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Established
1866.

Vol. XLIII.

LONDON, ONTARIO, OCTOBER 22, 1908.

No. 839.

EDITORIAL.

WARRANTY OF BUTCHERS' STOCK.

Judging from the columns of our Old Country exchanges, a very live question among British stockmen just now is the proposed warranty of butchers' stock. The National Federation of Meat Traders, Incorporated, some time ago committed itself to a position requiring that on and after November 2nd next, all fat stock purchased by them, either at the London markets, or privately, must be accompanied by an express warranty by the vendor as to freedom from disease and fitness for the food of man, the warranty to remain in force for a period of ten days after delivery by the vendor. In other words, British farmers selling fat cattle will be required to warrant them sound and fit for food, and, in case the carcasses are subsequently condemned by inspectors, the farmer will have to stand the loss.

Naturally, this action has caused much turmoil, and many meetings have been held to discuss the issues raised. Hitherto, when the carcasses of animals which appeared healthy at time of sale were condemned, the loss fell on the butcher. Years ago the grievance was discussed by their representatives and the Council of the Smithfield Club, resolutions being passed calling upon the Government to deal with the whole question of tuberculosis in cattle, and contending for the principle of compensation from the national funds in the case of slaughtered animals condemned in the public interest. Pending completion of the lengthy investigations of the Royal Commission on Tuberculosis, legislation has been deferred.

Meantime, the butchers have decided to demand a warranty from farmers and graziers. This action should be clearly distinguished from a legislative measure. It is merely a trade arrangement, dictated by one party to the bargain. It is somewhat as though the purchaser of a horse refused to take him without a certificate of soundness. Legally, therefore, the butchers are on safe ground.

To appreciate the position of the butchers, we must take into account the increasing vigilance of the British local authorities, meat inspection being very keen in the metropolitan districts. The butcher cannot be sure of the health of animals he buys, and the master-butcher, it seems, although he may be ignorant of the presence of tuberculous meat on his premises, is liable to penalties if such be found there and seized by the inspector. He could even be deprived of his slaughter license, according to a recent report in the Times. When a butcher sells a joint, there is always an implied warranty that it is fit for the purpose for which it is offered. The butcher thinks that the vendor of live animals should be put in the same position. At present, he is not. The National Federation of Meat Traders took a case to the courts, but lost it, the Lord Chief Justice ruling that the vendors were not liable to refund any of the price paid for meat (subsequently condemned) in the absence of a warranty, which, he said, the purchaser could probably have had, had he asked for it. Apparently taking their cue from this, the Meat Traders have determined to demand a warranty in all cases.

But their action bears hard on the farmer, who may be obliged to incur a loss representing a large proportion of the value of his season's output of stock. In all ordinary transactions, the unknown risks are assumed by the purchaser, who is justified, if necessary, in allowing himself a margin on the purchase price of the animals. The question is raised as to how a butcher could prove

that a condemned carcass was that of an animal purchased from any particular farmer. On the whole, it would seem as though the butcher were the one who might most fairly bear the risk, securing himself, if necessary, by insurance. However, farmers' organizations, realizing the strong organization of the butchers, appear to be considering a combination of farmers, butchers and auctioneers, with a view to making such an arrangement, by insurance, as would protect both butcher and grazer, although, in anticipation of legislation bearing on the case, and possibly providing for national compensation, they feel that the whole matter should be deferred. At present writing, it looks as though the crisis precipitated by the action of the meat-traders may hasten legislation, and unite both farmers and meat traders in a demand for compensation from the national funds for carcasses condemned. What the Government and the taxpayer may think of the proposition, is another question.

NUTTING ON THE FARM.

Have you ever gone nutting in a bush large and dense enough that you couldn't see out? Have you got up early on a crisp October morning and scampered back to the woods to make a hurried circuit of the hickory trees ere some "pot-hunting" neighbor had gathered the "rough" of the morning's drop? Have you, returning, hastily deposited a peck or half bushel of nuts in the old chest, against the day when there should be time to hull them, then hustled off to school, cheeks glowing with healthy exercise, and eyes kindled by anticipation of winter evenings, with feasts of nuts and apples before the fire? Have you, some windy Saturday, following a frosty night, spent a day in the bush harvesting a bonanza crop, filling sack after sack in the old sugar house, which served as a base of operations? Have you tramped barefoot all day over the fresh-littered, spongy mould of leaves, now through the inky swale, anon digging your toes in the decaying trunk of an old fallen pine? Has your heart danced to the music of the wind swaying the lofty tree-tops overhead? Have you bounded like a deer when approaching the favorite old hickory tree, which bore the "large, three-cornered" nuts, and, dropping to your hands and knees, snatched eagerly at the tempting fruitage which filled the bag so fast? Have you spied the old hawk's nest, away up in the crotch, where the thinning leafage no longer hid it from view? Have you noted with jealous eye the red squirrel helping himself to a crop which by right of eminent domain belonged to you, reflecting meanwhile upon the utter uselessness of red squirrels anyway in the economy of man? Have you more complacently observed a big fat black or gray squirrel up in another tree, marking well the spot, and contemplating the tempting pot-pie there would be when father could bring back the double-barrelled breech-loader some evening after school, and try his aim at squirrels? Have you at dusk tramped up the long farm lane to the house, and, depositing the heavy load, trudged wearily off to do the evening chores? Have you come in to supper happy but tired, and hungry as a bear? Have you filled up on fried potatoes, bread and butter, and apple sauce, and pie, and then laid down on the sitting-room lounge, from which you were almost immediately roused and hustled off upstairs? Have you stumbled your way upstairs to "roost," undressed, and tumbled into bed, to dream of forests where all the trees were hickories, and none of the squirrels were red? If you have done these things, you have experienced a sweet touch of nature's enchanting paradise. If not, you have missed one of the supreme joys of juvenile country life.

TRUSTING JUDGES.

The question of the selection, appointment and work of judges at fairs has apparently been more critically discussed in conversation and through the press this fall than has been usual. And yet, when the noise and smoke of the season and of the bloodless battle of competition has cleared away, and the matter has been quietly and fairly considered in all its bearings, it is gratifying to find so few instances in which there has been reasonable ground for adverse criticism, either on the score of apparent favoritism or of incompetence on the part of those entrusted with the work. When we reflect that exhibitors are not unlikely to place a higher estimate on their own animals than are disinterested persons, perhaps as competent to judge as are the owners, and that the most experienced and capable of judges sometimes differ and disagree in their estimate of the relative merits of competing exhibits, where a bench of two or more are appointed to work together, we surely need not be surprised that the work done by either a single judge or a committee fails, in some cases, to meet with universal approval. Allowance should, therefore, be made for honest difference of opinion.

The reversal of decisions in the relative placing of the same animals competing at two or more fairs, is sometimes disconcerting to readers of fair reports, and even to onlookers, but close observers know that, besides the possibility of honest difference of opinion on the part of judges, animals exposed to the vicissitudes of railway travel and change of feed and water, are liable to vary in appearance in the course of a week or two sufficiently to amply justify the reversing of their placing. In the case of milking cows, especially, so great, in some instances, has been the change in the winner at the first meeting, that the same judge would scarcely be open to reasonable censure for reversing his own work when the same cows came before him a week or two later. And the same or similar conditions may present themselves in the case of other classes of stock or other exhibits, where the competition was originally close. For reasons such as these, therefore, and for others which might be cited, criticism should be seasoned with charitable allowance for change of circumstances. When we remember that, in any and every case we have to trust the judge or judges when once they are appointed, it is as well to trust them fully, and give them to feel that they are placed upon their honor, to dispense justice in accordance with their best judgment. And when a man is serving in that capacity, especially if acting alone, he will realize that his reputation and his honor are at stake, and will be likely to do what he conscientiously considers right. This is where the one-judge system commends itself, since there is good reason to believe that, where two or more are working together, an honest man may, in some cases, for the sake of peace and progress, yield his judgment, when he knows the responsibility rests not wholly upon himself, and may excuse himself on the ground that the other man may be as good a judge as he, and as honest in his intentions; while, on the other hand, a loquacious or designing man may, by argument, succeed in having his own way, even if not always right, knowing that, when done, his colleague must share the responsibility. Formerly, it was customary for fair boards to endeavor to keep secret the names of judges until the day of judging, in order to avoid the possibility of connivance; but a saner view of the matter is now taken, and the names of judges are published months in advance, so that exhibitors may know to whom their stock will be submitted for rating, and judges are placed upon their honor. There

THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE AND HOME MAGAZINE.

THE LEADING AGRICULTURAL JOURNAL IN THE
DOMINION.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
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JOHN WELD, MANAGER.

AGENTS FOR THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE AND HOME JOURNAL,
WINNIPEG, MAN.

LONDON (ENGLAND) OFFICE:
W. W. CHAPMAN, Agent, Mowbray House, Norfolk Street,
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is published every Thursday.

It is impartial and independent of all cliques or parties, handsomely illustrated with original engravings, and furnishes the most practical, reliable and profitable information for farmers, dairymen, gardeners, stockmen and home-makers, of any publication in Canada.

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are yet some who object to judges consulting the catalogue of entries, since, from that source they may learn the ownership and identity of the animals brought before them, and may possibly be influenced by knowledge of the rating at former shows. There is, however, little ground for this objection, when we reflect that the judge is likely to have known some of the exhibitors and some of the animals previously, and, therefore, there is no good reason why he should not know all, and have all placed on equal ground in that respect. Especially is this reasonable where two judges are acting together, one of whom knows the animals and their owners, and breeding, while the other does not, and they are hence not on equal ground, if such knowledge really has any significance, which with honorable men it will not, since the only consideration should be the individual merit of the animals, without respect to ownership or pedigree, or former record. Such being the situation, our contention is that, since the probability is that the judge or judges have some knowledge of the particulars, there is no just reason that they should not know more, since, in any case, they assume the responsibility for their own work.

While these views may be considered somewhat radical, and are certainly liberal, we would emphasize the paramount importance of careful discrimination in the selection and appointment of judges with a view to sterling character, as well as knowledge of, experience with, and capability to adjudicate upon the classes of exhibits assigned them.

The public life of Canada calls loudly to-day for men of character, whose motives and whose service are above suspicion. That such may sometimes suffer through party prejudice and the befogment of misrepresentation and petty local issues, does not spell any general lack of public approbation. The statesman who strives faithfully and conscientiously, serving disinterestedly the interests committed to his charge, wins the approval of all right-thinking men, and, so doing, triumphs even in defeat.

CO-OPERATION OF SUBSCRIBER AND PUBLISHER.

A generous clubbing offer was announced in these columns last week, by which we desire to enlist the co-operation of every subscriber in strengthening the paper and enlarging its field of influence. Regular reading of "The Farmer's Advocate" makes for better farming and a higher standard of rural life; there is no doubt about that. Scarcely any greater favor can be done a friend or neighbor than to persuade him to become a regular reader of the paper which has been such a help to yourself; and the larger number of neighbors taking it, the greater will be the effect on the local community. In that way one profits indirectly by any missionary effort he may put forth, for none of us live unto ourselves. Agricultural progress is to no small extent a matter of communities. Almost any farmer will do better in an enterprising, well-informed neighborhood than in an unprogressive one, where the lack of up-to-date facilities hampers his practice, and the whole weight of influence holds him back. It is greatly to everyone's advantage to distribute the leaven of progress as freely as possible about him. It is like casting bread upon the waters.

Another reflex advantage is reaped by helping to increase our circulation. The more subscribers we gain, the more we can spend for improvements, for editorial service and contributions, for special articles and illustrations. The publishers of "The Farmer's Advocate" have never manifested a grasping policy. Our workers well know that in helping us they help themselves. They also experience that rare sense of satisfaction which comes to those who contribute to the uplift and betterment of their fellow men.

Many would and do work for these considerations alone, but, to encourage and assist all in the effort, we have made the liberal offer above mentioned. Every farmer in Canada, and every person interested in agriculture, needs "The Farmer's Advocate," but many do not realize their need. We want to enlist all present subscribers in a grand recruiting force, and to this end have made the very liberal offer to give every present paid-up subscriber his 1909 renewal free if he will send us the names of two new subscribers, accompanied by \$3.00. An attractive proposition is also made for clubs of renewals. It is a splendid offer; work for it. Roll in the new names by thousands! Get after your neighbors now, before they have signed for other papers. The early solicitor secures the subscriber.

OUR MARITIME LETTER.

THE SEEDS AGAIN—NEW COLOR-ILLUSTRATION BULLETINS ON GRASSES AND BIRDS.

The other day we were at Ottawa, and, running through the departmental offices, came to the Seed Bureau. There a number of young men were discussing current topics included in their work, and they welcomed us to their circle; there, too, was Mr. Raynor, who is now attached to the Seed-testing Laboratory. It was an excellent chance to get a scientific answer to any queries in the seed line, and we availed ourselves of it. "How," we asked, "do you account for the fact that in our Province of Prince Edward Island, where we had an abundant harvest last year, and where more choice seed should be available for sowing than usual, there was, under the dry conditions in July, more out-killing in the grain crop than we have experienced in many years?" These young experts, with all the figures of the grain-growing areas of Canada before them, after some pertinent questions, gave various replies—all of them quite scientific, no doubt—but their explanations were not explanatory of the cases in discussion. Then we had our own say. We pointed out to them the following extract from our Maritime Letter in "The Farmer's Advocate" of last fall. In summing up the year's results, agriculturally, we gave this warning, having in mind Prince Edward Island farmers in particular: "Beware of the bad seed next spring, especially, for what will look first-class, will not be first-class. It has been swollen almost to germination in the shocks by the continuous wet weather, and will be too weak to stand the stress and strain of adverse conditions in the early period of growth. Test every bushel of seed put in the ground next spring, then, or you will find the proof of your neglect in the crop returns."

"Now," we subjoined, "our explanation of the shortage in grain with us is in accordance with that warning: our farmers were deceived by the

plump, vigorous appearance of the seed; they didn't bother testing, hence the result. What say you?" They immediately accepted this reasoning as scientifically correct, and, as one of them remarked, "What's better, it's borne out by the facts."

Our people were anxious to avoid trouble for themselves in the matter of testing the grain for seed which they took from partially-heated heaps, and, as a result, they have been punished for their carelessness by short and deficient crops. It was ever thus. When, from want of care, and for the sake of saving ourselves a little extra work, we disregard the prudential in any line of labor, we are absolutely sure to rue it when the final results are in. The spring working was ideal. The season was early and favorable. There was every chance to see that our seed was tested. The Department offered to do the work; but it was neglected, and seed that was soft, that perhaps had started up growth in the straw, and yet was included with the rest in the bins, was rushed into the ground, regardless of its condition, and with the outcome above indicated. It had no staying power, and a droughty month resulted in a general out-killing. We have a short crop of early oats; we have a short crop of wheat generally. The late oats are better in the head and longer in the straw. Fodder will be scarce enough in these sections, even if the hay crop is an average one, and potatoes abundant. The turnip growth is very short yet, but this is its growing time here, and it may retrieve itself quickly. The grain has been taken up in good condition. The weather was very suitable for drying, and the kernel will be firm and hardy. We hope and trust that every care will be taken in the selection for seeding purposes.

While in Ottawa, we saw Chief Clark, Commissioner of this important Department, and examined with him some new drawings in colors for an illustrated bulletin of Canadian grasses. After a second edition of "Farm Weeds" is put through the press and distributed, he will give the farmers of the country an excellent Grass Bulletin, and, after that, one on "Our Bird Friends and Foes." The engravings will be executed by the accomplished artist who immortalized himself in "Farm Weeds."

Commissioner Clark has many other projects on hand for the good of Canadian agriculture, but they cannot be detailed at present.

It may be mentioned, incidentally, that we were amused to be informed that our neighbors to the south of us are beginning to suffer from what they call "Sharp tricks in trade," a quality which we had hitherto regarded as almost entirely their own. It appears that our "Pure Seeds Act" has resulted in dumping our screenings and otherwise defective seed very largely on the American market; and at the Interstate Commerce meeting, recently held in Washington, loud and long were the lamentations that ascended to High Heaven on this account. Our American brothers should now imitate us in the passage through Congress of an act to protect themselves from foul seeds, and, in so doing, they will bestow that flattery which imitation always indicates.

A. E. BURKE.

HORSES.

EXERCISE FOR HORSES NOT AT WORK.

A vast crop of horse ills and ailments results from enforced idleness and confinement, especially when following or interspersed between periods of heavy feeding and regular work. When such idleness is anticipated, as in the case of Sundays, something can be done by withholding a portion of the grain ration, allowing, instead, a considerable proportion of such a light and laxative feed as wheat bran, either dry or in the form of a mash. A ration of mixed feed the following day, consisting of rolled or chopped oats and cut hay, the whole moistened and mixed together, is also good. In fact, one such feed a day, preferably at noon, is always advisable, whether idle or at work. But, no matter what care is exercised in feeding, it can at best be but palliative. The nutritive material in the system, assimilated from previous feeds, is liable to give trouble, resulting not infrequently in such affections as shot of grease, or Monday-morning disease, as well as other troubles.

As the supply of nutriment to the circulatory system cannot be abruptly cut off, it follows that something more is needed than care in feeding. That something is exercise. A person accustomed to hard work all week, who spends Sunday in lounging about the house, feels languid and sluggish, however little he may eat. Early rising, a few chores or other light work, a change of clothes, and a drive or walk to church, does much to maintain the tone and condition of the system. It is so with the horse. He needs light exercise, such as a run in field or paddock affords. He should be filled up on hay and a reasonable allowance of grain before turning him out, and at this season of the year should be again brought up and fed at noon. Too much soft, frosted grass may do

him harm. A little will do good, while the exercise will be very beneficial.
Horses never were intended to be tied up all day long in stalls, and their systems rebel when it is attempted. They need to get out on the soft, moist turf, to canter and graze and roll. They need exercise, freedom, pure air and comfort; and, winter or summer, they should have it.

THE FUTURE OF THE PERCHERON.

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":

The history of the Percheron on this continent is rather too large to be briefly told. About the beginning of last century, some French horses of draft blood were imported into America. One stallion in this first importation sired a horse from which a strain of trotters was founded. By 1850 the Percherons were sixteen-hundred-pound horses. This was the weight of the famous Louis Napoleon, imported in 1851 into Ohio, the first great Percheron that appeared in the Central States, and the horse that was destined to inaugurate that era of draft breeding that has finally placed the breed he represented in first place, as the favorite drafter of the American people. To-day, in the United States, there are probably three times as many Percherons as there are of any other one draft breed.

The type of the breed, as modernly developed, is thus described by an American authority on horses:

"Typically, the Percheron is a horse of some range, not squatty or chunky. He has a top line that differs from that of most other breeds, in that, correctly, it is higher just back of the coupling and between the points of the hip bones. This, of course, accentuates any lowness of the back or droop of the quarters that may be present. He has good width, his ribs well sprung out from the backbone, and rounded like a barrel, but his quarters should not be bagged out like the hams of a Poland-China hog. Instead, they should have a flowing, rounded contour, indicative of promptitude of movement, as well as of strength. The neck should be well arched, not coarse, and well set up, topped off with a head that appears rather small for the size of the horse. Short, stubby necks and heavy, sour heads are not typical of the breed. The bone often appears light, judged by the standard of some other breeds, but it is of the stuff that wears, as has been proved on the streets. The pasterns are not long. Coupled with this sort of conformation, there is in the typical Percheron a breezy gaiety of motion and an air of elegance characteristic of no other breed."

In contrast with the American development of this breed of horses, and the rapidity with which Percherons popularized themselves in the United States, especially in the Central and Western States, the great French drafters were, until a very few years ago, unknown, practically speaking, on this side of the boundary. We had good Clydesdales and Shires—as good representatives of these two British draft breeds as were to be found outside of Britain—but the horses that came out of Flanders, originally, the breed that has a history dating back to the Saracenic invasion of Europe, early in the eighth century, never, till recently, attained much prominence in this country. For some reason—largely, we believe, because this country was peopled by Scotch and English—the two outstanding British draft breeds maintained here that vast measure of popularity which at home has made them the strongest in favor with the public of the draft breeds.

But a change is at hand, even in this domain of the Shire and Clyde. Our prairie heritage is by no means all occupied yet. The kind of horse that will predominate in this country will be decided by the ideals the men who are coming in here now have of what constitutes perfection in drafters. The American and the Percheron are inseparable. Where the former is, there also will be found the latter.

The increasing popularity of the Percheron in this country is best evidenced by the increasing number of these great dappled-gray and black horses that one can see about our cities. In Winnipeg, in use by cartage companies, railways, abattoir companies, by brewers, and in other lines where strength and weight are required, combined with docility and a whole lot of horse sense, one finds the Percheron forging rapidly to the front. And on the farms, when the breed is known, as it will be known in a very few years more, the Percheron will come into his own here just as he has come into it on the farms of the Central and Western States during the last fifty years. And it will not take him half a century to do it, either.
AN IOWA CANADIAN.
Winnipeg.

SKIM MILK FOR THE WEANLING.

A little skim milk judiciously fed will often do wonders for the weanling draft colt. Skim milk is used for the rearing of beeves, which at maturity are worth scarcely half as much per pound as a first-class draft horse. Yet, many a promising colt is stunted in his first winter, and his prospective value reduced thereby to the extent of fifty dollars or more, for the lack of a little skim milk or other suitable feed.

Of course, there is an easy possibility of overdoing the milk-feeding business, especially if new milk be used. The youngster may show such a fondness for the milk that his owner will be tempted to give him too much, thus promoting a too-rapid growth and laying on of flesh. Only a little should be allowed at first, and the amount increased with caution. Pure sweet milk should be used, and, in respect to quantity, the feeder should keep on the safe side. Just how much should be used, is a matter of discretion, but a gallon of skim milk, in two or three feeds daily, will be a benefit to almost any colt, and the cost will be well repaid. Let us have the experience of readers on this subject.

ONTARIO VETERINARY COLLEGE OPENED.

It is 47 years since Dr. Andrew Smith came to Canada to give lectures in veterinary science, and to lay the foundation for the Ontario Veterinary College. In 1866 the College had three graduates. To-day there are 186 students enrolled on the College register. During the interval of years, 3,000 students have received training under Dr. Smith, and the great majority of these are successful practitioners of veterinary science in Canada and the United States. Of the 186 students enrolled to-day, one-third are from the United States. And so it has been for many years past; the Ontario Veterinary College has contributed to no small degree to the well-being of the live-stock interests of America.

These facts were forcibly presented at the opening exercises of the Ontario Veterinary College on October 12th. Not only was the past carefully reviewed, and well-merited tributes paid to Dr. Andrew Smith for his services to the live-stock interests of the country during so many years, but the future of the College was set forth in terms that mark the beginning of a new era in the study of veterinary science in Canada. A three-

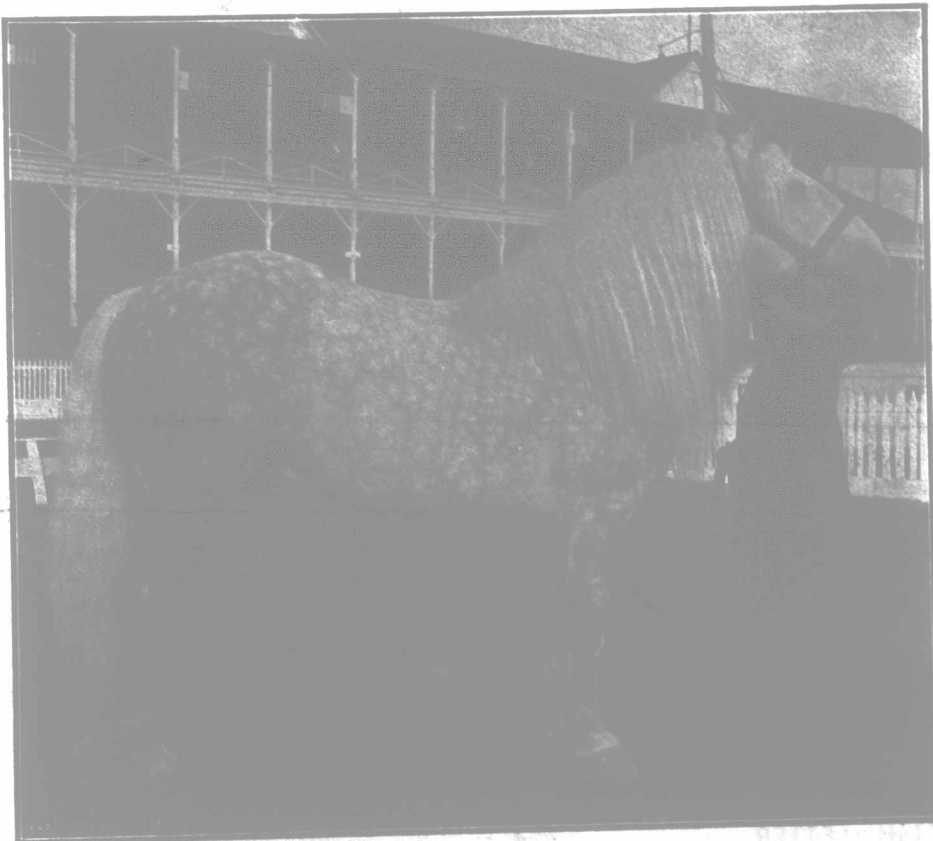
years' course has been established; the College has been placed in close relationship with Toronto University, and in future the Ontario Department of Agriculture will be responsible for its success. There is a demand for better-trained veterinarians. A wider field for usefulness is opening up, to meet which a more comprehensive course of study has been mapped out, in order to give students the equipment they need for the work. It is hoped that the standard of the profession will be raised, and that it will become more efficient in looking after the health of dumb animals, and furthering a better system of inspection in regard to meat and milk products.

The opening exercises were marked by the first public appearance of the Hon. Jas. S. Duff as Minister of Agriculture, who expressed himself as being in hearty accord with the new arrangements regarding the Ontario Veterinary College, and promised to do his part in furthering the interests of the College, and in making it of greater benefit to the agricultural interests of the country.

The Hon. Nelson Monteith, to whom much credit is due in effecting the change in the regulations of the College to the Department of Agriculture, presided at the opening exercises. He paid a high tribute to the valuable services rendered by Dr. Smith, and asked, on behalf of Dr. Grange, the new principal, the same loyalty that the College had always shown its founder.

GROWTH OF VETERINARY SCIENCE.

Dr. Grange, in his inaugural address, traced the beginning of the study of veterinary science. There are records of the practice of veterinary surgery as far back as 500 B. C. In the 16th century there was a marked revival in veterinary surgery, under Francis I. This was followed by a period of inactivity, when the science fell into disuse. In the eighteenth century contagious diseases among dumb animals became alarmingly prevalent. In 1761 a school of veterinary science—the first in Europe—was established at Lyons, France. This was followed in 1791 by the establishment of the Veterinary College in London, England. In 1820 the Highland Agricultural Society took up the work, and the veterinary college, known the world over through the work of Professor Dick, was established. About 50 years ago veterinary science began to receive some attention in Canada through the importation of live stock from the Old Land, and the danger of bringing in disease. A committee of citizens took the matter up, prominent among them being the late Hon. Adam Ferguson and the late Professor Buckland. The two latter were sent on a deputa-



Comier (imp.) 129 (53767).

Percheron stallion. Foaled 1902. Winner of first prize in aged class. Western Fair, London, 1908. Imported and owned by Hamilton & Hawthorne, Simcoe, Ontario.

LIVE STOCK.

ECONOMIZING THE MEAL RATION.

With bran hovering between twenty and twenty-five dollars a ton, oats around forty cents a bushel, corn soaring into the eighties, and barley flirting in the neighborhood of the sixty-cent mark, it becomes a problem of prime importance in stock-feeding how to economize the meal ration. Official experimental work, as well as the experience of many practical stockmen, go to prove that, by a judicious combination of farm-grown roughage, satisfactory feeding results may be obtained with a quite low meal ration, consisting in part of such by-product feeding stuffs as oil meal, oil-cake meal, cottonseed meal, gluten meal, and other less-known feeds.

With the purposes of enabling experienced feeders to assist each other by comparison of notes, we invite a discussion on this subject of stock-feeding, under the following heads:

1. Outline your favorite system of winter-feeding beef cattle, dairy cattle, sheep or swine, as the case may be?
2. What combination of roughage do you find best adapted to economize the meal ration.
3. At present prices, what do you consider the most profitable grains or meals to purchase for the purpose of supplementing farm-grown fodder and grains?
4. Cattlemen who have had experience with corn silage or corn fodder in combination with clover or alfalfa hay are particularly requested to relate their experience with it as a meal-saving ration.
5. Any other points bearing on the purchase of stock or feed, the stabling and care of stock, preparation of feed, or the present outlook for the cattle-feeder, will be welcome. Prompt, brief and pointed answers are desired.

tion to Scotland to investigate. The result of their investigations was the bringing to this country of Dr. Andrew Smith. From this beginning, the interest in veterinary science grew, and the Ontario Veterinary College became an institution widely known from one end of this continent to the other. Turning to the future, Dr. Grange pointed out that the demands upon the veterinary profession had greatly increased in recent years. A close study of bacteriology, botany and chemistry were necessary, and the fields of meat, milk and dairy inspection demanded a wider training of the veterinary student. A three-years' course had been established, and a wider range of studies prescribed, with the object of better equipping graduates for future work in this larger sphere. The College, he stated, will give practical demonstration work covering a wider range, and will continue to advance in all matters relating to veterinary medicine and surgery.

Dr. Smith followed, in a brief address, in which he expressed a wish for the future success of the institution, which would ever receive his hearty support. Recounting the early history of the College, he paid tribute to some of the men who had ably assisted him in the work of the past. He believed that in the future, more than in the past, there would be closer intercourse between the medical and veterinary professions.

Dr. Falconer, President of the University, expressed pleasure that Dr. Smith and those representing the Government had approached the negotiation with so much good-will. It spoke well for the future of the College. The closer association the College would have in the future with the University, would, he believed, be mutually beneficial.

Dr. Rutherford, Chief Veterinarian and Livestock Commissioner for Canada, who has taken a deep interest in the change in his Alma Mater, gave some reminiscences of his student days, over thirty years ago. Continuing, he stated that the successful veterinary surgeon must be a more capable student than the medical man, as he has to cultivate the power of observation more. The dumb animal cannot help the veterinary surgeon in diagnosing a case. The veterinarian must do it all himself, by observation. In concluding, Dr. Rutherford expressed the wish that the Ontario Veterinary College would so develop under the new regime as to meet the needs of the whole Dominion. One well-equipped institution was sufficient, and he would do his part to stir up an interest in the other Provinces in behalf of the College.

Addresses of a congratulatory nature were given by President Creelman; C. C. James, Deputy Minister of Agriculture; J. W. Flavelle; Dr. A. B. McCallum, Toronto, and Dr. Cowan, of Galt.

"CHRONICLE."

OUR SCOTTISH LETTER.

Advices from Canada, just received, rather indicate that you had lively times at Toronto Show. We do not know what the "pothe" has been about, but gather that the judge and the public were not agreeing about some awards in the Clydesdale section. The details are unknown here, but, in a general way, one may be permitted to remark that a Scotsman and a Canadian do not quite agree about the points of a Clydesdale horse. That is possibly not the happiest way to put the matter. The two would write almost the same description of an ideal horse, but when it came to actual decision as between rival horses, the Scotsman and the Canadian would not agree as to the laying of the emphasis. The Scot would place it one place; the Canadian would put it elsewhere. The causes of disturbance may not have been so simple as I am imagining, but it is always regrettable when feeling is aroused around a ring-side. Such feeling must of necessity be harmful to the best interests of the breed or breeds involved. The Clydesdale, unhappily, has suffered greatly from this cause.

UNFAVORABLE HARVEST CONDITIONS.

September is a very busy month, but possibly farmers generally are more concerned at present with the harvesting of their crops than with any other subject. Many have been four weeks engaged in cutting, yet their stuff is still in the stook. The weather broke about the beginning of September, and has not only been wet, but warm and "muggy." It has been admirable spring weather, and just about as badly adapted for ingathering as could be imagined. Rain has fallen almost daily, and there has been a total absence of wind. The sheaves are now sprouting, and even if improvement should at once set in, much grain has been irretrievably ruined. In spite of all the grumbling associated with 1907, it hardly admits of doubt now that 1908 will be a more disastrous season for farmers. We have had good crops; the summer was one of the best known for many years; grain and roots were alike in fine order when harvest began. Since then there has been continual rain, and not only is grain greatly damaged, but the risks to the potato crop are unusually severe. The damp, close, muggy weather recently experienced is pro-

verbally associated with an outbreak of potato disease. Let us hope we may be spared this calamity, whatever else may betide.

IRISH AGRICULTURAL CONDITIONS.

The British Association met this year in Dublin, and for once in a way agriculture had a big innings on the programme. No man has been more closely identified with the advancement of Irish agriculture than Sir Horace Plunkett, and, as an administrator and executive officer, no one has been more successful than Prof. J. R. Campbell, B.Sc. Both of these gentlemen read papers before sections of the Association having to do with agriculture, and in both there was ample material for thought and discussion. The Irish movement labors under certain disadvantages, but in the main it has proceeded on the lines of self-help and co-operation. The aim has been to support agriculture by improving the status of the farmer, and extending his knowledge. The multitudinous forms in which knowledge may be imparted give hope for the future. The agencies employed are manifold, including demonstration farms, which are also schools, itinerant instructors, male and female, in agriculture, poultry-keeping, and dairying; dairy institutes; and finally, a School of Agriculture in the Royal College of Science and Art, in Dublin. Professor Campbell does not believe in many of the dilettante schemes that have been put forth by theorists. Professor Campbell's contribution to the question will, no doubt, be fully published in the "transactions" of the august body before which it was delivered. Meantime, copies may be obtained from the Professor himself at the Department of Agriculture, Merrion Square, Dublin.

DOCTORS DISAGREE.

At the beautiful town of Peebles, in the beginning of the month, the Sanitary Congress met.



Steer Calf.

Sired by Shorthorn bull. First in class, under 1 year, Toronto Exhibition, 1908. Bred and owned by Jos. Stone, Saintfield, Ont.

and discussed all manner of topics bearing on the food of the people and their surroundings. A conference was held during one afternoon, at which farmers and sanitary inspectors met face to face and had out their differences. A notable feature was the comparative oneness of their sentiments. The idea at present before the country is to get common ground, upon which the mutual interests of producers, distributors and consumers of milk may be reconciled. A bill has been drafted and read a first time in the House of Commons, in which provisions are set forth aiming at the production of a pure-milk supply in our cities. Some of its provisions are drastic enough, but there is every prospect that they will be considerably modified before the bill actually becomes law. We have here three sets of official persons striving for the mastery, so far as the control of the milk supply is concerned. These are the medical officers of Health, the Veterinary Inspectors, and the Sanitary Inspectors. The first named would like to get all power into their own hands. They have an idea that they know enough about sanitation to warrant their being invested with authority over the sanitary authorities. They are quite prepared to undertake the inspection of cows for disease of a tubercular order, and they have a firm belief that farmers ought to be sat upon as persons who care nothing for the well-being of the human race in respect of food and milk. The veterinary surgeons have held a meeting, at which they "let out." They are not going to have any more of the doctors' supremacy. Their claim is that the Medical Officer should confine his atten-

tion to the human, and they will do their best to save the bovine creation. The sanitary authorities said sundry things about the medical officers when they both met at Peebles, and the probability is that the farmer may escape while the officials are quarreling about their individual pretige.

RAM SALES—OXFORDS GAINING GROUND.

Stock sales have been very numerous during these past few weeks. September is the great month for ram sales. The English sales are held earlier than the Scots, and prices have this year throughout ruled lower than usual. This is due, in large measure, to the absence of any foreign demand. Lincolns have made no fancy prices, and Shropshires have, in cases, met a middling trade. There is some reason to fear that the Shropshire is receding in popular favor, while the Oxford Down is rapidly forging ahead. The Oxford, indeed, is making inroads on the territory hitherto held sacred by the Border Leicester. This last is our great crossing breed, and, while other breeds of sheep have had to submit to a reduced set of averages, some breeders of Border Leicesters have had increases, placed to their credit in a season of falling prices. One of the most successful breeders of Border Leicesters in Scotland was the late Mr. David Hume, Barrelwell. He died last spring, and his flock was dispersed in the first week of September. For six years out of seven he had secured the championship of the H. & A. S. show. Buyers were present at the sale from as far afield as New Zealand. The highest price realized for a shearling ram was 160 ps. The buyer was Mr. W. C. Moyes, who means to uphold the honors of Forfarshire, which were so well nurtured by Mr. Hume. As a breeding-ground for Border Leicesters, Forfarshire now almost takes leading place. The leading breeder, however, is still to

be found in the Border District. Mr. Matthew Templeton, Sandyknowe, had the highest averages for his rams in the three Border Leicester rings at the great Kelso sales. He sold one ram at £150. Other noted breeders were, Messrs. Smith, Leaston, who got £200 for one to go to New Zealand; Messrs. Smith, Galalaw, who got £125 for one; Messrs. Clark, Oldhamstocks, who got £165 for one; and Mr. John Mark, Sunnyside, who got £170 for what many regarded as the best Border Leicester on the ground.

Blackfaces met a good demand at Lanark and Perth. The first named is the great market for this breed; nothing beats Perth in this country as a market for commercial sheep, although Ayr is now running a splendid race in the same direction. The leading flock among Blackfaces this year is that of Mr. M. G. Hamilton, Woolfords. In a year of falling averages, he had increases. He sold five Blackface shearlings at an average of £62 4s. He got £105, £100, £57, £35, and £20 each for the five. The most notable event at Lanark, however, was the sale of a four-shear ram, bred on Woolfords (and three years ago sold as a shearling for £75), for the extraordinary sum of £90. The buyer was Mr. Charles Howatson, of Glenbuck, one of the most enthusiastic patrons of the breed. This is a wonderful sheep for his years, and seldom indeed does a high-priced ram sell for more money as a four-year-old than he made as a one-year-old. The highest price made for a Cheviot ram this season is £100, and the highest average £22 4s. 6d., for 29, sold at Hawick, by Mr. John Elliot.

CATTLE SALES.

Cattle sales have been held in England and the North of Scotland during these past weeks. Aberdeen-Angus cattle have been thrown upon the market in large numbers. At Mains of Fordie, in Perthshire, 50 head made an average of £21 18s. 8d. They were of mixed ages, and both sexes. At Ballindalloch, 31 of the surplus stock made an average of £47 7s. At Mains of Mulben, 37 surplus made £34 12s. 6d. Down in Berkshire, a sale of 54 head of Shorthorns, from the famous herd of Sir Alex. Henderson, Bart., Buscot Park,



House and Barn on Farm of R. A. Penhale, Elgin Co., Ont.

took place on Wednesday. They averaged £47 7s. 8d., the 41 cows and heifers making £49 13s. 2d. This herd was founded with Bates cattle, which were subsequently crossed by an Uppermill bull, Wanderer's Prince, and the result was singularly happy. The cattle have Bates style and Cruickshank fleshiness. This is undoubtedly the cross, but it is not easily made, and seldom have results so satisfactory been secured as at Buscot Park.

HORSE SALES.

Clydesdales have had their turn at Perth, where 84 pedigree animals of all ages and both sexes made the substantial average of £54 5s. The highest price was 200 gs., paid for Favorite Queen, a two-year-old filly by Royal Favorite. The highest average made by a single stud was £120 19s. 8d., got by Mr. J. Ernest Kerr, Harviestown, for nine out of his noted stud. At Seaham Harbor, the usual autumn sale was held a week ago, when 15 filly foals made an average of £39 6s. 8d., and eight colt foals made an average of £48 11s. 3d.

Hackneys have also been sold in great numbers during the last few weeks. At Thornhome, the home of Mathias, and the place where his son, the 2,000-gs. gelding, Radiant, was bred, forty-seven head, including many old mares and their foals, made an average of £31 3s. 6d.; and at Gowanbank, the largest Hackney stud in Great Britain, good prices were got for good animals. A pony stallion named Ruby Rival made 205 gs. to Miss Langworthy, from Maidenhead, and a yearling colt named Maclure, by Mathias, made 135 gs., to Mr. J. W. Adamson, Duncrieve, Perthshire. This is a phenomenally great colt. But good as are these prices, they are nothing compared with such figures as have been paid for Thoroughbred yearlings at Newmarket during the past week or two. A colt by Persimmon made 2,900 gs., a filly by Gallinule 1,800 gs., and a filly by Rocksand 1,950 gs.

"SCOTLAND YET."

FALL CARE OF FEEDING CATTLE.

Cattle intended to be fed this winter for the beef market, or any other stock, for the matter of that, should not be allowed to lose flesh by reason of short pasture during the late fall months, as weight so lost will have to be made up later on before any gain can be made; and, as gain cannot be made without cost, there is economy in planning to hold what one has. Even though late fall rains may freshen the pastures for a while, the tender grass so started has not the nutritive qualities of that of summer growth, and especially is it lacking in nourishment after being frostbitten. It is, therefore, good practice, where practicable, to supplement the pasture by giving the cattle a feed once or twice a day of hay, ensilage, cured cornstalks, and a little meal, to enable them to maintain their weight. The same suggestion, of course, applies to milking cows, and perhaps with greater force, since the milk flow is sure to shrink rapidly when the feed is lacking in nutrition and the animals are chilled by cold winds and frost, and for this reason milking stock should be stabled nights and fed extra when cold weather comes.

In the case of beef cattle, early stabling is not necessary or desirable, provided they are fed in the open something more substantial than frosted grass, as nature provides them with a heavier coat of hair for protection in such a contingency.

and the animals are healthier for living in the fresh air, so long as they are sufficiently nourished by suitable food, especially if they have access to shelter from cold rains or snow storms. This fact has been abundantly proven by experiments in cold countries, where cattle have been successfully fattened in the open, with no other protection than that afforded by hills or woods. A notable instance of this is found in the report, published in the May 28th issue of "The Farmer's Advocate," of a trial conducted at the Dominion Experimental Farm, at Brandon, Man., last winter, in which two lots of steers were fed, one lot in the stable, and the other out of doors, with no protection from the weather other than the hills and scrub woods, the latter, even in that cold climate, making practically as good gains, and showing more profit for their feeding than those comfortably housed. Instances such as this may well afford food for thought as to whether serious mistakes have not been made in housing fattening cattle in warm, ill-ventilated stables, breathing contaminated air, to the impairment of their health and robustness of constitution. From the temporary wooden sheds and stables of earlier years came strong, robust and well-finished heaves, as a rule, showing more vigor, and better enduring the vicissitudes of shipping than those coddled in close, over-heated stables. While the elaborate basement stabling so generally provided in these days for cattle have much to recommend them in respect to convenience of feeding and the care and handling of manure, there is reason to fear that the question of providing for abundance of light and fresh air in such structures has been neglected, to the loss of health and vigor in the animals so housed. But this difficulty may

be largely avoided by planning for plenty of ventilation and light when building, and may be remedied to a considerable extent in cases where the mistake has been made. In the case of fattening cattle, at least, the maintenance of a high temperature is wholly unnecessary, and a wholesome condition may readily be supplied by means of open windows and top doors.

The feeding of dehorned fattening cattle loose in sheds or roomy box stalls, in lots of five to ten in a group, has been satisfactorily practiced by some feeders, and would appear to commend itself, especially where stanchions provided for keeping the animals in place while feeding. Devices for opening and closing a row of stanchions by means of a lever at one end of the row are on the market, and would seem to be practicable and desirable under such conditions.

THE FARM.

CEMENT BLOCK SILO IN ELGIN CO., ONT.

The accompanying illustration of buildings on the farm of R. A. Penhale, Elgin Co., Ont., are remarkable not only for the palatial scale and character of the residence, and the commodious barn, but more especially for the large, round cement-block silo shown plainly in one of the views. Monolithic, round concrete siloes have become a familiar feature of farm steadings in Western Ontario, and have given first-class satisfaction as regards durability, ultimate economy and serviceability; but cement-block siloes, though coming into use in some sections of the United States, are as yet unusual in Canada. Though probably somewhat more expensive than the monolithic structure, the air-space in the blocks improves the insulation of the wall, i. e., it is less likely to freeze through. While the freezing of a foot or two of silage does not necessarily spoil it, freezing is undesirable, and in this respect the hollow-block silo has an advantage. One might anticipate that the cement-block silo would lack sufficient strength, and that the bond where the blocks join would not hold well. This, it seems, may be overcome by imbedding in a groove purposely made near the outer face of every third row of blocks, a reinforcing rod or wire. The fact that Mr. Penhale's mammoth silo has successfully stood a season's use, keeping the silage perfectly, and giving number-one satisfaction in every way, is very encouraging.

We want to learn more about cement-block siloes in Canada, and will thank our readers to supply us with descriptions and illustrations of as many as possible. Meantime, we publish the following particulars concerning Mr. Penhale's silo, supplied by the owner on request.

The dimensions of this silo are sixteen feet diameter on the inside, and forty feet in height, the estimated capacity being 200 tons of silage. The material used was sixty barrels of cement, fifteen cords of gravel and sand, one thousand feet of reinforcement, and ten bushels of white lime. Three men spent 12½ days making blocks with a concrete-block machine. The cost of laying up the blocks was \$123, the masons charging 40c. per hour, and the helpers 20c. per hour. I cannot give you the exact time it took, but the cost was as above. The size of the blocks from four-



Barn and Cement Block Silo on Farm of R. A. Penhale, Elgin Co., Ont.

dation up to about one-half the height was 8 x 10 x 16 inches; balance to the top, 8 x 8 x 16 inches. The blocks were made on the ground by the block machine, and were laid up by city masons the same as any cement-block structure, with an iron rod laid in a groove formed in the block to secure same, every third course, the rod making a complete circle or hoop; a three-eighths-inch rod will answer the purpose well. Regarding cost of hollow concrete-block silo, as compared with solid concrete, I am of the opinion that the hollow-block silo will cost a little more. I think it will be just as durable, amply strong, and rather more desirable.

With regard to the way the silage keeps, as compared to that in a wood or solid-concrete silo, would say that last season's experience demonstrated that there is nothing to be desired in the way the silage keeps. We had not a particle of spoiled ensilage, except a few inches on top.

I would recommend any ordinary farmer to build a hollow-concrete-block silo in preference to any other kind I know of at the present time.

Elgin Co., Ont.

R. A. PENHALE.

THE DAIRY.

KNOWLEDGE AND SKILL IN DAIRYING.

"There are two most valuable possessions which no search-warrant can get at, which no execution can take away, and which no reverse of fortune can destroy; they are what a man puts into his brain—KNOWLEDGE; and into his hands—SKILL."

This apt quotation serves as a text for the foreword in the Eastern Dairy School Calendar. Dairying, it proceeds to remark, is becoming more and more an applied science, and before one can hope to achieve any marked degree of success, he must possess both a knowledge of its underlying principles, and the skill to apply this knowledge in every-day practice; he should have a trained mind and a trained hand.

Perhaps, everything considered, dairying constitutes our premier national industry. Our home consumption of milk and milk products is large, and, in addition, we export large quantities of cheese and butter, it being conservatively estimated, by those in a position to judge, that the combined value of these means an annual revenue of fully one hundred million dollars; and this without any depletion, but, on the contrary, an actual building up of soil fertility.

As our cheese and butter making are largely conducted on the co-operative plan, the future success of the industry depends, in no small measure, upon those who man our factories. As they are such important factors in its development, they cannot qualify themselves too well for the important position they occupy. Our factories should be, and we are pleased to say that many of them are, centers of dairy education.

The magnitude and importance of our dairy industry, its real nature as an applied science, and the great importance attaching to our cheese and butter makers, on account of the co-operative form that dairying has largely assumed in Ontario, and in Canada as a whole, these constitute the reasons and the justification for the establishment and existence of our whole system of free education and instruction in dairying, of which our dairy schools form such an important branch.

We would repeat that, under our more or less complicated co-operative system of dairying, the maker and factory manager becomes a most important factor in its successful working out; and it behooves those in charge, or about to take the management, of factories to feel their responsibility, and thoroughly qualify themselves for their important posts.

QUESTIONS FOR HOLSTEIN BREEDERS.

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":

As I am a young Holstein breeder, and am anxious to learn, will you kindly answer the following questions:

1. Are the "milk wells" and veins as large when a cow is dry as when she is in full flow?
2. In a Holstein bull, which form would you prefer, a masculine head, highly-crested neck, heavy shoulders, square buttock, and heavy, full quarters, or one with a ewe neck, sharp withers, narrow back, cat hams, and well split up behind?

Welland Co., Ont.

YOUNG DAIRYMAN.

[Note.—The second of these questions is important, involving, as it does, complicated considerations of type and sexual differentiation. It is hard enough to decide what constitutes the ideal type of a dairy cow, but much more difficult to decide what conformation of the male corresponds to and is best calculated to beget such approved type in his female offspring. We submit these questions to the consideration of Holstein breeders from whom, as well as from any others who may be interested in the discussion, replies are invited.—Editor.]

WHEY WORTH 35 PER CENT. MORE.

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":

At the last annual meeting of the patrons of Maple Grove Cheese Factory, it was decided to try pasteurizing the whey for this season. From my own experience so far, and that of others with whom I have conversed on the subject, I may say we consider the practice highly satisfactory. The whey is returned quite sweet, of good flavor, and I would consider its feeding value worth at least 35 per cent. more than the sour stuff we formerly received. A good feature about it is that the cans are sweeter, with no grease adhering, as heating the whey incorporates all of the fat into it; so that the cans are more easily washed, and it is reasonable to expect that they will last longer, not being so liable to corrode. I also think that pasteurizing the whey must have a beneficial effect on the character of the milk supplied, and thereby affect the character of the cheese. We pay our cheesemaker \$50, which amounts to about 50c. per ton of cheese, for pasteurizing, as all the remuneration he wanted was enough to cover the cost of the extra fuel required for producing the steam.

I consider the practice a step in the right direction toward getting rid of some of the bad flavors that cheesemakers have had to contend with. Factorymen in general will do well to fall in line, and I am satisfied that any person having any experience with pasteurization of whey would not willingly return to the old practice.

Lambton Co., Ont.

FRED PATTERSON.

NO BITTER FLAVOR SINCE WHEY IS PASTEURIZED.

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":

At the Elma cheese factory the practice of pasteurizing the whey has been adopted, with satisfactory results. The whey, as returned, has been found to be sweeter, of better flavor, and with better feeding value, as all the fat is contained. It is impossible to say how much more per cwt. it is worth. The cans are easier to clean, as there is no grease adhering to them, and they will probably last longer. The quality of the milk has improved, and the cheesemaker states that, since adopting the practice, he has had no bitter flavor, and few other flavors. A charge of 50c. per ton for heating the whey is made. From my experience, it pays to have the whey pasteurized, and I would like to have the practice continued.

Perth Co., Ont.

THOS. E. SHEARER.

FEEDING VALUE OF WHEY DOUBLED.

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":

During the time pasteurization has been practiced in the Elma cheese factory it has given entire satisfaction. The steam connections were installed last spring, and since then a marked improvement in the condition of the whey and milk cans is noticeable. We consider the feeding value of the whey doubled, and the cans are almost entirely free from grease, are much easier cleaned, and will undoubtedly last longer. Cheese with a bitter flavor had been a common thing in this factory for years, but have been entirely free from the trouble this past summer. The cheesemaker is paid 50 cents per ton of cheese for pasteurizing. Altogether, we think it a paying investment, and consider any factory's equipment incomplete without arrangements for pasteurizing the whey.

Perth Co., Ont.

Salesman.

ANOTHER WORD FOR PASTEURIZATION.

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":

The practice of pasteurizing the whey has been in vogue for the past year at the Snell's Factory, at Newark, with the result that the patrons find the condition of the whey, as regards sweetness, flavor and feeding value, better than formerly; the cans are sweeter and easier to wash, less grease is found to adhere to them, and they will probably last longer. The night's milk is less liable to be gassy than it was before the whey was pasteurized. The patrons find that it pays them to have the whey pasteurized, and wish the practice continued.

Oxford Co., Ont.

J. E. WARING.

THINKS PASTEURIZED WHEY EQUALS SEPARATED MILK.

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":

Our factory has been pasteurizing whey two seasons. The whey is sweet, and is worth as much as separated milk for feeding. Formerly, I would not want it at any price. The cans are sweeter, and easier to wash, and there is no grease adhering to them. The cans do not corrode, but I don't think they will last any longer. Pasteurization should improve the quality of milk and cheese. It pays to have the whey pasteurized. I wish the practice continued.

Oxford Co., Ont.

CHAS. R. MCCORMICK.

WOULD PAY ANY FACTORY.

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":

Whey has been pasteurized at the Elma factory this season. The whey has been very satisfactory so far. I consider it much better for feeding, but cannot say just the positive value per cwt. The cans are very much more easily cleaned, as no grease adheres to them at all. They also keep sweet, and do not rust so quickly. I also think the quality of the cheese has been improved by this method, as our cheesemaker won several prizes at the large fairs. I believe it would pay any factory to pasteurize whey, and I certainly wish it continued.

Perth Co., Ont.

AN ELMA FARMER.

POULTRY.

TO COMMENCE WITH EGGS OR FOWLS?

To a symposium of answers to the question, "Would you advise the beginner who wishes to make a success of the standard-bred business, to buy fowls now or eggs next spring? How many fowls or eggs should he buy?" that bright poultry paper, the Standard, subjoins the following, by way of explanation and comment:

An important reason for buying fowls is that the buyer has the advantage of the breeder's experience. This is valuable to the buyer now, because it enables him to commence studying his variety and to have made considerable progress in the spring, when the other beginner would be buying eggs for hatching.

Almost all poultry-breeders are honest, and are in the poultry business to make good, and if the buyer pays a reasonable price for a pen of one cockerel and four yearling hens, these birds will certainly produce high-quality chicks.

From the small pen, the buyer can hatch one hundred or more chicks next year. He can hatch them early; he can separate the eggs of each hen, if he wishes, and in this way make a good beginning in line-breeding standard-breds.

Most breeders who sell high-priced eggs for hatching, sell them from pens containing not less than eight and up to twelve hens. These females do not all properly mate with the male, so that our buyer, with the cockerel and his four hens that were specially mated for him by the breeder, has a greater chance to raise high-quality birds than the man who buys eggs for hatching next spring.

The point is raised in one answer that the breeder will not sell his best birds, but that he will sell eggs for hatching from his best birds. If he will not sell his best birds—birds that he understands the value of—why would he risk selling eggs from them?

You will find that any breeder will sell his best birds (his price might not be a modest one) when he has other birds developing that will surpass the present best birds at the next show he will attend.

Rather tell the beginner to go to a good breeder in the variety; buy all the birds he now wants from that man or woman, and continue buying new blood or eggs from this strain for the first few seasons.

To Our Club-raisers.

There are thousands of farmers who do not know what they are losing every year through not being subscribers to "The Farmer's Advocate and Home Magazine." Therefore, we want all readers of "The Farmer's Advocate" to act as club-raisers this year, and send us large lists of NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

Send us TWO NEW NAMES for one year, and we will advance your own subscription twelve months, thus making the cash payment only \$3.00 for the three yearly subscriptions; or, for each single NEW NAME, accompanied by \$1.50, we will advance the date of your address label six months. Cash commissions or premiums, as preferred, for larger lists of new names.

In clubs of FOUR RENEWALS OR OVER, we will accept \$1.25 each.

Premiums not included in club offers.

Start raising your club immediately. Get "The Farmer's Advocate and Home Magazine" into every household in your locality.

GARDEN  ORCHARD

THE FAMEUSE OR SNOW APPLE.

(Paper read by R. W. Shepherd, of Coma, Que., before the Quebec Pomological Society's annual meeting, December, 1907.)

Much has been written about this famous apple, but its origin is obscure. Downing says—

"A celebrated Canada fruit (probably an old French variety), which has its name (pomme de neige) from the snow-white color of its flesh; or, as some say, from the village from whence it was taken to England."

All of which is erroneous and misleading. As a matter of fact the variety is not known in France, and it is quite improbable that it was ever taken to England from France. There is every probability that the Fameuse evolved from France by the early missionaries, the St. Sulpicians for instance, who were the first missionaries on the Island of Montreal. I believe the Fameuse to be fully 150 to 200 years old. Montreal was founded in 1541, and presuming that the Sulpician fathers brought over with them seeds of French apples for planting on the Island of Montreal, allowing several generations to evolve the Fameuse, we can safely suppose the variety was known and propagated since about 1730, and that this famous apple was under cultivation at the time of the capture of Canada by the British in 1760.

The late Chas. Gibb tells us that trees of Fameuse were sent to England and the fruit exhibited there as early as 1818. This apple attains its greatest perfection in this northern climate. Our sunny days and cool nights in September are conducive to the attainment of the high color. It is true that in the higher latitudes on this continent the apples attain the deepest red color. My first observation of this fact was at the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia in 1876. The fruit from all apple-growing States and from the Provinces of Canada were exhibited on tables, over which the name of the State or Province was placarded. Apples from the Southern States showed very little color, and from the Pacific Slope a pale color, and those from the States of Michigan, Ohio and New York showed considerable color, but the highest-colored apples of all were from the State of Maine and Province of Quebec. In fact, on the Quebec table there was scarcely an apple which was not well colored. What is more beautiful than the highly-colored Fameuse and McIntosh Red? But to show the effect that climate has on apples, I was informed by the King's Head Gardener at Windsor that the Fameuse trees at Sandringham, growing there since 1896, bear plenty of fruit, but without color; "not to be compared to yours at all," he said.

The Winter St. Lawrence, imported from England under the name of "Manx Codlin," is not recognizable at all as grown in Canada, because so much improved in quality and color.

The Fameuse have proved for centuries to be superior in quality to all of our other Quebec apples, and the most profitable. But are we going to preserve this wonderful variety? It has stood the test for years—almost wiped out of existence by the terrible winter of 1859—but young orchards we started the following year on a larger scale than ever. But the winter of 1903-4 was also terribly severe, almost fifty per cent. of the bearing trees in some districts were killed or irretrievably injured—and what is being done to maintain the Fameuse? Very few new orchards of that variety are being set out. I venture to say that where one Fameuse is planted, four of McIntosh Red are set out. The latter is a fine apple and the tree is hardier, having a better constitution than the Fameuse. Being a new variety, of course we would expect that—just as a young man, and lusty, can withstand greater hardships than an old man. The Fameuse has the disadvantage of age. Scions have been taken for years from diseased trees, or trees that are black-hearted, caused by winter injury. Too little care has been taken in selecting the scions from perfectly healthy trees—hence the weakness of constitution in most of our Fameuse.

Unless orchardists undertake to set out new orchards of Fameuse the variety must die out. I predict that in twenty-five years from now the Fameuse will be a scarce apple in this Province, and the price for good apples of that variety will enhance every year. It is a pity!! McIntosh Red can never replace Fameuse as to quality for a dessert apple. In the best houses in England where the two kinds have been tried, the verdict has always been in favor of the Fameuse, and I speak from experience, because I have a large clientele of that class of customers.

In England apples are more generally used at dinner for the dessert course than they are here, where we get oranges, bananas, grapes, etc., very cheap; and the medium size and beautiful appearance of the Fameuse, apart from its peculiarly delicate, high flavor and delightful perfume, brings it into great demand.

The McIntosh is rather too large, and often irregular in shape, to be as popular a dessert apple for the table.

Perhaps the constitution of the Fameuse tree may be improved, or its longevity increased, if we were to

top-graft on hardy stocks, like McMahon, or other similar robust species. By nurserymen adopting this method, instead of root grafting or low budding, we would overcome at least a tendency towards sunscald and disease of the trunk, or winter root-killing. This would necessitate double working—i.e., the McMahon root grafted on the seedling, and the Fameuse top grafted at three years on the McMahon—which, of course, would add to the cost of the nursery tree at four years of age; but I believe unless some such method is adopted it will be difficult to preserve the Fameuse for future generations. This variety will not be abandoned by orchardists for the same reason that numerous other varieties of our fine Quebec seedlings have gone out of existence (such as Bourrassa and Pomme Grise, which were shy bearers), because the Fameuse is a wonderfully productive and profitable variety; although in late years it has proved short-lived. Therefore, if the longevity can be improved by top-grafting on hardy stock, it is certainly worth trying, and I should like to see an expression of opinion from this Society favoring such a system of growing Fameuse trees in nursery, for the future orchards of the Province.

DISCUSSION.

In the discussion following Mr. Shepherd's paper, it was mentioned that McIntosh sold in Montreal for \$5 a barrel, and Fameuse for \$4, to which he replied: "That can be explained to a certain extent. McIntosh is a new variety, and there is not sufficient to supply the market. I think very highly of it, but I contend that for dessert purposes it cannot compare with Fameuse. For general purposes it is better than Fameuse. Top-working the Fameuse was suggested to me last summer. I saw many top-worked on seedlings, and they were certainly splendid Fameuse trees."

PLANTING A HEDGE.

Will you please advise me as to the planting of a hedge, as I wish to put one around the grounds here? Is the fall or spring best time for planting? Will it do to dig trees in fall and pit the roots through the winter, allowing the tops to be exposed, and plant in the spring? Which is the best, double row or zig-zag? How far apart in the row should they be to be the best? Our soil is heavy clay; in that case, is it better to dig a trench and mix some loam with the clay and manure? About what height of shrub?

Ontario Co., Ont.

J. F. L.

Much depends upon the kind of hedge wanted as to what kind of trees should be used, how far apart they should be planted, and how treated. In a general way, I do not recommend the planting of hedges which are to be trimmed and kept low, as I believe far better results may be obtained, with much less expense and labor, by the use of some of the neat woven-wire fences, and planting irregular borders of shrubbery along these. If the plantation is intended to serve the purpose of a wind-break or shelter belt, I would recommend spruce or cedar, planted ten or twelve feet apart, with the intention of removing every alternate tree as soon as they begin to crowd at this distance. This allows for full development of the tree, and prevents the early killing out of the lower branches. If a strong shelter belt is wanted, a double zigzag row would be more effective in breaking the force of the wind.

The best time to plant is early in the spring. I would not advise taking up trees of this kind in the fall. Trees from one and a half to two feet in height are about the best size to plant. Of course, the larger the tree, the greater the expense.

Where the soil is very heavy, it should be loosened up as much as possible by plowing in a cover crop or green manure of some kind, and if a top dressing of manure and loam can be given, in addition, so much the better.

H. L. HUTT.

O. A. C.

HARDINESS OF GRAPES AND SHRUBS—WINTER PROTECTION OF GRAPES.

Will the shrub Spirea Van Houtteii stand the winter here; also the grape Campbell's Early? Temperature falls to thirty degrees below zero. Do they need any protection? Which is the best method of protection?

A. J. B.

Algoma District, Ont.

The Spirea Van Houtteii is very hardy, and I have no doubt it would prove entirely hardy in your district without any protection.

None of the grapes, however, could be expected to do well in your latitude without protection during the winter. The best means of protecting the vines is to lay them flat upon the ground and cover the canes with earth just before the ground freezes up in fall, or it might be sufficient to merely cover with a few frozen clods and allow the snow to cover them. The frozen clods and snow will be likely to mature the earliest ripening kinds, which will be likely to mature their crop in your short season. Among these, Campbell's Early, Worden and Champion are early blacks; while Moyer and Wyoming Red are early red kinds, and Winchell and Diamond are two of the earliest white varieties.

H. L. HUTT.

O. A. C.

BEST SPECIMEN OF A STANDARD COMMERCIAL VARIETY.

At the annual meeting and exhibition of the Maine State Pomological Society, to be held at Waterville, Me., November 11th and 12th, \$25.00 will be awarded as a special premium for the best specimen of any standard commercial variety, presumably of apples, grown in the New England States or Canada. The object is to secure typical specimens of the leading varieties in the different localities through this district, and to give opportunity for comparing not only the varieties, but the growth of the same variety in different localities.

This prize will be awarded by a special committee from the Pomological Society. The merit will be awarded by a scale of points containing size, color, texture and flavor, as well as its apparent fitness for commercial purposes.

There is no entry fee; exhibits may be sent to the Secretary, W. J. Ricker, Waterville, Me.

THE FARM BULLETIN

APPOINTMENTS AT M. A. C.

The Advisory Board of Manitoba Agricultural College, Winnipeg, have recently made three appointments to fill vacancies on the staff made necessary by resignations during the summer months, and by additional lecturers being required for the extra teaching work entailed in taking up the degree course, which starts this year. S. A. Bedford, of Brandon, formerly Superintendent of the Dominion Experimental Farm at that place, has been selected as Professor of Field Husbandry. Chas. H. Lee, B.A., of Winnipeg, formerly High School Principal at Moosomin, Sask., is the choice as Lecturer in Botany and Bacteriology. Wm. Brandon, of Winnipeg, has been appointed Lecturer in Mechanics, to assist Mr. Greig. Appointments are yet to be made in the departments of animal husbandry, dairying and physics. The College term opens October 26th.

SOURCE OF THE BOYS' DISCONTENT.

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":

Having read with interest the article in the issue of October 1st, entitled, "School and Tariff Questions," I would like to commend through your columns the note by "Ed.," appended to the above-mentioned article. Our friend, "Nottawasaga Farmer," holds the idea that the school system of to-day is demoralizing the youth as regards the pursuing of farm life, and infers that the system might be remodelled to the accomplishment of his highly commendable purpose, viz., retaining country boys on the farm.

Let me say at the outset, that, although a school teacher, I am a farmer's son, born, raised and living on a farm, and loving my home and its surroundings; accordingly, I have ample opportunity of verifying what I am about to say.

The country boy, educated in the high school, is not driven from the farm by a dislike to it, born of his associations at school. I imagine if the boy did not go to school he would branch off into some other line anyway—the store, the factory or the railroad—where his whole time and intellect would be devoted to the struggle for the "almighty dollar." As to the inference that the public-school system tends from the farm, I ignore that. It is hard to imagine one so narrow-minded as to wish to deprive a child of that slight training, inculcating in it (the child) the appreciation of the beautiful and true.

If you would find the source of discontent exhibited by the boy who has had the privileges of a high-school education, you must search nearer home than the school. I firmly believe the fathers themselves are more responsible for the drifting of their sons than the education they give them. Many farmers imagine that for his educational privileges the boy owes a debt of gratitude, which he must pay by the most assiduous application to the host of "chores" and "odd jobs" which are allotted to him after school hours. Moreover, he may be continually reminded that, as compared with his less privileged brother who works at home all the time, he is a somewhat unprofitable "piece of furniture."

It is quite true the schoolboy may not add so many dollars to his father's bank account at the present; nevertheless, when the parent has consented to make the sacrifice (if he has made any, which is often not the case), it displays a contemptible and unjust disposition to "hit a fellow continually when you have him down." The schoolboy, with his ever-broadening mind, is sensible to the injustice which, coupled with the multitudinous chores aforesaid, exasperates him beyond the restraints of "duty," beyond the ties of parental affection and esteem—which, though they may exist, are not apparent—and he seizes one of the many openings of the educated man, goes into the world on "his own hook," and, as history verifies, he has often

"shaped the whisper of the throne," compelling the respect and esteem of the friends who condemned him as an ungrateful ne'er do well. (I do not contend the boy should be exempted from chores, but only that he should not be expected to do a half a day's work outside of school.)

The boy, feeling that he is a burden to his father, leaves home for a field in which he will be appreciated. Now, had the youth received justice at home, he might, and I believe would, have been weaned from the world by the love of his home and parents, and by the sense that his schooling was fitting him for to be of greater service to them; and have finally concluded to settle down on the farm again, and there he would have applied that energy and perseverance attained in his school days, and which won him success in the course to which he drifted.

Possibly you will condemn the case as overdrawn. It is a view of the "boy" problem, written by a "boy," which has never to my knowledge been voiced through your columns, but it is, nevertheless, too true for the good of the future "farming generations." I do not contend that it is always the case, for there are other very powerful influences which contribute to the "drifting" process—one of which has been effective in my own personal experience—but it is true in many, and I trust that you will give this article space in your widely-read and much-appreciated columns, and I believe it will find an echo in the heart of many a fine young "student-farmer." Perchance it may reach the eye of some parent, who does not "understand the boy," and as he comments that "it may be true of some fathers," he may, on consideration of the thought, be induced to ask of his own soul, "Is it I?" LE MAITRE.

[Note.—In commending our editorial note, appended to the article "School and Tariff Questions," our correspondent pays us a doubtful compliment, inasmuch as he takes quite different ground from that contended for in our note. We think we read between the lines of "Le Maitre's" letter a well-merited protest against the attitude of those who would begrudge their sons and daughters a reasonable education. Education we must have in this day and age, and the boy who fails to obtain it is permanently handicapped in the race of life. At the same time, it cannot be successfully gained that the education of our public schools is too bookish, too far removed from the actualities of modern everyday existence, and tends to develop a prejudice against agriculture and manual labor in general. The remedy lies "not in withholding education from the masses," but in reforming it and balancing it up, training the hand as well as the head, and infusing into the spirit of the school a downright respect for and appreciation of those occupations which involve physical labor. The call is not for less, but for better, broader and more rational education, conceived with a view to meeting the needs of those who labor in factory and on farm, as well as those who adorn the professions and occupy the white-shirt jobs. Meantime, the only thing for the individual citizen to do is to give his sons and daughters the benefit of such educational facilities as are available. The reform of educational systems and methods is a problem that must be grappled with by the state.—Editor.]

FAIR DATES FOR 1908.

Nov. 28th to Dec. 10th.—International Live-stock Exposition, Chicago.
Nov. 30th to Dec. 3rd.—Maritime Winter Fair, Amherst, N. S.
Dec. 2nd to 10th.—National Dairy Show, Chicago.
Dec. 7th to 11th.—Ontario Provincial Winter Fair, Guelph.

The number of sheep, both in Great Britain and Ireland, is considerably larger this year than in 1907. The increase is peculiarly notable, since the United Kingdom is almost alone among the older countries of the world in showing no tendency toward a diminution in its flocks of sheep. Horses and cattle decreased slightly in Great Britain, but increased in Ireland; in the case of swine, the opposite movement took place. Among the minor animals, which are returned for Ireland, but not for Great Britain, there was an increase of mules and asses, but a decrease of goats, while among the poultry only ducks show a gain.

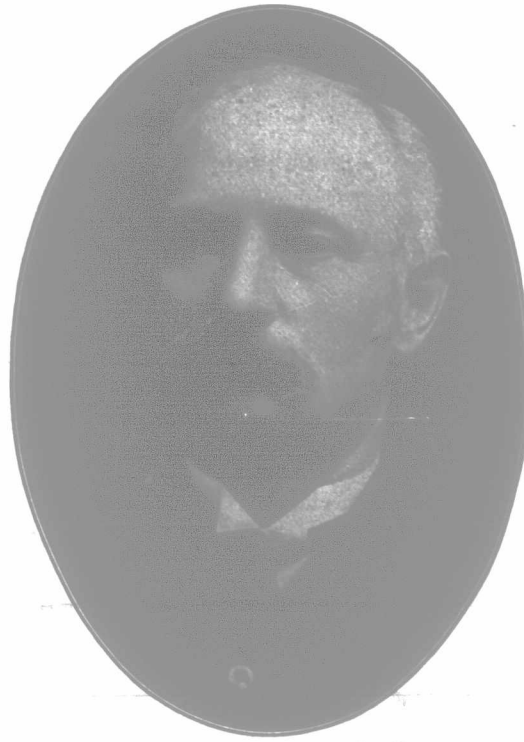
We have received the premium list of the fruit exhibit to be held in connection with the annual meeting of the Pomological and Fruit-growing Society, which meets at the Macdonald College, St. Anne de Bellevue, Que., December 2nd and 3rd. Copies of the premium list may be had on application to Peter Reid, Chateaugay Basin, P. Q.

Encouraging reports of the revival of business come from the officials of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association. Similarly favorable conditions are reported from the United States, trade conditions there having taken on new activity during the last three months. This is the more satisfactory in view of the uncertainty and disturbance occasioned by the approaching elections in both countries.

The twenty-fourth annual exhibition of the National Horse Show Association of America will be held in Madison Square Garden, New York City, November 9th to 11th.

P. E. ISLAND FARMERS WELL CIRCUMSTANCED.

We are still enjoying beautiful summer weather, though October is half gone. The crop is now practically housed, except the roots. Viewing all the different lines of our agricultural work for the past season, we are convinced that our farmers are in a better position financially than in any recent year. The hay crop was a bumper one, and well saved, and besides being largely composed of clover, it makes a valuable stock feed, and has also already added to the farmers' working capital in richer fields for future crops. Oats were not quite so heavy as last year, but were a good average crop and well saved. Wheat did well, except



Hon. James S. Duff.
Ontario's New Minister of Agriculture.

in the joint-worm-infected districts. The potato crop is away above the average, and the tubers perfectly sound. We have heard of many fields that have yielded 250 to 300 bushels to the acre. Our own crop gave us 250 per acre. Turnips got somewhat of a check in the September drouth, but are doing well since October came in, and if such weather as this continues till digging time they will be well above an average. The after-grass has been most luxurious on the clover meadows, and the excellent corn crop has matured this year till much of it is ripe enough for seed. This is very unusual on the Island. The excellent after-grass and the fine quality of corn has resulted in keeping up the flow of milk at the dairy stations all through the season. At the factory of which I am a patron the output of cheese will be practically the same for July, August and September, and the October output will be only a little less. In previous years July was the big month, and after that a gradual falling off. Dairying will be a good paying business for those who have put some intelligence into it. Preparations are being made for winter dairying on a much larger scale. The big mows of clover in the farmers' barns, and the excellent root crop, will be turned to good account in producing



What We Want More Of.

high-priced butter after November first, and some of our big potato crop can be utilized the same way, as the price of potatoes is very low. The fruit crop has been disappointing, but what apples we have are of excellent quality.

Stock is in prime condition, and all but work horses and milch cows are getting all their living outside. Markets for oats and potatoes are dull—Oats, 38c. to 40c., and potatoes only 20c. per bushel. Some of the second growth of clover has been cut here and cured for hay. This has been the warmest summer that we have had for many years. W. S.

THE LONDON DAIRY SHOW.

At the thirty-third annual show of the British Dairy Farmers' Ass'n, held in the Royal Agricultural Hall, Islington, London, October 6th to 9th, the entries of cattle numbered 247, while the total number of entries, including milking and butter tests, products, appliances, poultry, bacon, hams, honey, roots, etc., was 8,362. Of the Shorthorn class eligible to record in Coates' Herdbook, the report of the Live-stock Journal says: "So good a collection were they that many of those unnoticed by the judges were well up to the average of animals that have in past years won honors at the dairy show. There still, however, would appear to be a somewhat wide divergence of opinion amongst breeders as to the qualifications of the typical dual-purpose Shorthorn, some of them being prone to sacrifice Shorthorn character in their desire to obtain the maximum of dairy properties. There were, nevertheless, many true dual-purpose animals to be seen in each of the classes, whilst the non-pedigree class contained as grand a lot of dairy cows, many of them undoubtedly nearly pure-bred, as has ever been exhibited in London."

The first award, by inspection, went to Lord Rothschild's Dorothy, seven years old, whose milk yield in one day was 38.7 lbs. Mr. Godsell's six-year-old, Darlington Cranford 11th, reserve last year, was this year placed second, her milk yield being 49.3 lbs. In the class for cows not eligible to the above record, the first award went to J. H. Maden's Minnie, whose milk yield was 64.5 lbs.

In Jersey cows, the first prize by inspection, and the champion plate, went to Lady de Rothschild's Jersey Dame, a grand stamp of cow, with the best class of udder, great milk veins and true Jersey character. A. Miller-Hallett's Vanilla 2nd, a typical cow, having all the appearance of a great milker, was placed second. Last year's winner, R. Bruce Ward's eight-year-old, Mrs. Viola, was third. The milk records in this and several classes were not available in time for the published report at time of going to press.

In the Guernsey class, competition was limited to the representatives of the herds of E. A. Hambro and F. Hargreaves. The last-mentioned was placed first in the cow class, with Felois, the grand eleven-year-old cow that still carries a most remarkable udder in spite of her age. Mr. Hambro was given second and reserve with Queen of the Roses, the ten-year-old cow of Mr. Ozanne's breeding, that was first last year, and third to Express, thirteen and a half years old, second in the same class last year. Both are cows of great dairy properties, and full of quality.

As in several other breeds, the Ayrshires made a bigger and better show than usual, five out of six animals entered coming before the judge. These five were, however, only representative of two herds, W. Nisbet, taking first for Dalbible Bella 2nd, a well-shaped brown and white, possessed of an excellent udder, and J. Littleton second for Polly, a deep, big-framed red and white, of great dairy appearance.

"Deaths from pneumonia," says a bulletin of the Chicago Board of Health, "show a heavy percentage of increase over preceding week. It is the same old story: just as soon as people begin to house themselves closely, that a comfortable living temperature may be maintained, thus depriving themselves of the pure outside air so essential to health, then does pneumonia begin its harvest of death. Just as long as the hot weather compels people to keep their windows open, pneumonia remains a very small factor in our mortality. Closed windows mean foul air in the home, shop or office, and foul air breeds pneumonia. Ventilate—keep your windows open day and night, summer and winter. Breathe pure air all the time and you will avoid pneumonia and tuberculosis."

Many farmers who find themselves hard up against the farm-labor problem could easily solve their most pressing difficulty by purchasing fact-working implements. For instance, take plows. Most farms support at least three horses, and on many there are four or over. Frequently a farmer will be seen driving a pair to a single-furrow plow, while the other horses either stand in the stable or are worked by another man, whether a son or hired help. By purchasing a two-furrow plow and using four horses on it twice as much could be accomplished per day as by one man with a single-furrow plow, while three horses on the modern implement will do more than 50 per cent. as much as the pair in the old-fashioned way. In this busy autumn season the saving in wages and board of hired help for a month would nearly pay for the two-furrow implement, leaving the use of it in subsequent years as clear profit. The single-furrow plow is out of date.

The object of feeding bran is to provide protein in the dairy ration in a conveniently concentrated form. The best substitute is lucerne (alfalfa), as may be seen, says the Agricultural Gazette of New South Wales, by the following analysis, in which the leading food constituents closely agree.

	Protein.	Carbo-	Fat.
	lb.	hydrates.	lb.
Wheat Bran	12.2	39.2	2.7
Lucerne Hay	11.0	39.6	1.2

Report says a third of the cheese factories in Jefferson Co., N.Y., and one-half in Lewis Co., are closed.

GOSSIP.

On Monday, Nov. 9th, Mr. Bert Lawson, Hyde Park, near London, Ont., will sell by auction his farm and stock, including his small but select herd of pure-bred and grade Jersey and Holstein cattle; also the farm implements.

CHANGE OF ABODE AND ADDRESS.

T. H. Hassard, the well-known importer of Clydesdale, Hackney and Percheron horses, has sold out his stables in Millbrook, and purchased one of the best-equipped stables in Ontario, situated in the Village of Markham, 20 miles north of Toronto, on the Midland branch of the G. T. R. He intends starting for Scotland about November 1st for another importation of Scotland's best. To his many friends and patrons he wishes to intimate that at all times a hearty invitation is extended for a visit to his new quarters in Markham, Ont., where he will always have on hand a number of the best horses procurable in Scotland.

GALLOWAYS AT AUCTION.

In the Winter Fair Building, at Guelph, Ont., on Saturday, November 7th, at 1 p. m., as advertised in this paper, 80 head of registered Galloway cattle—cows, heifers and young bulls—a selection from the noted prizewinning Janefeld herd, the property of Col. D. McCrae, of Guelph, will be sold by auction on favorable terms. This is acknowledged as the oldest and leading Galloway herd in Canada, having won the highest honors at principal shows from ocean to ocean in recent years. And this sale affords a favorable opportunity to secure at the buyer's own price good stock of this hardy, rustling breed, now so popular in the Western Provinces.

SHORTHORNS, COTSWOLDS AND BERKSHIRES.

In a brief review of the herd of Shorthorn cattle, flock of Cotswold sheep, and herd of Berkshire swine, the property of Mr. C. E. Bonnycastle, near Campbellford, in Hastings Co., Ont., no introduction is necessary, from the fact that for nearly half a century the Bonnycastle herds and flocks have been recognized as among the best in Eastern Ontario, and the hundreds of animals bred on and purchased from this noted stock farm, that have been distributed over the country practically from the Atlantic to the Pacific, have invariably given entire satisfaction, having, on arrival, been found exactly as represented. At the present time, the herd of Shorthorns number about sixty head, all belonging to the Anchovy and Clara tribes, at the head of which is the Bruce Mayflower bull, Pride of Day =55192=, bred by Arthur Johnston, sired by Merry Master =50594=, a son of Imp. Merryman, dam Imp. Morning Sunshine. This is a bull of immense scale, and thick, even type, a proven sire of high order, 4 years old, a most desirable herd-header. As his heifers are now of breeding age, he is for sale at a bargain price. The foundation cow of the Clara tribe is Imp. Twin Countess 5th, sired by Challenge, by Barmpton Hero. This cow has proven a grand breeder, as has also her daughter, Nonpareil Countess, by Imp. Nonpareil Archer. Both these cows have bull calves this year that are for sale—a nice low-down, thick pair. The Anchovy tribe have long been noted for their superior milking qualities, and certainly in the herd are some exceptionally choice cows of this tribe. Anything in the herd is for sale, including a number of one, two and three-year-old heifers, and several heifer calves; also twelve bull calves from six to ten months of age. The Cotswolds leave little to be desired, being large and extra well covered—a high-class lot. For sale are ram and ewe lambs, and a few shearlings. The Berkshires were selected and bred with the one aim and object of continuous improvement along bacon-type lines, and certainly they are all that could be desired. Young stock of various ages and both sexes are on hand for sale. Write Mr. Bonnycastle to Campbellford P. O., Ont.

SALE DATES CLAIMED.

October 28th.—T. Douglas & Sons, St. Catharines, Ont.; Shorthorns. Nov. 4th.—A. E. Meyer, Guelph; J. Watt & Son, Salem, and J. Gordon Gibb, St. Catharines, Ont.; Shorthorns, at Guelph. Nov. 7th.—D. McCrae, Guelph, Ont.; Galloways. Nov. 9th.—Bert Lawson, Hyde Park, Ont.; Jerseys and grades, farm and implements.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS. Miscellaneous.

COW KILLED ON RAILWAY.

Two parties were driving a herd of cattle to the creek for water upon the highway. The railroad has to be crossed to reach the water. The two were boys, aged 12 and 18, both in the habit of driving cattle. About seven o'clock of the evening of Oct. 12th, just as the boys with the herd got near the track—in fact, were crossing—a fast express, which was about half an hour late, came up, without whistling, at the usual distance, and ran through the herd, killing one cow. The track comes through a deep cut for about one-quarter of a mile, and before entering the cut it comes around a curve, with the view obstructed by woods. The cattle had been driven to the creek for some weeks back. Sometimes, when arriving at the railway, they walk over the cattle-guards, if they can be called that—pieces of oak boards, nearly rotten, turned up on edge, but slightly slanting. At times, two or three cattle will walk over these guards when going to water. The cow killed ran over the cattle-guards, and was killed on the railroad's property.

- 1. Can the company make me bury it or take it away? 2. Can I claim damage? 3. To what amount?

The cow was six years old, seven-eighths Holstein, and bred to a pure-bred Holstein bull. I just purchased her at an auction sale about two weeks ago, at \$50.00.

- 4. Could I claim full value? 5. Where would I write to, or what official of the G. T. R. apply to for damages? 6. Also, give me any other advice necessary in this case.

Ans.—1. Yes; that is, they can compel you to remove it, or defray the expense of its removal and burial.

- 2, 3, 4 and 5.—We do not see that you are in a position to recover damages.

6. Our answers, as above, to your questions, are based strictly upon your statement of facts. It is possible that there may be more in your favor than appears in such statement, and, in such case we would advise you to consult a solicitor personally. It might be that he could get some compensation for you from the company by judicious negotiation.

THE SPICE OF LIFE.

Two diners at a hotel were disputing as to what a pineapple really was. One of them insisted that it was a fruit, the other insisted that it was a vegetable. The friends determined to accept the decision of the waiter, who was called to the table.

"John," asked one of them, "how do you describe a pineapple? Is it a fruit or is it a vegetable?" "It's neither, gentlemen; a pineapple is always a hextra!" he replied.

A man slightly the worse off for that which inebriates, but does not always cheer, was on his way home when he collided with a box picket fence which had been placed around a tree to protect it. Being somewhat unsteady on his limbs, the man grasped hold of what he supposed was a picket fence and started to feel his way along it.

After rotating around the tree for half an hour he appeared somewhat puzzled at the extraordinary length of the fence, but he kept bravely on for some time. Finally, however, his courage failed him, and he sank down at the foot of the box fence with a groan of despair. "Fenced in!" he moaned.

"Have you given the gobbish any fresh water this morning, Mary?" "No, mum; they ain't drunk all I give 'em yesterday yet."

Offentimes teachers have occasion to feel that the bread which they have cast upon the waters comes back in new and unexpected forms. It was in a history class that the following extraordinary bit of reasoning was developed:

Teacher—What can you tell about the religion of the colonists who settled in Virginia?

Boy—They didn't pay much attention to religion; they had slaves to do their hard work.

Mrs. Blank had been paying a charitable visit to poor old Victorine Dupreux, whom she found crippled with rheumatism. But if Victorine's limbs were disabled, her always entertaining tongue was not, and the time passed swiftly.

"Mercy!" at last cried the lady, glancing at the clock that ticked wheezily above the Frenchwoman's stove. "Here it is five o'clock and I should have gone home half an hour ago!"

"Geeve you self no distress, madame," reassured Victorine, "Monsieur does clock, she sees tole lie hen herself for more san six year. She sees now to a preciseness one hour fast an' fifteen minutes slow."

Two men met in front of a hotel one day and fell into a political discussion. They were ordinary, everyday sort of men, but one of them had a remarkable flow of polysyllabic language. He talked half an hour, and his companion listened in a daze.

"And now," the speaker pompously continued, "perhaps you will coincide with me?"

The other's face brightened up. "Why, yes, thanks, old man," he answered heartily, moving towards the barroom door. "Don't care if I do."

SACRED LITERATURE.

Few editors have the humor and good nature which characterize Mr. Robert H. Davis, chief of the Munsey staff. A writer who had submitted a story to him received a courteous rejection, stating that the tale, although charming, was not suited to the Munsey publications. In the course of a few months the story won a prize in a contest, and, highly elated, the writer dispatched the information:

Dear Mr. Davis: Psalms 118: 22. See —'s announcements in the current issue.

The Scriptural reference being, "The stone which the builders refused is become the head stone of the corner."

The next mail brought Mr. Davis' answer:

Dear —: Psalms 118: 23.

The chagrined writer found that the fatal juxtaposition reads: "This is the Lord's doing; it is marvellous in our eyes."

EMOTIONAL INSANITY OF JURORS.

Discussing the pertinent subject of law reform, which is becoming a vital issue in the United States, and must also become vital in Canada one of these days, the Saturday Evening Post ironically points out that there already has been reform, though the layman, observing the delays, the absurd pleadings, the costs, the reversals and retrials upon thin technicalities, concludes that there can have been no reform, because it couldn't ever have been worse. "But gentlemen learned in the law will inform him that, in fact, reform does happen pretty constantly—only it is mostly of a kind that none but a gentleman learned in the law can detect. It hasn't, as yet, for example, made any important impression upon that scandal of criminal law which makes murder, under some circumstances, comparatively so safe.

"Emotional insanity, as known to the law, is an affliction mostly confined to jurors. If every plea of that sort were submitted to an independent commission of experts, instead of to a soft-hearted and soft-headed jury, there would be a big and admirable falling off in the malady, and in its bloody effects."

Church—"What's that piece of cord tied around your finger for?" Gotham—"My wife put it there to remind me to mail her letter." "And did you mail it?" "No; she forgot to give it to me!"

"Now," said the teacher, who had been giving an elementary talk upon architecture, "can any little boy tell me what a 'buttress' is?"

"I know," shouted Tommy Smart. "A nanny-goat."

The prodigal son wrote his father: "I got religion at camp-meeting the other day. Send me ten dollars."

But the old man replied: "Religion is free. You got the wrong kind."

Cabman (with exaggerated politeness)—Would you mind walking the other way and not passing the horse? Stout Lady (who has paid the minimum fare)—Why? "Because if 'e sees wot 'e's been carrying for a shilling 'e'll 'ave a fit."

How He Advertised.—Wife—Be sure to advertise for Fido in the morning newspapers. Next day the wife read as follows in the newspapers: "Lost—A mangy lapdog, with one eye and no tail. Too fat to walk. Answers to the name of Fido. If returned stuffed, large reward."

A lady on one of the ocean liners who seemed very much afraid of icebergs, asked the captain what would happen in case of a collision. The captain replied, "The iceberg would move right along madam, just as if nothing had happened," and the old lady seemed greatly relieved.—[Success.]

One of the workers in a Chinese mission became much interested in two Chinamen, who, she found, owned a flourishing laundry business in her own home neighborhood. She looked in once in a while to see how things were going with them, and one morning found Sam smiling and cheerful, as usual, but John was missing. "Where is John this morning?" she asked.

"Oh," answered Sam, amiably, "Christian gentleman hit him in the head with a brick, and he all same in hospital."

A Carolina man was recently inspecting a farm owned by him and operated by an old friend, who had pressed into service every member of his family, including his aged father.

"The old man must be getting along in years," said the owner.

"Yes, dad's nigh on to ninety," was the reply.

"Is his health good?"

"Well, no, the old man ain't been hisself for some time back."

"What seems to be the matter?"

"I dunno, sir. I guess farming don't agree with him no more."

The janitor of a small church on the south side of New York raises a few chickens in a small enclosure in his back yard. The eggs of these he sells to some members of the church. On a Saturday one of his customers asked him if he could spare a dozen eggs within the next two or three days. "Oh, yes, ma'am," replied the janitor. "I'll bring you a dozen fresh ones to-morrow morning."

"Oh, no," protested the housewife; "I should not want you to bring them on Sunday, John." "Well," replied John, "all right, ma'am, if you say so, but it don't make no difference to the hens."

The sexton of a certain famous English Church the other afternoon had conducted a party round, and, despite dropping more than one "gentle 'int," it appeared as if the sexton was to go unrewarded. In the porch the leader paused. "I suppose," he said, "you've been here many years?" "Forty," replied the old man, "an' it's a werry strange thing as whenever I'm a-showing a party out o' the porch they allus asks me that question or (with emphasis) the other." "Indeed!" smiled the visitor. "And what may the other be?" "What I calls question number two," replied the sexton calmly. "Is jest this—Samiwell, is tips allowed? And Samiwell allus answers, 'Tips is allowed!' The hint was taken, as was the tip."

Incorporated 1885.

THE TRADERS BANK OF CANADA.

Capital and Surplus:
\$6,350,000.

80 Branches in Canada.

REGULAR SAVINGS BRING INDEPENDENCE.

Even small deposits—made regularly—in the Savings Department of this Bank will, with the interest added every 3 months, soon grow into a substantial reserve fund—your safeguard in sickness or old age.

One Dollar opens a Savings Account.

Why not start one today.

One of the 80 branches of this Bank is convenient to you. Your account is invited.

MARKETS.

TORONTO.

LIVE STOCK.

At West Toronto, Ont., on Monday, Oct. 19th, receipts numbered 1,298 cattle. Quality not so good as usual; trade slow; finished cattle firm; medium to common, easier. Exporters, \$4.50 to \$5.00; bulls, \$3.50 to \$4.00; prime, picked butchers' \$4.75 to \$5.00; good, \$4.40 to \$4.70; medium, \$3.75 to \$4.20; common, \$3 to \$3.50; cows, \$2.50 to \$3.75; canners, \$1 to \$2; veal calves, \$3.50 to \$7. Sheep, \$3.25 to \$3.50; lambs, \$4 to \$4.60 per cwt. Hogs, \$6.25, f. o. b. cars, country points.

REVIEW OF LAST WEEK'S MARKET.
The total receipts of live stock last week at the City and Union Yards were 443 cars—7,389 cattle, 7,526 hogs, 7,924 sheep and lambs, 293 calves, and 60 horses.

The quality of cattle offered as fat was much the same as the previous week, the bulk being of the common class. Those offered at West Toronto were, generally speaking, much superior to those delivered at the city. Trade was generally dull, excepting for the good to choice, which were scarce, and readily bought up at firm prices.

Exporters—The demand for export cattle is not nearly as strong, and it takes the best quality to bring \$5; in fact, good butchers' cattle are worth as much as exporters. Export steers sold from \$4.50 to \$5; bulls, \$3.50 to \$4.25, with an extra choice one or two at \$4.40.

Butchers—Prime picked steers and heifers, 1,100 to 1,200 lbs. each, sold at \$4.75 to \$5; loads of good, \$4.30 to \$4.60; medium, \$3.75 to \$4.15; common, \$3.25 to \$3.50; cows, \$2.50 to \$4; canners' and bulls, \$1 to \$2.35 per cwt.

Feeders and Stockers—Few of good quality in either class are being offered, but many inferior ill-bred mongrels are being brought to the city market, from Northern and Eastern Ontario, that are hard to cash even at low prices. Good steers, 1,000 to 1,100 lbs. each, sold at \$3.60 to \$3.85; steers, 800 to 900 lbs., \$3.25 to \$3.60; well-bred stockers, 700

lbs., \$3; common, \$2.25 to \$2.50. Distillery bulls, \$2.50.

Milkers and Springers—The market for good to choice milkers and forward springers was strong. Prices for the best ranged from \$40 to \$65 each, or an average of \$50 each. One extra large cow sold at \$75. The demand from Montreal and Quebec still continued to be as great as ever.

Veal Calves—Receipts light; quality, generally not good; too many "horsy" calves three and four months' old, with horns two inches long, and some as much too young, but few well-fed new-milk calves are being marketed. Prices range from \$3 to \$7 each, but few bring the latter price, the bulk selling from \$4 to \$6 per cwt.

Sheep and Lambs—Receipts were large, with prices lower. Export ewes, \$3.25 to \$3.50; rams, \$2.50 to \$2.75; lambs, \$4 to \$4.70.

Hogs—Prices were lower; selects were quoted at \$6.25, fed and watered, and \$6 to \$6.15 f. o. b. cars at country points. There are too many lean, half-finished hogs being marketed.

Horses—Although there seems to be a little more demand for certain classes of horses, trade is far from being brisk. Dealers report that it is difficult to buy from farmers at prices that will leave a margin for expenses in handling. J. Herbert Smith, of the Union Horse Exchange, sold upwards of 100 horses at following prices: Drafters, \$170 to \$225; drivers, \$120 to \$200; wagon horses, \$150 to \$190; serviceably sound, at \$40 to \$90.

BREADSTUFFS.

Wheat—No. 2 white, 91c.; No. 2 red, 90c.; No. 2 mixed, 90c. Manitoba, No. 1 northern, \$1.05; No. 2 northern, \$1.03, at Georgian Bay ports. Rye—No. 2, 77c. to 78c. Peas—No. 2, 88c. to 89c. Oats—No. 2 white, 38½c.; No. 2 mixed, 38c. Barley—No. 2, 58c.; No. 3x, 54c. Corn—No. 2 yellow, 87½c. Bran—\$22 to \$23 in sacks f. o. b. cars Toronto. Shorts—\$24 to \$25 in sacks, at outside points. Flour—Ontario, 90 per cent. patent, \$3.50 for export; Manitoba patent, special brands, \$6; second patents, \$5.40; strong bakers, \$5.30.

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Butter—Receipts still continue large, but the market was firm, with creamery higher. Creamery pound rolls, 25c. to 27c.; separator dairy, 22c. to 23c.; store lots, 21c. to 22c.

Eggs—Receipts falling off. Prices firmer, at 22c. to 23c.

Cheese—Although prices were easier at country points, there was no change on the Toronto market. Large, 13½c.; twins, 14c.

Honey—Market steady, with fair demand. Extracted, 10c. to 10½c.; combs, \$2.25 to \$2.75 for dozen sections.

Potatoes—J. J. Ryan reported the market as being well supplied with Ontarios, at 90c. to 65c. per bag for car lots, on track at Toronto.

Poultry—Dressed poultry is beginning to come forward in fairly large quantities. Prices are quoted as follows: Turkeys, 18c. to 20c. per lb.; geese, 10c. to 11c.; ducks, 10c. to 12c.; chickens, 11c. to 13c.; fowl, 8c. to 9c.

Hay—Baled hay in car lots, on track at Toronto, \$10.50 to \$11.

Straw—Baled straw, in car lots, on track, Toronto, \$6 to \$7.

HIDES AND WOOL.

E. T. Carter & Co., 85 Front street East, Toronto, have been paying for No. 1 inspected steers, 60 lbs. and up, 9½c.; No. 2 inspected steers, 60 lbs. and up, 8½c.; No. 1 inspected cows, 9c.; No. 2 inspected cows, 8c.; country hides, cured, 8c.; calf skins, city, 12c.; calf skins, country, 11c. to 12c.; horse hides, No. 1, \$2.50; horse hair, per lb., 29c.; tallow, 5½c. to 6½c.; wool, unwashed, 8½c. to 9½c.; washed, 14c. to 15c.; lamb skins, 45c. to 55c. each; shearings, 40c. to 50c.

SEED MARKET.

The William Rennie Co. report the seed market as dull, and prices lower, as follows: Alsike, fancy quality, \$7.25 to \$7.50; alsike, No. 1 quality, \$6.75 to \$7; alsike, No. 2 quality, \$6.25 to \$6.50; red clover, \$4.50 to \$5; timothy seed, \$1.30 to \$1.60 per bushel.

FRUIT MARKET.

The wholesale fruit market is practically over for this season. Fall apples

sold at \$1.50 to \$2.25 per bbl., the latter price being for Snows; grapes, 30c. to 40c. per large basket; pears, 50c. to 75c. per basket; late peaches, 75c. to \$1.35 per basket.

MONTREAL.

Live Stock—Exports of live stock for the week ending October 10th, amounted to 4,782 cattle and 297 sheep, against 4,505 cattle and 1,007 sheep. During September shipments were 15,796 cattle, 2,435 sheep, and 18 horses. Demand for ocean freight space has continued quiet. For October and November shipment, Liverpool space is quoted at 30s. and London at 25s. to 30s. per space.

Offerings of cattle on the local market have been much larger of late. Butchers were paying 4½c. to 4¼c. per pound for choice stock; 4¼c. to 4¼c. for fine; 4c. to 4¼c. for good; 3¼c. to 3¼c. for medium; 2¼c. to 3c. for common, and down to 2c. for inferior. Although the supply of lambs was larger, the demand was proportionately active, prices being maintained at 5c. to 5¼c. for choice, and 4¼c. to 4¼c. per pound for good. Owing to the poor market for Canadian sheep in England, exporters were not purchasing freely. Butchers were making purchases at 3¼c. for best, and at 3¼c. to 3¼c. for culls. Calves were in fair demand, and limited supply, and prices ranged from 2¼c. to 4¼c. per lb. A rather weaker tone developed in the market for hogs, and prices were ¼c. lower than previously, at 6¼c. per lb., weighed off cars, for selects.

Horses—The market for horses was rather dull, there being almost no demand from city sources, and the country trade has fallen off. Prices were: Heavy draft, 1,500 to 1,700 lbs., \$250 to \$300 each; light draft, 1,400 to 1,500 lbs., \$200 to \$250 each; good blocks, 1,30 to 1,400 lbs., \$175 to \$200; small or inferior, 1,000 to 1,100 lbs., \$100 to \$150; broken-down animals, \$50 to \$75; and choice saddle or carriage horses, \$300 to \$500.

Dressed Hogs and Provisions—Trade was fair, at 9¼c. to 9¼c. per lb. for fresh-killed, abattoir-dressed. There was a good demand for bacon, hams, and other lines of provisions. More interest is shown in pork, and some good sales have been made lately. Lard is also in request. Pure lard, 13½c. to 14c. per lb., and compound, 8¼c. to 9¼c.

Potatoes—Purchases were being made in New Brunswick, at country points, at 57½c. per 90 lbs., the market having advanced somewhat. Adding 15c. charges to this, gives a cost of 72½c. on track, here. Locally, stock is selling at 80c., in a jobbing way. Single bags might be had at 1c. per lb., to 90c. per 80 lbs., delivered. Quebec potatoes, cheaper than the above figures, which apply to Green Mountains.

Honey—Prices firm at 14c. to 15c. per section of white clover comb, and 12c. to 13c. for dark. Strained honey is 10c. to 11c. per lb. for white, and 9c. for dark.

Eggs—Production is falling off rapidly, and for some reason the receipts are now of very poor quality. Dealers have been paying 19c. to 20c. per doz., country points, for straight-gathered, and selling here at 22c., selects being 25c., and boilers at 28c.

Butter—Market was higher, with a few country points slightly lower. Sales have been made here at 25¼c. to 25¼c., wholesale, for choice. However, these prices are above an export basis, and holders were trying to sell only in a jobbing way, in which from 26c. to 26¼c. was available for fancy boxes, and 27c. for 30-lb. tubs. Held goods, taken from cold store, might be had for around 25c. to 26c. The quality of the stock arriving is extra nice.

Cheese—The market for cheese has shown weakness lately, but firmed up the beginning of this week. Quebec cheese being available at 11½c. to 12c.; Townships, at 12c. to 12¼c., and Ontarios at 12¼c. to 12¼c., colored bringing the premium in all cases. The easiness was not due to falling off in quality, apparently, it being reported that the quality of the make is excellent. Shipments for the week ending Oct. 10th were 91,000, or a thousand boxes less than the corresponding week of 1907.

Oats—Market eased off considerably

during last week, owing, no doubt, to the increased offerings. Also, the spread between new and old oats narrowed to 1c. per bush. New-crop Ontario oats, carloads, store, were quoted at 44c. to 44¼c. per bush., No. 3 being 1c. less, and No. 4 yet a cent less. Manitoba old crop, a cent above new Ontarios, for Nos. 2 and 3, while rejected were 42¼c. to 43c.

Flour—Market was steady under a fair demand; \$6 per barrel, in bags, for Manitoba spring-wheat patent, and \$5.50 for seconds, Ontario winter-wheat patents being \$5 to \$5.10, and straight rollers, \$4.50 to \$4.60.

Mill Feed—Demand continues very active, but the supply has increased considerably, and, as a result, purchases of bran have been made at rather less money. New bran, Manitoba or Ontario, was available at \$21 per ton, in bags, shorts being steady at \$25 to \$26.

Hay—Market easy, under liberal deliveries, but prices generally steady. No. 1 timothy, \$12 to \$12.50 per ton; No. 2, extra, \$10.50 to \$11.50; No. 2, ordinary, \$1 less. Clover mixture was quoted at \$9 to \$9.50, which is rather firmer than the week before, and clover was steady at \$7 to \$7.50.

CHEESE BOARD PRICES.

Madoc, Ont., 11 13-16c. to 11½c.; Woodstock, Ont., 11½c.; Vankleek Hill, Ont., 11½c. to 11½c.; Winchester, Ont., 11½c. bid for colored, and 11½c. for white, no sales; Belleville, Ont., 11½c. for white, and 11½c. for colored; Brockville, Ont., 12c.; Kingston, Ont., 11½c. to 11½c.; Perth, Ont., 11½c.; Iroquois, Ont., 12c.; Picton, Ont., 12 1-16c.; Napanee, Ont., 12½c. for colored, and 11 15-16c. for white; Brantford, Ont., 11 13-16c., 11½c. and 11 15-16c., flats 12c. to 12 1-16c.; Ottawa, Ont., white, highest price, 11 5-16c., colored 12½c. London, Ont., 11½c. to 11½c., no sales; Watertown, N. Y., 12c.; St. Hyacinthe, Que., 11 13-16c. for cheese, 25½c. for butter; Chicago, Ill., creamery butter, 20c. to 26c., dairies 18c. to 23c., cheese 12½c. to 13½c.

CHICAGO.

Cattle—Steers, \$4.40 to \$7.75; cows, \$3.25 to \$5.25; heifers, \$3 to \$4.25; bulls, \$2.50 to \$4.50; calves, \$3.50 to \$8.50; stockers and feeders, \$2.60 to \$4.65. **Hogs**—Choice heavy shipping, \$6 to \$6.07½; butchers', \$5.90 to \$6.05; light, \$5.25 to \$5.60; choice light, \$5.65 to \$5.75; packers', \$5.50 to \$5.80; pigs, \$3.50 to \$5.25. **Sheep and lambs**—Sheep, \$4.25 to \$4.85; yearlings, \$3.85 to \$5; lambs, \$4 to \$6.90; feeding sheep, \$3.50 to \$4.

BUFFALO.

Cattle—Prime steers, \$5.75 to \$6.25. **Veals**, \$6 to \$9. **Hogs**, heavy, \$6 to \$6.10; mixed, \$5.75 to \$6.10; pigs, \$4 to \$4.65; stags, \$4 to \$4.50; dairies and grassers, \$5 to \$5.75. **Sheep and lambs**—Lambs, \$4 to \$6.25; yearlings, \$4.50 to \$4.75; wethers, \$4.25 to \$4.50; ewes, \$4 to \$4.25; sheep, mixed, \$1.50 to \$4.25.

BRITISH CATTLE MARKET.

London cables for cattle are steady, at 11½c. to 12¼c. per pound, dressed weight; refrigerator beef is quoted at 9¼c. to 13c. per pound.

GOSSIP.

BRIGHAM RADIANT.

By an oversight the ownership of the grand champion Hackney stallion, Brigham Radiant, illustrated in our last week's issue, was not stated, which to us is regrettable, though we presume it is generally known that this great Hackney is the property of the Graham Renfrew Company, of Bedford Park, Toronto, Ont.

TRADE TOPIC.

An important auction sale of valuable farm property is announced in this issue by Mr. John Ransford, Clinton, Ont. Interested ones will do well to look the advertisement up.



Life, Literature and Education.

"O, while you live, tell truth, and shame the devil."
Shakespeare: Henry IV., Pt. I.

"To thine own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night
the day,
Thou canst not then be false to
any man."
Shakespeare: Hamlet, Act I.

Before another week has passed, the great political contest for 1908 will have come and gone, and the Governmental leadership of Canada for yet another term of years will be known. Partisan publications have for weeks past devoted themselves sedulously to setting forth the political merits of one or the other General in the fray, and the corresponding shortcomings of his opponent; but to the electors of Canada "The Farmer's Advocate" has but one reminder: Vote according to your light, and keep your conscience clear. Possibly, it may afterwards appear to you that you might have cast your ballot to better account on the other side, but you will at least have the satisfaction of having played the man.

"If I lose mine honor I lose myself," wrote one of the greatest students of human nature that the world has known, and never were truer words spoken; yet how many men there are who pass for honest in the ordinary affairs of life, but who will stoop to dabble in "dirty work" at election time. Yet dishonor in politics is no cleaner than dishonor in anything else—is peculiarly culpable, indeed, since it endangers the very bulwark of "representation" upon which we pride ourselves, and which has been dearly bought. No matter what one's personal view, the end in this cannot justify the means. There is always the chance that one's judgment may have been wrong, and that of the other fellow right; and at all events to buy a vote, either by undue pressure or influence of any kind, is to use thieves' money. Manhood has been filched, not only the manhood of him who gives, but of him who takes.

Had party politics been in existence in the time of Moses, we should most certainly have had an eleventh commandment; yet in this matter every right-minded man will be a lawgiver unto himself. The law of right has not all been written on stone, but in the hearts of men, and it must be indefinitely extended as new occasions, new necessities, arise.

A popular writer recently commented upon the general character of the news necessarily presented by the newspapers. "They would indeed," he said, "give a very fake idea of any society if they alone were to be taken as the monuments and mirrors of their times. The police case, the scandalous trial, the raucous shouts of faction, and the hideous calumny of the baser type of journal—all these things represent. Heaven be praised, not the normal stuff of life,

but the abnormal. Newspapers have to record, not the tranquil, the honest, the virtuous, and the united homes of the millions that form the overwhelming majority of every nation; but the struggles, the separations, the cross-purposes, the violence in which the exceptional majority come to the knowledge of the rest of the world."

All this is, no doubt, true, yet who that reads the daily newspapers does not grow sick at times at the revolting frequency with which disreputable things do occur; or can fail to recognize that they do show forth conditions and tendencies which are by far too common. Take, for instance, the Canadian news for a single fortnight: Chinese are smuggled into Montreal from Mexico, and somebody reaps a harvest thereby. Two men in an automobile run down a farmer, seriously injuring him, then trust to the speed of their machine to deliver them from personal inconvenience. An election plot is alleged to be revealed, and, no matter which way the case turns, disgraceful conduct on the part of someone is disclosed. A farmer's cattle are poisoned, a pitiful revelation of malice, and the "knife in the back." Two car inspectors are arrested for pilfering from cars, indisputable proof of the fact that even men in responsible positions are not always true to their trust.

Then follows a long list of petty offences, a man fined \$10 and costs for putting water in milk, and another in the same town \$5 for selling fruit unfit for food, etc., etc., a list which might be overwhelmingly increased were it possible to add a record of all the offenders who miss exposure and so pass nameless, but the story of whose misdeeds passes from mouth to mouth. During that same fortnight we were told of no fewer than two of such cases, of a woman who put mashed potatoes in a roll of butter, and of a man who, in order to dispose of some unsalable apples, passed them off as crab apples. We have, it will be noted, taken into account only the so-called "minor" offences, having left out of account altogether the murders, extensive burglaries and incendiarisms, which appear in almost every other paper one happens to pick up.

Granted that the above are but exceptional cases, the fact remains that the lack of honor, which will permit such conduct, is by far too general. And the wonder and the pity of it!—that there are so many who are willing to sell their souls and forfeit the right to the respect of all honest men for the sake of a few dollars, or the exercise of a personal spite.

Mr. F. W. Fitzpatrick, a prominent architect, formerly of Canada, but now of Washington, D. C., who is President of the Association of Building Commissioners for the world, suggests that every building in the business districts of towns, and all of a public nature, wherever situated, should be labelled by building departments as "Fire Resisting," "Ordinary," and "Dangerous." Were such a system generally and rigidly adopted, improvements would soon follow, and many disasters might be averted.

The proportion of otherwise honest people who cheerfully set themselves

to outwitting customs officials, and yet more cheerfully admit the fact, is surprising. In fact, it is quite common to hear long conversations detailing the ease with which articles have been "brought across" at this point, or the cleverness of the ruse which has succeeded at that—as though trickery of such nature savored of the jocular or the "smart." No doubt people who resort to such devices consider that, having paid full value for the goods in question, all other obligations might reasonably be cancelled. Nevertheless, law is law, and breach of it clearly a misdemeanor. Recognizing this, there is but one course open to the honorable man or woman who crosses the boundaries with dutiable articles, viz., to present the articles, state that they are new, and pay the amount required. The few cents or dollars gained by subterfuge are surely not worth the sacrifice of principle made in saving them.

Mr. Winston Churchill proposes to set up in Great Britain a permanent Court of Arbitration for the settlement of labor troubles, the Court to be chosen by the Board of Trade from three panels, the first from which the Chairman are drawn, consisting of two impartial and eminent men; the second of employers; the third of representative workmen and trade unionists. He suggests that the number of members of the Court may be three—one representative from each panel—or five, two representatives of capital, two of labor, and the Chairman. The scheme, so far, has met with great favor. The workmen look upon it as affording an opportunity for fair presentation and unprejudiced consideration of their claims, while the advantages of their deliberation open to the small arbitrating body, to which men come prepared to consider calmly all the facts and aspects of a case, are universally recognized. So history repeats itself, and the Witan of the Saxons becomes reincarnated in the Commission of the Twentieth Century.

Of the hundreds of addresses which Tolstoy received on his birthday this Autumn, the one which pleased him most was from the waiters in a fashionable restaurant in Moscow, who therein assured him that they were "becoming human beings who have a consciousness of God, and are striving towards eternal truth." His attitude at receiving this message, as well as the fact that it was sent to him from such a source, proves once more the nobility of mind of this great man, the aristocrat who, more than any man of his time, has learned to recognize the common humanity of man; the man to whom caste built on mere family or wealth has come to mean nothing, and nobility of character all.

To-day Tolstoy is recognized as the "greatest living writer." It remains for his death to secure his recognition as among the most Christ-like of men. For the best of his life has been given for the common good of humanity. Neither his wealth, nor his labor, nor above all, his talents, have been withheld. In an age when there is a tendency for writers of the highest type to cater only to the few, and when it is considered on the edge of the banal to

please the masses, he has striven to write to all and for all, and the purpose of his books added to his excellence of style, have at all times commanded the attention of the few, while championing the cause of the many. Unflinching he has pleaded for the opportunity for all, the development of all; for love of labor and a judicious intermixture of manual and mental labor. In Russia he has dared to cry out for the education of the masses, and to represent the problems of the poor as one for which every man of wealth or influence should hold himself responsible; nor has he even foreborne to arraign a Government in a country where such arraignment, possibly from any other man, would have meant the dungeon or Siberia.

Tolstoy is an old man, and his days are not likely to be long. During his lifetime he has, perhaps, seen but little definite result of his labors; yet, while possibly making some mistakes, he has sown seed which may some day find full fruition.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

The Governments of Great Britain and Germany have signed an agreement to work together in combating sleeping sickness in their African possessions. The convention, which is for a period of three years, provides for segregation camps, for notification of all infected areas, and for taking measures to destroy crocodiles and other animals found to be the food of the fly which carries the disease.

There are 1,116 living bison in the United States, and 476 in Canada, in captivity; the total number of wild pure-bred animals being only about 345. Efforts are being made by both Governments to preserve and perpetuate the species, which, without protection, would speedily become extinct, chiefly owing to the depredations among the calves by timber wolves.

In England charity prospers by party journalism. Some time ago a Manchester paper had to pay £300 to a hospital in the city for libelling Mr. Churchill, and recently a London paper was compelled to disburse £315 to the Carnarvon Infirmary for a similar indiscretion in regard to Mr. Lloyd-George.

Occasionally, when the fashion of writing lengthy eulogistic epitaphs was in vogue, a really worthy bit of verse found its way on to a tombstone here or there. One of the most notable of these was written by Pope, and is yet to be found on the tomb of one Mrs. Elizabeth Corbett, at St. Margaret's Church, Westminster:

Here rests a woman, good without pretence,
Blest with plain reason, and with sober sense;
No conquest she but her own self desired,
No arts essayed but not to be admired;
Passion and pride were to her soul unknown;
Convinced that virtue only is our own;
So unaffected, so composed a mind,
So firm, yet soft, so strong, yet so refined,
Heaven, as its purest gold, by tortures tried,—
The saint sustain'd it, but the woman died.

"I have always," says Dr. Johnson, "considered this as the most valuable of all Pope's epitaphs: the subject of it is a character not discriminated by any shining or eminent peculiarities; yet that which really makes, though not the splendor, the felicity of life, and that which every wise man will choose for his final and lasting companion in the languor of age, in the quiet of privacy, when he departs, weary and disgusted, from the ostentatious, the volatile, and the vain. . . . I once heard a lady of great beauty and excellence object to the fourth line, that it contained an unnatural and incredible panegyric. Of this let the ladies judge."

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE.

THE "DAUGHTER'S" ATTITUDE IN THE HOME.

I should like to speak of something which struck me forcibly when I read the first page of "Home Magazine" department some time ago. The "Daughter's Portion" had been hotly and coldly discussed, and a daughter confesses that such discussion and demanding for a daughter to receive remuneration besides her bare necessities tends to make her discontented, even after she thought she had in part conquered and reconciled herself to existing circumstances. Just close following, in the same column, was the "Quiet Hour," and a verse quoted from Jer. xvii., 7, full of the wonderful and beautiful confidence of the man who put his trust in the Lord. Then followed a verse from F. R. Havergal and Hope's excellent talk on "Worry." Now, when I read all this page, I was conscious of a clashing, a discord, an inharmonious something. Any who have July 16th issue of "The Farmer's Advocate," just read that page and think what a vast amount of worry "The Daughter's Portion" embraces. I thought, "Is it consistent with the highest ideal of Christianity?" What is it but worry and lack of faith for the future to be thus demanding more independence financially? I am not saying she should not receive it, but I say, as one who is debating with herself on the subject, from what I have read and learned from the Scriptures, it is contrary to the law of Love to manifest such a spirit of contention and conflict for self if one's parents do not approve. I take it for granted that we believe with all our hearts in God and His word, and when we read Jer. xvii., 7, (perhaps in an hour when we are surrounded with difficulties, and are anxious about many things), a mighty vision of possible peace and joy overwhelms us, and the question comes to us, "Is it following Christ to be so far from such a beautiful peacefulness of mind?" Are we as daughters living up to the highest ideal of womanhood, when we feel a rebellious spirit towards our circumstances? What ought we to do, assert very independently our rights, and fight for them, if we do not get what we think our due, or, on the other hand, as true believers in our Heavenly Father's wise and loving care over His followers, live and work, watch and pray, asking for nothing but present needs? It appears to me that throughout the Bible it is clearly taught that those who submit their wills and lives to their Lord, need fear no future. In the words of the Psalmist, "Delight thy self also in the Lord and He shall give thee the desires of thy heart." If so, then it must be a daughter's duty to love and serve in whatever sphere she finds her duty, and her future will be provided for. Even though her lot be not that most desired, can we not realize the beauty of a life spent in the service of love—a life which sheds rays of beauty far and near? Is it not superior to one which has grown warped and sour through discontentedness and grieving over the absence of things which are not possessed? We read so much of the power and influence of heredity. Is not a life which has through love learned self-control,

patience and long suffering, a trait of character worth striving for and leaving with future generations?
"AUNT PHYLLIS."

The Quiet Hour.

FELLOWSHIP.

If we walk in the light, as He is in the light, we have fellowship one with another.—I. S. John, 1: 7.

"Lord, where Thou art our holy dead must be,
Unpierced, as yet, the Sacramental mist;
But we are nearest them and nearest Thee
At solemn Eucharist.

"O Lord, we crave for those gone home to Thee,
For those who made the earthly home so fair;
How little we may know, how little see,
Only—that Thou art there.

"Dear hands unclasped from ours are clasping Thee;
Thou holdest us for ever in Thy Heart;
So close the One Communion—are we
In very truth, apart?

"Lord, where Thou art our happy dead must be;
And if with Thee, what then their boundless bliss!
Till Faith be sight; and Hope, reality;
Love's Anchorage is this."

Christians may differ very greatly about the custom of observing saints' days, but surely we should all join hands on "All Saints' Day," the day when we are especially reminded that we are one body, joined together in a glorious communion and fellowship. Plenty of people, who never think of observing a saint's day, will join together sociably on the eve of All Saints' and celebrate Hallow-e'en. If they keep the eve of that festival, why should they forget the festival itself?

Fellowship is a vital matter to us all. Solitary imprisonment is, perhaps, the most terrible of all punishments, for we are all social beings, children of the Triune God. Those who find it hard to accept the doctrine of the Trinity should try to conceive the impossibility of a God whose grandest name is LOVE existing for endless ages—from an eternity without beginning—and yet having no one to love before the creation of the angels. We know that from all eternity the Father, Son and Holy Spirit have lived in a perfect fellowship, giving and receiving a perfect love. And God's passion for fellowship seems to be inexhaustible. When I find myself in a busy city crowd, I often wonder how much longer God will go on creating fresh objects of His love. It seems as though His desire for fellowship would never be satisfied. Is it not wonderful to think that He wants to give Himself, in all the perfection of His glorious Godhead, to each one of the myriad souls He has created! Life without fellowship would be very poor. The mere presence of one we love fills us with gladness. We look back to some occasions of deepest fellowship, some moments when we have looked deep down into the depths of a kindred soul, as the bright spots of our lives. But we have a rich treasure of human fellowship always within reach, and yet too often go bare and hungry. The communion of saints is a glorious reality—God's great gift to a social race. In these days we ought to be able to believe in it. We can enter into fellowship with another at a distance, through the ordinary mode of conversation. But of course there must be a connecting wire, visibly uniting the two who are conversing. But in wireless telegraphy the message goes straight to its goal without any visible connection. Why should we think the soul is entirely dependent on its servant the body? Some people say that they can force others to turn and look at them simply by staring at them from behind. I have often heard people say that if they think unexpectedly of absent

friends letters are pretty sure to arrive from them. We can't explain how moths can attract others miles away, nor how a whale struck by a harpoon can instantly warn a spouting school of whales a mile away and cause them to disappear. Neither can we explain why, at the point of death, so many have spoken as though they saw absent friends. We see in more than one way, not only with our eyes. We have all had vivid dreams sometimes, when we have seen with perfect distinctness scenes far away, though our eyes were shut. We have heard in dreams words distinctly spoken, and yet they were not heard with our ears. The powers of the soul are being studied nowadays with scientific care. But we don't need to wait for scientists to explain the soul's capacity for fellowship with other souls who appear to be far away. We know well enough that it is possible to be separated by a terrible separation from another soul whose body inhabits the same house with ours. We know also that we can keep in holiest, happiest touch with a kindred soul, though the outside world may fancy death or the ocean keeps us apart. If we claim our right of constant fellowship, the pain of loneliness will change to the joy of walking always heart to heart with our best beloved. A touch of Christ's hand, a word in His listening ear, and the connection is made.

"Thou with Christ and Christ with me,
And so together still are we."

By fellowship we are gradually assimilated with another person, becoming one with him and he with us. We think his thoughts after him, look at life more and more from his point of view, even grow to look like him—as married people, who are really one in spirit, often grow to resemble each other. So it is in fellowship with Christ. We speak to Him, look often into His face, read His words and acts, are filled with a growing love and reverent admiration, and so are changed into the same image, from glory to glory.

What a strange thing it is that we should fill our days with the absorbing pursuit of transitory things, letting this quickening, inspiring opportunity of fellowship slip past unheeded. We are apt to feel that it is waste of time to read, and that we are working usefully if we are very busy about things which perish in the using. And, yet, by reading we can assimilate the natures of good and wise men, and grow more and more like them. It will matter very little, ten years hence, whether we had every spare moment filled with sewing or crochet this month; but one hour a day spent in earnest, conscious fellowship with Christ and His saints will pour lasting riches into our souls. It is possible to be working so persistently as to have fellowship crowded out of our lives. Christ comes to us every day, and we should never be too busy to bid Him welcome. He may come to us in the person of a little child, or a visiting neighbor; or it may be He is waiting with a helpful or cheering message within the pages of our unopened Bible, or some other book written by one of His saints. He does not wish to interrupt any work that is really necessary, but it is a pity to let unnecessary work keep us from communion with Him. One of the invited guests in the parable refused the King's invitation because he was more interested in his farm; another allowed his devotion to his wife to crowd out devotion to his God.

God invites us to enjoy fellowship with Him and with each other. If we never take time for this social intercourse, we starve our own souls, and lose many opportunities of helping others. As a friend of mine once said: "It is a great thing to write a book that has some of the life of God in it; but it is far greater to live a loyal, consistent Christian life, touching with the hand of power the common folk walking near one on life's common paths." This latter is within the reach of each of us. Let us treasure our opportunities of fellowship with God and our neighbors.

"No one could tell me where my soul might be.
I searched for God, but God eluded me.
I sought my Brother out, and found all three."

HOPE.

About the House.

LAUNDERING IN COLD WEATHER.

With the approach of cold weather winter laundry problems come looming into sight, and black enough they seem to many a woman who has nothing better to look forward to than wading through snow to stiffly-frozen lines, and pegging clothes on with tingling fingers!

But why put up with the old order of things? Why not start this winter under different conditions? You can make a great change if you will, and in this way:

In the first place do not think of wading out to your knees in snow. Get your "men" to work some day at putting up a pulley clothes line, a double line, with a pulley attached, so that you can stand on your doorstep, or in your porch, or even at your kitchen window, and put on or take off the clothes without stepping into the snow at all. These are the lines used everywhere in big cities by people who live in upper flats, and, having no laundry yards, are obliged to run their lines of clothes out over a series of roofs. Why, then, should they not find equal favor in the country for running out over series of drifts? There is nothing short of foolishness in standing to the knees in snow while working with clothes, to say nothing of the risk to health.

Even while standing on a porch, however, the fingers may become too cold for comfort. Clothes freeze quickly in a keen, frosty air, sometimes while one is inserting the pins. To get around this difficulty make a pair of mittens out of old knitted underwear. Make divisions for the thumb and first finger, and wear the mittens whenever you are working out of doors; the protection to the skin alone, in keeping it from chafing, will make the trouble worth while.

What has been said in regard to drying applies, it will be understood, only to cottons, especially white goods. Woollens must be given an especial treatment.

The chief trouble in washing the latter is to avoid shrinking, a matter by no means difficult if one knows the causes which lead to it, and which are as follows:

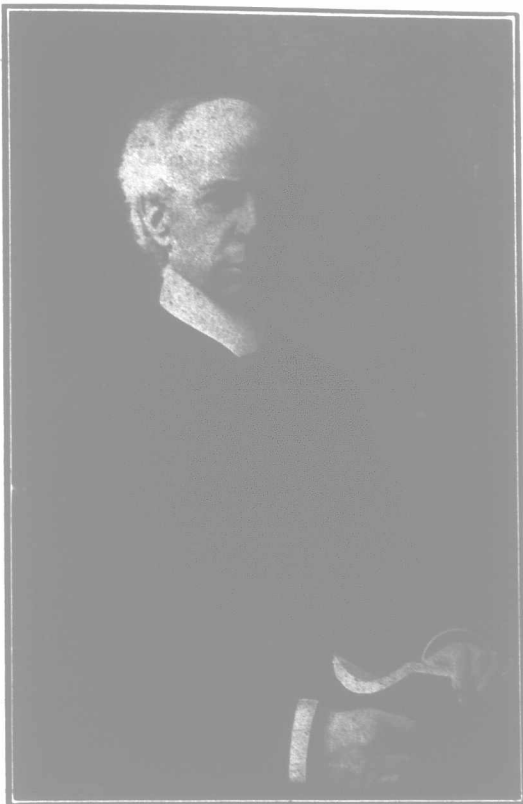
- (1) Rubbing on soap instead of making a "lather" or using soap jelly.
- (2) Washing in water that is either too hot or too cold.
- (3) Allowing clothes to lie wet instead of hanging them out to dry at once.
- (4) Drying the clothes too slowly.
- (5) Drying them in direct heat so that they have "steamed."
- (6) Ironing with a hot iron while damp.

To wash woollens properly, never rub soap on them, and never rub them on a board. Dissolve soap jelly in warm, but not hot, soft water; add one tablespoonful of ammonia (for white or "natural" wools) to every gallon of water; put in the clothes, and souse them about, rubbing between the hands only such spots as are especially dirty. Press out into a second suds made with a little soap jelly and no ammonia; then rinse in clear warm water; wring out; shake well to raise the pile as much as possible, pull into shape, and dry quickly in an airy place. Do not, however, place the garments in the sun, nor close to a fire or heating-pipe which will cause them to steam; as soon as steam rises you may know that they are shrinking up as fast as they can. Before they are quite dry pull once more into shape, being careful not to leave any points drooping anywhere; points invariably stay if left until the material is quite dry.

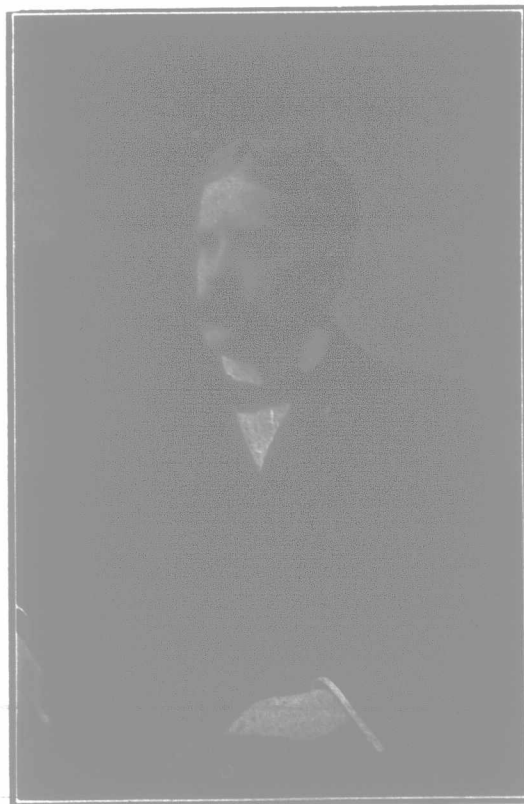
If one insists on ironing woollen garments, one should see to it that the garments are quite dry and the irons not too hot. It is, however, a great mistake to iron woollen underwear at all. When left unironed they are at once softer and warmer, and, being more porous, are more hygienic.

In conclusion, may we give a recipe for the soap jelly referred to above: Take as much soap as you will require—if you have enough left-over scraps all the better—and cut it in small bits. Put the shreds into a deep saucepan, just cover with hot or cold water and allow the soap to melt slowly until it is quite clear. Soap jelly will keep for a few

THE GENERALS IN NEXT WEEK'S COMBAT.



The Rt. Hon. Sir Wilfrid Laurier.
Premier of Canada.



E. L. Borden, Esq., K. C., M. P.
Leader of the Opposition.

The Rt. Hon. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, G.C.M.G., P.C., Premier of Canada, was born at St. Lin, Quebec, on the 20th November, 1841, and received his education at L'Assumption College and McGill University, Montreal. He began his career as a Barrister in 1864, was made Queen's Counsel in 1880, and entered Parliament in 1871, being called to the Cabinet as Minister of Inland Revenue in the Mackenzie Ministry, 1877. In 1891 he became Leader of the Liberal Party, and in 1896 succeeded Sir Charles Tupper as Premier of the Dominion.

Mr. R. L. Borden, K.C., M.P., Leader of the Opposition in Canada, was born at Grand Pre, Nova Scotia, on the 26th of June, 1854, and was educated at Acadia Villa Academy, Horton. In 1878 he was called to the Bar, and in 1891 was appointed Queen's Counsel. The degree Hon. D. C. L. was conferred upon him by Queen's University in 1903. In 1896 he was first elected to the House of Commons, and in February, 1901, upon the resignation of Sir Charles Tupper, became Leader of the Conservative Party in the House of Commons.

days in a glass jar, but it is better to make it fresh each week, as it loses its strength if kept too long.

SEASONABLE RECIPES.

Tomato Soup.—To two cups hot stewed tomatoes rubbed through a sieve or ricer, add half a teaspoon of soda. Remove from the fire and stir in sharply one pint hot milk. Shake in some rolled biscuit, season with butter, pepper and salt, and serve immediately.

Stewed Celery.—Cut the coarser stalks of celery, such as are not good for eating raw, into pieces. Boil in a very little water until tender, drain, and cover with cream or milk sauce.

Baked Cauliflower.—Soak the head, top down, in a dish of salt water to remove insects, etc.; then wrap in cheesecloth and boil, stem downwards, for twenty minutes. Remove from the cloth, tear the clusters of flowers from the stem, and put a layer in a granite baking pan. Have ready a sauce made of 2 tablespoons butter, 1 of flour, 1 pint milk, salt and pepper to taste. Pour a few spoonfuls of this sauce over the cauliflower in the dish, and sprinkle with grated cheese; then go on adding similar layers until the dish is full. Spread the top thickly with grated cheese and bread-crumbs, bake twenty minutes, and serve in the same dish.

Cabbage Hot Slaw.—Soak the cabbage one hour in cold water, chop fine, and place in a granite kettle with a cupful of vinegar. Cover and let simmer slowly for two hours, stirring often, and adding a little more vinegar as that in the kettle evaporates, but keeping only enough moisture in the kettle to keep the cabbage from burning. If the vinegar is very strong, weaken it with a little water. When the cabbage is ten-

der, season with a little butter, pepper and salt, and serve hot. This dish requires a good deal of care while cooking.

Cauliflower Salad.—Soak the head and boil in salt water, or in part water and part stock. When quite cold cut into neat bits, dress with a rich salad dressing and serve. Boiled carrots, cut into fanciful shapes, may be used as a garnish for this dish.

Cabbage, with Cream Sauce.—Cut the cabbage into quarters, throw into boiling salt water, and cook ten minutes. Remove the pieces and put in cold water to cool. When cold chop fine, season, add two tablespoons butter mixed with an even tablespoon flour and made into a sauce by adding one pint milk. Let all simmer three-quarter hour, then serve.

Baked Eggplant.—Wash and boil till tender in salty water. Take out and cut a slice from the top. Scoop out the pulp and mix with chopped parsley, minced ham, and seasoning. Refill, sprinkle with cracker crumbs mixed with egg yolk and bake thirty minutes.

Keeping Horse-radish.—Grate, cover with good vinegar and seal. When you wish to use it take out the quantity desired, dilute slightly with cold water, and mix with one teaspoon sugar to two of horse-radish.

Cream of Chestnuts.—Shell one pint chestnuts, put them in boiling water for ten minutes, and then rub off the thin brown skins. Put in boiling salted water to cover and cook until very soft. Mash them in the water and put the whole through a ricer. Have heated to scalding point one pint milk and one cup thin cream. Turn the chestnut pulp into this and heat again. Season with salt, pepper, and a little sugar, and just as it is taken from the fire, stir quickly in

one beaten egg. Serve with toasted croutons made by baking bits of buttered bread. This is a very nourishing dish.

Winter Squash.—Split the squash, remove seeds, and steam or boil until soft. Scrape out the soft part, and to every pint add a tablespoonful of butter, 1/2 teaspoon sugar, and salt and pepper to taste.

Current Events.

An arrangement has been made to ship the Hindus in British Columbia to British Honduras.

A convention looking to the federation of the South African States has been held at Durban.

Because of recent suffragette disturbances, an order has been issued that women will not be admitted to the British House of Parliament.

Elaborate preparations have been made in Japan for the entertainment of the United States Atlantic fleet, which reached Yokohama last Saturday.

The new British battleship-cruiser "Inflexible," the latest vessel of the improved Dreadnought type, at her tests recently, attained a record speed of 27 1/2 knots an hour.

The d'sfranchisement amendment to the Constitution of Georgia has been

so manipulated as to exclude 95 per cent. of the negroes in the State from voting.

All the men of the home fleet absent from their ships have been suddenly recalled to the British navy. The order has caused much excitement, especially since the war cloud in the Balkans, with its complications, has not yet been totally dissipated.

Australia is to raise an army of 82,000. The Act also provides that in war time five classes of reserves can be called upon; also that all male inhabitants, who have resided for six months in Australia, are British subjects, and liable to be trained, unless especially exempted, from the age of 12 to 18 as cadets, and from 18 to 26 in the defence force.

LORD KELVIN'S ROMANCE.

There was an element of romance in the late Lord Kelvin's second marriage. It was at the Canary Islands that the great scientist met his bride to be, and her apparent interest in scientific pursuits drew them quickly together. The scientist went to a great length to unfold a new system of signalling, and as he said good-bye to the lady on the bridge of his yacht on leaving he looked at her and smilingly said: "Do you think you understand the system now?" "Oh, yes," replied his lady friend, "I am sure I understand."

"Then," said the scientist, "watch the vessel as it disappears from view, and I will flash you a message."

The message was, "Will you be my wife?" The lady's reply the world knows.

POWER LOT

A Story of "Down East."

BY SARAH McLEAN GREENE.

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CHAPTER XXII.

"He Will Stand."

It was a drizzly, foggy morning, scarcely daylight, when a repeated knocking at my door awakened me.

I cared no more than as if I had been laid—my heart was leaden; my senses, numbed by chagrin and despair, were leaden. It might be afternoon—I might be sleeping over still another tide for all I cared.

The knocking grew more distinct. "Who is there—and what do ye want?" I growled.

"Jim," said a voice, and I started from my bed, for it was Rob's voice, only husky and weak, like the ghost of Rob.

"Drunk!" I muttered to myself. But it was he—Rob—and I sprang to the door and opened it.

Such a sight never saw I before in the gray of the morning. I drew him in, horrified, and locked the door behind us. His hair was matted with blood, his face bruised and caked with mire and blood, his shirt and trousers were in rags, and one hand hung helpless at his side.

"My God, Rob!" said I, and began the work of bathing and binding up his wounds without another word. When I had his face recognizable again, and found that his arm was not broken, only so painfully sprained that it was almost worse, he lay back on the pillows, his lips drawn and pinched with suffering, his eyes sunken like a man's who has been to the grave itself.

"Jim," said he hoarsely, "I never touched a drop. Jim—I give you my word, before my Creator, there was no drink—in this night's business."

"I believe you, Rob. Never mind about explaining now. Rest a bit."

"And they took my money—every scrap of it."

"What! In God's name—"

"I went—after we parted there—to get the things for Cuby—and I carried them down to the boat—"

"Wait a bit, wait a bit, laddie—let's fix these pillows here. There's time enough, wait a little, now—"

"No—I want to tell you. Then I went back to the town and bought some little trifles—for Mrs. Skipper and Rhody—and I bought half a dozen cigars. I'm such a dam' fool of a young one, Jim, I'd had that pleasing my mind and tickling my shopping-list, all the time, how I'd get half a dozen prime cigars for you and me to smoke going home."

He smiled, and I let him take his own way for reeling off his yarn, for it was lying heavy on him till it was spoken. He was there—Rob himself—with truth shining like sunlight on his poor, hurt face; and if any degree of the high joy and gush of love and yearning that I felt for him then showed in the smile I gave him back, he must have thought I was a soft one for a son of Neptune.

"And I got them," he went on, "and coming out of the shop—you know how the quarry runs along there—dark—back of the shops—for a ways, along there—I thought, if I could get into an alleyway, maybe it would shut off the wind enough for me to strike a match—and light up my old pipe."

"I was holding the match protected in the scoop of my hand—and was leaning forward to light up—when a blow with a loaded club struck me—terribly—on the head—and, Jim, the last thing I saw, and all I saw in that flash as I fell—hush—you come nearer—I saw Bate Stingaree's hand. I know that hand—and I saw it. It was there, Jim, over me—as sure as judgment day—I know that hand—and I saw it."

"The next thing I knew—when I came to—I was lying among the rocks and mire—at the bottom of that quarry; but where I was, at

first, I did not know. Jim, it was hell—black—dead o' night—and one arm no good—only sending tortures through me. I felt the mire around me—and I crawled and felt the rocks each side; and it may have been—I don't know how long—before the blow came back to me, and the sight, sure, of that dreadful, familiar hand—and I realized that I had been thrown over into the quarry for dead; and if I'd come to half an hour later, the tide that fills up everything would have covered me, too.

"I did not cry out nor call—I thought they might be hiding somewhere about. I tried to climb out, but in the darkness I had to go by feeling, and only one arm to work with—and I'd fall back and have to begin again. How long it seemed down there, Jim, only God knows—till morning came enough so I could see the outline of things—faint—and then I managed to climb up; and I reasoned it out you would be here at the hotel. My body was in agony, but I think that blow—"

Rob actually laughed, and the sunken blue eyes darkened wide with mirth—"I think that blow has cleared my head as nothing ever did before, Jim, and knocked all fear out of me, for big things or little, forevermore. I saw things clear. I limped up here—the janitor and his boy were pottering around gathering some kindlings in the sheds, and the back doors were open. I passed in, not caring whether they saw me or not—they did not see me—no one else was stirring. I went up to the plate where they register guests in the office, and found your name and the number of your room—and here I am. God bless you, Jim, is it really your face looking down at me? I thought once I should die there without getting to you. And I'm cleaned out—a pauper again—a penniless, crippled—"

"You are not going to be crippled," said I, "and in a week's time you'll be as pretty as ever. But I'm going out to get some liniment and bandages for that arm of yours. You lie back now and take a nap."

"Since you give me my choice," said Rob, still carrying on by way of a joke, though his teeth were chattering with pain, "I'll wait to take my nap till you've brought something to ease this arm. Say, Jim, it hurts so I can fairly hear it ache. Kite out—that's a good fellow—and hurry up."

I had a doctor there within the next fifteen minutes.

"Better give him a little nip o' something to brace him up while I find out what's the matter with his arm," said the doctor significantly, "he's pretty well run down."

"Oh, you get to work, sir, I don't want any dose," Rob replied, impatiently. "I'm game—this isn't a pin-prick to what I've been through, soul and body. Only hurry up, please—get to work."

Sawbones looked at him curiously, and stretched the poor arm, and worked it this way and that; and Rob, white as death, with his teeth clenched, never uttered a moan. Relief came presently, though, from the applications the good man put on, and Rob turned over on the pillows and slept like an infant.

I locked the bedroom door behind me, and left word no one was to disturb the occupant there. My purpose was to get to the bank for a couple o' hundred dollars that I meant should go back to Power Lot in Rob's pocket, after all; and to get to the furnishing store for some whole clothes for the lad. I found it was still too early to get admission either to bank or shops. So I crept up the hotel stairs again. I was for all the world like an old bird hovering over a nest. I turned the key softly and took a look at my fledgling. He was sleeping so deeply, free from pain, you could almost see the bliss of his rest in a halo round him. I drew the blinds down, against the sun should rise that far, for it was already making signs of burning up through the fog; then I went out again on tiptoe, locking my

tragic young potato-farmer safe behind me.

The wind was beginning to leap up from the nor-west a bit, and my heart was taking a swing with it. Rob had been true, and by the miracle of God his bruised body was safe alive. I'd never cease to be grateful for that to my dying day. I went down to my boat and overhauled her, to have all in readiness for sailing if Rob should waken fit for it later in the day. As I went back along Main Street, I heard the usual clattering in the restaurant, and the impulse took me to turn in there. By the time I had discussed some breakfast, and put a few observations to the table girl, the bank would be open and I could get through business and make back to feed and clothe the nestling, who would be eager for trying his wings again as soon as possible.

"Wal," said the girl commiseratingly, "here you be again, all by your lonesome. I guess he found the hotel, all right, and hasn't had to use no saleratus to make his drink beady—to-he! He's takin' a good, long nap this mornin', I reckon?"

"That's just where you are mistaken," said I, gayly; "he hasn't touched a drop of drink of any kind. He's all right."

Her face fell, and she said, insolently, "Why doesn't he come and have breakfast with you, then?"

"Oh, he's a swell; he'll take his breakfast at the hotel," I made answer; "he's something rather choice." She set the remaining dishes down very noisily at my plate.

"You didn't see any other friends o' mine in here yesterday, did ye?" said I, with a bald attempt at being genial.

"You must be a lunkhead," she rejoined, "how do I know who your friends are?"

"Sure. You're right. But, for instance now, a dark fellow, sort of surly-acting—wonder if you saw him?"

"Guess he wasn't anxious for your company. Him and another man sneaked in here, soon as you and your 'choice' article left."

"Him and the Frenchman?"

"French or Dutch or Portugee, what do I care?"

"Of course not." I placed a fee for her on the table and spoke lightly. "They did not say among themselves where they left their boat, did they? She wasn't visible in harbor?"

"No," said she, shortly. "They acted like a pair of sneaks, and gobbled their vittles, and lit out. Thank ye—she picked up the silver, but hustled about as though it were my business to be gone. Rob would never have had such brusque treatment at her hands. Little I cared. Rob's vision of the familiar hand as he fell was no hallucination. If the blow had cleared his head, it had mazed and staggered mine."

That Bate mingled some idiocy with his brutality, I knew. But how could he follow us to Waldeck and dine immediately after we did at the restaurant, and expect to go undetected of those criminating circumstances? Then I remembered the slow, morbid working of his mind, with hate and revenge paramount as a motive; he had meant, no doubt, to "make a good job of it," and by a hand's turn luck might have favored him. A few moments more and the tide would have sucked in over Rob.

If the lad's body had been discovered at ebb tide, the conclusion would have been that he had staggered along the quarry-edge hopelessly drunk, and had fallen over; his wounds would all have been accounted for by that fact. It was that one glimmer of a marked hand before Rob's reeling senses that fixed the crime at Bate's door. Not only would he have thrown Rob's body to destruction, but the fair name for which the boy had struggled so painfully and long—that would have gone down, too, with the undeserved stigma of "drunkard" at last, and of one faithless and fallen—who had proven so faithful—who, in spite of

every temptation, had stood erect and true.

And one complication of it was that Mary must not know the details of this day's work. To shield and rescue Bate, she had spent life and substance. To save him in the end was, after all, her chief earthly ambition. She must not know. I would seek him out by himself, and I would send terror through his soul. He should walk straight hereafter for fear of me. But Mary must not know.

So I did my errands in the town, winning out to this conclusion of the matter, and with the next tide Rob and I set sail for home. It was not till we had clipped past Barstake Island to a fair wind that Rob, fingering over his new jacket with his able hand, found the pocket secured by two rows of pins, just as the old one had been. Blushing and trembling, he worked in and found the roll of two hundred dollars.

"Curse you, Jim," said the boy, in a queer voice that belied the malediction of his words; and he put his head down and sobbed before he could speak again.

"You know what I meant, Jim. You're enough to make a man want to live, just because there is such a one as you to be his friend. But I can't take it, Jim."

"See here," said I, reasonable. "there ain't any sentiment about this. I'd give my blood for you, lad, and all I have for you, for that matter. You're true. But it isn't that. We've got to go on, you and I, as if nothing had happened. Mary must not know about this business of Bate's. She never would know from you—"

I stopped him, for the splendid loyalty and vindication that blazed in his eyes.

"I know that, Rob. Never would she have known from you. I don't need your word. I would take my dying oath on it, on the Bible, she never would know from you. But we've got to act this thing out reasonable."

"You've got to go home to Mary's with your money. And, Rob, don't you fret; you'll pay it back to me. I am thinking," I sighed, "it may be easier than you think, now, for you to pay it back to me sometime. That'll be all right. Meanwhile, you and I have got to work together in this business, hand in hand."

"Jim, I'm a great ass of a baby, with my cheap pride, and all; but I wanted to say that first to you—Mary must not know." I've said it over and over to myself times enough. I wanted to say it to you.

"You didn't need to. I knew it of you."

"Jim, if I don't pay it back, it won't be for lack of anything a man can do or bear or deny himself."

"I know, Rob. You needn't to talk."

We went up to the Stingaree house together. I wanted to do that, and Rob let me—Rob, with his face patched up with courtplaster and his arm in a sling. It was night, and for some reasons we were glad of that.

Well, if I'm anything in line of descent from a wizard, I'm surely mighty soft-born of humanity, too, so far as reading people's hearts from their faces go; and something got settled in my heart for good and all when Mary Stingaree opened the door and met us. Some lives seem, anyway, just to run a predestined course of "giving up," "giving up," and on any occasion when they wouldn't do it voluntarily, having to give up, until it turns by way of being a sort of meat and drink to them! you don't know, but there's a fashion of enjoyment of its own goes along with it, like you can acquire a taste for bitter things, and make the best of it, and reckon it's all going to sum up for good, somehow, somewhere.

It was not for old Jim Turbine—that look in Mary's eyes; it was not for any thought in her heart for the great doctor; it was a look straight out of her soul, that she could not help, for that big, winsome, tragic-joy of a young man, Robert Hilton.

(To be continued.)

The Ingle Nook.

Dear Chatterers.—Now that the election spirit is in the air, you may be especially interested in the accompanying picture of the ladies who have been making things lively in England for the past two or three years in their efforts to obtain the franchise for women. Not such a disreputable-looking lot, are they? One could never imagine them creating disturbances on the street or in the House of Commons, besieging Mr. Asquith in his home, and jangling his door-bell until the poor man must have felt like the "Bishop of Bingen," in his mouse-tower on the Rhine, or fighting and tugging with policemen who were endeavoring to induce them, willy-nilly, to keep the peace.

Upon the contrary, they are a set of fine, intelligent-looking women, and the only pity is that they have stooped to such outre means in pursuing their campaign.

Just here I cannot refrain from quoting for you a paragraph clipped from the London Times, and describing one of their latest performances:

"Miss Mary Phillips, who was sentenced on July 1 to three months' imprisonment for the part she took in the Parliament-square demonstration by woman suffragists on the previous day, was released from Holloway Gaol on Friday morning. Four other women who received a similar sentence had been previously released; but Miss Phillips, having violated the prison rules by attempting to send a note to her mother, thereby forfeited two days of the remission allowed to prisoners for good conduct.

"There was a much larger crowd outside the prison on Friday morning than on the Wednesday, news having been circulated that it was intended to give the prisoner a Scottish welcome. The procession arranged by the National Women's Social and Political Union was certainly a picturesque one. First came four pipers in full Highland costume, followed by the two Misses McLeod, also in Scottish dress, carrying a banner on which were painted thistles and the words 'Avis la fin' (Success to the cause). Mrs. Pethick Lawrence, Mrs. Drummond, and Miss Christabel Pankhurst came next, wearing plaids over their shoulders. Behind them was a wagonette decorated with a profusion of purple and white heather and Scottish thistle, and drawn by twelve of Miss Phillips's countrywomen dressed in tartan and wearing Glengarry caps. Miss Vera Wentworth, one of the young women released previously, sat on the box and held the reins, and in the body of the conveyance were Mr. and Mrs. Phillips, the prisoner's parents. Next came a number of women carrying banners. On one were the words, 'To Mr. Asquith,—Ye mauna tramp on the Scotch thistle, laddie,' on another, 'We fight to win,' and on a third, 'Through thick and thin we'er give in.' Following were a newspaper cart drawn by a white horse, and a brake with boards displaying the words, 'Mr. Asquith's prisoner released to-day. Votes for Women.'

"Shortly after 8 o'clock the prison gates were opened, and Miss Phillips, wearing a white dress, emerged. She was heartily cheered as she was conducted to the wagonette by the police, and a plaid having been fastened over her shoulder, she embraced her parents and took a seat by the side of Miss Wentworth on the box. Before the prisoner appeared the pipers played 'Oh, lassie, but we lang tae see ye,' as she came out they played 'Scots wha hae,' and on the journey to Queen's-hall, Langham-place, where a complimentary breakfast was provided, they played 'The Campbells Are Coming.' Miss Phillips received a very sympathetic reception from the bystanders on her way to the hall.

"Mrs. Drummond presided at the breakfast to which about 200 persons sat down. Miss Phillips said she had been studying history and would strongly advise Mr. Asquith to do the same. When Wallace was asked by the English general to treat for peace, he replied that they were not there to treat for peace, but to fight for their liberty; and that was the sentiment which actuated the women in their campaign. They were prepared to fight and to suffer for a just cause. (Cheers.)

Miss Christabel Pankhurst said they must not allow the Government for one moment to think they were repentant; they were not, and they must give abundant proof that imprisonment would not deter them. They were issuing another invitation to the people of London to go with them to Parliament to argue the matter out with Mr. Asquith and the other members of Parliament."

One cannot imagine Canadian women taking part in such demonstrations, nor even, with all their reputation for vivacity, "American women," whose first attempt at getting their names on the

recipe you want on hand, picture and all. Here it is, but I should think you might omit the sausage if you chose. Beans are excellent winter food, so I hope many people may benefit by your inquiry.

Bake the beans as follows: Soak over night, and in morning drain off the water. Cover with water, and put over the fire to cook till the skins are easily pierced. Season, press down into the beans three-fourths of a pound of sausage, placing some beans over the top. Cover with a close lid, and bake in a moderate oven from 4 to 6 hours, adding



The Leading "Suffragists" of Great Britain.

At the extreme right is Mrs. Pankhurst, the founder; next, Miss Christabel Pankhurst, whom W. T. Stead has called the English Joan of Arc. Fifth is Miss Flora Drummond, the commander-in-chief of some of the monster demonstrations.

voters' list has fallen rather flat. We quote again from a New York daily: "The first attempt by the New York suffragettes to have their names placed on the voting list of this city suffered defeat to-day when fourteen women visited the registration booths to record their names. No disorder accompanied the attempt, but the women were followed on their way from their headquarters to the registration booths by many photographers and an increasing number of curious persons. Mrs. Julia Seaton Sears, President of the New Thought Church and School, headed the little squad of women."

And yet, who knows? The franchise bacillus may be a powerful one, given time enough. Incidentally, an enterprising young lady, M. A., has been already striving to inoculate it, though in a very modest way, in Toronto. What do you think about giving women votes, anyway? Can't we have a "chat" on the subject? D. D.

Bean Loaf.

Dear Dame Durden,—Have long been an interested reader of your Corner, and having received help without asking, I want to ask for some now.



Baked Beans Moulded With Sausage.

(By permission of Boston Cooking School.)

Can you give me a recipe for pressed beans, or bean loaf? Thanking you for your kindness. Pontiac Co., P. Q. A. S. PRITCHARD. We just happened to have the very

boiling water from time to time as needed, but not during the last hour. Take from the oven, use part of the dish hot if wished, and press the remainder into a mould. Serve cold, sliced, with lettuce and salad dressing.

OCTOBER.

Month of a thousand falling leaves—
Petulant winds that will not rest—
Yours are the days I love the best.
When they are come, my spirit finds
Freedom to lose itself in space,
Yearning the winds to keep apace.

Month of a thousand falling leaves—
Tinted by Nature's master skill—
Long have I gazed across the hill,
Craving the joys my heart receives
When you have come to be with me,
Season of woodland gayety.

Month of a thousand mystic dreams—
Tinged by the leaves of red and gold—
What is the magic spell you hold?
Is the charm less than what it seems?
Ah, 'tis a secret passing strange—
We are so fickle-fond of change!
—Roscoe Gilmore Scott, in Lippincott's.

WHEN HE GOT EXCITED.

Among the new batch of K. C.'s is a lawyer who has for years practiced in a certain town in Western Ontario, and has had to wait long for the coveted silk. The practitioner in question is a self-made man, and in the early years of his life, before he acquired the qualifications necessary for a barrister, he fell into certain habits of speech to which in moments of excitement he is apt to recur. A few years ago he was examining a difficult witness, who deftly countered every attempt to elicit the information, and gave evasive answers until the lawyer was in a thoroughly bad temper. Finally the latter, in going into the minutiae of the testimony, said to the witness, severely:

"You was walking down the street, was you?"

The witness smiled blandly.

"I were!" he said.

ANN ELIZA.

Ebenezer Frost looked at his wife in silence. He had just come up from the garden, and the dish-pan under his arm was full of crisp, green pea-pods—the wherewithal for dinner. "Mother's asleep," he thought; "I won't disturb her." He carefully put the pan in the shade, and seated himself on the edge of the step. "She got too tired yesterday, but I couldn't seem ter help it," his thoughts ran on. "It ain't never been easy to make Mother spare herself, an' now a time be a-comin' . . ." again he looked at the strong, sweet, peaceful face beside him. Slow tears gathered in Ebenezer's eyes, and he brushed them away with the back of a weather-stained hand, and the hand was shaking.

At the front of the house the hot July sun was baking the village road to powder, but it was cool there on the back porch. Under the old apple tree at the garden's edge the bees hummed back and forth in happy usefulness. The keeping of bees was a tradition in the Frost family, handed down from father to son for generations, and Eben came naturally by his fondness for them. Presently he rose. There was work waiting for him always, even on that trim little home acre. "I'll just let Mother alone," he decided, stepping with love's caution on the grass to avoid the crunch of gravel; 'tain't no consequence when dinner is. So long as she's asleep she's forgot all about it," and again the slow, scalding tears blinded him.

An hour later, when he returned to the house, the porch was deserted. He went up to the kitchen window and looked in. "Well, Mother," he said.

"I must have been asleep when you brought the pease, Eben," Mrs. Frost answered, with a smile, "so dinner 'll be a little late. Why didn't you wake me?"—But the man kept his reason to himself.

"Your buff Cochon has begun ter hatch," he told her, instead. "I saw two chicks just now."

"Pity she couldn't have come off a day sooner," Beulah Frost answered, anxiously. "I'm afraid it's gatherin' for a storm."

"Never mind, Mother. I'll move her up under the grape-trellis to-night. She'll keep as dry as a bone there."

"That will be nice. An' now, Eben, if you fetch the butter from down cellar we'll set right down to dinner." For twenty years that noonday dinner had been one of herbs, and still Love graced it with his royal presence.

But Eben could not eat, nor did Beulah ask him where his appetite had gone. She watched him for a few moments, and then she spoke.

"Can you get Jake's horse this afternoon, an' drive me over ter the poorhouse?"

"Why, yes," he answered. "I dun' no' why not. There's some honey all ready to go to the store, too, an' we can fetch along the settin' of eggs for Josh Simms' wife. But why do you want ter go 'way up ter the poorhouse, Mother?"

"I've been tryin' to fix some way so Kitty needn't stay home," Mrs. Frost answered. "I want she should learn dress-makin' same as we always said. But I don't see how we be a-goin' ter keep this thing from the neighbors, Eben." The man looked questioningly at his wife. Beulah Frost had a local reputation for unnecessary reserve. "When Kitty went off this mornin'," she continued, "I told her not ter say one word to Mis' Allen, nor anybody else, about givin' up the lessons, an' if I can do as I plan this afternoon, we can manage to spare her a while longer, I guess. I'll tell you what I want ter do as we drive along, an' if you don't like it, we can just sell the honey an' the eggs an' come right home again, without goin' near the poorhouse."

When the selectmen of Dean's Crossing chose the spot for their village poorhouse, they were not required to give reasons, and they left no record of them. But why need they have built it with the quarry quite so close behind—the quarry, with its insistent stone-drill and flying grits and glaring barrenness? Or quite so near the turnpike, whose sandy dust was stirred by every wandering breeze to cover, like a pall, the poor, discouraged trumpet-vine that clung, a dying captive,

to the shingled stoop? All winter the prevailing north wind raked the quarry. All summer the prevailing south wind brushed up the dusty turnpike with its silent, restless fingers. A poplar grew at the west side of the house, and clinging to its trunk, as to the only friendly presence in the world, a brave nasturtium put forth hardy blooms, and emphasized its utter lack of gay companions.

But Mrs. Hillis, matron of the house, approved the situation, and made no effort to beautify her realm. "You don't want ter give more 'n yer can help, for nothin'," was her simple creed. A tall angular woman was Mrs. Hillis, about as impulsive as the quarry ledge, and quite as colorless. It seemed as though the quarry grit had penetrated to her very soul.

"Now, Mother," said Eben, cheerfully, as he cramped the wheel of Jake's dilapidated buggy before the poorhouse door, "you fix it anyway, an' I'll be pleased. I'm a-goin' over to Simms' with the eggs, an' I'll call round for you in about half an' hour." And Beulah had patted his knee by the way of answer and climbed down.

Mrs. Hillis met her at the door. Social preliminaries were soon over. Neither woman found anything of interest in the other to needlessly prolong an interview.

"I came to ask," Mrs. Frost began, with a directness so simple it effectually concealed its effort, "if you knew of anyone who would come an' help me till my Kitty has learned dressmakin' with Mis' Allen?"

"Why, Beulah Frost! Sakes alive! Ain't yer able to do yer own work?"

"No," Beulah admitted, serenely—"no, I ain't."

"Well, well! What is it ails yer?" questioned the other.

"I thought maybe you'd know of somebody who'd come for their board, an' perhaps a little more," Mrs. Frost continued, ignoring the question. "Is there anybody here?"

Mrs. Hillis shook her head. "No," she answered, "not just now. Unless you want ter try Ann Eliza. She won't come for her board, though, I can tell you that. Nor next to it, either. She's a real close-fisted girl."

"Who is Ann Eliza?"

"My niece, an' she's stoppin' here for a spell. I don't pay her nothin', of course, an' I gets a lot of work out of her, but that ain't the same as though you was ter try it. But I ain't givin' yer any advice. She's got some outs to her and some ins."

"May I speak to her?"

"Certainly. I'll tell yer a little more about her an' then I'll call her in. She's a real good one to work, but she ain't contented long anywheres. Didn't keep her last place but two weeks. An' I never could get her to take an interest in the church—she'll tell yer herself she ain't got no religion. An' she is almost too close-fisted, if there is such a thing. But she is a real good one to work," Mrs. Hillis concluded, with a virtuous air.

Beulah Frost had learned something in her forty-two years of life. "May I speak to her?" she repeated. The matron of the poorhouse felt no rebuff. She rose at once, and a moment later Mrs. Frost heard her call, from some evidently central spot in the house: "Ann Eliza! Ann Eliza! You go right into the front room an' speak with Mrs. Frost."

The reply, if any there were, did not reach Mrs. Frost, but soon a quick, mannish step came down the entry, the door was brusquely opened, and more brusquely closed, and Ann Eliza halted in the middle of the room. Beulah smiled a kindly greeting, but Ann Eliza never dreamed of appropriating that smile as meant for her, and responding to it. The older woman's wise and kindly eyes took swift heed of certain trifles, but never noticed certain others. "Sit down, my dear," she said; "I want to have a little talk with you."

Scraps of the conversation that followed reached Mrs. Hillis in the next room, but the explanatory links she lost. Once she paused, her darning-needle upraised, and muttered to herself: "Sakes alive! I do believe Ann Eliza's goin'!" Presently she knew from the sounds that the interview was over; chairs were pushed about and the door was opened.

"I'm goin' home with this lady, Aunt Hillis," Ann Eliza announced, with careless indifference to that aunt's approval.

Mrs. Hillis concealed her curiosity. It was an effort, but she managed to do it. She had known that her niece would not go—she had said so—and her niece was going. Mrs. Hillis not unnaturally felt for the moment that her own importance was eclipsed. But she followed Ann Eliza upstairs when the latter went to gather together her pitiful possessions, and demanded with some asperity how hard a bargain she had been able to drive.

Now Ann Eliza had driven more than one hard bargain, though possibly had others taken more thought for her future she herself might have taken less. But for the last half hour something new to her had been tugging at her heart. "None of yer business," she snapped back, nor would she say another word, except "good-bye."

On the drive home, wedged between Ebenezer and his wife, she heard her position in the Frost family defined. "Ann Eliza is niece to Mis' Hillis," Beulah told her husband, "an' we had a nice little talk-it-over together. She's goin' to do anythin' I want her to, till Kitty can take hold, but she won't take nothin' except her board. Why is that, my dear? and Beulah looked with kind inquiry into the girl's face.

Ann Eliza twisted the selva of the lap robe fiercely between her big-boned hands in her embarrassment. Eben smiled, and from that moment he liked the girl. "Saw what you was lookin' at," he remarked, sympathetically.

"I'd rather come that way," was Ann Eliza's almost inaudible response.

That night it rained. Ann Eliza, lying on her hard little bed in the unplastered roof chamber, listened to the dripping patter with a welcome feeling of physical content. The evening had been full of simple interests; she had been taken right into the home life, expected to sympathize with Eben's fondness for his bees and Beulah's excitement over the buff Cochins' achievement in hatching every egg entrusted to her keeping, and she had responded with a vague sense of peace which was wholly new to her. Then she began to wonder why her help was needed in this little household, where the work was evidently easy and the steps so few. She told herself that she could do it alone with one hand strapped behind her back, and she knew that Mrs. Frost, like many of the women at the Crossing, had done housework all her life. Furthermore, she knew that they were poor. "She's in some kind of a tight place, sure," she muttered, half aloud, "an' I'll not take a cent from the first person ever ter treat me so kind an' friendly like. Reckon I generally do see what I look at."

Ann Eliza's life-raft, rigged for head winds and stormy seas, had met by chance a little favoring breeze of loving-kindness, and had straightway lost half its usual fierce headway.

The next morning Ann Eliza woke slowly to the consciousness that some great good had come to her. She lay passive, while happiness, like some unfamiliar melody, began to relax the nervous strain of years. Ann Eliza was no philosopher. She gave no name to what had happened, she did not need to analyze nor understand—she simply rested.

Suddenly with a bound she was out of bed. In a sickening flash she knew the light flooding her room was not the light of early morning, even though that early morning be in July. She had overslept. What would they say to her? What would they care for last night's promises now? They would not let her stay, they would not want her! Thus Ann Eliza, as she dressed, recited breathlessly the bitter lesson life had taught her—that the world was hard.

At the sitting-room door she hesitated. There in the big rocking-chair lay Mrs. Frost's knitting, still loosely folded in a white apron as it was left last night; there on the floor beside his chair lay Eben's weekly paper—he had read aloud the jokes, and they had all laughed together over them. At that moment Ann Eliza felt as must a starving man who sees beyond his reach a loaf of bread he might have shared.

Out under the apple tree she found them.

"Well, my dear," was Beulah's cheery greeting, "did you sleep good last night?"

Ann Eliza was speechless.

"Mother an' me was just sayin' how

glad we was you could sleep," added Ebenezer, "first night in a strange bed, too."

"Ain't yer. . . . Ain't yer. . . . Can I stay?" stammered Ann Eliza.

"Stay?" echoed Mrs. Frost, bewildered. "Why, you've only just come!"

"I said I'd get breakfast, an' be up real early," Ann Eliza went on, desperately, "an' . . . an' . . ."

"An' you thought," interrupted Eben, dimly seeing into the matter, "that we'd have no use for yer?"

"Will yer let me stay?" she begged. "Let yer stay? I won't let you go!" retorted Beulah, who did not understand at all. "Now you go straight into the kitchen an' get yer breakfast—I set it back on the stove to keep warm. An' then come an' see the new chicks, an' Eben wants to show yer the bees."

Ann Eliza's lips quivered. Eben saw more clearly then.

"There ain't nobody quite like Mother," he said, softly.

It was only a cup of cold water, offered to a thirsty soul. And she who gave forgot—but she who took remembered.

"Ann Eliza," Mrs. Frost said, later in the day, "when you get the dinner dishes done come out on the porch. I want you should know somethin'." And when, presently, the younger woman obeyed, Mrs. Frost began without a prelude, "My dear, I am growin' blind."

"Oh, Mis' Frost!"

"Yes, a great city oculist looked at my eyes last week. He gives me a year at most."

"Oh, Mis' Frost!" wailed Ann Eliza. Beulah laid her hand on the other's arm. "That's why you are here till Kitty learns 'er trade an' can be at home. There ain't no dressmaker at the Crossing, an' Kitty can do that an' the cookin'. Eben he will take care of me."

"I feel dreful for yer," Ann Eliza managed to gasp. "It's . . . it be terrible."

"Kitty ain't strong," Beulah went on, "but I guess we can manage somehow." Ann Eliza's hands were locked between her knees. She sat looking straight ahead, into this other woman's future.

"The neighbors don't any of 'em know it. . . . yet," Beulah added, a little tremulously.

"Oh, Mis' Frost, let me do lots for yer! Just you tell me what. I'd love to," cried Ann Eliza, her voice breaking.

"Yes, my dear, of course I will, an' I be thankful 'nough to you for comin'. An' would you like ter make some ris biscuits for supper? Eben does love ris biscuits."

For eleven months that little house was home to Ann Eliza. Only once in that time had she been at the poorhouse. Then she had walked back through the twilight with a terror of destitute old age, and a vivid realization of its misery, haunting her. She did not hear the robins call their good-nights to one another, she did not see the afterglow between the hills, the little scolding chipmunk on the wall was not in her world just then, though he would hardly have believed it possible. And Ann Eliza did not call upon her aunt a second time.

Kitty came home for an occasional Sunday, bringing bits of gossip, report of fairs and dances, once a city magazine, and now and then a fashion-book. As the weeks passed, Ann Eliza learned to associate her coming with much extra work, with inappropriate giggles, with a small, self-conscious air of general daintiness, and with—in spite of self-reproaches—a sense of glad relief when Monday morning brought departure.

And then, always the undercurrent of that one approaching doom. Ann Eliza watched the hot rebellion, then the encroaching helplessness, then the deepening of the twilight, then the dark, with a passion of inarticulate sympathy which knew it had no power to delay or save.

But by and bye all this was changed, for Kitty in due time came home to live. A week of unusual excitement followed while the little dressmaker gave directions and assumed control, and Ann Eliza knew her hour to depart had struck.

"I suppose you won't be wantin' me now?" she asked one afternoon, when Eben had gone with honey to the store and Kitty was absorbed with her first customer. She and Mrs. Frost were sitting on the back porch, and Ann Eliza was darning stockings.

Beulah heard a little catch in the

speaker's voice. "Don't put it like that, my dear," she answered, kindly; "it ain't that we don't want you. Nobody knows the comfort you've been." She could not see the light that swept Ann Eliza's face at those few simple words. "But it ain't right to keep yer," she continued, "when you could get a good place and earn money enough to provide for yer old age real comfortable. You're young yet, my dear." As she spoke Beulah reached out her strong, capable right hand gropingly, and Ann Eliza caught it between both her own.

"Oh, Mis' Frost," she sobbed, "I wish it had been me, instead. You don't understand, you won't never, what you've done for me."

"There, there!" replied Beulah, gently. "You be the gratefulest girl ever I see. I ain't done a thing for yer, as I know of, just kep' yer workin' an' waitin' on me."

Ann Eliza's only answer was to kiss the hand she held, and lay her cheek against it, and caress it.

"I declare I hate ter let yer go!" was Eben's exclamation the morning of Ann Eliza's departure.

"I hate ter go," was the eloquently simple answer.

"It's right you should go," Beulah said, smiling, "an' they'll be lucky folks that gets yer, too."

"I bet yer!" added Ebenezer, heartily. There was a heavy fog that morning. Ann Eliza had no sooner latched the gate behind her than it seemed relentlessly to snatch the little home from view. Looking back it was as though it had not been. But Ann Eliza's heart knew better. No fog could steal the memories living there.

Kitty Frost made a success of dressmaking. It was not long before even the summer people of the Cliff Colony at Waynesville gave her work. But she was frail, and the steady confinement told upon her. Even a slight illness would go hard with the girl, the neighbors said, among themselves, with kindly feeling, and one of readier speech added, "What would become of old Beulah if Kitty should be taken?"

"Eben couldn't do much outside," observed another, "long with the cookin' an' all the rest of it. They'd be forlorn enough, poor souls."

"An' he never was what yer might call rugged," spoke up a third.

One day, when Ann Eliza had been in her new place a year and a half, the lady of the house had a little talk with her.

"I have sad news for you, Ann," she said. "That little dressmaker where you used to work, at Dean's Crossing, is dead."

Ann Eliza gave a low cry.

"My dear girl, sit down!" exclaimed Mrs. Cummings, kindly. "Here, wait a moment—drink this."

"Thank you," gasped Ann Eliza. "What ever will they do?"

"Of course it makes it very hard havin' Mrs. Frost blind," Mrs. Cummings went on, "but I understand they are not destitute. Still," she added, reflectively, "Mr. Frost cannot leave her alone in the house. Someone said he used to go out to work by the day."

"When is the funeral?"

"That was what I wanted to speak about. It is day after to-morrow at twelve. You must take the whole day. Perhaps you will be able to help them? Yes, I thought so. James can drive you over any time."

"Oh, Mis' Cummings, thank you ever so much," Ann Eliza answered, gratefully.

"I am very sorry for them myself, Ann. Thanksgiving day is only next week, too. Poor things! What a dreary anniversary!"

Ann Eliza's face was white to the lips, and quivering with emotion beyond her power to conceal.

"Stay a day or two, if you find you can help them, Ann," added Mrs. Cummings, gently, touched by the misery in her servant's face.

The shortest way to reach the Frosts' was down the turnpike. As they drove past the poorhouse, James pointed with his whip.

"I wonder what kind of a Thanksgiving they'll have there?" he asked, jocosely. "Know what that is?"

"Well, rather," was the grim reply. "My aunt keeps it."

"That so? Well, I'd hate ter be going there. Wouldn't you?" the coachman

rejoined. "Wonder what Mrs. Frost will do?" he added.

"I dun'no'." "She'll have to hire in, sure," the man continued, with a practical grasp of detail, "and that takes money. I'd hate to see her spending any Thanksgivings there. I hope she'll never be going there, one of these days."

"Mis' Cummings said I might stay a day or two," replied Ann Eliza. "I'll walk back the last of the week." "Suit yerself," retorted James, loftily. He resented her evident preoccupation.

That night Ann Eliza lay on the same hard little bed in the unplastered roof chamber. With wide, sleepless eyes she looked back along the stony pathway of her past. She saw a hard-worked, lonely child grow into a hard-worked, lonely woman. Now, as then, she recognized her pitiful uncouthness, only now, as then, she did not call it pitiful. "I was hard as nails," she commented. She lived again the stoical economy that dropped, penny by penny, her mites into the savings-bank. Something over fifty dollars was there now. There had been recurring visits to the poorhouse, with their long hours of work and no wages. The atmosphere of penury, of failure, of discontent among its inmates, had been almost unbearable. Then James' words came back to her. He hoped Mrs. Frost would never be going there, one of these days. And slowly, in the gray chill of that November morning, the woman of no religion reckoned up the cost, and then made high, deliberate choice.

"She ain't goin' ter hire in. . . . so long as I live. . . . an' she'll have her Thanksgivin's at home. . . . an' if one of us has ter go ter the poorhouse one of these days, it'll be me." She planned what she should say. "I'll have ter make 'em believe I've got a nest egg laid away," she decided.

When the day broke, Ann Eliza crept downstairs in her stocking feet, and when, an hour later, Eben entered the kitchen, he was greeted with the cheer of a warm room and signs of breakfast.

"I didn't oversleep this time," Ann Eliza told him.

After the breakfast dishes were washed, and the kitchen swept, and the fire laid in the sitting-room stove, Ann Eliza spoke.

"I'm a-goin' ter come home ter live," she said, quietly. "I'm not goin' ter stay with Mis' Cummings. And I'll be right here so long as either one of you be livin'." The sudden light in their faces told the speaker all she most longed to know. "Will it mean so much to yer?" she whispered.

"But you mustn't, dear, you mustn't; we can't pay. . . ."

"I don't need pay," broke in Ann Eliza. "I need you, an' I got a nest egg laid away, too. Don't say I can't stay! Think how kind you always was to me. Nobody ever treated me like you did."

"Why, my dear girl, bless yer heart, I only done what lots of other folks would ha' done, if they'd had the chance!"

And then Ann Eliza put a great truth into words. "I don't care what other folks would ha' done," she answered, with a sob; "you be the one that done it ter me."—[Harper's Bazar.

THE MAN WHO SINGS AT HIS WORK.

Give us, O give us, the man who sings at his work! Be his occupation what it may, he is equal to any of those who follow the same pursuit in silent sullenness. He will do more in the same time—he will do it better—he will persevere longer. One is scarcely sensible to fatigue while he marches to music. The very stars are said to make harmony as they revolve in their spheres. Wondrous is the strength of cheerfulness, altogether past calculation its powers of endurance. Efforts, to be permanently useful, must be uniformly joyous—a spirit all sunshine—graceful from gladness—beautiful because bright.—Carlyle.

MAKING A CALL.

"Ruth," said the mother of a little miss who was entertaining a couple of small playmates, "why don't you play something instead of sitting still and looking miserable?" Ruth—"We're playing we are grown-up women making a call."

Children's Corner.

Dear Children,—As letters from some of you have arrived, I think it is high time for me to come out of my den and make my bow to you. It is such a pretty day, with the sun shining, and the yellow and red leaves tumbling down from the trees, and the "click!" "click!" of the nuts as they fall sounding everywhere. I think I should like to stay out all day and play with you. Don't you just love to rush about among the fallen leaves knee-deep? I do. And don't you love to hunt for nuts? They taste a hundred times better when you gather them yourself than if you just go and buy them at a store.

And then I think, judging from your letters, that the most of you would be fine playmates, ready for fun, and al-



A New Zealand Native.

This snapshot shows a Maori performing his part in the ceremony of welcoming the American fleet.—From the Otago Witness.

ways anxious for fair play, and not cry-babies. Don't you like boys and girls who will not do a mean trick, and who are always kind and sunny? Some boys think it is smart to be rough and overbearing, but they make a great mistake. Everyone likes a gentleman, but no one likes a bully.

Perhaps you will think the picture I am giving you this week is a very queer one. I found it in a New Zealand paper, and had it put in ours because I thought it would make you laugh. It represents one of the natives of New Zealand doing his part in the welcome given to the American fleet of sixteen battleships, which, under Rear-Admiral Sperry, paid New Zealand and Australia a visit a few weeks ago. Don't you think he had a queer way of giving his welcome?

Now, I want to find out if you know a few things, so if you write to us again soon, will you answer the following questions: (1) What and where is New Zealand? (2) To whom does it belong? (3) How would you reach it by sailing, say from Halifax? (4) Name two of the principal cities there. (5) Tell any other things you know, or can find out about it.

Before closing, too, I want to say that we have not chosen a name for our Club yet. You see, we want to hear from all the boys and girls about it, so we are keeping the list for a week or two, until all who wish to write have had time. Your friend, PUCK.

[Note.—Please do not be disappointed if your letter does not appear for some weeks after you send it in. Sometimes, when a great number have been received, we shall have to print them in turn, so that some must be kept waiting for a while. . . . And, until we have chosen

the name for the Club, be sure to address all letters to "The Children's Department," "The Farmer's Advocate," London, Ont.]

THE LETTER BOX.

Dear Puck,—My uncle has taken "The Farmer's Advocate" ever since I can remember, but it is only lately that I have read it. Now, every Saturday, as soon as it comes, I turn to "The Children's Corner" first. I have always loved Cousin Dorothy, and pictured her to myself to be a medium-sized woman, very girlish, who has a pleasant face, and a warm and large heart. I hope, Puck, you will be the same. I would like you to be boyish in all your letters and advice, for we shall expect advice from you also. I believe you have a heart large enough for us all, and that you are a whole-hearted person, one who will be interested in all of us.

Well, I really must stop. I am trying for the prizes, but I do not think I will get any. A YOUNG READER Ashgrove, Ont. (age 10 years).

Heighty-teighty! So you wish me to be a woman, a very girlish woman at that, who will write boyish letters? Now aren't you joking? By the way, I have written the name you suggested for our Club on another sheet of paper, as I don't want any of the names to come out yet. . . . And I am not going to announce the names of the prizewinners for a month, so you must not grow impatient.

Dear Puck,—I thought I would write you a few lines, as I would like you to write nice, pleasant stories to the Children's Department every week, to make it always happy, and encourage us to write nice long letters, and I would like you to be always happy and bright. HELEN M. COLBECK (age 12). Colbeck, Ont.

I will not dare to be blue and doleful after all that, Helen.

The Strathroy Fair.

I thought I would write you a few lines, telling you what I saw at the fair in Strathroy.

We had a holiday; the day was fine and very warm. In the morning, Irene and I had to herd the cattle in the clover till about noon. As soon as we had dinner we got ready to go to the fair. About 2 o'clock daddy got the horse ready, and we were off.

When we were driving through the town we saw lots of flags and other decorations. I saw a big automobile, but our driver never gets frightened at them. When we drove on the grounds we saw great crowds of people. In the first building we saw some chickens and then we went to see the cattle, and then the pigs, and then the sheep.

In the palace we saw a big squash, and some apples, and some tomatoes and flowers, and some pianos. We bought some candy in the palace.

I was on the merry-go-round, and I saw lots of tents with men in them selling things.

We had some ice cream and lemonade. We arrived home about 8 o'clock, tired and hungry, but mamma had the chores done, and a nice supper ready for us. FRANKLIN HULL (age 7). Napperton, Ont.

You write a very good letter for such a little boy, Franklin.

HELD-OVER LETTERS.

A great many letters cannot appear this time, but will be printed just as soon as possible. PUCK.

There are several excellent stories told of Professor Masson, the famous litterateur, who has just died. Once he was addressing his students in the Edinburgh University, and told them that "this was an age of decadence. If I were to tell you that the young men of Rome used to swim across the Tiber three times before breakfast, what would you say?" "I should say that you were inaccurate," came a voice. "What! You question my accuracy?" cried Masson. "Yes, sir; for their clothes would be left on the other side."

"THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE" FASHIONS.



6123 Girl's Apron, 6 to 12 years.

Attractive aprons always are in demand, and this pretty one can be made either with or without a sash. Plain and crossbarred lawns, linens and all materials of the sort are used for the white ones, and, if something very sturdy is wanted, chambray or checked ginghams will be found satisfactory, while for the neck and the armholes frills of the same or of embroidery or simply the stitched bands can be utilized. The pockets are sure to be welcomed, and the apron is so pretty that it is to be commended from that point of view as well as from the one of usefulness.

The apron is made with front and back and can be cut to form either the square or round neck. The armholes are large and ample and the patch pockets are arranged over the front. When the sash is used it is attached to the under-arm seams and bowed at the back.

The quantity of material required for the medium size (10 years) is 2 1/2 yards 24, 2 1/2 yards 32, or 1 1/2 yards 44 inches wide, with 3/4 yards of ruffing, 1 yard of any width for the sash.



6106 B-y's Russian Suit, 2, 4 and 6 years.

The suit made with the real Russian coat that buttons up to the left shoulder is always a favorite one for the small boy, and this model is simple as well as smart. In the illustration it is made of serge and worn with a leather belt, but there are various other light-weight wool materials that are appropriate, while a great many mothers use the heavier washable fabrics throughout the entire autumn, and this model suits all equally well. Galatea, khaki, heavy linen, soft finished pique and visyola are admirable for hard usage throughout the cooler months. Among the wool fabrics, serge and mohair are especially well liked, and for very dressy occasions white is a favorite.

The suit consists of the coat and the knickerbockers. The coat is made simply with fronts and back and closes with buttons and buttonholes, while the sleeves are laid in tucks at the wrists. The knickerbockers are of the regulation sort, drawn up by means of elastic at the knees.

The quantity of material required for the medium size (4 years) is 4 1/2 yards 24, 3 1/2 yards 27, 2 1/2 yards 36, or 2 yards 44 inches wide. . . .

The above patterns will be sent to any subscriber at the very low price of ten

cents per pattern. Be careful to give Correct Number and Size of Patterns Wanted. When the Pattern is Bust Measure, you need only mark 32, 34, 36, or whatever it may be. When Waist Measure, 22, 24, 26, or whatever it may be. When Misses' or Child's pattern, write only the figure representing the age. Allow from one to two weeks in which to fill order, and where two numbers appear, as for waist and skirt, enclose ten cents for each number. If only one number appears, ten cents will be sufficient.

Address: "Fashion Department," "The Farmer's Advocate," London, Ont.

COMING BACK TO BEULAH.

"Twenty years!" thought Amos Carpenter, as he watched Beulah in silence, while she studied out a difficult problem in patching. He noticed that she did not yet wear glasses, and that the particular brown shade of her trim dress, with its velvet stock, made the brown of her hair look bright—almost golden.

Having solved the problem of how the patch should go, she looked up with a frank smile.

"I suppose your children are nearly grown up by this time, Amos," she said. "Albert is nine and Ralph seven," he answered. "I have their pictures, but I left them at Mercy Ann's. I'll bring them along if I come over again."

"I should like to see them. I've often thought how much company they must be for you."

"Yes, they're a great comfort, but sometimes I feel rather overcome by the responsibility. I find it isn't enough merely to mean well, and that it requires rather unusual qualifications to be both father and mother."

She made no reply to this, and there was another short silence. Amos glanced about the room to discover where the charm of it lay. Was it the open wood fire?—the books?—the sunlight streaming in?—the plants in the window?—the exquisite neatness of everything? he asked himself. No, it was Beulah herself, he decided when his eyes came back to her.

"You live here alone?" he said, aloud.

"Oh, no!—You remember Ann Mackins?"

"She was deaf and dumb, wasn't she?"

"Yes. She lives with me. Nobody else seems to want her, and she's contented here, and a great help. Just now she happens to be away for a few days. You see, I take boarders," she added, blushing a little.

"Oh, do you?" Amos said. Somehow he felt disappointed. He had come intending to stay to tea and spend the evening, and the boarders would spoil it all.

"I haven't heard a word from you for a long time," she said. "Not since your father went to make his home with Mercy."

"Well, I suppose I may be said to have prospered. I never expected to do half as well," and he went on to describe his level acres in the West, his crops, his experiences, the work he had accomplished.

It was very pleasant to be telling Beulah about it, to meet the understanding look the appreciative smile, the ready sympathy. He could not recall when he had talked so freely to anyone about his affairs.

He stopped suddenly, for there was the sound of voices, children's voices.

"They're my boarders," Beulah explained, and then the inner door burst open and three children rushed in. A pretty little boy of five made a dash for Beulah, and scrambling into her lap encircled her neck with his arms; a boy a year or two older shouted that he had a "star card"; the other boy was tugging at his pocket to get out an apple he had brought for her, telling meanwhile how he happened to have it; and a fourth boy came tearing in at the back door with a dog, which Amos had heard whining a little while before, and now was barking like mad.

The clamor partially ceased while Beulah introduced her boarders to her visitor, then broke forth again.

"Can't we go over to the Belchers?" they shouted, when Beulah had admired the apple, shown her appreciation of the dog, and seen how well the dog learned

to "give paw" and "speak." "Mrs. Belcher came out and told us to ask you if we couldn't. She said it was our turn. Truly, she did."

Yes, they could go, Beulah told them, but they must all put on their overalls and other jackets, and she followed them to the kitchen to get them the cookies they declared they were starving for. There pandemonium seemed to reign, the dog doing his part, till the jackets and overalls had been put on. Then there was the opening of the back door, a loud slamming of the same, and sudden silence.

Beulah returned to the sitting-room with a pink flush in her cheeks, her shiny hair a little rumpled, her eyes twinkling, her lips smiling. She looked young, almost girlish.

"Well, if that wasn't a circus, then I never saw one," Amos laughed. "I thought my boys could beat the world on noise, but I see now that I was mistaken."

"They're not often as noisy as that," she apologized. "It is only that they're just out of school and have to let off steam some way."

"So those are your boarders. Who are they? Where did you find them? How did it happen?"

"I'll tell you, and then you can laugh again, if you want to. Most people think it is very amusing."

"You see, I've always had to do with old people. There was grandmother. You remember her. Nobody could manage her but me, and so I finally came to have the whole care of her. Then Aunt Jane had a paralytic shock, and I took care of her till she died. Then, father—

you know he had an accident? It affected his mind, and there were years when it wasn't safe to leave him alone a minute hardly. When he died, I was worn out, and felt as if I wanted to die too."

"But I picked up after awhile, and then I decided I'd have a change; I'd try young people. I've always loved children, and I love them now."

"I don't think there could be any doubt about that," he laughed, "after the late exhibition."

"It is a dreadful thing, a most unnatural thing, isn't it?" she said, a little defiantly. "According to all tradition of the subject, an old maid should detest children, and love cats, which I can't bear."

"I don't think being married or single has anything to do with it," he said, and he was no longer laughing. "I know a woman who was married, and she had so little love for her three children that she left them to go on the lecture platform; the night she went, the oldest, a little girl, was dangerously ill, and before morning was dead." His voice was hard.

Beulah hastened to resume her explanation. "I wanted to adopt some children, but I hadn't the means—only this old farm that would barely keep me alone. Then someone told me of the children the State has in charge, and that seemed just the thing; they needed someone to be good to them, and I could take them because the State pays their board. Not very much, but enough so that I could manage by being economical. I've tried it a year now, with Ann Mackins to help me. There's only one drawback; I am getting attached to the children, and when they get to be ten years old I shall have to let them go. If I could adopt them, I could keep them forever."

Amos' answer to this seemed a little irrelevant. "I see now, Beulah, what has kept you so young."

He arose and walked about the room, half absently examining the mantel ornaments, the books on the table, and gazing from the different windows.

Beulah's eyes followed him, now. "How strong he looks," she thought, "and yet, no one would ever dream of being afraid of him. How could she leave him and the children? How could she do it? I wonder if she has ever come back to them. He seems to feel bitterly toward her. I wish I could say something comforting, but it is too delicate a subject for anyone, and more especially for me, to meddle with," and she sighed.

Amos came back to the fire and resumed his chair, and Beulah, glancing at his face, decided she had made a mistake in thinking he looked unhappy.

"I can almost make it seem as if we were young again, and sitting here as we used to sit," he said. "Do you re-

member the evening I found Anson Harlow here, and we tried to outstay each other, and you got tired of trying to make us talk, and at about eleven o'clock excused yourself and didn't come back?"

They both laughed at the recollection, and then followed other reminiscences, till Beulah folded her sewing and said she must go and get supper. "You can come out and watch me do it, if you want to," she said. "It won't be the first time."

It had become easy for them to talk now, and there were no pauses as Beulah stepped back and forth between kitchen and pantry.

Then the children came in, and they all sat down to the table. Amos seemed to delight in the boys and in Beulah's management of them, and his eyes twinkled with amusement, and the corners of his mustache twitched.

"Don't you ever scold them?" he asked.

The oldest boy spoke up quickly and resentfully. "No, sir! she doesn't ever scold us."

Amos wandered into the sitting-room and looked at the magazines on the table while supper was being cleared away. There was little chance for conversation till eight o'clock came, and the boarders went reluctantly upstairs to bed.

"I suppose you have heard of my—domestic troubles, Beulah?" Amos said then, as if he shrank from approaching the subject, but he felt he must.

"I have heard something about it," she answered, deprecatingly.

"You knew then to whom I referred when I spoke of the woman who deserted her children?"

"I—thought I did."

He hesitated a moment, then asked again, "You know, I suppose, that she—my wife—is dead?"

She gave him a startled glance. "No, I did not know that," she answered, slowly.

"Yes," she died nearly two years ago. I feel very hard toward her at times, even now," he went on, "and then at other times I can see her side and think that after all perhaps I have only myself to blame. I don't know but it is just as bad for a man as it is for a woman to marry just for the sake of a home; maybe he deserves all he gets, even though he does mean to do the right thing by the one he marries."

"But you have your boys," Beulah said, a little wistfully.

Just here there came an insistent, vociferous summons from above for Beulah. "I go up and tuck them in and hear them say their prayers," she explained as she rose and left the room.

When she returned, Amos was standing before the fire, his hands clasped behind him, gazing down into the coals. He looked at her as she came and stood near him, holding out her hands to the blaze.

"Beulah," he said, straightening up, "there is something I have been waiting to know for a long, long time."

"What is it?"

"Why you said 'No' to that question I asked you twenty years ago to-night?"

She colored faintly. "I have never been able to quite understand why myself," she answered in a low voice. "I have thought it might have been because it was so unexpected."

"Unexpected? Why Beulah! It had been in my mind for years that when I grew to be a man I should ask you to be my wife. Even as a small boy I thought of you as belonging to me, some time. It seems as if you must have seen—have known."

She shook her head. "I never suspected it. You took the place of the brother I never had. That is the way I had always thought of you."

"If I had given you time to get used to the idea, would your answer have been different?" There was suppressed eagerness in his tone.

"It might have been," she said, very low.

He studied her averted face for a moment. "Beulah, do you know why I came East at this time?" he asked.

"To settle your father's estate, I suppose."

"That was merely an excuse; the estate could have been settled without my stirring from home. I came for the reason that, since I have been free to think of you again, the longing to see you had grown too strong to be resisted."

Beulah, will you give me a different answer to that old question now? Hasn't twenty years been long enough for you to get used to the idea? If it has not," he added, whimsically, "I will allow you a few days more. I don't want to hurry you."

She smiled.

"What do you say?" he urged.

"I was wondering what the boys—your two boys—would"—she began, but he interrupted her.

"Why not our two boys?"

"Well, then, ours; I was wondering if they would"—

But she did not finish the sentence.—Elizabeth Robbins, in Springfield Republican.

MISQUOTATIONS.

Someone has said that to quote correctly is one of the signs which marks a gentleman. Judged by that standard, very few of us can lay claim to the "grand old name." Not very long ago

a popular daily newspaper in Scotland began a leading article with a reference to the "classic statement" that "there are no snakes in Ireland." Now, the writer ought to have known better. The "classic statement" refers not to Ireland, but to Iceland, and it occurs in a book by Niel Horrebrow, and forms the opening sentence of a chapter on snakes in Iceland. It is as follows: "There are no snakes in Iceland." Who first misquoted is unknown. Probably it may have been only a printer's error, yet it has come "down the ringing grooves of change" until it has replaced the original.

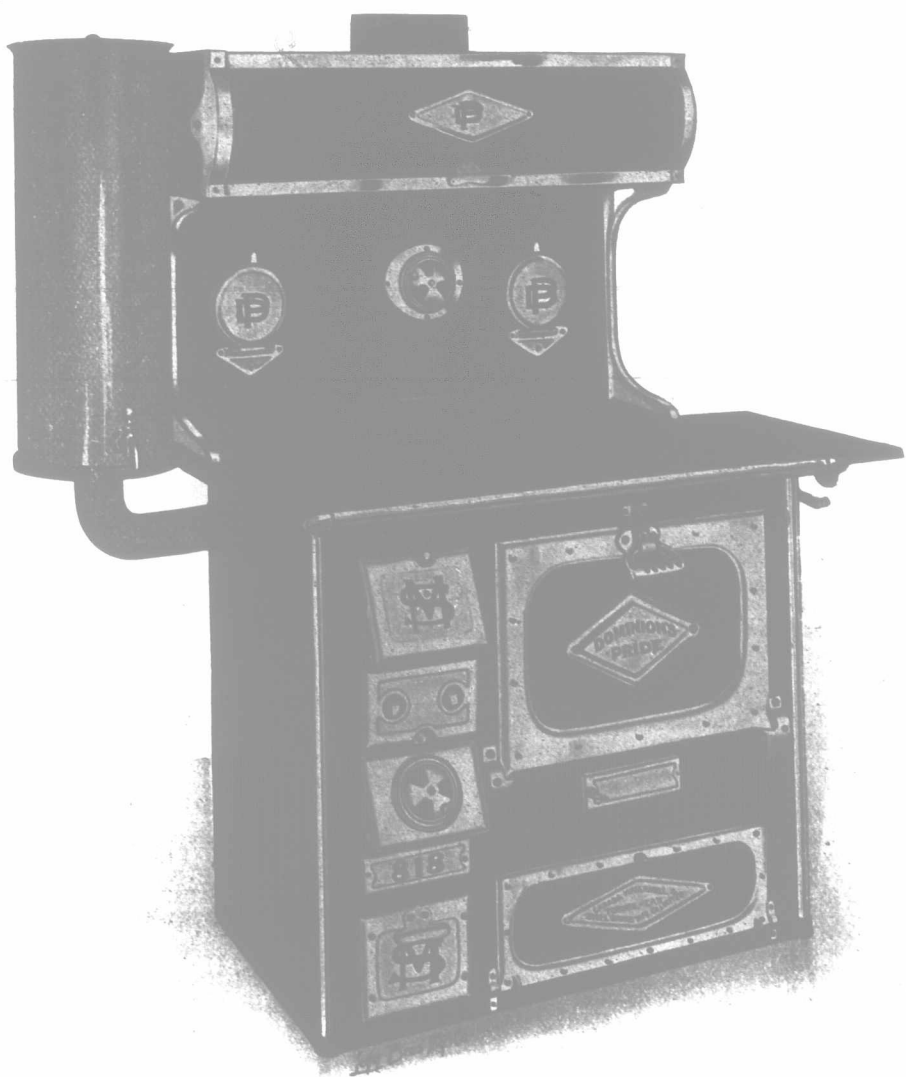
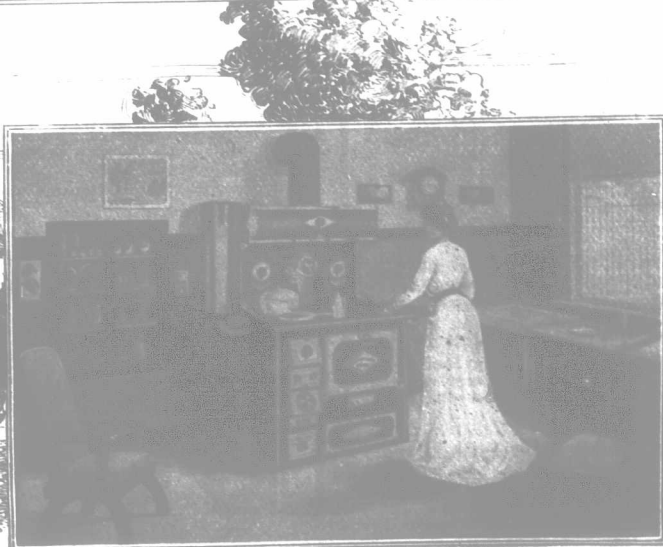
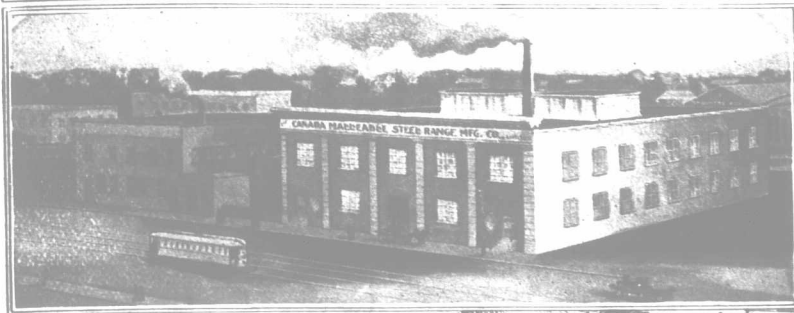
Another very common misquotation is, "To-morrow to fresh fields and pastures new." One comes across it often, and never finds it correct. If the reader turns up Milton's "Lycidas," he will find the last line runs, "To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new." Who has not heard of Sidney Smith and his frequently quoted dictum regarding humor and Scotsman?—a stock quotation among English writers. Smith is quoted as saying that "it requires a surgical operation to make a Scotsman understand a joke." He never said anything of the kind. What he did say was infinitely more witty and sharp. He said, "There is humor in a Scotch skull, but the only instrument by which it can be extracted is—a corkscrew." "It is a wise child that knows its own father" ought to be the other way about, to wit, "It is a wise father that knows his own child." The quotation occurs in "The Merchant of Venice," Act II., scene 2.

Of the Biblical quotations, one of the most common is, "Money is the root of evil," a statement which is absurd when one thinks of it. Of course, it is quoted wrongly. It is, "The love of money is the root of all evil"—quite a different matter. But, somehow or other, Bible sayings are generally quoted incorrectly, and some are attributed to it which are not in it at all. For instance, "Spare the rod and spoil the child," is commonly attributed to Solomon, which is a mistake. It occurs in Butler's "Hudibras," Part II., canto 1, line 844, and also in "Ray's Proverbs." "God tempests the wind to the shorn lamb" is also attributed to the Bible, but the reader may search all through it and never find it for the simple reason it is not there. It occurs in Sterne's "Sentimental Journey," and is often fathered upon him. In reality, it is an old French saying, and occurs in a book by Henri Estienne. Macaulay's saying regarding the traveller from New Zealand, who, in the midst of a vast solitude took his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's, is not original, although it seemed to have been a favorite with him, as he repeats it twice in different articles.—[T. P.'s Weekly.

A stranger approached a little girl who was somewhat accustomed to interviews, with the usual question, "What's your name, little girl?"

The little girl, without looking up from her sand-pile, replied: "My name's Edith, and I'm four. She's my little sister; her name's Mildred, and she's two. I don't want to go with you and be your little girl, and I know you can't steal my little sister."

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THE WRONG WORD.

Bessie came in from school and sat down before her mother. There was a solemn expression on her face. Her mother looked down at her with a smile, waiting for her to speak.

"Is it right to tell things that you have heard at school?" she asked, somewhat timidly.

"Not unless it can do someone good, and would not be telling another's secret," said her mother, quietly.

"Oh, this will do good, and it is about someone in our family, so it is our secret."

"About Bobbie, isn't it?" asked her mother, for mothers' hearts tell them more than their ears sometimes.

"Yes. The girls—the little girls down in Bobbie's room—say that sometimes he does not know anything!" declared Bessie, whose eyes were wide with her news. The last word had come out with strong emphasis.

"Why, I think he must have learned something," said her mother, smiling.

"They say the teacher has a dreadful

time with him, and makes him say the things over after her, and sometimes he seems to know them, and the very next day he doesn't."

"I will see when he comes in what it is all about," said mother.

Presently, Bobbie came in from school. He had stayed again after the others, and his eyes were red from crying.

"Come here, Bobbie," said his mother. "I want to ask you about your school. Can't you learn your lessons?"

"I always know my lessons, but the teacher says I don't."

"Give me your book," said his mother.

"Read this for me."

Bobbie read the little paragraph. He made no mistake, and his mother asked him to spell the words. This he did perfectly.

She looked inquiringly at Bessie, who sat proudly by. "It wasn't true," Bessie whispered.

"Why does your teacher say that you do not know your lesson?" asked his mother.

"Just because I don't know what a

'nanser' is. I haven't any at home. I never saw one."

Bobbie's lip was quivering and his eyes were filling with tears. "Every time she asks me to give her a 'nanser,' I tell her I can't."

Mother took Bobbie up in her lap, and when she saw that Bessie was going to laugh she sent her to look down the street for the postman, and then she said to Bobbie: "I see that you do know your lesson just as nice as can be, but you have not known what the teacher meant. It isn't a 'nanser'—it is an answer. When I say 'answer me' you know what I mean, don't you?" Bobbie's face was beginning to clear.

"When she says, 'Give me an answer,' she means tell her about the lesson."

"Oh, she asks me the lesson and I answer her?" said Bobbie, in great wonder. "Why, to-morrow when she asks me I will tell her all the number work." And he did, for another meaning had been made plain to him, and another word was added to his short list.—

H. C. Hill.

DEFINITION OF A LIE.

The vicar was addressing the school on the subject of truth. He expounded at some length on the wickedness of lying, and before going on to the merits of speaking the truth he thought he would see if the children really understood him.

"Now," said he, "can any one tell me what a lie is?"

Immediately a number of small hands shot up. The vicar selected a bright-looking youngster.

"Well, my little man?"

"Please, sir, a lie is an abomination unto every one, but a very pleasant help in time of trouble."

TOO SENSITIVE.

"She is a pretty good worker," said a man of large experience about a girl who had come under his observation, "but she cannot bear to be criticised, and therefore she will never become a first-class worker." A personal application of this remark will help beginners toward the front ranks.

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COLUMBUS.

Behind him lay the gray Azores,
Behind the gates of Hercules;
Before him not the ghost of shores,
Before him only shoreless seas.
The good mate said: "Now must we pray,
For lo! the very stars are gone.
Brave Admiral, speak; what shall I say?"
"Why say, 'Sail on! sail on! and on!'"

"My men grow mutinous day by day;
My men grow ghostly, wan and weak."
The stout mate thought of home; a spray
Of salt wave dashed his swarthy cheek.
"What shall I say, brave Admiral, say,
If we sight naught but the seas at dawn?"

"Why, you shall say at break of day,
'Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!'"

They sailed and sailed, as winds might blow,
Until at last the blanched mate said:
"Why, now not even God would know
Should I and all my men fall dead.
These very winds forget their way,
For God from these dread seas is gone.
Now speak, brave Admiral; speak and say—"

He said: "Sail on! sail on! and on!"

They sailed, they sailed. Then spoke the mate:
"This mad sea shows its teeth to-night.
He curls his lip, he lies in wait,
With lifted teeth, as if to bite!
Brave Admiral, say but one good word;
What shall we do when hope is gone?"
The words leapt as a leaping sword:
"Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!"

Then pale and worn, he kept his deck,
And peered through darkness. Ah,
That night,
Of all dark nights! And then a speck—
A light! A light! A light! A light!
It grew, a starlit flag unfurled!
It grew, to be Time's burst of dawn;
He gained a world; he gave that world
Its grandest lesson: "On! and on!"

—Joaquin Miller.

THE AGE OF WISDOM.

W. M. Thackeray.

Ho! pretty page with the dimpled chin,
That never has known the Barber's shear,
All your wish is woman to win,
This is the way that boys begin—
Wait till you come to Forty Year.

Curly gold locks cover foolish brains,
Billing and cooing is all your cheer;
Sighing and singing of midnight strains,
Under Bonnybell's window panes—
Wait till you come to Forty Year.

Forty times over let Michaelmas pass,
Grizzling hair the brain doth clear—
Then you know a boy is an ass,
Or look away, the worth of a lass,
Once you have come to Forty Year.

Pledge me round, I bid ye declare,
All good fellows whose beards are gray,
Did not the fairest of the fair
Common grow and wearisome ere
Ever a month was pass'd away?

The reddest lips that were ever kissed,
The brightest eyes that ever have shone,
May pray and whisper, and we not list,
Or look away, and never be missed,
Ere yet ever a month is gone.

Gillian's dead, God rest her bier,
How I loved her twenty years syne!
Marian's married, but I sit here
Alone and merry at Forty Year,
Dipping my nose in the Gascon wine.

Two Irishmen were digging a sewer.
One of them was a big, strong man about
six feet four inches in height, and the
other was a little, puny man, about four
feet six inches. The foreman came along
and noticed that one of them was doing
more work than the other.

"Look here," he cried, "how is it that
little Dennis Duggan, who is only half
your size, is doing nearly twice as much
work as you, Patrick?"
Glancing down to his partner, Pat re-
plied: "And why shouldn't he? Ain't he
nearer to it?"

INCOGNITA.

By Austin Dobson.

Just for a space that I met her—
Just for a day in the train!
It began when she fastened it would wet
her,
That tiniest sparkle of rain:
So we tucked a great rug in the sashes,
And carefully padded the pane;
And I sorrow in saddest and ashes,
Longing to do it again!

Then it grew when she begged me to
reach her
A dressing-case under the seat;
She was "really so tiny a creature,
That she needed a stool for her feet!"
Which was promptly arranged to her
order
With a case that was even minute,
And a glimpse of an open-worked border,
And a glance of the fairest boot.

Then it drooped, and received at some
hovels—
"Were they houses for men or for
pigs?"
Then it shifted to muscular novels,
With a little digression on prigs:
She thought "Wives and Daughters" "is
jolly."
"Had I read it?" She knew when I
had,
Like the rest, I should dote upon
"Molly,"
And "poor Mrs. Gaskell—how sad!"

"Like Browning?" "But so-so." His
proof lay
Too deep for her frivolous mood,
That preferred your mere metrical soufle
To the stronger poetical food:
Yet at times he was good—"as a tonic,"
Was Tennyson waiting just now?
And was this new poet Byronic,
And clever, and naughty, or how?

Then we trifled with concerts and croquet,
Then she daintily dusted her face;
Then she sprinkled herself with "Ess
Bouquet,"
Fished out from the foregoing case;
And we chattered of Cassier and Gris,
And voted Aunt Sally a bore;
Discussed if the tight-rope were easy,
Or Chopin much harder than Spohr.

And oh! the odd things that she quoted,
With the prettiest possible look,
And the price of two luns that she noted
In the prettiest possible book;
While her talk like a musical rillet
Flashed on with the hours that flew,
And the carriage, her smile seemed to
fill it
With just enough summer—for Two.

Till at last in her corner, peeping
From a nest of rugs and of furs,
With the white shut eyelids sleeping
On those dangerous looks of hers,
She seemed like a snowdrop breaking,
Not wholly alive nor dead,
But with one blind impulse making
To the sounds of the spring overhead;

And I watched in the lamplight's swerv-
ing
The shade of the down-dropt lid,
And the lip-line's delicate curving,
Where a shimmering smile lay hid,
Till I longed that, rather than sever,
The train should shriek into space,
And carry us on onward—for ever—
Me and that beautiful face.

YOU WILL NEVER REGRET.

Living a pure life,
Doing your best,
Being kind to the poor,
Looking before leaping,
Hearing before judging,
Thinking before speaking,
Harboring clean thoughts,
Standing by your principles,
Stopping your ears to gossip,
Being as courteous as a duke,
Asking pardon when in error,
Briding a shaming tongue,
Being generous to an enemy,
Being square in business dealings,
Giving an unfortunate fellow a lift,
Being prompt in keeping your promises,
Putting the best construction on the
acts of others.—Bipworth Era.

Young Hopital: "Mummy, have goose-
berries got legs?" Mother: "No, dear."
Young Hopital: "Then I've swallowed a
caterpillar."

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Had Rheumatism, but Dodd's
Kidney Pills Cured It.

**Hugh Abernethy on His Feet Again - Cure is
Easy, Simple, Natural, and Permanent.**

Gananoque, Ont., Oct. 19 (Special). — That Rheumatism can be cured surely, simply and permanently is the good news that Hugh Abernethy, a well-known resident of King Street, is spreading among his neighbors.

"I had suffered from Rheumatism and stiffness of the joints," Mr. Abernethy states. "My muscles would cramp. I could not sleep, and I had terrible headaches. I took many different medicines, but nothing did me any good till I tried Dodd's Kidney Pills. Six boxes put me on my feet again."

Others who have taken Mr. Abernethy's advice and used Dodd's Kidney Pills are also loud in their praises of the old reliable Canadian Kidney remedy. For Dodd's Kidney Pills cure Rheumatism and other blood diseases by curing the kidneys. Sound kidneys keep the blood free from impurities. And with no impurities, such as uric acid in the blood, you cannot have such painful and dangerous diseases as Pain in the Back, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Neuralgia, and Heart Disease.

Keep your Kidneys strong and well with Dodd's Kidney Pills, and you can face the cold, wet days of fall without a fear of Rheumatism.

LOVELY POSTCARD ALBUM

With 100 Colored Cards.



Given for selling Colored Picture Postcards, 6 for 10c.

This Big Postcard Album is handsomely bound in silk cloth, the front cover elegantly decorated in colors. It holds 400 picture cards. With it we give 100 colored postcards, no two alike, for selling only \$3.00 worth of the loveliest picture postcards ever seen in Canada; views of famous places, noted buildings, and beautiful scenery, all colored. These cards sell in the stores at 4 for 10c. At our price, 6 for 10c, they go like hot cakes. Just say you will do your best to sell the cards, and write your name and address plainly. The Gold Medal Premium Co., Card Dept. 19 A Toronto.

GIVEN

FOR SELLING
PICTURE POSTCARDS
6 FOR 10c.

Guaranteed Silver Nickel Stem-wind Man's Watch for selling only \$3 worth of the loveliest colored picture postcards ever seen in Canada; views of famous places, noted buildings and beautiful scenery, 6 cards for only 10c. They go like hot cakes. Send your name and address plainly written. The Gold Medal Premium Co., Card Dept. 12 A Toronto.



SHORTHORN BULL

FOR SALE!

Count Victor = 58372 =

Red, calved Sept. 28th, 1904. Sire Golden Drop Victor (imp.) = 32065 = (76780). Dam Marengo's Victoria Countess (imp.) = 37954 =, a Cruickshank Victoria, by Marengo, by Field Marshal. Active, sure and right in every particular. Will be sold at reasonable price.

J. Clough, Binbrook, Ontario.

GOSSIP.

In another column will be found the advertisement of a grand Shorthorn bull, offered for sale by Mr. J. Clough, of Binbrook, Ont. The pedigree and quality of this bull are all that can be desired. Mr. Clough says he will sell the bull at reasonable price. If you are interested, write him, and mention this paper.

Mr. M. J. Fleming, North Coaticook, Que., writes: Through reading a piece in "The Farmer's Advocate" last spring, I bought two fine young horses, one a four-year-old Percheron stallion, imported from France, 1906, and the other a three-year-old Clyde mare, imported same time from Scotland, by Mr. T. D. Elliott, of Bolton, Ont. I got first prize on both of those at Sherbrooke Exhibition. I bought both from Mr. T. D. Elliott, and am well pleased with them.

BUTTER FORTY-TWO YEARS OLD.

A stone jar filled with butter was recently unearthed on a farm in Burt County, Nebraska, which had not been occupied for 42 years, says the New York Produce Review. Some excavation work was being done for an outbuilding, when the jar was discovered several feet below the surface. The butter was moldy on the outside, but yellow and fairly sweet in the center. An investigation of the spot disclosed the fact that the bottom of the old spring was in quicksand, and it is supposed that the weight of the jar and its contents caused it to drop to a firmer bottom, where it was kept intact all these years. Don't sneeze!

VACUUM CLEANER FOR HORSES.

The first plant for applying the vacuum as a method of cleaning horses was put in operation recently at one of the big riding academies in New York City, and those who have seen it work say it seems destined to revolutionize the grooming of horses in large stables. The part applied to the horse is a perforated disk, attached to a rubber hose, connecting with a receptacle in which a vacuum is created by means of an electric motor. By merely passing the disk over the coat of the horse, all the dirt, dust, and loose hair, are instantly sucked into the hose and conveyed to the air-tight receptacle by the force of the suction. Not a particle escapes to foul the air of the stable. One man can clean from 10 to 12 horses an hour by this means, as against two or three horses an hour with currycomb and brush, and good judges say he can do it better as well as faster. Many horses, as everybody knows, dislike the operation of hand grooming, but the most irritable and thin-skinned animal seems to stand as if he enjoyed his morning massage when the vacuum cleaner is used.—[Horse World.]

The occurrence of so many Provincial exhibitions in one season of the year generally precludes the possibility of covering them all with our regular editorial staff. We spare no pains or expense, however, to enlist the aid of the most competent and painstaking correspondents available for the reporting of exhibitions at a distance from the office of publication. As a rule, our efforts are rewarded by concise and accurate reports, but errors will occasionally occur, especially at exhibitions which do not publish catalogues of the live-stock entries. At the New Brunswick Provincial Exhibition this year, an unfortunate mix-up occurred in reporting the Shorthorn classes, owing to the stress of writing to catch the mail, by a very careful and conscientious correspondent who was under the necessity of filling the double capacity of judge and general reporter. The errors were in the aged bull class, where the breeder of the winning animal was cited as the owner, in the aged herds, and in the omission of mention of the junior heifer calf class. The correction supplied us by our reporter is as follows:

Aged bulls.—1st, R. H. Snowball, with Major Lewis, of Archibald's breeding.

Archibald won 1st in the aged herd, Snowball coming second, Archibald 1st and 2nd with young herd, Snowball taking third place.

Archibald had 1st and female champion in junior heifer calves, Snowball coming 2nd and Archibald 3rd.

Making the Farm Machinery Last Longer

Manufacturers of harvesting machinery figure the average life of binders, mowers, reapers, and so forth, at seven years. On this basis they figure their factory output.

Some farmers let their machinery stand exposed to the weather and do not paint it. That is why the average is only seven years.

Other farmers, by painting their machinery from time to time, make it last from ten to twelve years.

If a farmer's machinery costs him seven hundred dollars, and by using a few cents' worth of Sherwin-Williams paints he can make it last ten years instead of seven years, he has saved three hundred dollars.

If you will write today for our book, "Sherwin-Williams Paints and Varnishes for the Farm," you will find it full of just such facts as this, and it will also tell you the kind of paint to get for every purpose and how to apply it.

The Sherwin-Williams line of products contains every kind of paint for farm use, and this book tells all about them.

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PRODUCTS FOR FARM USE

- S-W BUGGY PAINT—for refinishing the carriage.
- S-W WAGON AND IMPLEMENT PAINT—for preserving farm machinery.
- S-W ENAMEL LEATHER DRESSING—for renewing carriage tops and spurs.
- S-W P. (SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINT, PREPARED)—for preserving good buildings.
- S-W CREOSOTE PAINT } — for prolonging the life of barns and other
- S-W COMMONWEALTH BARN RED } rough exteriors.
- S-W PARIS GREEN } — for preventing destruction of crops by insects.
- S-W ARSENATE OF LEAD } — for preventing destruction of crops by insects.
- S-W MEDICINAL LINSEED OIL — for treating and conditioning of horses and other live stock.

The Sherwin-Williams Co.
LARGEST (BECAUSE BEST)
PAINT AND VARNISH MAKERS IN THE WORLD
Address all inquiries to 639 Centre St., Montreal.

ONE OF THE ESSENTIALS



In furnishing the home is a musical instrument. It conveys the idea of refinement and prosperity, and marks the final touch of completeness. Free catalogue gives complete information about the

**Sherlock-
Manning
Organ**

Sherlock-Manning Organ Co., London, Ont.

A Wonderful Remedy.



ORANGE LILY is daily curing the most obstinate cases of Female Disorders. Falling of the Womb, Leucorrhoea, Painful and Suppressed Menstruation, etc., etc., are all of them relieved from the start by its use, and a few weeks' or months' treatment accomplishes a complete cure. This remedy is a positive, scientific preparation, and is based on the discoveries of Pasteur and Lister. It is an Applied treatment; that is, it is not taken internally, but is applied direct to the suffering parts, and it, therefore, acts with all the certainty of the known laws of chemical action. As it comes in direct contact with the diseased tissue, its antiseptic and nerve-food properties cannot help but have a beneficent influence. I receive from 10 to 50 letters daily, speaking of the benefits and cures it is performing; and so sure am I that it will do what is claimed for it that I will send, absolutely free, a 35-cent box to every suffering woman who will write for it. Price, \$1.00 per box, which is sufficient for one month's treatment. Address, with stamp, Mrs. F. V. Currah, Windsor, Ont.

SUBSCRIBE FOR "THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE AND HOME MAGAZINE."

GALLOWAYS BY AUCTION

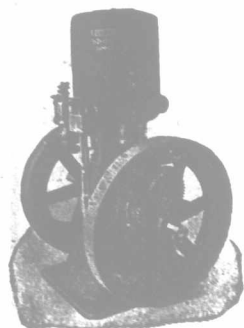
In the Winter Fair Buildings, Guelph, Ontario, on

Saturday, Nov. 7, 1908, 1 p. m.

About THIRTY Galloways—cows, heifers and young bulls. Selection from the herd. In field condition. A good chance to get some of this hardy breed so popular in the West. TERMS: \$50 and under cash, or 6 months on bankable paper with 5%.

D. McCrae,

Guelph, Ont.



No Fan, No Tank, No Freezing

2½ AND 4½ H.P. GASOLINE ENGINES.

Few working parts. Well-balanced, smooth-running motor.

No waste of fuel or battery, and no wear on pump between impulses. No packed joints.

Write for catalogue 14 G.

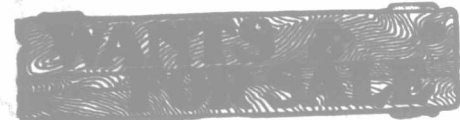
SCOTT MACHINERY CO., LTD.,
LONDON, ONTARIO.

Clydesdale Stallions and Mares!

A fresh lot has just arrived, including many prizewinners. Some extra big ones. Prices right. Inspection invited.



DALGETY BROS., LONDON, ONTARIO.
Stables Fraser House. Address correspondence to Dalgety Bros.,
Glencoe, Ont.



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

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

FOR SALE Two De Laval Cream Separators—500 and 600 pounds capacity. Have just had these overhauled. Now like new. Original cost, \$100 and \$125. Bargain at \$50 and \$60. Remember these are De Laval Cream Separators, the very best kind. Reason for sale: am not now on the farm. Address: W. Z. X., Farmer's Advocate, London, Ont.

MAN and wife, experienced, want situation on farm. Free first December. Apply: F. Freeman, Bondhead, Ont.

THE celebrated Handy Stanchion. The best, safest and neatest cow fastener in existence. Price 50 cents. Illustrated circulars. Royal Crafton, Mt. Charles, Ont.

WANTED, by married couple, situation on farm. Man good general hand—cattlemen, milker, etc. Wife as housekeeper or help mistress. Good testimonials. Family, one child. J. Pulleyblank, Box 252, Guelph, Ont.

YOUNG man wants situation on good dairy farm to take charge of herd. Good references. States wages, etc. Apply: B. H., Farmer's Advocate, London, Ont.

150,000 FEET iron piping. All sizes. For water, steam, etc. Cheap. Write for prices. Imperial Waste & Metal Co., Montreal.

Auction Sale of Farm Property

There will be offered for sale at public auction, on **TUESDAY, NOV. 10th**, 1.30 p.m., at the **TOWN HALL, CLINTON**, the following under-mentioned property, subject to a reserve bid, by

Thomas Brown, Auctioneer:

W. half of lot 11, lots 12, 13, 14, 15, 16. E. half of lot 17, on the fifth concession of Hullett, containing six hundred acres, more or less. Also part of lots 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, in the fourth concession of Hullett, containing two hundred and eighteen acres, more or less.

This is a well-known tract of first-class pasture land. The drainage tax on this property is now completed, consequently the taxes hereafter will be ordinary. It will be offered in one parcel, but if not so sold, then in lots.

Also at the same time and place, lot 35, first concession Huron Road, Tuckersmith, containing one hundred acres, more or less.

TERMS OF SALE—Ten per cent. of the purchase money at the time of sale; balance in 30 days.

For further particulars apply to the owner, **JOHN RANSFORD, CLINTON, ONT.**

Information About Minnesota

200-page book, compiled by the State, describing industries, crops, live stock, property values, schools, churches and towns of each county, and Minnesota's splendid opportunities for any man. Sent free by:

STATE BOARD OF IMMIGRATION,
Dept. 6. 2., State Capitol, St. Paul, Minn.

Reporter—"To what do you attribute your great age?"

Oldest Inhabitant—"I bain't sure yet, sir. There be several o' them patent medicine companies as is bargainin' with me."

A family living in Germantown was recently in need of a cook, and the mistress of the house was considering an applicant sent by an employment agency.

"Why did you leave your last place?" the housekeeper asked of the girl.

"To tell the truth, mum, I just couldn't stand the way the master and the missus used to quarrel."

"Dear me! Do you mean to say that they actually used to quarrel?"

"Yis, mum, all the time. When it wasn't me and him, it was me and her."

The message was transmitted to the "cub" telegrapher. As written it read: "Foundation under freight house needs attention at once."

As delivered to the general foreman the dispatch contained a rather startling bit of information. It read:

"Found a lion under freight house. Needs attention at once." To which he replied briefly:

"Feed the lion and notify the livestock agent."

The colonel of a volunteer regiment camping in Virginia came across a private on the outskirts of the camp, painfully munching on something. His face was wry and his lips seemed to move only with the greatest effort.

"What are you eating?" demanded the colonel.

"Persimmons, sir."

"Good heavens! Haven't you got any more sense than to eat persimmons at this time of the year? They'll pucker the very stomach out of you!"

"I know, sir. That's why I'm eatin' 'em. I'm tryin' to shrink me stomach to fit me rations."

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

1st.—Questions asked by bona-fide subscribers to "The Farmer's Advocate" are answered in this department free.

2nd.—Questions should be clearly stated and plainly written, on one side of the paper only, and must be accompanied by the full name and address of the writer.

3rd.—In Veterinary questions the symptoms especially must be fully and clearly stated, otherwise satisfactory replies cannot be given.

4th.—When a reply by mail is required to urgent veterinary or legal enquiries, \$1.00 must be enclosed.

Veterinary.

LUMP JAW.

Tumors the size of goose eggs formed on the jaws of a cattle beast. They broke and discharged matter and nearly disappeared. To-day I noticed another lump under the ear of one of them.

G. A. D.

Ans.—This is lump jaw. Give iodide of potassium three times daily. Commence with one-dram doses and increase the dose by ¼ dram daily until appetite and thirst fail, tears run from the eyes and saliva from the mouth, and the skin becomes scurfy. When any of these symptoms appear cease giving the drug. Repeat treatment, if necessary, in two months. If the tumor breaks, keep it clean and dress three times daily with a solution of corrosive sublimate, 10 grains, to 8 ozs. water.

Miscellaneous.

RAILWAY CROSSINGS.

A railroad crosses my farm, and beside my private crossing is a culvert, being situated in the natural bed of a creek that crosses the railroad through it. The road is graded up between six and eight feet high, being the height or depth of culvert, which is about twenty-eight feet long, with ten feet of the center covered with cement for the track to lie on, and about nine feet of each end is un-covered and unprotected. Last spring, while driving my herd of cows across the railway, one of them was crowded into the culvert, fell down, and broke her leg so badly that I had to kill her. Before doing so, I got two men to value her, and entered a claim against the railway company for the amount, which they decline to pay, claiming they were not responsible. A few years ago I put up a fence as near the track as possible, to prevent accident, which was torn away by some of their employees.

1. Are they not responsible? This accident could never have occurred in its original or natural condition.

The same company's fences are in very bad repair, being built over 25 years, with posts 12 feet apart, with five barbed wires strung on without any stays. Small stock, such as pigs, calves and sheep, can go through it. I have repaired and patched a great deal of it to keep my stock out of the grain. This year my hogs ruined over \$20 worth of grain, owing to their fences.

2. They are well aware of the condition of them, as they have paid me for stock killed on track that have got through their fences.

3. Would you publish the provisions of section 254 of the Railway Act?

A. B. C.

Ans.—1. We are of opinion that you have rights in the premises that may be enforced by legal proceedings against the company, and that you should instruct a solicitor in the matter.

2. Sec. 254 of the Railway Act is as follows: "The company shall erect and maintain upon the railway (a) fences of minimum height of four feet six inches on each side of the railway; (b) swing gates in such fences at farm crossings, of the minimum height aforesaid, with proper hinges and fastenings; Provided that sliding or hurdle gates constructed before 1st Feb., 1904, may be maintained; and (c), cattle-guards, on each side of the highway, at every highway crossing, at rail-level with the railway."

3. The railway fences at every such highway crossing shall be turned into the respective cattle-guards on each side of the highway.

4. Such fences, gates and cattle-guards shall be suitable and sufficient to

prevent cattle and other animals from getting on the railway.

4. Wherever the railway passes through any locality in which the lands on either side of the railway are not enclosed and either settled or improved, the company shall not be required to erect and maintain such fences, gates and cattle-guards, unless the Board otherwise orders or directs."

UNSATISFACTORY CREAM SEPARATOR.

I purchased through a travelling agent a cream separator in Jan., 1907. I told the agent I would not use it till April, as my two cows would soon be dry. He said if anything went wrong to write him. About the middle of April I started the separator, and found it worked so hard I could not get up speed enough to separate with; result was milk and cream came out together.

I wrote the agent, but received no reply, so I wrote the company. They said they would send their agent down to see it. After waiting some time, one called to see it, and stated that he did not know much about this machine, but had another kind in his rig he understood well. However, he examined my separator, and said he thought the spindle was bent, but did not attempt to fix it. He wanted me to exchange. I agreed to do so if they would accept the difference between the prices—mine was \$57, and his \$60. He did not think the company would do it. I tried again to get my machine to work, but it got worse. My neighbors could not help me, so I was obliged to discard it until after the fruit season. In September I wrote the company about it, but received no reply. Later on I received a notice of note, that first payment would be due on October 1st. I wrote again. In reply, they said they would send an expert out to examine it. Thinking they would do as they said, I sent the first instalment. After waiting some time, and not receiving a visit from anyone in connection with them, I wrote again, but received no reply. Now, I was losing a good deal in my cream, not having a suitable place to keep my milk, so was obliged to purchase another separator, which I did. I got Mr. —, of —, to pack and ship this old separator back to the company, at their expense. That was in January of 1908. I wrote company stating my reasons for doing so, saying, as they had failed to carry out the conditions of their guaranty, I was obliged to purchase another machine. They had failed completely to make this machine work at all. I had several neighbors try it, but they could not work it. They said that they would not accept the machine, but would carry out to the letter the conditions of their guaranty. I relied that I had purchased another, and would not accept their machine, as I had lost considerably by it. What can you make out of it? I did not hear again from them until the latter part of September last. I wrote them, saying that I did not have a separator of their make on the place. They have not taken any notice of my letter, but have sent me another notice. Did I do right in returning that machine? Can they make me pay the notes? If they had not accepted said machine from railway company, would they not notify shipper? I have kept all letters from this company.

C. J. A.

Ans.—We consider you are liable on the notes, but entitled to damages for breach of guaranty. Better instruct a solicitor in the matter before making any further payment. He would probably be able to arrange a suitable settlement.

A traveller visiting Paris for the first time became much interested in the little boys in white caps and aprons who deliver the wares of the pastry-cooks.

"Ah!" said the traveller one day to one of the youngsters who had brought him some cakes, "I suppose you get the benefit of one of these cakes yourself sometimes?"

"Pardon, sir, but what do you mean?"

"You eat a cake now and then, eh?"

"Eat them, sir? Oh, no, sir, that wouldn't do. I only lick them as I come along."



READ WHAT HE OWES TO

Zam-Buk

Mr. R. C. Blurton, a prominent Salvation Army worker, who occupies the proud position of Deputy Band Master at the Temple, Toronto, bears testimony to the great healing power of Zam-Buk balm. He says:—

"Pimples and sores broke out all over my face and neck and notwithstanding all I did to try and cure them they spread. In places the skin was inflamed over big patches and caused me great pain and inconvenience. I was advised to try Zam-Buk and for several days I applied it to the sores anointing it often with the healing balm. It soon began to soothe the pain, and in a short time the sores ceased to be so angry and painful! With perseverance Zam-Buk healed the sores completely and made my skin as smooth and clear as possible. I strongly recommend Zam-Buk to all who suffer from unsightly skin troubles, sores, ulcers, etc. It is a wonderful healer!"

Zam-Buk cures eczema, itch, blood poison, festering, chronic and suppurating sores, burns, cuts, harber's rash, fistula and all skin injuries and diseases. It is also a specific for piles. All druggists and stores 50c. a box or 3 for \$1.25. Send 1c. stamp to Zam-Buk Co., Toronto for sample box.

MAGIC LANTERN

Given for selling COLORED PICTURE POSTCARDS for 10c.



This Magic Lantern is complete in every way, including 12 slides in colors. You can get it by selling only \$3 worth of the latest colored Picture Postcards ever seen in Canada—views of famous places, noted buildings and beautiful scenery, all colored. In the stores these cards sell at 4 for 10c. At our price, 6 for 10c, they go like hot cakes. Try them and you will soon have this splendid outfit. Just say you will do your best to sell the cards and write your name and address plainly. The Gold Medal Premium Co., Card Dept. 11A Toronto

MAKE YOUR OWN REPAIRS

The Awl For All

Save the money you pay the harness man by using Myers' Lock Stitch Awl. It stitches both sides like a sewing machine and mends harness, saddles, shoes, fur coats, robes, canvas, gloves, carpets, etc., perfectly. Something constantly needed, always ready for use and one of the handiest tools imaginable. Price prepaid only \$1.00. Booklet 50c Free. Write today. Agents Wanted. G. A. MYERS CO., 6537 Woodlawn Ave., Chicago

The stranger advanced towards the door. Mrs. O'Toole stood in the doorway with a rough stick in her left hand and a frown on her brow. "Good morning," said the stranger politely. "I'm looking for Mr. O'Toole." "So'm I," said Mrs. O'Toole, shifting her club over to her other hand.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS. Miscellaneous.

HOOFS BRITTLE.

Have a driving mare whose front hoofs are very hard and dry. What can I do to make them become softer? W. B. T.

Ans.—Let him exercise, if possible, in a grass field or paddock. When in the stable it will be better if he can stand on an earth rather than on a wooden floor. In addition, wash or bathe his hoofs repeatedly, especially in dry weather; or, better, stand his fore feet for an hour or so daily in two or three inches of water in a strong-bottomed tub. See article in the Horse Department of "The Farmer's Advocate," of October 15th, headed, "Harm to the Hoof by the Use of Oils."

WORKING DAYS AND CHORES.

Supposing a man is hired at say \$10 and board for the winter months, and \$16 a month for the summer months, till fall plowing is done, is he supposed to chore on Sundays? If so, how many Sundays in a month? A. L.

2. How many days is he supposed to work in a month? A. L.

Ans.—In the absence of agreement to the contrary, he is expected to perform on Sundays the usual chores. By mutual arrangement with his employer, he may arrange to do double work one Sunday, or every other Sunday, in consideration of being relieved the following or alternate weeks.

2. Subject to the exception as noted above, and to similar further exception in the case of authorized legal holidays, he is expected to put in full time, according to the successive calendar months from beginning to expiring of his term of engagement.

ROARING — KNUCKLING — HEAVES.

1. Horse, ten years old, good every other way, has what we call the roars; that is, he makes a noise in his nose when drawing in breath.

2. Work horse has knuckled on one front foot, apparently strained with heavy drawing. Has been that way for over a year, but is not lame. Can it be brought back to place?

3. Good driver is slightly heavy. Can anything to give permanent relief be done? Will pine tar cure him? CONSTANT READER.

Ans.—1. Roaring is due to a lessening of the muscles on the left side of the larynx. Little can be done for this trouble. In some cases blistering the throat gives relief, and the administering of one dram of iodide of potash in a pint of water as a drench night and morning, every alternate day, sometimes helps, but treatment in many cases is unsuccessful.

2. A long rest and repeated blistering may effect a cure. If the horse must work, the best treatment is showering with cold water frequently, and applying bandages when in the stable.

3. Heaves cannot be cured, but can be alleviated by feeding small quantities of bulky food, such as hay, and a larger allowance of oats, dampening the food with limewater, and avoiding driving soon after a heavy meal. Pine tar will not cure, but may be helpful in giving relief.

Talking to some church-folk in Camden, New Jersey, it suddenly occurred to Mr. Bryan that perhaps the Darwinian theory didn't amount to much, and he told them so right away. He said:

"I haven't yet wholly accepted the theory of evolution. Nevertheless, I don't propose to quarrel with the evolutionists. If anybody finds any profit or satisfaction in tracing his ancestry to an ape, I would be the last to rob him of his pleasure. It merely seems to me that it's sometimes difficult to tell whether the race is coming from that animal or going toward it. However, you may trace your genealogy to a monkey if you want to; only, in that case, I must insist that you don't try to connect me with your family tree."

"Did the bottle of patent medicine do your uncle any good?"

"No; as soon as he read the testimonials he fancied he had got three new diseases."

35 Shorthorns by Auction!

19 BULLS; 16 FEMALES.

On Wednesday, October 28th, 1908,

At Clearview Farm, two miles north of Strathroy. We will sell all of our bulls of serviceable age, and a draft of females, including some of our best. The bulls comprise prizewinners and herd headers, and a number are just in field condition, and bargains may be expected. Terms of sale: 6 months' credit, or 5 per cent. per annum off for cash. Catalogues on application. At the same time and place, Clearview Farm, comprising 175 acres (one of our stock farms), will also be sold.

CAPT. T. E. ROBSON, Auctioneer. T. DOUGLAS & SONS, STRATHROY, ONT.

Old Wagons Made New!

Don't discard an old wagon just because the wheels have gone to pieces. It can be made good for years of yeoman service by putting on our light, strong, wide-tire steel wheels. Made to fit any size axle or skein. Other advantages told in free catalogue. Write for it.

Dominion Wrought Iron Wheel Co., Limited, Orillia, Ont.



Earn \$75 to \$150 per month as Brakeman or Fireman.

Just study an hour a day for 8 or 10 weeks and we guarantee to assist you to a position on any railway in Canada. Hundreds of men wanted in the next few months. If you want the above salary, ask for our booklet.

The Dominion Railway School, Dept. C., Winnipeg, Man.



LaFayette Stock Farm

J. Crouch & Son, Props., LaFayette, Indiana.

Largest importers in America of Percheron, Belgian and German Coach stallions and mares. Our last importation of 127 head arrived August 3rd, 1908, and we have in our barns over 200 head of stallions and mares of the above breed, many of them prizewinners in Europe and America, and can suit any buyer in horse, price and terms.

ALL STOCK GUARANTEED. Write us, or come and see us.

Canadian Agent: R. P. WATERS, P. O. Box 283, London, Ont. J. Crouch & Son, LaFayette, Ind.

Clydesdales and French Coachers, Imp.

Scottish and Canadian winners, stallions, mares and fillies. The Clydes represent the blood of such noted sires as Baron's Pride, Up-to-Time, Royal Favorite, Ethiopia and Acme. They combine size, quality and action. The French Coachers are a big, flashy, high-stepping lot, and are winners in both France and Canada. Our prices are right, and our horses as good as the best. Long-distance telephone.

ROBT. NESS & SON, Howick, Que.

Imported Clydesdales

I have still on hand 1 stallion, black, rising 4 yrs., by Carthusian, a Toronto winner; 1 rising 2 yrs., by Baron's Pride, 1 rising 2 yrs., by Danure Castle; 4 fillies, a Toronto first and second prizewinner among them. Every one of these is an extra good animal, and the price and terms are right.

T. D. ELLIOTT, Bolton, Ont.

IMP. CLYDESDALE STALLIONS AND FILLIES.—Our new importation of stallions and fillies are the best we could select in Scotland, particularly well bred, with the size, smoothness and quality that Canadians admire. Show-ring stuff. Come and see them. Will sell on terms to suit. JOHN A. BOAG & SON, Queensville P. O., Ont.; Newmarket Sta., G. T. R. Telegraph and telephone one-half mile from farm. Metropolitan Street Ry. from Toronto crosses the farm.

IMPORTED CLYDESDALES, SHORTHORNS AND SHROPSHIRE! I have on hand several Clydesdale stallions, as choice a lot as ever crossed the ocean. Missie, Stamford, Claret and Gem of Balcain Shorthorns; up-to-date in type and quality. 50 imported Shropshires, 30 ewe and 30 ram lambs from imported stock. Look me up at Toronto Exhibition horse barns. THOS. L. MERCER, MARKDALE, ONT., P. O. AND STA.

Clydesdales and Hackneys

Our entry at Toronto Exhibition of Clydesdales and Hackneys is certainly the best we ever brought out. For an extra choice filly, either imported or Canadian-bred, look up our stable on the grounds. HODGKINSON & TISDALE, BEAVERTON, ONTARIO. G. T. R. and C. N. R. Long-distance Phone.

Oak Park Stock Farm Co., Ltd.,

have at present for sale a choice selection of young HACKNEYS broken to harness, well worth moderate prices. Also 70 choice SHROPSHIRE RAM and EWE LAMBS, all bred from imported ewes, and sired by the best imported rams. Will be sold at times prices. JAS. J. BROWN, Manager, BRANTFORD, CANADA.

IMPORTED CLYDESDALES

My new importation of Clydesdale stallions and fillies, landed a short time ago, are an exceptionally choice lot, full of flashy quality, style and character, and right royally bred. I will sell them at very close prices, and on terms to suit. C. W. BARBER, Gatineau Point, Quebec. "Close to Ottawa."

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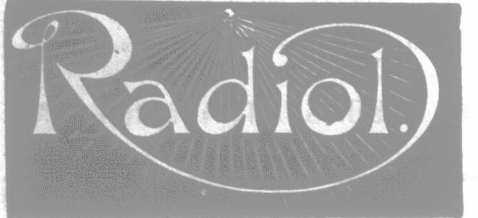
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COMBAULT'S CAUSTIC BALSAM.

A safe, speedy and positive cure. The safest, Best BLISTER ever used. Removes all bunches from horses. Impossible to produce scab or bluish. Send for circulars. Special advice free.

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RADIOL TREATMENT prolongs the life of a horse's legs. Completely removes by radiation all soft swellings that disfigure and lame a horse, as Strained Tendons, Windgalls, Bog Spavins, Capped Elbow, Big Leg, Enlarged Glands, etc.

No Blister; No Laying Up; No Hair Removed. RADIOL Treatment fines down a worn horse's legs, and is a certain cure for puffy joints and Spavins, Prevents Filled Legs.

An intelligent use of the "RADIOL" Leg Wash counteracts that daily wear and tear of the legs unavoidable with the horse in constant work, whether training, racing or on the road.

One flask of "Radiol" will make a gallon of valuable leg wash.

Carlotta, Uddington, Eng. July 28, 1906. Sir.—Kindly forward on receipt of P. O. enclosed another bottle of "RADIOL." I have been using it with great success on a Hackney mare with a very bad windgall that the vet. had given up. Yours truly, Thos. Prentice.

Write for illustrated booklet and uses of "RADIOL." Ask your chemist for "RADIOL." Price \$2 a large flask, or post free from Canadian Agent: Theo. Reid, 9 St. Nicholas St., Montreal.

Manufactured by The Radiol Co., 212 Westchester Bridge Road, London, England.

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Fistula and Poll Evil

Any person, however inexperienced, can readily cure either disease with Fleming's **Fistula and Poll Evil Cure**—even bad old ones that chilled doctors have abandoned. Easy and simple, no cutting, just a little ointment, over the fistula, and your money refunded if it ever fails. Cures most cases within thirty days, leaving the horse sound and smooth. All particulars given in Fleming's Vest-Pocket Veterinary Adviser. Write us for a free copy. Ninety-six pages, covering more than a hundred veterinary subjects. Durable bound, illustrated and illustrated. FLEMING BROS., Chemists, 75 Church Street, Toronto, Ontario.

Dr. Page's English Spavin Cure

For the cure of Spavins, Ringbone, Curbs, Splints, Windgalls, Capped Hock, Strains or Bruises, Thick Neck from Distemper, Ringworm on Cattle and to remove all unnatural enlargements. This preparation (unlike others) acts by absorbing rather than blistering. This is the only preparation in the world guaranteed to kill a Ringbone or any Spavin or money refunded, and will not kill the hair. Manufactured by Dr. Frederick A. Page & Son, 7 and 9 Yorkshire Road, London, E. C. Mailed to any address upon receipt of price, \$1.00. Canadian agents: J. A. JOHNSTON & CO., Druggists, 171 King St. E., TORONTO, ONT.

Clydesdales, Shorthorns, At Kinellar Lodge we have for sale two 3-yr-old Clydesdale fillies, both reg.; a big, good pair. Several choice Shorthorn heifers. Nine shearing Cotswold ewes and nine shearing rams. This year's lambs, both sexes. And young Berkshire sows. John I. Baisdon, Markham, Ont., P. O. and station.

Shannonbank Clydesdales, Ayrshires, Yorkshires. One stallion rising three years, by imp. Hopewell. Two young bulls ten months, and some heifers from six months to two years, of both sexes. W. H. TRAN, Cedar Point, Locust Hill Sta., C. P. R.

THE SPICE OF LIFE.

Sandy McPherson, in a moment of abstraction, put half a crown in the collection plate last Sunday in mistake for a penny, and has since expended a deal of thought as to the best way of making up for it. "No, I might stay away frae the kirk till the sum was made up; but, on the ither han', I wad be payin' pew rent a' the time, an' gettin' nae guid o' 't. Losh! But I'm thinkin' this is what the moenister ca's a 'releegious difficulty.'"

The storm of anecdotes that beats about most well-known authors, particularly of the best selling variety, seems never to have struck Henry James. Perhaps it could not break through the barricade of sentences that surrounded him. It will be remembered that Mr. James was once called "an idea entirely surrounded by words." But once in a while a story trickles through. Not long ago a young lady, one of the earnest-seekers-after-truth kind, said to Mr. James: "Oh, Mr. James, won't you please define life?"

Whereupon the novelist gravely replied: "It is the predicament that precedes death."

Mr. James always fights shy of making speeches in public. He reserves them for his books. On one occasion he was the guest of honor at a dinner in New York. After much persuasion he was induced to speak. As he rose to his feet he naively said:

"You know, gentlemen, that I never make speeches, and when I have concluded to-night you will realize that I have not broken my rule."

A dentist received a call the other morning from a couple whom he soon had reason to believe were lovers. The girl had an aching tooth, and as they entered the young man said:

"Now, darling, the worst is over. Just take a seat, and it will be out in a minute."

"Oh, I daren't!" she gasped.

"But it really won't hurt you at all, you know."

"But I'm afraid it will."

"It can't. I'd have one pulled in a minute if it ached."

"I don't believe it."

"Well, then, I'll have one pulled out just to show you that it doesn't hurt."

He took a seat, leaned back, and opened his mouth, and the dentist seemed to be selecting a tooth to seize with his forceps, when the girl protested:

"Hold on! The test is sufficient. He has proved his devotion. Move away, Harry, and I'll have it pulled."

She took the chair, had the tooth drawn without a groan, and as she went out she was saying to the young man:

"Now I can believe you when you declare that you would die for me."

And yet every tooth in his head was false.

BLUNDERS AND BULLS.

The John Bull, a British weekly, in its issue of August 15th publishes the following "howlers" from examination papers of pupils in the Government schools:

"England was once a foreign country."

"Thomas a Becket put on a camels' hair shirt and at once became dangerous."

"The Briton painted himself with woad and came out green."

"The potato feeds peasants, but goes to more important things, like whisky."

"They ate their dinner sitting on tombstones consisting of a pork pie and ginger beer."

The same paper gives a number of newspaper "howlers" (blunders), among which are these:

From the Daily Mail, referring to the Marathon race: "Never before has such a finish been witnessed at Athens."

The Dublin Evening Mail: "It appears the regimental mufti who arrived on the Sidon yesterday is not the one who was shot at Salonika on Saturday."

The Inverness Times: "The Black Rod may be seen using a useless sword."

The Harrowgate Star: "Owing to great pressure on our space a number of births and deaths have been postponed."

After more than an hour of badgering by the lawyer for the prosecution, the witness was moved to declare that he had already told everything of any consequence.

"You have told me what you said to him: 'Gibson, this case will get into the courts some day.' Now I want to know what he said in reply," declared the lawyer, sternly.

"Well, he said: 'Chumley, there isn't anything in this business that I'm ashamed of, and if any snoopin', little hee-hawkin', four-by-six, gimlet-eyed lawyer with half a pound of brains and sixteen pounds of jaw, ever wants to know what I've been talking to you about, you can tell him the whole story.'"

A minister tells in the Homiletic Review a story illustrating the inborn Irish trait of quick wit. He was preaching in a Michigan town. On Saturday the women of the congregation were busy trimming up the church. "I strolled in," says the minister, "and Katie Martin was decorating the pulpit. I noticed some tacks strewn about the floor, and jocularly advised Katie to be very careful to pick up all the tacks when she was through with her work. 'You know, Katie,' I said, 'that if I should step on one of those tacks right in the middle of a sermon there is no telling what might happen.' 'Faith, ye wouldn't linger long on that point,' said Katie, without a smile."

A very devout Presbyterian clergyman in the Middle West had just married a couple, and, as was his custom, offered a fervent prayer, invoking the Divine blessing upon them. As they seemed to be worthy folk, and not overburdened with this world's goods, he prayed, among other things, for their material prosperity, and besought the Lord to greatly increase the man's business, laying much stress on this point.

In filling out the blanks it became necessary to ask the man his business, and to the minister's horror, he said, "I keep a saloon."

In telling the story to his wife afterward the clergyman said that as he wrote down the occupation he whispered: "Lord, you needn't answer that prayer."

It was at an informal session, after one of the regular meetings of a religious convention, that the New Hampshire minister told some of his best stories, says the Youth's Companion.

"There is one man in our church," he said, "who is as good as gold, but so long-winded that he tires everybody out."

"At one time it was suggested by one of the deacons that in order to avoid the extreme length of this good man's remarks at prayer meeting, we might make a five-minute limit."

"This I inaugurated at the next meeting, and it was cheering to us all to see that when the long-winded man rose to speak he held his open watch in his left hand."

"When the limit was all but reached, he said: 'Finding, my dear friends, that I have only a few seconds in which to speak, and having much to say, I will throw the rest of my remarks into the form of a prayer.'"

A man was standing on the footpath in one of the main streets of a northern town the other day, gazing at a boarding, which displayed the well-known advertisement representing a bull gazing at a bottle of "Bovril," and bearing underneath the inscription, "Alas, my poor brother."

He remained there gazing at the boarding while the policeman on duty completed the round of his beat twice.

At last the guardian of the peace approached him.

"Move on, there," said he. "You're obstructing the thoroughfare."

"Eh?" queried the man.

"Move on," roared the policeman.

"What are you standing there staring at?"

"Look there," replied the obstructor of thoroughfares, pointing at the advertisement. "Alas, my poor brother." Now, what I want to know is, how can it be so long if it's his brother?"

PERFECTION Seed & Grain Separator
(Patented 1901)
The best and latest mill for cleaning and grading all kinds of Seed and Grain.
See nearest Agent or write for Catalogue to THE TEMPLIN MFG. CO., FERGUS, ONTARIO


U. S. CREAM SEPARATOR
Win So Many Laurels?
Because it has that solid, low frame; most simple yet efficient bowl, holding World's Record for cleanest skimming; so many conveniences; and the easiest running separator made.
If you have cows, you need a separator, you need the best separator. That one is the U. S.
Simply send for catalogue "No. 110" read it carefully, and we leave it to you, which is best.
ADDRESS ALL LETTERS TO Vermont Farm Machine Co. BELLOWS FALLS, VT.
Prompt Delivery from well assorted stocks of U. S. Separators in Sherbrooke and Montreal, Que., Hamilton, Ont., Winnipeg, Man., and Calgary, Alta. 486A

You Can't Cut Out A BOG SPAVIN, PUFF or THOROUGHPIN, but ABSORBINE
will clean them off permanently, and you work the horse same time. Does not blister or remove the hair. Will tell you more if you write, \$1.00 per bottle as d'lers or direct. Book \$1.00. ABSORBINE, JR., for mankind. \$1 bottle. Reduces Varicose Veins, Varicocoe, Hydrocele, Ruptured Muscles or Ligaments, Enlarged Glands. Always pain quickly. W. F. YOUNG, P. O. B. 73, Monmouth St., Springfield, Mass. LYMAN, BROS & CO., Montreal, Canadian Agents.

3 HACKNEY MARES FOR SALE
O. Sorby, Guelph, Ont.

CLYDESDALES
One 1,750-lb. 8-year-old mare in foal. One 5-year-old mare and one 3-year-old mare.
SHORTHORNS
Two right good yearling bulls left yet, and a lot of heifers cheap. Write, or come and see them.
JAMES McARTHUR, Gobles, Ontario.

For Sale! Percheron and French Draft Stallions, mares and colts.
Duroc Jersey Swine, both sexes.
JACOB STEINMAN, NEW HAMBURG, ONT.
Only a stone's throw from G. T. R. depot.
We defy the Chinese to show that they invented the aeroplane 6,832 years ago.



Make Money On the Old Hens

Every farmer has some fowls not profitable to keep, like very old hens or young cockerels. Now such birds can be made to pay handsomely by fattening for market. A little of Dr. Hess Poultry Pan-a-ce-a given once a day in soft feed will help to do the work in a way to surprise you. The virtue of this tonic prescription lies in its power to increase digestion. It is not itself a food, but given with food it causes so much more to be assimilated that the birds simply can't help but lay on fat, and a great deal of it. This way of assisting digestion—of making food available—is "The Dr. Hess Idea" and is adding thousands of dollars to poultry profits every year.

DR. HESS Poultry PAN-A-CE-A

besides the bitter tonics well known as aids to digestion, also makes good blood by supplying iron, and removes waste matter through the agency of kidneys. Given as directed to laying stock, it means a most substantial increase in egg production—perhaps all the difference between profit and loss. Dr. Hess Poultry Pan-a-ce-a (formulated by Dr. Hess, M.D., D.V.S.) keeps little chickens growing right along from the start—something impossible when their weak digestive organs are left unassisted. It is invaluable at moulting time, because it cuts this "off" period down to a minimum and hastens the return to laying. Poultry Pan-a-ce-a is endorsed by poultry associations in the United States and Canada. One penny's worth is enough for 30 fowls one day. Sold on a written guarantee.

**1 1/2 lbs. 35c; 5 lbs. 85c;
12 lbs. \$1.75; 25 lb. pail \$3.50. Duty paid.** **Dr. HESS & CLARK, Ashland, Ohio, U. S. A.**

Send 2 cents for Dr. Hess 48-page Poultry Book, free.

DR. HESS STOCK FOOD

When you're feeding any domestic animal heavily, with a view to fatten it, there is great danger of undoing all you've gained by bringing on some derangement of the digestive organs. It is "The Dr. Hess Idea" to prevent this and keep up the process without interruption to the finish. To make this possible, he formulated Dr. Hess Stock Food—a prescription containing bitter tonics, for the blood and cleansing nitrates to aid nature in throwing off the poisonous waste material. It never fails to so strengthen digestion that far more ration can be assimilated than would otherwise be the case, and this, of course, means successful feeding. The ingredients in Dr. Hess Stock Food are endorsed by all prominent medical men and it is sold on a written guarantee.

100 lbs. \$7.00; 25 lb. pail \$2.00. Smaller quantities at a slight advance. Duty paid.

Send 2 cents for Dr. Hess Stock Book, Free.

INSTANT LOUSE KILLER KILLS LICE

Preventing Pig Troubles.

There is no class of inquiries which are answered with so little satisfaction to the agricultural press and to its readers as those concerning ailing pigs. It is hard enough to diagnose pig troubles when one has an opportunity to make a personal examination, and doubly hard when such an examination is impossible. Even after the trouble is correctly diagnosed, treatment in the case of pigs is often very unsatisfactory. The truth of the old maxim, "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," was never better illustrated than in the case of pig diseases. There is no need of arguing the desirability of keeping the pig healthy and thrifty. All readers will agree with us on this point, but singularly enough it is difficult to get them to act upon their own belief. Take, says Wallace's Farmer, the disease known as partial paralysis, which has become quite common, comparatively speaking, during the last two or three years. We are convinced that if due care were exercised in the matter of feeding the pigs and very common preventive measures taken, this disease would not be at all troublesome; but notwithstanding the frequency with which we have emphasized the importance of preventives during the past two or three years, not one out of ten of our friends who ask for help in this particular matter have made an effort to prevent it. In addition to providing clean, well-ventilated sleeping quarters and a ration which contains some muscle-making food in addition to the corn, it will pay to feed the Government recipe to all hogs which show any signs of disease. This recipe, which we have published many times before, is as follows:

	Pounds.
Wood charcoal	1
Sulphur	1
Sodium chloride	2
Sodium bicarbonate	2
Sodium hyposulphite	2
Sodium sulphate	1
Antimony sulphide (black antimony)	1

These ingredients should be completely pulverized and thoroughly mixed. The dose of the mixture is a large tablespoonful for each 200 pounds weight of hogs to be treated, and it should be given but once a day.

Our friends should also keep before the hogs a box of wood ashes or charcoal, in which a little salt has been mixed. This ought to be where the hogs can get access to it at all times. If they

Scotch Shorthorns

BULLS: 4 choice yearlings, IMPORTED; 8 yearlings and a number of choice calves of our own breeding. FEMALES: A number of cows and heifers forward in calf, including showyard material. Tempting prices.

W. G. PETTIT & SONS, FREEMAN, ONT.

Bell telephone at each farm. Farms only 1/2 and 1 1/2 miles from Burlington Jct., G. T. R.

Mr. A. I. Hickman

COURT LODGE, EGERTON, KENT, ENG.,
Exporter of pedigree stock of every description to all parts of the world. During the fall months light and heavy horses will be a speciality. Write for prices, terms and references.

SPRING VALLEY SHORTHORNS

A choice lot of young bulls for sale, which will be priced right. Among them are winners at the Canadian National.

KYLE BROS., AYR, ONTARIO.

Shorthorns!

BELMAR PARC

John Douglas, Peter White,
Manager, Pembroke, Ont.

Calves for sale by our grand quartette of breeding and show bulls:

Nonpareil Archer, Imp. Proud Gift, Imp.
Marigold Sailor. Nonpareil Eclipse.

Females, imported and from imported stock, in calf to these bulls.

An unsurpassed lot of yearling heifers.

J. WATT & SON, Salem, Ontario,

Offer: 1 senior show bull calf; 1 junior show bull calf; 1 two-year-old show heifer; 1 junior yearling show heifer. The above cattle are in show shape, and will be priced reasonable.

ELORA STN., G. T. R. AND C. P. R.

Choice Shorthorns FOR SALE!

Some fine young stock, either sex, including some extra heifers from imp. dams, and all got by the Cruickshank (Duthie-bred) bull, Sittytown Victor, imp. 5093 (87397). Also young Yorkshires, either sex. Address: **JOHN BRYDONE, Milverton, Ont.** C. P. R. and G. T. R.

Rowan Hill Shorthorns The 1908 Toronto grand champion, Royal Chief 65495, heads my herd. For sale are 3 spring bulls and a few heifers, sired by him, and out of show cows. These are choice young things that are sure to please. **R. F. DUNCAN, Carluke P. O., Ont.** Caledonia Station, G. T. R., or station 14 Hamilton and Bradford Electric Road.

Pleasant Valley Herd

Present offering: 7 high-class young bulls by Imp. Ben Lomond = 45160 = (80468) and Bud's Emblem = 63860 =, and good imp. and Canadian-bred dams. Write for particulars and prices, or visit personally.

GEO. AMOS & SON, Moffat Station and P.O.
Moffat is 11 miles east of Guelph on C. P. R.

Greengill Shorthorns!

We offer for sale our herd bull, imp. Lord Roseberry, also young bulls and females all ages, either imp. or from imp. stock. Prices right. Long-distance phone.

R. Mitchell & Sons, Nelson P. O., Ont.
Burlington Jct. Sta.

1854 MAPLE LODGE STOCK FARM 1908

One handsome roan SHORTHORN BULL for sale, and several choice heifers. LEICESTERS of the best kinds, bred from champion prizewinners. Several in good show fit.

A. W. Smith, Maple Lodge, Ont.
Lucan Crossing Station, G. T. Ry.

The Salem Stock Farm

SHORTHORNS
A SPECIALTY.

Write for any information.

J. A. WATT, ELORA, ONT.
G. T. R. and C. P. R.

will adopt these simple precautions and then exercise some care in feeding a balanced ration, the number of complaints of pig diseases of one sort or another will be cut in half within three months.

GOSSIP.

T. DOUGLAS & SONS' SHORTHORN SALE.

The thirty-five Shorthorn cattle to be sold by T. Douglas & Sons, Strathroy, Ont., on Wednesday, Oct. 28th, are cattle that should interest both breeders and farmers generally, as they are a strong, robust lot of good quality, and the females have maintained their milking qualities to a satisfactory degree. The females include some of the best in the herd; several have been winners at Strathroy Fair (the leading county fair of Middlesex). Of the nineteen bulls catalogued, the first is Diamond = 44695 =, the present stock bull. He is of the Miss Ramsden tribe, sired by Marvel, a Scotch Mina bull, dam by Speculator, a Secret bull of Mr. Dryden's breeding. He has won several first prizes, chief among them first at Toronto Industrial in 1903, in the hands of W. D. Flatt, Hamilton. He is a sire of more than ordinary merit, as will be seen by a glance over the young bulls and heifers included in this sale. The next is Clearview Diamond, by Diamond, a two-year-old, an extra good bull of true Shorthorn character, with as smooth a top as we have seen on a bull for many a day. The next is British Diamond, a yearling, by the same sire, dam Graceful 9th, by Diamond Jubilee (imp.) = 28861 =, and out of Graceful 8th (imp.). He was easily placed first at the home fair, defeating the first-prize bull at London the week before, and should make a grand herd-header for someone. The next is Maple Bank Sidelight, another yearling, by the same sire, dam Lost Robe, by Double Gold (a Car-gill bull), by Golden Drop Victor (imp.), dam Golden Strawberry (imp.). He, like his stable mate, was also placed above the London winner. These are followed by a lot of ten to fifteen months' bulls, all showing that same finish and quality, although several are still running on pasture (not too good, either), and are too thin to bring their true value. Send for a catalogue and try and attend this sale. The firm has the reputation of dealing fairly with their customers and the public generally, and Strathroy is easily reached, being supplied with an extra train service from Toronto to Chicago.

DESTRUCTION OF ROADS IN FRANCE.

In discussing the subject of "Roads for Self-propelled Vehicles," recently, the Times mentioned regrets expressed in France concerning the injuries caused to the magnificent system of national roads by motor traffic. As far back as 1906, M. Leon Janet, in reporting on the budget for public works, stated that "Engineers were compelled to stand aside, powerless to avert the entire destruction of absolutely new roads—that is to say, of roads which had been resurfaced within a period of two years or less. Instead of the splendid smooth and even roads, that lasted for ten or fifteen years, they had now to traverse main thoroughfares which were scarcely worthy to rank among the by-ways of the smallest villages."

It is estimated that repair and maintenance of the network of French roads have during the past half-century involved an outlay of some forty-four millions sterling, and, unless vigorous efforts are at once made, there is a real danger that this vast expenditure will have been fruitless.

The Temps, in discussing this question a few weeks ago, asserted that the disintegration of the roads was most serious in the proximity of the chief centers of traffic, and declared that the outskirts of Paris were in this respect in a most pitiable condition. It is estimated that in the two departments of Seine and Seine-et-Oise, there are now not fewer than 350,000 cycles and motors, which tear the roads to pieces and produce more injury in a single twelvemonth than was experienced in twenty-five years before the pneumatic tire was thought of.

Boo Spavin

Cure the lameness and remove the bunch without scarring the horse—have the part looking just as it did before the blemish came.

Fleming's Spavin Cure (Liquid) is a special remedy for soft and semi-solid blemishes—Boo Spavin, Thoroughpins, Splints, Curbs, Capped Hocks, etc. It is neither a liniment nor a simple blister, but a remedy unlike any other—doesn't irritate and can't be imitated. Easy to use, only a little required, and your money back if it ever fails.

Fleming's Vest-Pocket Veterinary Adviser describes and illustrates all kinds of blemishes, and gives you the information you ought to have before ordering or buying any kind of a remedy. Mailed free if you write.

FLEMING BROS., Chemists,
75 Church Street, Toronto, Ontario

I Cured My Rupture I Will Show You How to Cure Yours FREE!

I was helpless and bed-ridden for years from a double rupture. I wore many different kinds of trusses. Some were tortures, some positively dangerous, and none would hold the rupture. The doctors told me I could not cure it without a surgical operation. But I fooled them all, and cured myself by a simple method which I discovered. Anyone can use it, and I will send the cure free by mail, postpaid, to anyone who writes for it. Fill out the coupon below and mail it to me to-day.

Free Rupture-Cure Coupon.

CAPT. W. A. COLLINGS,
Box 555, Watertown, N. Y.

Dear Sir,—I wish you would send me your New Discovery for the Cure of Rupture.

Name.....
Address.....

MADE FOR SERVICE

IN THE ROUGHEST WEATHER
AND GUARANTEED ABSOLUTELY
WATERPROOF



**TOWERS' FISH BRAND
POMMEL SLICKERS**

This trade mark and the word TOWER on the buttons distinguish this high grade slicker from the just as good brands

LOOKING AT THE BRIGHT SIDE.

A lady residing in a quiet village in Suffolk used to take an interest in a very aged couple who were spinning out the last thread of life in "Darby and Joan" fashion, seated on either side of the fireplace. She often paid them a visit to cheer them up. The old man had been ailing, and at last a day came when the visitor found only one chair occupied. Darby was not in his usual place.

"Where is your husband?"
"Well, mum, he be gone at last."
"Oh, I'm sorry. That is very sad for you," said the lady, seeking to find some words of consolation.
"Yes, mum, it be sad," replied the old woman, "but then, you see, he were fearfully in the way of the oven."

Black Watch

Black Plug
The Chewing Tobacco
of Quality.



2271

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS. Miscellaneous.

AUCTIONEER'S LICENSE.

What qualification does a person need to have to become an auctioneer? How much does a license cost, and to whom should I apply for one?

SUBSCRIBER'S SON.

Ans.—No qualification is required by law other than payment of the license fee, the amount of which varies in different municipalities, councils of which are empowered, by the Consolidated Municipal Act, 1903, chap. 19, section 583, sub-sections 2 and 3, to pass by-laws, covering among other points the license fee, which is usually about \$12. Apply to the County Clerk.

SWEENY.

Driving horse went lame quite a while ago, but we couldn't find what was wrong. When driving she would drag her toe occasionally; now she is falling away at the top of the shoulder, but not down the side.

J. L. L.

Ans.—This is sweeny, or shoulder slip. In order to restore her to full usefulness it will be necessary to give her several months' rest, and blister the point of the shoulder, and also over the shoulder blade, where the shrinkage or falling away of the muscles appears, with the following: 1½ drams each, biniodide of mercury and cantharides, mixed with 2 ounces of vaseline. Clip the hair off and rub the blister well in. Tie so he cannot bite the parts. In 24 hours rub well again, and in 24 hours longer wash off and apply sweet oil. Repeat blister once a month as long as necessary.

COW FAILING TO BREED.

I bought a fine-looking Jersey cow about six years old in January, due to calve in April, so dried her up by April 1st, though she was then giving about five quarts twice a day. Since then she has been in good flesh, and apparently in the best of health and spirits, but has had no calf, and shows no signs of having one, nor does she come in heat, though she constantly follows the other cows that do. As she has been an excellent milker and buttermaker, I do not like to beef her if there is any other way. What would you suggest?

A. G. E.

Ans.—We have known similar cases, some of the cows being younger than yours, but can suggest no remedy where a cow fails to come in season, other than an examination by a veterinarian for closure of the neck of the womb, and opening the same; but this should not be attempted until there is an absolute certainty that the cow is not pregnant.

FEEDING RAM LAMBS.

Some time since I bought 100 ram lambs to keep through the winter and sell in the spring, but am told that rams do not do as well and gain weight like wether or ewe lambs. If any among the large number of readers of your most valuable paper have had experience in keeping ram lambs, castrated lambs, or ewe lambs, and know which are the most profitable, we should be pleased to read it in "The Farmer's Advocate" as soon as convenient.

E. T. W.

Ans.—We believe it is generally conceded that ram lambs do not, owing to the restlessness of their nature, feed as contentedly or gain weight as steadily and rapidly as wether or ewe lambs, nor sell for as good a price. Indeed, market reporters every fall call attention to the heavy losses sustained by farmers, having to accept low prices for ram lambs as compared with wether or ewe lambs. It is possible that the discrimination in prices may not be relatively so great in spring as in the fall, when the breeding season is on, and the flesh of rams is more liable to be off flavor. There would be considerable risk in castrating these rams at their present age, but the enquiry should serve to emphasize the importance of attending to the operation at the proper time, when the lambs are about two weeks old, when there is very little risk of loss. We shall be glad to publish the experience of feeders of ram lambs for the spring market, and also of those who have successfully castrated lambs in the fall, with a description of their methods.

Scotch Shorthorns BY AUCTION.

IN THE WINTER FAIR BUILDING, AT GUELPH, ON
WEDNESDAY, NOV. 4th, 1908

At 1 o'clock p. m. Messrs. John Watt & Son (Elora), J. A. & J. G. Gibb (St. Catharines), and A. E. Meyer (Guelph), will sell 28 head of Scotch Shorthorns—21 females and 7 yearling bulls. The females are: Two 4 years old, six 2 years old, and thirteen 1 year old. All in good condition.



Most fashionably bred. Imported sires and dams. Nearly all eligible for registration in the American Herdbook. A high-class lot. Several of them show animals.

TERMS—Cash, or 6 months on bankable paper, with 5%.

Thos. Ingram and Capt. T. E. Robson, Auctioneers.

Catalogues on application to:

A. E. Meyer, Guelph, Ont.

A. Edward Meyer,

P. O. Box 378, Guelph, Ontario,

Breeds SCOTCH SHORTHORNS Exclusively.

Twelve of the most noted Scotch tribes have representatives in my herd. Herd bulls: Scottish Hero = 52042—(90665) 293765 A. H. B.; Gloster King = 62703—283904 A. H. B. Young stock for sale. Long-distance phone in house.

TWO IMP. BULLS of excellent quality, color and breeding. One 7 months old, sired by imp. Joy of Morning = 52070—; dam Blossom 2nd, imp. Also heifer calves and young cows, and heifers in calf. And choicest-bred Yorkshires of either sex. Prices very moderate. **GEO. D. FLETCHER, BINKHAM P. O., ONT.** Erin Station, C. P. R.

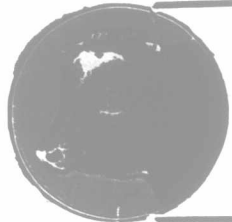
VALLEY HOME SHORTHORNS

AND BERKSHIRES. For sale: Young bulls from eight to twelve months old. Young cows and heifers sale in calf, and young yearling heifers not bred yet. Also young Berkshire pairs supplied not akin.

S. J. Pearson, Son & Co., Meadowvale, Ont.

Stations: Meadowvale, C. P. R., and Brampton, G. T. E.

Scotch Shorthorns Canada's greatest living sire, Milledred's Royal, heads my herd. For sale are young bulls and heifers, show stuff and Toronto winners, out of Stamford, Lady Ythan, Claret, Emeline, Matchless and Belona dams. A visit will be appreciated. **GEO. GIER, Grand Valley P. O., Ont.** Waldemar Sta., C. P. R.



Shorthorn Home-bred Bulls

of the best breeding and quality at attractive prices for the buyer. To see them is all that is necessary. Try to do so if you are in the market. It will pay you.

JNO. CLANCY, H. Cargill & Son, Cargill, Ont.
Manager.

SCOTCH SHORTHORNS.

For sale: A number of good Scotch heifers, mostly from imp. sire and dam, and bred to imp. bulls. One imp. yearling bull, red, a straight, smooth one. One 9-months bull from imp. sire and dam. One 10-months bull, by imp. sire and from Duchess of Gloster dam. Long-distance phone. Farm ¼ mile from Burlington Jct. station.

J. F. Mitchell, Burlington, Ont.

SHORTHORNS FOR SALE!

I have a dozen young cows and heifers, got by the Brawith Bud bull, Golden Abel (imp.), and in calf to the Bruce Mayflower bull, Royal Bruce (imp.), that I will sell very reasonable. A number of them are out of imported dams, and registered in Dominion and American Herdbooks.

R. J. DOYLE, OWEN SOUND, ONT.

Willow Bank Stock Farm.

Shorthorn Herd Estab. 1855.
Leicester Flock Estab. 1848.

I have a special good lot of rams and ewes to offer. Various ages and show material. Also choice Shorthorns of either sex, any age.

JAMES DOUGLAS,
Caledonia, Ontario.

Shorthorn Bulls Ready for service. One will make a show bull. Also young things from Matchless, Crimson Flower, Miss Ramsden, Rosemary, Diamond and Lady Fanny dams, the get of Chancellor's Model. Prices to suit times. Come and see. **Israel Greff, Elmira, Ont.**

Brampton Jerseys!

Select your stock bull or family cow from Canada's most famous and largest Jersey herd.

B. H. Bull & Son, Brampton, Can.

JERSEYS We have the get of Ethel's John, a 75 FOR SALE per cent. Mary Ann of St. Lambert bull; also of Minette's Star, a son of Brampton Minette. Brampton Monarch (imported), Blue Blood, and Financial King. Write for what you want. **H. S. Pipes & Son, Amherst, Nova Scotia.**

Centre and Hillview Holsteins

125 head to select from. 35 in the R. O. M. Stock bulls Bonheur Statesman, high official backing, and is closely related to Colantha 4th's Johanna; Brookbank Butter Boy. All nearest dams over 20 lbs. From these sires, out of R. O. M. dams, are several young bulls and a few heifers. Prices right. P. D. EDE, Oxford Centre, Ont. Woodstock Station.



Holsteins & Yorkshires

R. Honey, Brickley, Ont.

All surplus stock of Holsteins sold, except this crop of calves. Ready to book orders for them. Best bacon type Yorkshires, one to six months, both sexes, at moderate prices.



Maple Glen For sale: Two bull calves born April 28th. One sired by Brightest Canar; dam of calf has 22 1/2 lbs. butter record, over 4 per cent. fat. The other from 19.45-lb. 2-year-old A. R. O. test, sired by a bull with a 22 1/2-lb. tested dam, with 93 lbs milk 1 day. Also a 4-year-old cow due in Oct., sire's g. dam sister of Carmen Sylvia. G. A. Gilroy, Glen Suel, Ont.

LABELS FOR CATTLE, SHEEP AND HOGS

Your name and address for sample and circular. It costs nothing. Write to-day. F. G. James, Bowmanville, Ont.



Now

is the time to buy a bull for service next year, because we sell CHEAPER now than we do next spring. Why not write to us RIGHT AWAY for a BARGAIN in bulls from R. O. M. dams? Or better yet, call and see us.

E. & F. MALLORY, FRANKFORD, ONTARIO.

Maple Hill Holstein-Friesians

Special offering: Two bull calves eleven months old; well bred; in fine condition; now fit for service.

G. W. CLEMONS, St. George, Ont.

Hilton Stock Farm—Holsteins, Cotswolds and Tamworths. Present offering: Some young cows; a nice lot of young pigs; few boars six months old, and sows in pig. R. O. MORROW & SON, Brighton Tel. and Stn. Hilton Ont.

Spring Brook Holsteins and Tamworths.

32 choice young Tamworths from imp. sows, and sired by imp. Knowle King David, of best British blood and Royal winners. Correct type. Holsteins of best strains. Write for what you want, or, better, come and see. Will not exhibit this year. Stock better than ever. A. C. HALLMAN, BRESLAU, WATERLOO CO., ONT.

HOLSTEINS

We must sell at least 25 cows and heifers at once in order to make room for the increase of our large herd. This is a chance of a lifetime to buy good cattle at bargain prices. The best way: arrange to come and look the herd over. If you cannot, we will do our best for you by correspondence. Also a few young bulls. 100 head to select from. Imported Pentiac Hermes, son of Hengerveld De Kol, world's greatest sire, head of herd. All leading breeds represented. Putnam station, near Ingersoll.



H. E. GEORGE, Crampton, Ont.

Beaver Creek Holsteins—I have at present a few cows and heifers for sale, and three young bulls; all from good milkers. Apply to

ALBERT MITTFELDLT, Etcho, Ont.

LYNDALE HOLSTEINS!

Bull calves out of cows with records of from 18 to 20 lbs., also three heifers coming two, and a number of young cows in Record of Merit, bred to a grandson of Pietertje Hengerveld's Count De Kol. BROWN BROS., LYN, ONT.

The Maples Holstein Herd!

RECORD OF MERIT COWS. Headed by Lord Wayne Mechthilde Calamity, also in the Record of Merit. Nothing for sale but choice bull calves. WALBURN RIVERS, Felden's, Ont.

FAIRVIEW HERD

offers you another son of the great Pontiac Korndyke, who has more high-testing daughters in Advanced Registry than any other living bull. We have four of his daughters that have seven days' records that average over 28 lbs. each, and over 4% fat. This young bull was born Nov. 2, 1907, is two-thirds white, and a beauty. His dam is sired by a son of De Kol 2nd's Paul De Kol, the sire of Aeggie Cornucopia Pauline. You cannot find better breeding than this. First check for \$150 takes him. E. H. DOLLAR, Heveiton, St. Law. Co., N. Y. Near Prescott, Ont.

BUSINESS HOLSTEINS!

Over 60 head to select from. Milk yield from 60 to 85 lbs. a day, and from 35 to 47 lbs. a day for 2-yr-olds. There are 10 2-yr.-old heifers, 8 1-yr.-olds, and a number of heifer calves. Bulls from 1-yr.-old down. Priced right. Truthfully described. W. HIGGINSON, Inkerman, Ont.



Only Bull Calves FOR SALE, HOLSTEINS and AYRSHIRES, Of the best performing strains. GEO. RICE, ANNANDALE STOCK FARM, TILLSONBURG, ONTARIO.

Homestead Holsteins

Bull calves for sale 8 months old, out of cows with large A. R. O. records, and sired by Count Mercena Posch, whose dam and sire's dam average 25 1/2 lbs. butter in seven days. G. S. F. GRIFFIN, Box 43 Burgessville, Ont.

UTILITY GLENORA OF KELSO = 15798 = AYRSHIRES

at head of herd. For sale: Females of all ages, and several young bulls, some out of 11,000-lb. cows. Come and see, or address: R. C. CLARK, Hammond, Ont. Railway station, Hammond (G. T. R. and C. P. R.).

CHERRY BANK AYRSHIRES.

I am now offering young bulls and heifers true to type and high in quality. Some with imp. sire and dam; also will spare a few older females. P. D. McArthur, North Georgetown P. O., Que. Howick station, Que.

STOCK FOR SALE AT

A number of Ayrshire bulls and heifers of WILLIAMSBURG, ONT. de p-milking strain. 15 Oxford Down shearing and ram lambs. Ewes any age. Prices reasonable. H. J. WHITTEKER & SONS, Williamsburg, Ont., Props.

Ayrshires from a Pricewinning Herd—

Have some nice bull and heifer calves for sale at reasonable prices. For particulars, etc., write to WM. STEWART & SON, Campbellford Stn. Menie P. O., Ont.

Ayrshire Cattle for Quick Sale—

Choice bulls, heifers and cows, imported or Canadian-bred, for immediate sale. Prices very low considering quality. Good teats. Heavy milkers. For particulars write: WILLIAM THORN, Trout Run Stock Farm, Lynedoch, Ont., Norfolk Co.

Stoneycroft Ayrshires

Choice young bulls and heifers of the very best breeding, combining show and dairy quality. Large Improved Yorkshire Pigs from imported sires and dams, now ready to ship. Stoneycroft Stock Farm, Ste. Anne de Bellevue, Que.



Stonehouse Ayrshires.

36 head to select from. All imported or out of imported sire and dam. For sale: females of all ages. Am now booking orders for bull calves. HECTOR GORDON, Howick, Quebec.



Stockwood Ayrshires!

My Ayrshires are producers as well as show stock. For sale are females of all ages. Also my stock bull, Pearlstone, a high-class sire and show bull. Am now booking orders for bull calves. D. M. WATT, ST. LOUIS P. O. & STA., QUE.



Ayrshires and Yorkshires

Our 1908 importation has landed, consisting In females, of 3-year-olds, 2-year-olds, yearlings and calves; in bulls, yearlings, calves; dams records up to 1,100 gals. of milk in Scotland. Write J. Ketsou, South Quebec. We can furnish full show herds of choice ones. All ages on hand, either imported or home-bred. Milk records of all milkers. Pigs from 3 wks. to 4 mos. Phone in residence.

HOARD'S STATION, G. T. R.

ALEX. HUME & CO., MENIE P. O., ONTARIO.

HOWGLFN AYP SH RES!

For sale: 75 pure-bred registered Ayrshires, all ages; prizewinners; many imported. Apply to CLAN P. BLUE, Eustis, Quebec.

AYRSHIRES

Bull and heifer calves from producing dams. Right good ones. Hickory Hill Stock Farm. N. DYMENT, Dundas Station and telegraph. Clappison, Ont.

The American Bison.

The latest report of the American Bison Society (of which Mr. Roosevelt is President, and the Governor-General of Canada Vice-President), gives reasons for hoping that the largest and most picturesque of the North American fauna will not only be saved from extinction, but also enabled to increase and multiply until it can once more be classed in the category of big game, says a correspondent of the London Times. A census of living bison on the continent shows there are 1,116 in more or less close captivity in the United States, and 4.6 such prisoners of civilization in Canada. Of wild bison there are about 300 in the latter country, and only 25 in the former, while the number of "cattaloos" (it is a "portmanteau" word of obvious origin, connoting a cross between bison or "buffalo" and domestic cattle) in the two countries is estimated at 345. In some interesting notes on this census, Professor Hornaday remarks:

"The most important event of 1907 in the life history of the American bison was the action of the Canadian Government in purchasing the entire Pablo-Allard herd of 628 animals and transporting 398 of them to Elk Island Park in Canada. Inasmuch as it was impossible to induce the United States Government to purchase this herd and forever maintain it on the Flathead reservation, the next best thing was that it should pass into the hands of the Canadian Government and be located on the upper half of the former range of the species. In view of the breaking up of the Flathead Indian reservation and its opening to settlement it was no longer possible for Mr. Pablo to maintain his herd either there or elsewhere. The Canadian Government deserves to be sincerely congratulated upon its wisdom, its foresight and its general enterprise in providing \$157,000 for the purchase of the Pablo herd, in addition to the cost of transporting the animals and fencing Elk Island Park."

The remaining 230 bison on the Flathead range (which is in the State of Montana) are now being removed to their new habitation above the national boundary line. The transference has been carried out so far without loss, and the health of the animals—among whom the natural proportion of males and females has been maintained—has not been materially affected. A small herd of 15 head—lately increased to 17 by the birth of two healthy calves—has been established recently at the Wichita Reserve, and the cost of its maintenance has been defrayed by the American Government. But a proposal to form a New York State herd in the Adirondacks, at a cost of \$20,000, though accepted by the two Houses of the State Legislature, was vetoed by the Governor, on the grounds of the many demands on the Treasury, and the doubtful success of the experiment.

Obviously, the task of permanently preserving the bison rests with the Canadian Government; and it is better that it should be so, since Canada is not so closely settled as the United States, has several exclusive areas of the primeval wilderness reserved as national parks, and possesses an efficient and effectively administered system of game preservation. It is out of the question, of course, that the bison will ever become so numerous in Canada as they were in the days of the great Red River hunting parties, when as many as 3,000 men, women and children took part in the summer "running," and the annual "bag" often exceeded 20,000. In the fifties the numerical strength of the northern herd, whose main pasturage was Canada's half of the prairie region, was estimated at four millions; the southern herd, which moved through Texas and the American Southwest, being much smaller. But it is within the bounds of possibility that, 50 years hence, Canada should possess as many bison as, say, there are caribou in Newfoundland. As yet, however, the fate of the small herd of "wood buffalo"—a somewhat smaller species of bison—in Athabasca is not determined. Mr. Ernest Thompson-Seton, who visited the grounds two years ago, saw 35 bison, only three of which were calves, and found evidence for believing that the numerical strength of this small natural herd did not exceed 300. Mr. Howard Douglas, Superintendent of the

Rocky Mountain Park, at Banff, writes a year ago:

"I have got the best information I can procure with regard to the herd remaining wild in the north, and regret having to report that they are decreasing, owing to the timber wolves killing the young calves, so that where there were supposed to be 300 head a few years ago, the estimate now is only about 300, with very little young stock among them, and unless drastic measures are taken soon there will be none left."

This summer and last the Northwest Mounted Police have been protecting the herd, so far as possible. But timber wolves, the numbers of which seem to be increasing in all parts of the Dominion, for some unknown reason, are not easily checked.

It is to be hoped that it will be possible to preserve the American bison in his native pastures. There is no more magnificent creature among the pensioners of humanity. Many who read this article will remember the oldest of the bulls in the huge paddock, with its 12-ft. fence, under the steep shaggy flank of Cascade Mountain, in the Banff reservation. For 30 years Sir Donald (he was named after Lord Strathcona, his original owner) was king of the herd, but in 1902 one of the younger bulls deprived him of the leadership, after a terrific struggle, lasting one whole morning. The former lost a horn in the final charge, and, since that was the end of warfare for him, he became a solitary wanderer in the gloomy groves, and a widower in the tenth degree. Alone among living bison he was old enough to remember the Red River "buffalo runners." Would that M. Rodin could have set forth the grim pathos of this deposed monarch, his burden of grievances and memories, in terms of porphyry. The great difficulty with which those who are endeavoring to renew in some measure the strength of the bison have to contend is the factor of inbreeding. Except in the case of the Pablo-Allard herd, of which I hear very hopeful accounts, this factor cannot be eliminated in the long run. Still, there is hope that the Canadian Government will succeed in the task it has undertaken, and that we shall see other Sir Donalds in the future.

TRADE TOPICS.

MOLASSINE MEAL, an English stock food advertised in this paper, is highly spoken of by many who have used it as a part of the ration for cattle, sheep and swine, having an excellent influence on the digestive organs and conserving the general healthfulness of the animals while causing rapid increase of weight in fattening stock, a large flow of milk in dairy cows, and steady growth in young animals.

A SUCCESSFUL STOCK FARM.—H. G. McMillan, proprietor Lakewood Farm, Cedar Rapids, Iowa, under date of October 29, 1907, writes:—"To whom it may concern: For several years we have used Absorbine at Lakewood Farm with splendid results. It is one of the very best remedies we have ever used to reduce any kind of a bunch or bruise on the ankle, stifle or hock. In many cases we have entirely cured valuable horses that had received serious injuries to the joints. At Lakewood Farm, Absorbine is always kept in the medicine chest." Absorbine penetrates to the seat of the trouble promptly and effectually, without blistering or removing the hair. Does not require the horse to be laid up. Mild in its action, but positive in its results. It will give you satisfaction. \$2.00 a bottle at druggists or express paid. W. F. Young, P. D. F., 73 Monument St., Springfield, Mass. Canadian Agency, Lyman, Sons & Co., 380 St. Paul St., Montreal, Que., Can.

HER RESPONSIBILITY REALIZED.

Mrs. J.'s patience was much tried by a servant who had the habit of standing around with her mouth open. One day, as the maid waited upon the table, her mouth was open as usual, and her mistress said: "Mary, your mouth is open." "Yassum," replied Mary; "I opened it."

Have You Suspected Your Kidneys as the Cause of Your Trouble

If you have backache, swelling of the feet and ankles, frequent or suppressed urine, painful sensation when urinating, specks floating before the eyes, great thirst, brick-dust deposit in the urine, or anything wrong with the urinary organs, then your kidneys are affected.

It is really not difficult to cure kidney trouble in its first stages. All you have to do is give DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS a trial.

They are the most effective remedy to be had for all kidney and urinary troubles.

Mrs. Alfred LeBlanc, Black Cape, Que., writes:—I feel it my duty to say a word about your Doan's Kidney Pills. I suffered dreadful pain across my back so bad I could not stoop or bend. After having used two boxes I feel now most completely cured thanks to your pills. I highly recommend Doan's Kidney Pills.

Price 50 cents per box or 3 boxes for \$1.25, at all dealers, or sent direct on receipt of price by The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

CLAYFIELD Buy now of the Champion Cotswold Flock of America, 1906. Flock headers, ranch rams, ewes of different ages. All of first-class quality, and prices reasonable. Write, or call on J. C. ROSS, Box 61, Jarvis, Ont.

DORSET HORN RAMS. Having sold all the ewes we can spare this fall, we have several shearing rams and ram lambs that will go at bargain for quick sale. A. S. FORSTER, OAKVILLE, ONT.

Locust Lodge Leicesters. Bred for size, wool and quality. Breeding stock for sale. All ages and both sexes. Write for prices. C. & E. WOOD, Freeman P. O., Ont. Burlington Jct. station.

SHROPSHIRE

Flock of the most approved type. We offer good animals at reasonable prices.

W. D. MONKMAN, BOND HEAD, ONT.

A London urchin ran into a baker shop, and, placing a half-penny on the counter, asked nervously and timidly: "Mister, 'ave you a 'alf-penny buster (bun)?"

"Yes, my little man, here is one quite hot."

"Thanks, mister, would you mind a-shovin' it down my back?"

"Down your back, my little man! Why down your back?"

"Cos, sir, I'm only a little 'un, and if those chaps outside know I've a buster they'll take it, and I am so 'ungry, I am."

"Dear me; how wrong of them! Come around here, my little chap. There—there, it is down your back."

The boy ran off. In an instant another entered—a bigger boy.

"I say, mister, 'as a little boy just been in 'ere?"

"Yes."

"And did 'e buy a 'alf-penny buster?"

"Yes."

"And did 'e ask you to shove it down 'is back, as us big fellows would take it?"

"Yes."

"Yah! Where's your watch and chain? 'E's got 'em; 'e's just around the corner."

Out rushed the baker. In a trice the big fellow collared the till and bolted.

The shopman never saw the comic side of it at all.

GOSSIP.

THE ESSENTIALS OF A GOOD COW TIE.

The method of tying cows is important. A satisfactory cow tie is one that will secure the cow safely, keep her clean, and get at the same time allow as much freedom of the head as possible. There are two general means of tying cows in the stable, one is by a chain hooked about the neck, and either fastened to the manger board, or, preferably, sliding up and down on a rod or pole; the other is by means of stanchions. A chain tie properly arranged allows considerable freedom to the cow. She can move the head up and down readily enough, and do most of the other things which a cow tied up needs to do, but it has a number of disadvantages, chief of which is that by allowing the cow to move forwards and backwards it increases the chances of soiling her bed. On the whole, the chain tie does not seem to be so much favored nowadays as the stanchion.

A swing stanchion, fastened at the top and bottom with a short chain, answers every requirement for convenient, safe and comfortable tie, and can be installed at a moderate cost.

NEW JERSEY STALLION BILL.

Governor Fort, of New Jersey, has signed a bill appropriating \$20,000 for the improvement of horse-breeding in that State. A commission, whose personnel must combine integrity, intelligence and a practical understanding of the subject, has been appointed to put the law into effect. An examining board has been selected from among these gentlemen, whose duty it is to inspect all stallions standing for service—either public or private—and rendering a decision as to their fitness for breeding purposes. Stallions not approved by this board will be condemned as regards their employment for breeding purposes. The violation of the law as laid down in this bill will result in a fine of \$50 for the first offence, and \$100 for the second, according to a recent issue of the Rider & Driver. This is a very progressive stride for the breed of horses in the State of New Jersey—and is one worthy of emulation in States where horse-breeding is either a prospective or established industry. It is also hoped that this will have a tendency to increase interest in the breeding classes of horse shows and other exhibitions.

PHOSPHATE FOR HOGS.

The farmer who has provided himself with a few bags of raw ground phosphate rock will find it an excellent thing to sprinkle a little on the floor of the pen every day. The hogs will root for it greedily. Two years ago, says Hoard's Dairyman, we studied the phosphate experiment made with pigs at the Wisconsin Experiment Station. It was most convincing of the truth of the statement we have made. Three pens of pigs, of three each, were taken for the experiment. One lot was fed as farmers ordinarily feed hogs; the second lot was fed the same as the first, except that a little phosphate was added to their food daily. The effect was astonishing in the increased vigor and strength of the second lot. But it was with the third lot that the full truth was unfolded.

This lot was fed food from which all the phosphate had been extracted, but the process left all other elements, such as the nitrogen and potash, in full strength. The effect of this loss of phosphate on these pigs was very striking. They were stunted in size, though well covered with fat, and at the stage of the experiment we saw them they could not stand on their legs a minute. Get one of them upon his feet for a moment and he would commence to falter at once.

Here was a lesson in the principles of nutrition that was very valuable to the man who can take it in. Phosphorus is one of the most important elements we have for the support of the brain, nerve and bone in animal life, and for seed growth in plants.

We have always noticed that our own hogs will at once commence to root in and eat the ground phosphate when we sprinkle it on the floor of their pens. A small handful each day to each hog is valuable for the animal and the greater efficiency of the manure.

DEERSKINS

CONSIGNMENTS SOLICITED. HIGH PRICES.

SHIP DOWN TO 1 SKIN. **BEAR US IN MIND** SHIP FROM 1 SKIN UP.

E. T. Carter & Co., 84 Front St., East, Toronto

Shropshires, Cotswolds Oxford Down Sheep

I am now offering a lot of large, well-covered rams. They weigh from 160 to 200 lbs. each. Also shearing ewes, ram lambs and ewe lambs, of both breeds, fitted for showing.

JOHN MILLER, BROUGHAM, ONT. Claremont station, C. P. R. **Henry Arkell & Son, Arkell, Ontario.** Arkell, C. P. R. Guelph, G. T. R.

Belmont Shropshires!
THE CHAMPION FLOCK OF CANADA.
Just arrived at the farm: We believe, the best selection of Shropshires ever imported from Britain. If you want flock headers, show rams, field and show ewes and lambs at moderate prices, visit the Belmont Farm and inspect our flock. We import Welsh cobs and Shetland ponies.
J. G. Hamner & C. Hodgson, Props. Belmont Stock Farm, Box 92, Brantford, Ont.

SOUTHDOWNS AND COLLIES. 10 good yearling rams, including the first and third prize winners at London. Also some good breeding ewes, which must be sold, as the flock is being reduced. Long-distance Telephone. **ROBT. McEWEN, Byron, Ont.** Ry. Stn., London, Ont.

Sheep Breeders' Associations Linden Oxfords!

American Shropshire Registry Association, the largest live-stock organization in the world. Richard Gibson, President, Delaware, Canada. Address correspondence to MORTIMER LEVERING, Secretary, Lafayette, Indiana.

POPULAR LODGE SOUTHDOWNS AND BERKSHIRES.—At right prices, 2 aged, 3 shearing rams, 2 ram lambs. Flock headers. Berkshires all ages, both sexes. Ideal type. Correct description guaranteed. S. Lemon, Kettleby, Ont., P. O. and Sta., also Aurora Sta. Long-distance phone.

R. J. HINE, DUTTON, ONT.

OXFORD DOWN RAMS

For sale. A choice lot of yearling rams and ram lambs at close prices. **W. A. BRYANT, CAIRNGORM, ONT.**

MAPLE SHADE FARM

Will sell 24 excellent shearing SHROPSHIRE EWES, also 6 thick shearing rams. All are by an imported ram and from imported ewes, and would be splendid sheep for foundation of new flocks. They are offered at a reasonable price, either in one lot or in smaller flocks. Come and inspect, or write. **JOHN DRYDEN & SON, Brooklin, Ont.** Long-distance telephone.

Stations: Brooklin, G. T. R.; Myrtle, C. P. R.

I CAN FURNISH JUST NOW A LARGE NUMBER OF EXTRA GOOD Shropshire and Cotswold Rams

A large number of extra good Shropshire and Cotswold ewes, twelve months old. And a few very high-class Shorthorn bulls and heifers. Any of which will be sold at moderate prices. **ROBERT MILLER, STOUFFVILLE, ONT.**

Springbank Oxford Down Sheep IF INTERESTED IN Call and see my flock at Riverview Stock Farm. Short horns and Dorset Sheep.

10 superior yearling rams, 1 two-shear ram, 1 imp. shearing. Good flock headers. 13 choice ram lambs by noted imp. sire. Prices reasonable. **H. BARTLETT, Kimbe P. O., Ont., Lincoln Co.** Grassies Station, T. H. & B., 2 miles; Grimsby Station, G. T. R., 6 miles.

Wm. Barnett & Son, Living Springs P. O., Ont. Fergus, C. P. R. and G. T. R.

COMPLETE PRINTING OUTFIT
For Selling Picture Postcards 6 for 10c.
Boys, you can start a little print shop and turn out some real fine work, too. You will find everything needed—Self-inking Press, Font of Metal Type, Register, Ink, Treasures, Cards, Composing Frame, a two-drawer Oak Cabinet, and very complete instructions. All this you can get by selling only \$3.00 worth of the levellest picture postcards ever seen in Canada—views of famous places, noted buildings and beautiful scenery, all colored. In the stores these cards sell at 4 for 10c. At our price, 6 for 10c, they go like hot cakes. Try them and you will soon have this splendid outfit. Just say you will do your best to sell the cards, and write your name and address plainly. The Gold Medal Premium Company, Card Dept. 14 A Toronto.

EARN THIS DANDY AIR RIFLE

6 for 10c. It is a Single Shot "Daisy" nickel plated steel barrel and breech, peep sights, polished walnut stock, pistol grip; shoots buckshot, slugs or darts with great force and perfect aim. Just the thing for target practice, crows, squirrels, rabbits and all sorts of small game. We give you one for selling only \$3.00 worth of the levellest colored picture postcards ever seen in Canada; views of famous places, noted buildings and beautiful scenery, 6 cards for only 10c. They go like hot cakes. 22-calibre Cartridge Rifle for selling \$5 worth. Send your name and address plainly written. The Gold Medal Premium Co., Card Dept. 14 A Toronto.

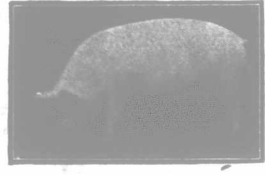
GOSSIP.

GUELPH SHORTHORN SALE.

Following is a synopsis of the breeding of the Shorthorns to be sold by auction at Guelph, on Wednesday, Nov. 4th, the property of Messrs. John Watt & Son, J. L. & J. G. Gibb, and A. E. Meyer, leading breeders of Scotch Shorthorns in Canada. For fifty years the Watt herd has sustained an enviable reputation as a herd of the highest standard of excellence, second to none, and this is almost the first opportunity the public has had to get at their own price representatives from this herd, carrying the blood of the great sires, Royal Sailor, (imp.) and Barmpton Hero. Following is their consignment: Red two-year-old heifer, by Barmpton's Royal =60834=, dam Duchess 42nd (imp.); a roan four-year-old, English Lady, by Imp. Viceroy, dam English Lady 12th, by Imp. Royal Sailor; she is in calf to Imp. Pride of Scotland. A red two-year-old by Royal Star, a son of Imp. Royal Victor, dam Merry Lass 8th (imp.); she is in calf to Queenston Archer 3rd. A red two-year-old Mysie, by Royal Star, dam Varna, a granddaughter of Royal Sailor, in calf to Queenston Archer 3rd. A red-roan two-year-old, by Imp. Good Morning, dam English Lady 6th. A red two-year-old, by Duke of Richmond, by Royal Archer (imp.), dam Idylwyld, a Strathallan. A red yearling, by Heatherman, a son of Imp. Merchantman, dam English Lady 18th, by Imp. Royal Victor. A red yearling, Strathallan, by Heatherman, dam Idylwyld. A roan yearling, Crimson Flower, by Heatherman, dam Minnie Sailor, by Royal Sailor (imp.). Last is a red yearling bull, by Imp. Pride of Scotland, dam English Lady 22nd, by Coming Star, a son of Imp. Royal Victor. These are an exceptionally choice lot of young things, up-to-date in type and quality; show stuff among them. J. L. & J. G. Gibb are the owners of a rare nice herd, nearly all their breeding cows being imported, richly-bred, and of high-class quality. Their offering is as follows: In females, a roan two-year-old, by Imp. Gold Cup, dam Imp. Dorris 3rd; she is in calf to the Roan Lady bull, Woodfield Champion. A red yearling by Trout Creek Wonder, a son of Imp. Prince Sunbeam, and out of Imp. Lavender Rose 2nd; (this bull is at the head of the Gibb herd, and is a thick, good kind); this heifer's dam is Imp. Dorris 3rd, making her a half-sister to the above two-year-old. A roan one-year-old, Jealousy, by Trout Creek Wonder, dam Jealous Prin-

Large English Yorkshires

Pigs of the most approved type, of both sexes, all ages, for sale at all times. We have more imported animals in our herd than all other breeders in Canada combined. We won more first prizes at the large shows this year than all other breeders combined. We won every first but one and all silver medals and Bacon prizes at Toronto and London, in the breeding classes except two; also supplied both champions and grand champions. Prices reasonable.



and at St. Louis we furnished all the first-prize hogs in the breeding classes except two; also supplied both champions and grand champions. Prices reasonable.

D. C. FLATT & SON, Millgrove, Ont.

CEDAR LODGE YORKSHIRES

100 head of brood sows, imp. and the product of imp. stock, weighing from 500 to 800 lbs. each. Stock hogs by imported sires and dams, very large and full of quality. Young stock of both sexes constantly on hand for sale. Pairs not akin. Satisfaction guaranteed.

P. O. COLLINS, Bowesville P. O., Ontario
Manotick Sta., C. P. R.

PINE GROVE BERKSHIRES.

Bred from imp. and Canadian-bred sires and dams, which are of choicest breeding. Stock, all ages, for sale. Some imp. in dam. Guaranteed as represented.

W. W. BROWNIDGE, Ashgrove, Ont.
Milton, C. P. R. Georgetown, G. T. R.

MAPLE GROVE YORKSHIRES

A choice lot of boars fit for service. A few sows bred and ready to breed. Young pigs of both sexes and all ages. We have one type, and that the most approved. We sell on the purchaser's approval. Satisfaction guaranteed. H. S. McDIARMID, Fingal P.O., Ont. Shedden Sta.

MONKLAND YORKSHIRES

are the easily-fed, quick-maturing kind. The sort the farmers want. All ages for sale. 100 sows bred now.

JAMES WILSON & SONS, FERGUS, ONTARIO.

Duroc-Jersey Swine and Leicester sheep. 25 one and two shear ewes, 3 shearing rams, and this year's crop of ram lambs. Also sows in pig, and sows ready to breed; boars fit for service, and pigs ready to wean. Mac Campbell & Sons, Harwich, Ont.

OHIO IMPROVED CHESTER WHITES.—Largest strains. Oldest-established registered herd in Canada. Young sows in farrow. Choice pigs 6 weeks to 6 months old. Pairs furnished not akin. Express charges prepaid. Pedigrees and safe delivery guaranteed. E. D. GEORGE Putnam, Ont.

ELMFIELD YORKSHIRES 50 young pigs for sale, both sexes. Young sows bred to imported boar, also sows to Canadian-bred boar due to farrow about 1st October. G. B. Muma, Ayr, Ont. Ayr, C. P. R.; Paris, G. T. R.

Maplehurst Herd of Tamworth Swine, Bronze Turkeys, Toulouse Geese, Pekin Ducks, S. C. W. Leghorns. Tamworths of excellent breeding and ideal bacon type. Herd won sweepstakes at Toronto and London, 1905-6-7-8; winnings at World's Fair, St. Louis, 1904—sweepstakes aged and junior herd, and two grand championships. Apply to: D. DOUGLAS & SONS, MITCHELL, ONTARIO.

SUNNYMOUNT BERKSHIRES

For Sale: A few boars fit for heavy service. JOHN McLEOD, MILTON, ONTARIO. Importer and Breeder. Post office and stations, C. P. R. and G. T. R.

WILLOWDALE BERKSHIRES.

On account of the scarcity of help, and selling part of my show herd at Toronto, I was unable to attend London Exhibition. Sorry! but hope to meet you next year. J. J. Wilson, Milton, Ont.

Newcastle Tamworths and Short-horns.—For

Sale: 90 spring pigs, both sexes; boars fit for service; sows ready to breed and sows bred to Imp. Cholderton Golden Secret, descendants of Colwill's Choice and Newcastle Warrior, both Toronto champions. Also several Short-horns; females of high class. Prices right, quality considered. A. A. COLWILL, Newcastle, Ont.

Morrison Tamworths, Short-horns and Clydesdales.

Tamworths from Toronto winners. Either sex. Any age. Sows bred and ready to breed. Pairs not akin. CHAS. CURRIE, Morrison, Ont. Shaw Sta., C. P. R.

"For my part," said one, "I think Fred is very bright and capable. I am confident he will succeed." "Yes," replied the other, "he is certainly a worthy young man, but I doubt whether he has head enough to fill his father's shoes."

cess, by Imp. Prince Sunbeam. A white yearling Roan Lady, by Trout Creek Wonder, dam Imp. Proud Lovely. A white junior yearling, full sister to the above, a show heifer of a high order. In bulls there are a red yearling by Trout Creek Wonder, dam Trout Creek Missie 20th, by Imp. Republican, also a Missie. A roan yearling by same sire, dam Village Bird, by Imp. Royal Sailor. A roan junior yearling, by same sire, dam Princess Fairy, by Imp. Chief Ruler. A red yearling, by same sire, dam Roan Lady 5th (imp.). A roan yearling, by same sire, dam Cinderella 9th (imp.). Among this lot are several put up on show lines; a high-class lot. No introduction is necessary for Mr. A. E. Meyer, the high-class character of his herd being too well known to need comment. His offering is: In females, a four-year-old Brawith Bud, by the C. Clipper bull, Imp. Chief of Stars; she has a calf at foot by Bellman, a son of Imp. Merchantman. A roan eight months of age, a C. Jay, by Imp. Magstrand; a show heifer. A red yearling, C. Bessie, by Imp. Scottish Hero, dam by Imp. Royal Prince. A red yearling, Bruce Mayflower, by Imp. Scottish Hero, dam by Imp. Merchantman. A red yearling, Lovelace, by Imp. Rustic Chief, dam Imp. Lettice. A roan yearling, English Lady, by the Kiblean Beauty bull, Heatherman, a son of Imp. Merchantman, dam by Imp. Viceroy. A roan yearling, C. Bessie, by Imp. Scottish Hero, dam by Imp. Chief of Stars. In bulls there is a white yearling, by Imp. Scottish Hero, dam Imp. Rosabel, a C. Belona. All the animals in this combined offering are of such a standard of excellence that they will be a decided acquisition to any herd to which they may go.

MAPLEHURST TAMWORTHS.

The Maplehurst herd of Tamworth swine, the property of D. Douglas & Sons, Mitchell, Ont., holds the unique honor of winning practically all the herd prizes hung up at Toronto, London and Ottawa for several years past, besides the very large majority of senior and junior first prizes and championships in both the male and female classes. This is certainly a remarkable showing, and one to be justly proud of. At present the herd is something over 100 strong, both sexes, and all ages, the breeding sows ranging in weight from 500 to 1,000 lbs., and the stock boars along about the same. This massiveness, coupled with a type that makes the packer's heart glad, constitutes an aggregation of this noted bacon breed the equal of any other herd in the world. And when it is considered that practically every animal in the herd is bred from prizewinning stock on both sides for generations back, the phenomenal success of the herd in the show-rings, not only in Canada, but across the border as well, causes no wonder or surprise. At the present time for sale are a large number of both sexes, and any age desired; pairs that are not closely enough allied to interfere with their being crossed, and, if desired, there are for sale first-prize and championship winners, high-class types of the breed, fit to enter any showing in the world. But Tamworths are not the only line or breeding in which the Messrs. Douglas excel. Their Toulouse geese, Pekin ducks, Mammoth Bronze turkeys and White Single-comb Leghorns are among the best in the land, as proof of which we have only to remind our readers that at the late Toronto Exhibition they won three firsts and one second on four entries of Toulouse geese; one first and three seconds on four entries of Pekin ducks; second on Bronze gobbler in one-year-old class, and first on Leghorn in a class of 30 entries. Your stock are for sale of all the above breeds.

Vol. 14 of the (English) Kent or Romney Marsh Flockbook, recently issued, has been received at this office, for which thanks are tendered the Secretary and editor, Mr. W. W. Chapman, Mowbray House, Norfolk, Strand, London. The volume contains pedigree records of rams numbering from 20423 to 22830, ewes from 209 to 1587, and flocks from 1 to 147, the number of breeding ewes now registered being 32,199. The by-laws, rules and regulations, and a list of members of the society are also included.

WEAK MEN, HERE'S HELP FOR YOU!



Dr. McLaughlin:

Dear Sir,—I am writing to let you know that your Belt, that I bought from you a year ago, did all that you claimed for it. It cured me of all my troubles.

Yours very truly, LEON RALFE.

If you are skeptical, all I ask is reasonable security for the price of the Belt, and

PAY WHEN YOU ARE CURED

The Dr. McLaughlin Electric Belt cures Indigestion, Constipation, Weakness of the Liver and Kidneys, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Sciatica; overcomes the effects of exhaustive habits—every sign of weakness in men or women. It puts new Life and Energy into the Nervous System. Ginger up! Use this Belt and become a Man!

Call at my office or send me this coupon and I will mail you my 80-page FREE BOOK. It points the way to Health and Prosperity.

Take my Electric Belt for what it will do for you. Wear it when you sleep at night, or while you are resting after your work. You will find it a vitalizer, a tonic to your nerves, a rejuvenator of waning vitality. Use it for any ailment which drugs have failed to cure, and you will never cease praising it.

I claim that I can cure you weak men; that I can pump new life into worn-out bodies; that I can cure your pains and aches, limber up your joints, and make you feel as frisky and vigorous as ever you did in your life. That's claiming a good deal, but I have a good remedy, and know it well enough to take all the risk.

I Restore Men to Unimpaired Vitality, with Strong Body, Strong Mind, Strong Nerves, Strong Will.

Few men are really as strong and vigorous as they ought to be. Hard work or worry, or the hustle of modern life, is overtaxing the resources of many. Past indiscretions or excesses, and other private diseases, have undermined the constitutions of still others—few men are the men they ought to be.

This is why the wealth of the world is concentrated in the hands of the few. Except in cases of inherited wealth, the wealthy men, the successful men, are healthy men—men with strong body, strong nerves, strong will, strong mind. They are the men who have carefully observed the laws of nature and guarded their strength and health.

Dr. McLaughlin:

Dear Sir,—I received the Belt all right, and am very pleased with it. It has done me a lot of good, and I would not be without it now. I only wish I could have got it before. I remain, Yours truly, E. MAJOR.

DR. M. S. McLAUGHLIN,
112 Yonge St., Toronto, Can.
Please send me your book, free.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

Office Hours—9 a.m. to 6 p.m. Wednesdays and Saturdays until 8.30 p.m.