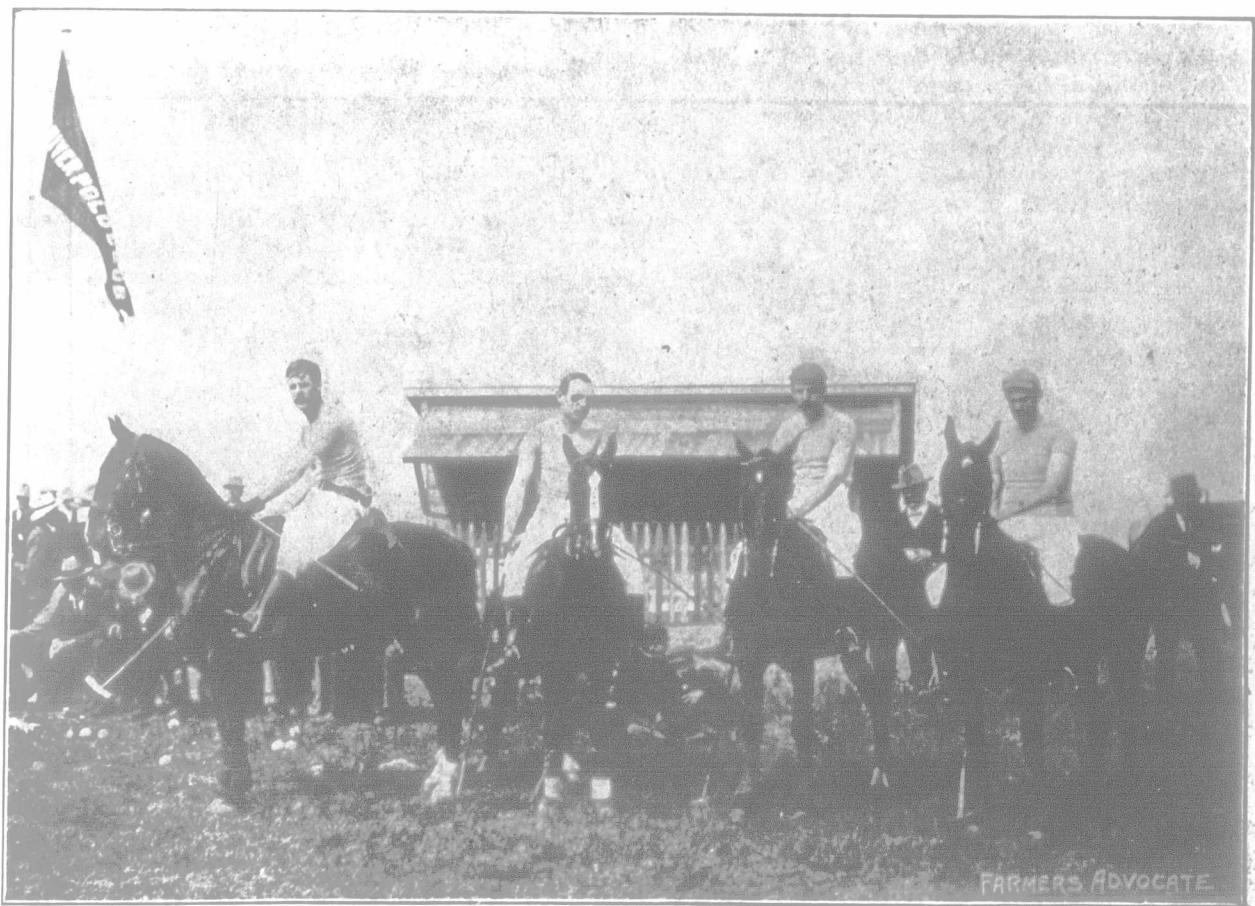
pony—among hundreds in a band—that is fleetest of foot, and shows most intelligence in dodging. Such a pony is singled out for herding, "cutting out" and branding. Thus, out of a band of about one thousand horses, probably three or four will be selected, and it is from these few selects that polo ponies are made. The pony first gets his training in dodging and "cutting out" horses or cattle, and to educate such a one

to polo is comparatively easy, for by this time he has learned to answer to the rein.

Like other horses, the polo pony is at his best from about seven to twelve years of age, although much depends upon his early treatment. In Eastern cities a polo pony will sell from two hundred dollars up to a price depending upon the degree of infatuation some millionaire may have taken for one.



High River, Alberta, Polo Team. Champions of Canada.



Polo Team of Millarville, Alberta.

The Farmer's Boys.

By J. W. Bengough.

Behold the Farmer's bright-eyed lads,
Home for the week-end 'mongst the hay ;
(They're County High-school "undergrads,"
But Friday evenings get away
From books and classes, and are gay
As chipmunks then,
Back home at play !)

That's Bob above and Syd below ;
They're much alike, as you may see,
But you'll be pleased, I'm sure, to know
That otherwise they so agree—
There's such a mental harmony—
They 'maze the whole
Locality !

Not only do they never fight,
(As brothers are so apt to do)
But they are in agreement quite,
And hold the self-same point of view ;
What's blue to Syd, to Bob is blue,
And what Bob says
Syd says it, too.

They're holding now—sans fuss or noise—
A little Farmers' Institute,
And Bob's discussing "Farmers' Boys ;
What Occupation best will Suit
Such chaps;" a question at the root,
Tho' still, 'twould seem,
A question moot.

Draw nigh—you'll find it worth your while ;
Come up and listen to their talk ;
Syd's got, alas, a slangy style,
But Bob is what he calls "the chalk,"
A speaker who's no "chump" or "gawk,"
But "into mush
Most guys can knock."

Says Bob—"Professions have their charm,
And there is room for many a score
Of Lawyers, but to me the Farm
Is THE profession ; there is more
Of satisfaction there in store,
What say you, Syd ?"
Cries Syd, "Encore !"

"This world has endless ills and pain,
And must have Doctors for its care ;
So, may the sick ne'er call in vain
For men of skill and learning rare ;
I'll glean the harvest for my share,
What say you, Syd ?"
Cries Syd—"Ah, there !"

"The world needs Preachers more and more,
With hearts not merely warm, but hot,
To tell God's love with grace and power
At home, abroad—in every spot ;
But I am called to feed the lot—
What say you, Syd ?"
Cries Syd—"That's what !"

"The schools present a great demand ;
The call for Teachers must be met ;
No work more useful, holy, grand,
Than teaching can man do, and yet
My heart on the old farm is set,
What say you, Syd ?"
Cries Syd—"You bet !"

"Our wondrous age has brought new needs,
And new professions that allure ;
Both wealth and fame await the deeds
Of engineers in branches newer,
But I'm for Farming straight and pure,
What say you, Syd ?"
Cries Syd—"Why, sure !"

"Some chaps go in for poetry
And others take to writing prose,
But Authorship appears to me
Uncertain in its 'funds and flows,'
While Farming reaps when e'er it sows ;
What say you, Syd ?"
Cries Syd—"That goes !"

"And then, what prose can beat the tale
That Nature tells beside the plow ?
Is not the man-made poem pale
Beside the morn and evening glow
Of splendid harvests as they grow ?
Eh, Syd ?" Cries Syd—
"It-is-you-know !"

"With telephones and radial lines,
And all town luxuries, to rob
The farm of loneliness, there shines
New light upon the Farmer's job,
With all the world he may hob-nob—
Eh, Syd ?" Cries Syd—
"You're shoutin', Bob !"

"In short, old man," adds slangy Syd—
"The Farm's all-right-all-right all-right,
And you can laud that this kid
Is with you, Bobby, day and night !"
Then these two High School lads so bright
Adjourned to read
The ADVOCATE !



Photo by R. R. Sallows.

Canadian Boys' Holiday Time.



From painting by A. M. Fleming. A Wet Autumn in Kent Lowlands, Ontario.

Some Ideals for a University.

By Rev. G. B. Wilson, Ph. D., Winnipeg.

In a new country, where educational institutions have not had centuries to grow hoary and wealthy, where individuals have not had time to accumulate large fortunes and the spirit of enlightened philanthropy which leads to the establishment and endowment of large educational foundations; where students are, during the earlier years of the community's life, neither rich enough nor numerous enough to render much assistance to the finances of a university by the fees they pay for lectures, the only hope for a fairly good university is that the State or Province shall make adequate provision for the financial requirements of what might be called tertiary or university education. This provision it can most easily make by a generous land grant from the public domain. Such a course has many advantages. A money grant may be the more easily dissipated, or, if carefully husbanded, is almost certain to be invested in lands in any case. Having provided it with ways and means, the State should be careful to abstain from any interference with the general policy of the University. Any Government influence—any exercise of Government patronage in the appointment or removal of professors, any Governmental restraint of the ideas and opinions promulgated or the methods employed—is fatal to that liberty of investigation and that freedom of expression which are as the very breath of life to a seat of higher learning. The control of all appointments to and removals from the teaching staff, as well as the final authority in all matters of discipline, should rest with a university council consisting of representatives of the various faculties and representatives of the graduate body.

In regard to finances, the duty of Government should cease with a searching audit of university accounts, and the right to stay proceedings in the case of any manifest malfeasance of trust. With the financial management of the affairs of the university the teaching staff should never be encumbered. They have plenty to do in another sphere, and have usually little time, and less capacity, for the details of financial affairs. These should be administered by a small number of competent paid officials—specialists in such work—and these, again, may be supervised and directed in matters of general policy by a small advisory committee of the university council.

The site of such a university should always be within or quite close to the Provincial Capital. There the students can feel the throb of the nation's life most keenly; there they will be near enough to observe at first hand the making of laws and the execution of Governmental functions; there they will be constantly reminded of their duty to fit themselves for the service of the State; there they can most readily test all their theories in relation to actual life; there university life and thought can exert the greatest influence upon the press, pulpit and Parliament, and can most easily and completely influence and percolate the whole national life.

The college grounds should be ample. Here in the West where land is cheapest and most plentiful, we are the most parsimonious and shortsighted in regard to the grounds for our public buildings. As well breed an elephant in a birdcage as expect a great university to develop within the petty potato-patch which the parsimony of governments and the stupidity of educationists (sic) have assigned to the present university of Manitoba. Nothing less than 1,000 acres is sufficient for a Western university site. There should be room for every kind of university building—lecturing halls, library, hospitals, gymnasiums, Y. M. C. A. clubhouses, residences for all senior professors: a number of men's residences, with graduated cost of living; at least one women's residence; walks, drives, many and varied recreation grounds, free plantations, parks and gardens. The site should be upon a river bank, and possessed of as much natural beauty as is available.

The buildings should not be huddled together, so that fire in one would endanger others, but should be scattered round the great central campus or square at easy distances from each other. They should be of stone, the only material worthy of being used in the construction of a



Rev. Gilbert B. Wilson, Ph. D.

noble building devoted to the highest intellectual interests of man. They should be designed externally with a view to beauty, and internally for utility, convenience and health. Each one of the larger buildings might well exemplify the highest and purest types of the great architectural triumphs of the past—the tired eye of the student would turn to them with rest and relief, his thoughts wander back to them, his taste be unconsciously refined and moulded by them; their very grace, sublimity, repose, would tend to ennoble the characters of those who spent the happiest years of life within the shadow of their walls.

The men's residences should be on the house system, rather than on the dormitory system. In the latter (there are undoubtedly too many men hived in together; too much valuable time is wasted in nonsense, and order and quiet are more difficult to preserve. In the latter there is better opportunity for quiet study, and if students of different years are in the same house, and especially if a senior student or resident lecturer is at the head of the house, his influence upon the general tone of life and thought may be very stimulating.

There should also be women's residences. Without these the health of many young women students suffers, and there can be no proper and necessary supervision of the life of young girls absent from parents and guardians. With a residence, there is the example of the matron, the restraint of public opinion, the influence of good example at short range, and the possibility of sympathy and better care of the health of the young women upon whom the strain of college life is, in any case, very heavy.

There should be a splendid, reliable and up-to-date library, with several copies of all books that are much in demand. Most libraries are of little use to students, because the use of books is hedged round by petty rules enforced by tyrannical and unsympathetic librarians. Accessibility should be the primary axiom of every university library. In addition to large general reading-rooms there should be many smaller departmental libraries, where any honorable student might go and read at any time from 9 a. m. to 11 p. m. Well-filled bookcases should be in every dormitory. Students should be taken in bodies through the various departmental libraries and through the general stock room, and professors might lecture occasionally on Bibliography. The university has failed in regard to any student who leaves its walls without a taste for reading, a passion for learning, a love of books, and a

good general knowledge of the best works in his own and kindred departments. Fees should be moderate, and might well be remitted in the case of any poor boy who showed exceptional diligence and ability. It ought to be possible for every boy who is ambitious to be a scholar to reach and successfully graduate from the university.

While facilities should be provided for every right kind of physical sport and recreation, two things require careful consideration: A greater variety of outdoor sports should be encouraged than is at present generally indulged in; football and hockey are not the only games in existence. Moreover, far too much attention is paid by Canadian and American students to games, sometimes to the danger of health, and ordinarily to the detriment of sustained diligence at their studies. The Jews were wise in their day and generation when they taught every boy a trade as an integral part of his education. The discipline of some useful bodily toil is more valuable from many points of view, and whether in connection with the agricultural college farm adjoining, the university power-houses, mechanical engineering, machine shops, carpenter shops, modelling, or other practical departments of a well-balanced university, manual training should take the place of sport in physical relation to a much greater extent than at present.

In some way or other a true university should be the greatest school of good-breeding in the State, yet very few Canadian students really improve their manners during their university course, and the tendency is not at present upward. A great university once had as its motto, "Manners make the man," and the influence of that motto was apparent in the conduct of most of the men who wore her degrees. Surely much requires to be done in this field for the cultivation of true gentlemanliness and womanliness; a university stamps its spirit upon the soul of every student who walks her halls. One can only draw attention to it within the brief limits of this article. The social, moral and religious culture of students is, for the most part, neglected, while attention is centered too exclusively on their mental development—this, too, at a most formative period.

Like a great tree in the soil of a nation's mind, the university should have its roots very deep in the secondary rock of High School education, and in the primary strata of public-school education. There is much waste force now in our educational efforts, due to lack of a thoroughly well-articulated system of education reaching from the Kindergarten to the Post-graduate course.

Like a tree, too, the university may fling out its branches in every direction, which is another way of saying that every department of human thought should be represented in courses of study, brief or extended, in the university curriculum. The matriculation course should be broad, deep, thorough; but it is not necessary that every one should matriculate. Let all of mature age come who thirst for knowledge, and let every student, matriculated or non-matriculated, after his first year in the university, eat of the fruit of the tree of knowledge from whatever branch and from as many branches as he desires. Well-arranged courses leading to rigid, though not frequent examinations, will give the student sufficient guidance. It is better that men be educated than that they should be examined. It is not necessary that all or half the students of a university should graduate. Things will adjust themselves where freedom reigns and men love truth.

[Note.—In a subsequent issue Dr. Wilson will deal with the question of Faculties, Courses of Study, and Professors.]

Things to Remember.

- International Show, ChicagoDec. 16-23
 - Fat-stock Show, GuelphDec. 11-15
 - Grenfell, Sask., Grain Show and Seed Fair.....Dec. 7
 - Carman Grain Show and Seed FairDec. 11
- Renew your subscription to this paper promptly when due.

The Development and Progress of the West.

Railway building, nation building, home building, are the talk of the West to-day. The Grand Trunk Pacific is, of course, the big toad in the puddle, but the C. P. R. and Canadian Northern are mighty factors in the game. The projected G. T. P. runs north-westward from Arrow River, crossing the Saskatchewan somewhere near Saskatoon, then on to Edmonton, and after that across what is practically the great unknown, through Northern British Columbia, and then the Pacific Coast. But the C. N. R. is not without ambitions. It now runs through a magnificent mixed farming and grain-growing country. A few days ago it reached Edmonton, and some day it purposes to go forward to the Coast, and possibly connect with some port on Hudson's Bay. Then we shall have three transcontinental railway lines.

Meanwhile, what of the C. P. R.?

That giant has already a double network of railways over the older Province of Manitoba; it is now strengthening its hold on the Provinces of the newer West. It is building extensions eastward from Wetaskiwin and Lacombe. The Wetaskiwin branch practically parallels the G. T. P., and it is now headed for Saskatoon; the Lacombe extension is supposed to connect with the Soo Line at Moose Jaw, and, who knows, possibly the C. P. R. will some day run this line through to the Pacific; however, this is a dream of the future, and not a living reality.

But this isn't all of the story—not yet! Take a map of Western Canada, and note how the Great Northern—Jim Hill's great American road—touches the boundary in several places. Now, "Jim"

has been doing some tall thinking, and some bright day he will do some acting, and when he does he will tap several large towns in the West and give us what is absolutely essential—more railway competition. Oh, yes, the C. P. R. objects—purely on grounds of patriotism! Gentle reader, this is not the kind of patriotism that is willing to lose a dollar for the country's sake; rather, it is of that variety which vaunteth itself, and is much puffed up when it sees a chance of using patriotic gush to line its own coffers. The people of the West are in earnest; they want the competition, and what is more, they will get it. Meanwhile, let's give the corporation its due—the C. P. R. is making an heroic effort to move the wheat crop this fall, and some days this year wheat has been leaving Winnipeg at the rate of one carload every two minutes. This is practically all spring wheat from Manitoba and Saskatchewan.

Out in Alberta another process of evolution is going on. Here fall wheat is king. A few years ago elevators were practically unknown; now, one company will, before the close of another season, have fifty elevators at country points, and a terminal elevator in the City of Calgary with a capacity of 600,000 bushels. The milling business is feeling the impetus of new conditions, and several new mills have been erected all over the country, and two large ones with splendid equipment are nearing completion in Calgary.

What about the markets for all the products of the farther West—Japan and the Orient? This little Island of Japan, that has just shown her colossal strength and marvellous weakness, her

power as a political force, her weakness in area and the limitations of her agricultural possibilities, must be the market for many of our farm products. No matter how intensive her system of agriculture, Japan can never produce food for her hungry millions. The hope of her development is in industrial effort; our opportunity lies in supplying her demands for food. Natural commercial contiguity gives a great advantage. We wonder if our Government is fully alive to the possibilities of the trade of the Orient in the years that are to be.

So much for railway building and nation building; what of home building? Not long ago the "Farmer's Advocate" propounded the question, "What is the Westerner Getting out of Life?" The question has been repeated from many a farmer in the field, "What are we getting out of life?" The Western farmer is getting more out of life than he was a few years ago. Mails are more frequent; the agricultural college is coming—it is already here. The farmers' institute is a quickening force; there is more opportunity for social intercourse as the gaps between settlements fill up. And, after all, just at this merry Christmas time, in all the hurly-burly of life, and anxious chase after the almighty dollar, let us, in the midst of this Western hustle, resolve, during the coming year, to get something out of life; and, what is equally important, for the sake of the love we bear to this land of ours, let us put something into life—something of effort, of energy, of dare and do, for these are all-important to ourselves, to our fellow men, and to the nation.

Scotch Pine Planting in Spruce Woods Forest Reserve, near Sewell, Man.

For the last two years the Forestry Branch of the Department of the Interior, Ottawa, have been experimenting in the planting of Scotch pine in the sand hills twenty miles east of Brandon, Man. In the spring of 1904, 9,000 seedlings, 4,500 two-year-olds, and the same number of one-year-olds, were set out, and this year 1,200 two-year-olds were planted. The great reduction in the cost of plant material when one-year-olds are used prompted the trial of them, but it was found that with their small root system, 1 to 2 in. long, they were unable to get established, and so in the future larger stock will be used.

In the first year the little trees were planted in spots four feet apart, from which about one square foot of the sod had been removed in order that the roots might be in mineral soil, and that the grass would not choke out the seedlings. It was found that in the deeper holes and where the seedlings received some protection from the sun in the south a greater percentage lived than when exposed to the full force of the sun all summer. Pines are, to some extent, shade-requiring in youth, and in the nursery they are always protected by some kind of a covering, so it is not to be wondered at that many should die, especially of the tender little one-year-olds, when set out in the open prairie in almost pure sand. Not more than five per cent. of the one-year-olds survived the two summers, but nearly forty per cent. of the two-year-olds are growing. Considering the drouth which followed the planting, this result is as good as could be expected.

Profiting by last year's experience, this year

another method was followed, with the result that 92.5 per cent. are growing after the first season. Only two-year-old stock was used, and even better results might be expected with three-year-olds. Furrows running east and west four inches deep and four and a half feet apart, were plowed, throwing the sod to the north. The seedlings were then planted three feet apart in the furrows close to the land side, so that they would be shaded from the south. The weather this year has been very favorable to tree growth, but the almost complete success of this year's planting can be attributed largely to the method used. By this method between three and four thousand seedlings can be planted per day per man, so the operation is not so very expensive.

Some seeds of Scotch pine, jack pine, lodgepole pine and Swiss stone pine were sown at the same time, but with mostly negative results.

As a result of these experiments it is expected that the plantations will be extended on a larger scale in the future, and that much of the land in the West which is non-agricultural will be utilized for timber production. The growing scarcity of tie material, especially in the Middle West, has caused the railway companies to seriously consider the planting of large areas for the production of ties. It is understood that the C. P. R. will begin next summer if a suitable site can be obtained. For this purpose the tamarack will

no doubt be most largely used, since it makes a good tie, grows quickly, and is quite hardy. The Scotch pine, and probably the jack pine, will also prove of value for this purpose. As yet very little planting of coniferous trees has been attempted, and very frequently efforts in this work have met with failure. There has been sufficient success, however, to demonstrate that conifers, such as the white spruce, Scotch pine and tamarack, grow splendidly on the prairies of the West.

Most of the failures with conifers can be attributed to lack of care in transplanting. Unlike deciduous trees, they will stand very little pruning either of top or root, and the roots must never be allowed to become dry. They all grow very slowly in youth, and require protection for two or three years. A Scotch pine when one year old is seldom over one inch above the ground; at two years, 2½ inches; three years, 4 to 5 inches; four years, 8 to 12 inches, and five years, 18 inches to 2 feet. Once this juvenile period is passed, however, the growth is rapid, and when twenty years old a Scotch pine or spruce is usually over 30 feet high.

In planting shelter belts of a permanent nature, evergreens are superior to deciduous trees, not only on account of their increased usefulness in winter, but their greater longevity is a point in their favor. From an æsthetic point of view, the spruce and pine add a charm to the landscape in both summer and winter that other trees lack, and it is to be hoped that in the future more attention will be paid to the planting of these species.

ROLAND D. CRAIG.



Scotch Pine Hedge, Ten Years Old.



Afforestation of the Sandhills with Evergreens.

The Condition of Irish Agriculture.

By "Emerald Isle."

When I received a request from the Editor of the "Farmer's Advocate" to write some particulars regarding the present condition and future prospects of Irish farmers, I accepted the task with pleasure. The theme is so extensive that when space is limited it is impossible for me to deal with the many things I would like to mention in connection with the subject, while those which will be referred to cannot be discussed in any detail. However, notwithstanding these circumstances, I will endeavor to bring as concisely as possible before my readers some features of agricultural life in Ireland, and, without taking up the role of a prophet, to consider what prospects lie before Irish farming.

I need hardly draw attention to the fact that the prosperity of Ireland is solely dependent upon the prosperity of its agriculture. In other countries farming may fail and the country not

be very adversely affected by the calamity, for have not the people mines and industries of one sort or another to fall back upon. In Ireland, however, things are very different. With no mines worth speaking about, and only a few isolated industries, especially in the north, it becomes at once apparent that the welfare of agriculture is vital to the prosperity of the country, indeed, it might be said, to the existence of the nation. Some idea of the great importance of farming to the country may be gathered from the fact that it is estimated that no less than 75 per cent. of the population is directly dependent on it for a living.

What, then, has been the condition of Irish farming? Certainly not the most satisfactory. Owing to the opening up of foreign countries and the development of their resources, combined with the transit facilities for placing foreign agricultural produce on the British markets, prices in Ireland have, for some years back, exhibited a very noticeable tendency to droop. This unfortunate state of affairs has been still further accentuated by the continuous, steady flow of emigration, and the consequent scarcity and dearthness of labor. Indeed, to sum up, falling prices and dearer labor have for a long time past been operating adversely to the interests of Irish agriculture.

A feeling gradually began to be felt that something must be done for the country, and it became very clear that if agriculture was ever to be put on a sound basis, and if Ireland was ever going to compete successfully with the foreigner, it was absolutely necessary that the farmers should be better educated and brought up to date in their ideas and their methods. With limited knowledge of what was going on in the world, of what discoveries were being made, and of how strenuously their rivals were wrestling their trade away, the Irish farmers sadly needed to be wakened up and to become equipped for the struggle for supremacy.

It is not pleasant to reflect on such a spectacle; it is far more satisfactory to express what is an admitted fact, that certain changes

are taking place in the country which are bound, sooner or later, to bring Irish agriculture into a more satisfactory position than it has held of late years, and to make farming a more attractive and reliable occupation in the years to come.

The result of the working of the Wyndham Land Purchase Act of 1903 has been that the majority of the tenants of the country have been transformed into peasant proprietors. This important development, besides removing an obstacle to the advancement of the country, is calculated to make Irish farmers not only more independent, but more progressive in their ideas and more energetic in their methods.

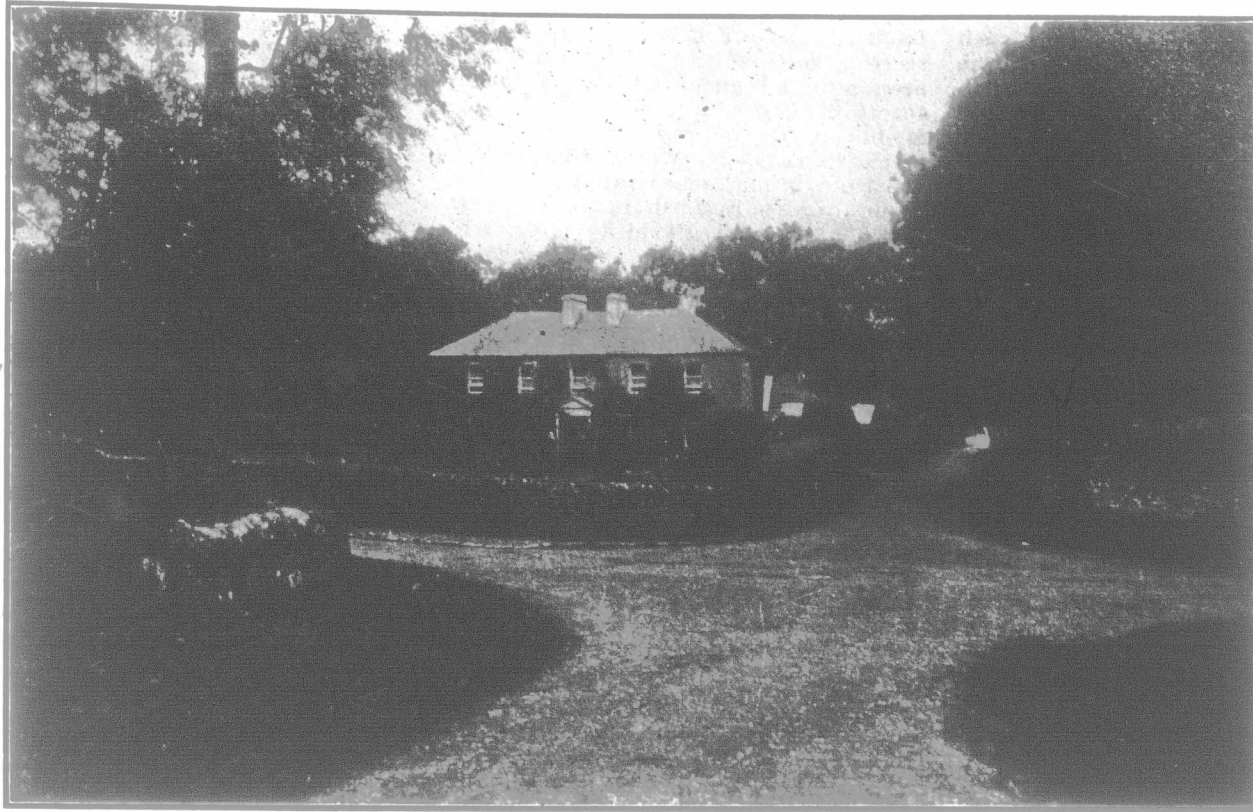
Farmers in Ireland are now beginning to recognize the necessity of keeping abreast of the times. 'Twas not always so, though. Time was when in many parts of the country the farmer was the most conservative member of the community; but nowadays, even though many men of this type are to be met with, there is no doubt that the destroying and retarding prejudice which held sway against anything in the shape of improvement or departure from old-time methods is becoming less and less. Four or five years ago, when the Government established a Department of Agriculture and technical instruction

in different districts, much really valuable and practical information has been disseminated, and it is encouraging to observe how the farmers are showing a desire to follow the lead which has been given them. The important subjects of judicious artificial manuring, and the intelligent feeding of cattle and other stock, have been scientifically explained, and, as a result, much greater care is displayed in both directions by farmers.

Space will not permit a detailed outline of the different phases of the Department's educational work; suffice it to say that, through the agency of the press, by means of leaflets, lectures on veterinary and other topics, poultry-keeping, the establishment of egg-distributing stations, county agricultural schools and colleges, the promotion and encouragement of local industries, etc., there are good grounds for believing that Ireland will rapidly improve its position among agricultural countries.

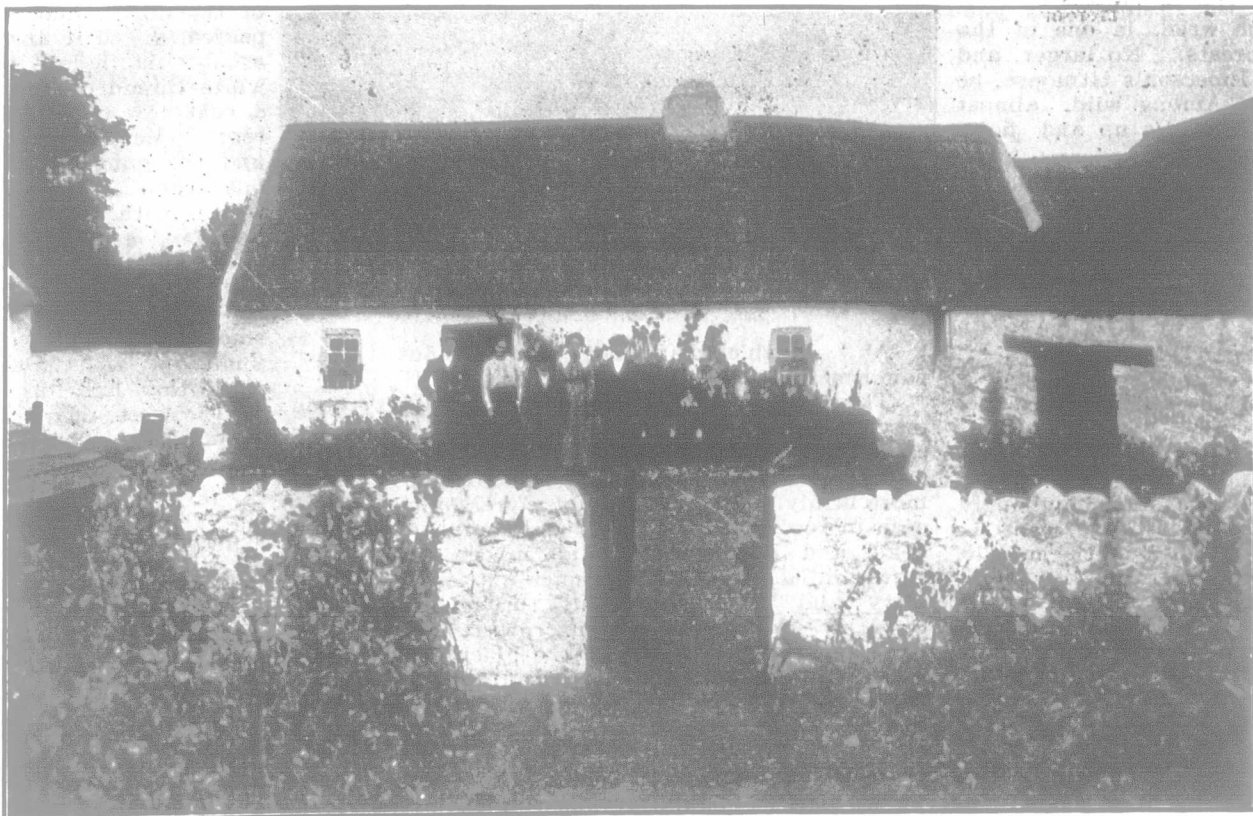
Turning now to the live-stock industry, in which the Canadian people will, no doubt, be practically interested, it is no exaggeration to say that the improvement during the past few years in different classes of stock has been very marked, and has been the subject of much observation, especially among English and Scotch

buyers who look largely to Ireland for their store cattle. It took the Irish farmer a long time to learn that in the market of the present day it is only the best that sells best. Once it became apparent to him, however, that to retain his hold on the English market, and also to increase his own profits, he must raise a better class of cattle, the use of pure-breds forced itself into adoption. The keenness of foreign competition, accordingly, has spurred him up to improvement. Towards this improvement in breeding methods the Department of Agriculture have given no small share of encouragement and support. Large numbers of high-class animals, both of the Shorthorn and Aberdeen-Angus breeds, have been imported into the country, and thus a process of general grading-up has been in progress, which has already enhanced the value of Irish store cattle.



An Irish Farm Home.

Residence of Mr. James Quilan, "Rose Cottage," Boyle Co., Roscommon, Ireland. The road to the right is the entrance to the summer seat of His Excellency the Lord Lieutenant.



Home and Family of Mr. J. Carroll, Co. Meath, Ireland.

Awarded first prize as the best small farmer's holding. His two sons attended classes and lectures on agriculture, and are putting intelligence into every-day work.

In view of the great controversy regarding the proposed removal of the restrictions on the importation of Canadian stores, it is unnecessary to point out that the raising of stores forms by far the largest branch of the Irish cattle industry. On the subject of the admission of animals from Canada there is a diversity of opinion, even in Ireland, and while the general view is that such a change would prove disadvantageous to the Irish farmer, there are others who contend with equal vehemence that such an apparent evil would prove a blessing in disguise, and would ultimately work out for good.

While the policy of store-raising pays best at the moment, it is questionable if it is economically sound, as the impoverishment of the land on which these cattle are reared must be very serious. This fact is not made any more palatable by the statement that in some of the less enlightened localities the farmers have not yet realized the importance of making good this loss by judicious manuring. Certainly, the fattening of cattle for beef in Ireland at existing prices has not been remunerative, and this is what has contributed largely to the volume of the store trade. It may be that a time will come when altered economic conditions may be more encouraging to beef production at home, but when this does take

place the modified conditions will be part of a change from the system under which we labor at present.

The meat market is not the only aim of the cattle breeder. The growing importance of the creamery movement throughout the country has urged close attention to the dairying qualities of Irish cows. Much remains to be done in this direction, but it is significant that a scheme has been adopted under which, by means of (1) inspection, (2) selection, and (3) registration, it is hoped to improve the milking qualities of farmers' cattle. While alluding to the dairy question, it might be stated that there is a greater uniformity in Irish butter than was once the case, but a great disability under which the country labors in this connection is the non-adoption of a system of winter dairying.

In sheep-breeding our farmers have found a good-paying branch of the live-stock industry of late years, especially those men who make a feature of raising lambs for sale in the early markets. One fact that of late has materially enhanced the value of the sheep to the Irish farmer has been the advance in the price of wool. Owing to the increased attention paid by Australian and New Zealand breeders to the frozen-mutton trade, wool has not been so extensively imported, and

the home fleece has benefited by the situation and has gone up considerably in price, with every prospect of it remaining high.

Pork production is a very unstable feature of Irish farming, and the extent to which it is carried on varies from year to year. An industry that promises to assume considerable proportions and prove remunerative at the same time is the production of poultry and eggs. In the same way as store cattle are shipped to England, so has it been a common practice to send across the water large numbers of young, Irish-bred fowls to be fattened by English feeders. A movement, however, has just been put on foot to encourage the finishing off of these birds at home, and it is likely that considerable success will attend this phase of farm work.

This is a necessarily brief outline of the present condition of Irish agriculture. While it might be too much to say that the profits of the Irish farmer are now any more than they were ten years ago, yet the fact remains that within that time, through the spread of information, the adoption of more up-to-date methods, and the increase in the spirit of self-reliance, the basis on which Irish agriculture rests is decidedly more sure and more firmly established, and, therefore, the future more promising.

An Adventure on the Kenogami River.

By W. H. Collins, of the Geological Survey of Canada.

The man in the bow felt a dreamy sense of insecurity as he looked down into the mirror-like water. His little bark canoe seemed to glide through some buoyant, ethereal fluid beneath which lay an inverted world of blue sky and tree-tops. Low banks, densely grown with alders, projected without support over an immense space; farther back, gloomy spruce trees and tamaracs with twigs delicate as lacework hung down a hundred feet. Sometimes this under-world swayed and undulated dizzily, then gradually resumed a less dangerous condition of immobility. A black bird came from beneath the bank of alders and sailed across the blue space. But the guttural "Cr-r-rk" sounded overhead, and, glancing up, the man saw a raven disappear behind one of the great forest walls that rose up on either side.

Not many sounds break the silence of the great rivers that make their way through the spruce forests of Northern Ontario towards Hudson's Bay. The stillness and sombre appearance of the great evergreens are oppressive. Watson and the young Ojibway, as they journeyed down the Kenogami, spoke at long intervals and briefly. Their paddles dipped quietly and regularly into the brown water, returning with a sibilant hiss, and scattering a shower of glittering droplets over the surface. They had travelled in this fashion since early morning, from the place where a bed of balsam boughs, a couple of upright poles and a little patch of ashes and charred sticks indicated their campground of the past night.

Unexpectedly, and as if a gleam of sunlight had illuminated the underwoods, rose a bird song, clear, sweet, and possessing all the abandon of the bob-o-link's, an intricate gush of notes that continued for half a minute and ceased abruptly. Watson's paddle trailed idly.

"An-izhi-na caz'min, opitigam?" (What you call him, opitigam?)

"Ogubnjaquis," replied the Indian.

Ogubnjaquis, the winter wren, is one of the surprises of the northern forests. No larger, and no less stout-hearted than Emerson's titmouse, he is infinitely more musical. Among wild, almost savage surroundings his song wells up and flows with the quality of spring water.

Watson suddenly dug his paddle into the water and forced the canoe out of its course, but a little too late. A snag loomed up directly in front, like a great spectral finger. A gentle retardation as the sunken log grated along the bottom, and, heeling over a little, the canoe was free.

"Kay geh!" (Pretty near!)

"Ugh! meway" (Yes, close enough), and a faint smile of amusement brightened the dark face in the stern.

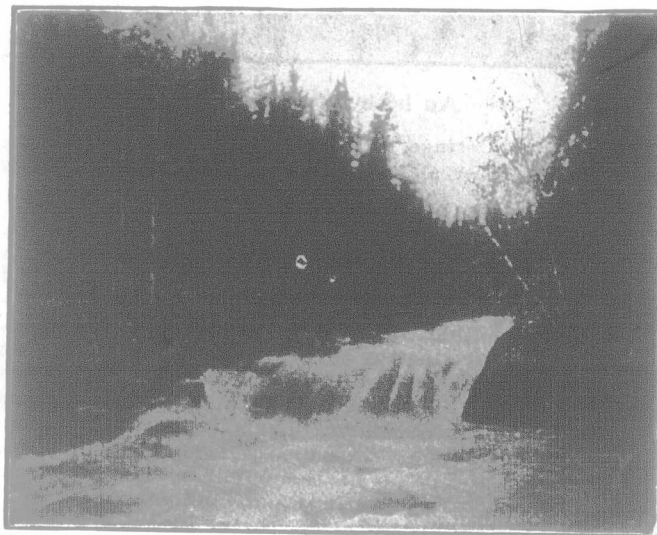
A mile farther down stream the canoe turned quietly inshore, toward a low clay bed littered with brushwood. Watson looked around inquiringly.

"Chee maun manadad" (canoe broke), was the laconic explanation. Two bundles in the middle, all ready strapped for portaging, were lifted out, and the canoe tilted over to get rid of a considerable quantity of water that had collected since the incident of the snag. A rough score along the bottom seemed the only damage incurred, but the guide traced with his finger a crack in the bark scarcely perceptible to less keen eyes.

Returned to the water, the canoe was again loaded, a couple of sticks being laid lengthwise on the bottom to keep the bundles dry. Watson looked on uncertainly.

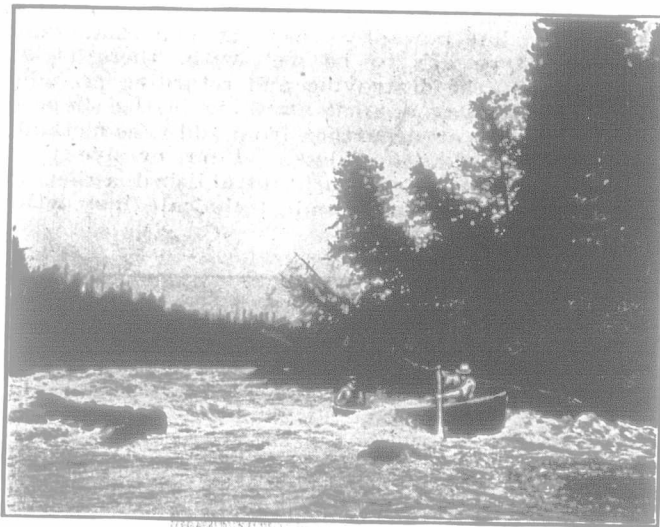
"Ke-majan-na?" (We go on?)

"Ugh! . . . Missinatay kebashmin bashung." (Yes, Indian camp not far away.)



Northern Ontario Water Power.

Howard's Falls, on the Kawakash Ragama River.



Running Northern Ontario Rapids.

Ah! Nish'ehin (Good), and without further comment the journey was resumed.

These rivers are not monotonous. Every bend may reveal something of fresh interest. Perhaps calm repose gives place to the rumble and white swirling water of a rapid, and paddles are grasped more firmly. Less commonly a great moose, knee-deep in reeds, hearing an unusual sound, raises his head and stares at the motionless figures and slow-gliding craft until suspicion overcomes curiosity and he crashes away through the undergrowth. Sometimes the narrow confines of the river swell out into one of the placid lake expansions so numerous among the Height of Land swamps. Watson and his guide found themselves at the entrance to one of these—a fine sheet a couple of miles in length, with rocky shores, beyond which low, black forested hills sloped back to a gently undulating horizon. Several low, evergreen-crowned islands rose above the surface. The canoe was directed toward the largest of these.

Ten minutes later the travellers drew up noiselessly to a smooth slope of rock, upon which a half dozen canoes lay bottom upward—the landing

place. A fish net hung in easy festoons from the branches of a poplar sapling that grew near the water; some pike and suckers lying on the rocks close by gave out a stench truly characteristic of an Indian encampment. In another tree were fastened the bleached antlers of a caribou, and several skulls of beavers and smaller animals. Some dirty woollen blankets, an old shawl and various articles of wear lay spread over bushes that grew about. Back among the spruces and white birches gleamed a bit of white tent-roof, and an almost imperceptible column of smoke rose slowly and unwaveringly, but no sound or movement indicated the presence of inhabitants.

A moment later the siesta-like quiet had given place to activity. A sharp-nosed dog had caught sight of the strangers, and set up an alarm that brought a pack of noisy vulpine animals bounding down to the shore. A chubby brown face with bright eyes appeared for a moment among the bushes, then disappeared as fast as a small pair of legs could carry the bearer of astonishing news. Soon the newcomers were exchanging friendly salutations with the older men and women; the young girls and children looked on furtively from the cover of bushes.

An Indian may be taciturn, but usually from lack of congenial company. It was some time before the business object of the visit was explained and the canoe emptied and carried up to an open place, where its injuries were investigated by every member of the camp. The inspection of the last comers were cut short by two old squaws, who appeared with a supply of repair materials—a dish of spruce gum, several lengths of spruce roots, a canoe awl, and a sharp knife—and straightway set to work. The pliable brown roots were peeled, split lengthwise and sharpened at the ends. Then, while one lay beneath the up-turned canoe, root-thread in hand, the other carefully drilled a hole through the bark at the edge of the crack, and, as the end of the thread appeared, seized it and drew it tight. Carefully and evenly the holes were made, and the glistening white thread drawn through cobbler fashion, until a neat row of stitches extended the length of the rent. Meanwhile a tiny fire had been kindled, and the gum seethed and bubbled, giving out a fine aroma. The dish was removed to the canoe, where, with a blazing torch of birchbark in one hand and a knife in the other, one of the workers plastered the seam with hot gum, the torch being passed over it occasionally to prevent congealing. In a few minutes the sewing was hidden by a smooth brown line of gum, the torch was trodden underfoot, and the squaws retreated into the little circle that had formed to watch the operation.

The white man arose, and after a momentary examination of the canoe, went down to the landing where the bundles lay. Coming back he brought a package of tea, which the squaws received with little exclamations of satisfaction, that were echoed by the others, for the Indian loves his "neebishabo."

The guide, who had been more interested by the white tents and camp fire than the prosaic operations just described, now reappeared, and was helped back to the water with the little craft, the bundles were reloaded, and the two men again took their places.

"Bo' jow', bo' jow'!"

"Bo' jow', bo' jow'!" came in chorus from the group at the landing. Once more the paddles began their regular dip and hiss, forming little swirling eddies that fell behind and disappeared. The little cluster of brown faces dwindled until only a speck in the distance, past from view behind a turn in the shore.

The Agricultural College Big Four.



Jas. W. Robertson, LL. D.

General Manager The Macdonald College, St. Anne de Bellevue, P. Q.



W. J. Black, B. S. A.

President Manitoba Agricultural College, Winnipeg.



G. C. Creelman, B. S. A., M. S.

President Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph.

The Agricultural College and the Farm Boy.

By W. J. Black, B.S.A., President Manitoba Agricultural College.

In agriculture the strongest men are those trained for their work. It is the same in all other professions: knowledge means power—power to think, to see, to act.

The greatest natural resource of Canada is the immense store of plant food contained in the soil. Of their minerals, fish and timber, all Canadians are proud, but the commercial future of the Dominion depends upon the farms. If it is to become the powerful and productive country, claiming the place among the great industrial countries of the world which it should, the vast agricultural areas within its borders must be more intelligently cultivated. The new settler found it easy to induce nature to respond to his simple efforts to secure a crop, but repeated measures to subtract from the soil its richness in producing cereal grains has depleted the fertility, until to-day the average Canadian farm is not nearly so fertile as it once was. Unfortunately, too, noxious weeds have gained almost everywhere a foothold, much to the disadvantage of the husbandman, and various insect pests not known in the days of our fathers are disputing the right of the grain-grower to his crop.

Of such are the conditions confronting the young farmer of to-day, all of which require intelligence and skill to overcome successfully. To possess these requisites in a high degree means to enjoy an education. This the pioneer farmers of Canada obtained in the school of experience, which, though often thorough, was usually quite expensive, and required much time to obtain.

In the present age, it is agreed that to be a skillful doctor a young man must familiarize himself with the studies peculiar to the medical profession; that to be a competent lawyer means, first, a training in jurisprudence; and the time has almost come when a liberal training in the science and practice of agriculture will be considered a necessary course for the farmer. For the purpose of enabling the farm boy to attain to the best of his possibilities, the agricultural college has been established. It is the one place where the boy reared on the farm and filled with a determination to become a factor in the development of his country and the uplifting of his fellow man, may prepare himself for the accomplishment of his ambition.

Should the principal desire of a young man be to prepare himself only to make money, the college of agriculture, with its facilities for practical and scientific teaching, has much to offer the one of even moderate means and limited primary education. It is not the amount of money that is earned in early life that counts for most in the great commercial or industrial struggle; it is rather the extent of the mental training—the preparation to accomplish most in after-life. Who, though unacquainted with the facts, would doubt that a training in the science of plant life, the soil and the elements which it contains, will enable the student to grasp intelligently the problem of restoring fertility to the run-down farm,



Melville Cumming, B. A., B. S. A.

Principal Nova Scotia Agricultural College, Truro.

or that a course in stock breeding, judging and feeding will prepare him to improve his herds and flocks and make them more productive? In these subjects, as examples of many taught in a modern agricultural college, there is a marvellous scope for the development of the intellectual powers of the money-maker of the future.

But away beyond the material advantages that the college of agriculture offers, there are higher and nobler objects worthy the aim and doubtless within the ambition of thousands of Canadian farm boys of to-day. Any institution of learning founded upon principles that were not calculated to prepare its graduates for a life of greater usefulness, morally, socially and intellectually, would be unworthy of public support and confidence. In this respect the well-equipped agricultural college is unique; it aims to make men. It endeavors to train its students to think. A greater tendency to think is desirable everywhere, and in agriculture in particular. Those who thought have governed those who toiled in all ages, and there is no appearance of a change in the present generation. When a community has been led to think intelligently upon a great problem that concerns it, a solution is promised; and when an individual has made thinking a habit, he becomes a citizen of independence and strength. Trained minds are needed to assist in the improvement of the social life of those who will till

the soil. They are needed, too, to become leaders in the Municipal, Provincial and Federal Governments of the country. The civilized world to-day is calling for the trained agriculturist, and is ready to honor him when he is found worthy.

To the farm boy who stands upon the threshold of decision, about to resolve upon the course of his life-work, the agricultural college has a message. Than to be a first-class agriculturist, there is no profession more honorable. It is by labor that individuals as well as nations are exalted. No vocation to-day affords such grand opportunities for the bright young man of lofty ambitions. It is painful to see young men go from the farm to stand behind a city counter as a store clerk, there to enjoy but a monotonous life, and eke out a dreary existence. This is the day of opportunity. To-morrow it may be too late. On every hand one can hear men in middle life, and older, regret that in the days of their youth they did not strive to obtain an education that would have fitted them for the accomplishment of greater deeds. Would that the farm boys of Canada think seriously of the great future that lies before them. Were they but to realize the significance of its opportunities, it is certain that our present colleges of agriculture would be found far too small to accommodate the applicants. These institutions are calling for young men who have a clearly-defined purpose; who will develop self-reliance and intellectual power, and who are not afraid to work. There is no place high up on the ladder of fame and usefulness for the aimless, unintelligent idler. With a training in agriculture, the young man who is determined to succeed can make not only money, but earn for himself an influence and a prestige in his community that can be gained in no other way. Upon the farm boys who realize their opportunities and responsibilities depends Canada's hope of future greatness.

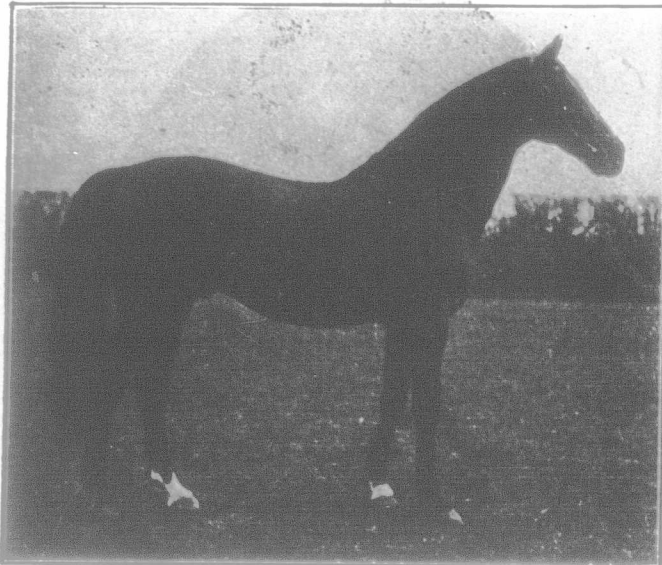
The Value of a Good Sire.

An Old Country sale of Shorthorns provokes the following remarks:

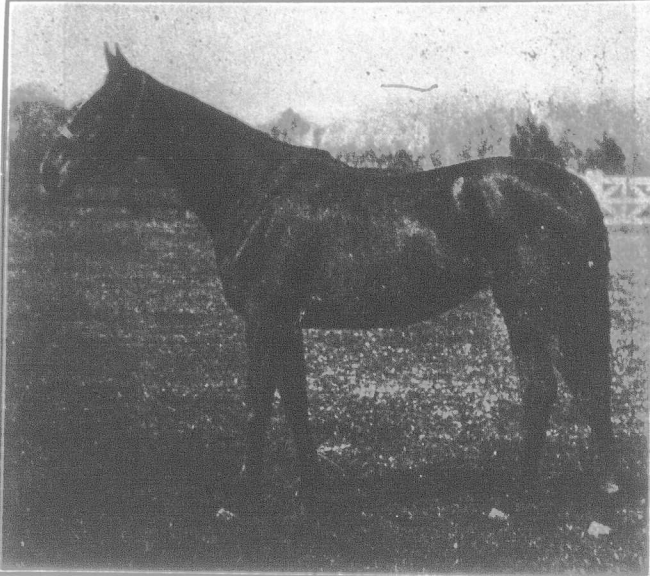
"One lesson may be learnt, at any rate, from the success of the sale—namely, how much depends upon the sire. The old Clipper bull, Chorister, a son of William of Orange, appears to have done excellent work, as seventeen of his produce in the sale realized the wonderful average of £153 12s. 2d. This great average was apparently due to the excellent quality and uniformity of the stock of this bull rather than simply to his breeding—in other words, his progeny carried their pedigrees on their backs. It is good for our great bovine friends—the red, white and roan—that this should be so. We recollect the time when Shorthorns were sold entirely upon their pedigree on paper, and animals light fleshed, tender, and without milk appearance either, went up to fabulous prices.

"Those days marked the beginnings of sorrows with Shorthorn breeders, for years after that time the breed had a very bad name amongst farmers on that very account. To-day we are full of herds of Shorthorns with constitution, style, breeding, and of the very highest quality for beef-making purposes, and that can, by judicious feeding, be made equally good and useful at the pail. This is precisely what is wanted to ensure profitable stock-breeding."

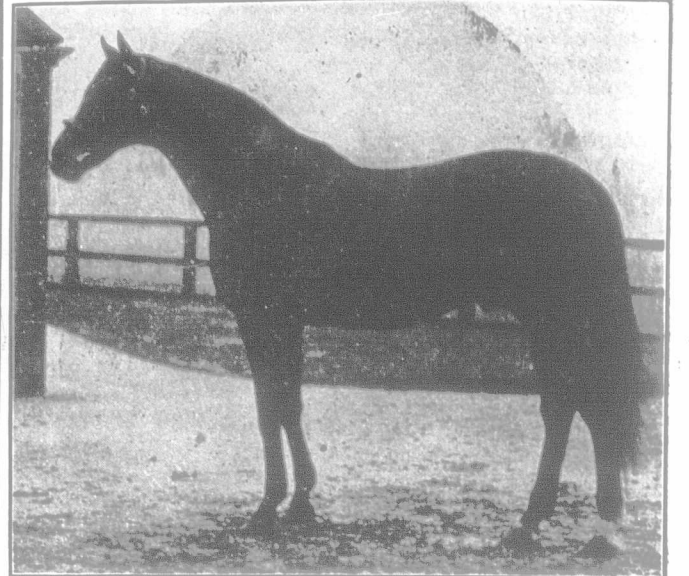
Some of the Famous British Thoroughbreds.



Florizel II, by St. Simon.



Sceptre, by Persimmon.



Isinglass, by Isonomy.

Specially written for the "Farmer's Advocate," and illustrated with photos, by G. H. Parsons.

It was the privilege of the writer to contribute to the last Christmas Number of the "Farmer's Advocate" a few brief sketches of the careers, on the race course and at the stud, of some of the best-known Thoroughbreds.

Owing to the widespread interest in the turf all over the globe, it is felt that no apology is needed in presenting a short account of the doings of a few other equine celebrities, who were not included in the last article.

The sporting public do not soon forget great horses whose deeds they have witnessed, and even years after their popular idols have left the post for the paddock they love to relate their histories over again, and compare them with present-day champions.

These memories are often pleasantly refreshed by the victories of sons and daughters of old favorites. As soon as some youngster of exceptional promise commences to make a name for himself on the turf, the question of his breeding, of course, comes up; very often after some smart performance his sire, who has, perhaps, sunk into obscurity, will come to the front by leaps and bounds, and there will be such a rush after his services by breeders that his owner can command almost any fee he cares to ask.

GALLENULE.—A very striking example of the ups and downs of the life of a racing sire is shown in the case of Gallinule, the sire of Pretty Polly, Hammerkop, Adula, and many other winners. Ten years ago, or even less, he was a comparatively unknown horse, and no one would have ever thought of him as a sire of classic winners, but since his son Wildfowler won the St. Ledger of 1898 he has made steady progress, and now stands at the head of the list of winning stallions for the second year in succession.

To revert to the other side of the picture, the great St. Simon, who has on no less than five occasions held the proud position that Gallinule now occupies as principal winning sire, is this year only represented by a mere handful of winners, and these very moderate animals.

AYRSHIRE.—If only on account of his seniority in years, Ayrshire claims first place in our gallery. This brown or bay son of Hampton and Atalanta, by Galopin, was bred by His Grace the Duke of Portland, as far back as 1885. He is a very handsome horse, standing 16 hands, and

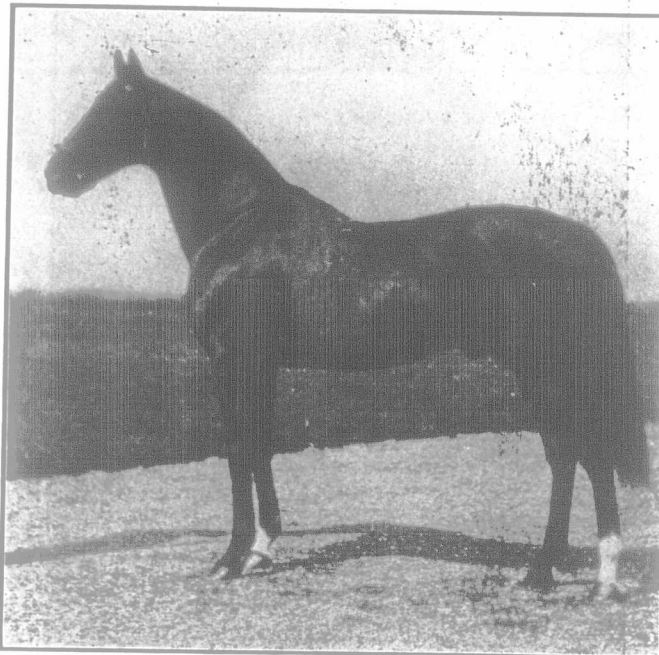
showing fine substance, power and quality; in spite of his twenty summers he is as full of mettle as any youngster, and looks as well as ever he did in his life. Ayrshire made his first acquaintance with the race-course at Manchester in 1887, where he ran a good third for the Whitsuntide Plate; he also occupied a similar position in the new stakes at Ascot, on the occasion of his next outing. Time, however, brought its due reward, for the Duke's colt next commenced a series of remarkable successes, consisting of the Bibury

sam and other good horses being amongst the field.

Ayrshire carried the "black and white jacket" gallantly up the hill at Epsom, and won the Duke of Portland his first Derby in 1888. He was "down the course" in Seabreeze's Ledger, and this mare again defeated him in the Lancashire Plate at Manchester. The son of Hampton, however, finished up the season well, by securing the rich Great Foal Stakes at Newmarket, from a field of seven. In the following year Ayrshire won two of the three races for which he contested, taking ample revenge against Seabreeze, by beating her in the Royal Stakes at Kempton and in the Eclipse Stakes at Sandown, whilst he himself was most unaccountably overthrown by Gold, in the champion stakes at Newmarket, this being the last race of his short but brilliant career, during which he won £35,915 (\$179,575). During his first season at the stud, Ayrshire sired the winners of eleven races, value £4,171, and since then he has had a most consistent record, his progeny winning in 1901, £10,455; in 1902, £14,877; in 1903, £11,594, and last year, £15,453. A very remarkable fact is that his winning balance has not been built up by one or two outstanding horses, but by a very large number of winners; in fact, so recently as 1904, no less than twenty animals placed stakes to his credit. Amongst the most famous progeny of the Derby winner of 1888 may be mentioned Aird and Graces (winner of the Oaks), Our Lassie (who also captured the same event), Robert le Diable (winner of many handicaps), Airship (winner of the Manchester cup), Pace Egger Colt, Airlie, Ballantrae (winner of the Cambridgeshire), Cossack, Skyscraper, Doctrine, Ardeer, Bonnie Scotland, and a host of others too numerous to mention.

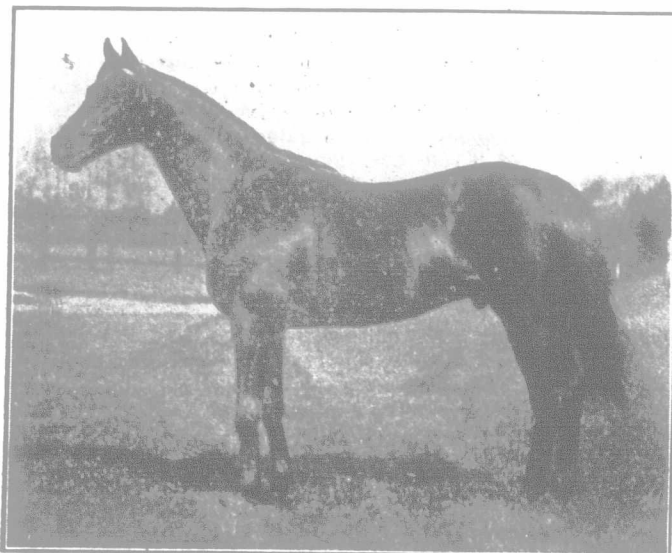
COMMON, foaled in 1888, by Isonomy, out of Thistle, by Scottish Chief, keeps Ayrshire company at the Egerton House stud, Newmarket. He was bred by Lord Alington, and although a "triple crown" hero, Common is not what one would call a particularly handsome horse. What strikes one most about him is his magnificent size and length, combined with powerful limbs; while his great height (nearly 17 hands) and good, hard, brown color, add further to his attractiveness.

Being a big, raw, backward colt, his joint own-

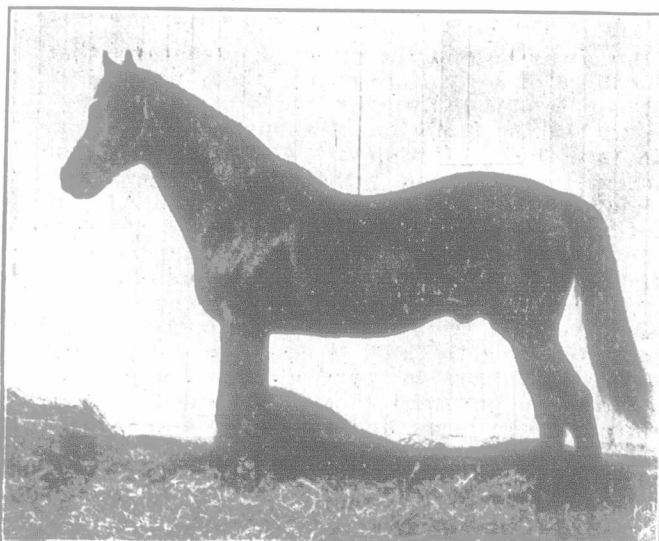


Cyllene, by Bonavista.

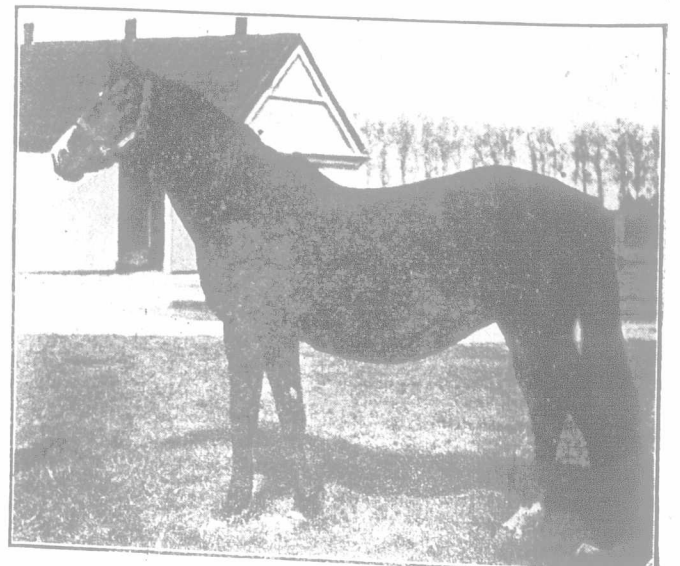
Club home-bred foal stakes at Stockbridge, the Royal Plate at Windsor, the Chesterfield Stakes at Newmarket, the Prince of Wales Stakes, worth £3,000, at Goodwood, and last, but not least, the coveted Champagne stakes at Doncaster. Ayrshire commenced his three-year-old season by beating his only rival, Disappointment, for the Riddlesworth Stakes very easily, by no less than twenty lengths. Then came the Two Thousand Guineas, which he also won with ease from his stable companion, Johnny Morgan; Friar's Bal-



Common, by Isonomy.



Ayrshire, By Hampton.



Gas, by Ayrshire.

ers, rather than risk defeat with him as a two-year-old, decided to keep him until the following season, when he made his debut, by cantering away with the Two Thousand from eight runners. Common then improved very rapidly, and when the Derby came round he justified his being made favorite, winning this event quite as easily as he had the "Guineas." At Ascot he continued his series of triumphs, by securing the St. James' Palace Stakes, and then met with his first reverse in the Eclipse Stakes at Sandown. The St. Ledger saw Common carry silk for the last time, and he redeemed his record by winning without an effort.

Sir J. Blundell Maple gave £15,000 for Common, and he joined the now defunct Childwiche stud. As a stallion he has, perhaps, hardly been the success some anticipated, but nevertheless some useful animals claim him as their sire, the following being the most distinguished: Nun Nicer (winner of the One Thousand), Bowery, Commune, Osbeck, Compliment, Simony, The Bishop, Cottager, Newsboy, and several others who have earned their winning brackets in France.

ISINGLASS.—We now come to another son of Isonomy, the mighty Isinglass, out of Deadlock, by Wenlock. Foaled in 1890, this magnificent bay holds the proud distinction of having won more money than any horse that ever trod the turf, £57,454 (\$287,270) being the enormous sum that he placed to the credit of his owner and breeder, the late Col. Harry McCalmont.

Deadlock, the dam of the horse that many consider the "horse of the century," saw a good deal of the seamy side of life. She was such a persistent failure as a breeder that she was put to work, and it was not until she had been repurchased from between the shafts by Capt. Machell for a paltry £20, that she helped to make a dazzling page of turf history. The only races that Isinglass took part in at two years old were the new stakes at Ascot, and the Middle Park Plate, which he won quite comfortably from some real good horses. The following year saw him successful in the Two Thousand Derby, Newmarket Stakes, and St. Ledger (the unlucky Ravensbury following him home on each occasion), but he was unable to give Raeburn 10 lbs. in the Lancashire Plate at Manchester. As a four-year-old, he struggled home by a head in the Princess of Wales Stakes, under the crushing burden of 10 st. 3 lbs., and followed up this by winning the Eclipse Stakes at Sandown, after a great finish off with Ladas, Lord Roseberry's famous Derby winner. Isinglass wound up a brilliant career by winning the Ascot Gold Cup as a five-year-old, under 9st. 4 lbs. He then took up his duties at the Cheveley Park stud, Newmarket, where he has been an unqualified success. His best winners are Cherry Lass, winner of the One Thousand, Oaks, and other races only this year; John O'Gaunt (a son of the great La Fleche), a good but most unlucky colt; Rising Glass, Glass Jug, Kilglass, Sweet Sounds, Glasalt (a Liverpool cup winner), Veles, Vain Duchess, Shilfa, and a number of others. One of the most interesting sights at Cheveley Park is the special box, with a house for his attendant, built for Isinglass by his late owner, to commemorate his successes, which are given on a stone slab let into the wall on the outside. Here he spends his days in happiness, and a handsomer or better-tempered horse it would be hard to find in the whole of England.

SCEPTRE.—When the history of racing comes to be written, the doings of Sceptre, "Queen of the Turf," as she was often called, will be interesting reading, and she will hold a very prominent place amongst the celebrities of the last decade,

if not the century. Bred in 1899 by the late Duke of Westminster, at Eaton, this peerless filly, who is by Persimmon, out of Ornament, an own sister to Ormonde, was sold at the sale of the Duke's yearlings for the hitherto unheard-of price of 10,000 gs., to Mr. Robert Sevier, which forms a record for a yearling. When she cantered along in front of her field in the Woodcote Stakes, with Sam Loats in the saddle, on the occasion of her first appearance, the public at once saw that the daughter of Persimmon was a "smasher," and her next outing was looked forward to with interest. This was in the July stakes at Newmarket, which she also won. Defeat came at last, however, for in the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster she could get no nearer than third, but she was not well at the time.

In the spring of 1902 a great sensation was caused by the announcement that it was the intention of her owner to let Sceptre take her chance in the Lincoln Handicap, the first big race of the season, which was a most unusual procedure with an animal intended for the "classics." Mr. Sevier's mare started favorite, and only went down by the shortest of heads, which might have been reversed had her jockey not been over anxious. Many thought the strain of her early engagement would interfere with her chance in the Two Thousand, but this theory was proved incorrect by her easy victory, and on the next day but one she smothered her field in the One Thousand in unsurpassable style, with only three plates on, one having come loose, which necessitated its removal at the post. After these wonderful displays, both in record time, Sceptre was made a raging-hot favorite for the Derby, and her poor show in that race made many people suggest she had been the victim of foul play. However, her victory in the Oaks at the same meeting was well received, as she had now become a tremendous favorite with the public. She then ran in five races, winning two at Ascot and Goodwood, and continued her remarkable career by romping home in a deluge of rain, amidst a thunder of cheers for the St. Ledger, thus accomplishing the unprecedented feat of winning four out of five of the "classics." Mr. W. Bass gave her owner £25,000 for her as a four-year-old, and it was in his "green and yellow jacket" that she ran some of the races of her life. At Sandown she was beaten by a neck after a terrific finish with Aid Patrick, in the Eclipse Stakes, and later on astonished everyone, by giving Rock Sand, the Derby winner, 1 st. 1 lb. and a four lengths beating in the Jockey Club Stakes at Newmarket. Then came Sceptre's first victory in a handicap, and a memorable race it was. The event was the Duke of York Stakes, at Kempton, in which she carried top weight. Just before the horses left the paddock it was noticed that Sceptre went lame, but she took her chance, and although tampered with very badly during the race, she managed to overhaul Happy Slave, a lightly-weighted horse, who had secured a long lead, and beat him by the shortest of heads on the post. This great mare afterwards won a couple of races at Newmarket, and then went into winter quarters.

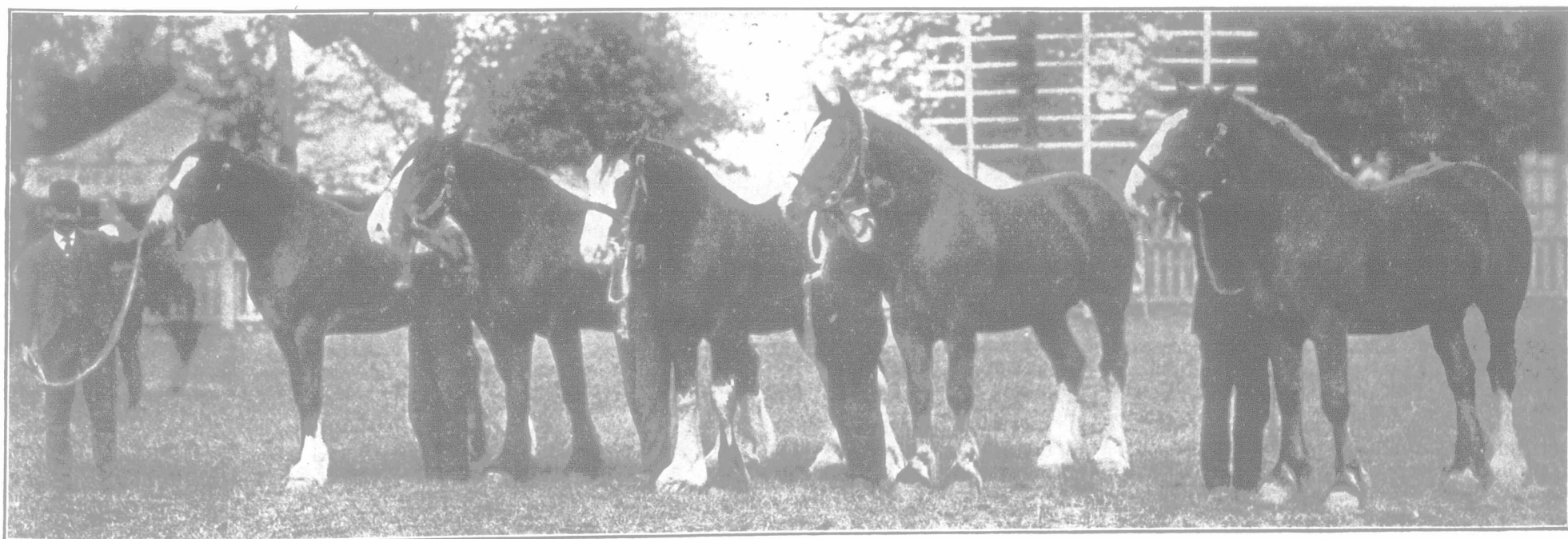
It was hoped she would secure for Mr. Bass the Ascot Gold Cup in the following year, but this race proved one of the surprises of which the turf is so prolific—a 20 to 1 chance—Throwaway winning from Zinfandel and Sceptre. The "mare of records" has now gone to stud, where she has been mated this season with Cyllene, to whom she should throw a race horse of undoubted merit, which is the wish of every sportsman.

CYLLENE, by Bonavista, out of Arcadia, by Isonomy, is not only one of the handsomest horses

living, but a sire of exceptional prominence at the present time; he, moreover, is the second highest-priced horse in the world, his owner, Mr. W. Bass, having given the fabulous sum of £31,500 for him. Foaled in 1895, and a rich chestnut in color, with very little white, Cyllene, who was bred by Mr. C. D. Rose, M. P., is a perfect example of what a Thoroughbred stallion should be, as his portrait clearly indicates. By some unlucky chance he was not entered for the Derby of 1898, or he would certainly have figured amongst the select band of "Blue Riband" winners, and in spite of this he won some nice races, which proved him to be quite the best of his year. These victories consist of the following events: As a two-year-old, Sefton Park Plate, Liverpool; Worth Stakes, Gatwick; Forty-fifth Triennial, at Ascot, and the National Breeders' Produce Stakes, value £5,000, at Sandown; as a three-year-old, the Newmarket Stakes, Sandown Foal Stakes, and Jockey Club Stakes; when a four-year-old he won the Ascot Gold Cup, which terminated his turf career. His stock first ran in 1903, and in 1904 he was retired with £15,532 to the credit of his progeny. Cyllene's bright star is, of course, Cicero, owned by Lord Roseberry, who was unbeaten as a two-year-old, and this year won the Newmarket Stakes and Derby. Polymelus has also won some nice races for Lord Crewe, while Sweet Mary is a very speedy filly, who has won a large number of races, and is not far off being the best two-year-old of the year. These are only a few of Cyllene's winners, and as he has not been very long at the stud, great things are expected of him in the future, which have every appearance of being fulfilled, judging by the choice mares that are being sent to him.

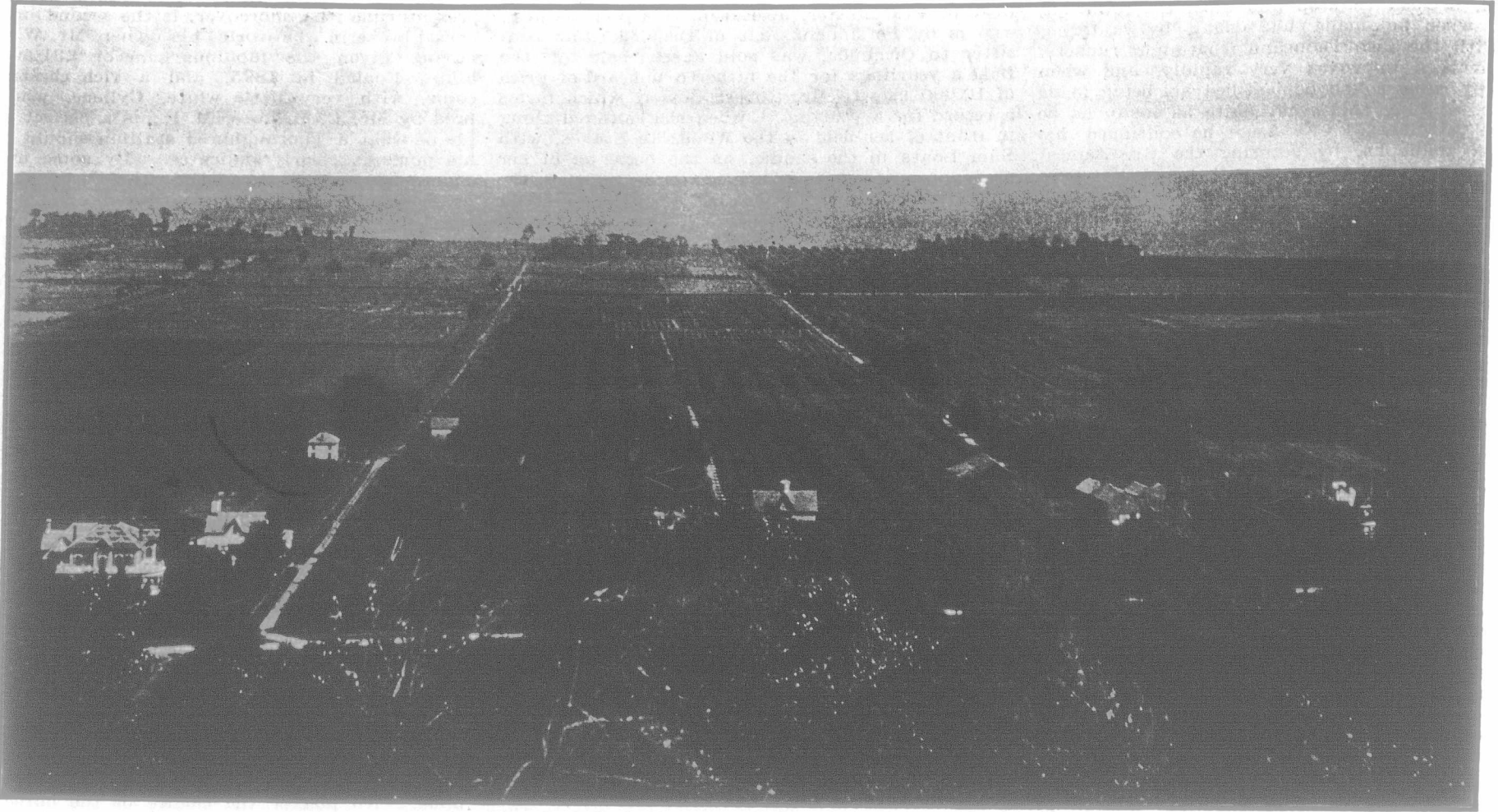
FLORIZEL II.—The popularity of the Royal colors on the race-course in England is tremendous. No matter the chance of the horse that carries them, they are always sure of a splendid reception, and should they be carried first past the post, the demonstration will not easily be forgotten by those who see it for the first time. Of the many great racers that have borne King Edward's jacket to victory, Florizel II. is one of the best. He certainly did not achieve classic honors, like his own brothers, Persimmon and Diamond Jubilee, but his list of wins are most creditable. Bred by his royal owner, who was then Prince of Wales, in 1891, he claims the parentage of St. Simon, and that remarkable mare, Perdita II., by Hampton. He contested 22 races, and won just half, amongst which the following are included: Brighton Handicap, St. James Palace Stakes (Ascot), Royal Post Stakes (Newmarket), Jockey Club Stakes, Goodwood Cup, Gold Vase (Ascot), Manchester Cup, and Prince's Handicap (Gatwick). With all these honors Florizel II. soon recommended himself to breeders on his retirement to the stud, and they were not slow in availing themselves of his services, and with good results, too, for in his first season he sired Volodyvoski and Doricles, the winners of the Derby and St. Ledger of 1901. Vedas, who won £3,529 as a two-year-old, and the Two Thousand of this year, is also one of his sons, and Gemma, Exchequer, Victorious, Golden Measure, Princess Florizel, Kuroki and Verdiara are also winners of note by him.

GAS.—A brood mare who has earned fame as the dam of Cicero, winner of the Derby, 1905, and other good races, concludes our series. She is a daughter of Ayrshire and Illuminata, and named Gas. She was in foal to Sir Visto at the time the photo was taken, and is owned by Lord Roseberry.



Two-year-old Clydesdale Stallions. Imported in 1905 by Thos. Mercer. Markdale, Ontario.

Reading from right to left: (1) Bathgate, sold to H. McKay, Duncans, B. C.; (2) Royal Sceptre, sold to J. A. Evans, Chilliwack, B. C.; (3) Lothian Boy, sold to John Fisher, Kingwood, Ont.; (4) Dean Swift, sold to F. B. Pemberton, Victoria, B. C.; (5) Clan Buchanan, sold to Wm. Crozier, Langley, B. C.



View of Niagara District Fruit Farms. Looking North from Top of Mountain. Lake Ontario in the Distance.

Fruit-growing in the Far-famed Niagara District.

By Linus Woolverton.

In the Niagara Peninsula, scene of so much thrilling Canadian history, is the most famous fruit-growing district of Ontario. Lying on the south shore of Lake Ontario, with the Niagara river on the east, and old Lake Erie on the south, it has ameliorated climatic conditions most favorable to the growth of tender fruits. In this renowned peninsula, comprising in all nearly four counties, a narrow strip along Lake Ontario is peculiarly separated from the rest by a singular escarpment, forming a more or less abrupt wall, in some places 300 feet high, which in an earlier age formed the southern shore of a broader Lake Ontario. It is over this escarpment that the Niagara River originally fell at Queenston, from which point ages of erosion have eaten back some seven miles through the plateau, leaving behind the yawning canyon known as the Niagara Gorge.

Between the "Mountain" and the Lake, extending from Burlington Heights to the Niagara River, and varying in width from two to six miles, is the favored region most appropriately styled the "Garden of Canada." Its extent is about two hundred square miles. The soil is mixed, but is chiefly a clay subsoil, covered to a greater or less depth with a rich deposit of sandy loam. The lake and the escarpment afford a wonderful protection against frost. Many a time when the crops "on the mountain" immediately south are blasted there is scarcely a sign of injury below. Perhaps even more important, the presence of the large body of water on the north retards early spring growth, thus mitigating the consequences of late spring frosts.

THE LEADING FRUITS.

Snugly sheltered from the severe cold of winter and the frosts of spring and autumn, fruit trees of all kinds flourish and give abundant crops of luscious fruits. The apple can be grown in all its varieties, from the Astrachan, Duchess and Gravenstein of the summer and fall, to the King, Snow, Spy, Greening and Baldwin among the winter varieties.

The peach seldom fails to yield an abundant crop—for the thermometer rarely goes much below -10° , the limit of safety for the peach bud—and gives a constant succession of high-flavored kinds; beginning with Greensboro and Alexander early in August, continuing with Yellow St. John, Early Crawford, Elberta, Garfield, Champion, Thurber and Reeves, and closing up with Salway and Smock early in October.

The cherry, too, is remarkably successful on the sandy loam just under the "mountain," for even the Sweet Heart varieties, which are about as tender as a peach, seldom fail to produce abundant crops, except when rotted by excess of rain. Among the choice varieties we note such as Governor Wood, Cleveland, Knight, Tartarian, Napoleon, Windsor and Elkhorn, kinds which will not endure severe cold. Besides these fruits, hundreds of varieties of grapes, plums, pears, berries, etc.,

are produced in perfection, and in enormous quantities.

EARLY HISTORY.

In the early years of the Nineteenth Century nobody supposed that tender plums, peaches and cherries would grow in Canada West, as our Province was then called. But as early as 1834, experimental plantings were made, which eventually proved successful, for then Mr. Dennis Woolverton, then M. P. P. for the district, grew a lot of natural-fruit peach trees from pits. These he used in part to give away among his neighbors, and the rest of the stock he gave to his neighbors. Many of these trees were still fruiting in 1856, when the writer was a small boy, and he well remembers the immense loads of fruit produced, for which almost the only sale was to the "hawksters," at 25c. a bushel! These men teamed the fruit up to Hamilton market, and there sold it at prices which gave them a great profit.

Apple trees were planted in the same orchard about the year 1790, and for nearly a hundred years yielded immense crops without a sign of scab or moth. In those days grapevines climbed the apple trees, and yielded immense loads of fruit without pruning or care. The writer well remembers many a climb to the top of an old tree after ripe Isabella grapes, for the finest and ripest bunches were always at the top.

About the year 1857 a new factor appeared. The Great Western Railway was put through, and by its connections opened up many new markets for the fruits grown in the Niagara district. Mr. A. M. Smith, the veteran fruit-grower of this section, seeing the opportunity, planted five acres near Grimsby with peach trees—an immense orchard it seemed then. He selected such varieties as Early Purple, Early Crawford, Royal George, Old Mixon, Late Crawford, Morris White, Honest John, Early Barnard, etc. The prices received for the fruit were most remunerative, averaging about \$3.00 a bushel! Mr. Smith was also among the first to plant grapes for shipment, and his first Concord brought ten cents a pound! In small fruits, too, he led the way, planting an acre of strawberries away back in the "sixties," of such varieties as Early Scarlet and Hovey's Seedling; also an acre of Lawton blackberries, which were about the first seen in Hamilton, Toronto and London markets, and retailed at such fabulous prices as 35c. a quart! Those were the palmy days of fruit-growing. No middleman pocketed all the proceeds above expenses; and the fruit-grower received from the dealer full value for his fruit. Is it any wonder that nearly everyone living in this section rushed into fruit-growing, until now, after fifty years have elapsed, the whole belt is one vast garden and orchard?

Another name intimately associated with the early history of fruit-growing in the Niagara dis-

trict is that of the late lamented Delos W. Beadle, the pioneer nurseryman of St. Catharines, a gentleman educated at Yale, and skilled in both theory and practice of horticulture in all its branches. Mr. Beadle was the first secretary of the Ontario Fruit-growers' Association, which was organized in the City of Hamilton about the year 1860, and the first editor of the Canadian Horticulturist.

These two men were among the constituent members of that Association, and at a recent meeting of the Society were made honorary life members, in recognition of their zealous interest in progress of fruit-growing in Ontario during the last fifty years.

QUANTITY AND QUALITY OF THE FRUIT.

In the absence of carefully-collected statistics, it is impossible to make a correct estimate of the quantity of fruit grown and shipped in this or in any other district in Ontario. Certainly it is enormous, and far exceeds the general estimate. In the year 1904 the Grand Trunk, formerly the Great Western Railway, alone carried away from the small village of Grimsby and the country about, five hundred and thirty tons of apples, and nine hundred and eighty tons of other fruits—or in all about fifteen hundred tons. Besides, we have the Hamilton, Grimsby and Beamsville electric road carrying immense quantities. This road extends from Hamilton, over twenty miles east, to Beamsville, along the historic "Stone road," that runs through the heart of the fruit belt, from Hamilton, at the head of Lake Ontario, to Queenston, on the Niagara River. A ride over this road in May or June, passing, as it does, right along the fronts of the fruit farms, with their palatial dwellings, their orchards, vineyards and small-fruit plantations, is a trip never to be forgotten. Over the H. G. & B., the Canadian Pacific sends down her freight cars to gather up great quantities of luscious fruits, so that it is a conservative estimate to say that in 1904 about three thousand tons of fruit was sent out from Grimsby alone. Now, this shipping point does not represent more than an area of six square miles, so that the whole Niagara fruit district, fifty miles in length, and averaging four in width, and containing about two hundred square miles of fruit-growing land, must export approximately a hundred thousand tons of fruit each year! The value of this crop is not easy to compute, but an idea may be arrived at from a few examples: Mr. E. D. Smith, of Winona, who does a large business in fruit, ships about \$150,000 worth per annum. Mr. Carpenter handles about \$90,000 worth, and I think it would be safe to value the output from the district at \$1,000,000.

Fruit-growers certainly have a wonderful advantage in this district, from being situated in close touch with each other. They are thus enabled to have telephones in their houses, giving them constant communication with a secretary,

who furnishes them daily market quotations of fruit; they have electric cars passing their doors, bringing them in close touch with city life; and steam cars, both C.P.R. and G.T.R., competing for the carrying of their fruit either to the seaboard for Europe, or toward the great Northwest. All these lines compete for the carrying of the fruit, and reasonable rates naturally result, and the fruit is consequently well distributed. Buyers and forwarding agents are found at all stations, and the quantity which is daily sent out in car lots to both home and foreign markets astonish visitors.

PACKAGES.

Apples are usually packed in barrels holding about three bushels. They are quickly and cheaply made at cooper shops near the large orchards, on the approach of apple season. The price of these apple barrels varies from 30c. to 40c. each, according to the demand for barrels and the price of the stock. For the main crop of apples there is no better package made, but for extra choice apples and pears the bushel box is to be preferred, having an inside measurement of 10x11x20 inches. The boxes can be purchased complete at from ten to twelve cents, and as three of them equal the contents of a barrel, it is not surprising to find the Canadian fruit-grower making free use of it for a special trade in fancy fruit. The writer has used the box for ten years past in exporting his finest grades of apples to Great Britain, first wrapping each specimen in tissue paper, and then packing the fruit in rows and tiers in the boxes. They usually lie 4x4x7 for No. 1 stock, taking about 112 apples to each bushel. Two years ago I made a sale of one hundred and fifty bushel boxes of high-grade apples, each sample weighing seven ounces or over, at 7s. a box, f.o.b., at Montreal.

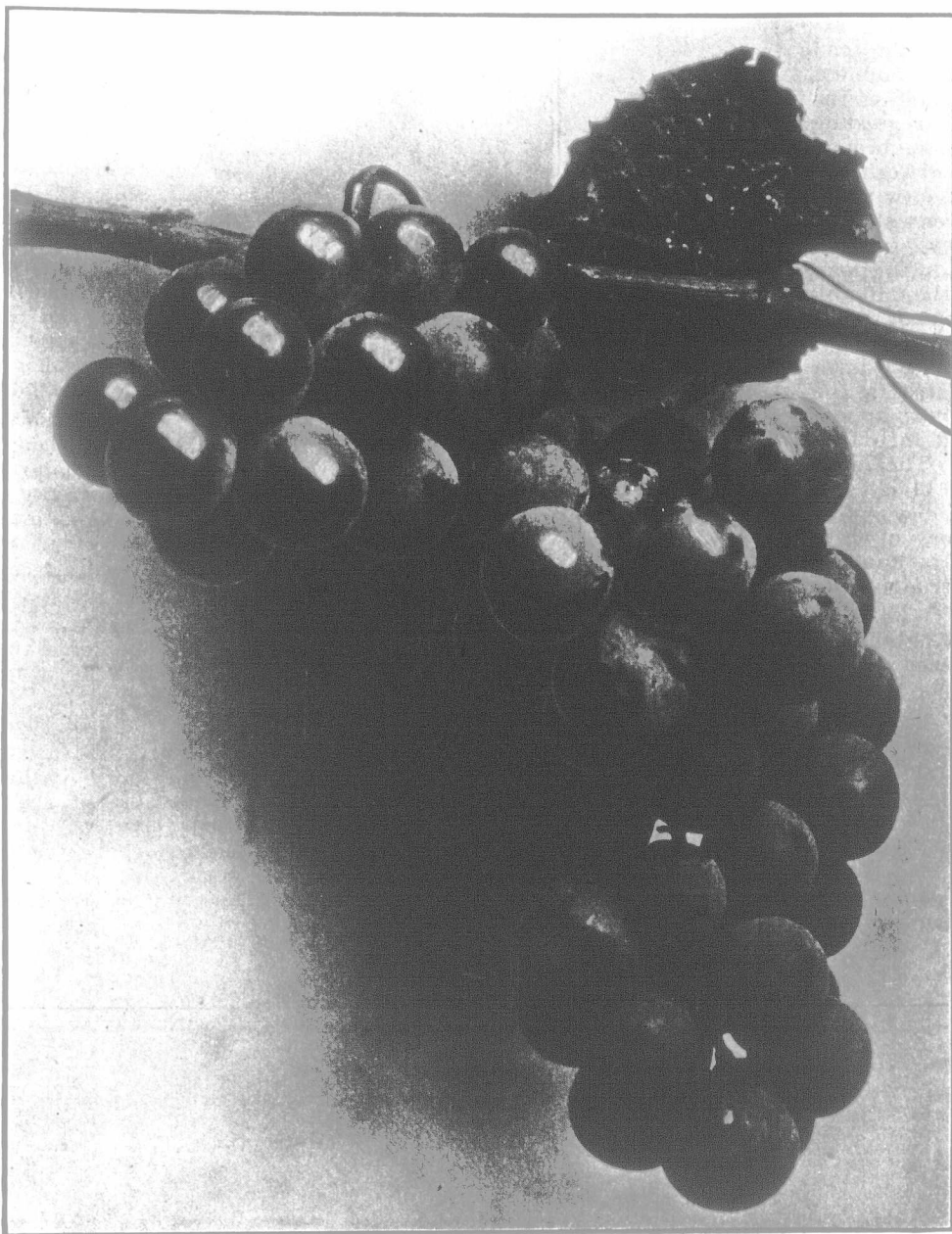
For the more tender fruits, such as cherries, pears, plums or peaches, which are intended for Ontario markets, no package is so popular as the basket, because it is both convenient and econom-

ical. Basket factories are located at various points in the Niagara district, as, for example, at Burlington, Stony Creek, Grimsby, St. Catharines and Thorold. The process of manufacture is simple. Great logs are peeled into fine large sheets of thin veneer, and these are cut with a large

knife playing upon a large table into proper sizes and widths for basket-making; these are folded and nailed into shape by boys and women, who become exceedingly expert at the work. In 1904 a single factory, situated at Grimsby, turned out about 500,000 baskets, and the supply came far short of demand; while in 1905, although the output has been far greater, yet it has again quite failed to meet the demand.

DRAWBACKS.

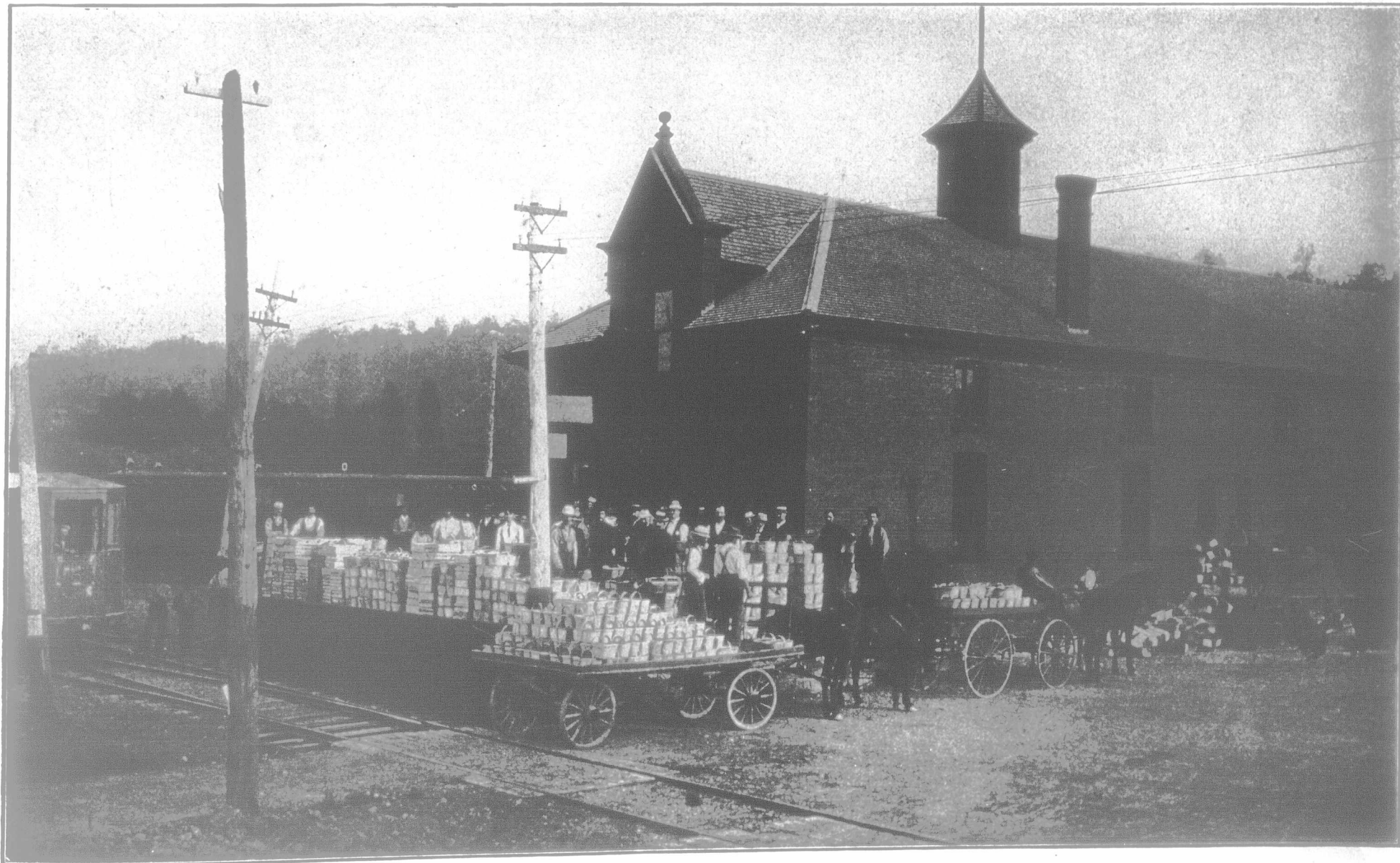
Yet, even here, the industrious fruit farmer meets with severe disappointments and frequent discouragements. Insect enemies have increased during the last few years to a fearful extent; fungous diseases have attacked almost every fruit, and the spraying with chemicals, advised as a remedy, is a most disagreeable and expensive operation. Added to all this, the methods of sale for fruit in Ontario are most unsatisfactory. The grower has no voice in fixing the price of his product; he simply ships it away in faith, believing that a distant consignee will secure for him good returns. When these come back he very often finds that a large part of the money has been absorbed in express charges and commission, and that a very small percentage on the money invested is left to him after labor, baskets, taxes and other expenses have been fully met. "All is not gold that glitters" is an old proverb, but it applies well to the conditions that often environ the fruit-growing business. Too many inexperienced men invest their capital in fruit farms and make failures, and a word of caution to those who are inclined to so invest is not amiss. But to him who loves it, and who has the proper qualifications essential to success, the occupation is certainly delightful.



The "Salem" Grape.

Pleased with the Wrist Bag.

Received the wrist bag safely, and I am well pleased with it.
ENA IRVINE.



A Typical Fruit-shipping Scene, Winona, Niagara District, Ont.

The Bloodhound, and Its Use in Leashing Man.

By C. W. Young, B. C.



Bloodhound Head.

Mr. Edwin Brough, of Wyndyate, near Scarborough, England, who has had 33 years' experience in breeding and training bloodhounds, says, in his book on the bloodhound, regarding the origin of the breed:

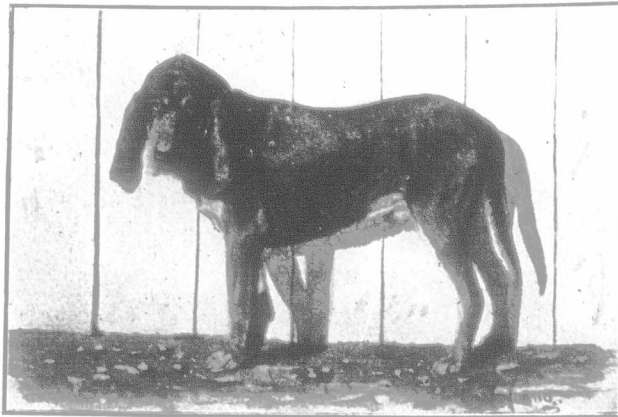
"Count Le Conteulx de Cantelen (without doubt the greatest living authority on the subject) is quite positive that the blood-

hound, or sleuthhound, and his predecessor, the Talbot, were derived from the St. Hubert, of St. Hubert's Abbey, in the Ardennes. This breed dates from the earliest ages, and certainly existed in the time of the Gauls. In the 8th century it was known as the Flemish hound, and was divided into two subdivisions—the black and the white. The most highly esteemed were the black (really black and tan), and the Abbots of St. Hubert's Abbey maintained the breed very carefully, in memory of their founder. These hounds possessed great hunting qualities, particularly that of keeping true to the scent."

St. Huberts were brought over to England at the time of the Conquest, and also when Henry IV. sent some over as presents to James I.

The old writers seem all agreed that the specialty of the bloodhound is that he has a more delicate nose and can hunt a lighter scent than any other hound, and that he is especially "free from change," as the French say, i. e., that he will never change from the hunted animal to the fresh one.

During the first half of the last century the bloodhound seems to have fallen out of use either for man-hunting or for the hunting of animals.



Blackwall Ringer (imp.).

A rich black-and-tan Bloodhound. Owned by Mr. C. W. Young, British Columbia.

He became very scarce, but the institution of dog shows fortunately saved him from total extinction. His majestic appearance and docile disposition gained him many friends, though amongst the uninformed he is still sometimes regarded as a ferocious monster, endowed with miraculous attributes, and capable of pursuing his victim successfully under any conditions till caught, when he would certainly tear him limb from limb. This may probably be accounted for partly by his name, which is calculated to inspire awe, and partly by recollections of slave-hunting tales in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and similar books. As a matter of fact, the hounds used for slave hunting in the Southern States of America, although called bloodhounds, were quite a different breed of dog. Mr.

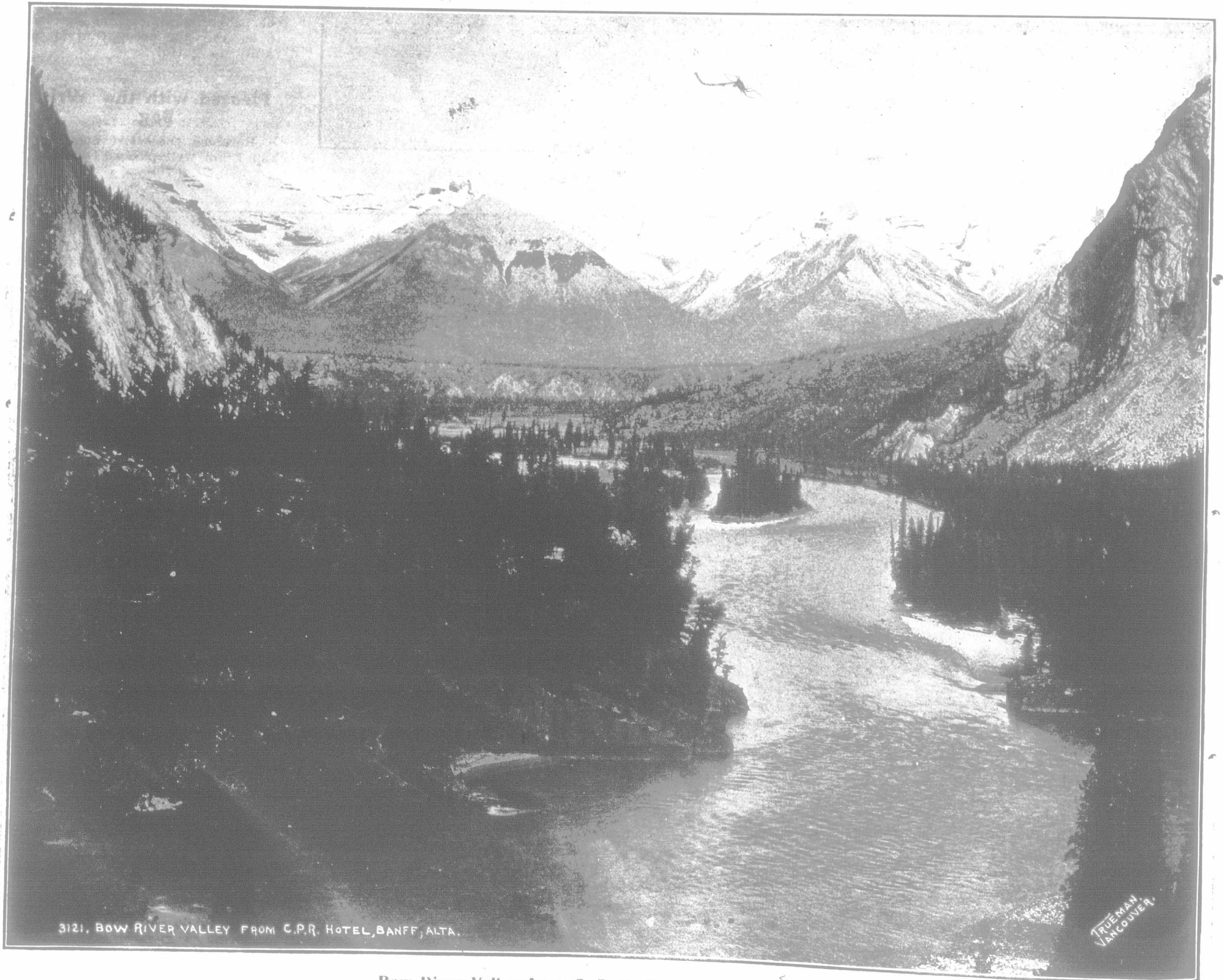
Brough claims they were "merely the foxhound of the country, sometimes crossed with the Cuban mastiff—or, as it was sometimes called, the Cuban bloodhound. The latter animal had no pretensions to be called a bloodhound—or, in fact, a hound at all—and was more like an inferior Great Dane than anything else, though it is not believed that it ever attained to any really fixed type."

As regards the name bloodhound, the Count Le Conteulx believes that when fox-hunting in something like its present form was instituted, it was found that the sleuthhound was not fast enough for the purpose, and the present foxhound was evolved from various material, and that about this time it became usual, in speaking of the old hound of the country, to call him the bloodhound, meaning the hound of pure blood (as we would speak of a blood horse), to distinguish him from the new hound, or foxhound.

The slave-hunting hounds were trained to pull down their man, but it would not be possible to do this with the bloodhound, and it is a daily occurrence to hunt an entire stranger with pure bloodhounds; when they have overtaken him, and ascertained that he was the object of pursuit, they manifest no further interest in him.

I have frequently hunted children who were strangers to the hounds, without the slightest fear of doing them any harm, and have overtaken them in the open, where the hounds would simply sniff at them and appear delighted, as if they had known them all their lives.

Of late years the bloodhound has been bred on more galloping lines, and is a very much faster hound than he was in moss-trooping days, and his feet are rounder and more knuckled up. His characteristic head formation has been well maintained, and the general average of excellence is greater than it was fifty years ago. Unfortunately it has remained a rare breed, and is in comparatively few hands, and is, consequently, much



3121. BOW RIVER VALLEY FROM C.P.R. HOTEL, BANFF, ALTA.

Bow River Valley from C. P. R. Hotel, Banff, Alta.

TRUEMAN
VANCOUVER

inbred, with the natural result that distemper is a more dangerous disease than in some other breeds of hounds.

The bloodhound may be enticed to hunt anything, and has even been used in Egypt by the Government to discover hidden stores of smuggled hashesh (an intoxicating preparation of Indian hemp), but naturally his most interesting and legitimate object of pursuit is man. He can also be easily taught to hunt horse, and will be just as reliable as regards change.

Anyone who is fond of seeing hounds work, but has only a limited amount of country to hunt over, will find an immense amount of pleasure in hunting one or two bloodhounds. In such circumstances it is a great convenience to be able to select the exact course, which could not be done if hunting some animal, and a great variety of different runs can be contrived over limited

grounds. Another advantage is that there is no blood shed, and the runner can avoid crops or anything where damage might be done, besides seeing the very finest of hound work. I know nothing more delightful than to see bloodhounds working out a cold scent under varying circumstances, and to hear their sonorous, deep, bell-like note.

I could give several instances where bloodhounds have been used in clearing up mysteries, but it would take up too much space. However, here is a quotation from an article on "Bloodhounds and Tracking," in the English Kennel Gazette, May, 1904, which may be of interest:

"The fact that many of the stories one reads concerning the powers of the hound are untrue, does not, however, in the smallest degree alter the fact that the hound has remarkable powers of tracking man by his scent, and, occasionally, what

to some would seem impossible performances, do occur. One of them has come under our notice recently, and as it is vouched for by police evidence in our possession, the performance of the hound is certainly entitled to being recorded. In the first place it is interesting that the hound in question, Blackwall Ringer, was an English-bred one—being bred by Mr. Walter Frisby, by his Barak ex Flying Colors. Mr. Frisby gave him to Mr. Edgar Farman, who later on gave him to Mr. J. W. Ross, who sent him down to Exmoor, where he was thoroughly trained by Mr. Lomas, and two or three years ago we recorded in this journal a most creditable performance of his over that wild expanse of country.

"Blackwall Ringer afterwards belonged to Mr. East, and was sent to America, and became the property of Acting Chief Constable Young, of the Provincial Police, Nelson, British Columbia. Quite



From sketches by C. W. Young.

Dreams and Realities of the Rancher's Life.

recently Blackwall Ringer has given an excellent account of himself, and on April 7th of the present year did some good work.

The circumstance under which Mr. Young's bloodhounds were employed was in the search for a young man named Schuler, who disappeared from his bedroom in the Rossland Hotel, where he was staying with his brother, in the early morning of Thursday, April 7th. Whether his disappearance was the result of suicidal frenzy, or, as it is probable, was due to somnambulism, cannot be determined. Mr. Young's letter is an interesting complement to his account of the search, as reported in the Columbian press, which, given in his own words, is as follows:

"I was called up at 5.55 in the morning, and told that a man had left his rooms at the Rossland Hotel during the night, only partially dressed, and had wandered away, and the Chief of City Police asked me to assist in the search, and bring my bloodhounds along. I took Blackwall Ringer and Queen Alexandra, the dogs in question, up to the Rossland Hotel, and by showing them some clothes of the missing man, put them on the scent. I took the dogs round the ground outside the hotel first, but in hunting for the man a number of men and dogs had already been over the ground some hours before, and unquestionably this fact bothered the dogs greatly. I then slipped off the leash, and, after casting about for some time, Blackwall Ringer struck the man's trail on the grass plot along the north side of Vernon Street, across from the Rossland Hotel. Whenever the dogs hit the scent they are looking for they invariably bay, and in this instance the moment Blackwall Ringer found what he was looking for he gave tongue. The dogs at once proceeded east to and down Hall Street, baying every now and then. Passing the Recreation Grounds, the dogs entered and cast about the grounds, but returning to Hall Street, they headed for the city wharf, giving tongue every now and then. Without hesitation Blackwall Ringer struck the gang-plank leading down from the wharf to the Kaslo float. The dog wanted to go down, but not being used to gang-planks, at first hesitated; finally he crawled down, and, baying as he went, stopped at the north-east corner of the float. His work was done, as I am quite satisfied that Schuler reached the spot and jumped off from there into the lake. We looked about in the water, but could not then discover the body. As later evidence proved, the body was there, lying in the shadow of the float's house, under the south-east corner of the float. We could not see it at first, but the men on the Kakanee, who heard the splash about four o'clock, on learning what the dogs were after when I arrived there, later on made a further search, and found the body."

"Mr. Young, in concluding his narrative, gave some interesting particulars as to the pedigrees and breeding of his dogs. He expressed confidence that had the hounds been put on before the scent had been crossed they would have immediately led on straight to the point they eventually reached."

"Those who follow the account will appreciate the difficulty of the test which Blackwall Ringer came out of with such great credit, and will agree that under suitable conditions the bloodhound can be, and is, used as a most powerful auxiliary in the clearing up of the mystery surrounding sudden disappearances and the investigation of crime."

The chief obstacle to the use of the bloodhound for detective purposes is that it requires a certain amount of intelligence and knowledge on the part of police, and if this knowledge could be extended to the general public as well as the police, it would be a great advantage. Unfortunately, the general tendency is either to believe a great deal too much, or believe nothing at all. I have received many applications to take my hounds to trace missing people or murderers after a lapse of some days, and even weeks, and even where a hound is procurable within a comparatively short time, and there is a clear, unfoiled line, it rarely occurs to those in charge to keep it clear until the hound arrives.

The deterrent effect of the knowledge that bloodhounds may be used is a most important factor, which should not be lost sight of. It is a very significant fact that since I established my kennel of hounds in Nelson, the guards at the gaol have never been troubled with men getting into the gaol grounds at night, whereas before that they were continually



"Feeding the Chicks."

troubled with men getting in, with a view to helping some of their friends to escape.

Just lately the Sultan of Turkey ordered a pack of six English bloodhounds, to safeguard his person in his palace at Constantinople, and to be used in tracking criminals. The dogs have been ordered through the Turkish Embassy from Major H. Richardson, the well-known breeder of Paulride, Forfarshire, Scotland. Ten years ago the Sultan bought some English mastiffs for the same purpose, but they were found to mutilate their victims.

NEW SUBSCRIBERS WANTED! SEE SPECIAL CLUBBING ANNOUNCEMENT ON PAGE 1843.

Premiums Worth Working For.

I received my premium, the farmer's knife, and can say I am exceedingly well pleased with it, as I am with the "Farmer's Advocate." It comes welcome, and is a good paper for a farmer to take. If I can get any new names for the paper I will send them on. Thanking you again for the jackknife, I remain,

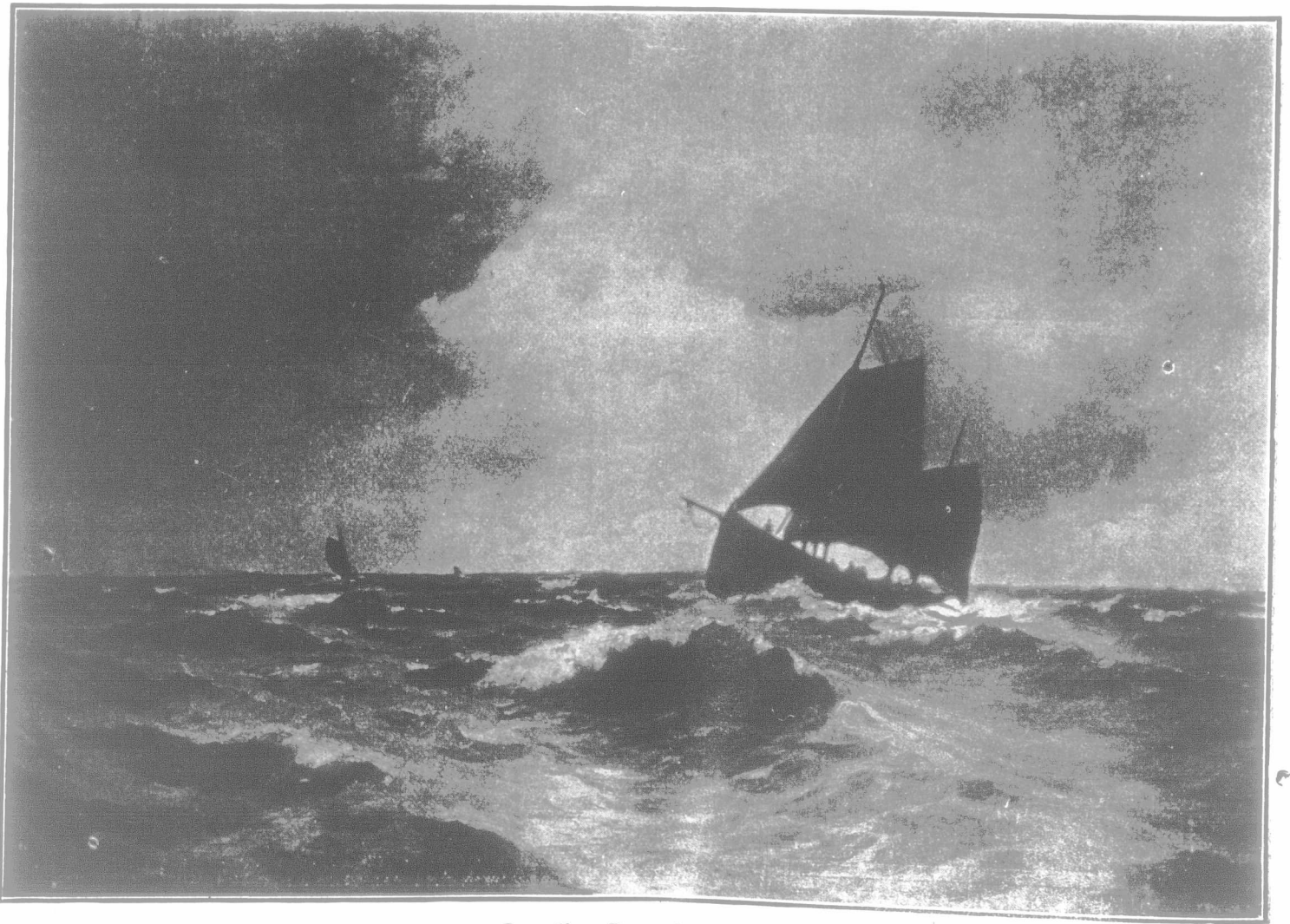
C. J. SMELSE.

Experimental Farm Chicken Feeding.

(Ottawa correspondence.)

Your representative recently visited the poultry department at the Central Experimental Farm, and obtained some interesting information from Mr. A. G. Gilbert regarding the experimental work in progress in his department. The fowls have been sorted out, placed in their winter quarters, and are now commencing to lay. They moulted during the latter part of the summer and early fall, the proper time, Mr. Gilbert states, and are now ready to lay. In order to distinguish the good from the poor layers, trap nests are used, and a careful record kept of the egg production of each hen. Only good layers are used for breeding purposes. The rations fed the laying stock at present are as follows:

Forenoon ration.—Wheat, sometimes buckwheat, in proportion of 8 to 10 pounds to every 100 fowls. This is scattered, soon after daylight, in the litter on the floors of the pens. At 11 a. m. steamed lawn clippings, three times per week. This is eaten with evident relish. It is a very beneficial way of utilizing a form of waste; clover



From painting by F. M. Bell-Smith, R. C. A.

Canadian Deep Sea Fishing.

leaves treated in the same way are equally good. Other days cut bone is given, in proportion of one pound to 15 hens.

At noon, if necessary, a few handfuls of grain are thrown on the floor to keep hens busy.

Afternoon ration.—Mash, as much as can be eaten up clean three or four times per week. A liberal allowance is given, for at this time there is less likelihood of injurious effect from over-feeding than at the morning ration. The mash is composed of two parts shorts, one part ground oats, one part gluten meal or ground barley. Occasionally, small potatoes boiled are added. Sometimes mash is fed at morning ration in lieu of grain. At such time wheat is given at the afternoon ration. Grit, water and mangels or

turnips are before the fowls all the time. Variety in the composition of the rations and in the order of feeding them is found beneficial. Experience has shown, Mr. Gilbert says, that where there is variety in rations and care in feeding them—with requisite allowance for floor space—there is little likelihood of egg-eating or feather-picking.

Last winter an experiment was conducted with two lots of fowls, to ascertain what is the best ration for laying stock. One lot was given oats daily and vegetables three times a week. The other lot was given grain, mixed in the proportion of one part of barley to one part of oats, vegetables every day, and mash every other day. Strange as it may seem, the fowls in lot No. 1 produced the larger number of eggs during the

time the experiment was in progress. With the same fowls the experiment is being repeated this year, but with the rations reversed. Lot No. 1 is being fed the rations given lot No. 2 last year, and vice versa. This is to demonstrate whether the fact that lot No. 1 produced the larger number of eggs last year was due to strain or to feed.

"Bow River Valley, Banff."

Our picture is so clear and good that even those who have been denied the privilege of a trip amongst the Rockies may almost imagine they have actually seen those giant peaks, silent and stern, snow-crowned, and grandly beautiful, which sentinel the Valley of the Bow at Banff.

What Education Has Done for the Dairyman.

By John Gould, Ohio.

NOW AND THEN PERSONS ARE FOUND LIVING IN THE PAST, WHO, SO FAR AS POSSIBLE, EMPLOY THE METHODS AND MECHANISM OF THE PAST, AND ARE FOREVER SAYING THAT THE OLD DAYS WERE THE BEST DAYS, AND ALL NEW THINGS AND WAYS ARE MORE ORNAMENTAL THAN STRICTLY USEFUL OR PROFITABLE.

In the dominion of the dairy in the western hemisphere, we are brought face to face with an industry which in the last half century has gone forward with leaps and bounds, putting it in a great class by itself, and which is not approached by any other industry in its importance, in the number of those directly engaged in its carrying on, or in the financial magnitude of its yearly output of produce. Practically it has covered the northern half of the States, and has large representative interests in the other half, and the Dominion of Canada is dotted with its dairy herds, creameries, factories and skimming stations from the Gulf of St. Lawrence to Vancouver, and it is there, as it is in the States, the bright, illuminating factor of agricultural prosperity.

That all this extension of dairy territory, production, seeking out world markets, and impressing upon the world the high character and food value of this produce, have been accomplished by mere chance; that education, science and investigation have played no part in it, I cannot believe. In this I am confident, that no other industry carries with it so great an amount of individual intelligence, more open-eyed, alert operators and skilled scientific investigators, and in no other is success more apparent. Think of an industry that has in a half century spread over and across a continent; that in the United States and the Dominion nearly 25 million cows are milked as dairy animals; that 6½ million people are engaged in this business, and, besides the home needs, this industry will put into the domestic and foreign markets this year almost a billion dollars' worth of produce, classed as dairy products! Can this be done without intelligence?

The great strides of the dairy have been attained since 1850, and one whose memory goes back so far, and compares the then with "the now," can hardly realize what has been accomplished since that date. Let us briefly go over the new things that education, research and invention have donated to this dairyman. Then dairying was an individual effort. Every method and practice was of home originality, for there was no "community of thought" even. Each one knew only for himself, so each dairy was the conception which the owner had evolved, and every man's produce had its individualism stamped upon it, and varieties of produce were as great in number as the producers. All was the result of guess-work. The why and wherefore of dairy practice was a sealed book, even the thermometer was un-

used as a determining factor in temperatures, and the finger did duty in its place, which explains in a large degree the place that "luck" had in the cheese and butter rooms.

Then dairy cows had practically no breeding. The herds were native, and so were uniform in one respect. The four great dairy breeds now so prevalent were as yet an indefinite possibility on this side the ocean, and heard of by few; and dairy types, dairy temperament and heredity were to these "Greek foolishness." Now, as one goes across a dairy country, and sees the herds of dairy cattle—the Jerseys, Holsteins, Ayrshires and Guernseys, and their grades—and hears about types and "families," prepotency and heredity; sees the volumes of literature about the dairy breeds and their excellencies, how to breed to maintain breed characteristics, and sees even breed journals, and notes the number of men who have risen to national fame because of their success in breeding dairy cows of specific types, no one can deny that education and research have been rife,

and the rational idea adopted that health and vigor in stock is constitutionally inherited, and best promoted by rational feeding and environment—never by the process of starvation, freezing and thawing, alternated.

In the feeding of cows a great advance has been made, and that largely pointed out by the scientists, who have, by the aid of chemistry, discovered the component parts of our farm grains and grasses, and given us their proportions and specific properties—a thing unknown fifty years ago—and what amounts needed to be fed to a cow, not only to properly nourish her, but what is needed in addition to stimulate and promote the flow of milk. True, there have been some modifications and changes in a minor way from the once cast-iron feed formulas published, but in the main they hold good as a basis of calculation. Thus investigation has enabled the farmer to feed to a profit of millions of dollars yearly, where by the old plan of hay, and corn "in the ear," loss was apparent at every step. Science gave the farmer the silo, that has added untold millions to his profits, by converting a great luxuriant crop, only half realized upon before, into a ration

of succulence and unknown possibilities, adding another farm to one's acreage without expanding its boundaries; and, more, it is putting many a crop unknown before at the disposal of the dairyman, and also utilizing millions of tons of feed wastes to profit, and making a farmer a manufacturer, instead of simply a producer and seller of raw material.

It seems beyond belief, when one looks over the list of dairy inventions that have revolutionized the methods of the dairy. My memory recalls the invoice of our farm dairy machinery—wooden pails, a pine cheese tub, a big brass kettle, tin pans, skimmer, and a log cheese press! Has there not been some education and science devoted to the dairy in the past few decades? Inventors and scientists have changed the whole belief of the dairy world, and brought another teeming world of "inhabitants" to light, making it possible to control the conditions that confront the dairyman.

Human thought never evolved one mechanical principle greater than that applied in the centrifugal cream separator. By it the saving of butter-fat alone, over pan setting, rescues millions of dollars per year. The Babcock milk test has been an invention that has demonstrated more facts, and classified the worth of cows beyond estimate; so simple any man can quickly master its working, and so can calculate the worth of the milk. As an arbitrator of values in factory and creamery it has no rival, nor can its value be overstated. Other inventions are almost innumerable. Pasteurizers, sterilizers, aerators, refrigerators, bottlers and transportation cases are all recent, and have made wider the avenues of dairy commercialism. The investigations that established the existence of bacteria, and their influence upon milk, changed the beliefs and practice of the world's dairying. It was not the thunder that



"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"

and of great benefit to the dairymen at large; and if one will compare some of the milk records of fifty years ago with the later established records of 1904-5, there is no refuting the claim that the brain of men has been successfully active along this line of breed development and improvement. Not that all dairymen have been like minded, or as resourceful, but the path has been broadened into a highway, in which all who choose may walk and profit.

In the care of cows what has been accomplished? From the wintering out of doors we have evolved the dairy barn, until its sanitation is as perfect as the farmers' dwellings. Warmth, ventilation, light and sanitation have been so combined that the dairy stable is now about so much "enclosed June." Hardening cows by storm and cold, to make them tough and vitality conspicuous, has been relegated to merited ob-

soured the milk, but in "thunder weather" the germs that sour milk were more abundant, and got in their work quicker. The discovery that rennet was not the curative agent that changed curd to cheese, but was an inherent enzyme, led to the cold-curing of cheese, placing the cheese, because of the cold, beyond the possibility of ferments; but the curing went on, and, saving the care of turning and greasing cheese, and all its perplexing actions while curing, giving as a result a cheese of uniform grade, when cured of finer flavor, and a saving in shrinkage of nearly two pounds to the hundredweight—one of science's greatest discoveries. Certified, modified and hygienic milk, now recently in demand, are all and each the result of the bacterial investigations, making it possible to supply a milk to all intents free from dirt, and about destitute of bacteria, the two causes of milk going to the bad, thus wonderfully promoting the dairyman's market, and giving him who can control matters a much increased price for his milk. It was another scientist who discovered that flavor in butter was the work of certain colonies of bacteria, so he separated and cultivated them, and butter cultures are the result, and few buttermakers now, at home or in the creamery, venture to make butter without "starters," and the butter trade has been thereby benefited millions of dollars yearly. In the States so greatly has the grade of butter been raised, and the butter taste so influenced, that it is being practically all consumed at home, at a price above foreign quotations. The same is true of cheese. The farm care, factory control, ripeners, tests, bacterial knowledge and kindred aids, have raised the character of U. S. cheese so that very little is now exported. It is by invention that the dairy interests of the great West are being so rapidly developed. The separator in the farm home, the cream collector, the central butter plant, with modern and up-to-date apparatus, presided over by a graduate of some dairy school, have made actual dairy states in our great West, where so lately roamed the buffalo and the Indian, adding to their revenues each from 10 to 35 millions of dollars yearly, not to mention home demands, nor the increase of herds and the side issues of pork and veal. Farm revenues were increased by so much, and, incidentally, the dairyman's family received comforts and even luxuries that could not have come from the results of the plow alone. It is proven that the Western dairy farm is now more abundant in its grain yield, because of the dairy and its increased sources of fertility. When in the Northwest I found that the dairy was becoming in the great Winnipeg country "a substance of things hoped for"; wherever a creamery was found there was prosperity, and the best of homes.

What about the education of the dairy? One has only to cross the Dominion and the States to find in every dairy state a well-appointed dairy school, and at every State university a dairy adjunct, and at nearly every experiment station there is a working dairy and dairy experimentation going on, and at many of them a dairy school in addition. Then the state dairy societies are everywhere, and many of them have auxiliary meetings and travelling instructors and demonstrations. At not a few of these stations the breeding of special dairy stock is made a feature, with "exhibitions" and the like to assist in every way in the general distribution and promotion of dairy knowledge. State, Provincial and Federal Governments aid in the good work of dairy education, and also afford protection to the dairyman, prohibiting or controlling the sale of bogus and adulterated dairy articles, and imitation goods as well. Dairy schools are presided over by the best talent possible—men whose dairy knowledge has become recognized throughout the world. Every effort is being made to gather to them the young dairymen and students, in short and long courses, and make dairy knowledge as free as possible. The discoveries in dairy science have been practical. The Governments in this way are spending millions each year, and so far as noted it has been, as a rule, a wise investment, and has returned more than value received. The belated pessimist wails that progress but increases production, stimulates competition, and lowers prices, but the facts are "agin him." He forgets that population and consumption are increasing faster than production, and in this year of grace, 1905, in the munificence of its returns to the dairyman is a fitting culmination of more than a quarter century of steady and remunerative progress unsurpassed in any other industry.

The influence of dairying is seen everywhere. In better homes, more apparently well-to-do people, evidences of comforts often bordering upon the luxurious, people taking little journeys about the world, and in the increase of the reading habit; periodical literature and books on dairying abound. The mental processes of the dairymen are being quickened, and as quickened, grasp the better things, and even invent for themselves. So I am hopeful for the dairy. It has wrought great things, and will win others as great. It is to possess the land, and its influence pervade all borders. When that time comes

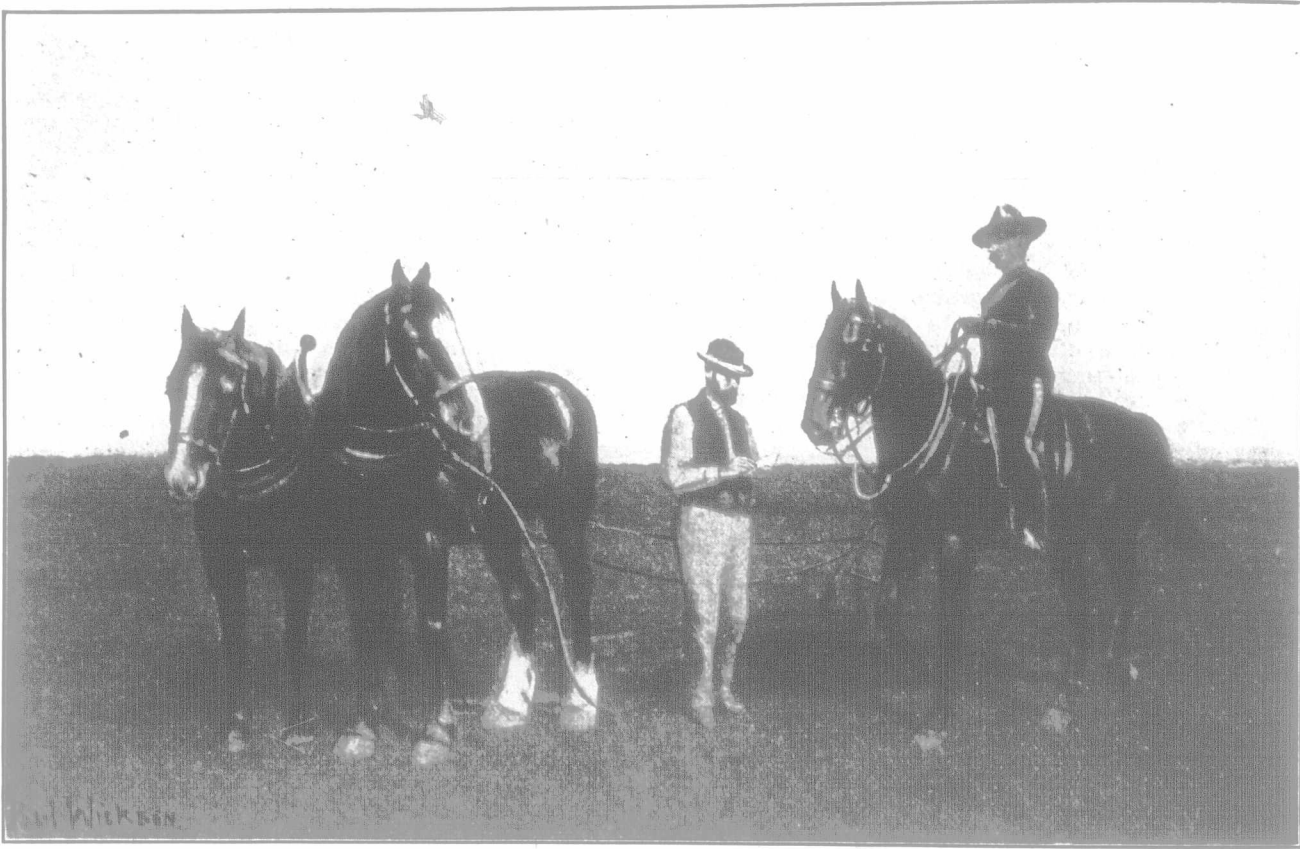
reciprocity of thought will be world-wide, and it will be everywhere recognized and accepted: that behind this great movement of the dairy, and its progress and promotion, was the power manifest of education, research and invention, and when a people are actuated by these three great propelling influences, their forward movement is irresistible, and though there may be still governmental boudaries, the people will be for united thought and action, and government and destinies will be safe in their hands, for with them will rest secure the keeping of the everlasting humanities.

Cool-cured Cheese.

(Ottawa correspondence.)

Dairy Commissioner J. A. Ruddick held an informal meeting with cheesemakers, salesmen and patrons at the Government cool-curing station, at Brockville, on Tuesday, November 28th. He stated that the Government had practically decided not to keep open the cool-curing stations another year,

but after his recent visit to England he thought such action should be reconsidered. He found the English buyers were just beginning to awaken to a realization of the fact that cool-cured cheese are superior to those cured under ordinary conditions. Mr. Ruddick read a letter from a prominent English dealer, strongly recommending three particular lots of cheese from the Government station at Brockville, and urging the Dairy Commissioner to do his utmost to have all Canadian cheese cool-cured, as such a course would result in a greatly increased consumptive demand. Mr. Ruddick said the stations were not intended to be money-making establishments, their object being to illustrate the best methods of cool-curing. In this the experiment had proved a great success, and he felt satisfied that cool-cured cheese had not yet realized its full value. During the four years' operation of the Brockville station the estimated value of shrinkage saved was \$2,904.91; saving of short weight, \$1,456.80; advance in price over the ordinary factory-cured product, \$3,199.05; total, \$7,560.76.



From a painting by Paul Wickson.

"No Complaint."

Owned by the Government of Canada.

Settler Signing Patrol Sheet, N.-W. Mounted Police.



From painting by Frederick S. Challoner, R.C.A.

"Haying."



Life, Literature
and Education.



John Bunyan.

As the author of a book of which more copies have been printed than any other book, except the Bible, John Bunyan claims a unique place in English literature. Such an achievement from one to whom Providence had given education, culture and refined surroundings, would still have been wonderful, but when the work is accomplished by one who had no advantages of birth or learning, the world of readers can only marvel.

John Bunyan, born in 1628, near Bedford, England, was the son of a poor tinker or brazier, and the boy was bred to his father's trade. The Puritan son of Puritan parents, yet with a warmth and vividness of imagination not Puritan, he revelled as a child in the pictures his fancy drew of Heaven and Hell. A tender conscience and the Puritanical idea that all pleasure was sin struggled in him with a genuine love of mirth, a quick sense of humor, and a delight in various pleasures. No historian has given us any facts derogatory to his character supplied by others, yet a sense of his own sinfulness seemed present with him, and the outburst of boyish spirit in some boyish prank caused him sincere anguish of mind. A sermon against certain amusements of which he was very fond, turned him for a time from these pleasures, but he returned to them again. "I shook the sermon out of my mind, and to my old custom of sports I returned with great delight. But the same day, as I was in the midst of a game of tip-cat, and, having struck it one blow from the hole, just as I was about to strike it the second time, a voice did suddenly dart from Heaven into my soul, which said, 'Wilt thou leave thy sins and go to Heaven, or have thy sins and go to Hell.' At this I was put in an exceeding maze; wherefore, leaving my cat upon the ground, I looked up to Heaven, and

was as if I had with the eyes of my understanding seen the Lord Jesus looking down upon me, as being very hotly displeased with me, and as if He did severely threaten me with some grievous punishment for those and other ungodly practices." To his deeply religious nature these sports seemed as deadly sins, but we get no clue that he ever lived a vicious or depraved life, the bad habit he had of swearing in his youth being early broken off at a rebuke from an old woman.

After his conversion he joined himself to a body of Christians, and in 1655 he was asked to speak to them in their church gatherings, and began to preach through the villages round about. His wife, to whom he had been married in 1649, brought him no worldly goods; in fact, they could together only provide the most meagre house-furnishings, but she brought with her a godly mind and two little books which had belonged to her father, "The Plain Man's Pathway to Heaven," and "The Practice of Piety," which they read together. He was little molested in his spiritual ministrations to his wandering flock during Cromwell's time, but six months after the restoration of the King, Bunyan was committed to Bedford Gaol on a charge of preaching in unlicensed conventicles, and his refusal to promise to abstain from doing so kept him in that gloomy prison for eleven years. The place was crowded, the treatment of the poorest; but he supported himself by making tagged thread laces, comforted himself by reading his Bible and writing, and comforted the other prisoners by his reading to them and teaching them. Still, it was an imprisonment hard to bear, for he was in the prime of life, his best years were being spent in prison, while his wife and children, especially his little blind girl, needed his help.

But suffering could not break his purpose, and he found some consolation in the activity of his pen. During this time he wrote much, the works best known to us being "Grace Abounding," the story of his own life, which Macaulay declares is one of the most remarkable pieces of autobiography in the whole world; and "The Holy War," an allegory of the struggle between God and Satan for a man's soul.

By the Declaration of Indulgence, 1672, he was released from gaol, and during the next three years he preached again for the same congregation as before. But at the end of that time the Declaration was cancelled, Bunyan was again arrested and imprisoned, this time for six months, and it was during this half year of prison life that he wrote the first part of "The Pilgrim's Progress." John Richard Green, the historian, says of it: "In no book do we see more clearly the new imaginative force which had been given to the common life of Englishmen by their study of the Bible. Its English is the simplest and homeliest English which has ever been used by any great writer; but it is the English of the Bible. The images of 'The Pilgrim's Progress' are the images of prophet and evangelist; it borrows for its tender outbursts the very verse of the Song of Songs, and

pictures the Heavenly City in the words of the Apocalypse. But so completely has the Bible become Bunyan's life that one feels its phrases as the natural expression of his thoughts. He has lived in the Bible until its words have become his own. He has lived among its visions and voices of Heaven till all sense of possible unreality has died away. He tells his tale with such a perfect naturalness that allegories become living things, that the Slough of Despond and Doubting Castle are as real to us as places we see every day, that we know Mr. Legality and Mr. Worldly Wiseman as if we had met them in the street. It is in this amazing reality of impersonation that Bunyan's imaginative genius displays itself. In its range, in its directness, in its simple grace, in the ease in which it changes from lively dialogue to dramatic action, from simple pathos to passionate earnestness, in the subtle and delicate fancy which often suffuses its childlike words, in its playful humor, in the even and balanced power which passes without effort from the Valley of the Shadow of Death to the land where the Shining Ones commonly walked because it was on the borders of Heaven, in its sunny kindness, unbroken by one bitter word, 'The Pilgrim's Progress' is among the noblest of English writings."

The Golden City.

(From "The Pilgrim's Progress.")

"The pilgrims then addressed themselves to the water, and entering, Christian began to sink, and crying out to his good friend Hopeful, he said: 'I sink in deep waters; the billows go over my head; all the waters go over me.' Then said the other: 'Be of good cheer, my brother, I feel the bottom, and it is good.' Christian, therefore, presently found ground to stand upon, and so it followed that the rest of the river was but shallow. Thus they got over. Now, upon the bank of the river, on the other side, they saw the two shining men again, who there waited for them. Wherefore, being come out of the river, they saluted them, saying: 'We are ministering spirits sent forth to minister to those that shall be heirs of salvation.' Thus they went along towards the gate. Now, you must note that the city stood upon a mighty hill; but the pilgrims went up that hill with ease, because they had these two men to lead them by the arms; they had likewise left their mortal garments behind them in the river; for though they went in with them, they came out without them. They therefore went up through the region of the air, sweetly talking as they went, being comforted because they got safely over the river, and had such glorious companions to attend them.

Now while they were thus drawing towards the gate, behold a company of the heavenly host came out to meet them, to whom it was said by the other two Shining Ones: 'These are the men that have loved our Lord when they were in the world, and that have left all for His holy name; and He hath sent us to fetch them, and we have brought them thus far on their desired journey, that they may go in and look their Redeemer in the face with joy.' Then the host gave a great shout,

saying, 'Blessed are they that are called to the marriage supper of the Lamb.' There came also out at this time to meet them several of the King's trumpeters, clothed in white and shining raiment, who with melodious noises and loud made even the heavens to echo with their sound."

Christmas in Literature.

Just as no other event in the history of the world has meant as much to its peoples as the coming of the Christ, so no other event has made such a deep impression on the human heart or found its way out from thence in song and story. Among those nations who have accepted Him there is scarcely a bard who has not touched upon the marvel of His birth, or who has not sung the gladness of Christmas Day. From the night when the awestruck shepherds, watching their flocks on the hillside of Judea under the starry sky, listened to the song of the angels, "Glory to God in the Highest, Peace on earth, Good will to men," until the present day, that song of rejoicing, expressed in many different ways, has echoed round the world at every Christmas tide.

The time and place of His birth have been celebrated in poetry and prose. On this phase of the subject there is nothing finer than Milton's "Hymn to the Nativity," beginning:

"This is the month, and this the happy morn
Wherein the Son of Heaven's Eternal King,
Of wedded maid and virgin mother born,
Our great redemption from above did bring:
For so the holy sages once did sing,
That He our deadly forfeit should release,
And with His Father work us a perpetual peace."

In prose, General Lew Wallace has given us a magnificent picture in the opening chapters of Ben Hur of the coming of the Wise Men from the East, of their wonder at the Star which had led them, of their speculations concerning the object of their search, and of the joy with which they laid before the Babe the costly gifts brought from afar. In this connection we must mention a recent short story by Henry Van Dyke, called "The Other Wise Man," a sweet little poem in prose telling how the fourth Wise Man delayed on his way to help the poor and distressed, arrived too late, and empty handed, because he had given the splendid jewels intended for an offering to the King to the needy. Phillips Brooks, in a beautiful hymn, often sung at Christmas time, has shown us Bethlehem:

"O little town of Bethlehem!
How still we see thee lie;
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep,
The silent stars go by,
Yet, in thy dark street shineth
The everlasting Light;
The hopes and fears of all the years,
Are met in thee to-night."

The wonderful fact that peace really reigned over the earth at the time

of Christ's birth, has taken the fancy of many of our writers. Bryant says:

"No trumpet-blast profaned
The hour in which the Prince of
Peace was born;
No bloody streamlet stained
Earth's silver rivers on that sacred
morn."

And Milton tells us the same in different words:

"No war, or battle's sound,
Was heard the world around:
The idle spear and shield were high up
hung;
The hooked chariot stood
Unstained with hostile blood;
The trumpet spake not to the armed
throng;
And kings sat still with awful eye,
As if they surely knew their sovereign
Lord was by."

Many quaint legends have gathered during the centuries round the story of our Saviour's coming: That at midnight on every Christmas eve the cattle in their stalls kneel as they are said to have done on that first Christmas, and Shakespeare gives in one of his plays another beautiful, if fanciful, idea:

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,
So hallowed and so gracious is the time."

Of the early English celebration of Christmas we have all read, and conjure up at once a mental picture of the "waits" singing their Christmas carols in the snowy early morning, of holly and mistletoe, of mirth and games, and song. One of the oldest carols is still in use, and familiar to many:

"God rest you, merry gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay,
For Jesus Christ our Saviour
Was born upon this day,
To save us all from Satan's power
When we were gone astray,
O tidings of comfort and joy,
For Jesus Christ our Saviour
Was born on Christmas Day."

No adjunct to Christmas-keeping seems quite so necessary to us as the bells—the merry Christmas bells, and two of our sweetest singers have reproduced their music. Longfellow's "Christmas Bells" have a swing and rhythm imitative of their subject:

"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!"

"And thought how, as the day had
come,
The bellies of all Christendom
Had rolled along
The unbroken song
Of peace on earth, good will to men!"

"Till ringing, singing, on its way,
The world revolved from night to day,
A voice, a chime,
A chant sublime
Of peace on earth, good will to men!"

One of the finest portions of Tennyson's "In Memoriam" is on the bells of Christmas.

"The time draws near the birth of
Christ:
The moon is hid, the night is still;
A single church below the hill
Is pealing, folded in the mist.

"Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light:
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

"Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring happy bells across the snow:
The year is going, let him go,
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

"Ring in the valiant man and free;
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be."

Washington Irving, in the "Sketch Book," has given us three short essays on the keeping of Christmas in England that are wonderfully interesting to us of the new world, which has no traditions, no time-honored observances in connection with our day. He quotes the old song:

"A man might then behold
At Christmas, in each hall
Good fires to curb the cold,
And meat for great and small.
The neighbors were friendly bidden,
And all had welcome true;
The poor from the gates were not
chidden
When this old cap was new."

After describing the mirth and wholesome jollity of the day, the songs, the games, the feasting, the yule log and holly, the giving and receiving, he expresses his opinion of Christmas in

of the world are continually operating to cast loose."

This thought of the real spirit of the Christmas season has been expressed by many prose writers. Henry Van Dyke has written some beautiful words on this true Christmas-keeping. There is a better thing, he says, than the observance of Christmas Day, and that is keeping Christmas: "Are you willing to stoop down and consider the needs and 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 try to understand what those 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; to make a grave for your ugly thoughts, and a garden for your kindly feelings;—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,

ature is complete without Dickens' "Christmas Carol." I wish there were room to give it entire, but that being impossible, can only hope that every man, woman and child will add to their understanding of what the Christmas spirit truly is by reading "The Carol" before Christmas Day comes. Here is just a taste of it:

"If I could work my will," said Scrooge, impatiently, "every idiot who goes about with 'Merry Christmas' on his lips should be boiled with his own pudding and buried with a stake of holly through his heart. He should!"

"Uncle!" pleaded his nephew.
"Nephew," returned the uncle, sternly, "keep Christmas in your own way, and let me keep it in mine."

"Keep it!" repeated Scrooge's nephew, "but you don't keep it!"
"Let me leave it alone, then," said Scrooge. "Much good may it do you! Much, good it has ever done you!"

"There are many things from which I might have derived good by which I have not profited, I dare say," returned the nephew, "Christmas among the rest. But I am sure I have always thought of Christmas time—apart from the veneration due to its sacred name and origin, if anything belonging to it can be apart from that—as a good time, a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time; the only time I know of in the long calendar of the year when men and women seem by one consent to open their shut-up hearts freely, and to think of people below them as if they really were fellow passengers to the grave, and not another race of creatures bound on other journeys. And, therefore, uncle, though it has never put a scrap of gold or silver in my pocket, I believe that it has done me good and will do me good; and I say, God bless it."

Sir Gilbert Parker.

Sir Gilbert Parker, M. P., is another name on a growing list of Canadians who have made a splendid place and name for themselves in a useful and profitable industry, viz., literature. The self-discipline and brain-sweat demanded of the toiler in this field is not less, and in some respects more, than what is required of the harvester of agricultural wealth. With the latter is the accompaniment of sunshine and fresh air, and all the best elements of nature, in harmony with which the work is accomplished; with the former is always the less friendly air of indoors and the ungenerous conditions of gas, steam and similar artificial expedients. In the agriculturist's life there is the wholesome stimulus of neighborly enterprise and mutual good will, whilst in the life of the toiler up the slope of literary advancement there is full often unkindly rivalry, unwholesome criticism, and the debasing allurements of social and other baneful stimulations that so often appeal to jaded nerves. These all lie in wait for every one who goes this way, ready to mock or to answer his every prayer for inspiration. Sir Gilbert Parker has won success by setting his face towards his pole star and keeping it there. His regard for the preciousness of time brought out the remark the other day that he would buy up if he could, at a great price, the idle hours of the spendthrift loafers in Hyde Park.

Sir Gilbert, in addition to the time spent in Canada, resided for a few years in Australia. He represents Gravesend Division in the House of Commons. He was knighted by King Edward on the occasion of his coronation, sharing with Sir Conan Doyle the literary honors of that year.

The portrait we reproduce was painted for him by Mr. Forster, at his London home, and now hangs in the National Club, Toronto, bequeathed to his native land by Sir Gilbert, who is one of her loyal as well as most distinguished sons.



Sir Gilbert Parker, M. P.

From a painting by J. W. S. Forster.

these words: "Of all the old festivals, that of Christmas awakens the strongest and most heartfelt associations. There is a tone of solemn and sacred feeling that blends with our conviviality and lifts the spirit to a state of hallowed and elevated enjoyment. The services of the church at this season are extremely tender and inspiring. They dwell on the beautiful story of the origin of our faith, and the pastoral scenes that accompanied its announcement, and they break forth in full jubilee on the morning that brought peace and good will to men. I do not know a grander effect of music on the moral feelings than to hear the full choir and the pealing organ performing a Christmas anthem in a cathedral and filling every part of the vast pile with triumphant harmony. It is a beautiful arrangement, also derived from days of yore, that this festival which commemorates the announcement of the religion of peace and love, has been made the season for gathering together of family connections, and drawing closer again those bonds of kindred hearts which the cares and pleasures and sorrows

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 Eternal Love? Then you can keep Christmas."

George W. Curtis gives us another version of the same thought: "The lovely legends of the day; the stories and songs, and the half-fairy lore that has gathered round it; the ancient traditions of dusky woods and mystic rites; the magnificence or simplicity of the Christian observance of the day, from the Pope in gorgeous state celebrating high mass at the great altar of St. Peter's, to the bare service in some missionary chapel on the American frontier; the lighting of Christmas trees and hanging up of Christmas stockings, the profuse giving, the happy family meetings, the dinner, the game, the dance—they are all the natural signs and symbols, the flower and fruit of Christmas. For Christmas is the day of days which declares the universal human consciousness that peace on earth comes only from good will to men."

But no account of Christmas-keeping

A Message of Peace.

Ring out, sweet bells, with welcome peal,
Ring out the woe, ring in the weal—
The circling year has almost sped,
And soon will bend its hoary head.

We haste the youthful King to greet,
Who onward comes with hurrying feet;
Beneath his sway may peace return,
The torch of war no longer burn;

May women dry their falling tears,
Men beat to pruning hooks their spears,
And joy throughout the nations reign
Ere yet we hear those chimes again.

To this beautiful little "Message of Peace," the Editor of the "Home Magazine" wishes to add her personal word of good will to our hosts of kind readers. It has ever been a labor of love to prepare our weekly magazine of reading, and to see that everything in our pages should be the best of its kind; and now, as another Christmas season has come round, we wish to thank all for their many kind and appreciative words received by us during the past year. Few have been the complaints, but numberless the compliments we have had, and we hope to give our friends even better reading during the coming year.

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to one and all!

The Children are Coming.

There comes to me, over the drifted snow,
The music of jingling bells,
And my pulses thrill, and my heart beats high,
For I know what the sound foretells;
My glad lips utter but one refrain—
Over and over they say—
"The children are coming, are coming home,
And to-morrow is Christmas Day!"

Dear heart, it is many a weary day
Since they left the old home nest;
But they're coming home, just as of old,
To the place they love the best.
Was ever a heart as glad as mine?
Heaven seems not far away,
For the children are coming, are coming home,
And to-morrow is Christmas Day!
—Florence A. Jones.

"Reading the Bible."

A solemn hour in a Christian cottage home is depicted by Mr. G. A. Reid, R. C. A., another of Canada's artists. The old man is reverently reading God's word. The wife listens intently, although her busy fingers continue their task almost mechanically the while, but it is the daughter's expression of awe and wonder which the artist has most faithfully caught. Solemnly she hears the words, "For he had only one daughter and she lay a-dying," and then follows the wondrous tale with its glorious climax, "Maid, I say unto these arise! And her spirit came again and she arose straightway. And He commanded to give her meat." Surely it is not to the preacher alone that the commission to teach is given. As true a message can be delivered, as faithful a sermon can be preached by the silent brush of the gifted artist as by the lips of the most eloquent divine in any church. H. A. B.

Not Only in the Christmas-tide.

Not only in the Christmas-tide
The holy Babe lay;
But month by month His home He blessed,
And brightened every day.

Each season held its light divine,
Its glow of love and cheer;
For Christ, Who lived for all the world,
Was part of all the year.

—Mary Mapes Dodge.



The Home Gladness of Christmas.

And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you: Ye shall find the Babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.—S. Luke ii. : 10-12.

"O blessed day, which giv'st the eternal life
To self, and sense, and all the brute within;
Oh! come to us amid this war of life;
To hall and hovel come! to all who toll
In senate, shop, or study! and to those
Ill-warred and sorely tempted—
Come to them, blest and blessing,
Christmas Day!
Tell them once more the tale of Bethlehem,
The kneeling shepherds, and the Babe Divine;
And keep them men indeed, fair Christmas Day!"

"I wish you a happy Christmas!"
What a wealth of meaning is contained in those dear, familiar words! In that common greeting which meets us everywhere is concentrated all the merry fellowship of Christmas past, the full, holy fellowship of Christmas present, and the high, joyous fellowship of Christmas future. The air is ringing with the sweet laughter of merry children, there are glad family gatherings in countless happy homes; and even those who seem far away are one, in deep spiritual reality, with the dear friends at home. Wherever they may be, in distant lands or on the tossing sea, the magic of Christmas draws their hearts home. The Christmas spirit is infectious; it is in the air, and no one can help absorbing it to some extent.

We say that we are "at home" with people when our thoughts and desires are one with theirs. We enjoy talking to them or being silent with them. We hardly need to ask

their opinion on any subject, for we know it instinctively, being accustomed to looking at everything from their point of view. This is the way in which we should be at home with Christ, feeling His presence even when actively engaged in other work, finding a deep joy in silent, wordless communion with Him, looking at everything through His eyes, so that we can welcome sorrow, pain or separation from those we love, if by these we are lifted nearer to Him. He is ready to make our hearts His home if we will extend the warm welcome to Him which is given so heartily to any other Christmas guest. He will not force His way in; but let us open the door wide, remembering the wonderful promise: "If any man heary My voice and open the door I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with Me."

Christ is continually coming into the world, coming to make a home in each heart that will receive Him—a home in which the glad fellowship with many true brothers and sisters makes Christmas gladness our portion all the year round. Though the "Merry Christmas" of the past may be only a tender memory, the sweet "home gladness" will still be ours when the dear father and mother have been lifted higher, when brothers and sisters are scattered far and wide, and the old home is in other hands.

"Room then for CHRIST!"

And, having Him,
Then you are rich. He is enough for you."

What a strange climax there is to the herald angel's message. The "sign" he offers is strange, just because there is no strangeness in it. The more our eyes are opened to the infinite Majesty of Him who made all things and upholds them by His power, the more we marvel at the mystery of the Holy Incarnation. We cannot conceive how Jesus can be the Mighty God and yet a helpless Babe; how He can fill all infinite space and yet be lying in a manger. When

this wonderful Incarnation took place we might have expected that the whole universe would have been blazing with glory, and that great and marvellous "sign" would have announced the birth of the Divine Son of Man. But God's ways are above our ways. His glory is manifested in the common miracles which surround us always. Perhaps he wished to open his eyes to the common, marvellous miracle of birth. The "sign" was nothing more—and nothing less—than the sight of a little Baby, wrapped in ordinary baby clothes, and lying in the humblest of beds. The world is beginning to understand that the natural childhood of Jesus—which is described so simply by St. Luke—is far more Divine than any of the wild, legendary stories of a superhuman prodigy. Wise men from the east and from the west bow down to-day in wondering adoration before a little child, and, as they gaze on the Divinity which shines through the veil of helpless infancy, their eyes are opened more and more to the glory and majesty of every other little baby that comes from God—"trailing clouds of glory." In heathen lands the babies may be cast out to die as if they were of no value at all, but those who have long been gazing on the Holy Child have learned that the poorest, most friendless baby in the world is holy too, and of priceless value. He who dares to kill the tiniest child is a criminal and, if found out, must suffer the penalty of his crime. Though the father and mother may be dead to all human affection, the law in Christian lands declares that the life of every child is sacred. No money can buy off a murderer. Thank God that the Child He gave to us was born a natural, helpless, human Baby, revealing the glory of infancy to a world that had passed it by unheedingly. Though each child born into the world is linked indissolubly with the whole human race, yet he also stands alone. He is unique in God's universe, with a personality which belongs to himself alone—a personality from which he can never escape through all eternity. Therefore the intrinsic value of children—in palace or tenement-house—is above and beyond all calculation. Then who can measure the awful responsibility—often so lightly undertaken—of receiving from God's hands a little child, in trust for Him! It is a wonderful gift, indeed—the sweetest, holiest, greatest charge He ever en-



From painting by G. A. Reid, R. C. A.

Reading the Bible.

trusts to His servants. If woman's God-given position is that of subjection to man, here at least she reigns, a queen. That first and greatest Christmas Gift was entrusted to a meek and loving woman. Through a pure maiden God became one with man, and He still puts each precious, holy child especially into woman's hands—a sacred charge for which she must one day render strict account. It is indeed a great responsibility to be a mother, one from which a weak woman might well shrink, unless, like Mary, she venture to accept it in the power of the Holy Ghost, under the shadow of the Most High. He only knows the earnest prayers and trembling hopes which are worked into the little garments so dear to a woman's heart. Before the days of sewing machines, when dainty tucks and embroidery and tiny caps were all worked by loving hands, the long hours devoted to this happy employment were often hours of holy, hopeful meditation. Who can tell the possibilities which lie hidden in a little, ignorant baby's soul? When the Saviour of the world was once just as helpless, who shall question a mother's right to expect great things when, like Eve, she has gotten a man from the LORD?

Christmas is the greatest "home" day in the whole year—the day when the children reign supreme. Strange, is it not, that this "home gladness of Christmas" is drawn from the birth of a Child who came to earth and found no home to receive Him, not even the poor, temporary shelter of an inn. But, no, I made a mistake in saying that, for the best home any child can have was His—even the safe shelter of a holy mother's arms. What does any baby care if he is laid in a golden cradle or in a manger? Loving care is all he wants, and, having that, he is rich. The artificial distinctions between rich and poor are nothing to him. A baby that is loved and well cared for needs no pity from anyone. Home is not any particular style of house, but it is found wherever a man is living in glad communion with his fellows—and he can do that anywhere. One who cannot carry the "home gladness of Christmas" wherever he goes, has failed to enter into the Spirit of Him who was able to make a common home-center for all mankind out of a rough, ordinary manger. As Liddon says: "From that manger where adoring love tends the weakness of Omnipotence, there streams a ray of sunlight which in the depths of our Northern winter warms, and lightens and cheers every family that names the Name of Christ. . . . To-day a common chord is touched, here by the family greeting, There by the songs around the Throne."

The family greeting may no longer sound in our outward ears; we may be alone or among strangers, but our real life—the reality of home fellowship—is always a spiritual thing, therefore we may enjoy it in fullest measure anywhere. The "home gladness" of the past is always a present strength, for it is built into the character, and is a living part of our whole personality—body, mind and spirit. As the grand meaning of life dawns on us more and more, we understand that a glad and happy Christmas is far nobler and more blessed than a merry Christmas. Not so much for relief from burdens should we pray, but rather for added strength to shoulder them manfully and cheerily.

"Give us each day the strength to do
The right, the noble and the true.
And O! dear LORD, we do not ask
For any lighter, simpler task;
Nor for an easy stretch of road,
Nor to be spared from any load,
But give us, LORD, our direst need,
Strength to do and strength to heed.
Give us the power to live aright,
And heavy burdens then are light."

HOPE.

Bible truths comfort saints, convert sinners, and confound the devil.—Selected.



A Letter to Santa Claus.

Dear Santa Claus, please don't forget to call at our house,
Our little kids will watch for you, each
"quiet as a mouse";
Unless the sand man comes too soon and
shuts some blinking eyes
That wait the coming reindeer sleigh
from out the wintry skies.

There's Tom, and Ben, and Sue, and
Kate, and little blue-eyed brother,
And me, but I'm the oldest one, so
'bout me don't you bother;
If Tom could have a painted sled, and
Ben could have a top,
When one gets tired of using his, why,
they could make a swap.

If Sue could have a pretty doll, and
Kate could have some dishes,
Our toddling brother have a book with
painted birds and fishes;
And if it ain't against your rule, to some-
times think of others,
I want to tell you that we have the very
best of mothers.

Mother's Christmas Gift.

We had the loveliest Christmas last year
that ever was,
All of us hung up our stockings ready
for Santa Claus.
I woke right up in the night time and
heard his sleigh bells ring,
And someone running up and down stairs,
just like everything.

But I shut my eyes again, and fell asleep
right away,
And when I opened them next time, 'twas
merry Christmas Day;
Our stockings were full, quite to the top,
full and running o'er;
We never had so many things any Christ-
mas before.

Mother's gift was the sweetest thing that
Santa Claus could bring,
He brought it to the door that time I
heard the sleigh bells ring.
Santa brought us a great many gifts,
candies, books and toys,
But he brought mother—just guess what—
a pair of baby boys!



The Two Mothers.

One year ago our father died, and left us
in the keep
Of God in heaven; and every night, be-
fore we go to sleep,
We kneel at mother's knee and say,
"Father who art in heaven";
And mother whispers tenderly: "Let us
all be forgiven."

So Santa Claus, if you will be to us so
kind and good,
Please fill the smallest stockings first,
and then if you but would
Skip mine and leave some little gift for
loving mother dear,
We'll have a welcome Christmas Day,
though father is not here.

"The Two Mothers."

Could there ever be found a picture
more fitting than this for the pages
of the "Home Magazine"?—sweet
motherhood and childlike confidence
admirably portrayed. The little
hands have thrown down the hand-
ful of grain, and in the quick run-
ning of the chicks to the feathered
mother's "cluck! cluck!" of invita-
tion, the baby brain has grasped the
symbol, and has lisped its meaning
into the listening ears of the being
dearest to him upon earth, the
source to him of the supply of his
every need, from bread to kisses.

A Prairie Christmas.

All of Nell Harris's Christmas pre-
parations were finished. They had
given her a great deal of thought,
for half a dollar was every cent
that she could gather for her Christ-
mas shopping. It had taken hard
work and long saving to get that
much, and, now that she had saved
it, it took a great deal of stretch-
ing to make fifty cents buy hand-
some presents for six people. Every
one must have a present and a hand-
some one at that—Nell had decided
that point long ago.

It was dreadful to live on the
prairies, where you couldn't buy a
single thing but a postage stamp less
than five cents—and a postage stamp
didn't seem exactly the thing for a
Christmas present. In the East you
could buy lovely things for a cent,
so Nell had heard. But never mind,
she had done very well with her fifty
cents. She gave each parcel a
pleased little squeeze to see that all
the things were really there half a
dozen times during the afternoon of
the twenty-fourth, after she had tied
the knots in the six parcels for the
last time.

In the bundle was a handkerchief
for father, that she had hemmed her-
self—that cost ten cents. This big
fat bundle was the glory of the
whole collection—mother's pincushion
The pieces for it came out of the
piece-box, but it had to have a bow
on it. It had to be a nice one,
too, and ribbon was depressingly ex-
pensive. Out of that same piece-
box that the beautiful pincushion pic-
ces came from, came some bits of black
silk which, with her mother's help,
Nell made into a nice necktie for her
Uncle Ben, who was visiting them
from the East. For her brother
Dick there was a big orange, to
which Nell had given more than one
squeeze, to make sure it was juicy.
Then for Jim and Joe, the two hired
men, there was a lead-pencil with a
rubber on the tip for Jim, and a
cigar for Joe.

"I didn't know another thing he
liked but an accordion, and the only
one I could find cost seven dollars.
Musical instruments are very ex-
pensive, don't you think so, mother?
Besides, I only had five cents apiece
to spend on each of them."

But when night came and the ex-
citement of pinching the six pack-
ages to see if she could have made
any mistake in labelling them had
worn away, Nell wasn't very happy.
She went to bed early, hanging up
her stocking in a forlorn little way
on a nail in the kitchen. She had
tried so hard to have Christmas
this year, but she knew very well
that she was the only one in the
house who cared anything about it.
In all her life she had never before
minded much.

But she did mind to-night. In that
lovely book she had read last fall,
the children hung up their stockings
and got them full of candy, and had
so many, many happy things on
Christmas Day that, before she
meant to do it, there was a little
girl with a bright, freckled face sob-
bing away as if her heart would
break. She tried hard, but she
couldn't dig her nose down deep
enough into the pillow to prevent
the sound of sobs from getting out.
Soon her mother's head was on the
pillow beside her, and it didn't take
long to find out that the dreadful
trouble was, "I won't get anything
in my stocking—and I didn't know
I cared so much!"

Nell could hardly wait till she was
dressed to give her presents. Of
course, every one was pleased. How
could they be anything else, when
such a happy-faced little girl gave
the presents with such an important,
but such a loving air? She felt
like a real sure-enough Santa Claus.

Father took the new handkerchief
and wiped his spectacles; then put
them on to admire the little stitches
in the hemming. Mother said she
had never seen a pincushion she liked
so much as this, with its beautiful
bow. In fact, every one seemed
pleased, though no one quite so much

so as Nell. It was the first Christmas she had ever tried to keep, and she danced around, clapping her hands as the queerly-done-up little bundles were unrolled. To be sure—"Well, sis, didn't you get anything?" brought the sudden tears to the eyes of the small Santa Claus, who ran quickly into the kitchen, that the tears might not be seen.

Nell stopped at the door with a little gasp. There was her stocking on the nail where she had hung it the night before, but instead of having a lean, hopeless look about it, it was as fat as could be, with the most delightful-looking knobs all over it.

Then wasn't there a dancing, happy time! O such a wonderful stocking as that was! It didn't seem possible that one small stocking could hold so much candy, besides a beautiful pop-corn ball and an orange. Uncle Ben was pounced upon and hugged over and over again; for Nell knew that Santa Claus did not know the road to the little, weather-beaten house where she lived, and that it must have been some person who had filled her stocking. Uncle Ben had betrayed himself by the twinkle in his eye and by pretending to be too innocent when the happy little girl's questioning eyes first went round the family.

In that wonderful stocking there were a cat, a shovel, two dogs, a man on horseback, a duck and a rooster, all in beautiful clear candy. Then, too, there were ten sticks of candy, five lovely pink-and-white peppermint sticks and five yellow lemon sticks.

It was nearly noon when Uncle Ben said: "If you are so pleased over your candy, Nell, why don't you eat it?"

"It will be so much more fun for us all to have our candy together, that I'm not going to eat a bite till father and the men get home."

Only it seemed to take a long time for the men to get back from the wood-lot. There the candy was on the table in seven piles. Nell looked it over and over to see if she had divided it fairly. At last the sharp eyes watching down the road saw the wagon of wood coming. But how queer it looked! Nell couldn't make out what gave it the dark green look till it came round the house and father drew up the mules at the door as he tumbled down a cedar tree, calling, "Christmas gift, Nell! Here's a Christmas tree for you."

A Christmas tree! Was there ever such a Christmas! Why, it was finer than the little girl had in that story! She didn't have a tree. This had little blue berries on it, and that was a good deal of trimming in itself. Then, Jim had brought home some bitter-sweet berries, which looked splendid on the tree. Such a happy time as Nell had trimming it! All the candy was tied on it and the Christmas presents she had given, all except the orange and cigar, which Jack and Joe had told her were "prime," early in the morning. Jack popped some corn to string on the tree, and when mother fried the doughnuts she made a lot of rings and three men out of the doughnut dough to hang on it. When it was all done, Nell thought nothing in the world could be prettier.

If Nell was happy before, I don't know what she was when Joe came home from the store just before supper and slipped up to the tree to tie on a box. When she opened it you could have heard her shouting all over the house, "Dishes! Dishes! O goody!"

Such pretty dishes as they were, and such dear little ones! The cups were so tiny you could hardly take hold of them unless your fingers were very little. There were four of them, and saucers to match, and a sugar-bowl and cream-pitcher and tea-pot. There never was a happier Nell than the one that poured tea out of them the rest of the day.

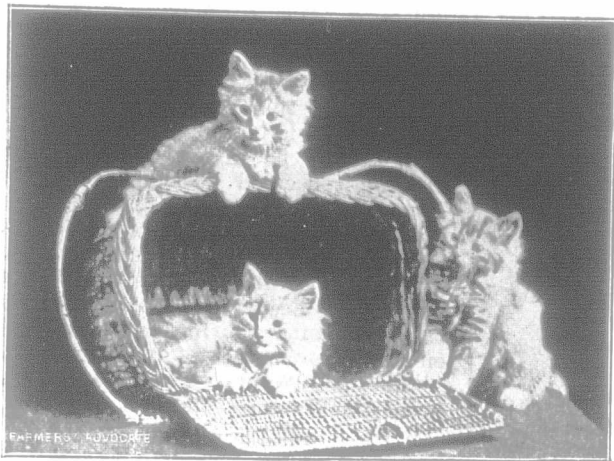
When bed time came, as Nell kissed her mother good-night, she said:

"Didn't I have a beautiful Christmas? Just think, mother, of all that lovely candy, the pop-corn ball, the orange, and those lovely, lovely dishes that Joe gave me; then, my beautiful tree, and the bitter-sweet berries, the pop-corn Jack popped for me, and all those nice doughnuts you fried! I don't believe any other little girl had as nice a Christmas."

Nell wondered why there were tears in her mother's eyes, as she said: "I don't believe any one ever had a nicer one, my darling."

A Basketful of Good-fellowship

Christmas kittens are we all,
Fluff, and Frisk, and wee Snowball,
White as beard of Santa Claus



A Basketful of Good-fellowship.

From tip of tail to soft fore paws,
A basketful of fun are we,
Brotherly as we can be.
Though we cannot write or spell
You may read our meaning well.
"Merry Christmas" to you all—
Children big and children small.
East and west the message flies,
Christmas gladness never dies.
Vancouverites reach out a hand
In fellowship with Newfoundland—
Canadians are one, you see,
From chain of lakes to Arctic Sea.

COUSIN DOROTHY.

Santa Claus.

Did you hear Santa Claus last night?
I think it's very queer,
We lock our doors as tight as tight,
And yet, just once a year

Somebody finds his way inside,
It's always Christmas Eves,
And I'd just like to show you now
The things that someone leaves.

It's only when you're good, you know,
That Santa Claus'll come,
And then he'll bring just what you
want—
I had a sword and drum.

And little Jack, he had a ball,
And singing top that'll spin,
I meant to keep awake last night,
Till Santa Claus got in.

We don't have chimneys
at our house,
At least inside, I
mean,
Nor fire-places, and such
things,

And so it would have
been
Just like some folks to
give it up,

And let our presents
go,
Because he couldn't find
a place
To come right in—but
no;

Folks might do that,
but Santa Claus,
He loves us children
more,
And so he finds a way—
I b'lieve
It's through the cellar
door.

Nov. 4th, 1905, Summit Farm,
Bamber Bridge, Nr. Preston,
England.

Dear Madam.—We take quite an interest in your "Children's Corner," published in the "Farmer's Advocate," which is sent to us every week by some of our English friends who are out there, so we thought we would write a few verses that might suit our little Canadian sisters and brothers.

Yours sincerely,
WILLIAM CARR (aged 10) and
RACHEL CARR (aged 8).

It's Better to be Good than Pretty.

My precious little kitty!
You are very pretty!
But you are very playful, soft, and kind;
I'm not a pretty girlie;
But if we're good they say we needn't
mind.

My eyes are small and beady,
I've no pink cheek's like Edie;
My arms are rough, not soft, like yours,
to touch;
I've lost a tooth, but mother
Says I shall get another,
And everybody loves me just as much.

The pretty world is ours, kit!
All pretty clouds and flowers, kit!
The rabbits, birds and squirrels in the
wood;

We've nobody to scold us,
So we'll believe what's told us,
"You can't be very ugly if you're
good!"

—Copied by Rachel Carr (aged 8 years).

Fishing.

I go a-fishing every day,
Not like some idle boys—in play—
Who hold a line and just pretend
The hook is at the other end.

This stupid little dab or two
Is nothing to what I can do;
I've often caught a jolly meal,
And once I hooked a conger-eel.

They say I have a silly look,
But there's real bait upon my hook;
I mayn't look clever in the face,
But once I caught three whopping plaice.

So I don't mind if people jeer,
I'm not so soft as I appear,
And handsome boys may come to wish
They were more plain, and caught more
fish.

—Copied by William Carr (aged 10 years).

"The Grandmother's Blessing."

Time and toil have graven deep
furrows in the massive face of the
old Scotch grandmother. She has
dropped her unwound yarn upon her
knee, and has called to her side the
little kilted laddie to hear words she
had often before longed to utter but
had reserved until Sandie was of an
age to understand their import. She
has spoken her words of counsel;
she has laid her solemn charge upon
the lad, and now she gives him her
blessing: "The Lord bless thee and
keep thee; the Lord make His face
shine upon thee, and be gracious un-
to thee; the Lord lift up his coun-
tenance upon thee and give thee
peace." And grannie's words will
surely echo and re-echo in the ears of
Sandie, giving him strength and up-
lift in the years of weal or woe, of
sunshine or shadow which await him
long after she herself has passed over
the river. H. A. B.

A Christmas-eve Thought.

If Santa Claus should stumble
As he climbs the chimney tall
With all this ice upon it
I'm 'fraid he'd get a fall,
And smash himself to pieces—
To say nothing of the toys!
Dear me, what sorrow that would bring
To all the girls and boys!
So I am going to write a note
And pin it to the gate—
I'll write it large so he can see,
No matter if it's late—
And say "Dear Santa Claus don't try
To climb the roof to-night
But walk right in, the door's unlocked,
The nursery's on the right!"
—St. Nicholas.

A woman who had been selling fish entered an omnibus with the empty basket on her arm still giving forth an unmistakable odor of the finny folk it had carried. She took a vacant seat next a young "gentleman," who drew his coat-tails away and plainly showed his disgust.

"I s'pose," remarked the woman, presently, "that you'd rather there was a gentleman sittin' beside you?"
"Yes, I would," was the prompt reply.
There was a moment's pause, and then came, "So would I."



The Grandmother's Blessing.



Ogilvie's Reputation goes into every barrel of Royal Household Flour

If Royal Household Flour were not as good as Ogilvies say it is, who would be the greatest loser?

You would try it once—if it were not good you would be a small loser, perhaps.

But Ogilvies would probably lose your custom.

They would also lose the custom of every other woman who tried it and of thousands who had never tried it but had been told that it was not as represented.

Therefore Ogilvies *must* make Royal Household Flour the *best* flour because they stake their reputation upon it, and if you and thousands of others found it was not the best, Ogilvies would ruin their business.

So Ogilvies make Royal Household Flour the best flour, in their *own* protection. Incidentally that is *your* strongest protection—it guarantees you the best flour because the brand carries with it Ogilvie's Reputation.

Ogilvies simply ask a trial—knowing that it will make a permanent friend for Royal Household Flour.



Think of Your Every-day Needs



are still filling orders taken from our fall and winter catalogue, and now that the Christmas season is drawing to a close, it is likely you will have more time to think of your every-day wants. We therefore direct your attention to our general catalogue. If you have not already received a copy, or if the copy you received has been mislaid, let us know, and we will see that you have one—and then we will have your name, so that we can send you future catalogues as they are issued. They cost us a lot, but they cost you nothing, and exceedingly useful publications you will find them.

THE T. EATON CO. LIMITED
WINNIPEG. - - CANADA

Tom Trenton's Christmas Box

A FRAGMENT.

"Don't forget, sweetheart," Tom Trenton had said to Madge, when three years ago she had put into his hand her little parting love-token, "don't forget that, sweet as it will be to look at your dear face from time to time as I prepare for us our little prairie home across the ocean, yet the Christmas box which will please me best, which I shall strive to earn, and of which, God helping me, I hope I may become more worthy, will be yourself. Madge, do you realize that this little locket, from which your dear eyes will look into mine, inspiring hope and giving me courage, is not just a gift only, but it is a pledge, a direct promise that you will give me yourself as the very best Christmas box man ever had."

And it was this promise that Madge had made, had even signed, sealed and delivered, after a fashion best known to lovers, and had also already redeemed when one year ago Tom had come to claim his Christmas box, with a heart as full of love as ever, with, perhaps, a few misgivings as to whether it was fair to ask of his dainty Madge, what must call for some sacrifice and probably entail some hardship. The question, "Should Women Emigrate?" had been discussed in Madge's home, until, as a subject of conversation, it had been worn threadbare.

Her uncle, who until she was twenty-one had the right of veto, had used it emphatically whenever Madge had somewhat defiantly asserted that "she knew one woman who certainly intended to emigrate." But, seeing that his ward had made up her mind to use her freedom when the law gave it to her, he had, like a wise man, put no obstacle in the way of her going to the Swanley Institution for Colonial training. Thus it came about that when Tom recrossed the Atlantic to fetch his promised Christmas box he found awaiting him not only a lovely, loving Madge, but a helpmeet fully equipped for whatever of sunshine or shadow might be in store for her.

Perhaps, had there been no Tom, it is more than probable that Madge would have been more open to conviction when the subject was under discussion in the Brown household, but there was Tom to be considered, and all the Browns or cousins in creation were not going to turn Madge from her determination. What other women had done she could do, Madge had declared. She was strong and healthy, and granted that she would have to bake the bread and wash the clothes—well, she had learnt how to do both, and, thanks to her Swanley training, she knew enough about dairy work and poultry-keeping to ensure her being a help rather than a hindrance when she became a settler's wife. "Why, I shall be too busy for vapors, and hard work is a splendid safety-valve for possible low spirits. I read once, somewhere, that a celebrated doctor had prescribed 'the care of horses, cows, pigs and poultry as a sovereign anti-spasmodic.' Anyway, I am not hysterical. I do not believe I ever fainted in my life, and my nerves are generally pretty fairly under control—"

It was in this happy, hopeful and contented frame of mind that Madge, now Mrs. Thomas Trenton, began her new life as a farmer's wife in the far West. "Tom has disappointed me in nothing," she wrote. "I think, if anything, he made the worst, rather than the best of things. Our home is but a log shanty. We have but two rooms, with a lean-to for a kitchen. Our few outbuildings are of the most primitive structure, and when our supplies run out, which is a trick they have, however carefully you may think you have provided against the contingency, we try something else, or go without the missing article altogether."

In another letter Madge describes her pretty sitting-room to her cons-

ins: "It is all made up of contrivances, of which pine boards, cretonne and 'fixings' are the component parts, but it is bright and homelike, with a welcome for our neighbors (if you can call those neighbors who live some five to twenty miles away), and not so fine that Tom need hesitate to ask his chums to come in for a chat and a smoke after they have tethered their teams to the gate-post, and left them to enjoy the well-earned feed of corn which the host makes it his first token of hospitality to provide. Sometimes our guests are persuaded to stay all night, content with the roughest of shake-downs when it is too cold for camping outside, and a merry time we have. I have my little organ close to my own especial cosy-corner; Tom has his violin. With these, the mandolin and a banjo, which hang upon the walls, as amongst the proudest ornaments of our shanty, we have fine concerts from time to time. Girls, you need never pity us. We lead wholesome, happy and healthy lives. We are already fairly successful, and are bound to become more and more so if we keep abreast of the growing tide of prosperity which has set in. Of course, we must work, and work hard; but so excellent is the return for honest labor, so rich the fruits of toil, that it is a foregone conclusion that he who fails here would most certainly fail wherever his lot might be cast."

Tom adds, by way of postscript: "All Madge says is very true. We are prosperous. We are happy, and, thank God, in this bracing, exhilarating prairie air we are full of health and good spirits. Christmas is drawing nigh once more, and with it will come many sweet recollections of the dear old land; but, standing out as a boulder in my life, will always be the memory of that special holy season one year ago, when my Madge gave herself to me—the best Christmas box man ever had."
H. A. B.

At Table-setting.

For the table-setting
Fewer are the places,
Fewer round the table
Grow the children's faces.

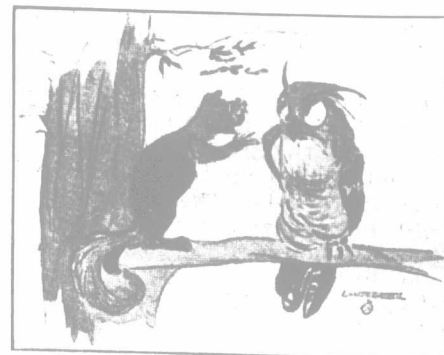
Changes, changes, changes,
Life and Death are bringing;
Sore my soul misgives me,
Fears my heart are wringing.

Otherwise I fancied
As I hushed their weeping;
Otherwise I fancied
As I watched them sleeping.

Small, we kept them near us,
Thou and I together;
Hard the task without thee,
Lonely the endeavor.

Round the board so crowded
Wider grow the spaces,
For the table-setting
Fewer are the places.

—Evangeline Metheny, in the Atlantic.



The Owl—"Do you see anything in my eye?"

The Squirrel—"Gracious! Yes! You have a hickory-nut in the far corner."

Fine thoughts are wealth, for the right use of which men are and ought to be accountable.—Bailey.

Books

BOOKS FOR MEN

Every man who reads the Farmer's Advocate needs one of these books. Winter is coming: there will be many an hour between now and spring that you will hardly know what to do with. Use occasional moments of this leisure time in a volume of this valuable literature. You can sift more knowledge from its pages in the next few months than you would part with for fifty times its cost. Sent postpaid on receipt of price.

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HEALTH IN THE HOME.

By a Trained Nurse

Heavy Patients.

When heavy persons become seriously ill and are obliged to stay in bed, it is a matter of considerable difficulty to keep them clean and comfortable. Give the daily bath in bed, and change sheets according to directions already given in these papers, rolling the patient from side to side, which is the easiest movement for sick people. Heavy people are, on account of their weight, very clumsy in the recumbent position, and often require help in turning over. The easiest way to afford this is to loosen the draw sheet, which should be a long one, on both sides of the bed; take one end and lay it across the patient's body, so that both ends are hanging over the same side, one over and one under the patient, and pull hard on the upper one until the patient comes with it and is turned upon his side. This brings him dangerously near the edge of the bed, but the difficulty is remedied by handing back the end which is lying over the patient to your assistant standing at the other side of the bed, that more pulling may drag him back to the middle again, now on his side, instead of on his back. To lift the patient to the head of the bed, the same device may be used. Two people stand, one on each side, and lift by means of the draw sheet, and he can aid considerably himself—if the bed is an iron one—by grasping the bars and pulling a little. These movements accomplished, the draw sheet is made straight, and again tucked firmly under the mattress.

Another way is for two people to clasp hands under the hips and shoulders of the patient and lift together. By this means the weight is distributed. People who are not heavy, and children who are not small enough to be lifted in the arms in the ordinary way, can be directed to clasp their hands at the back of the neck of the person who is going to lift them, who, in turn, takes the patient around the body under the arms. Thus the weight is distributed between nurse and patient, the assistance of a third person not being needed. Do not try this with heavy people, or those suffering from an infectious disease, such as diphtheria, where the source of the infection is in the throat. If, from weight or weakness, the patient has a tendency to roll back, bend the knees, which is the natural position when lying on the side, though heavy people do not seem to know anything about making themselves comfortable when they are sick, and wedge a pillow firmly under the hips. It is usually much more comfortable and effective there than if placed in the middle of the back. After an abdominal operation, or in a case where there is abdominal pain and soreness, especially with thin people, great relief is often given, when the patient lies on the side, by wedging a small pillow between the abdomen and the bed. In this way the abdominal organs are kept in place and prevented from dragging upon the wound or part affected. A soft pad may also be placed between the knees and the ankles where bed-sores are apt to occur in emaciated subjects who are not cared for in this way.

THE PILLOW AS A COMFORT.

Under circumstances when the patient must be kept on his back for twenty-four or forty-eight hours, much comfort is derived from a pillow placed under the knees, which relieves the muscles of back and abdomen. An easy way to do this, if

the patient is not too heavy, is to loosen the clothes at the end of the bed and turn them back, take both the feet in the left hand and raise them, the patient assisting by bending the knees, and with the other put the pillow in place. For a patient lying on the side, the pillow under the head should be adjusted to make it straight with the shoulders, which will usually make it crooked with the head of the bed, and it will be more comfortable as a general thing if it does not extend under the shoulder, but merely fills up the hollow of the neck. On the other hand, if the patient lies on his back, it should extend well under the shoulders, unless very small and flat. The general principle followed in making patients comfortable, with pillows is to fill up hollow spaces. Persons with large hips need one in the hollow of the waist. If every part is supported the patient will rest. If he is lying near the edge of the bed, so that there is no room to extend the arm, and is otherwise in a comfortable position, place a chair by the bed with a pillow on it for him to stretch it upon if he wishes to do so. Other details will readily suggest themselves as occasion requires. The judicious use of pillows can save a patient much restlessness and nervousness and loss of sleep, and even in cases where pain is so extreme as to require the use of a narcotic, a dose may sometimes be avoided by their aid, and a little is gained for the patient whenever this can be done. A. G. OWEN.

Canadian Forever!

When our fathers crossed the ocean
In the glorious days gone by,
They breathed their deep emotion
In many a tear and sigh—
Though a brighter lay before them
Than the old, old land that bore them,
And all the wide world knows now
That land was Canada.
Our fathers came to win us
This land beyond recall—
And the same blood flows within us
Of Briton, Celt and Gaul.
Keep alive each glowing ember
Of our sireland, but remember
Our country is Canadian
Whatever may befall.
—Dr. W. H. Drummond.

Recipes.

Date Scones.—2 cups of the best flour, 1 cup sweet milk, 1 cup chopped dates, 1 egg, 1 tablespoon lard, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 3 teaspoons (scant) baking powder. Rub the lard through the flour, and add the dates. Beat egg and sugar together, adding milk and vanilla. Stir the latter mixture carefully into the flour. Divide dough into five parts, pat each part until round, cut into four, thus making 20 scones.
Potato Cakes.—2 cups of any good flour, 3 cups hot mashed potatoes, salt to taste, half a cup sweet cream, half a cup buttermilk, half a teaspoon soda. Roll out about ¼ inch thick, cut with a biscuit-cutter, and bake in a hot oven. This will make two dozen cakes.

For Our Girls.

If you desire to be winsome, here are a few "Don'ts" which you must observe:
Don't contradict people, even if you are sure you are right.
Don't be inquisitive about the affairs of even your most intimate friends.
Don't underrate anything because you don't happen to possess it.
Don't believe that every other person in the world is happier than you are.
Don't repeat gossip, nor believe all the evil you hear.
Don't jeer at any person's conscientious beliefs.

Curlette

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Government Tests Prove the Purity of

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SPICES



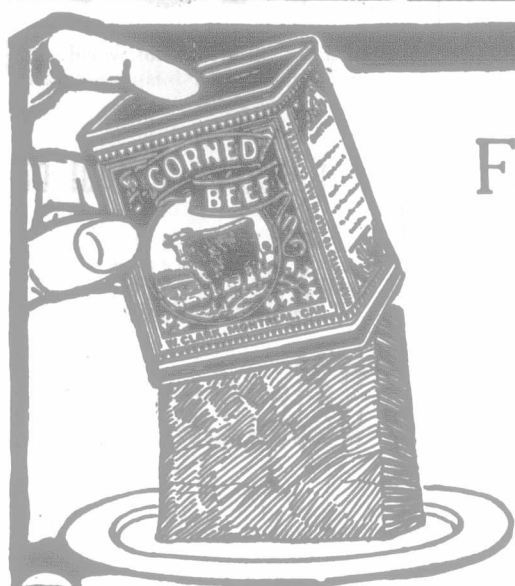
Samples of the different spices offered for sale are collected by the Government and carefully tested by expert chemists. The results of these tests are published in bulletins, which may be obtained free on application to the Inland Revenue Department.

These bulletins show that many spices sold as pure are shamelessly adulterated. But BLUE RIBBON SPICES have always been found genuine.

Protect yourself against adulteration by insisting on having BLUE RIBBON SPICES in the original packages.

Your grocer sells them, or can easily get them for you. 10c. and 15c. a package.

P. S.—BLUE RIBBON BAKING POWDER and EXTRACTS are worth asking for, too.



For a delicious
meal, open
and dish a
tin of

CLARK'S Corned Beef

As nutritious as it is tasty and labor saving. Contains no bone, no waste. The most economical meat to buy—TRY IT. If your dealer cannot supply you write me and I will see that your order is filled.

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THE QUEEN CITY CLOTHING CO., Toronto, Ont.



Dear Chatterers,—The Christmas feeling is already in the air, merchants are dressing shop windows, the magazines are sending out their gay Christmas numbers, while for some weeks the Christmas catalogues have been touring the land and being anxiously studied by those who are looking for suggestions as to what to give father or mother, Jack or Nell, this year. The study of catalogues last year so wrought upon my mind that I spent one whole night trying in my dreams to make a meat pie according to a jeweller's catalogue. Fortunately, I awakened before trying to eat it, for even an imaginary pie made according to such solid authority must have proved indigestible.

Now draw on the days when parcels are smuggled in, and you hear a suspicious "hustling" when you turn the door-knob. Now the boy retires to the cellar and concocts wonderfully clever and useful things with the aid of a hammer and saw, and growls dreadfully when anyone invades his realm; and the girl withdraws from the family circle for hours at a time, and you can't enter the room without knocking, and you are on your honor not to look into the top drawer of her dresser, though, fearing your curiosity will prove too strong, she discreetly carries the key; and everyone pretends not to know anything—such blindness, such dense stupidity and ignorance is never met with at any other season of the year—even mother is affected by it. Blessed Blindness!

How do you usually present your gifts—in the home circle, I mean? The Christmas tree is really the best where there are children; but sometimes that is not always possible. Here is a plan I saw tried last year, where the absent members of the family could not arrive until Christmas Eve: Breakfast first on Christmas morning—a very simple one, for all were too excited to eat, or else looked forward to dinner time enough to wish to preserve a healthy appetite. As the various members of the family came down stairs they brought with them the gifts they had prepared, well wrapped up, and placed them in the big clothes-basket standing in a corner of the dining-room. After the breakfast table was cleared every one sat down again in his own place, but one, who took the parcels from the basket, read the names attached, and placed them before the rightful owners. When all had been dealt out, each in turn was allowed to open one parcel, watching the others unwrap theirs until his turn came round again. There never was such slow handling of paper, such deliberate untying of strings and ribbons, or, so it seemed to the waiting ones, and a groan of protest went forth when the father, who had unearthed a big rubber sponge in a sponge bag to which was attached a card bearing the inscription: "Cleanliness is next to Godliness," Ps. 151: 20, insisted upon getting up to find his Bible and verify the quotation, for his neighbor on the left could not proceed until he returned.

May it be a joyful day to all of us, because we have put love and thought into it, and have made some one else a little happier in memory of the birth of that One who brought the purest joy to earth, and who has made happiness possible. May you all give as you desire, and may you all get what you desire (or, better still, desire what you get). A merry Christmas to us all, and, as Tiny Tim says in "The Christmas Carol," "God bless us, every one!"

DAME DURDEN.

Refuse Sold as Food.

Periodically, the Inland Revenue Department makes inspections of groceries for sale in the general stores, and publishes reports upon the results of these inspections, which very often make interesting reading to one who is particular about what he eats or what he pays for. One of the latest of these reports deals with the adulteration of cream of tartar. Of fifteen samples collected in Manitoba, three were found to be adulterated and one doubtful. Last July, the inspection of samples collected in the Winnipeg district showed that a very large proportion of the cream of tartar sold was adulterated with wheat starch and other foreign material.

In 1904, of 188 samples of spices collected in Western Canada, only eighty-eight were found to be pure, or about 53 per cent. of the people using spices were paying for a genuine article and being handed an injurious counterfeit. Last March sixty samples of black pepper were collected in Winnipeg and the West, of which thirty-eight were adulterated. One Winnipeg wholesale firm's goods contained sweepings, and a Brandon firm had stone cells. It is believed by experts that about half the bulk spices handled in Manitoba and Western Canada are grossly adulterated, and among the foreign material used for the purpose is charcoal, husks, hair, chips, and sweepings. Peppers are probably the worst in this respect.

It has been conservatively estimated that over half the bulk spices sold in this country are grossly adulterated. Of 11 samples of cinnamon analyzed by the Government, 10 were adulterated, and of red pepper, 2 out of 3; of 60 samples of black pepper, 31 were adulterated, and 7 doubtful.

Some of these adulterants are positively injurious—all of them reduce the strength and injure the flavor. According to the Government bulletin, black pepper is filled with charcoal, husks, roasted shells, hairs, chips and dirty sweepings; allspice with cheap wheat, barley and maize; cinnamon with ground almond shells, etc.; cloves with woody stems, and so on through the list.

This adulteration of food stuff is made possible where the article is handled in packages without the genuine trademark of a reputable dealer or manufacturer. Where spices, peppers and all such articles go direct from a reputable house to the consumer in sealed packages, bearing a reliable trade-mark, there can be but little danger of adulteration, for the firm selling the goods, or the packer, has a reputation to maintain, and will make every effort to see that the consumer is satisfied with his goods that he may ask for them again, and, as a rule, the purer the goods the greater their strength and the more satisfactory they are.

The safeguard of the consumer, therefore, rests in buying his spices and whatever of his groceries that may be had packed, in such packages bearing the stamp of a packer who has a valuable reputation to sustain. Such goods may possibly be quoted higher in price than those offered in open parcels. They usually are, and for the very obvious reason that they are not adulterated, but the purchaser always gets what he pays for and nothing else. He protects the health of his family, provides his table with pure savories, and invariably has infinitely better satisfaction by using a trade-marked, reasonably-priced article, than by buying goods of unknown and uncertain composition, which are generally quoted cheaper, and all too frequently for the reasons intimated above.

A French gentleman, learning English to some purpose, replied thus to the salutations: "How do you do, monsieur?" "Do vat?" "How do you find yourself?" "I never loses myself." "How do your feel?" "Smooth. You just feel me."

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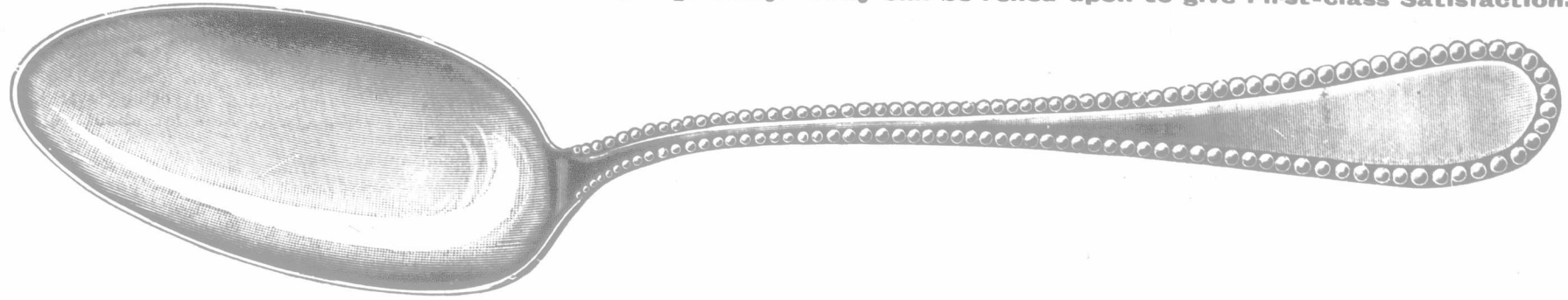
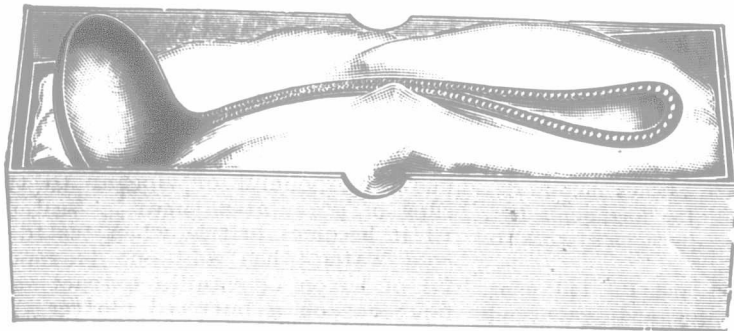


TABLE SPOONS (per 1/4 dozen).

Rogers Triple Plate, for 175 Royal Crown Soap Wrappers, or 50c. and 25 Royal Crown Wrappers. If outside of Winnipeg, add 15c. for delivery.



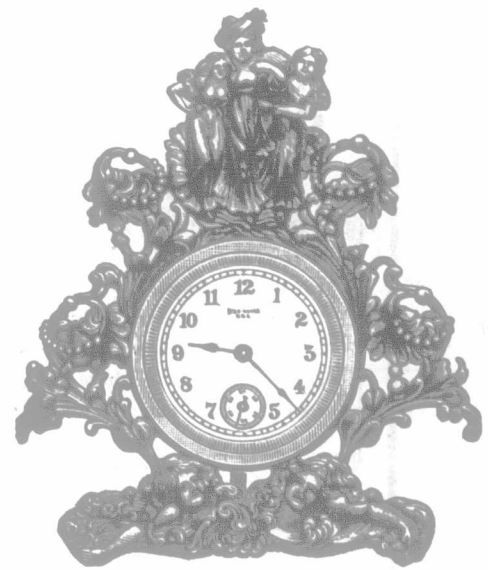
ALBERTA CREAM LADLE.

Alberta Cream Ladle, bright bowl in silk-lined Box. Free for 125 Royal Crown Soap Wrappers, or 35c. and 25 Royal Crown Soap Wrappers. If outside of Winnipeg, add 8c. for postage.



BUTTER DISH (Satin Engraved).

Quadruple plate, on white metal, for 475 Royal Crown Wrappers, or \$1.50 and 25 Royal Crown Wrappers. If outside of Winnipeg, add 15c. for delivery.



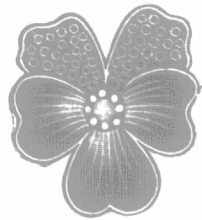
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Free for 300 Royal Crown Soap Wrappers, or \$1 and 25 Wrappers. A well-made clock of very graceful and ornate design. Frame is plated with pure gold and lacquered. The one-day movement is guaranteed to be a good timekeeper. Height, 6 in.; width, 5 in.; dial, 2 in. in diameter. Express 15c. extra.



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No. 1335. Pansy Brooch.

Roman gold finish, hard enamelled in beautiful colors. Free for 100 Royal Crown Soap Wrappers, or 25c. and 25 Wrappers.



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Double heart, made up of one plain and one fancy heart—a very attractive design. Free for 100 Royal Crown Soap Wrappers, or 25c. and 25 Wrappers.



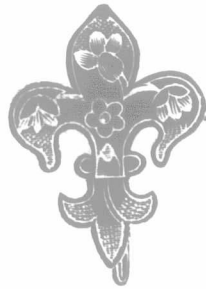
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Anchor design, with rope—a very neat pattern. Free for 125 Royal Crown Soap Wrappers, or 35c. and 25 Wrappers.



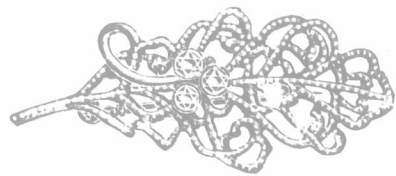
No. 15914.—Sterling Silver Heart Lace Pin.

Half fancy, half plain—a very attractive pin. Free for 100 Royal Crown Soap Wrappers, or 25c. and 25 Wrappers.



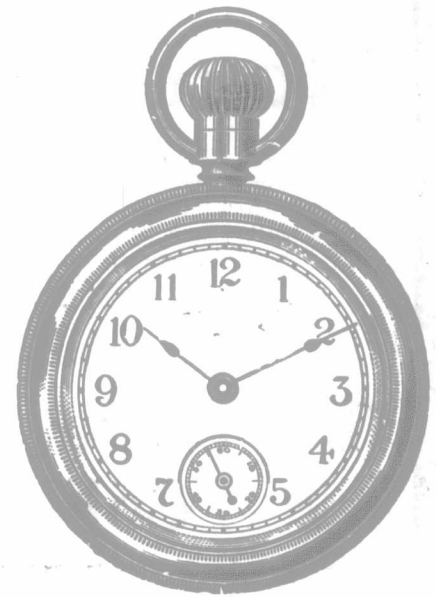
No. 1337.—Fleur-de-lis Chatelaine Pin.

Figured pattern and hard enamelled, in colors. Free for 100 Royal Crown Soap Wrappers, or 25c. and 25 Wrappers.



No. 19511.

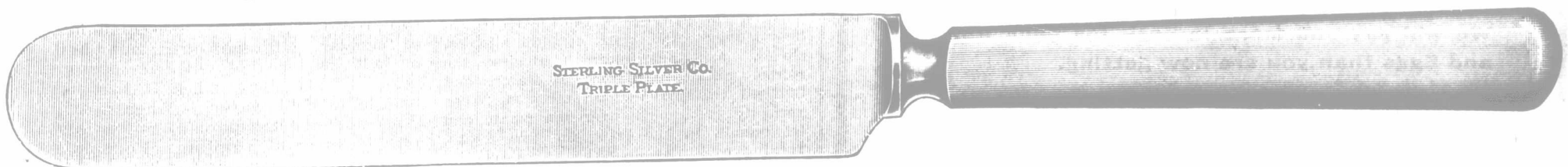
Fancy Open-Work Lace Pin. Leaf pattern, set with three fine brilliants and finished off in enamel. Free for 100 Royal Crown Soap Wrappers, or 25c. and 25 Wrappers.



No. 9.

GENTLEMAN'S NICKEL WATCH.

Stem wind, pendant set, plain case, plain center band, for 25 Royal Crown Soap Wrappers and \$1, the cheapest good watch on the market.



No. 175—Sterling Silver Co., medium round-end knife. Half dozen free for 300 Royal Crown Soap Wrappers, or \$1.00 and 25 Royal Crown Soap Wrappers. If outside of Winnipeg, add 25c for delivery.

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We sell as close to manufacturer's prices as is possible, saving to you the expenses paid by other piano dealers to travelling men. These instruments are sold purely on merit, and every one is guaranteed. You are running no risk in ordering a MARTIN-ORME shipped to your home to-day.

All the leading musicians and the best homes of the West are being supplied with Martin-Orme Pianos. Send your order early.

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In the MARTIN-ORME PIANOS there is one important point above all others which makes this instrument superior. We speak of the "Violiform" sounding board. Briefly, this invention consists of constructing the sounding board—the heart of the piano, so to speak—on the violin principle, with an arched center to increase the volume and beauty of tone. Our experiments show that the tone improves greatly with age through the use of this idea.

When you are buying, why not have the best? We sell it. Write to-day for special holiday prices.

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Were you thinking of giving your son or daughter some useful gift at Christmas time? Here is an idea! Give them a course in our College. We will teach them thoroughly arithmetic, spelling, writing, correspondence, business law, bookkeeping, etc., on strictly practical lines. They will be made more independent citizens and better fitted for duties of any calling. College reopens January 2nd, 1906. Be on time.

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ADVERTISE IN THE ADVOCATE.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

Breakfast, Dinner, and Tea.

What do I want for breakfast, dear?
My warts are all in my mind quite clear;

You—with your cheerful morning smile,
And a pretty dress, my thoughts beguile
Into thinking of flowers; an earnest
word
That will all through my busy day be
heard,
And make me sure that my morning
light

Beams strongly true, e'en while dawning
bright,
Be certain to give me these, all these,
And anything else you can or please.

But dinner—what will I have for that?
Well, dear, when I enter, doff my hat,
And turn to the table, I want to see you,
Standing, just as you always do,
To make me lose all the forenoon's fret,
And cheer for the afternoon's work to
get;
Tell me all your news, and I'll tell mine,
And with love and joy and peace we'll
dine.
Be certain to give me these, all these,
And anything else that you can or
please.

And what for tea? Have I any choice?
Yes, dear, the sound of your own sweet
voice,

And your gentle presence. I always feel
The cares of the day, like shadows, steal
Away from your soul light; and evening
rest

Come just in the way I love the best.
So, when you are planning our twilight
tea,

With a special thought in your heart for
me,
Be certain to give me these, all these,
And anything else that you can or
please.

—Junia Stafford, in Good Housekeep-
ing.

Beef Pickle.—Beef pickle, which may also be used for any kind of meat, tongues or hams: 6 lbs. of salt, 2 lbs. of fine sugar, 3 ozs. of powdered saltpetre, 3 gallons of water. Boil all the ingredients gently together, so long as any scum or impurity arises, which carefully remove. When quite cold pour it over the meat, every part of which must be covered with the brine. A ham should be kept in the pickle a fortnight; a piece of beef, weighing 14 lbs., 12 or 15 days; a tongue, 10 days.

Cream Puffs.—To 2 cups of boiling water add 1 cup of butter, place on the stove, and, while boiling, stir in thoroughly 2 cups dry flour; move from the stove, cool, and add 6 eggs (not beaten). Beat all together for 10 minutes. Add a scant teaspoon of soda. Drop on well-greased tin by spoonfuls, and bake about 20 minutes in a rather quick oven. Open at the side, and fill with a cream made of 2 cups of milk, 2 eggs, 2 table-spoons cornstarch, 1 cup sugar.

Sponge Cake.—1 cup white sugar, 1 cup flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder mixed in the flour; beat two eggs in a cup, and fill the cup up with thick, sweet cream.

Spiced Beef for 10 lbs.—Make a brine with $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. saltpetre, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. brown sugar, and 1 oz. each of allspice, cloves, and peppercorns. Bruise the spices, and add a pint of water, and boil all together for ten minutes. When perfectly cold, pour over the meat, and let remain in the brine for two weeks, turning each day. Make a covering of flour and water like a paste, and roast in the oven for three hours.

Hungry Cake.—1 lb. flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. butter, 1 lb. currants and raisins (mixed), 4 eggs, 1 cup sweet milk, 3 teaspoons baking powder. Beat up well the butter and sugar, then add the yolks, then the milk, then the whites (beaten stiff), then the flour in which the baking powder has been well stirred, and the

fruit, and flavoring last. Bake in a moderate oven for about an hour.

Mince Meat.—Two pounds raisins, 2 pounds currants, 2 pounds suet, 4 pounds apples (cut fine), juice and rind of 6 lemons, $\frac{1}{2}$ pound orange peel, $\frac{1}{2}$ pound lemon peel, 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ pounds sugar, a little mace, 1 nutmeg, 1 dessertspoon of ground cloves, and same of cinnamon, a saltspoonful of salt, and as much cider or rhubarb wine or spirits as will moisten well.

Homemade Candies for Christmas.

CREAM TAFFY.

Add one cupful of cold water, two tablespoonfuls cream of tartar and one tablespoonful of vinegar to two cups of granulated sugar. Boil until it becomes brittle when tested in cold water, then add one teaspoonful of lemon or vanilla extract and pour out on a buttered platter. Do not disturb it until it is cool enough to pull.

PEPPERMINT DROPS.

Boil without stirring three cupfuls of granulated sugar, three-fourths cupful of water, one-half cupful of cream, one teaspoonful peppermint essence, and a pinch of cream of tartar. Cook until it hardens in cold water, then beat for a few moments and let the mixture fall from the spoon in drops.

CHOCOLATE CARAMELS.

Cream well together one cupful each of sugar, molasses and cream, with half a cupful of butter, and one-fourth pound of grated, unsweetened chocolate. Boil until the candy becomes brittle when dropped into ice-water. Pour into buttered tins, and when partly cool mark into squares with a buttered knife.

PEANUT CANDY.

Remove the shells and skins from one quart of peanuts and place the meats in a warm oven to heat. Boil three cupfuls of sugar, with three teaspoonfuls of lemon juice and three-fourths of a cup of water until the syrup begins to thread. Then stir in the nuts until well mixed, pour into a buttered tin and cut into squares while still warm.

CREAM NUT FUDGE.

Bring slowly to the boiling point two cupfuls of granulated sugar, three-fourths cup of milk and one tablespoonful of butter. Boil hard, stirring constantly, until the syrup threads. Remove from the fire and add one teaspoonful of vanilla and one cupful of chopped walnuts. Stir until the mixture becomes thick but not hard; pour into a buttered tin and cut into squares.

SUGAR CANDY.

Boil in a granite kettle one pound of granulated sugar with one-half cup of water and two tablespoonfuls of vinegar. Do not stir, but boil as fast as possible without scorching. It is done when it becomes brittle in cold water. When nearly done add one teaspoonful butter and one teaspoonful vanilla. Pour into buttered tins and pull when cool.

MAPLE SUGAR CANDY.

Break into small pieces one pound of maple sugar, and boil with one cup of milk and one cup of cream. Stir constantly. When it will harden in cold water stir in one cup of chopped hickorynut meats. Turn into shallow, buttered tins, and when hard break into pieces.

The Trials of a Farmer's Young Wife.

It is no make-believe I sit down at my desk to write about to-day, but something that is very apt to befall any girl that is so foolish as to become the wife of any man before she knows how to cook and do common housework.

As I look back on the years of my married life, its cares and perplexities come up before me, clearer in my memory than its joys—though the retrospect often provokes a laugh where the real experience caused bitter tears.

I was scarcely nineteen when I became the wife of a farmer. It was a love match, and with the usual thoughtlessness of lovers, I do not think it occurred to us that we could not live upon love alone, or that it would need such common things as bread, meat and potatoes to preserve in its purity the divine passion. Everybody said I was totally unfit for a farmer's wife. I had always been delicate, and from the day I left school I had been bookkeeper in a clothing store. My mother was a first-class housekeeper, and always kept a hired girl. I was not expected to help with the cooking; in fact, I never thought to do any work, unless to keep my own bedroom tidy.

I do not wonder now that people could not see the propriety of his choosing me for his wife when several farmers' daughters—model housekeepers—stood ready to be chosen. My own family raised a good many objections; chief among them was that he was poor, and I was unfit for a farmer's wife, having no idea of work of any kind. I remember how I felt when I cooked my first dinner. The potatoes were half cooked, the meat fried to a crisp, and the pudding not any better than the potatoes. It was a rice pudding, and I put three cupfuls into a small pudding-dish and just covered it with water; how the rice swelled out, and I kept changing it from one thing to another until I had not a pudding dish large enough to hold it all. Ah! how well I remember my first washing-day. My husband had gone to town with a load of wheat, and would be gone all day, so I thought I would wash up everything that needed washing the least little bit. I was very happy at first, but after rubbing off little patches of skin from most every knuckle, and burning my arms and hands so that they looked like a map of some unknown country, I began to find out that there was little poetry and no fun in the wash-tub. However, I got the clothes out on the line, but I cannot say the dirt was all out of them. When my husband came home I felt so proud to think I had the washing done, although he said I looked like as if I had come through the war. But the ironing day was worse yet. Nothing but pride kept me from rolling up the starched things in a bundle and taking them about two miles to my nearest neighbor and getting her to do them and show me how. I forgot to mention that my home was away out on the prairie in the far West, some hundreds of miles from my dear mother. I had never done any starched clothes of any description, but from my father at home I had very exalted ideas in regard to the importance of having shirt bosoms without a spot or blemish. My husband told me all he could remember of his mother's methods, and then betook himself to the fields. O! shall I ever forget my feelings when the flat-iron, heated ten times its wont, and O! so carefully applied to the glutinous surface, suddenly struck up an attachment for the same, and when forcibly separated, left its whole image and superscription behind in black and brown colors! I have that shirt yet to show to those un-

wise mothers who are training their daughters for future uselessness. But it was in cooking that I found my chief trouble. All my attempts in that line had resulted in spoiling several kinds of rich cake made in accordance with those impossible recipes which fill the cookery books. I had never made a loaf of bread in my life. Baker's bread served us for a time—so long a time, indeed, that we found out all its good qualities, and have not tested its excellencies for many years. It came to pass, after many days, that baker's bread became unendurable. I tried to believe in it. I praised it and tasted it; but it would not do—its glory had departed. I began heartily to approve of Pharaoh's course in lifting the head of the chief baker from off his shoulders and hanging him upon a tree. How I did long for some of my mother's lovely bread! My husband had been more used to baker's bread, and so did not seem to dislike it so much as I did; but I saw no way out of my trouble. I had tried many times to raise bread, but had not succeeded in making any fit to appear on the table. I was wise enough to keep on hand a supply of baker's bread in the meantime. My husband got the bread when he took a load of grain to town, which was twice a week. What would I have done if he had not been hauling grain? It was twelve miles to town, so it would have been too far to go on purpose for the bread.

I had a little better success in making sour-milk biscuit, but somehow I never could hit on the proper amount of soda required. Sometimes they were yellow enough to be taken for gold, but oftener they had the appearance of having been hardened and compacted in a cheese press. At first I tried to work the cold biscuit into puddings, but their peculiar solid nature frustrated all such attempts to economize. But then, when the case was perfectly hopeless, I still had one resort left. Back of our house a few yards was a sort of gully or creek, and in its muddy water I buried my biscuits out of sight, as I thought, forever.

Inexperienced girls should never commence housekeeping without a convenient ditch at hand. Alas! alas! my troubles did not end here! We had a flock of geese and goslings which in time found their way to "my ditch." The biscuits having been so long in soak had a resurrection, and I remember watching those poor things at they vainly tried to divide them with their strong bills.

One day Will's cousin happened to be riding through our part of the country, and so made it a point to call on us. It was long after dinner time, and from his talk I took the hint that he had not had anything to eat since leaving Brandon, which I knew was a long way off. I was alone, my husband being at a far end of our half-section, but seeing a horseman ride up to our door, came home. How thankful I was that I had learned to warm over potatoes and get a fairly good meal with the help of baker's bread and some fruit I had brought from home with me. He must have been hungry, for when he got to the end of his journey he told his mother he left nothing on the table but the plates and a slice of bread cut like a "stepmother's piece," and that Will's wife was "a wee bit of a thing, no good for a farm, but that our house was spotlessly clean," and I took that as "one" in my favor, anyway.

"My dear," said my husband one day after breakfast, "don't you think you could learn to make bread?"

"I do not think I can ever make bread," I replied. "I have tried

(Continued on next page.)

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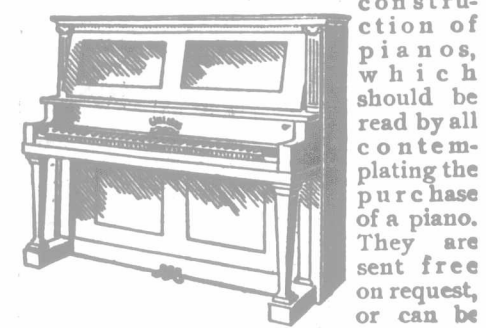
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and tried, until I am altogether discouraged."

"Remember King Bruce of Scotland and the spider; try again," he said, with a grin. "You have learned to cook so many things in so short a time, that I am sure that if you had some one to give you a few 'pointers' about the best method, you would get along famously. Why don't you ask Mrs. Smith about it?"

"You forget, Will, how mortifying it is to go to anyone for help in this matter. Indeed, I am ashamed to expose my ignorance by consulting anyone. I give all our visitors [which were few] baker's bread, and they, having it only when they come to see us, like it. I do wish you had married a housekeeper and I had stayed in the store," I said, pettishly.

"O, I am not finding fault with you—far from it. I am sure you will overcome this difficulty in time."

"In time, if ever," I responded, most ungraciously. "I hope there will be no breadmaking in heaven."

He looked at me in surprise. My manner and speech were something new, and he saw I was in too reckless a mood to reason with, and so went out to the field to see how the crops were looking after the rain. After he was gone I sat down to think, I felt so miserable and unhappy. I knew I had spoken so ungenerously to him whose unwearied forbearance and kindness amid all inconveniences caused by my lack of knowledge had so often excited my gratitude. Ah, so much misery over the inability to make a loaf of good bread. A sudden resolve inspired me, and without waiting to clear away the breakfast things, I started off to Mrs. Smith's. I was going to learn to make bread, no matter what it cost me or how long it took me to learn. It was two miles across the open prairie, and as I had never been out alone before, the fear of wolves, sand-hill cranes and things I had heard of lent wings to my feet, as it were, and I went those two miles in a short time. Mrs. Smith was very much surprised to see me coming at such an early hour and out of breath.

"Is anything wrong," she called when I was some yards from the house.

"Oh, no," I replied, "I was just having a walk." I was soon seated, and after talking about the weather, etc., for a few minutes, I confessed my ignorance and asked her to tell me the mysteries of bread-making.

"Why, there is no trouble at all," said she, "if you have good yeast-cake."

"But I have tried yeast cake, and the bread soured."

"Well, then, you have let it set too long before baking it. When it gets light enough you must put it into loaves and then let it set a little while longer, and then bake it in a good oven, not too hot. Dear Mrs. Smith; she had no idea how ignorant I was of what a good oven meant.

She made me a cup of tea which she said I would feel the good of after my walk. Such lovely bread she had—just like the bread my mother made. I made a firm resolve I would make bread like that if it took me a whole year to learn how. When I was leaving she gave me a bottle with about a quart of her own homemade yeast in it, and told me she liked it better than any yeast-cake. I felt in fine spirits going home, because I was sure I had good yeast and I would not let the bread set too long, so I must surely have good bread.

The next morning I set my bread, and to be sure about the "hoisting element," I put in a good big half quart of it, a cup of water, and then about enough flour to make it good and thick. I had heard my mother speak of salt-raised bread, and so I thought I had better put in some salt, too. I rolled out a cup-

(Continued on next page.)

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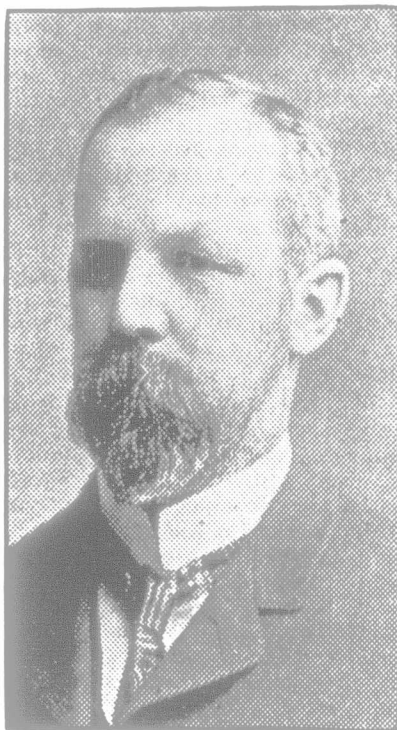
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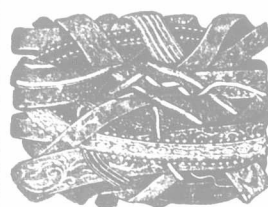
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ful to make it nice and fine and mixed it in. When it had set for a while I thought I had better make no mistake in getting it baked soon enough. I washed my hands and arms, tied on a big apron, then I rolled, pulled and twisted the bread around on the bakeboard to get more flour into it so it would stay in loaves, and then I put it into the pan. Oh, dear, how funny it looked, but I thought the greenish-yellow color would bake out, and so put it directly into the oven so it would have no chance to get sour. I had what I thought was a good oven, and I looked at the bread in an hour to see if it was done—and, oh, dear, what I felt like! Gracious, I could not begin to tell you what I felt like; but I took that bread out pretty quick, and after pounding the bottom of the pan until I had good big dinges in it I got the pan separated from the bread, and I threw the dreadful stuff, hissing hot, down into the ditch.

I imagine it is there yet, and a dozen or so geese hard at it.

It was too much for me, and for the first time I sat down and had a good cry. It was no genteel, little soft sniffle with a few tears, but a real good, genuine, downright cry that would have done credit to any whipped youngster. Oh, dear me! it was awful.

In this plight my husband found me, and I suppose I frightened him most out of his wits.

"Why, what in the world is wrong?" said he, but he soon grasped the situation, and was very anxious to comfort me.

I told him of my long walk to get instruction, how tired I was, and how anxious I was to make bread fit to eat, and the results of my last effort, and that I hoped and wished that the goose that brought that bread to the light of day would get choked immediately.

All at once he burst out laughing, and such a laugh, as though it were a capital joke. But it was no laughing matter to me, and I was on the verge of tears again. At last he said in his kindest voice: "It was no fault of yours, Nellie, and I am sure you will succeed yet if perseverance counts for anything; but, really, if I were you, I would write to your mother, and tell her to write down the minutest details and send how she makes her bread. She is a superior cook, and I am sure her daughter will be, too."

Well, I did not like to, because they had said so much about my not knowing anything about cooking when I left home. I had never mentioned any of my trials and troubles to them; I thought I would let them imagine I was doing handsomely. "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise," I have read in Shakespeare, and I thought there was no use of them knowing—they would all have such a laugh.

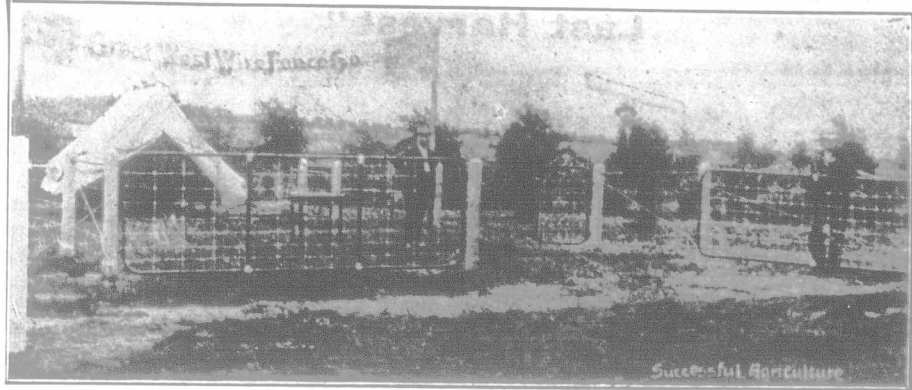
But I did write to her, and such a nice letter she sent me, telling me every little thing, and giving me lots of advice and "pointers"—as my husband calls it—about cooking and baking the needs of every-day life. Girls, always write or go to your mother when in any difficulty.

I could fill many pages with such doleful happenings, and should be willing to do so if I could convince one young girl of the importance of practical household knowledge, or make her understand how much of the grace and comfort of a home depends upon the domestic habits of its mistress.

But I will only indulge my vanity by saying I can now cook dinner, wash, iron, bake and make as well as most women. If anyone doubts it, ask my husband.

Bridget (watching her mistress as she packs her missionary barrel): "An' shure, mum, yez must put in th' hammer, so they's hov somethin' t' open it wid."

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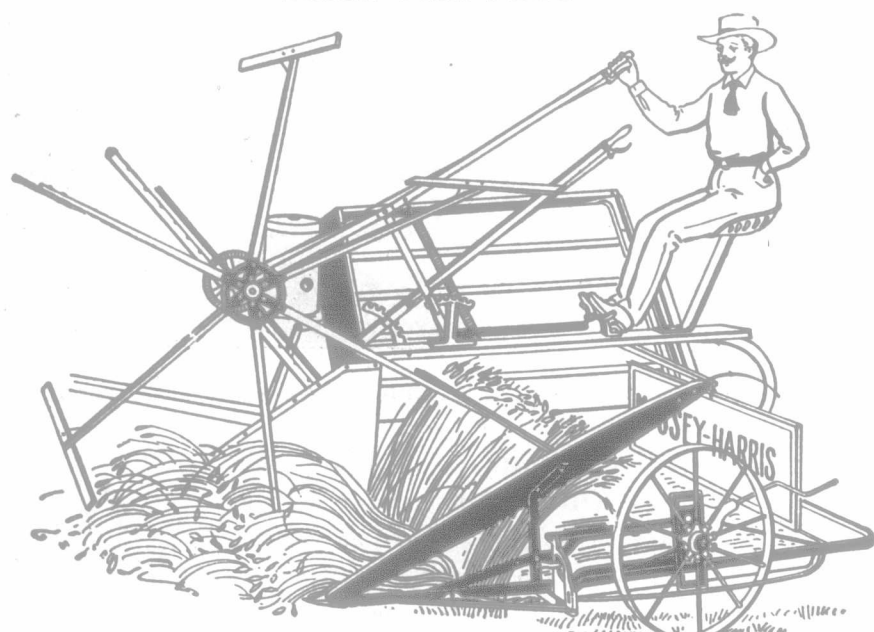
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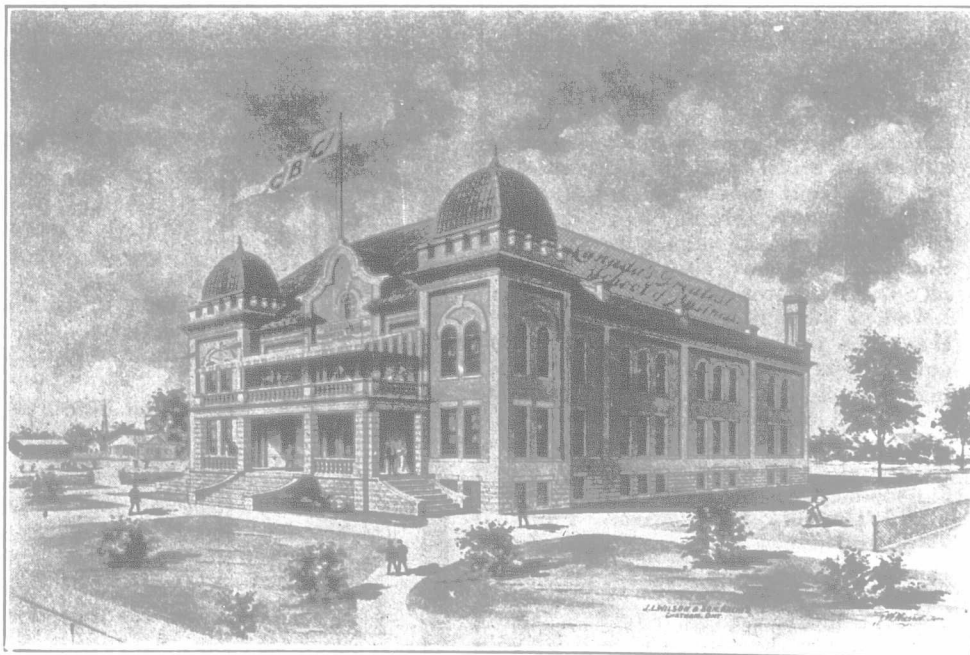
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When Elizabeth Went Home.

It was only five o'clock, but the wide, far-stretching prairie-land lay swathed in twilight. It was too early for stars as yet, and the oncoming night hovered down unbroken by any point of light, unbelievably still, full of a strange solemnity, and to Elizabeth, unspeakably dreary. She stood with her face against the pane, gazing out absently into the deepening dusk.

"At home," she mused, and the word vibrated in her mind with an aching tenderness, "the electric lights are gleaming along the streets, the trolley cars are full of happy Christmas shoppers. Papa has come in now and hurries off to his room with various mysterious bundles; Alice and Dick are hobnobbing together in a corner over mama's present. After dinner, some of the crowd will come in and there will be music and dancing, then later a jolly little supper around the chafing dish." She turned from her thoughts to the gray stretch outside. "Snow, stillness—country, country, country! I hate it!" she gasped, with a sob of self-pity. "I like noise and lights and good times and people. Oh, I want to go home! I want to go home!"

Her husband was coming now. She could not discern his figure, but she heard his whistle, the notes dull and spiritless, mere ghosts of his old-time runs and trills. "But he doesn't hate this lonely life as I do," she thought, resentfully. "He likes it. He is troubled only because I am."

Stamping the snow from his feet, he came into the warm room, seeming somehow to fill it with his large personality. He stooped and kissed her tenderly, trying to meet her averted gaze.

"You're nice and snug in here, Elizabeth," he began, with a tentative cheerfulness. "It's awfully cold outside." The girl-wife made no response, but began to set the table, and the man said no more until she summoned him to the evening meal. He looked at her from time to time as she sat opposite him, hoping that her somber mood would pass, but she kept her wistful gaze bent toward her plate, and the bitter lines of her mouth never relaxed.

"What a dainty meal, dear," he said, with an attempt at animation. "Quite worthy of the season. It doesn't seem possible that the day after to-morrow is Christmas, does it?"

"Please don't remind me of it, Robert, I beg," she cried, sharply. The man winced and put down his coffee-cup, gazing with set brows into its amber depths. Suddenly he gave his shoulders an energetic little shake and sighed with the stress of a firm resolve.

"Elizabeth," he said, "let's hurry and finish, then we can spend the evening packing your trunk, for you must start home in the morning. You will arrive Christmas afternoon, in time for most of the festivities, and you can stay just as long as you like."

Elizabeth looked at him squarely now, with startled eyes.

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"You know very well—"

"Just this, dear. You must take the seventy-five dollars we saved to get the new machinery in the spring. I'll manage about that somehow."

"Why—why, I couldn't do that," stammered Elizabeth in denial, but with hope mounting in her heart. "I won't do it."

"Oh, yes, you will," he replied, in his most masterful tones, and with an air of finality. And then his calmness broke, and he cried from his heart, "Ah, dearest, don't you know it just kills me to see you sad and lonely, not to hear you sing about your work any more, or make little jokes and laugh as you used to do? I think I can get the machinery somehow, but let's not think about that now. Nothing matters except for my sad little girl to find her happy heart again."

With a cry of remorseful tenderness, she threw herself into his arms.

"Oh, Robert, you're so good, so good! And what a poor wife I am! So selfish and unkind to you! But, Robert, you can't understand. You can't realize how I ache to go home. This snow and stillness and bigness of everything gets on my nerves. Sometimes I think I'll go crazy!"

"Yes, little girl, yes," he murmured, kissing her hair.

"It wasn't so bad in the early summer

when the woolly buffalo-grass was so soft and pretty, and the sky was so blue, and when mama and Alice were here, it was fine, but oh, this winter—" She broke off with a shudder. "And we've been married a year and a half, and I've never been home once! When we planned to go this Christmas, I was so happy, and then things went wrong and we couldn't afford it, and I thought I should die!" she cried with the extravagance of youth. "Oh, Robert, I know I oughtn't to go, but I do want to!"

"Yes, little girl, yes," he said, softly, again, "and you shall go."

The girl clung to him, leaving her tears and kisses upon his cheeks.

"My dear, good, generous Robert," she murmured. "Well, I'll go, but I won't stay long, and when I come back I'll be the best wife in the world."

So it was settled. The pretty trousseau, almost unworn, was prepared for the eastern journey.

"Are you sure you won't look shabby or old-fashioned?" Robert asked, anxiously, for pride was one of the strongest fibers of his being.

"Oh, no, they won't expect a fashionable to come out of the wilderness," she answered, gaily, "and Alice will help me furbish things up a little."

Stopping in her packing, she slipped on a little rose-colored evening gown, and opening her fan, peered at him, coquetishly, over its filmy edge.

"Why don't you ask me to dance?" she demurred. Obediently falling in with her mood, he caught her round the waist, whistled the bars of a lively two-step, and spun her gaily up and down the room. Elizabeth was transformed. He looked at the flushing, glowing, rose-colored girl-creature in his arms, and wondered if she could be the wan, heavy-eyed woman who had met him when he came in from his work.

The great wide night held the little house in its clutch, and the wind moaned under the eaves like a soul debarred from Paradise, but for once Elizabeth did not hear it. Robert did. "What will it be when she is gone?" cried a voice in his heart.

Early the next morning they drove over to Wilkes, the nearest town, where Elizabeth was to take the east-bound train. It was a wonderful day—white and blue and gold. The sky was as blue as a gentian flower; the snow-crystals flung back the sun's rays from their glittering facets, and the air was a joy to the lungs. Even Elizabeth, now that she was saying a farewell to the country, admitted its charm.

"Yes, I suppose this trackless white is more beautiful than the mud and slush of my little home city, but three cheers for mud and slush all the same!"

Robert laughed—with his lips. In his heart was an agony of loss. Arriving at the station, they learned to his dismay that the train was two hours late. To prolong this parting through two hours of dreary waiting would be more than he could endure. Besides, various duties urgently called him back to the little farm. Elizabeth divined his thoughts.

"Robert," she said, "you mustn't wait. Truly, I don't want you to. It would be too hard for us both. And there are so many things you ought to do back at the house."

She never called it home and the fact had stung him many a time.

"Very well, dear, if you wish it, but I'll telegraph your people before I go."

"Robert, if you don't mind, I'd like to do that myself. It'll help pass the time, and, besides, I want to send as funny and jolly a message as possible."

"Certainly, dear, and here's a note I wrote you last night. I was rather wakeful. Read it sometime along the way. Well, good-bye, then, dearest one; have a good time and be happy. Good-bye." He kissed her with trembling lips and then turned quickly, climbed as hurriedly into the wagon, and drove away without once looking back.

Elizabeth gazed after him with some of the brightness gone from her face. She tapped the sill of the station door discontentedly with her little foot.

"There really isn't much pleasure in going without Robert," she thought, and then looked curiously at the note in her

(Continued on next page.)

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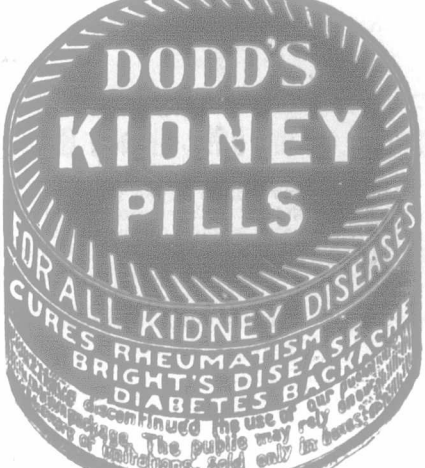
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hand. "I believe I'll read it now," she decided. "He said any time." She went into the station and sat down upon a hard bench. There was only one other person in the room, a gaunt, flat-chested German woman.

Elizabeth tore open the note and read: "This is to be only a few words to bid my little wife God-speed, tell her how much I love her, and a few other things that I want to say now while I see them clearly. It has come upon me lately that I have wronged you in bringing you to this lonely place. My boyhood was passed in the country, and I love it. It seemed to me that there could be no freer, happier life than here in this virgin land. I knew that there would be privations, of course, but I did not fear them, and you, catching a little of my enthusiasm, were willing to come. So I refused the kind offer of your Uncle Herby. The stifling round of the office, the struggle of the world of men, fevers me. To grapple with wind and dust and famine—that was the battle at thought of which every sinew of me thrilled.

"But you were differently made. You were born for the easier, more sparkling life of the city. All the pleasant and gracious things which society offers to a fair and sweet woman, were yours by right.

"Therefore, dearest, I beg your forgiveness. The happiness of you is the happiness of me. It is a small thing to say that I would die for you; rather, I will live for you, and in the way that is most pleasing to you. If your uncle's offer is still open to me, I will accept it, if you so desire. But, dear, if you could find it in your heart to give this life a few months' trial, I should be so glad. I feel sure that the crops will be as good this year as they were poor last, and then we could make this home more like your old one. Just until the autumn comes, Elizabeth, and you can stay with your mother as much of that time as you wish. But if you feel that you do not desire to make the trial, then say so, dear, and your wish shall be mine. For, after all, wherever you are is the sweetest spot in the world for me.

"Have a happy visit, dear; stay as long as you like, and God keep you!" Elizabeth's tears fell on the note before she had finished. "There is not another in all the world as good as Robert," she thought. "I won't try to decide now about the farm. I'll wait until I reach home. I'd better telegraph now."

She turned toward the little room where the operator sat, and then hesitated; somehow the keen edge of her eagerness was dulled. The home vision was not so radiant, so fascinating, as it had seemed earlier. She remembered her brother Dick and his friends, with their well-groomed persons, their polished flippancy, and then she thought of Robert in his worn ulster, his cheeks glowing from the wind of the prairie, but with loneliness in his sober eyes. She drew her hand across her forehead with a childish gesture of trouble and dissatisfaction, and then her eyes fell on the German woman who still sat motionless on the other bench.

A dull, colorless creature she was, who might have been anywhere between twenty-five and forty. Her complexion was of an unhealthy, yellowish hue, and a few wisps of the same yellowish-hued hair straggled stringily down her thin temples. One would hardly have noticed her a second time, but for the expression of grief that dignified her unlovely face. Every once in a while a slow tear fell from her eyes, and, rolling drearily down her faded cheeks, dropped upon her hands which were folded in her lap. Elizabeth, always tender-hearted in the presence of suffering, rose and walked over to her.

"Is there anything I can do for you?" she asked, timidly.

"Nobody can't do nothings," replied the woman with simplicity. "My man been dead."

"Oh!" said Elizabeth, helplessly. "I'm sorry," and then as the woman moved over a little, she sat down beside her. The pathos of this bald statement touched the girl's already overwrought feelings unspenkably, and her face was very sweet with sympathy as she questioned gently:

"Has he been dead long?" The poor creature began to talk eagerly. It was a relief to pour out some of the trouble in her heart to this kindly stranger.

"No, miss; one week he has been dead."

(Continued on next page.)

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Ten years Chris and me's been married. Chris hadn't no learning, but he was good-looking, yes. I had learning. I could read, and some I could write. I worked in the canning factory mit Gussie and Tina and lots of other girls, and sooch fun we been having. Then 'long come Chris and asked me won't I marry mit him and I did. But he ain't high-toned like me, and he want to have a farm, and we did come way out here. But I never did like it, no. It sads me to hear the wolves in the night-time, and everything is that still! And I don't like never to see nobody. I want to see Tina and Gussie and work in the canning factory again already, and I ask him to go, but he say no. And I sass him and sass him, and he don't say mooch, and never don't beat me, and now he been dead. My man been dead."

She paused, her stooped shoulders shaken with sobs. Elizabeth's face twitched oddly, but she struggled to maintain her composure.

"And now what are you going to do?" she asked, huskily.

"I'm going to try to get into the canning factory again already. But I don't want to work in the canning factory, no. I want to live out on the prairie mit Chris. It wouldn't sad me no more. Mein Gott, I been one fool! Wolves don't matter. Never seenin' nobody don't matter Nothin' matter, but your man!"

Elizabeth arose and grasped the woman's hand. The light that never was on sea or land was in her eyes.

"Yes, you're right. Nothing matters but your man. Thank you! And goodbye!"

It was Christmas eve. Robert sat alone in the little house and looked into the fire. The hook where Elizabeth's jacket had hung was empty. Her little overshoes were gone too. He was acutely conscious of this, and dared not turn his eyes in that direction. Suddenly he bowed his head in his hands. Strog and gallant soul that he was, there had come upon him to-night an utter heart-sickness and despair.

"I am a failure," he told himself, bitterly, "a failure. I have failed with the farm; I have failed with Elizabeth. I thought I could make up to her for the things she would lose. I thought my love would be enough. But it was not enough. We will leave the farm. Perhaps, I shall succeed after a fashion. Perhaps Elizabeth will be happy again. But I shall know it is not I who have done it. I shall see myself for what I am, a ghastly failure."

Tears fell upon his tanned cheeks—not the quick bright tears of childhood, but the awful tears of manhood, that start in the depths of the heart and come by a slow, burning pathway to the eyes.

Then Elizabeth came.

Her cheeks glowed with the cold; her eyes were two dazzling love-lights. She fell upon him with a divine ferocity, she submerged him in her arms, she overwhelmed him with kisses.

"Oh, Robert," she cried, "I couldn't go! It was no use to try. I couldn't endure Christmas without you. I should die! I don't want to go home! I only want to stay with you. And, of course, we'll try this life a little longer—forever, if you like. I shall never hate it again. Nothing matters but your man," she ended, with a sobbing laugh.

He did not understand as yet. He did not try. He only felt that he had leaped from misery to happiness. He held his angel of deliverance fast, and hoped his heart wouldn't burst with so much joy.

Afterward, when they were a little calmer, he asked her, anxiously:

"But are you quite, quite sure you won't regret that you didn't go home?" She laughed, softly, and nestled closer within his arms.

"Home?" she repeated; "dearest, this is home!"—E. B. Ronald, in McLure's.

POOR CHUMPLEIGH!

"Why, pa, this is roast beef," exclaimed little Willie at dinner on the evening when Mr. Chumpleigh was present as the guest of honor.

"Of course," said the father. "What of that?"

"Why, you told ma this morning that you were going to bring a 'mutton-head' home for dinner this evening."

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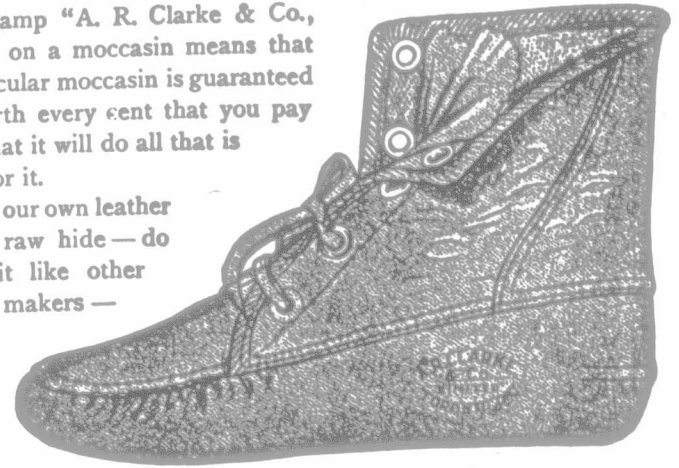
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Leather values, unstamped, are just as deceptive as gold or silver values unstamped, and in order to protect the people who buy and wear our goods, we have stamped our name on every article. Our stamp means our guarantee of value to you, just the same as the government's stamp.

If you insist on buying gloves, mitts, moccasins, etc., with "Clarke's" stamp you will know exactly what kind of leather you are buying, and have our guarantee of its value.

Only the best materials, finish and workmanship are used in "Clarke's" lines.

Sold by all dealers. Catalogue free for the asking.

A. R. Clarke & Co., Limited Toronto
Canada

Tanners and makers of gloves, mitts, moccasins, etc., for outdoor hard wear



Stamped Coin, showing exact value

Humorous.

An enterprising gentleman of the breezy West, who superintends the "railroad eating-house" in his town, has recently hung out a sign that furnishes considerable amusement to those who pass by. It reads: Pies like mother used to make 5c.; pies like mother used to try to make, 10c.

Bluffer went to Scotland, and, wishing to let a friend know of his safe arrival, he entered the post office, and inquired if he could send a telegram direct to London, and how long it would take.

The attendant, a young lady, cut short his inquiries with:

"I am not paid to answer silly questions."

Imagine her feelings, however, when she

found herself compelled to wire the following:

"Arrived safe. Girls here ugly and bad-tempered."

A certain venerable archdeacon engaged as a new footman a well-recommended youth who had served as stable-boy. The first duty which he was called upon to perform was to accompany the archdeacon on a series of formal calls.

"Bring the cards, Thomas, and leave one at each house," ordered his master. After two hours of visiting from house to house, the archdeacon's list was exhausted.

"This is the last house, Thomas," he said; "leave two cards here."

"Beggin' your pardon, sir," was the reply. "I can't—I've only the ace o' spades left."

INSPIRED BOTANY.

The Rev. Appleton Grannin, of St. Michael's Church, New York, tells the following clerical anecdote on himself:

"I was preaching on the spiritual benefit that may sometimes accrue from temporal misfortunes," he says, "and in the course of my sermon I made use of this practical illustration:

"Some flowers thrive best under the benign rays of the summer sun, while others—fuchsias, for instance—require the deepest of shade to bring them to their fullest perfection."

"In one of the front pews sat a little, old lady of distinctly rural aspect who followed the sermon with the most gratifying close and eager attention. At the close of the service she hurried forward with outstretched hands to speak to me.

"Oh, sir!" she cried, "how can I ever

thank you for the inestimable benefit your inspired words have imparted to me!"

"I started to say something appropriate when she continued,—

"I've been trying for twenty years to make my fuchsias grow well, and I never knew till to-day that I failed because I didn't plant them in the shade."— [Lippincott's.

Stick to your aim! the mongrel's hold will slip.

But only crowbars loose the bulldog's lip:

Small as he looks, the jaw that never yields

Draws down the bellowing monarch of the fields.—Holmes.

Club Raisers!

In order to get at least 5,000 new subscribers before Jan. 1st we make a very special club rate, and want our old subscribers to put their shoulder to the wheel and send us the name of every new subscriber they can possibly secure among their neighbors and friends.

1	Renewal and 1 New Subscriber	\$2.50
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1	" " 3 " "	4.00
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2	" " 3 " "	5.00

Clubs of 6 or more, half of which must be New Subscribers, \$1.00 each. Clubs of 5 or more renewals, \$1.25 each.

Remember, the regular Subscription Price to the Farmer's Advocate and Home Magazine is \$1.50 a year.

No premiums are allowed in connection with the above clubbing offer.

This club offer will be good only until Feb. 1st, 1906.

PLEASE USE THIS SUBSCRIPTION FORM.

THE WILLIAM WELD COMPANY WINNIPEG, MAN.

Gentlemen,

Enclosed please find \$....., being subscription to the FARMER'S ADVOCATE AND HOME MAGAZINE for the balance of this year and all of 1906 for the following list of names:

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NAME _____

P.O. _____

NAME _____

P.O. _____

NAME _____

P.O. _____

NAME _____

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NAME _____

P.O. _____

Remit by money order or registered letter.

NAME OF SENDER _____

P.O. _____ DATE _____

Write letter "N" after names of New Subscribers, and "R" after Renewals.

Happy School Days.

(Sam Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.)

I.

'Tis with fondest recollections that I turn sometimes to gaze
 Back upon the little schoolhouse, and live o'er those happy days:
 I can see the sweet-faced teacher, as I stood beside her knee,
 Droning out my little lesson—"M-y, my," and "m-e, me";
 I can hear her gentle accents, as she spoke when I was through,
 Saying: "You may now be seated," always adding, "That will do."
 And I still am thrilled as Fancy leads me past the meadows home,
 Where dear, anxious mother waited with her fine-toothed comb.

II.

What a privilege I deemed it when the teacher let me go
 To the distant spring for water! What cared I for wind or snow?
 For a fortnight, I remember, I adored Cornelia Gray,
 When her older sister Clara basely threw my love away.
 But my heart, though somewhat fickle, always had a tender place
 For the gentle, slender teacher, with her sweet, sad-looking face,
 And a place still far more tender for the anxious one at home,
 Who, when school was out, stood waiting with her fine-toothed comb.

III.

Ah, the little old white schoolhouse! I can see it standing there
 At the crossroads where the guidepost leaned with signs of wear and tear;
 Still, in fancy, I can plainly hear the bell ring out its call,
 And I know just where I whittled my initials on the wall;
 And the scratched and dusty blackboard! I can never more, alas!
 Earn such pride or feel such triumph as were mine when from the class
 I was first called up to figure, and forgot to think of home—
 Even ceased to think of mother and her fine-toothed comb!

IV.

Someone else to-day is sitting at the desk which once was mine,
 Someone else to-day is learning that two, three and four are nine;
 The sweet-faced, gentle teacher whom I loved has long been dead:
 Where she sat there sits another looking longingly ahead—
 And the curls that wildly tumbled o'er my forehead, where are they?
 Oh, to stand there struggling bravely with my a, b, c's to-day,
 Oh, to wiggle through long hours and at last go romping home,
 To find mother waiting for me with her fine-toothed comb!

"A pretty Irish girl, fresh from the Old Country, sat in a trolley car looking at the strange American country with modest interest.

"She had soft gray eyes, a face like roses and lilies, beautiful hair and white teeth.
 "Your fare, miss," said the conductor, pausing before her.
 "She blushed and bit her lip.
 "Your fare, miss," he repeated.
 "Sure," said the girl; "an' what if I be? Ye must not be repeatin' it like that before folks."

On one occasion, in trying an abduction case, Lord Morris, once chief justice of Ireland, addressed the jury as follows: "I am compelled to direct you to find a verdict of guilty in this case, but you will easily see that I think it is a trifling thing, which I regard as quite unfit to occupy my time. It is more valuable than yours. At any rate, it is much better paid for. Find, therefore, the prisoner guilty of abduction, which rests, mind ye, on four points—the father was not averse, the mother was not opposed, the girl was willing, and the boy was convaynient." The jury found the prisoner guilty, and the judge sentenced him to remain in the dock till the rising of the court. Hardly had he delivered sentence than, turning to the sheriff, Lord Morris said: "Let us go," and, looking at the prisoner, he called across the court: "Marry the girl at once, and God bless you both."

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In 8 sizes, churning from 1/2 to 30 gallons.

Improved Steel Frame. Patent Foot and Lever Drive.

Patent Steel Roller Bearings.

Easy to operate. Bolts throughout in place of wood screws. Superior in workmanship and finish. No other just as good. Accept no substitute. If not sold by your dealer, write direct to us.

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Send us your watch by mail for repair. A post card will bring a small box for mailing, and we will report cost of work. If you are satisfied we will repair it and return it to you post paid.

Your watch will receive prompt and careful attention. All work is guaranteed.
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Gives perfect comfort and free action in walking.

See this limb, and you will wear no other.

I also make Orthopedic appliances for all deformities.

Write for price list and full particulars.

Active participation in the duties of this world seems to be the surest safeguard for the health of body and mind.—L. M. Child.

If nothing more than purpose is thy power,

Thy purpose firm is equal to the deed ;
Who does the best his circumstance allows

Does well, acts nobly ; angels could no more.—Edward Young.

Christmas on the Farm.

By S. L. Barivel, Stellarton, N. S.

Christmas can be spent as happily on the farm as in the town or city. All required is a little effort, and the determination to make use of the advantages within reach—and they are many. To begin with, farmhouses are not cramped for space, but are generally large and roomy—a desirable condition at all times, but especially so when Christmas draws near.

Again, country-dwellers have horses and sleighs at their disposal, which furnishes an additional source of pleasure. So, taking these and other details into consideration, there is no reason why the holiday period should not be equally as joyous in the country as elsewhere.

The first thing to aim at, however, is variety. Endeavor to have everything as different as possible from ordinary days. Keep that end in view when planning how to spend the day, when arranging the meals, and also when preparing your gifts. Regarding the latter, continue the old Santa Claus way for the children, but try a new method for the older members of the family. Perhaps the following suggestion may help you :

The day before Christmas bring a trunk into the hall, and ask each person to place his gifts in it, with the recipient's name written plainly on the parcel. Then, on the breakfast table next morning put a large card bearing this notice :

Santa Claus' Express Office.
Open in the sitting-room, 10 a.m.
Be on time.

At the appointed hour, when all are gathered, some one can act as Santa Claus, and after opening the trunk, deliver the presents. But, before receiving them, each person should be asked to guess three times as to their contents. This will cause much fun and merriment. The packages could be adorned with old postage stamps.

The rest of the morning can be spent in various ways—in reading, or conversation, or enjoying outdoor sports. The young folks could join in a merry snow-fight, and thus gain an excellent appetite for dinner. Carry out the Christmas idea, too, in the decorations for the table. If a potted plant in bloom is not available, have a low center-piece of pine and moss. Then try to make the meal a long, happy one of true pleasure.

In the afternoon, a nice plan is for all the young people in the neighborhood to arrange for a sleighing party. They could meet at some appointed place, and then drive away merrily either to a town at hand, or else to make short Christmas calls

on friends. Or, if a pond or river is convenient, a skating party could be arranged ; and either way the hours would pass swiftly and pleasantly until tea time.

Then for the evening, a good way is to invite as many friends as the house will hold, and have a good time together. Simple refreshments of cake and coffee could be served, while, for entertainment, games and dancing for the young people, and cosy chats for their parents, would provide all that would be needed. And, finally, when the evening draws near to a close, gather your guests around the organ or piano and have some bright, hearty singing—the favorite songs first, and then the dear old Christmas hymns. Then will Christmas Day end as it began—in true happiness for everyone.

And one thought more in this connection may perhaps be given. If you have any poor relations, ask them to spend Christmas with you on the farm. It will do them good, and also you good, for the real spirit of the season—kindly, unselfish love—will reign in your heart and make you glad.

For Every Day.

The boy is the best representative of possible power. What he may become no man can tell. Therefore, we should respect childhood for what it may become, as we respect age for what it is.—Forward.

Out of suffering have emerged the strongest souls ; the most massive characters are seamed with scars.—E. H. Chapin.

Nothing is so commonplace as to wish to be remarkable. Fame usually comes to those who are thinking about something else, very rarely to those who say to themselves, "Go to, now, let us be a celebrated individual!"—O. W. Holmes.

In all good things give the eye and ear the full scope, for they let into the mind. Restrain the tongue for it is a spender ; few people have repented them of silence.—Bishop Hull.

The comfortable and comforting people are those who look upon the bright side of life, gathering its roses and sunshine and making the worst that happens seem the best.—Dorothy Dix.

As the movement of the sunny spot on the carpet demonstrates the rotation of the earth, so little acts may illustrate great principles.—Selected.

It pays to become familiar with all the lessons that history and science can teach as to how to make life healthy and successful.—O. S. Marden.

Suffer if you must. Only try, if you are to suffer, to do it splendidly. That's the one way to take up a pleasure or a pain.—Phillips Brooks.

Endeavor to gain knowledge of the natural laws of health ;
Forget not your honor while striving for great wealth.—Selected.

CLARKE'S AND OTHERS.—There is this interesting difference between the gloves, mitts, moccasins, etc., manufactured by A. R. Clarke & Co., of Toronto, and similar goods made by other firms, that Clarke's goods are made from leather they tan themselves, while others buy their leather elsewhere. Thus A. R. Clarke & Co. know exactly what kind of leather they put into their goods, leaving every bit out that is not up to their high standard, and ensure for users of their products an unblemished article. More than that, they make a saving by doing their own tanning, which the buyer benefits by. When you buy other goods in this line, you pay the tanner's profit too. Does that seem good policy, when you can get an article of surer quality and better price. Read the advertisement of A. R. Clarke & Co. in this issue, and when you are buying mitts or gloves, or other leather wearing apparel, ask for Clarke's. Every article they put out is branded. Look for the brand ; it's the guarantee of right goods and right price. This company will send you their catalogue, if you write them a card mentioning this paper.

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Young Stuff Lacks Flavor.

A very important article appears in a Chicago paper commenting upon the price of so-called "baby beef," as compared with older cattle, two and three-year-olds. The quotation appears to give an impression that this baby beef is being sold at 50c. under prices paid for two and three-year-olds of no better finish. Some reasons assigned for this are that the baby beef (yearlings) are not brought to market in a sufficiently ripe condition—not properly finished ; in this case it is highly probable that the dead weight and live weight would stand in very different relations to each other. Experience has proved to the writer that a very young beast, unless thoroughly finished, dresses very much lighter than could be anticipated. There is also no doubt that butchers' perquisites are more substantial from older cattle.

Possibly there may be other reasons that are not spoken of in the markets as yet. The other day my own butcher, who slaughters the best cattle he can obtain, informed me that one of his best customers had written wishing him to call ; upon his doing so, he received great complaints as to the eating or quality of both beef and mutton supplied. This client, who had been accustomed to aged Scotch wethers and choice aged bullocks, slaughtered in the establishment, said, "We think the beef and mutton you kill is too young ; it has not the flavor of our own fed wethers and bullocks." There may be something in this. Indeed, I believe it is generally acknowledged by all gourmands that two-year-old wether sheep are the ripest and richest mutton. May not the same obtain in cattle?—[Mark Lane Express.

Nobility of character will assert itself at the slightest opportunity. It does not require great events to manifest its presence and power.—C. C. Herald.

He who sedulously attends, pointedly asks, calmly speaks, coolly answers, and ceases when he has no more to say, is in possession of the best requisites of man.—Lavater.

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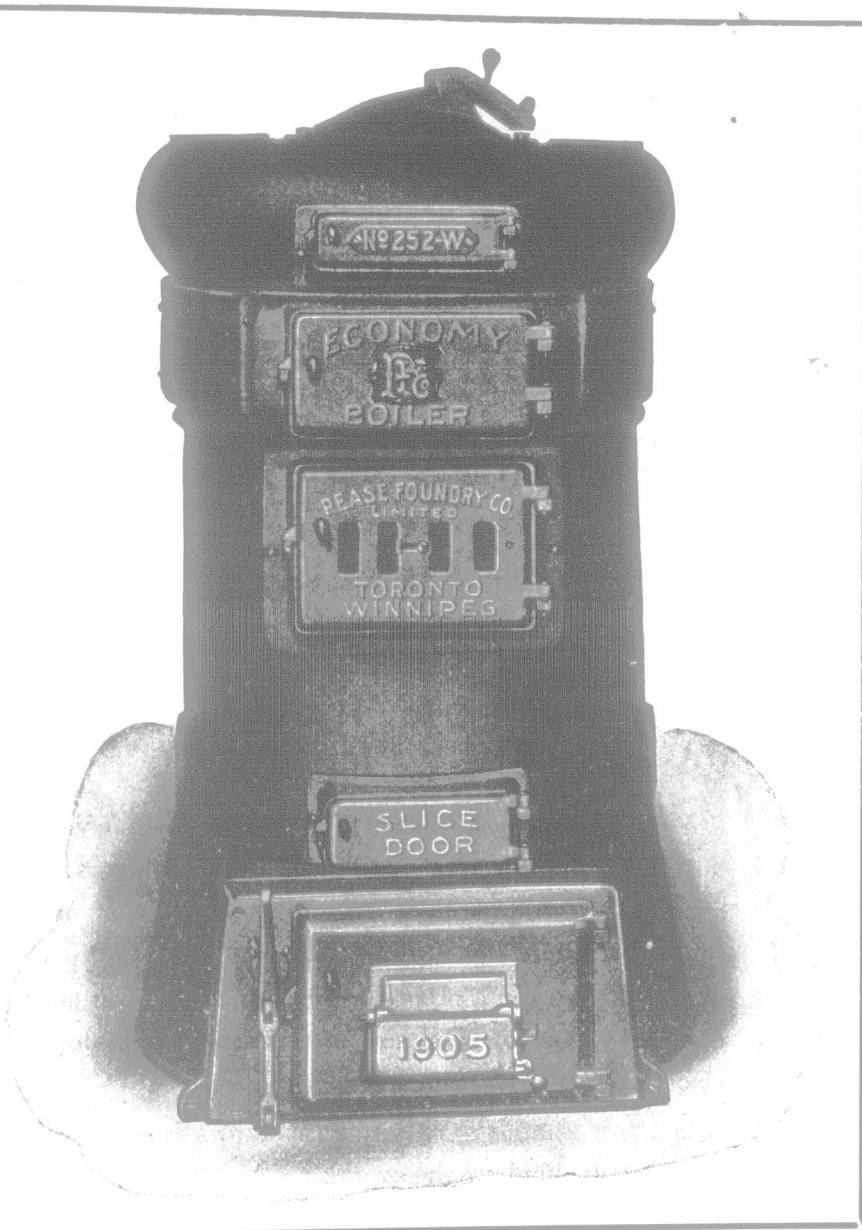
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S. L. BARROWCLOUGH, Western Manager.

City Comforts in the Country

The day of the wood stove and the baseburner has passed away. These methods of heating were found too expensive and comfortless, even where wood and coal were plentiful. Nowadays it is the **Pease Economy Hot-Water Boiler**, or the **Pease Economy Warm-Air Furnace**, for heating by either coal or wood.

These modern heaters dispense good heat at a very moderate cost in fuel, and keep all apartments of the home at a uniformly warm temperature.

The **Pease Economy Hot-Water Boilers** and the **Pease Economy Warm-Air Furnaces** are the greatest of modern heaters. They have no duplicate in the catalogue of successful heaters. They are used in every State of the United States and in every Province in Canada by home builders, who know what good house-heating means.



The **Pease Hot-Water Boiler** is designed to secure the greatest possible advantage in heat from a small consumption of coal. Its general features show a heater of low construction, suitable to be placed in cellars having low ceilings. The smoke pipe extends from the back of the dome.

The fire-pot, the most important part of any heater, is in the Pease Hot-Water Boiler a feature of special merit. It is corrugated around its sides, giving one-third more heating surface than is afforded in a fire-pot having plain circular sides. Above the fire-pot, in the direct path of combustion, is set a series of radial arms, which conduct the water circulating around the interior sides of the fire-pot to a point where it is exposed to the intense heat, directly over the flames of the fire-bed.

The convenient features of Pease Boilers are especially noteworthy as an advance upon those embodied in any other make of heating apparatus. There is no trouble looking after a "Pease." The dampers afford perfect control over the fire and clean-out, clinker door and rocking and dumping grate make the management of this boiler a short and simple task.

Pease Economy Warm-Air Furnaces are made in various sizes and designs, to accommodate different heating areas, and to burn either wood or hard or soft coal. One design will burn either soft coal or wood, and is especially well suited for school and church heating, or for heating buildings where ventilation is required in connection with the heating system.

The latest pattern of Pease Economy Warm-Air Furnace is adapted to burn hard coal, though it will get along nicely on soft coal or wood for fuel. It is suitable for erection in low cellars. In general features it is unusually compact: setting together with only one joint over the fire-pot. Ample provision is made for preventing waste of heat in the cellar. All the interior parts of this furnace are connected by riveted or cup joints, so that there is absolutely no leakage of gas into the chamber where the air is heated for circulation.

The same solidity and simplicity of construction which have made famous the whole line of Pease Heaters are in these Economy Warm-Air Furnaces. The control is perfect, and combustion is so complete that clinkers are unknown.

Give general particulars of the building for which a heating apparatus is required and we will send a catalogue of suitable furnaces and give reliable and helpful advice.

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All Else had Failed

It will do the same for you, and that you may be convinced I will send ten days' treatment free to any lady who is suffering from troubles

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FREE!



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IS NO EXPERIMENT

—BUT—
A Positive Cure.

That you may be assured of the merits of this wonderful medical triumph, I will send ten days' trial treatment free. Address,

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I will send a free trial package of this Wonderful Home Treatment to suffering ladies who address, with stamp, MRS. F. V. CURRAH, Windsor, Ont.

IS WOMAN'S BEST FRIEND.

It cured me of painful periods, leucorrhoea, displacement and other irregularities, after I had been given up to die.

I will send a free trial package of this Wonderful Home Treatment to suffering ladies who address, with stamp, MRS. F. V. CURRAH, Windsor, Ont.

FREE!



free sample of this Wonderful Remedy, which has brought happiness into so many homes. Address, enclosing stamp, MRS. F. V. CURRAH, Windsor, Ont.

WILL MAKE YOUR WIFE WELL.

Many a husband is held down and life robbed of much happiness because his wife is an invalid. I will send a

free sample of this Wonderful Remedy, which has brought happiness into so many homes. Address, enclosing stamp, MRS. F. V. CURRAH, Windsor, Ont.

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If you will send for a free trial of this Wonderful Remedy you can be convinced that in a few months she may be

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FREE!



the world. It will cure you too. A free sample will be sent by addressing, with stamp, MRS. F. V. CURRAH, Windsor, Ont.

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It is a Grand Remedy, having brought health and happiness to thousands of ladies all over

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abdomen, tumors, cancers in their earlier stages, and all female troubles. Write to-day for ten days' treatment and cure yourself before it is too late. Enclose stamp and address MRS. F. V. CURRAH, Windsor, Ont.

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all the following complaints, viz.: Female weakness, leucorrhoea, painful periods, back-ache, pains in side and

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Write to-day.

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The White She Coyote.

When she was born, I have no idea, or whether her color—a yellowish white—was the result of age or not, I cannot say. She was speedy enough for a two-year-old, and cunning enough for two hundred.

In August, '97, she called one day at noon and took a spry game hen from my barn, not three hundred feet from me. At intervals she returned and took what suited her, until she had reduced my flock by twenty. My neighbor, Newcomb, lost about seventy hens and twenty turkeys that fall, and there is no reason to think that the coyote went hungry. Jack rabbits, cotton-tails and prairie chickens were allowed to rest until winter, for during the summer and fall months she had to pamper her cravings for farm poultry. Lamb chops were also included in the menu. Old Finney, the trapper, caught two toes off one front foot, and her track identified her on all the leading trails until the winter of 1900.

Raiding with rare speed and caution, she enjoyed life supremely, avoiding homesteads where greyhounds or stags were kept. Sitting ducks and hens were looked up, and she quit gopher-catching, disdained dead horses and all such menial means of sustenance. She was often seen, more frequently sworn at, sometimes shot after, often tracked, and always coveted.

Innocent pups ate up the poison left for her. She selected her own viands. She would come to my place and howl on dark nights, circle at speed around the hill, and make a drive for the barn while the hounds were hunting for her where she had howled. She was once compelled by a fast collie to drop a fat Brahma hen, but no other dog got near enough to speak to her until the day of her death.

For two years dogs and pups had been bought and imported for her capture, but dog distemper and the poison put out for her kept their numbers down. In the fall of 1900 my old greyhound bitch and two good spunky pups were fed and fitted for business. We borrowed Newcomb's big staghound, and nosed into every bluff, behind every straw-stack, and all over the prairie, but the nature of the river and bluffs was such that she kept concealed.

We finally got a field glass, and on our second trip after that we saw her about two miles away, making toward the river from the west. She had a mile and a half to make, and a dead upland prairie to make it on.

There was little wind, and we had it quartering. Keeping down well and low along the edge of the river flat, we raced horses and dogs until we had her cut off, and then raised the hill to meet her. She was not in sight. We thought she had holed, although that is a wolf's last resort, and we put about for the scent. It was eight o'clock in the morning, and a little frost on the grass. Finally old Fan gave one triumphant yell, raised her tail, and in a few seconds started the wolf from a little hollow of buffalo wallow and weeds on our left where she was hiding.

She had a mile to make for scrub and safety, and thirty rods of start. Game and shifty, she laid herself down to run for it. The blue pup overhauled her, but she dodged and went on, losing a little ground. Then Fan reached her heels, but she jumped sideways, when the fawn pup came up, and she was at bay. The blue pup's blood was up, and while his dam and mate hesitated, he went straight at her. One great slash he got, but he knocked her off her feet and she never got up. Seized by the belly and then by the throat, the dogs worried her silently. When the buggy got up it was over, and her ears brought a dollar bounty. Napinka. A. A. TITUS.

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Splendid garden lots at Silver Heights, just west of Winnipeg—the choicest of all the suburban property—within 25 minutes' street-car ride of the city. Safe and sure money-making investment. Lots 50x168 feet. Acre lots at \$300.00 per acre; \$5.00 down and \$5.00 per month.

Special attention to out-of-town patrons. Write to-day.

H. B. Harrison & Co.

ROOM 8, BAKER BLOCK

Phone 2717.

WINNIPEG

NOTHING FREE!

But Everything on Credit.

SCOTCH COLLIE DOGS.
THOROUGHbred FOWLS.
EGGS FOR HATCHING.

You can get a year's time to pay for everything you buy. Just send us your name and address on a postal card, and we will mail our large illustrated catalogue, the finest stock book ever published. It is free. We will make you a proposition by which you can get chickens, eggs for hatching, or registered Collie dogs at once, and pay for them in a year's time.

Get our catalogue, it is free; it shows the largest plant of its kind in the world.

THE GOLDEN KENNELS AND POULTRY COMPANY,

LIMITED.

om

BOX F. CHATHAM, ONTARIO.

ESTABLISHED 1883

THE PATMORE NURSERY

Is the oldest and contains the largest and best assortment of nursery stock in the West. You need

TREES, SHRUBS and PLANTS

to aid in making a home. Don't waste your time and money on tender stock. We have been here for 20 years, and know what to offer you. Trust us with your orders, and we will give you the best of value at the lowest cost. We have the hardiest varieties of Fruit Trees, Ornamental Trees, Shrubs, Rose Bushes, Herbaceous Flowering Plants, Rhubarb Roots, etc. Write for catalogue to

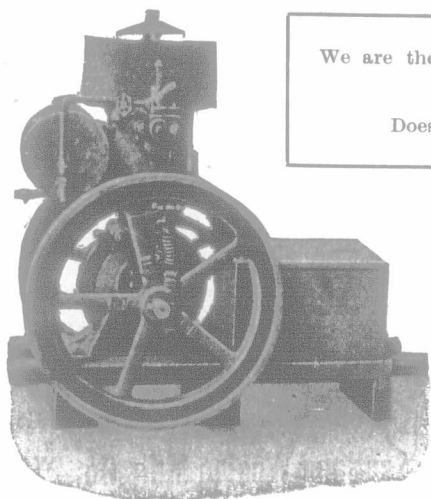
THE PATMORE NURSERY, Brandon, Manitoba.

Farm Power

If you are thinking of putting in a POWER OUTFIT, we can interest you with

Manitoba Windmills and Gasoline Engines

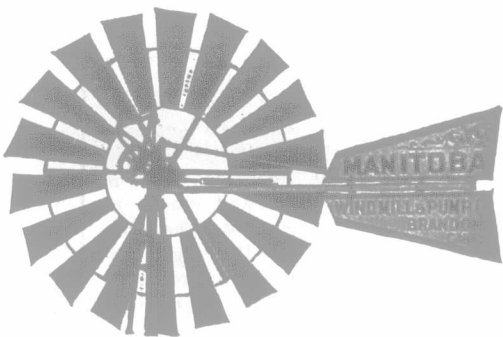
TRY THEM BEFORE YOU SETTLE.



We are the only Windmill makers west of the Great Lakes. Does this suggest anything to you?

MANITOBA—2, 3 and 4 h.-p. The Simplest and Easiest Managed on the Market.

MANITOBA—All sizes for Pumping and Power. Used and commended by more farmers than any other in the West.



MANITOBA PUMPS

The People's Favorite and Fastest Pumps on earth.



Also Wood and Steel Frame Wood Saws, Steel Tank Girders in 6, 8, 10 and 12 inch sizes. Emery Grinders, Grain Elevators, Iron, Brass and Brass-lined Cylinders.

The Manitoba Windmills are the most scientifically designed Mills the world has yet produced. Send for complete new Catalogues just issued.

Manitoba Windmill & Pump Co., Ltd.,
BOX 301, BRANDON.

I CAN SELL YOUR FARM

No matter where located. Send me a full description with price and terms. When I sell, my commission is only 2½ per cent.

When you sell your farm why not

BUY A FRUIT FARM
AT
PENTICTON, SOUTHERN OKANAGAN VALLEY, B.C.

Penticton is on the southern end of Lake Okanagan and enjoys the best climate in Canada. You can make yearly from \$300 to \$600 per acre growing fruit. I can sell you one acre or more up to a few hundred. Buy early and secure good location. Send for circular. Cheap excursions will run to Penticton Dec. 1st to Jan. 6th, good for 3 months.

W. N. REID,

Office: 38 Ninth Street. P.O. Box 38. **Brandon, Man.**

R. SECORD, President. GEO. ROY, Vice-President. A. W. TAYLOR, Manager. BANKERS, Bank of Nova Scotia, Edmonton. F. P. HOBSON, Treasurer.

The Alberta Mutual Fire Insurance Co.
Head Office: EDMONTON, N.-W. T.

The oldest Incorporated Farmers' Mutual in the Northwest Territories. Agents in unrepresented districts wanted. Correspondence solicited.
FARMERS, INSURE IN A HOME INSTITUTION.

TRADE NOTES.



We herewith present an engraving of Mr. J. H. Dunsheath, of the Dunsheath, McMillan Company, grain commission merchants. The offices of this firm are in the Merchants Bank Building, Winnipeg. Our subject is one of the most progressive grain men in the West. Mr. Dunsheath, although a young man, has had an extensive experience in the grain business, and is favorably known throughout Manitoba and the Northwest. The volume of business being done by this firm is increasing from year to year in a manner pleasing both to its members and friends, and the favor with which it is regarded in the market is, no doubt, attributable in no small degree to the personality of Mr. Dunsheath.

CANADA'S LEADING COMMERCIAL EDUCATIONIST.—The subject of this sketch is entitled to this distinction on account of the number of years in which he has been engaged in commercial training, and because of the high-class work which has been done in the Canada Business College, Chatham, Ont., over which he presides, and its sister school, the McLachlan University, of Grand Rapids, Mich., under the management of his brother and partner, Mr. M. McLachlan. The best evidence in support of this claim is the fact that over 100 of the leading commercial teachers in Canada and the United States received their training under Mr. McLachlan's instruction. His skill as a penman, and his ability to impart by his instruction that skill to others, is acknowledged even by his strongest competitors in the field of commercial training, and has been a great factor in the building up of this grand school, of which not only Chatham, but all Canada may be proud. The proprietors, Messrs. D. McLachlan & Co., have taken a grand step in the forward march of commercial education by being the first in the Dominion to erect a splendid building, as will be seen by the sketch which appears in their advertisement in this issue, to be used exclusively for business college purposes. You will also notice the fine recreation grounds which form a part of this excellent equipment. As this institution has led its competitors for the past twenty or twenty-five years in the field of commercial training, it was but fitting that it should be the first to make this advance in the cause of commercial education by erecting a splendid building at a cost of many thousands of dollars, and equipping it in a manner befitting the work of so worthy a school. It is also the only business college in Canada running in its thirtieth year without change of management. The catalogue issued by Mr. McLachlan for their Chatham institution is in keeping with everything else in connection with this worthy school. It is said to be the handsomest issue of the kind on the continent, and is beautifully illustrated with high-class pieces of pen art, all of them the work of his former students.

Two little girls became involved in a quarrel, the other day, which culminated in physical violence. One of the mothers took her little daughter to task very severely. Wishing to emphasize the enormity of her offence, the mother said: "It's the devil who tells you to do such naughty things." The little girl replied between sobs: "He may have told me to pull her hair, but I thought of kicking her shins all by myself."

WANTED FOR SALE

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

TERMS.—One cent per word each insertion. Each initial counts for one word and figures for two words. Names and addresses are counted. Cash must always accompany the order. No advertisement inserted for less than 25 cents.

FOR SALE—20,000 acres of fruit and farming land in the Okanagan and Similkameen Valleys. For full particulars write, Winkler & Mohr, Penticton, B.C.

FOR SALE—Twenty Yorkshire pigs; fifteen Bronze turkeys; twenty Pekin ducks; ten highly-bred Jersey heifers. Prices right. J. E. Frith, Frithonia Farm, Moosomin, Sask.

FOR SALE—Eleven acres in Burnaby, B.C., suitable for fruit or truck farming. Situated between Vancouver and New Westminster, on a good gravel road and overlooking Burnaby Lake. Apply to G. A. Abbott, Mission City, B.C.

FOR SALE—Shorthorns: My Lord Stanley-bred stock bull; some choicely-bred cows and a few heifers. Prizewinners at large local fairs. Thos. Jasper, Harding, Man.

FOR SALE—South ½ of 1-19A-7. W. 2m. for \$12 acre. North of Grenfell 14 miles. Suitable for mixed farming. 150 acres broken; 60 acres ready for wheat. Comfortable buildings. Further particulars apply to C. E. Milligan, occupant, Grenfell, Sask.

FOR SALE—160 Acres; improved farm. 30 acres summer-fallowed, 80 acres broken, 190 to break, balance hay; 2 small buildings. ½ and 5 miles from towns on C.P.R. Good black soil with clay subsoil. Price \$1600, half cash. Chas. R. Duxbury, Elkhorn, Man., will show property. George Dixon, Brandon, Man. Box 736.

FOR SALE—Imported Shire stallion, Cannonock Conqueror IV. (17231), brown, three white legs; weight 1900 lbs.; splendid temper; no better mover; guaranteed sure foal getter. Shown sixteen times before imported, awarded twelve firsts and four seconds. Price and particulars, apply Wm. Good, Fort Saskatchewan, Alta.

FOR SALE—960 acres of land in the Okanagan Valley; six miles from Armstrong, nine miles from Vernon; suitable for fruit, wheat and cattle. Price, \$12,000. Apply J. M. Wright, Armstrong, B. C.

FOR SALE—Five Improved Yorkshire sows, five months of age. These are the long bacon type, and I will clear them out at \$30.00 each. Geo. Hamilton, Neepawa, Man.

FEMALE HELP WANTED—Smart girls wanted everywhere in the Northwest to represent The Canadian Woman; an excellent opportunity for bright girls to save money during spare time. Address, enclosing stamp, The Canadian Woman, London, Ontario.

FOR SALE—Good mixed farm (one section), about 30 acres broken; good buildings; wood and water; 7 miles south-east Cypress River, Man. Address E. B., care Farmer's Advocate, Winnipeg.

FOR SALE—Farm of half, or if required, quarter-section, with good nine-roomed frame house, and accommodation for forty head of stock. There has been sixty acres summer-fallowed this year, and forty acres first crop after breaking. Cultivated in all two hundred acres. With running stream the year round and ample wood for fuel. Convenient to elevator, station, school and church. This is one of the most convenient farms in the Province. Price \$9,000, terms easy. Apply T. Fawcett, Golden Stream, Manitoba.

LUMBER and dimensions, fence posts and cordwood for sale in carload lots. For particulars, write Thos. Spence, Rainy River, Ont., or J. R. Post, Greenridge, Man.

MALE HELP WANTED—Bright boys wanted everywhere in the Northwest; can make big money during spare time. Splendid chance for hustlers. Write to-day, enclosing stamp for reply. Address: The Canadian Woman, London, Ontario.

SCHOOL Boys and Girls wanted to solicit subscriptions for popular priced magazine. Can easily make \$3 or \$4 weekly. Canadian Woman, London, Ontario.

TWENTY-FIVE thousand acres in famous Moose Mountain District. Prices ranging from ten to twenty dollars. Apply W. A. Rose, Forget, Assa.

THOROUGHLY capable married man wants position as foreman on farm; long experience. J. Q. L., Box 30, Farmer's Advocate, Winnipeg.

VICTOR JAMES McLEAN will relieve his mother's mind by sending her his address. "Brandon."

WANTED—Managers to appoint and supply agents with our goods. Paying and permanent position to the right parties. Write "Manager," 207 St. James, Montreal.

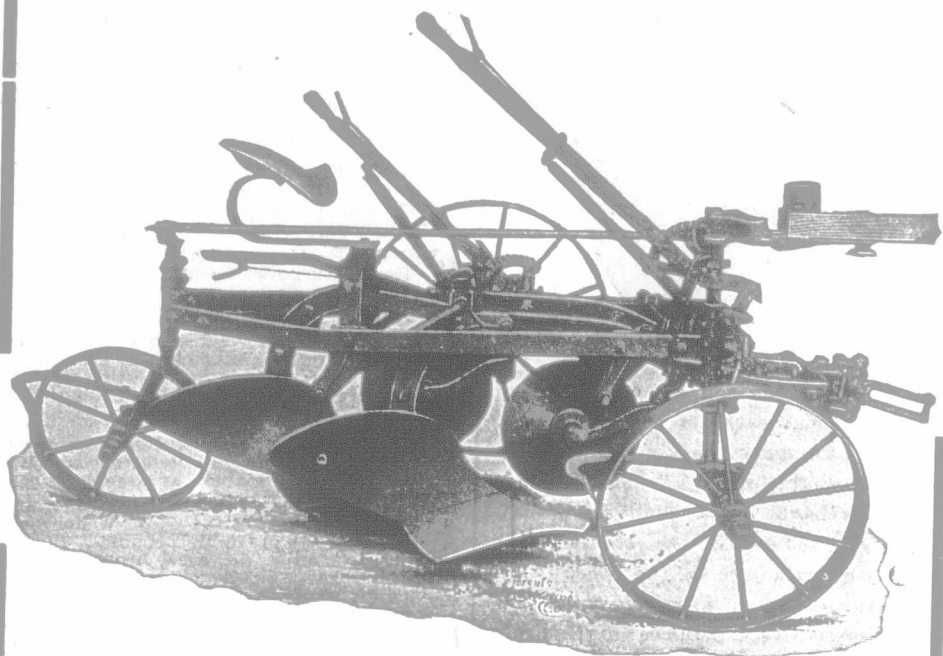
WANTED—Male and female Berkshire hogs, not related, registered, of good form, weighing from 150 to 200 lbs. Delivered at Ponoka station, C. & E. State price. G. Malchow, Earlville, Alta.

WANTED—MEN—Railroads in Canada, passenger brakeman, firemen, electric motor-men, conductors. Experience unnecessary. Particulars for stamp. Dept. 75, Inter. Ry. Inst., Indianapolis, Ind., U. S. A.

10 ACRE FRUIT RANCH—Southern California. Lemons, oranges and peaches bringing good returns every six weeks. Will exchange for land. Anna B. Hoaglin, Raymond, Alta., Canada.

A COPY of **Hart's 1905**
Handsome 64-Page Illustrated Pamphlet
of **B.C. FARM & FRUIT LANDS**
MAILED FREE on request
E. J. HART & CO. Box 242, NEW WESTMINSTER, B.C.

New Paris Foot-Lift Gang



Our new **SCOTCH CLIPPER HIGH-LIFT GANG** has foot-lift and release; also hand-release for use when walking. These features have been perfected on our plow, and a small boy can operate easily, whether walking or riding.

Our boards are correct shape, highly-tempered, making a bottom that will clean in any soil.

The superiority of shares, wheels, design, etc., of this plow are described in our folder, which is well worth reading and free for the asking. Write for it.

The PARIS PLOW COMPANY, Ltd.,
PARIS, CANADA.

Western Agents: The STEWART-NELSON CO., Limited, Winnipeg, Man.

HAWTHORN BANK STOCK FARM

Clydesdales

Hackneys Shorthorns

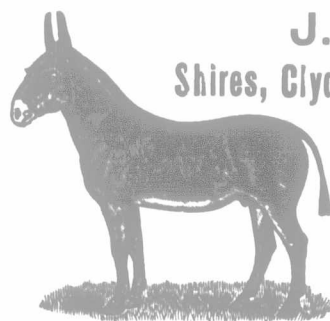
A new importation just arrived. I can show you a larger selection of strictly high-class stallions than any importer in the country. Twenty-four stallions and a few mares on hand to select from, sons and daughters of such noted sires as Hiawatha, Marcellus, Baronson, Moncrief Marquis, Lord Stewart, Hilhead Chief, etc. I have the pick of the 2-year-old colts from the Bridgebank Stud, the late home of Hiawatha, and the present domain of the two champions, Marcellus and Hiawatha Godolphin. In the lot are: Baron Cochrane, brother to Baron Stirling, last year's Chicago champion; Baron Graham, out of the sister of Marcellus; Baron Wales, out of the great Prince of Wales mare, Swallow.

In **Shorthorns**, I am offering the best selection I ever had on hand, from calves up to 2 years, and quite a few of them just newly imported.

If you are in need of a Clydesdale, Hackney or Shorthorn, write, or come and see me.

A FEW RELIABLE SALESMEN WANTED.

JOHN GRAHAM, - Carberry, Man.



J. B. HOGATE'S Shires, Clydes, Percherons, Hackneys and Spanish Jacks.

My latest importation includes 45 head of Shire stallions and fillies, Clyde stallions and fillies, Hackney and Percheron stallions and Spanish Jacks, many of them prizewinners in England, Scotland and France. This is a gilt-edged lot and the best we ever imported, combining size and quality.

Stables at WESTON, ONT. Telephone connection.

J. B. HOGATE, Proprietor.



**If You Want to Buy or Sell
a Farm Try an "Ad." in Our "Want and For
Sale Column." Always Sure to Bring Results.
Address: Farmer's Advocate, Winnipeg.**

TRADE NOTES.

NO MORE MEDICINE.—The new science of curing disease without the use of medicine, drugs or electricity in any form—osteopathy—is rapidly forcing drugs and medicine out of the market. The cures are not miraculous or wonderful to the osteopath, but simply a common-sense method of treatment, based upon the proven laws of anatomy and physiology. The osteopath understands and applies certain organic laws and natural remedial resources within the human organism itself, and assisting nature, in harmonious accord with its own mechanical principles, to recover from displacements, derangements, obstruction and pressure, and to regain its normal equilibrium of form, actions and function. He thus restores the patient to normal health and strength. Osteopaths know that the body is a delicate mechanism, subject to the same laws of mechanics as regulate all mechanical structures. That any machine subject to great strain or shocks, such as the human body sustains from accidents, over-work, sudden atmospheric changes, bad surroundings, etc., can be so racked by these agents that some of its parts will be misplaced or dislocated, and its normal action perverted or entirely destroyed; that the condition of the human body which we term disease is due entirely to obstruction of, or pressure on, some of the arteries, veins, nerves and ducts of the body, from the action of which we obtain motion, sensation, digestion, assimilation and nutrition; that removal of these obstructions or pressure will restore the circulation of the blood and other fluids of the body that have been manifesting along abnormal lines. The nerves, which have been likened to a great telegraphic system, passing through, over, under and between the bones, muscles, ligaments, arteries and veins, are extremely sensitive, and liable to get out of order. The osteopath, like the skilled lineman, first finds out where the wire is crossed or interfered with, and starts in to adjust them. He extends the contracted muscles, or reduces the slight dislocation which has caused the pressure upon the nerve and has shut off its current; by so doing he restores the line to working order, and gives the suffering organ or part the perfect services which it demands. He does all this by scientific and intelligent manipulation. No drugs are prescribed by the osteopath; he does not need them. He has something far better. The osteopath adjusts into harmonious relations all the wonderful and intricate mechanism of the human body, thus giving free circulation of the blood to and from the heart, freeing the nerve force, adjusting any parts of the framework which may have become displaced, building up the system, stimulating and developing, thus affecting a cure. There are but two such practitioners in Winnipeg. Mr. J. H. Mullaly, Stobart Block, Portage Ave., has a large practice, and has accomplished many astonishing cures. You would be benefited by writing to him.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS, Veterinary.

LUMP JAW.

Last spring my cow had a lump on her jaw. It gathered and broke, and got smaller. Now there is a lump, the size of a man's fist, in the same place. I lanced it, and it is reducing some. Would it be all right to fatten her?
D. P.

Ans.—This is lump jaw, and it is unlawful to offer the flesh of an animal affected with the disease for sale. I would advise the following treatment: Insert five grains corrosive sublimate, rolled in tissue paper, into the opening you made in the lump. In a few days you will be able to draw some tissue out. Then inject a five-per-cent. solution of carbolic acid twice daily until healed. Give her iodide of potash, internally, three times daily. Commence with dram doses, and gradually increase the size of the doses, by, say, 15 grains daily, until her appetite fails, she drinks little, tears flow from her eyes, and saliva from her mouth. When any of these symptoms appear, cease giving the drug. Repeat treatment in six weeks, if necessary.
V.

Your Clothes Made to Order by Mail



The above picture will prove your good judgment—good taste—and our ability to anticipate your wants with well-made stylish clothing. No matter how difficult you are to fit, we can fit you. Write to-day for our free samples and self-measurements. State about the color goods you prefer. Suit or Overcoat made to measure.

NO MORE \$15 NO LESS

FROM MILL TO MAN.
Our guarantee of absolute satisfaction covers the whole situation.
Scotland Woolen Mills Co., Winnipeg, Man.
WORLD'S BEST TAILORS.

The State Fair Prizewinning Bull

Gold Prince 88168 at head of herd.

Cows selected from the leading herds in the U.S.A., the Anxiety blood predominating.

BULLS FOR SALE

All ages, all sizes, all prices and all O.K.

FENTON BROS.,

Carlton Hereford Farm.

SOLSGIRTH - - - MANITOBA.



Condensed advertisements will be inserted under this heading at one cent per word each insertion. Each initial counts for one word, and figures for two words. Names and addresses are counted. Cash must always accompany the order for any advertisement under this heading. Parties having good pure-bred poultry and eggs for sale will find plenty of customers by using our advertising columns.

BLACK-BREADED Game bantams for sale, \$2.00 pair. Finest Xmas gifts for boys and girls. H. Shields, Strathcona, Alberta.

DO you want a Barred Rock cockerel? We can supply you if you order soon. Price and quality will please you. Wm. Patterson, Birtle, Man.

FOR SALE—Large variety of canary birds, homer pigeons, pouters, tumbler, Toulouse geese, Bronze turkeys, Buff and Brown Leghorn cockerels. A. Guilbert, Letellier, Man.

FOR SALE—Barred Rock cockerels of finest quality, many fit for show birds. Orders booked for eggs for spring delivery. \$1 per setting; three settings, \$2. F. E. Merritt, Melita, Man.

FOR SALE—A few very choice Golden Wyandottes, Indian Games and Barred Plymouth Rocks. S. Ling, 128 River Ave. Winnipeg, Man.

SILVER WYANDOTTES for sale—Sixty cockerels, forty pullets; single birds from \$1.50; pairs and trios same rate. Exhibition stock a matter of correspondence. Ed. Brown, Boissevain, Man.

I HAVE for sale Barred Rock cockerels and pullets from prizewinning stock—either from pullet or cockerel matings. Geo. Wood, Holland, Man.

Character's crown is a regnant will, Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide

In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the good or evil side.—Lowell.

If one has failed to reach the end he sought,

If out of effort no great good is wrought, It is not failure if the object be—The betterment of man.—Success.

Heed how thou livest. Do no act by day Which from the night shall drive thy peace away.

In months of sun so live that months of rain shall still be happy.—Whittier.

"How can I hear what you say," says Emerson, "when what you are is thundering in my ears?"—Selected.

ALEX. GALBRAITH & SON

Importers of **Clydesdales, Suffolks, Percherons, Hackneys**

JANESVILLE, WISCONSIN, and BRANDON, MANITOBA.



PRINCE WILLIAM JR. 8706.

25 Years at the Front

Since 1881 the name of "Galbraith" has been more familiar than any other in American Clydesdale circles. In that time we have made 72 importations, aggregating more high-class, British-bred stallions than any firm on this continent. While our specialty is the

CLYDESDALE,

believing as we do that he is the best draft horse on earth, we have also on hand a few extra choice

PERCHERONS and SUFFOLKS

as well as some high-stepping

HACKNEYS

both imported and home-bred. No man, however great an expert, can purchase stallions and feel sure that he is getting his money's worth. He must, as a matter of fact, depend on the truthfulness of the seller's statements, and on his ability and willingness to make good all representations and warranties. Many people do not discriminate sufficiently between dealing with a firm that during a quarter of a century has proved to be thoroughly reliable and trustworthy, as compared with those who have no such reputation. We court investigation as to the character of our business methods and the quality of our stock.

A new importation of prominent prizewinners of the most fashionable breeding just received.

See our exhibit at the International, and make your wants known to us.

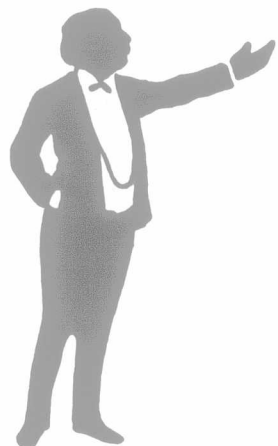
Cockshutt Plow Co., Limited

MANUFACTURERS OF

HIGH-GRADE IMPLEMENTS

We manufacture a full line of **Riding and Walking Plows, Disc and Iron Harrows, Cultivators, Seeding Machines, etc.**

We are Western Agents for **Adams Wagons and Sleighs, Ideal Windmills, Armstrong Carriages and Cutters.**



The Beaver Gang

Our latest and best light-riding Gang Plow, with all the features of a high-lift gang, but much lighter in weight. We also build this plow with adjustable beams, which can be quickly set for wide or narrow work.

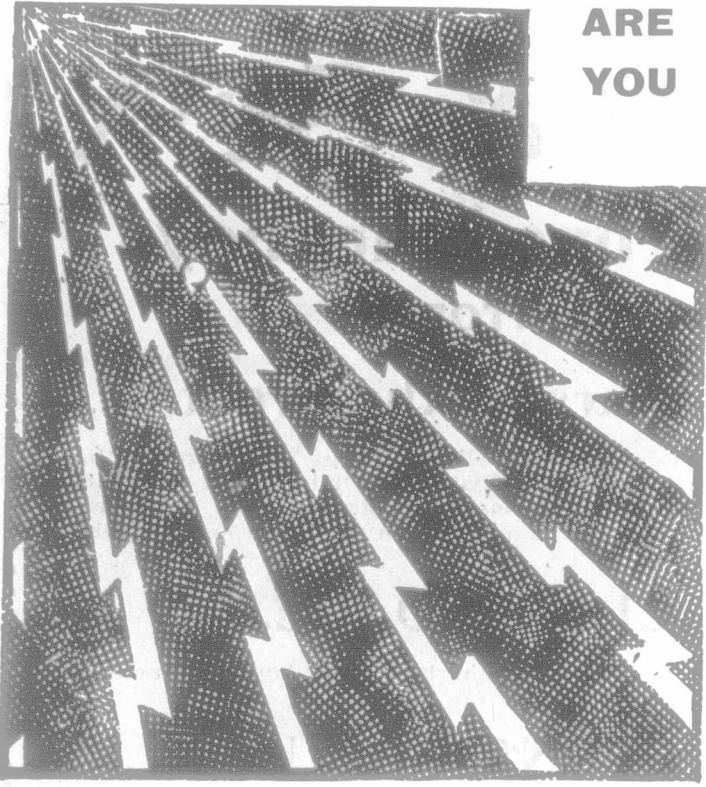
The **BEAVER** does first-class work as a breaker.



Cockshutt Implements have the unqualified approval of the most successful farmers in Western Canada.

Agents at all principal points.

Factory: **BRANTFORD, ONT.**



ARE YOU Tired of Drugs?

The Remedy of To-day Given to Sufferers upon Absolute Free Trial until Cured. Not One Penny in Advance or on Deposit.

This is the age of Electricity. To-day the accepted light is Electricity. To-day we can talk with a friend in any town in Canada through Electricity. To-day we can reach China with a message within five minutes, through Electricity. To-day we know that the whole planetary system is absolutely controlled by a vast Electric current. To-day we know that life itself cannot exist without Electricity, and hence the thinking man of to-day also knows that health is directly dependent upon Electricity. A sufficiency of it in the body means health—a deficiency, sickness, weakness and disease.

Less than a hundred years ago none of these facts were known. To-day they are all accepted as indispensable necessities except the last, the most important of all—**THE FACT OF ELECTRICITY BEING HEALTH.** Upon this great living truth some people are still sceptical, but the day is fast approaching when the sick will as naturally look to Electricity for relief as the thirsty look to water. I have carefully watched the trend of Electrical progress in this direction for the past forty years, and I assert that there will be a constant increase in disease and suffering until Electricity is as freely adopted by the sick as medicines and drugs now are. I claim that as there are no mistakes in nature, she has a remedy for every discord, whether it be in the elements or in the human body. She uses Electricity to clear and purify the atmosphere when congested or out of harmony. She would do the same for the sick and disordered human body if allowed to.

Most of the diseases that afflict mankind are due to a lack of electricity in the system. In these strenuous days, who is there who has not wasted his vitality or natural electricity by overwork, worry, excess or some disobedience of nature's laws? If you are weak or ailing and have not found a cure through the old-fashioned methods of treatment, why not turn to this great natural source of life and strength, and give Electricity a trial? My newest Herculex Appliance, patented March 7th, 1905, is worn about the waist either day or night, and gives a prolonged, mild, soothing, vitalizing current, which so fills your body after a few hours' use, that a feeling of glowing, sparkling vitality, strength and confidence immediately takes possession of you. I invite you to try this Appliance at my expense and risk, for I am confident a cure will result. A call or letter will bring you one on absolute

FREE TRIAL UNTIL CURED.

You ought to be cured in about 60 days, and when well I expect you to pay me the price of the Appliance—in many cases as low as \$5. If not well or satisfied, simply return the Herculex to me and the transaction is closed. Should you prefer to buy outright for cash, I give a liberal discount.

I give the Herculex on the above terms to all sufferers from Nervousness, Lost Vitality, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Stomach Trouble, Varicocele, Kidney and Liver Complaint, etc.

As the originator and founder of the Electric Body-Battery system of treatment, my success is the envy of many and I am flattered by many imitators, but my great knowledge to advise and direct my patients is mine alone and cannot be imitated. My advice is given free to all my patients until the cure is complete. My Herculex is guaranteed for at least one year.

Call or send for one to-day, or if you want to look into the matter further, I have two of the best little books ever written on Electricity and its medical uses, which I send free, sealed, to all who apply.

DR. C. F. SANDEN, 140 Yonge Street, TORONTO, ONTARIO.

Cured of Rheumatism

BY THE GALVANO-FARADIC

PROF. VAN BERGH, Winnipeg,
263 Laura Street:

Dear Sir,—I am writing these few lines to thank you sincerely for the kindness and attention you have shown me throughout my course of treatment. I have no trace of rheumatism now, and I cannot say how grateful I am to you for having cured me of such a painful disease. I told you that doctors who attended me when I was attacked with rheumatism were unable to do anything for me, and advised me to leave this cold country at once; but as a result of your Medical-Galvano-Faradic Treatment, I am thankful to say I am now feeling as well and as strong as I have been all my life. I remain, Dear Sir,

Winnipeg, Man., 135 Smith Street.

Yours very truly,
CHAS. R. WHATFORD.

Prof. Van Bergh, Winnipeg, 263 Laura St., is the originator of the MEDICAL-GALVANO-FARADIC

and he has invented an electrical home-treatment which is possibly the only electrical appliance for the cure of Rheumatism, Nervous Diseases, Paralysis, Sciatica, Eczema, Gonorrhoea, Weakness in Men. Prof. has also invented a special home treatment for children and female disorders, used until to-day in families, achieving wonderful results. Write for the free pamphlet if you will be cured. In the whole world there is not another remedy to cure you in so short a time and for all your life. If you cannot call, cut out and send this coupon.

Prof. Van Bergh, Winnipeg, Man., 263 Laura Street.:

DEAR SIR,—Please forward me your pamphlet for the Galvano-Faradic.

Name.....Address.....

TRADE NOTES.

THE ONTARIO WIND ENGINE AND PUMP COMPANY, Limited, is known from the Atlantic to the Pacific, but nowhere is it regarded with more favor than right in Canada's great West. As an evidence of its popularity, one has but to observe, while passing through the country, the many evidences of the extensive business it has been transacting; its windmills may be seen in every progressive farm district. The company is preparing for even a larger share of Western patronage. It has enlarged its office, installing the most up-to-date equipment. The staff has been increased, and you may rest assured that your interests will be looked to with even more exactness than in the past.

A RARE COMBINATION.—Perfect goods, perfect management, and one of the most up-to-date warehouses in the West, is the strong combination on which A. McRae, one of the most progressive implement men in Winnipeg, does a thriving business. Mr. McRae has sold more sleighs during the past fall and so far this winter than he handled in the whole season of past years. He carries the Palmerston Carriage Company's Western business, and the Milburn wagons. His stock of carriages, buggies, carts, sleighs, cutters, speeders, robes and harness, is one of the most complete in the city. If you are contemplating buying even one of the above lines, write Mr. McRae for his catalogue and quotations. It will repay you.

E. POWERS, D. S. C.—On another page may be found the advertisements of Mrs. E. Powers, doctor surgical chiropody. Mrs. Powers is a graduate of Dr. Kahler's school, New York City, and if the grade of pupil is of the same caliber as the faculty, the graduate of this school should have those of other such institutions far outdistanced. Mrs. Powers is an honor graduate. She also has the Western agency for the Mary Scott Rowland face preparation. These are pronounced by those who know to be the best in the market. Her surgery is situated in the Syndicate Block, Portage Avenue, Winnipeg, and if you are a sufferer from any defect which requires the attention of one skilled in her business, call or write, and you shall have advice which will relieve your suffering.

THE FENCE FOR WESTERN FARMERS.—Do you intend buying a fence within the next few months? If so, it will pay you well to thoroughly investigate the points of merit in the various makes. You have to consider durability, appearance, adaptability to your requirements, and, most important of all, the cost of the fence. The evolution in fence manufacture would make interesting reading, but the Great West Wire Fence Co., Limited, with head office at 76 Lombard St., Winnipeg, can show you facts and figures to prove that they have the most perfect fence for the requirements of the Western farmer that scientific fence manufacture can produce. The Rankin patent wire lock, which these people control, is used on all their fences. This lock or clamp is made of high-carbon galvanized steel wire, the same as the fence itself. The lock practically welds solid the vertical and horizontal wires at the point of contact. It does not rust as does other fence locks. The manufacturers claim their fence to be the most perfect on the market. It is wonderfully adapted to the requirements of the Western farmer, as it can be changed by the addition of a few strands to form an enclosure for fowl, pigs, or any farm stock. It is also ornamental. The cost of the fence is but a trifle more than barb wire, but as fence posts can be set anywhere from 33 to 50 feet apart, instead of every rod or rod and a half, it is really as cheap as the old-fashioned article. It can be bought at 30 cents per rod. The farmers of the West have come to realize that at last a fence fully abreast of the times has been found, and many are replacing their old ones with the new product. The Great West Wire Fence Co. has been in the field only a few months, but it has placed the new patent article on many farms and residential properties throughout the West. Every buyer is a pleased buyer, and that is saying much.

Glengarry School Days.

A STORY OF EARLY DAYS IN GLENGARRY.

By Ralph Connor—Rev. C. W. Gordon.

CHAPTER IV.

The New Master.

Right in front of the school door, and some little distance from it, in the midst of a clump of maples, stood an old beech tree with a dead top, and half-way down where a limb had once been and had rotted off, a hole. Inside this hole two very respectable but thoroughly impudent red squirrels had made their nest. The hole led into the dead heart of the tree, which had been hollowed out with pains so as to make a roomy, cosy home, which the squirrels had lined with fur and moss, and which was well stored with bechnuts from the tree, their winter's provisions.

Between the boys and the squirrels there existed an armed neutrality. It was understood among the boys that nothing worse than snowballs was to be used in their war with the squirrels, while with the squirrels it was a matter of honor that they should put reasonable limits to their profanity. But there were times when the relations became strained, and hence the holidays were no less welcome to the squirrels than to the boys.

To the squirrels this had been a day of unusual anxiety, for the school had taken up again after its two weeks' holidays, and the boys were a little more inquisitive than usual, and unfortunately, the snow happened to be good for packing. It had been a bad day for nerves, and Mr. Bushy, as the boys called him, found it impossible to keep his tail in one position more than one second at a time. It was in vain that his more sedate and self-controlled partner in life remonstrated with him and urged a more philosophic mind.

"It's all very well for you, my dear," Mr. Bushy was saying, rather crossly I am afraid, "to urge a philosophic mind, but if you had the responsibility of the family upon you—goodness gracious! Owls and weasels! What in all the woods is that?"

"Can't be wolves," said Mrs. Bushy, placidly, "it's too early for them."

"Might have known," replied her husband, quite crossly; "of course it's those boys. I wonder why they let them out of school at all. Why

ANOTHER YEAR GONE

And your family still unprovided for should the unexpected happen!

Not a very cheerful thought for Christmastide—but a very necessary one, and the remedy so easy to find.

There is still time to end the year well by permitting Life Insurance to do what you cannot do for yourself—provide against the unforeseen.

The **Great-West Life** will furnish the protection you need at surprisingly low cost. Full information on request.

THE GREAT-WEST LIFE ASSURANCE CO.

Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Ask for a Great-West Calendar—free on request.

\$1.00 Razors

For \$1.00 we will mail you, pre-paid, a razor that we guarantee to be perfect in every respect.

The blade is made of the finest tempered steel, with perfectly even edge, ensuring a clean, smooth shave.



Write us today, enclosing \$1.00, and we will send you a razor by return mail. Satisfaction guaranteed.

WESTERN SUPPLY CO.

Wholesale and Retail

490 Main St.

WINNIPEG, MAN.

HIRST'S PAIN EXTERMINATOR
THE GREATEST PAIN LINIMENT KNOWN

can't they keep them in where it is warm? It always seems to me a very silly thing anyway, for them to keep rushing out of their hole in that stupid fashion. What they do in there I am sure I don't know. It isn't the least like a nest. I've seen inside of it. There isn't a thing to eat, not a bit of hair or moss. They just go in and out again."

"Well," my dear, said his wife, soothingly, "you can hardly expect them to know as much as people with a wider outlook. We must remember they are only ground people."

"That's just it," grumbled Mr. Bushy. "I only wish they would just keep to themselves and on the ground where they belong, but they have the impudence to come lumbering up here into our tree."

"Oh, well," replied his partner, calmly, "you must acknowledge they do not disturb our nest."

"And a good thing for them, too," chattered Mr. Bushy, fiercely, smoothing out his whiskers and showing his sharp front teeth, at which Mrs. Bushy smiled gently behind her tail.

"But what are they doing now?" she enquired.

"Oh, they are going off into the woods," said Mr. Bushy, who had issued from his hole and was sitting

(Continued on next page.)

A Clever Bird.

When Admiral Dewey, of immortal American fame, was a lieutenant, he served under an eccentric captain who had a pet parrot which showed signs of ill health while the ship was in the harbor of Rio de Janeiro. Upon prescription of the ship's physician, the bird was sent ashore in charge of a pompous negro steward, on whom the boys played a trick by easing off the "Hberty-boat" as the darkie was stepping into it with the caged parrot, man and bird tumbling into the sea.

The steward was promptly rescued, but his charge went to the bottom. The poor fellow's three days of leave were spent in the city contemplating his fate upon his return to the vessel minus the parrot. At last, by good luck, he succeeded in purchasing for a trifle a bird and cage identically like the captain's. The latter was delighted to see his pet come back so much improved in plumage and spirits, but was astonished to hear it accept a cracker with a string of Portuguese oats. Upon being fed, it further contributed to his amazement by embellishing its expression of gratitude with Spanish profanity. Feeling that he must share his feelings with someone, the captain called Mr. Dewey, for whose benefit the bird was persuaded to swear some more.

"Mr. Dewey," exclaimed the commanding officer, excitedly, "don't you think this is a most remarkable bird? In three days ashore he has picked up a thorough working knowledge of the Spanish and Portuguese languages!"

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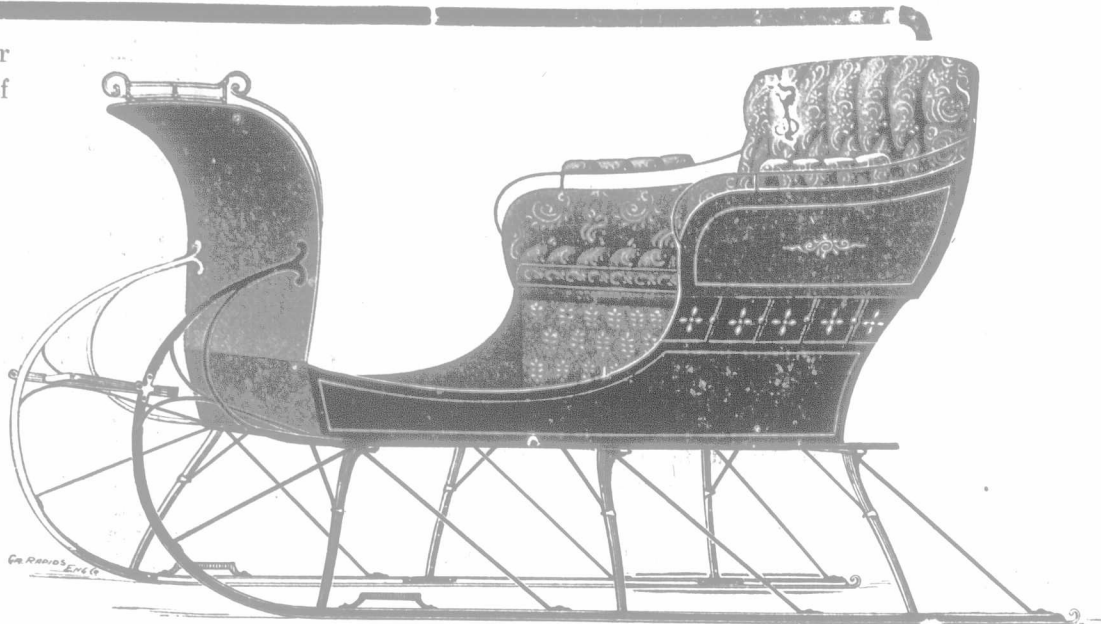
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The best value for your money in the West. Write for catalogue.

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Cor. King and James Streets,

WINNIPEG

Not One Machine has been Returned. A Handsome Christmas Gift

WE HAVE been sending out our Sewing Machines for Free Trial for nearly four years. They have gone to every part of Canada, from Prince Edward Island to British Columbia, without one dollar being sent in advance. Not one of these machines has ever been returned. Every one sent out has proved satisfactory, and has been retained and paid for. Our booklet contains 4 pages of letters received from those who have tried them.

We take no risk in sending out our sewing machines on Free Trial. They are better in all essential features than any of high-priced machines, and they cost only about half as much. We have 8 styles, varying in price from \$17.50 to \$35. For \$21.50 we furnish a machine guaranteed for 20 years, and with more hardened and tempered parts than any of the high-priced machines. Let us send you one on Free Trial, and then test it and compare it with the high-priced machines in your own home. Our little pamphlet, "All About Sewing Machines," explains their important parts and tells how to test them. It will be sent to any address on application.

Russell, Man., Oct. 30, 1905.

Windsor Supply Co., Windsor, Ont.
Dear Sirs,—Your letter to hand, and in reply would say I am very sorry you have not received the money before this, as I left it with the Postmaster and sent you a receipt. I thought you would notify him, and that you would have your money long ago. You will find enclosed a post office order for \$45. I am well pleased with the Separator, and also the Sewing Machine I received last winter. Yours truly,

W. S. GARNETT.

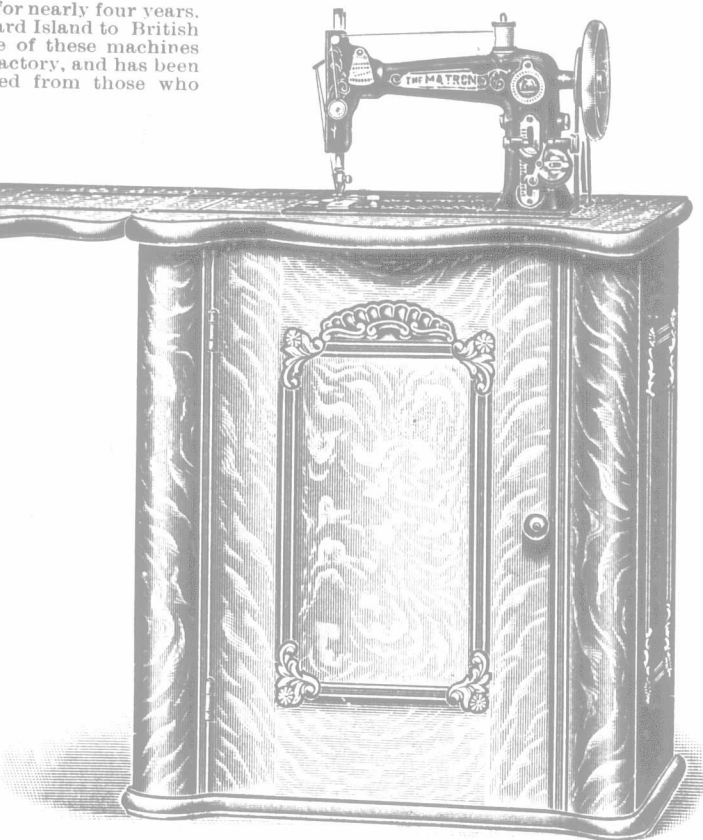
We take great pleasure in recommending the machine whenever we have the opportunity, as it is the best machine we ever saw, in every respect. Often my wife wonders if it is sewing, it runs so lightly. I have run the treadle and balance wheel for three and a half minutes with one starting. As to the price, my mother-in-law says she would trade her \$75 Singer machine for the Matron any time. There is no comparison between the two machines. Wishing you every success, I remain, yours truly,
McTaggart P. O., Assa.

GEORGE GOODWIN.

Bridgeport, C. B., N. S., Oct. 27, 1905.

Windsor Supply Co., Windsor, Ont.
Gentlemen,—The Matron Sewing Machine I purchased from you one month ago has proved itself to be a first-class, up-to-date machine. I prefer it to any other, and could not get one so good in this country for \$50. It was in good order when it reached us, not a scratch on it. I have not yet tried the attachments, but they are all right. Thank you very much for the scissors.
Cape Breton, N. S.

ONLY \$33.50



MISS JANE LAWRENSEX.

The Windsor Supply Co., Windsor, Ont.

Gentlemen,—The Matron Sewing Machine we got from you gives entire satisfaction, and it is equal to any machine I have ever seen at any price. Wishing you every success, I am, yours sincerely,

Mekiwin, Man., June 17, 1904.

JOHN DUFF.

The Windsor Supply Co., Windsor, Ont.

Gentlemen,—Your Matron Sewing Machine was received in good order, but delayed writing, as I wanted to try the attachments, and am well satisfied with them and the machine. Everybody that has seen it likes it also. Very truly yours,

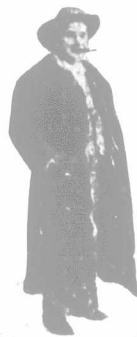
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who has solved
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If You Have \$500 to Invest

We invite you to join our party on a **FREE TRIP** to inspect the **HOMESTAKE EXTENSION MINE**, situated "in the heart of the richest one-hundred square miles on earth," and we leave you to be the referee as to whether you wish to invest in this rich property. Send for full particulars immediately.

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SUBSCRIBE FOR THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE
THE ONLY AND BEST WEEKLY AGRICULTURAL PAPER IN WESTERN CANADA.

Glengarry School Days.

(Continued from page 1847.)

up on a convenient crotch. "And I declare!" he said in amazed tones, "they haven't thrown one snowball at me. Something must be badly wrong with them. Wonder what it is? This is quite unprecedented."

At this Mrs. Bushy ventured carefully out to observe the extraordinary phenomenon, for the boys were actually making their way to the gate, the smaller ones with much noisy shouting, but the big boys soberly enough engaged in earnest conversation. It was their first day of the new master, and such a day as quite "flabbergasted," as Don Cameron said, even the oldest of them. But of course Mr. and Mrs. Bushy knew nothing of this, and could only marvel.

"Murdie," cried Hughie to Don's big brother, who with Bob Fraser, Ranaid Macdonald, and Thomas Finch, was walking slowly towards the gate, "you won't forget to ask your pa for an excuse if you happen to be late to-morrow, will you?"

Murdie paid no attention. "You won't forget your excuse, Murdie," continued Hughie, poking him in the back.

Murdie suddenly turned, caught him by the neck and the seat of his trousers, and threw him headfirst into a drift, from which he emerged wrathful and sputtering.

"Well, I hope you do," continued Hughie, "and then you'll catch it. And mind you," he went on, circling round to get in front of him, "if you want to ask big Bob there for his knife, mind you hold up your hand first." Murdie only grinned at him.

The new master had begun the day by enunciating the regulations under which the school was to be administered. They made rather a formidable list, but two of them seemed to the boys to have gone beyond the limits of all that was outrageous and absurd. There was to be no speaking during school hours, and if a boy should desire to ask a question of his neighbor, he was to hold up his hand and get permission from the master. But worse than all, and more absurd than all, was the regulation that all late comers and absentees were to bring written excuses from parents or guardians.

"Guardian," Thomas Finch had grunted, "what's that?"

"Your grandmother," whispered Don back.

It was not Don's reply that brought Thomas into disgrace this first day of the new master's rule, it was the vision of big Murdie Cameron walking up to the desk with an excuse for lateness, which he had obtained from Long John, his father. This vision breaking suddenly in upon the solemnity of Thomas Finch's mind, had sent him into a snort of laughter, not more to the surprise of the school than of himself. The gravity of the school had not been greatly helped by Thomas' sheepish answer to the master's indignant question, "What did you do that for, sir?"

"I didn't; it did itself."

On the whole, the opening day had not been a success. As a matter of fact, it was almost too much to expect that it should be anything but a failure. There was a kind of settled if unspoken opinion among the children that no master could ever fill Archibald Munro's place in the school. Indeed, it was felt to be kind of impertinence for any man to attempt such a thing. And further, there was a secret sentiment among the boys that loyalty to the old master's memory demanded an attitude of unsympathetic opposition to the one who came to take his place. It did not help the situation that the new master was unaware of this state of mind. He was buoyed up by the sentiments of enthusiastic admiration and approval that he carried with him in the testimonials

(Continued on next page.)

Glengarry School Days.

(Continued from page 1848.)

from his last board of trustees in town, with which sentiments he fully agreed, and hence he greeted the pupils of the little backwoods school with an airy condescension that reduced the school to a condition of speechless and indignant astonishment. The school was prepared to tolerate the man who should presume to succeed their former master, if sufficiently humble, but certainly not to accept airy condescension from him.

"And did you see him trying to chop at recess?" (Ree'cis, Hughie called it.) He couldn't hit twice in the same place."

"And he asked me if that beech there was a maple," said Bob Fraser, in deep disgust.

"Oh, shut up your gab!" said Ranald, suddenly. "Give the man a chance, anyway."

"Will you bring an excuse when you're absent, Ranald?" asked Hughie.

"And where would I be getting it?" asked Ranald, grimly, and all the boys realized the absurdity of expecting a written excuse for Ranald's absence from his father. Macdonald Dubh was not a man to be bothered with such trifles.

"You might get it from your Aunt Kirsty, Ranald," said Don, slyly. The boys shouted at the suggestion.

"And she could do it well enough if it would be necessary," said Ranald, facing square round on Don, and throwing up his head after his manner when battle was in the air, while the red blood showed in his dark cheek, and his eyes lit up with a fierce gleam. Don read the danger signal.

"I'm not saying she couldn't," he hurried to say, apologetically, "but it would be funny, wouldn't it?"

"Well," said Ranald, relenting and smiling a little, "it would be keeping her busy at times."

"When we are deer running, eh, Ranald," said Murdie, good-naturedly. "But Ranald's right, boys," he continued, "give the man a chance, say I."

"There's our bells," cried Thomas Finch, as the deep, musical boom of Finch's sleigh-bells came through the bush. "Come on, Hughie, we'll get them at the cross." And followed by Hughie and the boys from the north, he set off for the north cross-roads, where they would meet the Finch's bob-sleighs coming empty from the saw-mill, to the great surprise and unalloyed delight of Mr. and Mrs. Bushy, who from their crotch in the old beech had watched with some anxiety the boys' unusual conduct.

"There they are, Hughie," called Thomas, as the sleighs came out into the open at the cross-roads. "They'll wait for us. They know you're coming," he yelled, encouragingly, for the big boys had left the smaller ones, a panting train, far in the rear, and were piling themselves upon the Finch's sleighs, with never a "by your leave" to William John—familiarily known as Billy Jack—Thomas' eldest brother, who drove the Finch's team.

Thomas' home lay a mile north and another east from the Twentieth cross-roads, but the winter road by which they hauled saw-logs to the mill, cut right through the forest, where the deep snow packed hard into a smooth track, covering roots and logs and mud holes, and making a perfect surface for the sleighs, however heavily loaded, except where here and there the pitch-holes or cabots came. These cabots, by the way, though they became, especially toward the spring, a serious annoyance to teamsters, only added an-

other to the delights that a sleigh-ride held for the boys.

To Hughie, the ride this evening was blessed to an unspeakable degree. He was overflowing with new sensations. He was going to spend the night with Thomas, for one thing, and Thomas as his host was quite a new and different person from the Thomas of the school. The minister's wife, ever since the examination day, has taken a deeper interest in Thomas, and determined that something should be made out of the solemn, stolid, slow-moving boy. Partly for this reason she had yielded to Hughie's eager pleading, backing up the invitation brought by Thomas himself and delivered in an agony of red-faced confusion, that Hughie should be allowed to go home with him for the night. Partly, too, because she was glad that Hughie should see something of Finch's home, and especially of the dark-faced, dark-eyed little woman who so silently and unobtrusively, but so efficiently, administered her home, her family, and their affairs, and especially her husband, without suspicion on his part that anything of the kind was being done.

In addition to the joy that Hughie had in Thomas in his new role as host, this winter road was full of wonder and delight, as were all roads and paths that wound right through the heart of the bush. The regular made-up roads, with the forest cut back beyond the ditches at the sides, were a great weariness to Hughie, except indeed, in the springtime when the ditches were running full with sunlit water, over the mottled clay bottom and gravelly ripples. But the bush roads and paths, summer and winter, were filled with things of wonder and of beauty, and this particular winter road of the Finch's was best of all to Hughie, for it was quite new to him, and besides, it led right through the mysterious, big pine swamp and over the butternut ridge, beyond which lay the Finch's farm. Balsam trees, tamarack, spruce and cedar made up the thick underbrush of the pine swamp, white birch, white ash and black were thickly sprinkled through it, but high above these lesser trees towered the white pines, lifting their great, tufted crests in lonely grandeur, seeming like kings among meaner men. Here and there the rabbit runways, packed into hard little paths, crossed the road and disappeared under the thick spruces and balsams; here and there, the sly, single track of the fox, or the deep hoof-mark of the deer, led off into unknown depths on either side. Hughie, sitting up on the bolster of the front bob beside Billy Jack, for even the big boys recognized his right, as Thomas' guest, to that coveted place, listened with eager face and wide-open eyes to Billy Jack's remarks upon the forest and its strange people.

One thing else added to Hughie's keen enjoyment of the ride. Billy Jack's bays were always in the finest of fettle, and pulled hard on the lines, and were rarely allowed the rapture of a gallop. But when the swamp was passed and the road came to the more open butternut ridge, Billy Jack shook the lines over their backs and let them out. Their response was superb to witness, and brought Hughie some moments of ecstatic rapture. Along the hard-packed road that wound about among the big butternuts, the rangy bays sped at a flat gallop, bounding clear over the cabots, the booming of the bells and the rattling of the chains furnishing an exhilarating accompaniment to the swift, swaying motion, while the children clung for dear life to the bob-sleighs and to each other. It was all Billy Jack could do to get his team down to a trot by the time they reached the clearing, for there the going was perilous, and besides, it was just as well that his father should not witness any signs on Billy Jack's part of the folly that he was inclined to attribute to the rising generation. So steadily enough the bays trotted up the lane and between long lines

(Continued on next page.)

Announcement Extraordinary!

To the people of the Middle West

1. Small Freight and Express Charges, by reason of short distances.
2. Large Assortments.
3. Lowest Prices, quality considered.
4. Delivery 72 hours ahead of any other Mail-Order House in the West.
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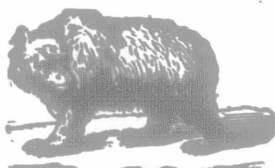
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EARN WHILE YOU LEARN. Write for our Free Book, "How to Be a Watchmaker." A postal card will do. **STONE'S SCHOOL OF WATCHMAKING,** Globe Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

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If you ship to us, all your Hides, Furs, Pelts, Wool, etc., we pay you same day as goods are received. Make us a trial shipment; we guarantee you will be satisfied, and remain our shipper. Write for price list and shipping tags.

BERMAN BROS.,
319 1st STREET, SO., MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Spilled Grease.—When grease is spilled on the kitchen floor or table, immediately pour cold water over it. By so doing it will harden instead of sinking into the pores of the wood, and can be easily removed.

WAS SENT HOME AS INCURABLE

**Then Jos. Boone Found Health
in Dodd's Kidney Pills.**

**He was Unable to Work for Seven Years
Before he Used the Great Canadian
Kidney Remedy.**

Cottel's Cove, Nfld., Dec. 11th.—(Special.)—The days of miracles are past, but the cure of Joseph Boone, of this place, almost ranks with the sensational cures of the earlier ages.

Mr. Boone had been ailing for eight years, seven of which he was unable to work from the effects of Backache and Kidney Complaint. He was all aches and pains.

He was treated by several doctors, and after seven months in the hospital was sent home as incurable. It was there that reading of cures in the newspapers led him to use Dodd's Kidney Pills. It took twenty-one boxes to cure him, but to-day he is strong and well and hard at work lobster fishing.

People here have learned that if the disease is of the Kidneys or from the Kidneys, Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure it.

Glengarry School Days.

(Continued from page 1849.)

of green cordwood on one side and a hay-stack on the other, into the yard, and swinging round the big straw-stack that faced the open shed, and was flanked on the right by the cow-stable and hog-pen, and on the left by the horse-stable, came to a full stop at their own stable door.

"Thomas, you take Hughie into the house to get warm, till I unhitch," said Billy Jack, with the feeling that courtesy to the minister's son demanded this attention. But Hughie, rejecting this proposition with scorn, pushed Thomas aside and set himself to unhitch the S-hook on the outside trace of the nigh bay. It was one of Hughie's grievances, and a very sore point with him, that his father's people would insist on treating him in the privileged manner they thought proper to his father's son, and his chief ambition was to stand upon his own legs and to fare like other boys. So he scorned Billy Jack's suggestion, and while some of the children scurried about the stacks for a little romp before setting off for their homes, which some of them, for the sake of the ride, had left far behind, Hughie devoted himself to the unhitching of the team with Billy Jack. And so quick was he in his movements, and so fearless of the horses, that he had his side unhitched and was struggling with the breast-strap before Billy Jack had finished with his horse.

"Man! you're a regular farmer," said Billy Jack, admiringly, "only you're too quick for the rest of us." Hughie, still struggling with the breast-strap, found his heart swell with pride. To be a farmer was his present dream.

"But that's too heavy for you," continued Billy Jack. "Here, let down the tongue first."

"Pshaw!" said Hughie, disgusted at his exhibition of ignorance, "I knew that tongue ought to come out first, but I forgot."

"Oh, well, it's just as good that way, but not quite so easy," said Billy Jack, with doubtful consistency.

It took Hughie but a few minutes after the tongue was let down to unfasten his end of the neck-yoke and the cross-lines, and he was beginning at his hame strap, always a difficult buckle, when Billy Jack called out, "Hold on there! You're too quick for me. We'll make them carry their own harness into the stable. Don't believe in making a horse of myself." Billy Jack was something of a humorist.

(To be continued.)

Mr. Colin D. Rex, the young Shorthorn breeder of Elkhorn, now owns the great smooth stock bull, Baron's Pride (imp.), a close blood relation of Scottish Canadian, and has raised a crop of calves that would do credit to the most veteran of breeders.

The fastest trotting team in Canada, Mary Scott 2.14, and Jennie Scott 2.14½, says the Horse World, were recently purchased by Mr. John Crabtree, of Boston, Mass., for \$5,000. They are own sisters, sired by Bryson 2.15, son of Simmons, and were owned, developed and successfully campaigned several seasons by Mr. A. Collins, a prominent knight of the sulky, of Hamilton. The great span of mares were named in honor of the daughters of Mr. Hugh Scott, of Toronto, who recently owned Bryson 2.15.

It was at the railway station and she was trying to buy half tickets for two children.

"How old are they?" asked the ticket seller.

"Only eleven."

"Both of them?"

"They're twins."

"Ah!" exclaimed the man. He eyed them a moment and then remarked:

"Pretty children. Where were they born?"

"This one in New York," answered the proud mother, "and the other one in London."

WILLIAMSON BROS.

Butchers AND LIVE-STOCK DEALERS

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS
IN ALL KINDS OF

FRESH AND CURED MEATS

FISH, GAME AND POULTRY
IN SEASON

HIGHEST PRICES PAID FOR HOGS

We are Wide-awake.
Our eyes are open for business.
Our Motto:

"Nothing Too Good for Our Customers"

Williamson Bros., EDMONTON,
Alberta.

KELLY & BEAL

DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF

Agricultural Implements

AND AGENTS FOR

THE E. N. HENEY CO. CUTTERS.

THE CHATHAM FANNING MILLS.

THE CHATHAM FARM SCALES.

THE FAMOUS WATSON FARM SLEIGH.

THE EMPIRE CREAM SEPARATOR.

The above lines are well known to be the best.

Kelly & Beal, Edmonton, Alta.

AGENTS FOR THE FROST & WOOD CO.

Mossom Boyd Co.,

BOBCAYGEON, ONTARIO,

AND
PRINCE ALBERT, SASKATCHEWAN,

The Largest Breeders of

HEREFORD CATTLE

in Canada.

The only Breeders of Polled Herefords.

Our herd at Prince Albert, Saskatchewan, numbers over 400 head of Herefords, all registered in both Canadian and American Hereford Herdbooks. Stock of both sexes for sale at all times, singly or in carloads. Horned or Polled. We also breed registered **Suffolk Punch draft horses.** Some young stallions for sale at present. Address:

BOBCAYGEON - - ONTARIO.

BRITISH COLUMBIA FARMS.

We have for sale a very large and complete list of selected dairy farms, orchards, poultry ranches and suburban homes, in the valley of the celebrated Lower Fraser and adjacent Islands on the Coast. All in the neighborhood of Vancouver.

Send for our pamphlet giving weather statistics and market prices of 27 different kinds of farm produce.

THE SETTLERS' ASSOCIATION.

P.O. Box 329. 322 Cambie Street, Vancouver, B.C.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.
Legal.

RAILROAD COMPANY MUST FENCE.

The C. N. R. runs across my homestead, and I want to fence a pasture so that the railway forms one side of the pasture. Can I make the C. N. R. fence the railway so as to make the fourth side of the fence?

Sask. SUBSCRIBER.

Ans.—Yes; notify the railway company that you are fencing three sides and you want them to fence their line.

LIABILITY FOR STALLION SERVICE.

Last year a party owning a stallion stopped at my place between stations and agreed to breed three mares; terms, viz., \$8 single leap, \$12 for season, \$15 to insure. Two mares had single leap, and he never came to try them or serve the third mare. One had a colt and he wants \$15. He did not come to any station so I could take them there after the first leap. Can he collect \$15?

Sask. SUBSCRIBER.

Ans.—He can only collect for single leap.

DEPARTMENTAL STORE WITHHOLDS BALANCE.

I ordered goods by mail from a departmental store in Winnipeg, enclosing an endorsed cheque which left a large balance over amount of order, which balance I expressly asked to have returned to me by mail at my expense. Instead of doing so, they credit me with amount of balance. Must I accept goods from their store for the amount of the balance, or can I collect my money by legal process?

Davisburg. SUBSCRIBER.

Ans.—Demand the return of the amount in cash, returning to the departmental store the credit note sent you, and they are obliged to send it to you at once.

LIABILITY OF CONTRACT MADE.

I put up hay for a party last year, \$2 per ton, without fence or fire-guard, as agreed by the party, and he held my note for \$35, and when it was due, I told him in presence of witness to come and measure the hay so I would pay note, and he said in a day or two. Then cattle began to eat the hay; I then fenced and put a fire-guard, and he failed to come. I told him several times afterwards, but he made the same promise, so the cattle ate all the hay, except 8 tons, which was 23 at the beginning. He came two months after I told him the first time, and took the remaining 8 tons when I was not home, and never endorsed a thing on the note; now he sends me a dun for \$35. Can I collect the \$46, or can he skin me?

Sask. SUBSCRIBER.

Ans.—You can collect for the whole amount of hay, if you can prove your agreement and quantity of hay and notice to come and measure.

WHO PAYS FOR THE FENCE?

My neighbor built a half mile of fence between our homesteads about one year ago, I paying him for my share, which is one-quarter of a mile. Now, this summer there has been trouble about the road allowance, which should by rights run along my neighbor's north line, but owing to there being a lake there, which is too deep to be fenced without a lot of expense, the Government was about to run the road allowance through my neighbor's homestead—that is, around the lake—but he asked to have it run along the south line, which was granted, he getting paid for the land taken for to make up the road allowance. Now, he comes to me and says that I must pay him for his quarter of a mile of fence on our line, or else he will take it away. Kindly state whether he has any right to make me pay for it, or move it.

S. Alta. READER.

Ans.—If the fence is still the line between you, and used by being connected with your cross fences, he cannot remove his part, nor compel you to pay for it.

Chadburn Bros., of Kenton, are rapidly increasing their herd of Shorthorns. They got a lot of the best prizes at their local fair, and might easily go farther. They recently bought Mr. J. G. Baron's great young bull, Topsman's Duke 2nd, and are now offering their imported bull, Novar, for sale.

GRAY'S
"High-grade"
Carriages

The **Wm. Gray & Sons Co., Limited**

GRAY'S
Cutters
AND
Sleighs

CHATHAM and WINNIPEG

Wish their many patrons and friends a happy and prosperous New Year.

The Phenomenal Growth and Development

of the West, and our unbounded confidence in its future, have inspired us to keep stroke, and during the present year we have added a full-fledged carriage factory at Winnipeg, and have also recently completed the building of a new showroom and repository on 11th St., Brandon; and at all other Western distributing points, such as Regina, Saskatoon, Moose Jaw, Calgary, Edmonton and Vancouver, we are carrying special stocks of the latest production of our factories, subject to transfer, to meet all demands throughout the entire year.

Our Staff of Local Agents

is also complete, and ample stocks will usually be found with them; but a line to the Winnipeg Office will bring complete information to any enquirers. Lastly, but not least important, is the fact that we keep our staff of travelling salesmen in the territory the year round, so that the wants of our customers may at all times receive prompt attention. Ask for our new Catalogue "D."

Drop us a line and see if we cannot work together to our mutual benefit.

OUR MOTTO—QUALITY AND SERVICE

GRAY'S
Cutters
AND
Sleighs

The **Wm. Gray & Sons Co.**

LIMITED

GRAY'S
"High-grade"
Carriages

JESSIE ST., - WINNIPEG.

Hoe, Shoe, Single Disc
and Stephenson's Pat-
ent Double Discs are

**Unchallenged
Leaders**

The

**8 Sylvester 22 Double-disc
Drills at work this spring on
one Western Farm.**

Sylvester Drills

Cultivators

Cut 7 and 9 Feet

**Positively guaranteed
not to clog**

A FULL LINE OF

**Scotch Clip Harrows, Disc Harrows,
LAND ROLLERS, GASOLINE ENGINES**

UNQUALIFIED SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

Sylvester Mfg. Co., Limited, Brandon, Man.

Factory at Lindsay, Ont.

Winnipeg Transfer Agents, H. F. Anderson & Co.

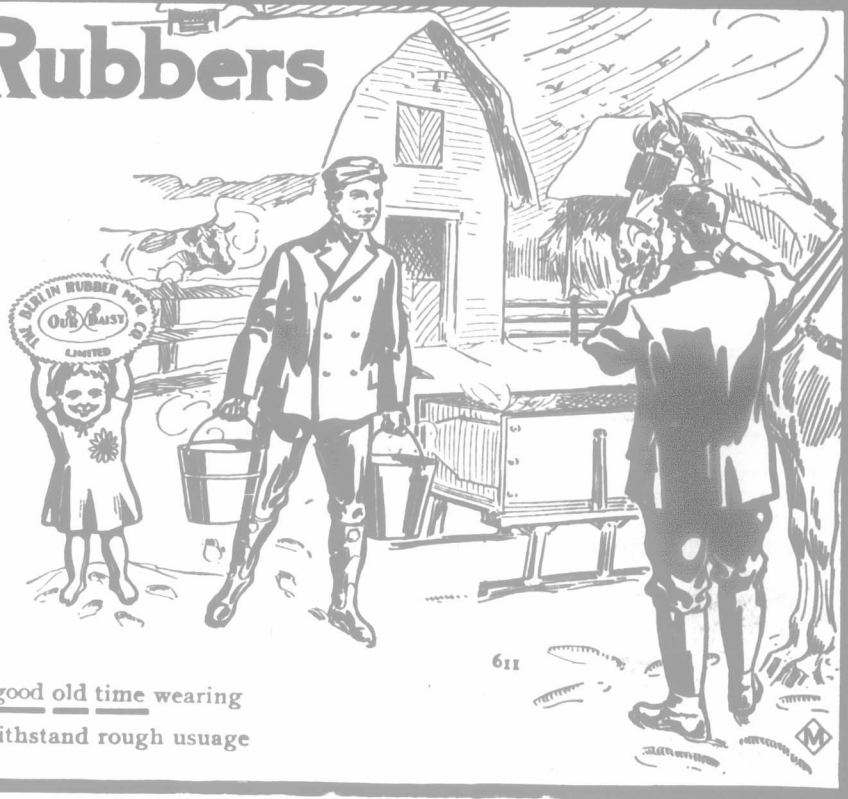
Our Daisy Rubbers

Are adapted for all descrip-
tions of farm and heavy work

**Warm and comfortable on the
feet**

High enough to keep legs dry

**Make winter barnyard choring a
delight**



Made with all the good old time wearing
quality, they will withstand rough usage

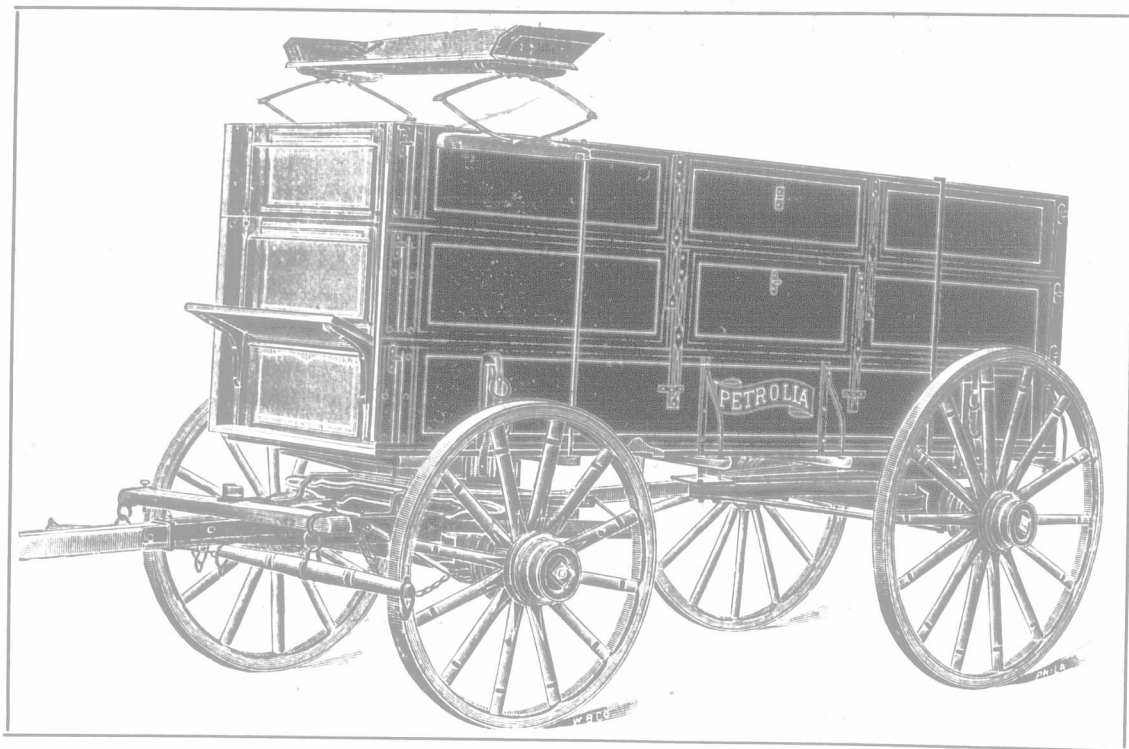
Selling Agent: **H. G. MIDDLETON & CO., Winnipeg, Man.**

Petrolia Wagon Company LIMITED

MANUFACTURERS OF

Farm Wagons
Combination Stock ^{and} Hay Racks
 Mountain Wagons
 Heavy Teaming Wagons
 Lorries, Carts, Etc.

SLEIGHS OF ALL KINDS



THIS CUT
 REPRESENTS
 OUR

FARM WAGON
 WITH TRIPLE
 GRAIN BOX

Every Vehicle GUARANTEED to be FIRST-CLASS in every particular

Ask your local dealer for our make

Petrolia Wagon Co., Limited

Head Office and Works

PETROLIA, CANADA



Double-Breasted

Where the Wear Comes



J.I. CASE PLOWS

A Double-Breasted Plow. What is it? What does it mean?

NOT a plow in which the mold-board is thickened by upsetting the edge, which gives appearance only, but does not add materially to wearing quality.

A J. I. C. Double-breasted plow is a plow without double lasting quality, because at the point where friction is greatest—where the mold-board joins the share—we have placed an additional double thickness of special high grade steel. It is put on by our own special process, making it a part of the mold-board itself, which adds to the lasting quality of the steel.

You can readily see how this prolongs the life of the J. I. C. plow—how it saves money.

This double-breasted feature will also be found on our sulky and gang bottoms—and we are prepared to furnish it on all plows we build, when desired.

The same care and attention which produced this double-breasted feature is apparent in every detail of the J. I. Case line. Best materials, right construction, correct design, are so perfectly combined that they stand absolutely unequalled for strength, turning qualities, lightness of draft and the comfort they give to both man and horse.

But we want an opportunity of telling you more about J. I. Case

implements—and for your own good you ought to know more about them. We want to especially tell you about our new high foot-lift sulky plow—the greatest labor-saving light draft sulky that ever made a furrow. It is self-leveling—a real foot-lift. We want to explain fully our complete line of harrows, planters and cultivators.

In order to make it more than worth while to ask us for this interesting information, we offer you an extra inducement to have you write us about your implement needs and for our free catalogue. Read the splendid offer which we make below. Then write us immediately—now—while you have it in mind.

FARMER'S ENCYCLOPEDIA FREE. POCKET EDITION

We are now having compiled for our use one of the most valuable volumes ever prepared for the farmer. It gives valuable tables, suggestions on raising, feeding and breeding stock, interesting facts about grain, seed, soil and cultivation; veterinary suggestions; in fact a thousand and one things which make it of priceless value every day to the farmer and his family. We will send one of these volumes to any farmer answering the following: 1. How many acres do you cultivate? 2. What implements will you probably buy within the next six months? 3. Do you own or rent your farm? 4. What is the name of your dealer and his postoffice address? Simply answer these four questions, sign your name and address, enclose ten cents for postage and packing and just as soon as the Encyclopedia is ready we will mail it to you. Address

FOR TEXAS.

A special line of implements are made to suit the conditions of Texas soil. If you live in Texas be sure to ask for the special Texas catalogue. We have information that cannot fail to interest you. Better write TODAY.

J. I. Case Plow Works
Dept. B 33 RACINE, WIS.

A Study of Weeds.

Nothing the past season has served to interfere with good feeling between the grain-grower and the grain dealer to equal the weed question. A study of the habits of weeds, and how to eradicate them, is essential to the maintenance of a profitable trade. A recent letter before seedsmen is reported by the Farmer's Gazette, Dublin, from which we reproduce the following:

THE COSMOPOLITAN THISTLE.

With regard to the habitat of this pest, it has, from one's observation, a wide range. There are few places where it will not grow, and few farms on which it does not grow. Even in pastures, in cultivated lands, in the meadows, by the wayside, it claims almost universal distribution. Its adaptive structure by which it is able to succeed in the struggle for existence is interesting. The root of the thistle penetrates to a great depth into the earth, as can be easily seen by attempting to dig one up. The root also is stored with food, sent down from the green leaf, so that every part of the root is firm. An advantage of the deep root is that the thistle would be about the least likely plant to suffer from lack of moisture. As it sends out from the side of its root, numbers of root branches, it is able to feed over a considerable area in breadth, these feeding roots being more numerous near the surface than lower down, because there is a greater quantity of available food in the former. Until the thistle has well established a good root system it keeps modestly near the surface, and throws out a rosette of green leaves that push aside in their growth all the more pliable and slender herbage, gradually at first, and then with more assertiveness, till it clears a tract of ground for itself. Being prickly, it is less likely to be interfered with, while animals will not touch it on account of its unpalatability. So the thistle is wonderfully adapted for holding its own against all its neighbors.

It does not seem to be particularly sensitive to either dampness or dryness; it can live in a damp soil and in land that would be dry to the vast majority



Rosewell, Carson & Fisher

WHOLESALE and RETAIL

Sole Agents for ALBERTA PRO BERRY BIT.

Manufacturers of Genuine Stock Saddles —AND— Concord Harness

We carry a full line of everything in the Leather Line, also

Trunks and Suit Cases.

East of P. O., CALGARY

The "Hero" Fanning Mill

LATEST IMPROVED

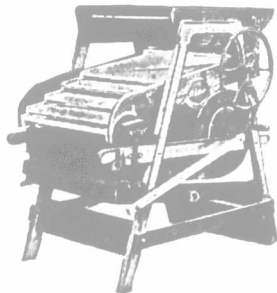
Built in Winnipeg to Suit Manitoba and Territorial Grain

This mill takes the lead in thoroughness of work. It will separate wheat and oats, barley and oats, timothy and clover, chess cockle, wild mustard and wild oats from wheat or barley, rye from oats, wild buckwheat from flax; cleans peas, beans, corn, buckwheat and cockle. Almost a complete separation first time through. Oats and wheat sown together are separated perfectly by the Hero. Sold with or without bagger. Size: Width, 2 ft. 4 in.; length, 3 ft. 9 in.; height, 4 ft. 2 in.; weight, 150 lbs.; baggers, 30 lbs.

Write us for particulars and price.

MANUFACTURED BY

DOW-WADGE IMPLEMENT CO.
WINNIPEG, MANITOBA.



ALL FOR 10 CENTS! Wishing to secure new trade we have made up this splendid lot of goods, which we send, postpaid, for **Only 10 Cents.** 50 Fine Silk and Satin Remnants, beautiful colors, corners and squares. 6 Yards Lace, one package Embroidery Silk and a handsome Gold-Plated Ring. All sent, postpaid, for **ONLY TEN CENTS.** Address, **Fancy Silk Co., P.O. Box 1528, New York, N. Y.**

of cultivated plants; it can go down deeper and get water from sources from which cultivated plants are unable to get it. Then comes the question of the environment that might favor or hinder its growth. If it has short-growing neighbors easy to be choked, it will do much better than if it were surrounded by strong-growing plants that are not to be pushed aside. Under the latter circumstances, therefore, the thistle takes a different habit of growth and springs up as tall as its neighbors, unlike its squat habit when its competitors are of a short-growing nature. As to the structure which enables it to perpetuate itself from year to year, there are few plants better able to look after this than the thistle. A great deal of interest attaches to the root of the thistle because it is endowed with physiological powers that the majority of weed roots have not got. Right along the root it has the power of producing buds, and if an attempt is made to eradicate a thistle found growing deeply in the soil, the plant possesses adaptations that will enable it to frustrate all efforts. When the farmer comes along and spuds up the thistle even a few inches under the ground, it is not very long before a new bud will begin to grow, nourished by the reserve food in the long root below, and will soon burst into another vigorous weed in the same place. It is really amazing the depths from which these shoots can grow; indeed, thistles have been known to send their roots fully three or four feet down into the earth. This plant must, therefore, be regarded as a hard fighter, able to suit itself most conveniently to the circumstances of the case. The continuation of the race is carried on at the time of flowering. For after the plant has formed the rosette of leaves and its store of food, it will throw up a flower stem. Up to this point it has been to the advantage of the plant to lie low, but to remain so any longer would, so to speak, jeopardise the welfare of its children. So it makes a sudden rush up; the flower bud is made with great rapidity; the stem begins to grow; great quantities of water are taken in, and growth is very rapid; a tall stem is formed on which is carried high in the air the flower head. Being high, the

(Continued on next page.)

WO-SEE FARM For Sale

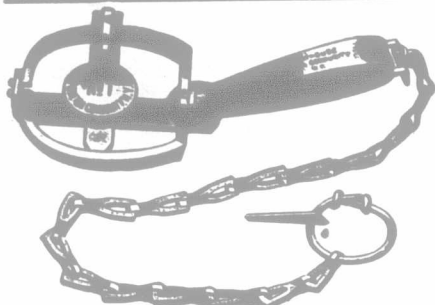
At a great bargain. It is a splendid investment, more especially for the successful Manitoban who wishes to retire from the prairie to the shelter and beautiful scenery of lake and mountain, combined with a salubrious climate. Temperature seldom falls to zero. Lake freezes over about once in three years for a short time. Wo-See Farm is situated on the Kootenay Lake, having half a mile of water frontage. Quarter of a mile from boat landing. 300 yards from railway station. Contains 55½ acres, 35½ acres being highly cultivated. Produced \$3,000 revenue this year. Will double next. Land, dwelling, stable, outbuildings, horses and implements all go for \$7,000. No waiting to clear or pioneer. Just move on and enjoy the luxuries and comforts of this beautiful health-restoring home. Terms \$2,000 cash. Balance can easily be obtained from the products of the land.

THIS IS A SNAP.

Hugh A. McKinnon,
522 Main St., cor. Market.
WINNIPEG.

FURS ARE VALUABLE

Don't allow your catch to escape because caught in a poor trap. A **GENUINE NEWHOUSE** trap will hold the game and earn its extra cost several times in a season.

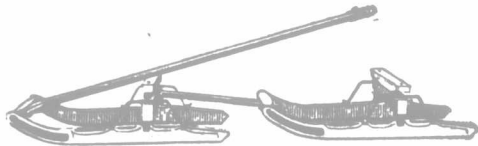


NEWHOUSE STEEL TRAPS
Are absolutely guaranteed. Made since 1848 by
ONEIDA COMMUNITY, LIMITED
Write for catalogue. om Niagara Falls, Ont.

Does Threshing Pay? IT all depends on how frequently you have to **STOP** through using an inferior grade of **OIL**. All our supplies are of the best grade. Try them.

Threshers' Supply Co.
Box 703. 120 Lombard St., Winnipeg.

GENUINE MAINITE SLED.



No. 60, 2x6, 6-ft., \$14.00 No. 70, 2½x6, 7-ft., \$19.00
No. 70, 2x6, 7-ft., \$15.00 No. 70½, 2½x6, 7-ft., \$20.00
Guaranteed to be the best sled made in the U. S.
ETNA IRON WORKS, ST. CLOUD, MINN.

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Barrister, Solicitor,
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GRENFELL, - ASSA.

Lands for Sale.
Solicitor for the "FARMER'S ADVOCATE" for the Northwest Territories.

PENMANSHIP Book-keeping, Short-hand, Typewriting, Telegraphy, and all business subjects thoroughly taught. Write for particulars. Catalogues free. Address **WINNIPEG BUSINESS COLLEGE**, cor. Portage Ave. and Fort St., WINNIPEG.

flower head will, of course, catch the wind all the readier, and so its pollinated seeds will be carried about to other places, while insects will be attracted by its bright color, and so will the seed be produced. The flowers are so crowded together that when a bee crawls over the head it will perhaps pollinate a score of flowers at the same time, and each of these flowers, instead of attempting to produce a large number of seeds, will be content to produce only one, and in this way be more sure to produce a well-fed and very vigorous plant. These seeds are carefully protected by the plant, and when they are ripe they are easily and widely disseminated. This knowledge of the natural history of the plant helps in the work of clearing it from a farm; at all events it saves much unnecessary labor, and will at least put the farmer on the right track. An example may be cited in the knowledge of the structure enabling it to perpetuate itself from year to year, because

WHAT THE FARMER WANTS TO KNOW is how to prevent this process taking place. It is quite clear that the common method of simply cutting it may, under certain conditions, only increase the evil. If anything is done it must be done thoroughly to be effective. When the thistle reaches its flowering stage in July, it is in the full vigor of its growth: it then sends up all its available food to the flower-head; the sap is plentiful and rich. This is the best time to make the first attack, taking care not to allow it to pass into seed. What to do afterwards will depend on circumstances, but in a country like Ireland, where there is so much rain and general dampness, very probably what will happen is that the rain will fill up the hollow stems, and the sap being still running, there will be round the cut surface a fluid that will largely encourage putrefactive bacteria and moulds that might work it injury. When this takes place the exposed stem frequently rots, and the root will also give way, and cripple the plant very severely. After this, probably the best thing to do is to wait for new shoots to appear, and then spud them out. Then it might be well the next springtime to spud early, so as to exhaust the number of buds, and the food supply, and in this way diminish the plants. If the thistles are allowed to run to seed the farmer runs great risk, as they may then be easily and widely distributed all over his land.

TRADE NOTE.

MORE THAN TWELVE MILLION IN USE.—We want every reader of the "Farmer's Advocate and Home Magazine" to study carefully what is said in the advt. of the American Waltham Watch Co. in this issue. You are at present thinking of what you will give as a Christmas gift to your boy or girl. Our younger readers are considering what their father or mother would be glad to receive at this season. To every one of you we say that there is no Christmas gift which can be surer of welcome, or make the recipient more frequently and enduringly mindful of the giver than a Waltham watch. What makes a boy or girl so proud as the possession of a fine watch? It is their constant and valued companion, and remains for a lifetime as the memento of the love that inspired the gift. But you don't want to buy a watch haphazard. If you go to your jeweller he may try to sell you one that is not what a good watch ought to be, because he makes a better profit on it, or for some other reason. In buying a Waltham watch you are absolutely sure you are buying the best watch in the world. The British Government would not use it on the Government railroads unless it was sure the Waltham is the best. Every railroad in Canada and the United States uses it. So you see you know you are getting the best when you buy the Waltham. To further convince yourself, however, write to the American Waltham Watch Co., Waltham, Mass., and ask for their booklet, "The Perfected American Watch." It is very interesting, and is well worth having. Then when you go to buy a watch you will know why you want a Waltham, and won't take any other. If you write at once you will have the booklet in time for Christmas buying. By the way, why not be good to yourself this year, and buy a Waltham watch for your own use?

THE BEST Resident Property in Winnipeg

Assiniboine Avenue Property

Our price for ten days \$6.00 per ft.

Each lot 100 feet frontage on Assiniboine Avenue, and 100 feet frontage on the Assiniboine River. All lots high and dry, and well treed. Absolutely the highest-class resident property in Winnipeg is the property lying between Assiniboine Avenue and the Assiniboine River. These lots lie along one of the most beautiful crescents of the Assiniboine.

The first-class buildings in Winnipeg are growing rapidly westward on Assiniboine Avenue. These lots will shortly be worth \$40.00 to \$50.00 per foot for first-class building lots.

No such opportunity has ever been offered investors in Winnipeg property. Each lot is 100 by over 200 feet in depth, and contains over a half acre of ground.

We refer out-of-town customers to the following well-known gentlemen, who have examined this property and purchased part of it, and will answer any enquiries as to its value:

- H. A. Gordon, M. D., B. A., Portage la Prairie;
- A. L. McLachlan, Carman;
- E. J. Schaffer, Chicago;
- Fred W. Luce, Winnipeg, Man.;
- David Clemis, Portage la Prairie;
- J. J. McCullough, Portage la Prairie;
- E. Loree, Carman;
- Ray McDonald, Carman;
- C. D. Bell, Winnipeg, Man.;
- J. J. Darling, Treherne;
- J. W. Beattie, McDonald, Man.

TERMS:

\$50.00 cash

Balance in four semi-annual payments.

Torrence Title.

D. W. Harvey & Co., 428 Main St. Winnipeg
CITY AND FARM LANDS
TELEPHONE 4247

This Little Six-year-old girl is with one small foot lifting both plows of the **EMERSON Foot Lift GANG**, also her father, who weighs

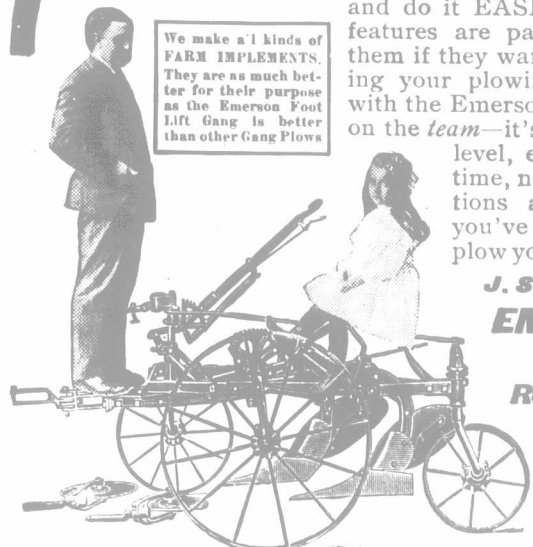
196 LBS.

You Can't BREAK This Plow or Wear It Out

It's made to last as long as you live. The frame is in one piece. It's high grade carbon steel, tough and strong. The wheels are staggered to make them strong, and the tires are 2 inches wide, so it's an easy pull on the horses. All wheels are equipped with **2000 Mile Magazine Axles**. In fact the

EMERSON Foot Lift Gang PLOW

is all that a plow ought to be. It's made to do continuous hard work and do it EASILY. Many of the work-killing features are patented. No one else could use them if they wanted to. You can count on doing your plowing easier and more thoroughly with the Emerson Foot Lift Gang. It's easy on the team—it's easy on you and it will plow level, even, uniform furrows every time, no matter how many obstructions are met. It's the plow you've been wanting and the plow you need. Write me today.

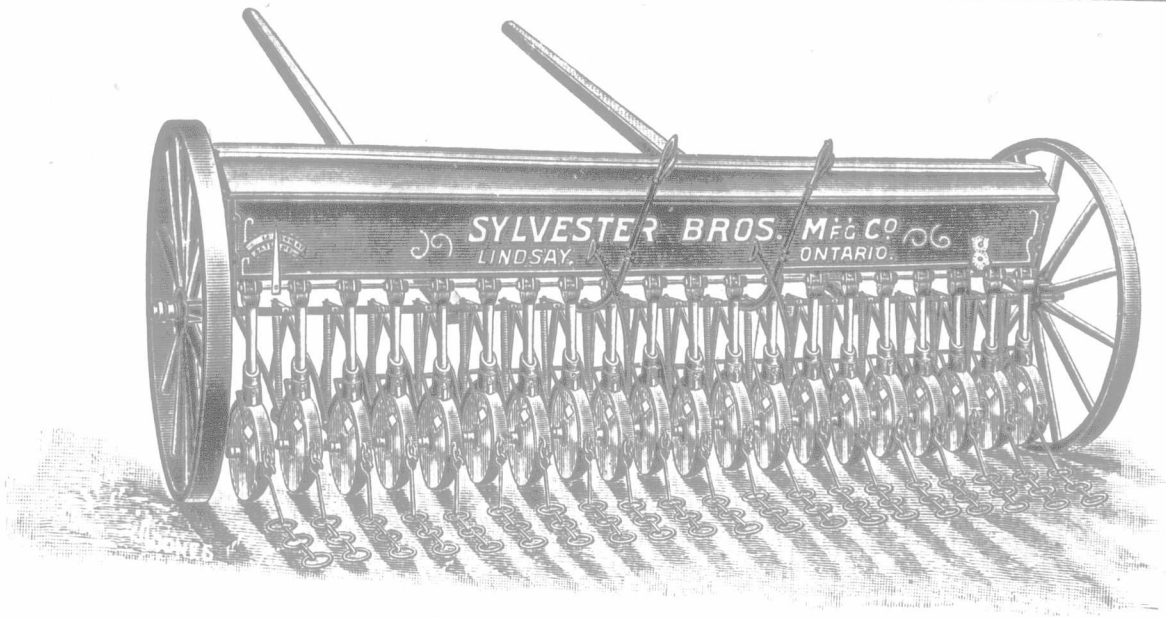


We make a kind of FARM IMPLEMENTS. They are as much better for their purpose as the Emerson Foot Lift Gang is better than other Gang Plows

J. S. EMERSON, Care
EMERSON MFG. CO.
ROCKFORD, ILL.

50c Book FREE
"How to Grow CORN." This book tells all about grading and testing, and will be worth many dollars to the man who grows corn. I will send it FREE to anyone who sends me the names and addresses of three or more men who are thinking of buying a riding plow this season.

ADVERTISE IN THE ADVOCATE.



Sylvester Double Disc Drill.

Our New Patent **Single Disc Drill** is worth your while to see. We have points in it ahead of anything out.

If you do not require a Drill perhaps there is something in the following lines would suit you:—

Binders, Mowers, Rakes,
Threshing Machines,
The Famous King Cultivator,

Disc Harrows, Diamond Harrows,
Dale Pivoted Land Roller,
Single and Gang Plows,

New Improved Riding Plows,
recently patented,
Grain Crushers, Straw Cutters.

Gasoline Engines that can be run
with Gasoline, Coal Oil or
Distillate Oils.

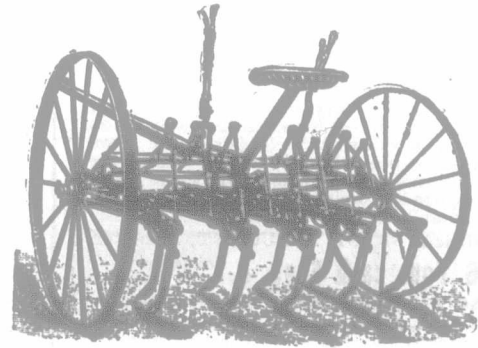
BEST AND CHEAPEST POWER AVAILABLE.

If you want an easy-starting, simple and reliable Engine, that will give full rated power in coldest weather, buy the **Sylvester**. Works as easy in January as July.

We will guarantee any machine of our manufacture to be equal, if not superior, to the best in the market.

THE SYLVESTER MFG. COMPANY, Ltd.,
LINDSAY, ONTARIO.

Branch Office: BRANDON, MANITOBA.



King Cultivator.

E. B. Eddy's

"SILENT"



Parlor Match

Is asked for every time by those who have once tried it, which is a sure proof of its superiority. It will, with the least possible friction, on any dry surface, and with absolute safety, produce an **instantaneous brilliant light, entirely free from crackling, sputtering or noise of any kind.** Ask your Grocer for a box.

USE EDDY
ESTABLISHED A.D. 1881

Fibre Ware

Which can be had in **Tubs, Pails, Wash Basins, Milk Pans, Spittoons, etc.**



FOR SALE BY FIRST-CLASS DEALERS EVERYWHERE

THIS SKIMMING MACHINE takes the cream from the milk quicker than wringers squeeze water from clothes. It gets a **quarter to a half more cream** than by setting, because it uses centrifugal force—a force thousands of times stronger, quicker, more effective than the force that makes cream rise in pans.

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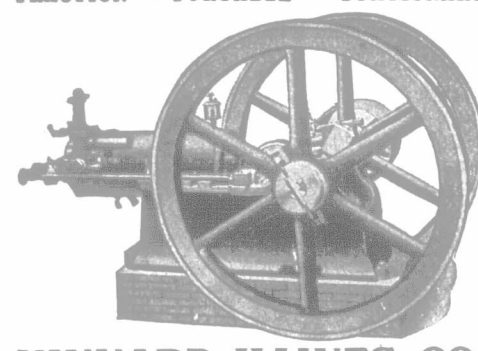
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British Breeds of Sheep.

The following from the Field (Eng.), criticising an address given by Prof. Wallace on British breeds of sheep, will be of interest to those about to invest in the golden-hoofed:

"Professor Wallace made some invidious and probably incautious remarks concerning the relative positions of the different breeds of sheep, more especially in England. Comparisons of the kind are necessarily attended with considerable risk, and naturally invite criticism, and we imagine that Professor Wallace's observations concerning the changes in the relative popularity of several of the prominent Down varieties will not escape notice at the hands of critical readers. As regards the decadence of the long-wool varieties, in face of the formidable aggression of the short-wool, the accuracy of his observations cannot be questioned, as, although several of the long-wools, such as the Lincoln, the Romney Marsh, the Border Leicester and the Wensleydale, are still supreme in their respective districts, throughout the country generally the short-wools have been sweeping all before them, and are now easily the dominating classes in the United Kingdom—that is, of course, if we exclude the mountain range, which are not likely to come within the domain of the Down breeds, for reasons which can readily be surmised. The Leicester, which is the oldest and the fountain-head of the long-wool varieties, has dwindled to very small proportions, and as far as the show-yards are concerned are represented by less than half a dozen flocks. The transference of favor from the long-wooled to the short-wooled varieties is the natural outcome of the increased importance of mutton as compared with wool, especially mutton of choice quality. Even the laboring classes of to-day so keenly discriminate between inferior and high-class mutton that the market for the fat mutton of the weighty long-wool breeds has almost vanished, and, wool having, during the past quarter of a century, greatly depreciated in value, farmers were obliged to produce the article that would realize the best returns, whatever their natural leanings and preferences as to breed must be. Wool is again a valuable asset, but it is highly improbable that the recent advance in the wool markets will have any appreciable effect in altering the modern relationship of the two classes.

"It is in his remarks respecting the relative popularity of the different short-wools that Professor Wallace seems to us to invite criticism. Mr. Wallace seems to be deeply imbued with the merits of the Suffolk breed, a variety which, he asserts, is steadily squeezing the South-downs out of many districts where the latter had hitherto reigned supreme. That the weighty Suffolk is an admirable mutton sheep, either when bred pure or when crossed with mountain or long-wool ewes, cannot be questioned; yet we cannot think that the premier Down variety has lost many supporters in consequence of the aggression of this or any other breed. The Suffolk is a heavier sheep than the Southdown, which stands in the same relationship to all the Downs as the Leicester does to the long-wools; but the plump little variety of the Sussex Downs is still invulnerable in its original haunts, and in many other districts besides. Moreover, the inference that the Suffolk is a superior mutton sheep to the Southdown will not be accepted by the supporters of the latter, nor is it warranted by the positions which the two occupy in the leading markets. The Southdown is still the favorite with butchers, and, notwithstanding the remarkable success of Suffolks or Suffolk crosses at the Smithfield Show, we think it highly improbable that the little Southdown will ever fail to hold its ground against it. It may even be questioned if the Suffolk is the most dangerous rival to the premier Down breed. The Hampshire, the Shropshire and the Oxford are all at least equally serious competitors, more particularly for crossing purposes. Professor Wallace is loud in his praise of the Suffolk ram for crossing with Cheviot ewes; but the records of the Scottish ram sales scarcely bear him out in this respect, as the supreme favorite with Scottish flock-owners for crossing purposes is undoubtedly the Oxford Down, and, after all, their patronage may be accepted as a fairly correct indication of the relative merits of the different varieties for cross-

(Continued on next page.)

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ing uses. We do not in the least intend to disparage the Suffolk breed, which unquestionably is entitled to rank among the best mutton varieties in the country; but in describing it as superior to the Southdown, as well as in stating that it is gradually encroaching upon the preserves of the premier short-wool, we have no hesitation in saying that Professor Wallace is according it unmerited praise. The Suffolk breed has added extensively to its territory in recent years, but, fortunately, its progress has been in other directions than in antagonism to pure-bred sheep, and especially to Southdowns. In common with the other pure-bred varieties, the Suffolk has done its full share in displacing the mongrel classes in the Eastern and East Midland countries, where it is largely bred on pedigree lines, and still more extensively utilized in the production of good cross-bred mutton.

"In speaking of the Scottish mountain black-face breed, Professor Wallace states emphatically that the mountain breed has been seriously injured by the over-feeding of rams. The effects of high-pressure feeding, which is commonly adopted in the preparation of rams for the sales, has for some time been regarded with suspicion and some degree of anxiety by hill farmers, and while there is admittedly good ground for misgiving respecting the point, it will probably be thought that Mr. Wallace somewhat exaggerates the evils that have already resulted or that are likely to occur. It cannot be disputed that the system as applied to mountain sheep in particular is unnatural and risky; yet it is difficult to conceive any acceptable remedy. Owners of mountain flocks are themselves largely responsible for the prevalence of the practices they denounce. If they do not directly approve of them, they certainly supply the incentive to the breeders in the preference they show for animals that are presented at the sales in the best condition. Rams that are offered in what is termed natural condition are practically ignored by buyers, no matter how well bred or what their merits in other respects may be, and so long as high feeding is so profitable a practice it is likely to continue, irrespective of what the effects may be upon the race as a whole. But we are inclined to think that it is easy to magnify the evil consequences of the practice referred to. So long as the ewe stocks are managed in a manner calculated to preserve their hardiness and power of adapting themselves to straitened circumstances, we do not think that there is very much to fear from the influences of over-feeding rams. For the individual animals themselves excessive feeding may have an injurious tendency, and deaths may be undesirably frequent, unless the animals are carefully and skilfully inured to the changed conditions which they have usually to undergo after purchase; but there is no very tangible evidence to suggest that the hardiness of the breed has, as yet at all events, suffered to anything like the extent that has been alleged, while there can be no doubt that the method has been eminently beneficial in improving the early maturing and responsive properties of the mountain sheep."

GOSSIP.

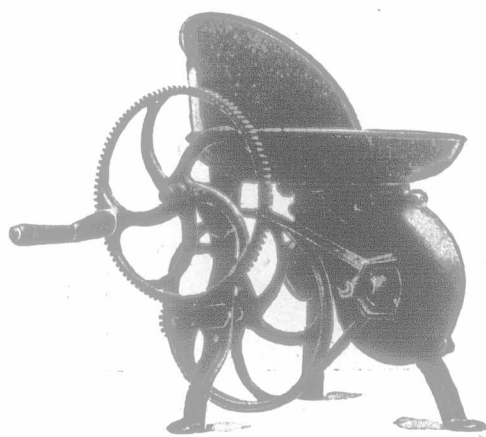
We recently had the pleasure of an inspection of F. J. Collyer's Aberdeen-Angus herd at Welwyn, Sask. There is something peculiarly fascinating about a large herd of cattle all of one solid color, especially when they are uniformly of a utility type. This herd was founded on selections from those of Messrs. Richards, P. E. I.; Stewart, Ont.; Gordon-Cumming, Brandon, and Jas. Bowman, Guelph. Most of the young stock is by the bull Mr. Collyer sold at the combination sale in Winnipeg last spring, Horatia, bred by J. Richards, P. E. I., from imported stock, and pronounced the best Aberdeen-Angus bull at that sale. Two young bulls on offer are of this breeding. The present herd bull is Elm Park King, bred by Jas. Bowman, Guelph, sire Mr. S. Martin's Toronto and Winnipeg champion, Prince of Benton. Mr. Collyer also breeds Berkshires, from which stock parties desiring can secure pigs at bargain-counter prices.

Mr. John Traquair, of Welwyn, Sask., sells Aberdeen-Angus cattle as fast as he can breed them; rather a novel experience these times.

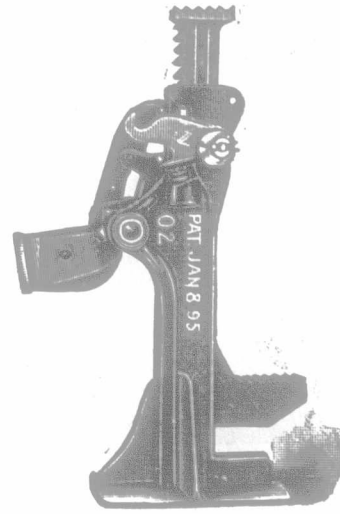
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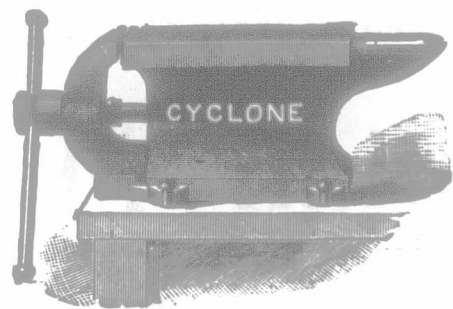
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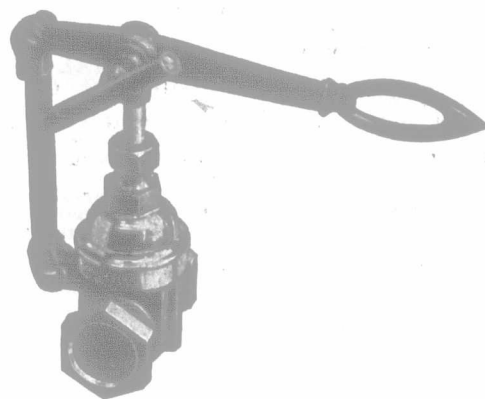
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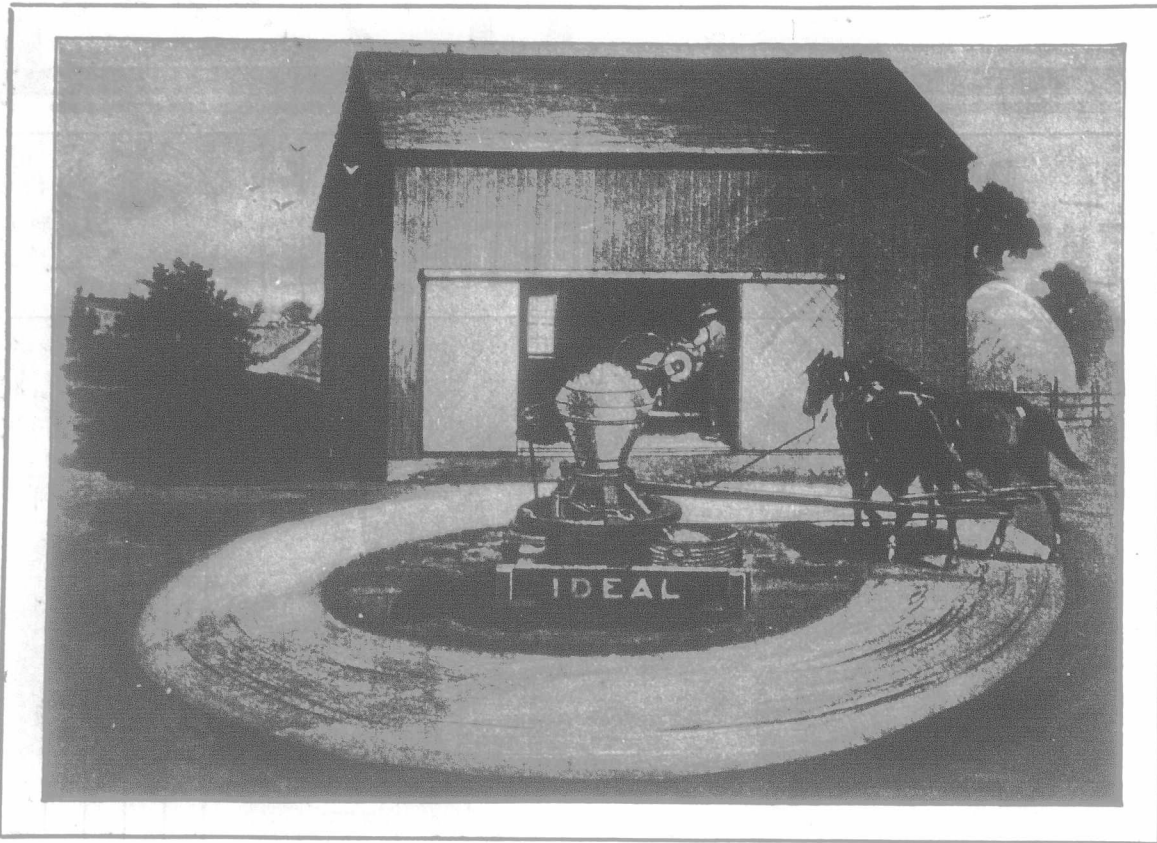
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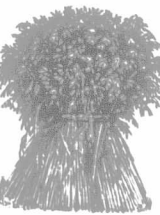
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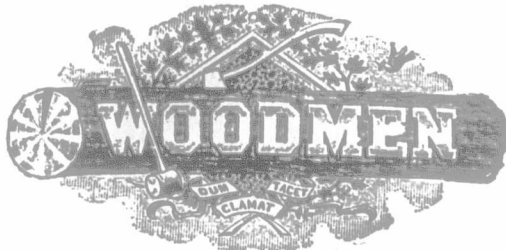
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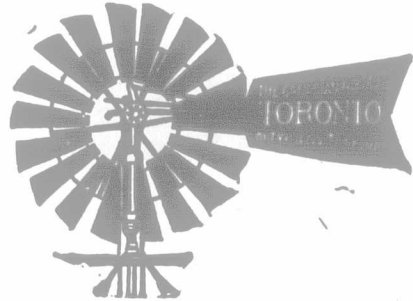
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The C.P.R. Land Dept.

The statistical statements embodied in the last annual report of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company included figures relating to the company's land grants which are not only interesting, as showing clearly the development of the country, but are very suggestive of the tremendous and important nature of the work transacted by the land department of the company, for it is evident that the administration and disposal of upwards of twenty-eight millions of acres of land involve considerations that undoubtedly affect not only the shareholders of the road, but also the well-being of the man, woman and child whose future is concerned with Western Canada. It is now rather more than twenty-four years ago, or to be exact, on the 23rd September, 1881, that the first sale of land was put through the books of the department, and from that day to this, the administration of the department shows a record of unremitting endeavor to work out the great problem of the country's future in a way that would ensure the very best results to all concerned. The year 1881 was an eventful period in the history of Western Canada inasmuch as it was then that the attention of the world was first attracted to the Western prairie by the building of the Canadian Pacific railway, and in the real-estate boom which specially marked that period there is no doubt that had the management of the railway company so desired, they might then and there have easily realized large sums of money by disposing of vast areas of their land grant to eager speculators at high prices. It was well-known, however, that they did nothing of the kind, but instead they inaugurated the policy which has ever since been maintained, of disposing of the lands in such a way as to ensure as far as they could the settlement and development of the country. In accordance with this policy, the lands were in the first place put on the market at a flat price of \$2.50 per acre, and sold exclusively under settlement conditions, which provided for the breaking and cultivation of half the area sold under each contract, and having thus done what they could to ensure the purchase of the lands by actual settlers, the company, through its land department, from this foundation built up, step by step, the masterly, patriotic, and at the same time business-like policy which has at once served the best interests of Western Canada, and has at the same time, from the company's point of view, got the very best results from the land grants.

As the country developed and new districts were opened up, the land department inaugurated extensive systems of advertising the country, and by agency arrangements all over the world brought very large numbers of desirable settlers. SAFEGUARD AGAINST UNDUE SPECULATION.

There is one feature of the policy of the land department which calls for special reference, and that is the system which has been followed in pricing land, and the regulations under which the lands have been disposed of, the policy in these regards having had a very considerable effect on the welfare of the country from the point of view of speculation, as it affects permanent and beneficial settlement and development. In this respect it may be said that the land department of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company have many times, at periods of undue land excitement, acted as a safety-valve, and have been able to safeguard the best interests of the country, and, at the same time, of the company. Controlling a vast area of land, all of which is suitable for settlement, the officials of the land department, by carefully watching the signs of the times, and by following closely their well-marked plan of building up agricultural communities, have been in a position to see when the limit of legitimate speculation has been reached, and combining their technical knowledge of the needs of the country with their appreciation of what is due to the company, they have, without working any hardship to anyone, and without putting any obstacle in the way of desirable investment, been able in a very large measure to direct the land business

(Continued on next page.)

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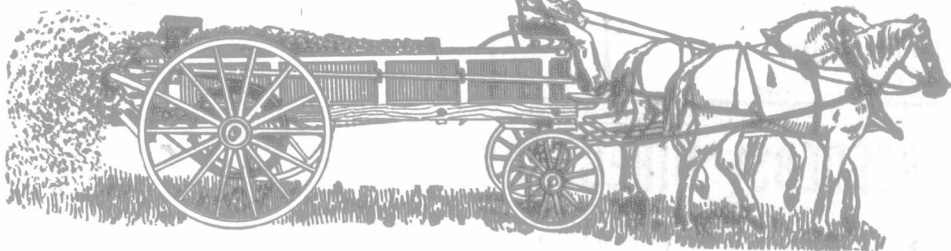
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With one man and a team it will spread as much manure in a day as five men and two teams, and spread it better.

The spread will be uniform and the manure thoroughly pulverized, and is better and more quickly available for the crop; and, perhaps the most important of all, is the use it can be put to for top-dressing, and will be recognized by the farming community as a long-felt want for this reason alone, because top-dressing makes a sure crop, prevents freezing and thawing, protects the crop from dry, cold winds, and also acts as a mulch after the wheat starts to grow. It will spread all kinds of manure, lime, ashes, etc. Write for catalogue.

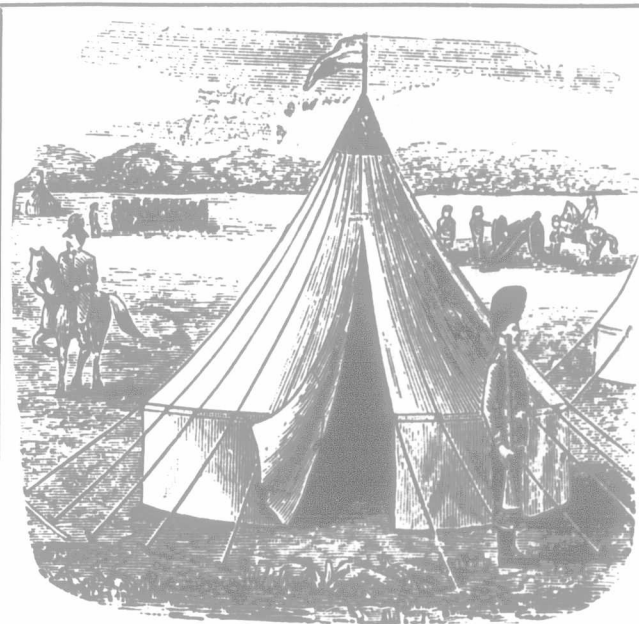
The Paris Plow Co., Limited
Winnipeg, Man.

DON'T DO IT

IF A DEALER OFFERS YOU AN IMITATION FOR

Dr. Clark's White Liniment

DO NOT TAKE IT - IT IS USELESS. THERE IS NOTHING MADE AS GOOD AS THE GENUINE - IMITATIONS ARE MONEY-MAKING FAKES.



W. A. Denby, E. H. Crandell.

The Western Tent & Mattress Co.

Dealers in and Manufacturers of

TENTS, AWNINGS, MATTRESSES, CAMPING SUPPLIES

and all kinds of CANVAS GOODS.

Mattresses Refitted.

Wholesale and Retail.

Calgary, Alta.

Telephone 173. P. O. Box 57. 133 Tenth Ave. East.

There is no other salt
for table use that can
compare with

Windsor SALT

It is absolutely pure—
never cakes—and is
always the same.

BREEDERS' DIRECTORY

Breeders' name, post-office address, class of stock kept, will be inserted under this heading at \$3.00 per line per year. No card to be less than two lines or exceed three lines.

A. DAMSON BROS., Gladstone, Man. Young Scotch-topped Shorthorn bull for sale.

A. & J. MORRISON, Glen Ross Farm, Home-wood, Man. Shorthorns and Clydesdales.

A. D. McDONALD, Napinka, Man.—Breeder of Shorthorns, Yorkshires and Berkshires. Young pigs for sale.

A. D. GAMLEY, Brandon, Man.—Breeder of Leicester sheep and Roadster horses. Stock for sale.

C. BALDWIN, Emerson, Man.—Yorkshire swine, both sexes. Herd boar purchased from Camfield, Minn.

C. W. TAYLOR, Dominion City.—Barred Plymouth Rocks, Buff Cochins, Black-headed Red Game, White Cochins.

E. T. GRIFFITHS, Moose Jaw, Assa.—Breeder of Clydesdales and Shorthorns. Stock for sale.

H. V. CLENDENING, Harding, Man.—Breeder and importer of Red Polled cattle, the dual-purpose breed. H. V. Clending.

HENRY NICHOL, Fairview Farm, Brandon, Man.—Breeder of Clydesdale horses and Shorthorns, etc.

J. COFFEY, Dalesboro, Sask. Shorthorns. Yorkshire swine of all ages and both sexes.

J. G. WASHINGTON, Ninga.—Shorthorns and Clydesdales. Four choice young bulls. One stallion two years. Good one.

JOHN GIBSON, Underhill, Man.—Breeder of Shorthorns and Tamworths. Stock for sale.

JOHN WISHART, Portage la Prairie, Man.—Breeder of Clydesdales and Hackney horses. Young and breeding stock of both sexes for sale.

JAMES DUTHIE, Melgund Stock Farm, Hartney, Man.—Shorthorns and Berkshires.

L. AKE & BELSON, Grenfell, Assa.—Breeders of Polled-Angus cattle. Young bulls for sale.

L. E. THOMPSON, Deloraine, Man.—Breeder of Clydesdales, Shorthorns, Jacks and Jennets. O. I. C. swine and P. B. Rocks.

P. F. HUNTLEY, Registered Hereford cattle. Lacombe, Alta.

PLUM CREEK STOCK FARM—J. H. Kinnear & Son, Souris, Man. Breeders of Shorthorns. Stock for sale.

R. A. & J. A. WATT, Salem P. O., Ont., and telegraph office.—Breeders of Shorthorns and Clydesdales. Imported and Canadian-bred females; also a pair of bull calves.

RIVEREDGE FARM—Shorthorn cattle, Deer hounds, B. Rocks, B. B. R. Games. A. A. Titus, Napinka, Man.

REGINA STOCK FARM—Ayrshires and Yorkshires for sale. J. C. Pope, Regina, Assa.

ROBT. SINTON, Regina, Assa.—Breeder and importer of Herefords. Stock, both sexes, for sale.

R. P. STANLEY, Moosomin, Assa.—Breeder of Percherons and Hackneys. Stallions of both breeds for sale.

SHORTHORNS and Clydesdales. Wm. Chalmers, Smithfield Stock Farm, Brandon. Phone at residence.

SHORTHORNS of the fashionable families. John Kennedy, Swan River, Man.—(C.N.R.), 1 1/2 miles from town.

T. W. ROBSON, Manitou, Man. Breeder of pure-bred Shorthorns. Large herd from which to select. Young bulls and females of all ages for sale.

TRAYNOR BROS., Regina, Assa.—Clydesdales. Stallions for sale.

THOS. ELLIOTT, Regina, Assa.—Breeder of Herefords.

THOS. DALE, Portage la Prairie, Man.—Breeder of Shorthorns and Berkshires. Young and breeding stock of both sexes for sale.

WM. LAUGHLAND, Hartney, Man.—Breeder of Shorthorns, Berkshires, and B.P. Rocks.

W. S. LISTER, Middle Church (N. Winnipeg), Marchmont Herd Scotch Shorthorns. Bulls all ages from imported stock. Telephone 1004B

BOOK-KEEPING Penmanship, Short-hand, Typewriting, Telegraphy, and all business subjects thoroughly taught. Write for particulars. Catalogues free. Address WINNIPEG BUSINESS COLLEGE, cor. Portage Ave. and Fort St., WINNIPEG.

of the whole country into proper channels.

PUBLIC-SPIRITED POLICY.

In other ways, too, the company's land department has been busy building up the commercial and agricultural prosperity of the West. The first winter-wheat experiments in Southern Alberta were made with one of the softer varieties known as Dawson's Golden Chaff. It having been ascertained that the Turkey Winter Red was a harder quality and superior for milling purposes, the company decided to introduce it, when a considerable demand arose for seed. Several carloads were brought in and distributed among the farmers, with the result that all hopes for its success were greatly exceeded.

The high standing at the present time of C. P. R. stock in the markets of the world is making investors realize that through the administration of its lands, the company have built up immense agricultural communities throughout the territory served by its lines, which must mean permanent and lucrative business for the road. From the investor's point of view, the immense increase in the business of the land department during the last three or four years is undoubtedly a most important consideration.

INTERESTING STATISTICS.

Investors are quite aware of the importance of the remaining lands of the company, considered as an asset of the road, and on this point some interesting figures may be quoted from the last annual report.

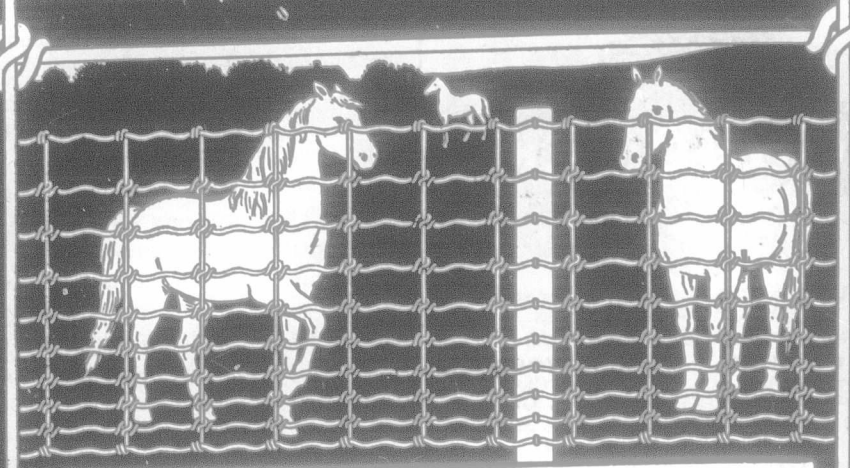
The report shows that the Canadian Pacific Railway land sales of 9,501,632 acres realized \$35,259,023.28; Manitoba South-western land sales, \$1,948,919.62; Great Northwest Central Railway land sales, \$768,998.66, and the Manitoba No. 10 land sale, \$20,158.26.

Adding the amount allowed for the area disposed of to the Dominion Government in 1886, and deducting expenses, the net total of all the land sales is given in the report as \$44,666,768.49. These figures convey some idea of what the remaining eleven million acres of the company are worth, and in estimating this amount, the constantly-increasing value must, of course, be taken into due consideration. The lands are all fit for settlement, and the universal declaration of competent judges has been that it is a land flowing with wheat and money; and are mainly to be found in the most choice districts of Saskatchewan and Alberta. The company have now two plans on which land can be purchased, viz., a six-year plan and a ten-year plan for settlers, and the indications are that a large majority of the sales in the immediate future will be made on the latter plan, this having been the experience of the land department during the past season.

THE NEWHOUSE STEEL TRAP.

Each succeeding winter finds furs increasing in value all over the world. Like diamonds, however, there is also a steady increase in the demand for them. Anyone able to get raw furs can easily find a profitable market. We refer our readers to the advt. of the Oneida Community, Ltd., of Niagara Falls, Ont., in this issue, in which they offer for sale the celebrated genuine Newhouse Steel Traps. Those now using these traps easily make several times their cost in a single season. If you write to the Oneida Community, Ltd., they will tell you all about these traps, and what they will do. You would be making no mistake if you ordered one at the same time.

At Burnbank, seven miles from Elkhorn, Man., Mr. Geo. Allison continues to breed the class of Shorthorns and Leicester sheep that have made his name known all over the West. His stock bull is Royalist, by the Miller bull, Royal Prince (imp.), a big, massive, red animal, a little up from the ground, but with a lot of Shorthorn character and good beefing proclivities. At present the herd is rather reduced in numbers, owing to most of the calves of recent years being bulls, but there is no deterioration in the quality of the cattle kept. The choice of either the herd bull or his yearling son is now offered purchasers. The Leicesters number something over a hundred head, and, according to Mr. Allison, are the most profitable class of stock a man can keep on the farm.



Will Last a Lifetime

We want every farmer to send for our Catalogue. We can't tell you all about the "Ideal Fence" in this advertisement. We can only say that it is made of best No. 9 hard steel galvanized wire throughout, with the famous Ideal lock that cannot slip; that it cannot be pushed down from above, rooted up from the bottom, or buckled in the middle; that it is a good, strong fence, which will last long, always look well, won't get out of order, and save the farmer money, time and trouble. We believe it is absolutely the best fence ever built.

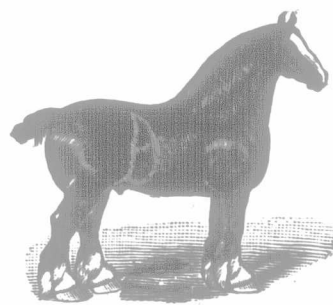
A one-cent postal card will bring you our **FREE** catalogue explaining all about the "Ideal Fence." Write for it to-day.

The McGREGOR-BANWELL FENCE CO., Ltd., Walkerville, Ont.
MERRICK, ANDERSON & CO., Winnipeg. Sole Agents for Manitoba and N.-W. T.

Horses Out of Condition

ARE UNPROFITABLE AND UNSALABLE

Are their legs stocking, or their coats rough? They need a tonic, they need



CARNEFAC

Claremont, Ont., Aug. 5th, 1905.

The Carnefac Stock Food Co., Toronto, Ont.:

Dear Sirs,—We have fed Carnefac since April last, and find that it gives us entirely satisfactory results in conditioning our Hackneys and Clydesdales. We can safely recommend it as a safe and reliable tonic. Yours faithfully,

(Signed) GRAHAM BROS.,

Breeders and Importers of Clydesdale and Hackney Horses.

Write us at once for dealers' name, or for a trial pail.

THE CARNEFAC STOCK FOOD COMPANY
Winnipeg, Man. Toronto, Ont.

Seeds Rennie's Seeds

Carefully selected and tested for the conditions in our Canadian Northwest.

OUR NEW CATALOGUE

Full of good things for 1906, now ready, and we will send it free on receipt of your name and address.

N. B.—Send us the names and addresses of a few farmers and gardeners in your locality, and we will send you 25 cents' worth of choice seeds, your selection, gratis.

WM. RENNIE CO., Seedsmen

850 Main Street, Winnipeg.

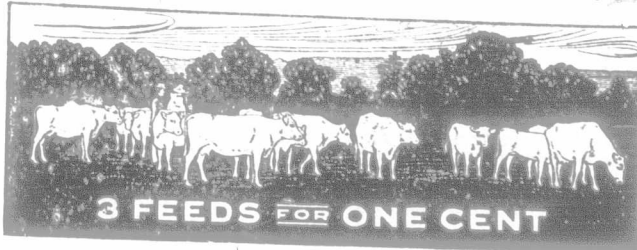
TORONTO

WINNIPEG

VANCOUVER

TOOK FIRST PRIZE.

Orangeville, Ont., Dec. 30th, 1904.
 International Stock Food Co., Toronto, Ont.
 Dear Sirs: We have a calf weighing 770 lbs. at seven months old. He took first prize. We feed him "International Stock Food," and believe it is splendid for either horses or cattle. We have a calf only three months old, weighing 350 lbs., that we are feeding "International Stock Food" to. It is certainly a splendid food, and at every feeding our calves will bawl for it. Yours truly,
 (Sgd.) E. J. HOLMES.

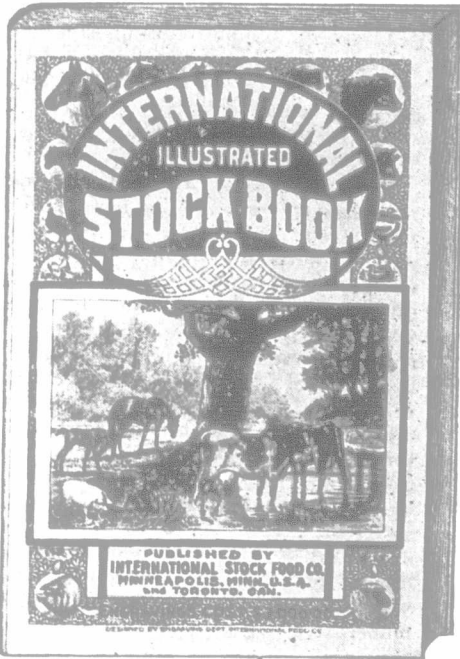


WITHOUT EQUAL FOR CALVES.

Maynard, Ont., Feb. 23rd, 1905.
 International Stock Food Co., Toronto, Ont.
 Dear Sirs: We have used your "International Stock Food" for our horses, cows, pigs and calves, and think it is without an equal for young calves, and we can easily see a big difference on the other animals. Yours truly,
 (Sgd.) JOS. E. KNAPP.

WHY THROW GOOD GRAIN ON THE MANURE PILE?

Under the old system of feeding a large part of the grain fed to live stock was wasted, because it passed through the system without being digested, and was thrown on the manure pile. Recent inventions of farm machinery have saved you a great deal of time and money. Is it not reasonable to suppose that new ideas in regard to stock-feeding can save you just as much? We know that International Stock Food, "3 Feeds for One Cent," will save you money, for it will save you a large part of the grain you have had to throw on the manure pile, because it was not assimilated or taken into the system.
 International Stock Food is a highly-medicated preparation, composed of roots, herbs, barks, seeds, etc., and is fed in small quantities in addition to the regular grain ration for the purpose of aiding digestion, and insuring perfect assimilation. It is entirely harmless even if taken into the human system, and we positively guarantee that it will save you more than its cost, which is, 3 Feeds for One Cent.
 Practical farmers know that an aid to digestion is needed when stock are taken off pasture and put on grain. Many of the best farmers in Canada are using International Stock Food not cost you one cent. We believe that you will consider this a fair and reasonable proposition, and hope that no matter what you think of International Stock Food now, you will make a trial you a net profit of \$360. It is also the cheapest high-class medicated Stock Food you can buy. Our feed measure is a very small one, and it costs you only 3 Feeds to feed the genuine "International" and to be guaranteed paying results. Beware of harmful imitations.
 International Stock Food and International Veterinary Preparations have been on the market for many years, are sold all over the world, calling on our dealer in your town and making a trial for yourself.



A \$3000.00 STOCK BOOK FREE

CONTAINS 183 LARGE ENGRAVINGS. The cover of this book is a beautiful live-stock picture printed in six brilliant colors, without any advertising on it. (See illustration.) The book is 6 1/2 inches wide by 8 1/2 inches long, and cost our engraving department over \$3,000 to produce. It gives illustrations and descriptions of the various breeds of horses, sheep, cattle, hogs, goats and poultry. It contains an up-to-date veterinary department, which treats of all the ordinary diseases to which stock are subject, and tells how to cure them. This department alone should save you hundreds of dollars. A copy of the International Stock Book should be in the home of every farmer and stock-raiser in Canada, being a book of great interest, and containing, as it does, pictures of some of the most famous horses in the world, including Dan Patch, 1554, the world's champion harness horse. We mail this book absolutely free. Postage prepaid by us. Write at once and answer the following questions: 1st—HOW MUCH STOCK OF ALL KINDS HAVE YOU? 2nd—WHERE DID YOU SEE THIS OFFER? Address at once: Largest Stock Food Factories in the world
INTERNATIONAL STOCK FOOD COMPANY, Capital paid in, \$2,000,000
TORONTO, CANADA.

YOUR MONEY BACK IF THEY FAIL TO CURE

If "International" Preparations were not up to the standard, we could not afford to make such an offer. We hereby agree to forfeit \$1000 if we ever fail to do as we say.

- "International Stock Food"
- "International Poultry Food"
- "International Louse Killer"
- "International Worm Powder"
- "International Heave Cure"
- "International Colic Cure"
- "International Harness Soap"
- "International Foot Remedy"
- "International Hoof Ointment"
- "International Pheno-Chloro"
- "International Compound Absorbent"
- "International Gall Cure"
- "International Silver Fine Healing Oil"
- "International Quick Cleaner"
- "International Distemper Cure"

Prepared and Sold on a "Spot Cash Guarantee" by INTERNATIONAL STOCK FOOD CO., Toronto, Can.

The Cow's Udder.

OBSTRUCTION TO FLOW OF MILK.

Frequently, from some unhealthy condition, a little milk remains after milking in the reservoir or dilatation of the milk duct, situated at the base of the teat at its junction with the udder. By evaporation of water from the milk casein is deposited, and these clots, being pressed free of nearly all their liquid constituents, block up the milk passage or duct in the teat. These lumps are quite evident at the junction of the teats with the udder, and can be moved backwards and forwards with the fingers. If they cannot be pressed out by hand, they may be removed by using a spring teat dilator (not a cutting instrument), but before extraction some boiled olive oil should be injected up the teat. As a spring teat dilator is not always to be had, a teat syphon, which is a plain tube, should be carefully passed up the duct, the curd gently broken down, and an injection of tepid water thrown up the milk canal, after which, by gentle manipulation with the teat syphon, the curd will come away. Occasionally the duct is obstructed by a calculus or calculi, the result of precipitation from the milk of a fine sand-like powder. To the feel, these bodies are harder than casein curd. Extractions should be tried in the same manner as for casein curd. Should this not succeed, the teat may require to be laid open with a scalpel (only by a veterinarian, and the more seldom it is attempted by laymen or professional, the better.—Ed.), and sewn up again. This operation must be deferred until the cow is dry. In calculus, in connection with the teat, the milk usually contains gritty particles.

BLOODY MILK.

This condition of the milk may arise from an injury, from rich and abundant food, and may occur during the excitement of oestrus or heat. If madder or logwood is eaten by a cow, there will be a reddish tinge. Milk that becomes red after it is drawn is due to a bacterium, the micrococcus prodigiosus.

BLUE, WATERY MILK

is also due to the presence of a germ

America's Leading Horse Importers



Another sweeping victory at the

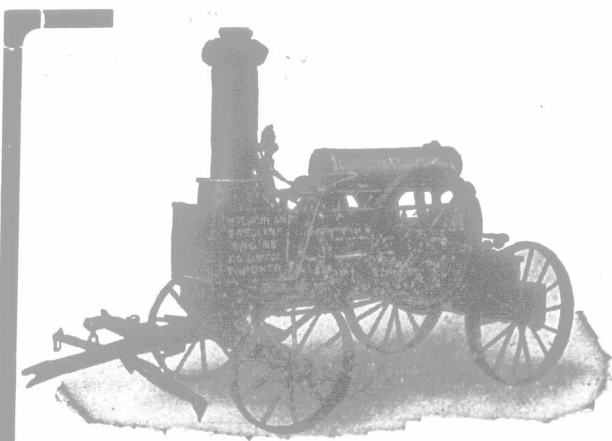
OHIO STATE FAIR

Our **Percheron** and **French Coach** stallions won every **First Prize** and every **Championship.**

McLAUGHLIN BROS.,

St. Paul, Minn. Columbus, Ohio. Kansas City, Mo.

GAS AND GASOLINE



"THE FARMER'S FRIEND"

The McLachlan Engine

FOR ALL PURPOSES

STATIONARY PORTABLE TRACTION MARINE

Write for catalogue, stating for exactly what purposes engine is required.

The McLACHLAN GASOLINE ENGINE CO., Ltd.
 TORONTO, ONT.

called the bacillus cyanogenus. This germ may reach the milk after it is drawn, or it may find its way by the air into the milk ducts, and enter the milk as it is drawn. In the latter case, frequent milking, and an injection into the teats of a solution of two drams of hyposulphite of soda in a pint of water will destroy the germs.

STRINGY MILK

is produced by the development of fungi, the spores of which are present in the system of the cow. This fungus does not grow into filaments within the body of the cow, but five or six hours after milking the surface layers of the milk are found to be a network of filaments. If a pin or needle is dipped in this, the liquid is drawn out like a thread. The cause of the affection is impure water.—[Scottish Farmer.]

BUTCHER & PUBLLOW, the well-known dealers in pianos, organs, sewing machines and musical goods, are this year handling a larger trade than ever before. They now have branch houses established at Edmonton, Red Deer, Lacombe and Lethbridge, and are thus in an excellent position to serve their large constituency in the Province of Alberta and adjacent territory. The Bell piano, a standard of excellence the world over, is handled by this firm, and now, as always, it is giving the best of satisfaction. In addition to this, they are also carrying the Heintzman pianos, Bell organs, New Williams and Eldridge B. sewing machines. Mr. H. B. Stark, for twelve years with Steinway & Sons, New York, attends to the tuning and repairing and guarantees satisfaction. A piano or organ is now a necessity in every home. It is the stamp of elegance and refinement. A post card to this firm will bring particulars as to prices, terms, etc. Write to-day.

Mr. George Gordon, of Oak Lake, Man., has raised an exceptionally promising bunch of Shorthorn heifer calves this season, by Clan Alpine. He also has two young bulls. Next year he may be seen at some of the larger fairs.

Price
\$30.00
only



BURNS
either
COAL or
WOOD

THIS BEAUTIFUL STEEL RANGE
\$30 - is yours for only - \$30

Anybody can say they have the best range in the world, but we will furnish the evidence and leave the verdict to you.

OUR THIRTY DAYS' FREE TRIAL OFFER.

To convince you that the WINGOLD STEEL RANGE is just what we claim for it, we will furnish you this handsome range, which is better made, better finished, more lasting a more economical fuel consuming stove, and guarantee it to do its work equal to, or better than, any steel range you can buy elsewhere at any price, we make you this THIRTY DAYS' FREE TRIAL OFFER. Send us our price, and we will send you the range with the understanding and agreement that you can use the range in your own home for THIRTY DAYS, during which time you can put it to every possible test, compare it with other stoves you have used, and with stoves used by your friends and neighbors, and if you do not conclude that, size for size, kind for kind, the range we send you is in every way better than any range you can buy from your dealer at home or elsewhere; if you are not convinced that you have made a BIG SAVING IN COST TO YOU, you can return the range to us at our expense and we will immediately refund your money with freight charges you paid.

THIS WINGOLD STEEL RANGE has six 8-inch lids; 18-inch oven, made of 16-gauge cold rolled steel; 15-gallon reservoir; large warming closet and high shelf; top cooking surface 30 x 34 inches; guaranteed to reach you in perfect order. Shipping weight 400 lbs. Thousands now in use and every one giving satisfaction.

DON'T BUY A RANGE FROM ANYONE AT ANY PRICE until you get our catalogue. We are manufacturers and **SELL DIRECT TO THE CONSUMER** at one small margin of profit. You will save the dealer's and wholesaler's profit by buying a range from us. Every range guaranteed. Write for further particulars.

WINGOLD STOVE CO., Winnipeg, Man. C.

A Poor Man's Opportunity.

By Robt. F. Langford, Winnipeg.
FRUIT-GROWING IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

A man with limited means, if he be industrious and frugal, can get along quite as well, if not better, on a ten-acre Kootenay fruit block, provided it be amply irrigated, than on a large prairie wheat farm. He has not the expensive machinery or stock to buy, has nothing to pay for fuel or fencing, or for the rougher kinds of building material. He grows a larger proportion of his food supplies in the form of fruit and vegetables, many varieties of which are unobtainable luxuries on the prairies, and, owing to mildness of climate, he and his family do not require to be so warmly housed or clad. He can also obtain employment during his spare time at much higher wages. The standard pay of a working man is three dollars per day pretty generally all over the interior of the Province; somewhat less, of course, by the month. His surroundings, climatic, scenic, and otherwise, will be more pleasant, and the health of himself and family infinitely superior, thereby saving many doctor's bills. The pure mountain water is itself a medicine of priceless value.

NEED NOT WAIT TILL ORCHARD MATURES.

It is true that an orchard does not bear heavily till it is from six to ten years old, depending on the kind and variety of trees planted. That would be a long time to wait for returns, if the settler had to wait; but he has not. While his orchard is maturing, he can derive large profits from poultry and bees, and also by cultivating small fruits and vegetables among the young trees, especially strawberries. In this way a very satisfactory income can be obtained the second year the land is under cultivation, and each successive year, till maturity of the orchard makes it no longer necessary. The gross income from strawberries often reaches \$500 per acre, and tomatoes are said to be even more remunerative, and bring returns the first season. Potatoes pay well, for which there is an inexhaustible local market, if one is within easy reach of any of the mining towns. Hops are also exceedingly profitable, the soil and climate being admirably adapted to their culture. An abundant water supply is essential for hop-growing.

REST FOR THE WEARY.

It will thus be seen that people who desire to participate in the delights of a mild and equable climate, with charming scenery, dainty products, and facilities for recreation absolutely unobtainable in less-favored regions, can have all these things given unto them without sacrificing material property to obtain them. The capable, energetic man can do quite as well in British Columbia as he can on the bleak and wind-swept plains, and have all those desirable things to the good.

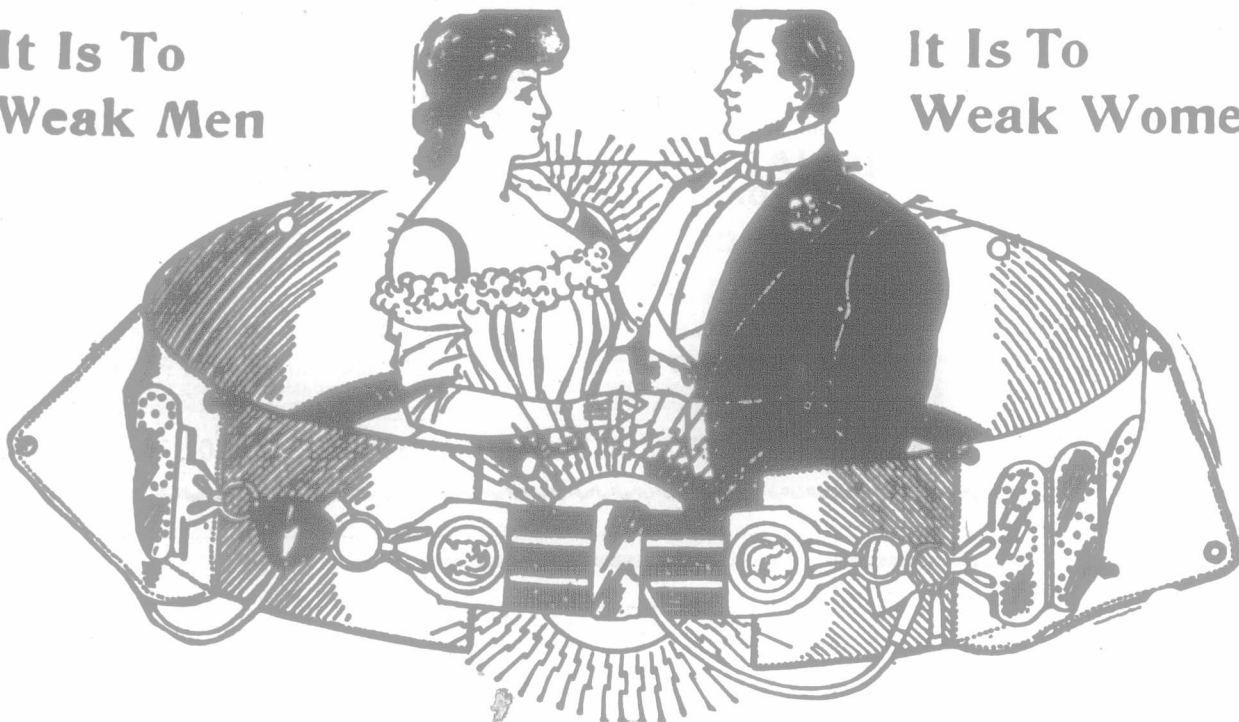
There are, of course, many people who do not crave such attractions as British Columbia offers; people who are totally lacking in appreciation of the beautiful in nature, who see nothing in the grandeur of the forests and the glory of the flowers, nothing in the sunrise on the mountains, sunset in the valleys, or moonlight on the waters, who hear no message in the murmur of the pines, or no sweet solace in the songs of the birds. To such, the most dreary wastes are as satisfying as the Elysian Fields, so long as material prosperity attends their footsteps. To such natures, Kootenay's marvellous beauty does not appeal. But to those who are blessed (for it is a blessing, one of God's most precious gifts) with an innate

LOVE FOR THE BEAUTIFUL, to those in declining years, or failing health, or those who are weary with the strife of the strenuous life, there comes a call wafting over the Western mountains, freighted with suggestions of placid waters, rainbow trout, babbling brooks, sylvan glens, and the restfulness of the "lolling lily," with balmy, aromatic breezes laden with the healing virtue of the pines and cedars and the fragrance of the rose garden, the apple orchard, the locust tree, and the exquisite mountain orchid, inviting the weary one to Canada's unrivalled natural sanitarium, to the lake region of British Columbia, the land of sunshine, fruit and flowers—Kootenay, the beautiful! To accept the call means to the average man ten or twenty years added to his life.

I Offer a Cure or No Pay

It Is To Weak Men

It Is To Weak Women



THIS BELT IS YOURS ON TRIAL

I believe in a fair deal. If you have a good thing and know it yourself, give others a chance to enjoy it in a way they can afford.

I've got a good thing. I'm proving that every day. I want every weak, puny man, every man with a pain or an ache to get the benefit of my invention.

Some men have doctored a good deal—some have used other ways of applying electricity—without getting cured, and they are chary about paying money now until they know what they are paying for.

If you are that kind of a man, this belt is yours without a cent of cost to you until you are ready to say to me, "Doctor, you have earned your price, and here it is."

That's trusting you a good deal and it is showing a good deal of confidence in my belt. But I know that most men are honest, especially when they have been cured of a serious ailment, and very few will impose on me.

As to what my belt will do, I know that it will cure wherever there is a possible chance, and there is a good chance in nine cases out of ten.

So you can afford to let me try anyway, and I'll take the chances. If you are not sick, don't trifle with me, but if you are, you owe it to yourself and to me, when I make an offer like this, to give me a fair trial.

I want you to know what I have done for others. Ernest R. Saunders, Bresaylor, Sask., says:—

Dear Sir,—I write to thank you for your Belt. It is indeed a true friend to a poor fellow like me. I have used it every night since I got it, a month ago, and it has helped me wonderfully already, as I feel twice the man and twice as strong as I did before I got it. I feel better every way, my memory is improving and my intellect is brighter. I am more able and encouraged to work and, to tell the truth of the matter, I have gone through with more work than I have in a long time. Wishing you all success in your grand undertaking, yours sincerely, Ernest R. Saunders, Bresaylor, Sask.,

If you would believe the thousands of men whom I have already treated, my belt is worth its weight in gold.

Samuel Barker, Grafton, Ont., says:—
Dear Sir,—It is more than thirty days since I received the Belt from you, but I have been away from home, so couldn't write before. I am feeling better altogether; I sleep better than I have for a long time; am more fit, and am putting on flesh. The parts are getting firm, and there is no dragging pain, as there was at times. Lastly, but not by any means least, I am glad to say that my appetite is improving marvellously, and that I have no distress after eating, and no indigestion, which is remarkable for me.

But some men don't believe anything until they see it. That's why I make this offer. I want to let you see it, and feel it, and know it by your own experience before I get a cent.

If I don't cure you my belt comes back to me and we quit friends. You are out the time you spend on it—wearing it while you sleep—nothing more.

But I expect to cure you if I take your case. If I think I can't cure you I'll tell you so, and not waste your time. Anyway, try me, at my expense. Come and see me and let me show you what I have, or if you can't, then cut out this coupon and send it in. It will bring you a description of my belt and a book that will inspire you to be a man among men, all free. My hours, 9 a.m. to 6 p.m., Wednesday and Saturday to 9 p.m.

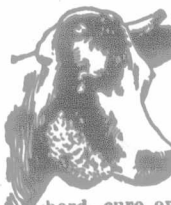
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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS. Veterinary.

UNTHRIFTY MARE

Mare is out of condition. Her hair is dry, and she stalks in all her legs. She had a foal last spring, but is not in foal now.

Ans.—Give her a purgative of eight drams aloes and two drams ginger. Follow up with one dram each nuxvomica, gentian and ginger, three times daily. Feed well, and give regular exercise. V.

STERILE MARE.

I have a six-year-old Clydesdale mare that never had a foal. Last season I bred her regularly to a stallion during May and June, and she did not conceive. I have since heard that the stallion is impotent. In October, I bred her to another stallion, but she is not in foal. The periods of oestrus sometimes last two weeks.

J. C.

Ans.—There are many causes of sterility that cannot be removed. The fact that oestrus lasts so long with yours indicates disease of the ovaries, and if this exists it is not probable she will breed, but the trouble may get better before another year, and if so, she may conceive. The trouble may be closure of the os uteri (the entrance to the womb). The next time she shows oestrus, take her to your veterinarian and have him examine her, and if this is the trouble he will dilate it. Breed her in about one or two hours after the operation. Some grooms can operate, but no person without experience should attempt to operate on a valuable mare.

UNTHRIFTY HORSE, ETC.

1. Horse fed on good hay and three gallons of oats daily is not doing well. His hair stands, and his urine is scanty and high-colored.

2. Horse is so high-spirited and frets so much I cannot feed grain to fatten him. What should I feed him? J. M.

Ans.—1. Feed bran only for twelve hours, then give him a purgative of eight drams aloes and two drams ginger. Feed bran only until purgation commences; then feed hay and a little grain. Then take three ounces each of sulphate of iron, gentian, ginger and nuxvomica, and six ounces nitrate of potash; mix, and make into twenty-four powders, and give him one every night and morning. Feed as you have been doing, and give, in addition, a carrot or two daily and a feed of bran twice weekly, and give regular exercise.

2. Horses of this description must be very gently used. Feed as you do now, and use him very carefully. There is no particular kind of food that will alter a horse's temperament.

INJURED SPINE.

Last summer one of my horses fell 9 1/2 feet out of a barn I was building. We found her sitting on her haunches, but could not rise. We sent for a veterinarian and he placed her in slings, and kept her there for ten days. She could rise after this. We have worked her some, but she has not good control of her hind quarters, and is not improving as fast as we would like. If we turn her around sharply or back her up, she will fall.

F. G. S.

Ans.—The mare's spine became injured, and it will probably take a long time for recovery to take place. You should not work her at all. Give her absolute rest. Work or exercise will retard recovery and probably make it impossible. Put her in a large box stall, and keep her well bedded. Do not take her out of stall at all. Feed her on easily-digested food, as good hay, bran, a few carrots, and a little rolled oats. It is quite probable it will require several months' rest. Treatment will not be of any use, but in all probability nature will effect a cure in time.

V.

At Newdale, Man., Mr. A. R. Fanning, a local business man, denotes some of his spare time to the driving and breeding of trotting horses. His yearling stallion, Stewart Hopper, won the good ticket at Winnipeg this year, and the horse that beats him will have to be extra fine. He is by Seneca Stewart, and his dam is Mr. Fanning's Medora Alcazar, was bred by Uihlain Bros., of Milwaukee, and travels through Red Wilkes to Pilot Medium. Medora Alcazar this year raised a stud colt, Joe Roulston, by Model Monarch, a Hambletonian-bred horse. One of the latest purchases is the mare, Brino, by Wild Brino, a capital driver, and a model in conformation.

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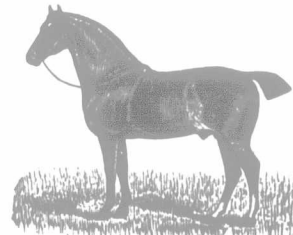
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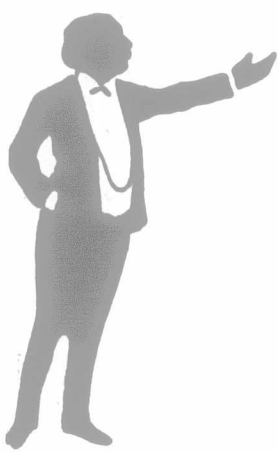
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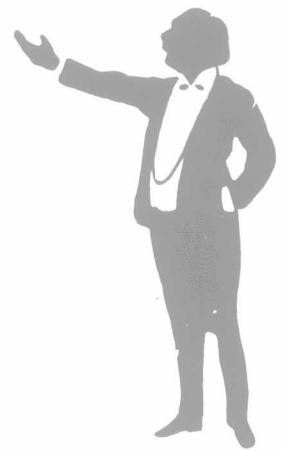
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Of which it has been decided to issue at present 10,000 shares at \$110 per share, being one-half of the authorized capital.

TERMS—\$5 per share of the par value on application, \$15 per share on allotment, \$30 per share on the first day of the month immediately succeeding the date of allotment, \$10 per share every three months thereafter, on the first day of the month, until the whole amount, including the premium, is paid.

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S. S. CUMMINS, Secretary for Organization.
 At the Provisional Office, Merchants Bank Building,
 Main St., WINNIPEG.

GOSSIP.

Mr. Alex. Cameron, of Oak Lake, is building up a stud of pure-bred Clydesdales. He now has eleven mares and fillies, six of which are imported. Lord Ascott (imp.) is his stock horse. During his first year out, this horse suffered a severe setback, owing to an ulcerated tooth, which was afterwards removed, so that now he is maturing into a big, useful-looking sire. May he be a success.

If ever the history of Shorthorn cattle in Western Canada is written, the stock bred by Messrs. Geo. Rankin & Sons, of Hamiota, Man., will be sure to receive mention among the most prominent individuals. Mr. Rankin first founded the Melrose herd in the early eighties, when the railway was a long distance from his farm, and when improved cattle were not as plentiful as they are to-day. The first purchases were two heifers and the bull, Eclipse 10225, brought out by Mr. John E. Smith from the herds of the Watts, of Elora. Eclipse was a Barmpton Hero bull, and the heifers were both of the best Scotch blood. One of these heifers, Lady Gladstone, by Lord Lansdowne, bore five heifer calves in succession, and as they were all retained in the herd but one, left a distinctive mark upon Mr. Rankin's cattle. Since those early days, several bulls have been used with remarkable success, including Knight of Rose 23702 (a Watt-bred bull), Royal Scott, Lord Stanley 43rd, etc.

At the present time, two stock bulls are kept, and seldom it is that animals of such exceptional merit are found in one herd. Sir Colin Campbell (imp.) 28878 is the older of the two, being calved in 1897, and imported to Canada by John Isaac, of Markham. He is by the noted stock bull, Royal Mail, and his dam was Clara 32nd, by Sittyton Fame. In scale, this bull is enormous, and keeps his colossal frame covered with flesh of the best handling quality. He is red in color, low down, and has proved a pronounced success as a stock-getter. Somewhat different in type, and a year younger, is The General 30899, bred by John E. Smith, Brandon. His sire was Lord Stanley, and dam Maude of Smithfield, by Lord Charles Beresford. The General is very much of the Scottish Canadian type of bull: lengthy, smooth, and deep, and a good handler, and a producer of easy-feeding stock. Among the females there is only one imported cow, Rose Flower, four years old, by Clifton, dam Rosebud, by Nero, and she has produced two good calves; the first a heifer, Rose Blossom, a heavily-coated, thick, sappy yearling, sired by the imported bull, Royal Prince. Lady Alice 4th, now four years old, is one of the best breeding cows in the herd. She is by Sir Colin Campbell, dam Lady Alice Gladstone. Her heifer won first this year as a two-year-old at Dominion Exhibition. Daisy Bell, another cow, by Royal Scott, is the mother of the third-prize cow at the same exhibition, now in W. H. English's herd. A cow of good breeding is Golden Belle 2nd, being full sister to Mr. Jas. Russell's bull which headed the first-prize herd at the World's Fair in Chicago. She is by Golden Measure (imp.), dam Golden Belle. Zora, bred by J. E. Smith, is another of the great Golden Measure's get, dam Evangeline, by Windsor (imp.).

At present, the most attractive cow in the herd is Violet 37379, by Lord Stanley 2nd, dam Lady Greenway, by Lord Lansdowne, granddam Violet, by Barmpton Hero, the highest-priced cow at J. E. Smith's sale. All these cows have been prolific, without exception, and, as one might expect, the demand for stock from this herd has not abated, even in late years of dull cattle markets. At present there is a good assortment of this year's bull calves from which to select, but the heifers are not offered, as the Rankins are anticipating better conditions in the cattle trade and want to be prepared for the good times coming.

Melrose farm is also noted for its Clydesdales, the good stock horse, McBain, being still in the stud and liberally patronized by neighboring farmers. Clan Stewart, a three-year-old, by McBain, dam Ladysmith, is offered for sale, and should prove a valuable investment, as he is a clean-limbed, well-proportioned horse, active on his feet, and kindly-tempered. Another entire colt is Field Marshal, by McBain, dam Nancy Lee. He is, as yet, a big raw colt, two years old, that promises to grow into a horse of more than average weight.

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Industrial Education a Factor in Social Reform.

By J. E. Runtions.

Of all the great moral questions which, to-day, are agitating the minds of our philanthropists, none is greater than the problem of "social reform," and on no subject is there so much misdirected energy. Society would be the sooner reformed if our great men were to realize the great fact that the school is the embryonic society. The boys and girls in our schools to-day are to be the men and women in our society to-morrow, and the countries which sacredly regard this fact are destined to be the leading powers of the world; hence the teacher shares equal honors with the statesmen in empire building.

Though rightly proud of our nation, are we not yet sacrificing too lavishly to this highly-civilized twentieth-century age? Fathers and mothers are sacrificing to it—themselves and their children, in factory, shop and office—as surely as the benighted heathens of the dark ages sacrificed their dear ones to Molock and the Ganges.

Under these existing conditions, who of us does not long, at least in part, for the good old days of our forefathers—the days of happiness and contentment, the days of great artists and philosophers. Though it may be impracticable and undesirable to live in those good old days again, yet may we not wisely incorporate some of the desirable features of those times into our present life.

Then every member of the family took part in growing and preparing all their own foods; helped in producing the wool and flax, in spinning, weaving and making it up into clothing; helped in building their homes and barns, and became skilled in all the home crafts, thereby gaining an education which our home life, at present, can never afford, now that everything is "ready made."

Long after the shop and factory had robbed the families of these home crafts, Cygnæus, of Sweden, and Salomon, of Germany, introduced into their schools in the early '70's the principles of these home crafts, which they termed "Sloyd," but now commonly called manual training. This new subject proved so beneficial that manual training is now being introduced into the schools of all the civilized countries. It is no longer considered a hobby, but rather an indispensable factor in our educational system. It is proving the salvation of many an apparently dull and stupid pupil, by arousing within him some latent activity, which, in turn, quickens his whole mental and physical being to such an extent that he becomes a model for general proficiency.

Manual training in our schools is proving a powerful medium towards industrial and social reform. Our pupils imbibe a taste for and a love of manual labor. In many homes, especially those of wealth, the parents, in a blind love for their children, surround them with servants so that they learn little of work, except to despise it, and to disrespect the grimy face and hands of honest labor. In our work-rooms, the children of rich and poor stand side by side at their benches, helping and encouraging one another. This opportunity is a great lever by which the teacher in his realm elevates the children of the poor to the same level as the children of the rich, and labor to the level of all.

He who with Plato believes that the slave is a man who must not exercise his own ideas, will bemoan the restraint practiced in many of our less-progressive schools of to-day. The pupils are obliged to sit, weary hours, in a small, hard form, passive recipients to the knowledge offered by teacher and book. These pupils hail with delight the advent of the Sloyd bench, where they can exercise their self-activity and ingenuity, practice their originality, develop their self-reliance and independence, features which must characterize the life and habits of every successful man in life. At the bench, the Sloyd worker intuitively forms habits of order, exactness, cleanliness, neatness, attention, interest, etc., each of which is of inestimable value towards making life a crowning success.

At the Sloyd bench, the pupil is taught to observe hygienic positions. Thus, by reviewing the aims in manual training, it will be observed that the three sides of the human nature, the mental, moral and

(Continued on next page.)

Be Ready For Croup

AND INSIST ON HAVING THE TIME-TESTED MEDICINE.

DR. CHASE'S SYRUP OF LINSEED AND TURPENTINE

It is not a question of whether you will need a treatment for coughs, colds and croup in your home, but the question is, will you select the most effective medicine, or simply be satisfied to take whatever your druggist happens to hand out to you?

Time and experience have proven that you can depend on Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine at such times. It is only necessary to remember this when the critical time comes, and to insist on getting what you ask for.

Should you have children who are subject to croup, you had better keep a bottle of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine in the house, for when the choking spasm comes on there is little time to send for doctor or medicine.

It seems scarcely necessary to dwell on the merits of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine as a cure for croup, bronchitis, whooping cough, etc. Most of us have known it from childhood up. It is almost as familiar as Dr. Chase's Recipe Book.

Being pleasant to the taste, it is readily taken by children. Because it brings quick relief to the sufferer from asthma, bronchitis, whooping cough and all the most serious diseases of the throat and lungs, it is invaluable as a household medicine; 25 cents a bottle, at all dealers.

SNAPS IN SHORTHORNS.

Bulls from six months to two years. Can supply several Winnipeg prize-winning Tamworth sows and one-year-old boar. Also Pekin ducks and White Brahma cockerels.

A. W. CASWELL, Neepawa, Man.
SHORTHORNS and TAMWORTHS.


Prizewinners at Winnipeg, Brandon and New Westminster. Select stock always for sale.

T. E. M. BANTING, Banting, Man.



Grandview Herd.
Scotch Shorthorns
Herd headed by Trout Creek Favorite =3395=
Stock for sale at all times. Correspondence solicited.
JAS. WILSON, Innisfail, Alberta
Farm 3 miles south of town.

SITTYTON STOCK FARM
High-class SCOTCH SHORTHORNS FOR SALE
Sittyton Hero 7th, my great show and stock bull, is now for sale. (Three times champion at Winnipeg, Man.; three times champion at Regina's big Fair; SECOND at World's Fair at Buffalo, and other prizes too numerous to mention.)
GEO. KINNON, - Cottonwood, Sask



Rushford Ranch
Young Stock for Sale.
Sired by Trout Creek Hero and Loyalty. Also several cows. Write for particulars.
R. K. BENNET, Box 95, Calgary.

SUNNY SLOPE SHORTHORNS
I have now for sale one 2-year-old red bull (imp.) and six extra well-bred yearling bulls and several cows and heifers. Prices reasonable and quality right.

JOHN RAMSAY, Priddy, Sask.
Drummond's Shorthorns—Drummond's Chief = 52666 = at head of herd. Young stock for sale at all times.
J. & W. SHARP, - Lacombe, Alta.

STEVENS FIRE ARMS

"To ride, to shoot, and to speak the truth" was all our forefathers thought necessary to teach a boy—if he could do these three things, the rest would take care of itself.

Nowadays boys ride something besides horses, shoot something besides arrows, and, let us hope, learn something of geography, arithmetic and spelling, as well as "speak the truth."

But it is just as true to-day as ever it was, that the boy who rides, shoots, and speaks the truth, is apt to be a pretty manly sort of fellow, who knows how to look after himself and will make his way in the world.

Give your boy a "Stevens" and you give him a good start towards confidence and self-reliance, which is at the bottom of all accomplishments.

Our 140-Page Catalogue FREE

It tells all about the famous Stevens shotguns, rifles and pistols, how to select them, how to test them, how to care for them. Send four cents in stamps to cover postage.

If your dealer can't supply you with Stevens Firearms, order from us direct. Sent prepaid on receipt of list price.

J. STEVENS ARMS & TOOL CO.
High St.
Chicopee Falls, Mass., U.S.A.

BOYS' RIFLES

- Stevens-Maynard Jr. \$3
- Crack Shot . . . \$4
- Little Krag . . . \$5
- Favorite, No. 17 . . \$6



AYRSHIRES

OUR HERD NOW NUMBERS FIFTY HEAD

We have the oldest-established herd of Ayrshire Cattle in Western Canada.

Females of all ages FOR SALE

If you think of buying correspond with us, or call and see them. We began with the best females we could buy, and have used nothing but first-class sires.

Come and see them anyway: no business, no harm.

Steel Bros.

Glenboro, Man.

A1 CATTLE CAN BE BOUGHT RIGHT FROM

Manitoba's Leading Shorthorn Herd

Among those offered being Nonpareil Prince, a straight Nonpareil two-year-old, winner of first at Winnipeg, 1904-5, and Fairview Prince, same age, another winner this year, and younger bulls fit for service. Am crowded for room, hence have heifers and cows for sale at rock-bottom prices.

JOHN G. BARRON, Carberry, C.P.R., Fairview Siding, C.N.R.

NOTICE. When writing advertisers please mention the Farmer's Advocate.

physical, are regarded, thus producing citizens of sound minds in sound bodies.

Many erroneous ideas prevail regarding the aims and methods of teaching manual training. Our aim in the Sloyd-room is disciplinarian, rather than utilitarian; to produce men rather than artisans, though the latter are produced incidentally. The labor unions in several places have objected strenuously to technical education in our schools, declaring it would hurt their trades. This is a standing tribute to the mechanical proficiency acquired incidentally in our work-rooms. These labor men in their near-sightedness fail to see that such schools put their own sons in a position to serve their apprenticeship more intelligently and in a shorter period of time.

The Sloyd instructor should demand from and inspire in his pupils' work the ideas of "quality rather than quantity, make haste slowly, precaution rather than dexterity." The class should be led to see that there is more education and discipline in producing one perfectly plane face on a board than in planing four uneven surfaces, and unless the first face is perfectly plane, the remaining surfaces cannot possibly be made perfectly plane. The pupils should be encouraged to proceed very slowly at first, and dexterity will come with practice. Of course, these principles hold good in every phase of the work. The teacher who accepts hurriedly and carelessly done work ignores the fundamental principles of manual training, and is inflicting upon each pupil an irreparable injustice.

By giving each pupil possession of each model he completes, and by allowing him to make such models as shall be of some practical use to him, his interest will be more keenly aroused, because at the completion of his model, he realizes an immediate, tangible reward for his diligent efforts. For the same reason, interest and care is aroused in the drawing of each model, and the printing of instructions, preparatory to the construction of the model, for the pupil realizes that the care and accuracy exercised in his drawing will be productive of a carefully and accurately constructed model. That he may be accurate in his measurements is an incentive towards brushing-up his mathematics. Manual training renders nature study more interesting to the pupils since they are thereby enabled to make germinating boxes, spreading boards, aquariums, etc., all of which are indispensable in successful nature study. Thus we observe that manual training is one of the most, if not the most potent factor towards the banishment of disintegration and the establishment of correlation in our educational system.

The introduction of manual training in ungraded schools is proving to be of great interest and profit to both teacher and pupils. It is a happy deviation from routine work. Though there may not be the metal or wood rooms in the ungraded school, yet paper folding and cutting, cardboard work, clay modelling, weaving, basketry and color work may all be successfully conducted in the common school-room, with very little apparatus and material. For the paper and cardboard course, the pupils may use their own knives, rules, compasses and pocket scissors. A thick piece of old cardboard, about a foot square, for each pupil, will be sufficient on which to cut cardboard. One class, for a term, would require about 1,000 sheets plain white paper, 6 in. square, at 75c.; 4 dozen large sheets Bristol board at 75c. a dozen; 2 dozen sheets colored glazed paper, assorted colors on one side, plain white on the other, 20 in. by 30 in., at 60c. a quire; 100 sheets manilla paper, 50c., and a pot of paste, 30c. Though the teacher may not have taken any paper or cardboard work, a copy of "Paper and Scissors in School-room," by Emily Weaver, and "Cardboard Construction," by J. H. Trybom, with some practice, will be sufficient towards successfully conducting a class in this work. For modelling, the teacher will be able to procure clay in nearly every locality. If proper clay may not be secured, Harbutt's Plasticine, at a trifling cost, is an excellent thing, and Mrs. Harbutt's small book, "Plastic Methods for Plastic Minds," opens up great possibilities for a class in this work. For weaving, raffia, rushes and straw may be used, and for basketry, raffia, fine rattan and willow boughs may be successfully used.

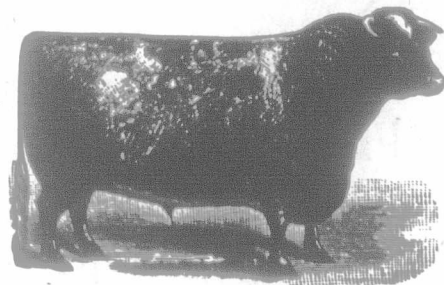
It is to be regretted that the girls' (Continued on next page.)

Ring-Bone

So common nearly every body knows it when he sees it. Lameness and a bony enlargement just above the hoof, or higher and on the upper pastern bone, sometimes extending nearly around the part, sometimes in front only, or upon one or both sides. Cases like the latter are called Sidebone.

No matter how old the case, how big the lump, how lame the horse, or what other treatment has failed, use

Fleming's Spavin and Ringbone Paste
Use it under our guarantee—money refunded if it fails to make the horse go sound. Often takes off the lump, but we can't promise that. One to three 45-minute applications required and anyone can use it. Get all the particulars before ordering—write for Free Horse Book that tells you what to use for every kind of blemish that horses have.
FLEMING BROS., Chemists,
46 Front Street, West, Toronto, Can.



ARTHUR JOHNSTON

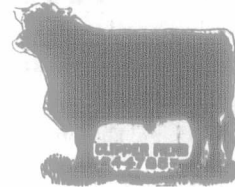
Greenwood, Ont.

Offers for sale at moderate prices:

- 3 high-class imp. bulls.
- 2 excellent yearling bulls, home-bred.
- 17 first-class bull calves.

Also cows and heifers, imp. and home-bred. Most of the above imp. or sired by imp. bulls and from imp. dams.

MAPLE SHADE



Cruickshank Shorthorns and Shropshire Sheep

16 choice young bulls of Cruickshank breeding, from which you can select high-class herd-headers. If you wish to see the breeding we shall be pleased to mail a catalogue.

JOHN DRYDEN & SON,

Brooklin, Ont.

Stations: Brooklin, G.T.R. Myrtle, C.P.R. Long-distance telephone.

SCOTCH SHORTHORNS

- 9 heifers, yearlings.
- 29 heifers, calves.
- 4 bulls, yearlings.
- 26 bulls, calves.

All out of imported sires and dams.

Prices easy. Catalogue.

John Clancy, H. CARGILL & SON, Manager, Cargill, Ont. T. DOUGLAS & SONS, Strathroy, Ont.

SHORTHORNS and GLYDESDALES

Present offerings: 19 young bulls, of No. 1 quality, ready for immediate service; also cows and heifers of all ages. Also one imp. stallion and two brood mares. Prices reasonable. Visitors welcome. Farm one mile from town.

Maple Lodge Stock Farm. 1854.

An excellent lot of Shorthorn bulls and heifers for sale now. Have choice milking strains. Have a few Leicester left yet. Bargains in ewes.

A. W. SMITH, Maple Lodge, Ont.

Cattle and Sheep Labels
Now is the time to get informed about Labels. They are cheap and very useful. Write for circular and sample.
F. G. JAMES,
Bowmanville, Ont.

Holyrood Production 70785.
is offered at the small fee of \$5 to a limited number of approved bitches for a short time. Send for stud card, free.
R. E. CLARK,
West Lorne, Ont.



Rough, icy roads, sharp snags, or the hardest wear won't hurt **ARMOUR CLAD** Lumberman's and Boots—they're made to stand rough usage.

Weatherproof, waterproof, snag proof, comfortable. All styles. Get a pair this winter. "The mark of quality" on every pair.

ARMOUR CLAD

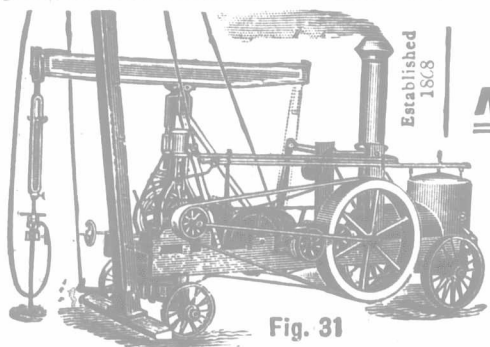
Something New Under the Sun ; The World do Move.

A Perfect, Clean and Natural Shave Without a Razor:

The Angelus Hair Remover is a local application, which removes the hair from the face of mankind as the tropical sun would icicles; yet without the slightest injury to the skin, and which discovery is the result of a lifetime's scientific research and experimentation by the great French savant, Prof. Jean Roger Gauthier, of Paris. For not until now has there been a prescription of the kind, which successfully removes the coarsest hair from the tenderest skin, without any injurious effect. Thus the Angelus Hair Remover marks a new era in the 20th century, for the man who appreciates a means whereby he is enabled to save valuable time, trouble, annoyance, and useless expense; as it sounds the doom of the razor, and which will shortly become as obsolete in the annals of hygiene, as has become the battle axe to modern warfare—and like the latter will become but a relic of the barbaric ages gone by. The Angelus should be in the hands of every progressive man, whose time to shave himself is limited, including all those who are tired of being next to have their faces marred, mauled and mutilated; to say nothing of the constant danger of contracting infectious disease as barbers' itch, ringworm, or worse still. Therefore, the Angelus is an absolutely indispensable article to everyone who values a daily clean shave, which takes but 2 minutes and costs just 2 cents; and for the purpose of quickly introducing same to every shaver in this country we grant a further allowance of 33% on the first package, for trial and advertising purposes, thus giving you a full \$3.00 package, enough for 150 shaves, for \$2.00. Ladies troubled with superfluous hair will find the Angelus an ideal remedy and as superior to all depilatories now on the market as the electric light is to the candle; and far more reliable and convenient than the torture-inflicting needle. Address Lady Manager in full confidence. Agents, male and female, desiring to earn \$25.00 to \$50.00 per week selling the Angelus, should have personally used at least one package to render them enthusiastic and successful agents. Do it now. Address Dept. 931.

The Angelus Dermal Products Co., 56 W. 116th St., New York.

YOUR INTERESTS AND OURS ARE IDENTICAL.



You Want Practical
WELL DRILLING MACHINERY
to develop that
Mineral, Oil or Water

proposition; we have it. Guarantee
it to work satisfactorily.

Tell us about the formations, depth, diameter holes;
will send printed matter and can save you money.

THE AMERICAN WELL WORKS,
AUROKA, ILL., U. S. A.
CHICAGO, ILL. DALLAS, TEXAS.

BERKSHIRES

Imported and Canadian-bred
H. M. VANDERLIP, Cainsville,
on T. H. & B. and B. & G. division of Grand
Trunk. Telephone and telegraph, Cainsville.
om

education is not so efficiently provided for as for the boys. The girls are sometimes given a smattering of manual training, but are more frequently detained in their class-rooms for regular routine work, while the boys retire to the work-rooms. This is an instance of the old prevailing idea that it's a waste of time and money to give a girl a complete education, as she soon marries and then all her education is a dead loss. Mental power is as much inherited as acquired. By observing a child, we may determine the degree of culture and refinement the parents possess, especially of the mother, as she, being so much with the children in the home, exerts a greater influence than the father. While the boys enter the wood or metal rooms, the girls should retire to the domestic science kitchen, laundry and sewing-rooms; for domestic science affords the same degree of education and training to girls that manual training offers boys. Furthermore, I believe our girls acquire a finer art with the needle than with the brush, and a truer education in the kitchen than in the academy. The father and children haven't much respect for mother's classics, if after each meal they require to take a dyspepsia tablet, or are obliged to wear stockings which open at both ends. Nor do I relieve the father from improving the many opportunities offered in the home for helping to make the mother's numerous duties lighter, instead of expecting mother and children to be his servants the moment he enters the house. Such fathers are human bears, and deserve a cave rather than the luxuries and kindnesses of a home. Nor do these cruel and selfish characters remain within the homes. They enter the larger society in such hideous forms that one almost doubts the existence of the human virtues in either sex.

To reform this depraved state of society, we must take hold of the young generation in their plastic age and mould and educate them as a society. No department of our system of education exerts such an influence in this direction as our manual training and domestic science departments. Here the children work together, share each others troubles and joys, and are each day developing their mental, moral, physical and social natures. When every school introduces this system of education and trains each child into membership within such a little social community, saturating him with the spirit of service, and providing him with means of effective self-direction, then we shall have the deepest and best guarantee of a larger society which is worthy, lovely and harmonious.
Calgary, Nov., 1905.

TRADE NOTE.

THE DOHERTY ORGAN.—A musical instrument in these times has become an acknowledged necessity in the majority of Canadian farm homes, and an up-to-date reed organ fills the bill for the general farmhouse or village home or church or school. The Doherty organ, built by W. Doherty & Co., of Clinton, Ont., has made for itself almost a world-wide reputation as a high-class instrument, and the business of the company has undergone remarkable expansion in the last few years in unison with the increasing demand and rapid sale of organs turned out by the company. Churches and schools in all the provinces have ordered the Doherty, and found it entirely satisfactory, as have also a host of individual purchasers. The export demand for this organ has also grown rapidly, and it has made itself popular in many European countries. It has also been recognized by royalty, Mr. Doherty having received word last month from his agent in Hamburg, Germany, to the effect that His Majesty the Emperor of Germany had graded one of his royal parlors with a handsome Doherty organ, thus recognizing their superiority. This is another significant honor to the popular Doherty organ. Note the advertisement in this paper, and write for particulars.

"How do you think the Americans and Canadians compare?" was a question asked recently of a visiting Scotchman. "They're just about the same in most respects."
"Did you find the Yankee a little more hustling?"
"A wee bit more impertinent," was the reply. "They don't understand my brogue very well sometimes, and instead of a polite, 'I beg your pardon,' they snarl out, 'What!'"

BLOOD HUMORS

**PIMPLES
BLOTCHES
ERUPTIONS
FLESHWORMS
HUMORS**

Many an otherwise beautiful and attractive face is sadly marred by unseemly Blotches, Pimples, Eruptions, Fleshworms and Humors, and various other blood diseases.

Their presence is a source of embarrassment to those afflicted, as well as pain and regret to their friends.

Many a cheek and brow—cast in the mould of grace and beauty—have been sadly defaced, their attractiveness lost, and their possessor rendered unhappy for years.

Why, then, consent to rest under this cloud of embarrassment?

There is an effectual remedy for all these defects, it is,

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

This remedy will drive out all the impurities from the blood and leave the complexion healthy and clear.

Miss Annie Tobin, Madoc, Ont., writes: "I take great pleasure in recommending your Burdock Blood Bitters to any one who may be troubled with pimples on the face. I paid out money to doctors, but could not get cured, and was almost discouraged, and despaired of ever getting rid of them. I thought I would give B. B. a trial, so got two bottles, and before I had taken them I was completely cured and have had no sign of pimples since."

Burdock Blood Bitters has been manufactured by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, for over 30 years, and has cured thousands in that time. Do not accept a substitute which unscrupulous dealers say is "just as good." "It can't be."

Pine Grove Stock Farm

Breeders of
High-class Scotch Shorthorns,
Choice Shropshire Sheep, Clydesdale and Hackney Horses.

Second annual sale of Shorthorns at farm, on
Wednesday, Jan. 10th.

Herd catalogue on application. Address:
C. W. WILSON, Supt., Rockland, Ont.
W. C. EDWARDS & Co., Limited, Props. om

Spring Grove Stock Farm

Shorthorn Cattle and Lincoln Sheep

First herd prize and sweepstake,
Toronto Exhibition, 8 years in succession. Herd headed by the imported
Duffie-bred bull, Rosy Morning, and
White Hall Ramsden. Present crop of
calves sired by Imp. Prince Sunbeam,
1st, Toronto, 1905.

High-class Shorthorns of all
ages for sale. om

Also prizewinning Lincolns. Apply
T. E. ROBSON, Iderton, Ont.

Ayrshires and Yorkshires

REGINA STOCK FARM.

Young bulls by my famous sire
"Burnside"; also the sire himself.
Yorkshires of both sexes and various
ages. The blood of the world-
renowned Dalmeny herd in all my
hogs.

J. C. POPE,

Regina, Saskatchewan.

Brampton Jersey Herd—We have now for immediate sale **10 bulls**, from 6 to 18 months old, descended from St. Lambert or imported stock; also females of all ages. In order to reduce our stock, we are making a special offer. For full particulars address
B. H. BULL & SON,
Brampton, Ont.
Phone 85. om

Burnside Ayrshires One two-year-old and two males of all ages, just imported June 1st, Scotch prize winners, also a number of yearling and home-bred cows, steers, and goats. Order a good calf from my milk house.
R. R. NESS, Burnside, Howick, Que.

MOUNT FARM BERKSHIRES

Book now for
not akin,
and correspond
promptly
G. BULSTRODE,
Qu'Appelle, Sask.

om

Advertise in the Advocate

Ship Your Grain to us to be sold on the Bulges

Write for Market Prospects and our way of Doing Business.

Thompson, Sons & Company

Option orders executed. Grain Commission Merchants WINNIPEG

HERBERT H. WINEARLS
Grain Commission Merchant
428 GRAIN EXCHANGE, WINNIPEG, MAN.

Why not get the highest returns for your Wheat, Oats, Barley and Flax? Send your grain to me and I will assure you the best results. Prompt settlements a specialty. Correspondence solicited.
References: Any bank or commercial agencies.

MARCH-WELLS GRAIN CO'Y.

Room 414, Grain Exchange, WINNIPEG, MAN.

Will give you financial responsibility. Highest market prices. Liberal advances. Prompt returns. Write us.

Reference: Any bank in Winnipeg.

A Corner in Grain

We never tried to corner the grain market, but in this corner of the world we have a deserved reputation for selling

CARNEFAC STOCK FOOD

For horses, cattle, sheep, hogs and poultry. If you are not posted as to our goods, and cannot secure a package from your dealer, drop a card to the

CARNEFAC STOCK FOOD COMPANY
Winnipeg and Toronto.



SELL OR CONSIGN YOUR

Wheat, Barley, Oats

TO

T. H. METCALFE & CO.,

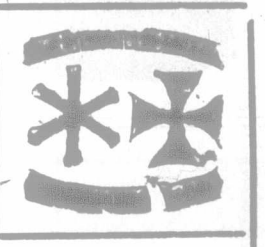
Grain Merchants Winnipeg, Manitoba Box 550

We handle orders on the Winnipeg Option Market, also all American markets on margins. Correspondence solicited.

Joseph Rodgers & Sons
Limited,
SHEFFIELD, ENGLAND.

Please see that this EXACT MARK is on each blade.

James Hulton & Co., Montreal, SOLE AGENTS IN CANADA.



The Royal City of British Columbia, New Westminster.

A regular movement towards the Pacific Coast having set in of persons seeking homes, farms, business openings and industrial opportunities, we desire to draw attention to a few of the advantages offered by the City of New Westminster.

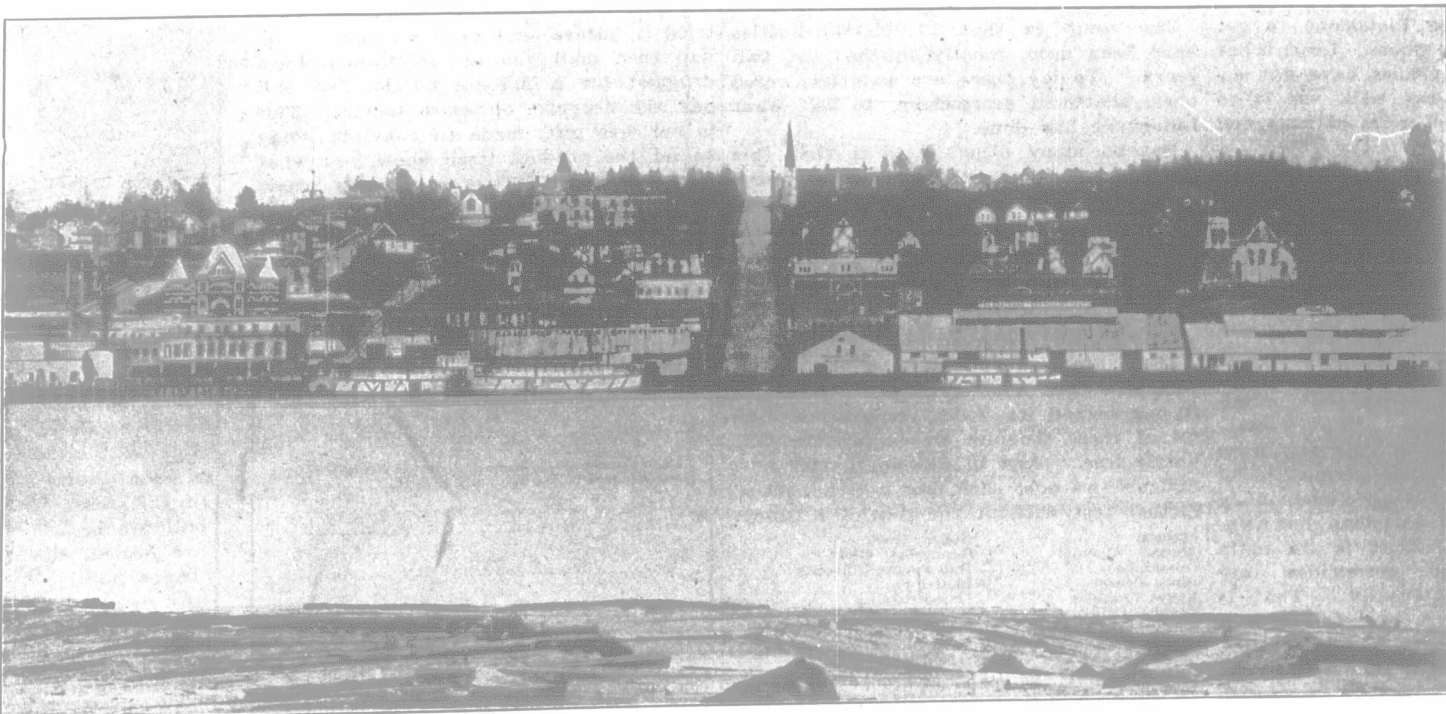
The climate is the mildest and most equable in British Columbia, always free from extremes of both heat and cold. The winter is moist but healthful, frosts seldom and rarely of sufficient severity to give ice for skating. The summer is the most glorious on the continent. If gardens are not actually blooming the year round the grass is always green, violets are usually in bloom during the entire winter, and primroses, daffodils and other early flowers are not uncommon in February. Plants and shrubs which in other parts of Canada are to be found only in hothouses and conservatories, live and flourish the winter through in the open air. Peach trees bloom towards the end of March, and plums, cherries and apples early in April. Thunder and lightning—the terror of so many people—are here almost unknown, and so very mild and harmless when they do occur as to cause little alarm even to the most timid. The climate conditions are, therefore, almost ideal; certainly unequalled in our great Dominion.

New Westminster has frequently been referred to as the "City of Homes" from the fact that more than seventy per cent. of its inhabitants own their homes. While individual cases of great wealth are few, poverty is still more rare. The great bulk of the population are simply prosperous, comfortable and happy. Charity cases at the present time can be counted on the fingers of one hand—and this in a population of over 8,000.

If you want a comfortable home in a prosperous city, equipped with all modern facilities, such as electric street railways, electric light, perfect water supply, public schools, high schools, colleges, seminaries, churches of all denominations, etc., etc., we invite you to have a look at New Westminster and study its advantages. We do not fear the verdict. There being no inflation of values, we believe you can get more for a dollar here than in many other places not a bit more desirable. City lots are of generous size—66x132—not the little puny strips of 25 feet frontage so common in the West. You can buy lumber direct from the mills, and other building material as cheap as anywhere on the Coast. Or if you want the ready-made article, no doubt the real estate dealers have some bargains to offer.

For fuller or special information and maps, address

Just a word about the location and industries of the city. Situated on the north bank of the Fraser, fifteen miles from the Gulf of Georgia, it occupies a beautiful and commanding position, the magnificent mountains of the Coast and Olympian ranges loom high up in the distance to the north, east and south.



The Fraser River, which is spanned opposite the city by a million-dollar bridge, is the greatest salmon river in the world, and has yielded as high as \$5,000,000 worth of canned salmon in a good year, giving profitable employment to thousands of fishermen and cannery operators. Numerous steamers having their headquarters at New Westminster give daily communication with the farming districts above and below the city.

Other industries are saw and shingle mills, wood-working factories, car-building works, distillery, roller

mills, fruit canning, cold storage plants, breweries, foundries, machine shops etc. But there are openings for many other industries, electric power for which is available at a very low price. The city has water front and lands reserved for factory sites. Terms, very reasonable. Railway and shipping facilities are equal to those of any city in the Province.

If it is a farm you want, remember that New Westminster is the market center of the far-famed great and fertile Fraser Valley, to reach which you must come here anyway. So why not come direct, where you can get your information at first hand from people who are in daily touch with all the farming settlements. The farmers' market in New Westminster is the only one in British Columbia. Come and have a look at the farmers on market day, talk with them, note the prices they get, and then you will realize how truly this is a farmer's paradise.

As further proof of the importance in which New Westminster is regarded as the farming center of British Columbia, it is only necessary to mention that the Federal Government made a grant of \$50,000 in aid of the Annual Exhibition of the Royal Agricultural Society this year.

This advertisement is published by authority of the New Westminster City Council and Board of Trade.

W. A. DUNCAN, City Clerk, New Westminster.

GRAIN FARMERS GRAIN



We wish you one and all a Merry Christmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

Our business has extended beyond all our expectations.

Our dealings with farmers so far have proven "once a customer always a customer."

Are you one? Don't sell your grain without first getting our prices. A post card or wire will bring them.

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 46-47 Merchants Bank, WINNIPEG.

Members of the Winnipeg Grain Exchange and Winnipeg Clearing Association.

J. H. DUNSHEATH, Manager.

References:
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GET THE HIGHEST PRICE For Your Wheat

SHIP TO

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Each car receives our personal attention.

Prompt, businesslike treatment. Duplicate official certificates and freight bill attached to each account sale. Large advances by return mail after bill of lading reaches us.

You may have the benefit of our 18 years' practical experience in the grain business by shipping to us.

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The Bradstreet Co., or any Commission Agency
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KINGSTON. TORONTO. WINNIPEG.

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Quotations Net to Shipper wired to all points in the West
for car-lots of wheat, oats, barley or flax, on track or store at

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WRITE FOR OUR GRAIN CIRCULAR AND SHIPPING
INSTRUCTIONS.

SUPPLIES OF SHIPPING STATIONERY FURNISHED ON
APPLICATION.

REFERENCE—Merchants Bank of Canada, or any Commercial Agency.

For the Fellow who Ships his Grain.

The first thing a shipper should do is to have a proper way to determine how much grain he loads in a car, and the only way that this can be done is to have a good scale with good foundation, plumb and level, which is the great trouble with the majority of country scales. A good foundation is just as essential as the levers of the scale. He should see that the scale is free from bind, clean and in perfect seal; also that spouts under scale are perfectly free and do not leak.

Scales should be tested any time you have the least doubt that they are not weighing correctly, and at least twice a year by a competent scale man with sufficient test weights. They are just as likely to weigh to your disadvantage as in your favor.

The next is the condition of the car. Care should be taken to see that the car is properly coopered, that the lumber used in constructing the grain door is so substantial it will not bulge and allow grain to leak while in transit.

Another thing I would like to mention in this connection is the practice of nailing a board over the space between the floor and bottom of lining, which makes a continuous lining to the floor and forms a pocket which holds all the grain that sifts through the cracks and broken places in the lining above. This should not be done, as we cannot compel elevator employees "to destroy railroad equipment," which is the stand they take when asked to tear the boards out.

The condition of the box should also be taken into consideration; loose siding, bulged ends, holes in floor, door posts and possible leaks at kingbolts should not be overlooked.

Now we come to the seals. Shippers should see that cars are properly sealed and record kept of same after loading, because when cars arrive at destination showing leakage or in bad condition, seals broken, door open, etc., it greatly facilitates tracing and locating cause of same when all records at point of origin are clear. After you have taken all these precautions you feel firmly convinced that car has left your station in good condition, containing a definite amount of grain.

Grain Dealers' Tips.

Grain hospitals have always made good money cleaning grain, and country elevator operators could do likewise if they tried.

Many country towns are expressing their approval of bucket-shop fakers by providing heavy license fees for those who desire to do citizens within the corporate limits.

The scale inspector of the Iowa Association credits the disorder of more scales to accumulated dirt about the lever than to any other cause. The box under the hopper scale should be cleaned out frequently, and the pit under platform scales kept clear of all refuse. Special attention should be given to keeping dirt from about the levers at the corners of platform scales. In the rush of grain to market do not overlook the fact that you may lose money daily because your scales are not in working order. Clean away the dirt and clean the scales. Keep them in absolute correct working condition, even though you find it necessary to have them inspected monthly. It is far cheaper.

The Grain Dealers' Journal says: "Barley improves in germinating quality by storage and rehandling. Scientists have learned that the improvement is due solely to drying; and can be effected in a very much shorter time by drying at medium temperature; much as whisky now is aged by storage in steam-heated warehouses.

Tests made in a German brewery on a large scale showed that barleys after drying and subsequent storage for three years retained their germinating ability almost completely. The grain was heated from 28 to 60 degrees C. for two or three days. In one case the water contained increased from 14.8 per cent. to 16.1 per cent. In order not to injure the germinating vitality, the dealer should be forced more rapidly than the usual rate of 5 per cent. in one or two hours.

The Leading Grain Men of Winnipeg

G. B. MURPHY & CO.

LICENSED and BONDED

MEMBERS OF THE WINNIPEG GRAIN EXCHANGE

Are you familiar with the Grain situation?

If not, you will find our market reports worth money to you. They are sent absolutely **free** anywhere, to anyone who asks. We are noted for paying our customers the highest prices, giving them liberal advances and prompt settlements.

WE CAN DO FOR YOU WHAT WE ARE DOING FOR OTHERS

Wire, write, or 'phone us before selling, and give us a chance to satisfy you. Enquire from the Eastern Townships and Union Banks as to our reliability.

IN THE MARKET ALL THE YEAR ROUND

REVILLON BROTHERS, Ltd.

TO THE TRADE.

We are now showing the largest and most complete stock of General Merchandise carried by any firm in the West, comprising **Groceries, Dry Goods and Hardware.**

SPECIAL

LARGE RAW FUR AND PRODUCE DEPARTMENT.

SHIP YOUR FURS TO US.

HIGHEST PRICES PAID ON DELIVERY TO

REVILLON BROTHERS, LTD.,

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NOTE.—Shippers preferring Eastern connection can ship to Revillon Bros., Ltd., 134 McGill Street, Montreal, Canada.

ESTABLISHED 1895.

Randall, Gee & Mitchell,

Grain Commission Merchants.

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WE HAVE OFFICES AT

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You have been thinking of trying us. Ship us a car on **commission—now.** You will not be disappointed.

OUR KIND OF SERVICE :

- Capable salesmanship.
- Good judgment.
- Hard work.

It means **dollars** in your pocket.

Don't ask us to **buy** your grain, ship it to us on **commission** and get **all** there is in it.

References :
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Raw Furs and Hides

Highest market prices and prompt returns guaranteed.
Make a trial shipment and convince yourself.

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HEAD OFFICE: WAWANESA, MAN.
A. F. KEMPTON, Secretary-Manager.

Amount of Business in force Dec. 31st, 1904, - \$10,696,341 00
Assets over Liabilities, 128,668 86
The Number of Farmers Insured Dec. 31st, 1904, 9,697.
Over 9,500 farmers insured. The largest agricultural fire insurance company west of Lake Superior. Agents wanted in unrepresented districts. m

A. NAISMITH, President. R. M. MATHEWSON, Vice-President. A. F. KEMPTON, Secy. and Mgr. C. D. KERR, Treasurer. S. R. COLDWELL, K. C., Solicitor, Brandon.

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Head Office, WAWANESA, MAN, Agents Wanted in Unrepresented Districts.

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Yards: C. N. R. and C. P. R. P. O. Box 659.

Propagating Trees from Seed and Cuttings.

An Albertan writes to Prof. N. E. Hansen as follows: I noticed your letter on fruit-growing in the "Farmer's Advocate," Sept. 27th. I have settled an experimental plot, 100 ft. square, for trying small fruits, and if you care to try any there I will do it for you according to your instructions.

The soil is 6 in. black loam, clay sub-soil, located with timber on three sides, W., N., E.; open on south side. The soil was prepared as follows: The grass was rotted off in the summer of 1904, from cattle congregating there from mosquitoes, plowed last June and cultivated all summer.

I do not know much about small fruits, but I want to learn, so if you can give me some information on the following questions I will be much obliged:

1. How can small fruits such as gooseberries, raspberries and currants, be produced from seed, and how to get the seed?
2. How can wind-breaks be produced from spruce, poplar and maple trees, with the least possible labor?
3. I have collected the cones of spruce. Is it the way to get the seed to pound them out?
4. Where are the seeds on poplar?
5. I want to try a patch, by mixing the seeds and sowing them in rows three feet apart, and cultivate between, till they get tall enough to cover the ground, thinning them with the axe; do not count if they are big enough for fence posts. Can you suggest a better way?

Alta. W. E. R.

1. In reply to your favor, gooseberries, raspberries and currants do not come true to seed. There will be as many varieties as there are plants. It is an interesting experiment, but many failures must be expected. My own experience favors the following as the best method: The berries are mashed gently, and the seeds are washed free from the flesh and kept in a flowerpot or slightly moist sand in a cool cellar during the summer. The cleaning and mixing with sand are necessary to prevent moulding. Excessive moisture might give trouble from premature starting or moulding. On the other hand, the sand must not get dust dry. If no handy storage cellar is available, the flowerpot may be sunk three or four inches below the surface in the garden in a well-drained spot and mulched with straw to keep in the moisture. When winter sets in, the seed, if it has been kept in the cellar, should be taken out before the ground freezes and buried three or four inches below the surface, as already described. If snow comes too early, shovel it away so that the seed will be frozen. If a tin can is used instead of the flowerpot, it is necessary to have holes in the bottom for drainage. The following spring the seed may be sown in shallow drills in a bed shaded with lath screens so that about half of the sunlight will be kept off. This partial shade prevents baking of the soil as the young seedlings are coming up. As soon as big enough, the seedlings should be transplanted about one by two inches apart each way in another flat. It is usually best to keep the seedlings in flats the first year, unless the seed comes up so thinly in the bed that they have room enough. The following spring, they should be set out in permanent plantation. I would suggest above all things that you plant seed from your native small fruits, instead of from varieties shipped in from the South or East.

2. Your Experiment Station at Indian Head publish bulletins covering this, and a personal visit there would pay you. In general, it is best to set one-year trees instead of older ones.

3. All evergreen cones are opened best by setting in a warm room. This imitates the opening of spring, and the cones open of their own accord and scatter the seeds. On a commercial scale, this is done by sheet-iron cylinders arranged for the purpose.

4. All the poplars, which include the aspen, Balm of Gilead, cottonwood, black Lombardy, white poplars, are dioecious. This means that the female flowers are on one tree, and the male flowers are on another tree. The staminate or male tree blossoms are long pendant clusters or catkins, which fall off about after the pollen is scattered. The pistillate or female trees have the flowers in small catkins, which, after fertilization, develop

(Continued on page 1876.)

SHIP YOUR GRAIN THIS SEASON THROUGH A RELIABLE AND STRICTLY COMMISSION FIRM.

We neither buy nor sell on our own account, so that all shipments get careful attention, highest prices and prompt returns. We refer you to the Editor of this paper, or any Branch of the Union Bank, as to our reliability. Before you ship or sell we would like to send you "Our Way of Doing Business." Write to-day for it, and we will also send present prices and market prospects.

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MANITOBA.

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Dear Sirs,—
I had 300 bushels of wheat that was rusted and full of wild oats, and was offered only 40 cents per bushel for same. I ran it through my Jumbo Cleaner and sold it on the market for 92 cents per bushel. This was in February, 1905. I made 52 cents by cleaning it through the Jumbo. Your bluestone attachment is a great improvement over the old way of sprinkling.
Yours truly, HENRY MCGILL.

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Capacity, 75 bushels of wheat per hour guaranteed. Sold on 10 days' trial; if not the fastest and most perfect grain cleaner on the market, can be returned at our expense. One machine at wholesale to first farmer ordering in each neighborhood to introduce them. Hundreds of satisfied customers in Western Canada. The only machine cleaning and bluestoning the grain at one operation. Separates wild or tame oats from wheat or barley, as well as wild buckwheat and all foul seed, and the only mill that will successfully separate barley from wheat. Separates frosted, sprouted or shrunken wheat, raising the quality from one to three grades, making a difference in price of from 5 to 15 cents per bushel. Cleans flax perfectly. Furnished with bagger if desired. Write at once for wholesale prices.

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Farmers Desiring to Ship Their Own Grain, Please Write for Information to

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Track bids wired on request. Grain also handled on commission. Liberal advances made on consignments.
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411 Union Bank Bldg., WINNIPEG.
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We are open to buy or handle on commission any quantity Wheat, Oats, Barley or Flax. Send us Bills Lading direct or through your bank. Reference—Bank of Hamilton, Grain Exchange.

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Consign your grain to us to be sold at best possible price on arrival or afterwards, as you may elect. Liberal advances on bills of lading. Prompt returns. Futures bought and sold. Twenty years' experience in grain commission business.

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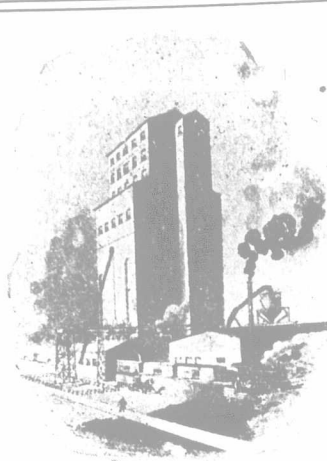
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Observation compartment club cars between Winnipeg and St. Paul.

Full information from any Canadian Northern Ry. Agent

Propagating Trees from Seed and Cuttings.

(Continued from page 1874.)

into the seed. The seeds in general are very small and are blown long distances by the wind. The seeds usually grow readily, but are seldom sown, as the seedlings which come up on sandbars and along lake shores are dug up by men who make a business of it. The white poplar and aspen do not grow readily from cuttings, but the cottonwoods are very easily grown from cuttings, although in price they usually cannot compete with seedlings. It is quite a common opinion that seedling trees are longer lived than those from cuttings, but I know of no definite experiments illustrating the fact. Plants from cuttings for ornamental purposes have one advantage, and that is the trees may be grown from cuttings taken from staminate trees, and hence there will be no trouble from cotton flying. The Carolina poplar is becoming quite common in the nursery; appears to be simply a selected male variety of the common cottonwood; original source unknown, but probably selected under cultivation in Europe.

5. I am not sure what you mean by mixing the seeds. I presume you mean mixing the seed with sand, each kind by itself, so as to facilitate sowing. The nursery method is usually to sow the seed rather thickly in drills with distance enough between the rows to permit of horse cultivation. At one or two years of age they are transplanted to their permanent position. While theoretically, seeds should be sown where the trees are to remain, in practice it is not usually practicable, as the young seedlings get choked by weeds before they are big enough to resist their encroachments. However, with such trees as oaks, it is a decided advantage to plant several seeds in a place, and leave only the best one after a year or two. In all your seed planting, stick closely to trees of your own locality. The Manitoba box elder, which is called "Manitoba maple" north of the line, is the only one you should plant. If you secure the box elder from too far south, they will winter-kill. If your local nurserymen are alive to the absolute necessity of this general law as to the source of native tree seeds, it will generally be cheaper to buy your seedlings than to raise them. So few farmers in the Northwest, farming as they do on such a large scale, will take time to give suitable cultivation and weeding to young tree seedlings. I remember in my visit to the Indian Head and Brandon Experiment Stations in 1896 of seeing some splendid hedges of box elder and other native trees. The seed for such can be sown in drills, and thinned out to a suitable distance later, to save transplanting.

6. In general, the correspondent will do best by digging up the native wild raspberries and gooseberries of his vicinity rather than to plant any of the common kinds commonly grown in the nurseries of the south and east. The red currant is native at the north, both of Europe and North America. The varieties in cultivation have been developed from European stock, and are sufficiently hardy at the north, except some varieties which appear to be from southern European stock. Such kinds as Victoria, White Dutch and Red Dutch are hardy and productive.

[There are now a few nurseries in Western Canada that can supply the necessary stock.—Ed.]

Prof. W. A. Wheeler, of State Agricultural Station, speaking of Grain Improvement, said: "The farmer's first desire is for an improved yield, the miller's for wheat which will give an improved yield of flour, and the dealer has both these desires to contend with."

Grain dealers are not always justified in inducing farmers to introduce new seed wheat. It would be much better for both if the farmer would select the best individual plants and improve the grain through continued selection.

An inspection of the extensive experiments at Highmore and Brookings experiment stations will convince anyone of the great advantages to be derived from the use of the heaviest seed wheat obtainable. The grain dealer can exert a great influence in behalf of this improvement. By careful selection each year from a single variety the yield and quality can be greatly improved, and a serious balance of the ear's selection will be followed by a deterioration.

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Think of the family newspaper it is!—twenty-four pages each week, including the only colored comic section published by any weekly newspaper in the Dominion. Its columns of foreign and western news supply everything of importance from the four corners of the globe. A special illustrated magazine section is one of the most interesting features in western journalism. In all, the greatest paper for the home circulated in the Northwest.

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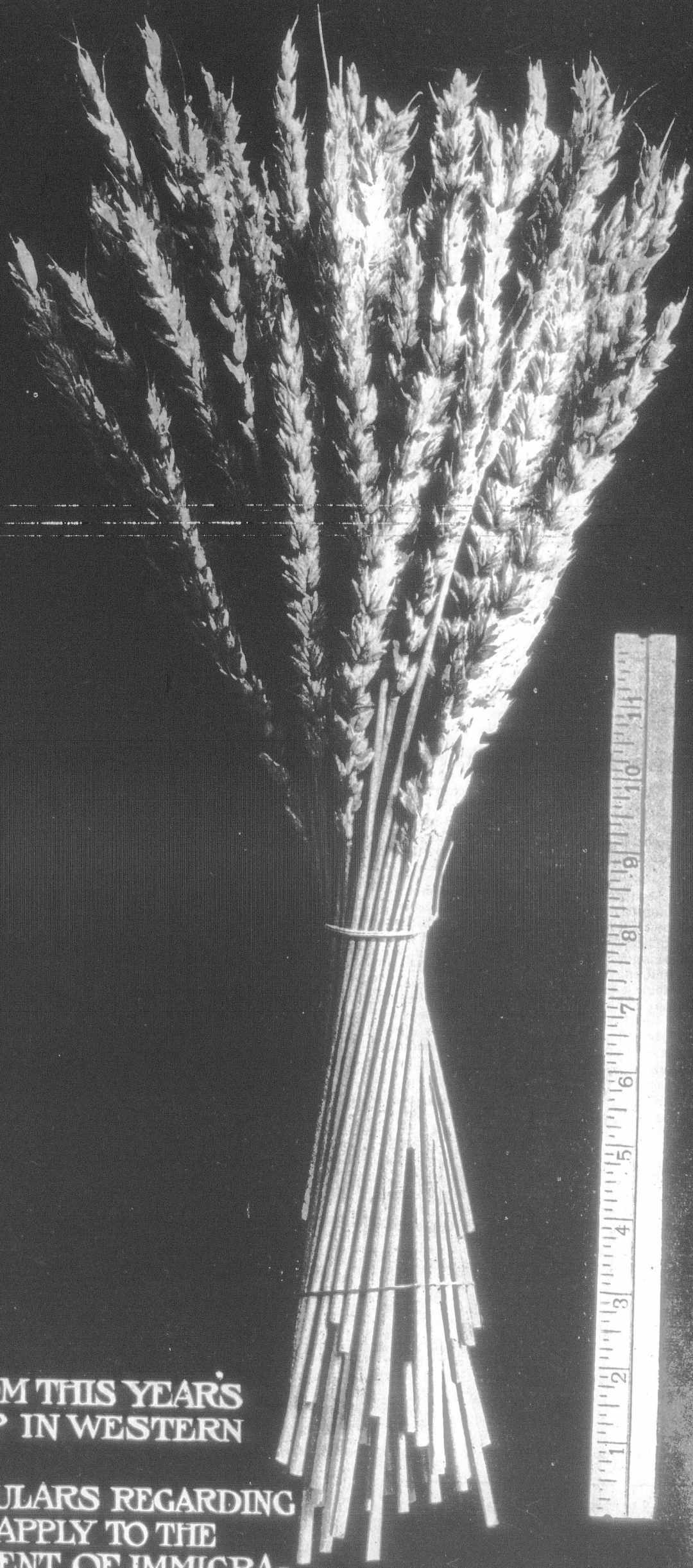
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