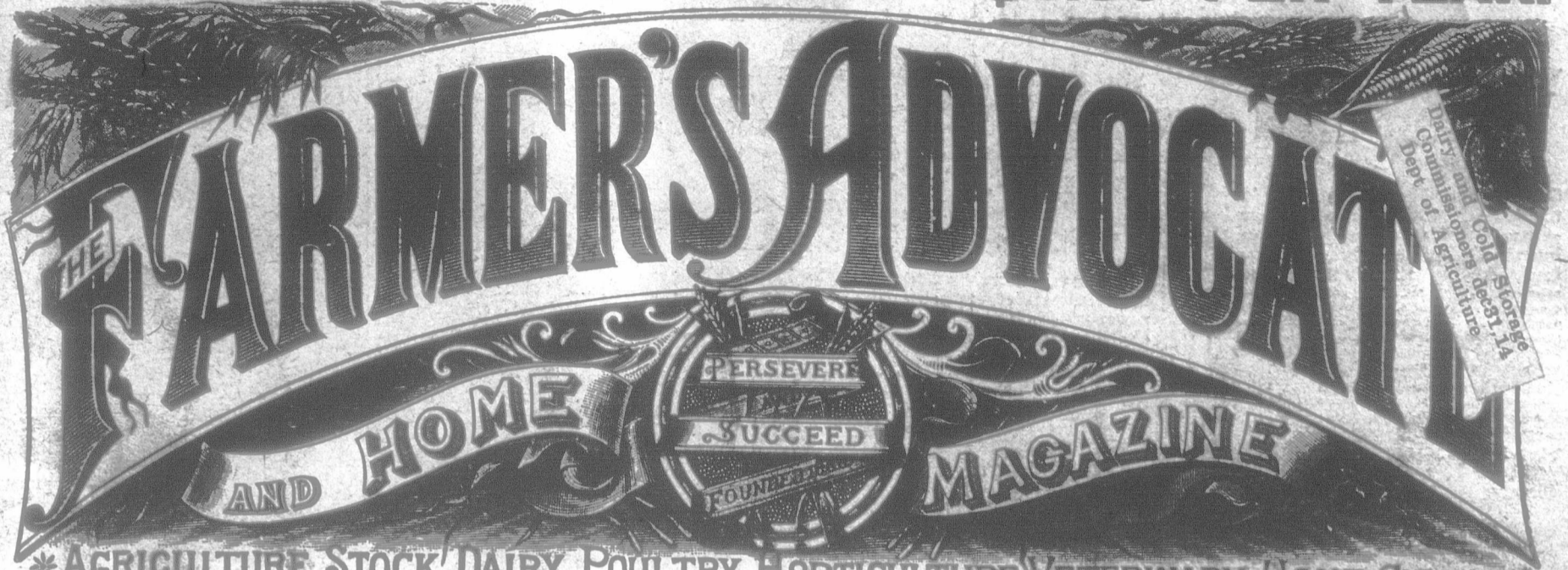


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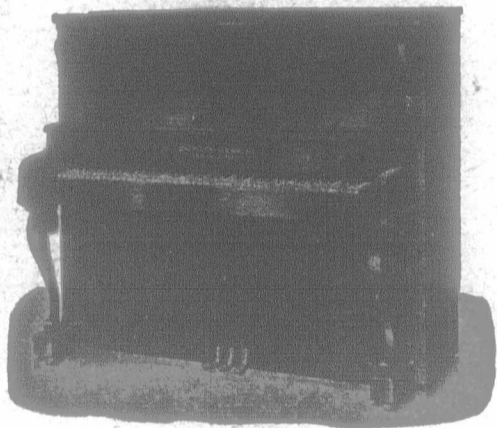
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Vol. XLIX.

LONDON, ONTARIO, AUGUST 20, 1914.

No. 1143

Buy a Special Exhibition Piano at "Factory-to-Purchaser" Price and Save \$100



Louis XV—Style 105.



Colonial—Style 70.

This is your opportunity to get an Exhibition instrument, not merely at the price usually charged for a first-class piano, but actually \$100 less.

We are preparing a special stock for the Canadian National Exhibition, Toronto, and Western Fair, London. Because of their rare beauty of case and finish and for the reason that extra work has been put on them, these are particularly desirable

instruments to own, even at the regular prices. When you can buy one for a full \$100 less, you will agree that here is an opportunity indeed.

1,200 Canadian families bought Sherlock-Manning instruments during the past year. This big business is the natural result of our downright straightforward policy "Give the people an A.1 quality at a closer price than anyone else can offer." Therefore, you see, it pays us to undertake that every buyer gets, in the

Sherlock - Manning 20TH CENTURY PIANO

"Canada's Biggest Piano Value"

By writing us at once, you will be able to get one of our splendid exhibition samples, and we will deliver it to you either at once from the exhibition stock now ready, or else straight from the exhibition when it is over.

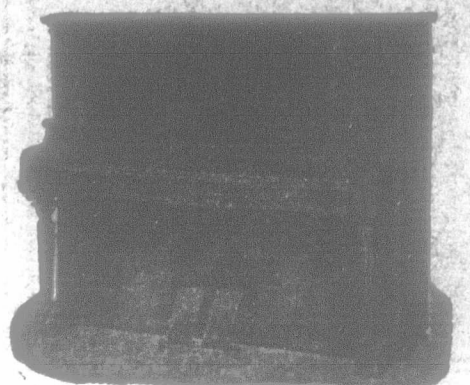
There is always a keen demand for our annual exhibition stock, so write in early and avoid disappointment. All our pianos have every standard high-grade feature found in first-class instruments only. This applies to actions, strings, hammers, every part without exception. That's why we give a 10-year guarantee with every piano sold. Sherlock-Manning pianos are built to last, not merely to sell. We refer you to any one of thousands of satisfied buyers.

In case you don't want to pay all cash, we will arrange convenient terms, also take in exchange any second-hand piano or organ you now have.

Write Dept. 4 for our handsome Art Catalogue L, and be sure to mention the special exhibition stock, so that we may reserve one for you.



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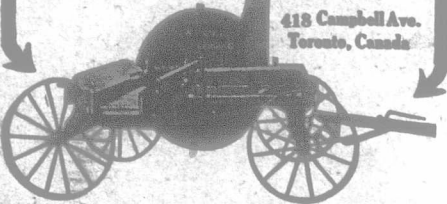
SHERLOCK-MANNING PIANO CO.
LONDON (No Street Address Necessary) CANADA

TRADE MARK
Wilkinson Climax B
 REGISTERED
Ensilage and Straw Cutter

Our "B" machine, built especially for the farmer. A combination machine—it will cut and deliver green corn into the highest silo or dry straw or hay into the mow. 12-inch throat, rolls raise 6 inches and set close to knives—solid, compact cutting surface. Can change cut without stopping. Can be reversed instantly. Direct pneumatic delivery. Knife wheel carries fans. No lodging, everything cut, wheel always in balance. Steel fan case.

Made in two styles—mounted or unmounted. We also make larger type machine for custom work. Ask your dealer about this well-known machine and write us for new catalog showing all styles.

THE BATEMAN-WILKINSON CO., LIMITED
 418 Campbell Ave.
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GOES LIKE SIXTY SELLS LIKE SIXTY


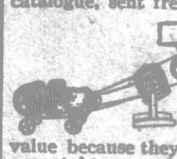

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are made in all sizes, for all purposes, priced from \$45.00 upwards. They have exclusive patented service features, not found in any other engine—fully described in our catalogue, sent free.

"Goes Like Sixty" Engines, are made for, and purchased by men of superior judgment and discrimination. They know that Gilson Engines are greater value because they have service features that cannot be secured elsewhere.

If you need an engine, and do not buy one, you are paying for it anyway. When you get a Gilson Engine, in reality you do not pay for it—it pays for itself. Do not buy an engine until you have investigated further. Send for catalogue.

Gilson Manufacturing Co., Ltd.
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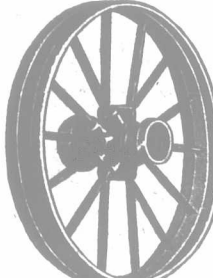
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For full information as to terms, regulations and settlers' rates, write to

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Save Time, Power and Labor Filling Your Silo

The Papec Pneumatic Ensilage Cutter is the one blower type of cutter that can be successfully operated with as little power as a 4 h. p. gasoline engine. Many owners of Papec Cutters will back us up in this statement. Read Mr. Carter's letter:—

Flint, Mich., Sept. 12, 1913

Papec Machine Co., Shortsville, N. Y.

Gentlemen:—After using a number of different ensilage cutters, I finally purchased a Style "D," 3 knife Papec Ensilage Cutter and will say that it will cut more corn and elevate it higher, with less power, than any cutter I ever saw. I am now filling a Natco Imperishable Silo 24 x 52 feet—the largest silo ever sold in Michigan. On account of the experience I have had with other cutters, I wish to say that anyone who contemplates purchasing a silo filler, should by all means buy a Papec.

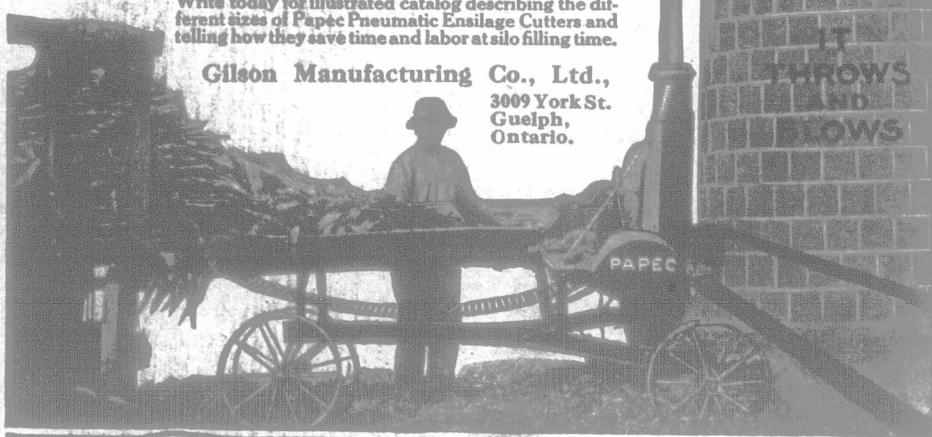
(Signed) Mortimer Carter, Route 5, Flint, Mich.

THE PAPEC ENSILAGE CUTTER

is not chain driven but transmits all the power through heavy gears. It is a machine of few parts—nothing to get out of order or cause repair bills. The "Papec" cuts silage fine and uniform and elevates it to the top of the highest silo in a steady full stream. The throwing, blowing, lifting force carries the silage rapidly up into the silo where it is distributed evenly and packs perfectly. This keeps the ensilage sweet and succulent.

Write today for illustrated catalog describing the different sizes of Papec Pneumatic Ensilage Cutters and telling how they save time and labor at silo filling time.

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"Canada's Greatest Fall Live-stock and Poultry Show"

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Entries Close Sept. 4

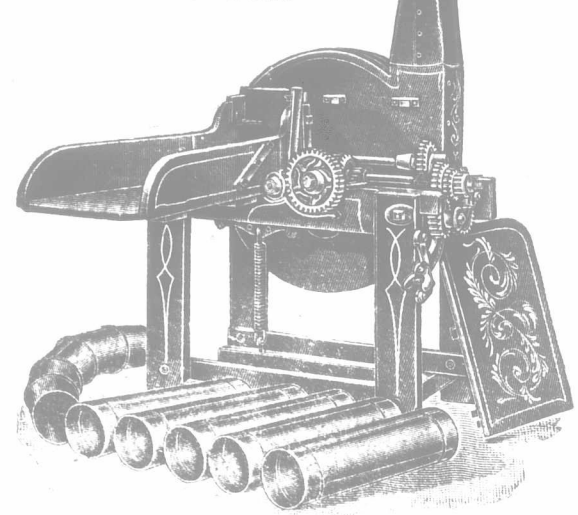
\$20,000.00 Accommodation for 2,500 Head IN PRIZES

All freight paid upon entries of live stock from the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec.

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When Filling Your Silo

you want a CORN CUTTER and BLOWER that will do the work and do it right.

Our No. 7 BLOWER CUTTING BOX (10-inch mouth) will do BETTER WORK, QUICKER and CHEAPER than most others.

You can easily fill 35-foot silos with our No. 7 and a 6 h.-p. engine.

Write for full particulars. Our prices will interest you.

DICK AGRICULTURAL WORKS
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DICK LEVER PLOW WHEELS



OUR LEVER WHEEL Attachment will fit nearly all plows. This Attachment is superior to all others, in that, by the lever you can change the depth of the furrow and in finishing the last furrow, you can throw the land wheel up over the plowed land, whilst with other wheels you have to unscrew a set screw and take off the land wheel in order to finish the last furrow. Another advantage is, the land wheel is opposite the point of the share, thus allowing the plow to go down and take up low places. The wheels are easily adjusted to the width of the furrow.

Write for full particulars and illustrated catalogue of everything we manufacture.

Buy from us and you save middleman's profit.

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Aug. 29th to Sept. 14th

\$55,000 in Prizes

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Prize list specially arranged to give the small exhibitor a chance.

ENTRIES CLOSE AUG. 15

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YOUR yield of FALL WHEAT

will be more healthy, more abundant, and give larger returns if you use

STONE'S FERTILIZERS

Made from the highest quality of ingredients—thoroughly mixed—well cured—will not clog in the drill.

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LIVE AGENTS WANTED

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YOU NEED A FEED COOKER!

Strong, galvanized steel trough sits right over fire. Cooks quickly. Easy on fuel. Three sizes. Write for catalogue.

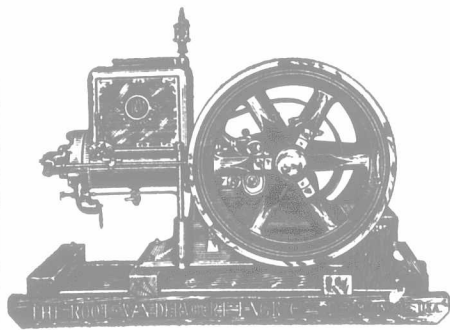
The Steel Trough and Machine Co., Ltd.
 Tweed, Ont.



John Deere Farm Implements

Standard Wherever Used

"R & V" Gasoline Engines



R. & V. Gasoline Engines are equipped with an extra ring over the piston pin. This is one of the desirable features found on all R. & V. "Triumph" Engines. Its value is well understood by all gasoline engine users, as it prevents scoring or ruining of cylinder. This, and other features make the "Triumph" the best gasoline engine for the farm.

The "Triumph" is the neatest, most compact, smoothest running and durable engine on the market. It is easy to start, and absolutely safe to operate in either house or barn as it meets with all requirements of the Fire Insurance Underwriters. It always develops the rated horsepower.

When you buy an engine, get one upon which you can depend. The engine that costs the least when purchased is by no means the most economical to run. The engine that lasts the longest, wastes no fuel, runs smoothly and with the least trouble is the cheapest in the long run. The R. & V. "Triumph" is just such an engine.

Other Features

The "Triumph" is made in sizes 1, 2, 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 H. P., stationary and portable. Cylinder is detachable, making it easy and cheap to replace. Die cast babbit bearings are used on the "Triumph". Gasoline is in sub-base, making a neat, compact engine. Improved double fly ball governor permits of close speed regulation. Speed can be varied to 30 per cent. without stopping engine. Engine is hopper cooled and therefore does not require the tank, pipes and fittings used on engines with other styles of water cooling systems.

Ask your local John Deere dealer to show you the "Triumph" or write us for free attractive booklet "Letting Gasoline Do It" which shows how a gasoline engine will save you money.

John Deere Self Feed Pull Power Press

The press that can be set at the middle of the stack, the most convenient point to pitch to. It will successfully bale any kind of fibrous material that can be held together with two or three wires.

Rapid Work

More rapid work is possible with this press than others of its kind because it is a pull-power press. There is no high dangerous pitman for horses to step over. No heavy pitman to move back and forth means not only less work for the horses, but more rapid work. Pull-power delivers bales to the front out of the dust and dirt.

Self-feed increases capacity. Twelve to eighteen tons, or even more, can be turned out daily. The large feed opening and the compound leverage power being greater permit the use of a short sweep which gives plunger more strokes and increases its capacity.



John Deere Self Feed Pull Power Press

Neat Work

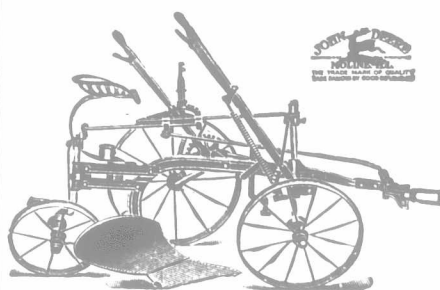
Neat, well-pressed bales bring the best price. The self-feed on this press carries hay well down into baling chamber, and the automatic folding tucker and powerful plunger insure neat, square-ended, well-pressed bales.

A Press That Lasts

Frame is practically all steel with its different parts riveted together. Baling chamber is large and made of three-inch steel angles. Sides are heavy steel and entire baling chamber is practically one solid mold of steel. Tying case is of sufficient height to allow person tying bales to stand up and easily reach over.

Your John Deere dealer will be glad to show you these implements.

John Deere Eastern Stag Sulky and Gang



Made with the fewest parts—no frame. Strongest plow of its type made. Weight properly distributed—no drag on bottom.

Steady running—wheels attached directly to beam by steel brackets.

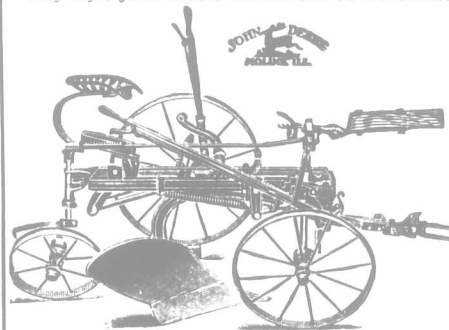
Does excellent work in trashy ground—extra clearance under beam. Six inches more than ordinary plows of same type. Stag gang and sulky are alike in essential features, except that the gang is adapted for two bottoms.

Remember when you get the Stag you get highest plow value.

New Deere Sulky and Gang

Made to last—thoroughly braced throughout. Easy to handle—a boy can lift bottoms when team is standing. Not a cheap piece of material in the New Deere. They give from 3 to 5 years more service than ordinary makes. Adjustments stay when once made and can be made in the field. In addition to foot lift, the gang has a hand lift. Equipped with John Deere steel eveners.

Any style John Deere bottom can be furnished.



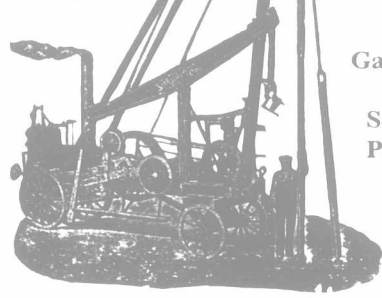
JOHN DEERE PLOW COMPANY OF WELLAND, LIMITED
Toronto, Ontario

We start you in the

WELL DRILLING BUSINESS

You make easy monthly payments. Earn big money and be your own boss.

You can be independent in a few years.



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Gasoline or Steam Power

Write at once for illustrated catalogue and specifications.

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478 Washington St., Akron, Ohio.

Bissell Steel Stone Boat



Stiff and strong with steel railing around the edges and steel runners underneath. 7 feet long by 2, 2 1/2 or 3 feet wide. Bevel corners. A useful Farm Implement. Write for folder and prices.
T. E. BISSELL CO., LIMITED, Elora, Ont.

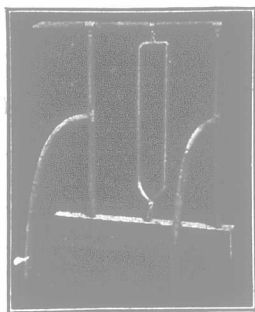


Fig. I

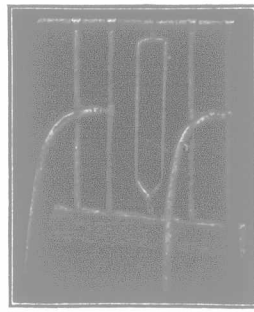


Fig. II

We Pay Freight in Ontario

From Factory to Farm

GOODS SATISFACTORY OR MONEY REFUNDED

Stalls, including stanchions and all necessary clamps, bolts, etc., for putting together. Also includes ends.

Fig. I, 1 1/4-in. Pipe, Black	\$3.50	Galvanized	\$4.25
Fig. I, 1 1/2-in. " "	3.75	" "	4.60
Fig. II, 1 1/4-in. " "	4.25	" "	5.20
Fig. II, 1 1/2-in. " "	4.75	" "	5.70
Stanchions alone	1.25	" "	1.60

R. Dillon & Son, 110 Mill St., Oshawa, Ont.

ALSO LITTER AND HAY CARRIERS, DOOR HANGERS, etc.

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VICTORIA, B. C.

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Horse Races and other attractions

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HORTICULTURE
MANUFACTURES
ART

C. P. R. return fare at single rate from all points west of Port Arthur.

Take advantage of this and visit British Columbia's Capital City.

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GEORGE SANGSTER
P.O. Box 705 Secretary
VICTORIA, B. C.

TO FARMERS

SUMMER SEASON AND FALL

Secure good help and make 12 months' engagement to prevent disappointment next spring. Farm help supplied from the Old Country. Utmost care given in selecting the right class of help to fill each individual requirement. Write stating particulars.

New Magnificent Steamers for Direct Canadian Service

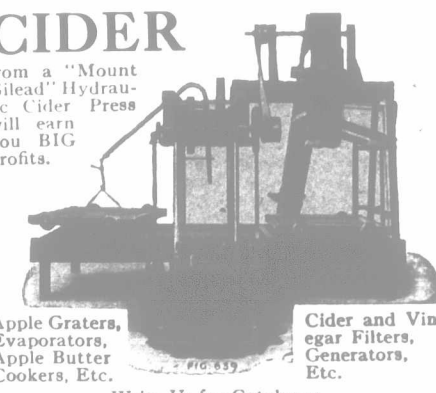
ANDANIA ALAUNIA
ASCANIA AUSONIA
AURANIA, 14,000 tons, building. One Class (11) Cabin. Lowest rates.

Apply:
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114 King Street, West,
TORONTO, ONT.

CIDER

from a "Mount Gilead" Hydraulic Cider Press will earn you BIG profits.



Apple Graters, Evaporators, Apple Butter Cookers, Etc.

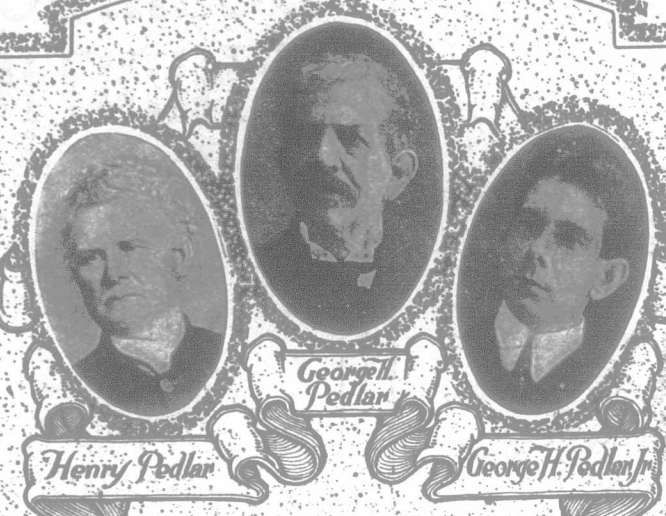
Cider and Vinegar Filters, Generators, Etc.

Write Us for Catalogue.
THE BROWN BOGGS CO., LIMITED,
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Will hold any sized bag or sack at any height—is easily carried about—stands anywhere—made of steel—lasts a lifetime. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded—\$3 each. Send to-day, or ask your dealer. Agents wanted.
Imperial Bag Holder & Machine Co.
Lucknow, Ontario

Please mention "The Farmer's Advocate."




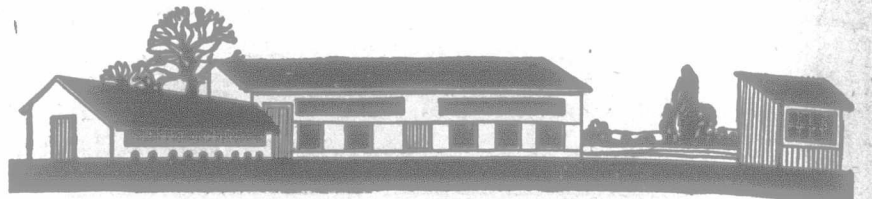
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at it
Brings Success*

For All Sheet Metal Uses
Send to the
PEDLAR PEOPLE LIMITED
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Specialists in Steel Shingles, Corrugated Roofing and Siding, Ventilators, Trough, Pipe, etc.

Everything for farm buildings. 27-G

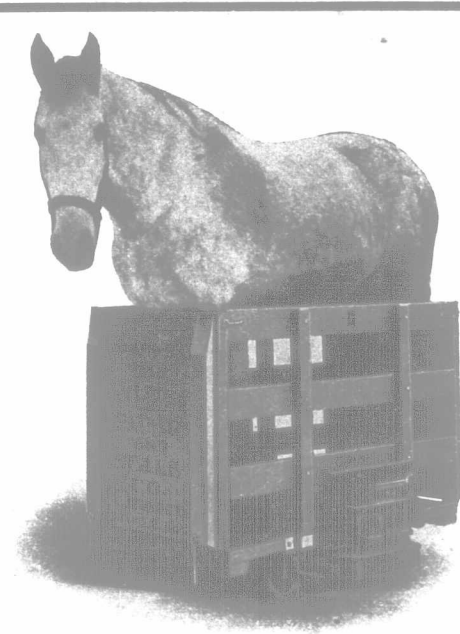
For poultry houses, pig-sheds and all the hundred-and-one other small buildings around the farm there is nothing better or more economical than

SAMSON ROOFING

Samson must be good enough to back up the guarantee that accompanies every roll of it or we could not afford to so guarantee it. The life of a roofing depends on the thoroughness with which the fabric base is saturated with the waterproofing compound and the hardness of its surface. In the making of *Samson Roofing* special attention is given to these points. Bear in mind that *Samson* combines the qualities of economy, durability, and fireproofness to the highest degree attainable by the use of the best of materials and the greatest of care in its making.

Write for our booklet "The Roofing of Farm Buildings." It contains many useful suggestions. Ask your dealer for *Samson Brand*.

H. S. HOWLAND, SONS & CO., Limited
142 Front Street West - - - Toronto



"Grey Dan," weight 1,612 lbs., being weighed on an

Aylmer Three-Wheel Wagon Stock Scale

CAPACITY 2,000 LBS.


Delivered at any Railway Station in Ontario, complete with rack, \$35.00

Government Certificate accompanies each scale. Scale shipped same day as money received.

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SPECIALLY MADE FARM FOOTWEAR

\$3 Delivered to you



Here is a light weight, durable and comfortable working shoe specially suitable for farmers, woodmen, millmen, trackmen, laborers—all who require extra strong, easy footwear for working in. We make them of the splendid oil-tanned Skowhegan waterproofed leather that has made

Palmer's "Moose Head Brand" famous for almost forty years. No need to suffer with tired, sore, aching, burning feet. Get a pair of these and find ease and comfort. If your dealer doesn't carry them, send us his name, enclosing \$3, and we will ship you a pair, all charges paid, to any address in Canada or U. S. Remit (stating size) by postal or express order. Same style as shown, 8 eyelets high, \$3.50. Write for catalogue.

JOHN PALMER CO., Limited, Fredericton, N. B., Canada. 18

For ALL purposes on the farm a clear, pure

SALT

is required.

RICE'S

will please you. TRY IT.

NORTH AMERICAN CHEMICAL COMPANY, LIMITED
Clinton, Ont.

Don't delay buying a

DE LAVAL SEPARATOR

a single day longer



IF YOU ARE SELLING CREAM or making butter and have no separator or are using an inferior machine, you are wasting cream every day you delay the purchase of a De Laval.

THERE CAN ONLY BE TWO real reasons for putting off buying a De Laval; either you do not really appreciate how great your loss in dollars and cents actually is or else you do not believe the De Laval Cream Separator will make the savings claimed for it.

IN EITHER CASE THERE IS one conclusive answer: "Let the local De Laval agent set up a

machine for you on your place and SEE FOR YOURSELF what the De Laval will do."

YOU HAVE NOTHING TO risk and a million other cow owners who have made this test have found they had much to gain.

YOU CAN'T AFFORD TO wait till next spring. Let the De Laval start saving cream for you RIGHT NOW and it will earn its cost by spring.

SEE THE NEAREST De Laval agent at ONCE or if you do not know him write us direct for any desired information.

De Laval Dairy Supply Co., Limited
MONTREAL PETERBORO WINNIPEG VANCOUVER
50,000 BRANCHES AND LOCAL AGENCIES THE WORLD OVER

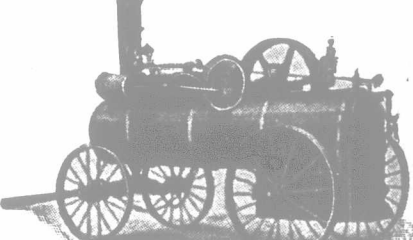
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GOOD JOBS

are easily obtained by competent men. Our diploma qualifies you for Government chauffeur's license examinations. Our course embodies the actual repairing of all makes of automobiles and driving through the trafficked thoroughfares of a large city. The lectures are simple, yet thorough and instructive.

Special course for owners and prospective owners. Special facilities for lady students. Write to-day for free booklet.

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TORONTO AUTOMOBILE SCHOOL
Successors to Y.M.C.A. Automobile School
283 Broadview Ave. :: Toronto, Ontario



PORTABLE ENGINES

New and rebuilt portable engines. Splendid stock of rebuilt portable engines, 10 to 18 h.p., suitable for farmers' own use, silo filling, threshing or other work. Send for rebuilt list.

The Robert Bell Engine & Thresher Co., Ltd.
Seaforth, Ontario

WE BUILD A SPRAMOTOR FOR YOU!
It does not matter what your spraying needs may be there's a

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specifically built for your purpose. Prices range from \$6.00 to \$150.00. Write for particulars.

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The Farmer's Advocate and Home Magazine
Published Once a Week. \$1.50 per Year in Advance.

The Farmer's Advocate and Home Magazine

PERSEVERE
AND
SUCCEED

ESTABLISHED
1866

REGISTERED IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE COPYRIGHT ACT OF 1875

VOL. XLIX.

LONDON, ONTARIO, AUGUST 20, 1914.

No. 1143

EDITORIAL.

Be calm during the crisis.

Never did we see pastures dry up faster.

Conservation now becomes a grim reality.

All markets are panicky and nothing seems sure.

Dry weather has shortened crop yields in many places over the Dominion.

A promising crop is often greatly reduced in yield by a few hot days.

"There is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty."

After-harvest cultivation should now be the chief concern of the good farmer.

Carefully cure and store all the feed, as feed is likely to be high-priced this winter.

Militarism—war—waste—death—this is the terrible sequence through which the world is passing.

In the last recourse the farmer's position is more secure than that of the townsman—he can feed himself.

The short crop harvested in many sections may yet prove more valuable than some heavier crops have done.

Never in the history of the world has there been a time when good farmers were more needed than at the present.

In war as in peace the farmer feeds them all, and it is upon him and the laboring man that the heaviest burdens fall.

As never before in this generation, the minds of the over-crowded cities are turning back to the land, whence food supplies come.

The day is coming when the people of the world will refuse to stand targets for each others' rifles simply to settle the quarrels of a few autocrats.

Live stock is none too plentiful as it is, but all indications point to a wholesale destruction of it in Europe, and prices seem to be almost sure to climb upward.

Producers and consumers alike will stand by the government in anything which they may do to prevent speculators making an undue profit on foodstuffs in this critical time.

We cannot understand why some farmers allow weeds to overrun their pastures, and make no attempt to get rid of them. Cutting in due season would destroy a large number of them.

The first big flour deal, since the opening of hostilities, by which Canada sends one million sacks of flour to Great Britain, is only a beginning of the flow of foodstuffs to the Motherland.

Our Products and Prices in War.

Canada has been officially declared in a state of war, but so far very little evidence of actual war, as it is generally construed, has been noticeable in this country. Glaring headlines and sensational paragraphs have produced somewhat of a "scare" and war prices for foodstuffs have been prophesied and denied, but nothing really sensational has yet happened, although there has been more or less of a "run" on the supply of foodstuffs on hand. We must admit that the situation in Europe is grave and that it is sure to affect the entire world, and as Canada is a part of the British Empire she is sure to feel the pressure of such a deplorable state as now exists across the Atlantic. There is a great talk of high prices for the products of the soil, the favorite term used being "war" prices. According to estimates and reports the crop of continental Europe is a light one, only one of the great nations now in conflict having a full crop. In view of this fact, coupled with the destruction which must be wrought by mammoth armies, and the neglect caused by lack of men to properly harvest the grain, there seems sure to be a world shortage of supply. Regardless of the action of Governments supply and demand must, to a certain extent at least, control prices. The supply will be short, and consequently the demand must increase, which ultimately means higher prices.

Facing the situation squarely, what should Canada do? We think that Canadians generally will commend our Government for the stand they took in buying one million sacks of flour, and making the Motherland a present of it. Of course, Canada is ready with men and money, but our foodstuffs may be more needed and the beginning which the government has made should, we believe, be followed up with other gifts on the same basis. Such action is rational, and adheres closely to the principle of Canadian autonomy.

It has been hinted that the Canadian Government should take over the crop and prevent any increase of prices, but it does seem that at this time this would be a rather drastic measure. There is some danger of going too far in pressing such a measure upon some of the struggling settlers of the West, who at best will realize small enough net returns on what in many sections is a very scanty crop. If our government would follow out the principle it has begun and buy what is necessary to send to Great Britain and give it free to the Motherland, then our farmers would reap the benefit of increased prices, and no burden would be placed upon Great Britain, as she would get the foodstuffs entirely free of charge. The government, which is the Canadian people, would be undertaking the burden—one which would be cheerfully born. There is a grave peril in placing all the burden directly on the land in the form of taking over the crop in that it would increase the tendency away from the farm, which is already all too serious. Everyone knows that farming as an occupation is none too attractive to the young now. It would be folly to multiply its disadvantages. Some other industries have already reaped considerable benefit, why not Canadian farming? Everyone realizes that it is the land holder who in the end must foot the bills connected with this awful destruction.

Let us suppose that the crop were taken over by the government; what would it mean? With a short crop in Europe and a short crop in Can-

ada, and Europe engaged in war, how long would Canada's surplus last? At best a few months would consume it all, and then what? United States with its unprecedented bumper crop, and The Argentine with its great output would reap a harvest from war prices, while the Canadian farmer, directly interested, and upon whom a certain part of the burden must eventually fall, would be at a disadvantage, having to pay the piper after being excluded from the music. If higher prices prevail on the world's market for the products of the soil we cannot see why the Canadian farmer should not get his share, and if our government carries out the system which it has begun Canada can show her loyalty and her true worth by giving scot free, as a Dominion in the Empire, all her surplus to aid Great Britain in her time of trial. This system would please the producer far better than seizing his surplus crop at a stated price, and would prevent endless trouble, while Great Britain would reap the greatest possible benefit.

There is a vast difference between the conditions which have made it imperative to take over the crop in Great Britain and those prevailing in Canada. Canada's duty is plain. No Canadian wishes to shrink from it. Great Britain needs our men, our money and our foodstuffs, and she will get them without a flinch, but the farmers who have borne the burdens and made this country and who must bear them again, should receive some consideration. The law of supply and demand must work, to some extent, regardless of the interference of those in authority. One thing most needed is that the government take measures to prevent unwarranted speculation and "corners" in foodstuffs by moneyed middlemen. Such precautions are necessary. If these are exercised, while there may be an advance in prices generally, no one is likely to make a "big haul." The producer as an individual cannot, because he is limited to one season's small output.

The whole thing is a maze of baffling perplexity, which only goes to show the awfulness of war. Truly, war is hell, and the more civilized the combatants the more hellish the combat, in that its effects are so much more far-reaching. The horror and dreadfulness of the whole thing is just beginning to impress itself upon the people who shudder at the outcome. Both the winner and the loser must be losers in the end. There is no other alternative.

How Dependent are the Nations?

One country may be able to get along for a time without another, but when the great nations of the world clash and commerce is suspended, it is not long before all countries feel the pinch in some line of endeavor. After all nations are dependent upon one another for their prosperity. We are far removed from the seat of conflict, and yet the echo of the first guns of the military campaign, now in progress, had scarcely died away before we began to hear of fears for our export trade. Even the United States, a strictly neutral power, is feeling the effects, and her people are being cautioned to live plainly until the crisis passes. Down at Montreal and even up here in Ontario cheese buyers expressed their opinion that cheese, although there is a comparatively short supply, would fall flat unless exporting was soon in progress again. However, prices have not fallen at time of writing, although no sales are reported from several

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,"
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"boards." The effect will change as soon as the sea becomes safe again, and the insurance rates drop accordingly. Then we may look for a stiffening of the market.

Down in the Southern States there is a bumper cotton crop. The belligerents in Europe ordinarily take a large proportion of this crop. If war goes on exports of cotton cannot be safely made, and prices are likely to drop to less than half the average price expected. This means that unless the government takes a hand speculators will make money while producers lose heavily.

These are only two of many instances which might be cited to show how inter-dependent the countries of the world are after all. In the face of all the loss of life the loss to trade and commerce and the suffering and privation caused through this reckless onslaught of nation upon nation, one would think that even an autocratic ruler would shudder to precipitate his people into deadly conflict from which the world must suffer as a whole. The peoples of the world must trade with one another. Anything which seriously holds up this trade is a detriment to the general prosperity, and nothing is more detrimental than war.

There is a tendency in war time for the people to lose their heads. This applies to farming communities as well as to urban centers. It looks like dear wheat, but even though wheat may be high there is no reason why an unreasonably large acreage should be sown to this crop. Wheat land must be well prepared, and unless it is prospects of higher prices should not induce farmers to sow the poorly prepared soil to this crop. "Be careful" is good advice.

Reports state crops in Europe are none too promising, and just at a time when men were ready to harvest them a call to arms came, and left the women and children to do most of the work of reaping and saving. No doubt they will do their utmost for their armies must be fed, but devastation is sure to be widespread and the loss enormous. There will be a big gap in production this year.

The Live-stock Outlook.

There is some speculation in the minds of stockmen at the present time as to what will be the effect of the war in Europe upon the pure-bred live-stock business in this country. It is impossible for anyone to estimate the outcome of the conflict recently begun, but it does seem that the products of the farm will, at least, hold strong in price if they do not make a rather marked advance. With 20,000,000 men under arms in Europe production must of necessity be neglected. These men must be fed, and where the hostile armies are marching across country no doubt thousands of head of live stock of all kinds will be slaughtered and used for food. This will surely have the effect of stiffening the price of meats, because scarcity always increases demand, and there was a scarcity of most kinds of live stock even before the war broke out. Already those in touch with the sheep-breeding business are prophesying very high prices for mutton and wool, especially the latter. It has been pointed out that the huge armies in the field must be clothed, and with winter not very far distant, more woollen garments will be needed than if they were comfortably housed in barracks on a peace footing. Advance in the price of wool and woolsens would not surprise people who have made a study of conditions.

We are told that there is no fear in this country of a great shortage of meat, but at the same time we are informed that there is comparatively little meat in cold storage. This being the case, if the export trade opens up, and the Motherland must be fed, no doubt, there will be a great out-pouring of cured meats to Great Britain, which, at any rate, will keep the price up to a high level, if not raising it considerably above that of the present time. One of the largest packing houses in Canada, while assuring the people that there would be no shortage in this country, pointed out the fact that if the trade between Denmark and Great Britain should for any reason be cut off, pork products would naturally advance in price.

We hear very little about the beef trade, but we know that there is a shortage of good beef cattle the world over, and with all Europe at war this shortage is going to become greater and greater. The real value of pure-bred stock must be based to some extent upon what the meat is worth on the block, and with all kinds of meat dealers in pure-bred live stock are assured of a good business in the future. No doubt, thousands of cattle will be sold off if prices get very high that would otherwise have been kept, and the shortage will become more acute. This will have a tendency to increase the demand greatly, and when the demand increases more farmers will be going into the stock business. The day of the scrub is passing, wide-awake stockmen realizing that they might as well get all possible out of the undertaking, and to do this there is only one means and that is, keep and breed the very best. Herds will be graded up and improved and pure-bred sires will be needed.

It may be that trade will be rather dull for a short time until the outcome of the affair in Europe is known. Buyers will not care, in some cases to pay as high prices for valuable breeding stock until they are assured that things are beginning to right themselves and trade will be flowing through natural channels as it does in times of peace.

It is not likely that large live-stock deals will be put through for the next few months unless the war clouds clear away much more quickly than is anticipated, but the men with the good stock are safe to hold on to it for a short time, even though sales may be a little slow for a while. The stock is in the country, and the market cannot be anything else but good when rifts in the war clouds appear. Buyers will likely buy carefully for a time, and sellers should exercise the same cautiousness in making sales. Do not be too anxious to get rid of the good stock. After the war is over a period of unprecedented prosperity for the live-stock men may be in sight, and the man with the good stock is going to reap the greatest benefit.

Conservation is the Watchword.

Canadians living in a land of plenty have heard a great deal about conservation of this and that, but a super-abundance of necessities and luxuries caused them to turn a more or less deaf ear to the plaintive cry raised by the few who have foreseen a time of need ahead. There is a time of need at hand; and the first great shortage will not come in the products of the mine or the forest, but rather in the food supply, or in the means of earning money to buy the necessities of life. A great war besides the awful slaughter on the field of battle so disorganizes business and commerce that many are sure to be thrown out of work through the closing down or running on short hours of large manufacturing plants and business houses. It is not safe to undertake big things, and large firms, while they would do all they can for their men, may be forced to suspend operations. This means men out of work, and in large cities men out of work for any length of time means homes without some of life's necessities.

Through it all the farmer occupies the best position. He can at least produce his own food in plenty, but even he should be careful at this time. If he never was of a saving disposition before he should try it now. It is a good time to be cautious, to conserve feeding stuffs for the live stock, and to keep the live stock rather than sell them off on a rising market. Unnecessary expense should be avoided. In short, do as the business man does, "play safe." All this can be accomplished without furore or excitement. Simply resolve to cut out unnecessary luxury, and conserve the products and profits of the land to be used to best advantage. Look ahead and plan to meet all possible complications squarely. Cut out all waste, and above all put forth every ounce of energy to make the old farm produce as it has never produced before. You are not likely to hear much about over-production for a year or two. First of all conserve this year's resources of the land, and lay the plans well for a bumper crop in 1915. The Canadian farmer has an important duty to perform, both as regards his own welfare and that of his country. He has always done what was expected of him, and he will do so again. Conservation is the watchword.

Nature's Diary.

A. B. Klugh, M.A.

An animal which is quite common and which is usually called an insect is the Daddy-longlegs. It is truly enough closely related to the insects, but cannot be classed with them because it has eight legs, while all insects have but six. Long-legs is certainly an appropriate name, for this animal appears to be nearly all legs. These long legs are seven-jointed. The first segment of the leg is short and apparently soldered to the body, the next is a mere knob, the third segment is long and is termed the femur. Next is a short swollen segment, the "knee-joint" termed the patella. The fifth segment is rather long and is called the tibia. The next two segments are long and are known as the metatarsus and the tarsus.

The second pair of legs are the longest, the fourth pair next in length, and the first pair the shortest. The legs of the second pair are used in exploring the surroundings, and when a "Daddy" is running they are spread wide apart and kept in rapid motion. The tips of these legs are wonderfully sensitive.

The Daddy is a good traveller and moves along with great rapidity, and it is no wonder, since if our legs were as long in proportion they would be forty feet in length. When the Daddy is running the body is always held a little distance above the ground, but when the second pair of legs suggests to it that there is something to eat in the neighborhood, it commences a peculiar teetering motion of the body, apparently touching it to the ground at every step. As the body is carried with the head down, this movement enables it to explore the surface upon which it is walking with its palpi. These palpi are usually carried bent beneath the face, with the ends curled up under the "chin." They have four segments and can be extended quite a distance. Beneath the palpi is a pair of jaws.

The body of the Daddy-longlegs is a little oblong object, looking more like a large grain of wheat than anything else, because in these animals the head, thorax and abdomen are all fused compactly together. On the top of the body at the front end is a little knob, and on each side of this is a little shining black eye.

The eggs are laid in the fall, under a stone or in a crevice in the bark of a tree. They hatch in the spring into tiny little creatures, which look exactly like old Daddies except for their size.

A daddy is very particular about its legs, and cleans them frequently. It will grasp one close to the basal joint in its jaws and pull it slowly through, meanwhile holding the legs up to the jaws with the palpi, while it nibbles it clean for its whole length. The Daddies have the power of growing new legs if one is lost, and a Daddy is frequently seen with one or more legs only half grown.

Many of our insect pests are forms introduced from Europe. Not so the Potato Beetle. Its native home was in Colorado, Arizona and Mexico, where it fed on the leaves of the Sand Bur, (*Solanum rostratum*), which belongs to the same family as the potato. About 1850 it began to attack the potatoes of the early settlers in Colorado, by 1859 it had reached Nebraska, in 1861 it has spread to Iowa, and in 1865 it crossed the Mississippi. By 1874 it had reached the Atlantic Ocean, and it did not stop its march even then, as it soon appeared in Europe, though it has never become a pest there.

The life history of the Potato Beetle is as follows. Some of the adult beetles winter beneath the surface of the soil, burrowing down a foot or more to escape the frost. As soon as the potato plants appear above ground in the spring these beetles lay their eggs on the leaves. The eggs hatch in about a week into little hump-backed larvae which feed upon the leaves. The larvae shed their skins four times. In about sixteen days from hatching the larvae descend into the ground and form a little cell in which they change to pupae, and in from one to two weeks, according to the temperature, they emerge as full-grown beetles. The entire life history may be passed through in about a month if the weather is warm, and there may consequently be two or three generations in a season.

The Potato Beetle is rendered objectionable to most insect-eaters by the ill-smelling orange juice which it excretes when seized. This fluid is secreted by little glands along the hinder edge of the thorax and front portion of the wing-covers. The Rose-breasted Grosbeak is one of the very few birds which feed upon these insects.

This insect is often termed "Potato Bug," but bugs are insects which have the wings hard at the base and membranes at the apex, while the beetles have the hard wing-covers such as may be seen in the Potato Beetle. Bugs also have sucking mouth parts, while the beetles have biting mouth parts.

THE HORSE.

Bone Diseases in Horses.

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":

Of the many bone diseases horses are heir to, sidebone is most often found among heavy haulage animals, and it arises from several causes, to wit, hereditary influences, concussion in tramping on dry, hard roads, etc. What actually takes place is a hardening or ossification of the ligaments which bind the pedal bone to the bones of the fetlock; the result is obviously decreased freedom in the movement of the joint. When the formation of sidebone is suspected, a slight swelling or fullness can be felt just over the heels when tested; or, when smartly tapped at the spot, the animal shows signs of sharp pain. A little later the same spot is much harder to the touch, and as the swelling increases in size so does it in hardness. The animal is observed to place the toe on the ground first, and to move the limb with a "stiff leg" action. As soon as this is detected, poultice a few times, but in cases where the formation is more developed apply a blister and put on a bar shoe without high calkins. In all cases rest must be allowed.

Ringbone is usually the result of severe and long-continued inflammation of the ligaments of the fetlock joint, which finally causes a bony deposit. As soon as the slightest formation appears, or can be felt, extract pain and inflammation by frequently bathing with equal parts of vinegar and water, keeping the leg swathed in cold, wet bandages. After the inflammation is subdued, closely shave the hair off around the part, and, having well fomented, dry and apply a strong blister for twenty minutes, directing the friction to the tumor and about two inches all round; repeat the blister if necessary. If the trouble is of recent formation this treatment will prove sufficient to overcome and take away the enlargement. Keep on bran mashes and green food. Complete rest, or, at any rate, not more than work at the walking pace, is necessary.

Bone spavin is bony enlargement upon the lower and inner side of the hock, producing lameness and a tendency to wear off toe or front of the shoe. It comes from the severe strain of heavy loads or overwork, and also from hereditary influence. Sometimes this unsoundness—for it must be considered an unsoundness—when not severe, can only be detected when the animal is

brought out in the morning; there is a stiffness, a "wooden leg" action about the movement of the hock. In more advanced cases, however, the affection is only too apparent at sight, and, finally not only do the bones of the leg become united, but additional bony deposit is formed, which gradually makes the use of the joint more and more awkward and painful.

Remove the shoes. Allow perfect rest; this is absolutely necessary. Reduce inflammatory action by frequent fomentations. Then use a strong blister, and repeat in three weeks' time, or when the scurf from the first dressing has disappeared.

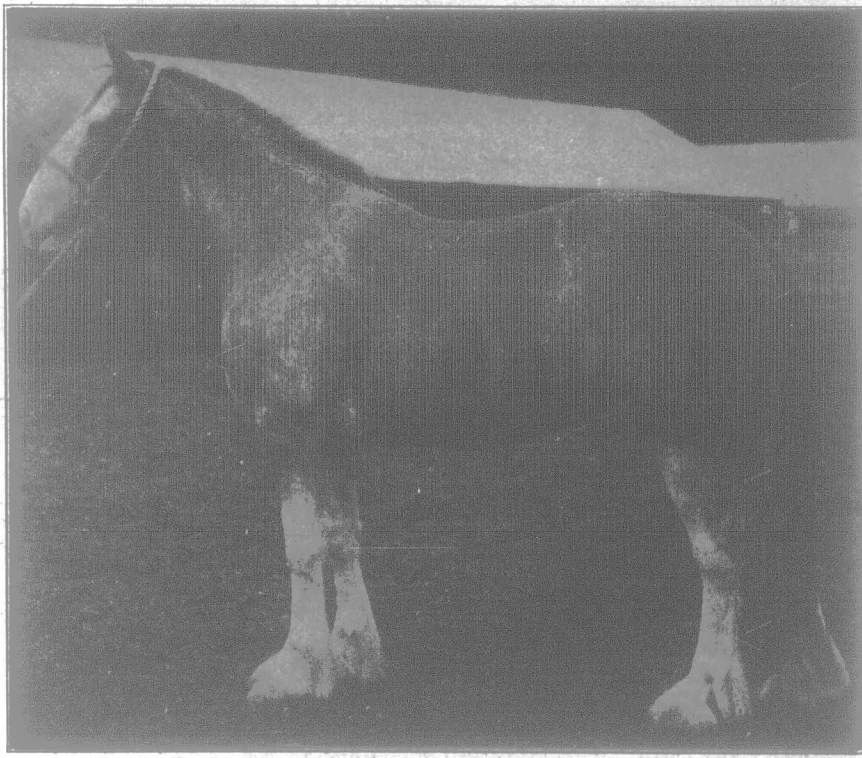
Bog spavin is a common disfigurement of the hind legs of the heavier class of horses, and is mostly due to sudden over-exertion or long-continued hard work.

It is situated in the front of the hock joint; it is, of course, an entirely different ailment to bone spavin, which occurs in the same spot. It is caused by the escape of the joint fluid into the space between the tendons and the skin.

Splint is a deposit of bone, which may occur in many positions, but frequently on the inner side of a foreleg. It is also the result of inflammation, or it may be hereditary. The primary cause of this inflammation may be concussion, especially where the animal's action is inclined to be stiff or "wooden-regged" as we call it in the Old Country. The best thing to do to treat splint is to give the horse a rest and cold water applications until the inflammation goes; then blister, and if necessary, follow up with a plaster bandage.

Should the bony deposit grow worm eaten, as is often the case, cut down and scraping with a bone spoon might be found effective.

G. T. BURROWS.



Lady Bountiful.

First-prize two-year-old Clydesdale filly at the Highland Show, at Hawick.

The Better Age to Handle Colts.

Opinions differ greatly as to the age at which it is wise to handle colts. Some claim that it is neither wise nor profitable to spend time and trouble on a colt until he has reached that age where he is required for work, and to then put him in harness and "break him." While others claim that it is wise to handle them at a very early age. A well-known and successful horseman recently remarked, "I have no use for horses that have not been handled, and broken until three or four years of age." This, of course, is an extravagant expression. There are very many high-class horses of all classes, many of which win in the show-ring in good competition, that have run practically wild until the ages mentioned and some to a greater age. At the same time it is quite probable that the same horses would be even better mannered and more tractable, and would have given less trouble to their teachers if they had been carefully handled during colthood.

We commonly speak of "breaking a colt," or in referring to a colt say, "he is broken both single and double," and probably also "to saddle." The term "break" is used whether it be a case in which a mature animal that has never been handled be hitched and put to work without preliminary education, or whether he has been gradually educated before being asked to perform the functions of a horse. In the former case the word "break" is correctly applied, but in the latter it would be more correct to say, "teach" or "educate." Colts or horses should

be "taught" not "broken," but the term "break" is so commonly used that we may be excused if we frequently use it when we mean "teach or educate."

The results of early or late handling of colts depend greatly upon the class and individuality of the animal, and also upon the person who has done the handling. Unhandled three-year-olds or over of the heavy classes are much more easily managed than those of the lighter classes of the same age. Then again, some colts appear to be congenitally mean, and if allowed to go unhandled until adulthood the meanness has had opportunities to increase and become intensified, while had they been handled during colthood they would have learned in life that they must submit to control, and the "meanness" would practically have been displaced with an evident desire to do as required. On the other hand many colts have evidently no "meanness" in them, and they do not become spoiled even if allowed to reach adulthood untaught and uncontrolled. On general principles we say, "handle the colt when young."

The ultimate value of a horse, more especially of the lighter breeds, depends greatly upon his manners, and if a colt be carefully handled from a very early age until maturity, his manners should be much better than his brother who was not taught anything about "manners" until adulthood. The writer claims that a colt should be carefully handled from very early life. He should be taught to lead at a few days old, to stand tied and allow his feet to be lifted and handled and his body to be groomed at a few weeks old, or at the latest during the first winter. During the second year his education should be continued. Where time is valuable in the country probably little will be done during the

second summer, but during the winter he should be gradually taught to wear harness, first "giving him a mouth" by putting a light bridle on and leaving it on a few hours daily until he ceases to fight the bit; then gradually adding other parts of the harness until he is wearing a whole set. Of course, always be careful not to allow any straps to hang down sufficiently low that he might step upon them and become frightened. During the latter part of his second year or the first part of the third he should be taught to drive in single or double harness or both, or if he be saddle-bred should be ridden a little by a light-weight man or boy. During the third summer it is generally wise to allow him to run at pasture again, but during the third winter his education should be continued until he has acquired good manners, and is reasonably safe and satisfactory to drive or ride.

A colt that is handled wisely when young usually gives his trainer much less trouble than one that has not been taught anything until he has reached three years or over. At the same time those who have had much experience in handling colts of different ages must admit that while an unhandled or unbroken four, five or six-year-old can by careful handling be made a good-mannered horse. While we recommend early training, we decidedly object to an immature colt being asked to do the work of a horse. Too many think that at three years old a colt should be put to regular and steady work. We consider this a great mistake. The three-year-old will, in many cases, perform the functions of a mature horse with reasonable satisfaction and continue to do so during his fourth and fifth year, and then apparently be none the worse for having worked when young, but he will be an old horse at an earlier age than the one that has not been asked to do much work until he is at least five years old. With possibly a few exceptions, horsemen of experience will admit this. When any horseman who has owned and worked or driven a large number of horses, carefully considers those he has owned and kept until old age, he will discover that those that have been physically young when really quite old, those that have been useful at thirty years of age or older are generally those that have done little work until five or six years old. There is unfortunately too great a hurry to get the colt to work. This applies to light as well as heavy horses. Early speed is wanted in race horses of all classes, and it is wonderful what extreme

speed some youngsters have shown, but if we follow up the history of a yearling or two-year-old that has developed extreme speed at any considerable distance we find that in most cases he is retired from the racing game before he reaches the age at which a horse should be at his best. The development of early speed may prove profitable to the breeder and trainer, but it does not tend to long usefulness of the animal. The same applies to the utility classes. If the writer wanted to purchase a horse, say for general road work, and was offered his choice of two at the same price, they being equal in breeding, conformation and general characteristics, and both six years old, and the one had been doing a horse's work on the road since three years old and was sound and right, the other was perfectly green except that he was halter broken, he (the writer) would certainly select the unhandled horse. He would know that he would have some trouble in teaching him to drive and giving him manners such as the other horse already possessed, but he would also know that if the two horses continued to do steady and hard road work that he would have a young horse when the other one would be practically worthless. We are not endeavoring to prove that it is unprofitable to work colts. It may be that the three years work performed by the colt between three and six years of age is, in many cases, of more value than twice that many years during old age. Many will claim that three years is long enough to keep a colt absolutely nonproductive, and we have no fault to find with this philosophy. At the same time we do not want to under-value the very probable ultimate value of the four, five or six-year-old that has spent these years of his life in idleness and unhandled.

We strongly advocate early education, but only sufficient work or exercise to give this education until the age of maturity has been reached. The writer calls to mind the purchase, a few years ago, of a four-year-old pregnant mare that never had a bridle on. He at once commenced her education, and in a month had her driving to a breaking cart. She foaled then and was not handled any more until after the foal was weaned, when her education was re-commenced. She was somewhat self-willed and gave much more trouble than she would have given if she had been handled when a two-year-old, but she gradually acquired manners, and was sold the next fall for a family mare and gave and is still giving excellent satisfaction. WHIP.

LIVE STOCK.

For Fall Feed.

This summer will be remembered in many localities as one of the driest within the memory of some of the older residents. Rains have fallen recently, but for a long period the heat was intense and the drouth unabating. Pastures this fall are not likely to recover from the effects of heat and drouth, although doubtless rains will benefit them greatly, and feed may not be as scarce as some anticipate. A prominent stockman, talking to us the other day, mentioned the fact that it was remarkable how well the live stock stood the shortage of grass this summer. In looking over his pastures he said they seemed to be almost bare, and still he could not see that his cattle, which are of a beef breed, had failed in flesh very much. It is surprising what live stock seem able to pick from an apparently bare field, but in the long run bare pastures must begin to tell on the condition of the stock, or on the milk flow of the dairy cow.

A practice which is followed in some sections, and which was quite the custom with many stockmen some years ago, is to sow rape thickly in the stubble. The top can be cultivated and the rape worked in, and if conditions are at all favorable in a very short time a rich, luxuriant growth of excellent fall feed will cover the field. We believe that a good many farmers and stockmen would do well to try it this year. It is getting rather late now, but even yet a sufficient growth might be produced to warrant the procedure. It will at least aid in keeping down weeds, and if cultivation is rather thoroughly done moisture will be retained in the soil. The growth of rape also prevents the leaching away in the fall of plant food which is quite a common occurrence during the season of heavy rains. Any growth which is not eaten by the cattle will, of course, go back to the land, and taken altogether, the practice is one which should prove profitable, especially at seasons like the present has been on many farms.

Some have been afraid that the export trade will be tied up for months, but this does not seem likely. When the sea is once cleared of raiders, which should not take long, a tremendous outpouring of Canadian products should ensue.

Foresees Good Times for Sheepmen.

One of the leading sheep papers of the United States in a strong editorial in a recent issue attempts to forecast the future of the mutton and wool business as influenced by the war now in progress in Europe. The writer of that article sees a very promising future ahead for the sheep men, especially during the coming winter, when large armies will be in the field to be clothed in woollens. The sheep industry has been declining the world over, and the big conflict now in progress will doubtless cause the destruction of thousands of sheep in Europe. The writer of the article does not seem to be very far wrong when he predicts a keen demand for wool and woollen goods, and an increased demand for lamb and mutton. It would seem to be an opportune time for those contemplating entering upon the breeding of sheep to get a few breeding ewes and start a flock. Autumn is a good season to buy, but the buyer must be careful that the seller is not turning off some of his culls to good advantage. No sheep owner can be criticised for turning away his poor individuals at this season of the year. It is up to the man who is buying a few for the foundation of a new flock to see to it that he gets good sheep. He can get them if he will pay the price, and it will not profit him in the end to take the culls at a much lower figure. A few good ewes may, during the next few years, prove one of the most profitable investments which the farmer can make.

THE FARM.

At War—With Whom?

By Peter McArthur.

The Parliament at present assembled in Ottawa must deal with problems such as never before confronted a Canadian Government. In some respects the tasks before it are more difficult than those that are being dealt with by the Imperial Parliament of Great Britain. In the Motherland the people are unfortunately familiar with war measures, war taxes, and the hardships entailed on the masses by military campaigns. These things are all new to Canada and bound to be unpopular with many, but our parliament must introduce them and carry them through. Although in the first glow of patriotic fervor we may be unanimous in wishing to do everything possible to defend the Empire, when the unfamiliar burdens begin to press we will need all the patience of which we are capable. There will doubtless be those who will question the necessity for much that must be done, and besides patience and endurance on the part of all good citizens the Government will need eloquent defenders, to explain its course and soothe the passions that will be aroused. Realizing the gravity of the situation, and the difficult position of our representatives, I venture to plead for a calm consideration of all that may be done during the next few weeks, and, as far as possible, for unquestioning support of the men on whom rests the responsibility of acting for Canada in this crisis.

Few people realize that Canada is actually at war and will continue to be at war until the European conflict is ended, even though no battle in the old meaning of the word may be fought on Canadian soil or in Canadian waters, and even though our brave and devoted volunteers may never reach the scene of action. Modern conditions make modern warfare a disaster for which there are no guiding precedents. We are fighting in the dark, and in constant danger of wounding our friends rather than our foes. So clearly is this new aspect of war impressed upon my mind that for the present I am willing to waive all discussion of government actions that naturally suggest themselves, in order that I may do something to prepare the public mind for the shock of war measures that seem inevitable. Some may oppose our taking any part in the present war, either by voting money or sending men. I deplore their attitude but acknowledge their right to their opinions. But let me hurl at you a question as urgent as it is startling.

"Do you want Canada to declare war against the Empire?"

Impossible! Unthinkable! If you feel like throwing this page away in disgust because I have ventured to make so foul a suggestion I shall be the first to commend your spirit. To declare war on the Empire at such a time as this would be to sink to depths of perfidy such as never blackened the record of the most contemptible nation in history. True! And yet I say to you in all earnestness that we have already declared war on the Empire, and unless our Government has the courage to step in and stop us we may prove to be enemies as dangerous as the legions of the German autocrat. In a word, we are looking forward with unthinking joyousness to the prospect of selling our wheat, horses, cattle and all food products at war prices. If we do that, if the Government does not at once

take action to prevent more than normal profits and keep prices down to a reasonable level, we shall deal the Empire a more staggering blow than can be dealt by her open enemies. I write this with the full sense of the responsibility I am taking, and I beg of Canadian farmers with full granaries and fat herds to bear with me while I try to explain.

Modern warfare is not wholly a matter of men and guns and dreadnoughts. A new and unexpected part is being played by money and available resources of food. Those of you who have followed the news since the war began will remember that the first move said to have been made by Germany was to unload securities to the value of ten millions of pounds on the London stock market, for the purpose of creating a panic and disorganizing the financial machinery of the Empire. Happily the scheme failed, although the blow was staggering, and in the rush of events that followed many people missed its significance. But it was modern war, scientific war. And it indicated the part that money is to play in the conflict now raging. Great Britain's first move was to authorize war loans to the extent of one thousand millions of dollars. Think of what that will mean to the already over-burdened taxpayers of the Motherland,—and it is only the beginning. At the moment I do not urge that we should share that burden, but I contend that we should not seize on this opportunity to further drain the resources of Great Britain and rob her taxpayers by charging war prices for our products. It would be absurd for us to send aid in the form of flour, oats, hay, horses and soldiers if we drew back millions of profit on the produce we shall send in the ordinary course of trade. Moreover, war prices at home would almost inevitably paralyze all our industries and reduce thousands of our own citizens to want, if not to starvation. The temporary gain we would make would be of little value in the disasters that would follow. The Government has already given its support to our banking system. In the same way it must steady our commerce. The problem will be one of appalling complexity, for it will involve not only the regulation of prices to the producers but the whole distribution and sale of our products. If the farmers must not get inflated prices the middlemen certainly must not get them. If the rising prices of products are to be checked, the banks must be restrained from raising the rate of interest or curtailing credit to farmers. Speculators must be stamped out mercilessly. In avoiding injury to Great Britain at this crisis we must be equally careful to avoid injury to any class of our own citizens. It will not do to regulate prices to consumers and leave the unorganized producers at the mercy of the organized middlemen. The Government must take control all along the line. This will be difficult, but I am confident that men can be found who will be equal to the task. It will only be a temporary measure, and there need be no injustice or hardship. We are entitled to normal prices and profits and should get them. But war prices would mean that we were at war with the Empire. I trust I have made that sufficiently clear.

Ekfrid, August, 13th.

The World's Wheat Crops.

Some idea of the agricultural conditions of Europe to-day may be gleaned from reports of crops in the different countries on that continent. At the end of July and beginning of August a commencement was just being made in harvesting the crop in Great Britain. The crop in a great portion of continental Europe is still unharvested. According to reports which have from time to time been published from the International Agricultural Institute, the wheat crop in Europe is lighter this year considerably than it was last year.

The wheat crop of Russia-in-Europe is 150,000,000 bushels less than that of last year. The Russian Empire exported 122,000,000 bushels of wheat in 1913. The great decrease in this year's crop will mean that there will be very little wheat exported from that country this year.

No estimate of the French wheat crop has yet been received by the Institute. Last year France produced 319,000,000 bushels of wheat and imported, during the calendar year 1913, 57,000,000 bushels. According to reports from the institute and private agencies this year's crop is expected to be considerably smaller than that of last year.

It should be remembered that Germany produces enormous crops of rye and potatoes. The rye crop for the past few years was as follows: 1913, 481,174,000 bushels; 1912, 456,604,000 bushels; 1911, 427,779,000 bushels; 1910, 413,802,000 bushels; 1909, 446,767,000 bushels. The production of potatoes was: 1913, 1,988,610,000 bushels; 1912, 1,844,863,000 bushels; 1911, 1,263,024,000 bushels; 1910, 1,597,174,000 bushels; 1909, 1,716,143,000 bushels.

A large proportion of the rye and potato crops is used for distilling purposes, but it is

probable that this year the crops will be taken over by the German Government to be used exclusively for food instead of drink.

England alone has a big crop of wheat. It is estimated that the increased yield over 1913 will be 3,000,000 bushels. The 1913 crop was estimated at 53,137,000 bushels, while that of the present year is estimated at 56,448,000 bushels.

Canada will have considerably over 200,000,000 bushels. Last year Canada exported 129,000,000 bushels, and it is estimated that with her own supply to draw on and that available from Canada Great Britain has enough to supply her people for a year. In times of peace the average consumption of wheat per individual is between five and six bushels; in times of war greater economy is likely to be practiced, and the consumption may not be so great.

Italy, last year, imported 66,528,000 bushels of wheat and exported only 24,000 bushels. Her crop is estimated to show a decrease, as compared with that of last year, of some 41,710,000 bushels. Hungary also shows a decrease of 34,445,000 bushels.

The United States, with its unprecedented crop, shows the enormous increase of 166,000,000 bushels over the 1913 crop of 763,380,000 bushels. This would leave over 200,000,000 bushels for the export trade after feeding the entire population of the States the very best.

The Cultivator, The Disk or The Plough.

A few days ago we received an enquiry from a reader of "The Farmer's Advocate" asking whether or not we would advise ploughing land lightly with a two-furrowed plough after harvest or working it with a stiff-toothed cultivator. He wished also to know whether stubble land could be worked well enough with the cultivator in preparation for a field of winter wheat. This raises the old point of after-harvest cultivation, one of the most important considerations in connection with good farming.

Experienced agriculturists agree that all land that is not seeded down should be worked promptly as soon as the previous crop has been harvested. In days gone by the implement universally used was the gang plough, some turning two furrows, some three, and among the older guard of farmers this is, in many places, still the system followed. If one enters into conversation with some of the most successful of the older farmers he will generally find that it is their opinion that nothing equals a light ploughing with the gang plough, and two or three strokes of the harrow to pulverize the top and make conditions just right for the rapid germination of weed seeds.

During later years a spirit of "rush" has come over the business of farming, due largely to the scarcity of labor and the vast amount of work to be accomplished by few hands. Many, because of this, have practically discarded the old gang plough, and have done their early after-harvest cultivating with either stiff or spring-toothed cultivators or disk harrows. Where it is only required to work the top soil, and where this is gone over a sufficient number of times with the cultivator or disk and afterwards harrowed with the drag harrow, the purpose of killing weeds and retaining soil moisture is very well fulfilled by the operation. However, in cultivating stubble ground, especially if there is a very heavy stubble on the land, some difficulty will be experienced in getting the cultivator to take hold of the soil well, and there is a danger that stubbles may pull and drag, and that patches of the land will be slipped over without being worked to any appreciable extent. Sometimes also the land is very hard and it is difficult to get the disk and cultivator to take hold as one would wish, but with care and application and where enough strokes of either implement are given, the land may be very well worked up and placed in good condition to await the ploughing later on in the fall. After all that may be said in favor of the cultivator or disk the gang plough has its advantages, and if properly handled can be made to do better work than either of the other two implements, although it takes longer to do it, and it is just a case of weighing up the difference in the amount of work done against the difference in quality of work.

Where a field is at all dirty or, in fact, any field, as most of them contain a good many weeds and weed seeds, and where it is necessary, as it always is after harvest, to do something to conserve soil moisture, nothing equals a light ploughing of from two and one-half to three inches deep, being careful to turn all the land and follow this with a couple of strokes of the drag harrow. Any one who has had experience in deeper ploughing later on in the fall knows the difference in the amount of moisture in the soil which has been worked early after harvest as compared with that in stubble or sod fields which have had no earlier cultivation. It is very often possible to plough land which has had this early cultivation. Any other land not so cultivated is altogether too hard for ploughing. Taken altogether if one has the time, early ploughing would

be preferred to cultivating. Of course, it is necessary in either case to give a later and deeper ploughing.

In preparing land for fall wheat unless it is a very clean pea stubble or summer-fallow which has been ploughed earlier in the season and kept worked extra well on top all summer, the best means undoubtedly is to plough. From the experience of growers during recent years it would seem that ploughing rather shallow should be preferred to ploughing too deeply. Wheat, as is well known, likes a solid bottom, and the shallow ploughing, all things considered, retains more moisture and gives the conditions suitable for the good growth of the wheat in the fall. As a general thing it would not be advisable to attempt to cultivate an ordinary barley or oat stubble with either a spring-toothed or stiff-toothed cultivator and hope to get the land in as good a condition for a seed bed for fall wheat as would be possible by ploughing, even lightly with a gang plough. These are points which we like to have readers bring out in their questions and contributions to our paper, and just now a discussion of after-harvest tillage is in order. Any of our readers who may have had experience in the different methods of after-harvest cultivation and preparation for fall wheat are invited to give Farmer's Advocate readers generally the benefit of their experience.

THE DAIRY.

How Much Milk Makes a Pound of Cheese?

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":

In correcting a statement made by the writer in a recent article regarding yield of cheese, Professor Dean (speaking of the period 1875 to 1880) says in your issue of August 13th: "The manufacturer agreed to make a pound of cheese out of ten pounds of milk for the patron. This rule was a common one for many years, and was only abolished after it was found impossible to guarantee 'one to ten' and do an honest business."

The worthy Professor seems to have some doubt in his mind as to whether or not the "rule" (about which we have often been told) always agreed with the actual yield. The Canadian Dairymen's report for 1872 gives a statement for that year of the number of pounds of milk required to make a pound of cheese at a number of factories in the neighborhood of Ingersoll. The average of the yearly yields of 26 factories was 10.42. The lowest was 10.10, and the highest 11 pounds of milk to make a pound of cheese.

In the portion of the article under discussion the writer, in pointing out that one pound of cheese to ten pounds of milk was not a common practice, referred to yield and not to "rule." We sincerely trust that it will be many long years before our very able Professor passes through "the mature Cheddar stage" and reaches the "over-ripe" condition.

We must pay due respect, Mr. Editor, to age and experience in all cases, especially in matters of ancient history.

F. HERNES.

Ropy Milk.

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":

In hot weather many milkmen are troubled with "ropy" or "stringy" milk. We have had a complaint recently from the medical health officer of a small Western Ontario town, who says the people refuse to buy the milk, because of its "ropy" condition. Every season we have a number of similar complaints. At the outset we hasten to say that no harm results to the persons from drinking such milk or using such cream. In some parts of Europe, a special culture or "starter" is used to produce this condition in the milk, and it is considered to be a great delicacy. However, for the milkman who has this condition in his milk or cream, it invariably means loss of trade. We know of a prominent dairyman who had this trouble in his milk a year or two ago, and all sorts of wild stories were started—that his cattle were diseased, and that the milk was not fit to use, and that it would cause disease and death to persons drinking the milk, etc. All this, of course, is nonsense, but when a stampede of men or cattle takes place it is almost impossible to stop it until the cause is removed.

In this case the cause is of bacterial origin. Sadler says: "While it may be caused by several organisms, one most commonly associated with it is the *Bacillus lactis viscosus*, which being interpreted means, that it is caused by a milk bacillus, or low form of plant life, which makes the milk viscous, or of a slimy, ropy, consistency." Quoting the same authority further: "It does not appear to be harmful to health, but any milk vendor whose supply is of this nature cannot hope to retain his custom, as the milk looks uninviting and unwholesome. Moreover, once present, this is a fault which may be carried on

for days or even weeks; its slimy nature makes it most difficult to deal with, and once contamination has occurred from the exterior of the cow, utensils, dishcloths and strainers will inoculate each day's supply of milk until some drastic treatment is meted out. Where the cause has been traced to the ponds at which the cattle drink the only remedy is to fence round, and if then the trouble does not cease, the cattle must for a time be kept from the particular pond altogether."

In this last sentence we have a hint as to the source of the trouble in many cases. During hot, dry spells, the cows wade in sloughs and swampy places in search of food, or they stand in stagnant ponds to keep off flies, or drink the water from ponds containing the organism which causes the trouble. The mud from the swamp or pond dries on the body or udder of the cow, and while milking some of the mud, laden with bacteria, drops into the milk. Here they find an excellent medium for growth and the trouble begins. It is propagated in the way indicated above, even though the animals may be prevented from going into the swamp, or slough.

Another source of the trouble is found in the water box, or wherever the milk or cream is cooled. The organisms may get in here from the hands or clothing of the milker or cow attendant, and from there spread to the pails and cans and thence to the milk. It is for this reason that the cooling tank needs special care and attention during hot weather.

REMEDIES.

Cows should not be allowed to run in swampy places in search of pasture, nor stand in ponds, to ward off the attack of flies. We are quite well aware that this is not easy to prevent at times, and on some farms, where ground of a swampy nature often contains most and best pasture in a dry time. It is for this reason that rolling uplands are, as a rule, to be preferred to low, swampy farms for dairying, although at certain seasons of the year the high land may be very bare picking for the cows. In this case soiling or silage crop should supplement the pasture. The water supply on a dairy farm is one of the most important requisites about the farm. No dairyman can hope to succeed who has not made ample provision for an abundant supply of pure water for his stock. Stagnant ponds are not good, but they are better than no water at all. However, the cows should not be allowed to wade through, or stand in, the pond. It is better to fence round it, as Sadler suggests.

The second point is to thoroughly cleanse all pails, dippers, strainers, etc., but more especially the place where milk or cream is cooled. Hot water, fresh air and sunshine are cheap and good germ killers. But something more is needed in bad cases of ropy milk. Soda solutions, commonly used for washing cans, pails, etc., are said to be favorable media for the slimy ferments to grow in. One of the best things to use, except for its very poisonous nature, is a 1 to 1,000 solution of corrosive sublimate or bichloride of mercury. This, however, must be used carefully, and all traces of the chemical must be completely removed from the dairy utensils, strainer, etc., before milk comes in contact, else there is great danger of poisoning the milk.

For this reason some advise the use of bichromate of potash, which is not so dangerous, and has this advantage over the mercury compound, it colors the water or milk a yellow shade which cannot be mistaken.

For cleansing the water box, some advise using a weak solution of sulphuric acid, or what is commonly called "oil of vitrol." Great care is needed in diluting the acid with water. Always pour the acid into the water, not the water into the acid, otherwise there is danger of such violent chemical changes that the operator may be badly burned.

No one need be alarmed about using ropy milk, but in order to hold his trade, the milkman should get busy at once and rid his dairy of the organisms, or he will find his customers rapidly going elsewhere for their supply of milk.

O. A. C.

H. H. DEAN.

POULTRY.

Feed Means Eggs.

There is a practice quite general on the average farm in Ontario where poultry is kept, of allowing the hens to feed themselves during the moulting stage. It has been brought out by poultrymen, who make a specialty of winter eggs, that the earlier the hens can be got to moult the better the chance for eggs when prices are highest. Farm hens rarely moult early, because during the summer they are fed very little, being required to forage nearly all that they get.

After the harvest the hens get a chance to pick stubble fields and in this way get a little grain, but it is, as a general thing, not enough to keep them doing well. It is a wrong idea altogether to think hens should not be fed when

they are not laying. Withholding the feed is no way to get the hens started to lay. Other meats are sure to advance in price this winter, and in sympathy with this advance it is more than likely that eggs will be unusually high. It will pay the producer to see to it that his hens lay during the cold weather, because feeds of all kinds are going to be dear, and the product from the pens must be increased to make the business pay. Do not skimp the hens just now when many of them are "off work." Feed will do the trick if the hens are of the right strain and are not too old. It would be good practice to promptly get rid of all old hens this fall, as they are sure to eat their heads off before next spring. The young, well-fed hen is the layer and the payer. Give her a chance.

HORTICULTURE.

Marketing Fruit in B.C.

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":

Tomatoes haven't come on just as fast as we would like, and I suppose others are in the same box, for the price is still up. But we got in on the first markets with the tomatoes off the center of the vines where they formed first, and now we have to wait till the ones on the ends of the branches ripen.

But that is not what I wanted to write about; it's this marketing business. You know British Columbia is all for protection, and it's a kind of a selfish thing. It is only looking at one side of our business. But still the law is there, and the people on the prairies and in British Columbia cities have to pay for their own error. But if we are going to make them pay for our stuff, we ought to give them a square deal.

We are going to create a bad name for ourselves, or rather our United States competitor will for us because of our measure. They are shipping in four-basket crates of the same fruits as we are, but they fill the baskets jam full, heap them right up, just all the baskets will carry; particularly in this case in cots and prunes, and ours look skimmed along side. The Okanagan United Growers are this year playing them at their own game, and we too are putting up the full measure. We are trying it on tomatoes, and tried to put up 25 lbs. in four-basket crates, but we had to come down to 22 lbs. It takes careful work, but we are getting at it. By the way, it's the careful packing that is going to count this year more than ever on account of the market depression.

Still, what I wanted to write about is this: Does it not just seem a little crooked for the "honest farmers," as we like to style ourselves, to be packing the small stuff on the bottom and facing up with the big size, yet that is what we have to do so long as we use those "tin tops" that are small on the bottom and big on the top. It seems to be time we put up the kick, and not leave it to the city folks and give them the square deal without their having to ask for it. Then when we do that we can ask the Government to give us a decent kind of protection, not this "baby-feeding method" dished up to us with a spoon. Surely we can do our work as cheaply as they can across the line. But what we need in the way of protection is this, make the U. S. grower ship in under the same grade and pack that we have to, grade everything No. 1, No. 2, or No. 3, as we do, and refuse it entrance when it is graded as now, A, B, C, etc., which no consumer here understands, and which does not put the fruit on a basis so that it may be compared with our own. "When in Rome do as the Romans do," and if they are going to market here let them, but ask them to do as we do. Better still, let us both market alike without being forced to and be good neighbors, fair to each other.

B. C.

WALTER M. WRIGHT.

FARM BULLETIN.

The Excursion to Monteith Farm.

The second annual farmers' excursion to the Ontario Government Demonstration Farm, at Monteith, was held on Friday, August 7th. Over 1,000 people of the Timiskaming District availed themselves of the opportunity to visit the farm and listen to the addresses delivered. The attendance would undoubtedly have been much greater but for the bush fires, which were prevailing almost all through the district, and which compelled the settlers to stay on guard lest any of their buildings should be destroyed. The fire, however, was more of a continual smouldering, causing large clouds of smoke which were blown over the country, but did very little serious destruction. The farm showed up to very good advantage to the visitors, although the north country generally has suffered quite a bit by drouth this year. The district in the vicinity of the farm has been more favored than other districts in the matter of rainfall. Of the crops, a field of fall wheat, just ready for cutting, attracted a great deal of attention, being very good both in the straw and in the head. There was a very good second crop of alfalfa after a harvest of the first crop, running two tons to the acre. The area in clover and the richness of the yield attracted very general comment, those from the older sections of the province remarking that they saw more clover on this one farm than they had seen in all the sections of Old Ontario this year. There was also a splendid field of O. A. C. 72 oats, which would yield, it was estimated, at least 50 bushels to the acre. Other features which attracted attention were the live stock, which now includes a number of milking Shorthorn cows, a splendid Shorthorn bull, Shropshire sheep, a Clydesdale stallion and a number of good breeding mares which are used for work on the farm.

Honorable James S. Duff, Minister of Agriculture, presided. Professor C. A. Zavitz referred to the fact that it was his first visit to the north country in eight years, and remarked on the progress that had been shown. He predicted a great future for the country, and expressed the opinion that several crops could be grown to good advantage. He emphasized especially the clover, potatoes, fall wheat and oats. He pointed to a field of oats, a part of which followed the plowing under of peas. The portion grown where the peas had been plowed under showed a very marked superiority over the other portion, and this he thought showed the advantages of attention to cultivation. He said, "I do not think there was ever a time when the Government of Ontario was doing so much for the farmers of Ontario as at the present time," and he urged them to take advantage of the various ways in which the Government could assist them to get started right as to clean seed, proper methods of cultivation, varieties, live stock, etc.

Professor W. H. Day gave a drainage demonstration with the ditching machine, which has been purchased for the use of the farm and district. Drains are now being laid in a portion of the farm to show the possibilities of drainage. C. F. Bailey, Assistant Deputy Minister of Agriculture, spoke on live stock, showing what the farm was doing in the dissemination of pure-bred breeding animals in the district, and dealing especially with the question of horse breeding. Professor R. Harcourt spoke on soils, and Frank Hens, Dairy Instructor for Western Ontario, gave the ladies a practical talk on buttermaking on the farm. J. Lockie Wilson, Superintendent of Agricultural Societies, spoke on field crop competitions and other subjects in which he is interested. Very eloquent and encouraging addresses were delivered by A. H. Musgrove, M. P. P., for North Huron, and George S. Henry, M. P. P., for East York, who were guests of the Minister.

Saskatoon's Exhibition.

Dairy and beef cattle, sheep and swine, were the strongest features of the Saskatoon Exhibition, which recently closed its gates. However, considered from every standpoint, the Saskatoon Show was no glowing success, but quite creditable in a year of financial depression. The attendance was almost a failure. The horse ring was not the scene of any great enthusiasm, although in Clydesdales a few good individuals were out. In Shorthorns the same four herds that have been making the tour of Western shows were forward. J. A. Watt had the champion bull in Gainford Perfection and reserve on Lavender Scott. His Duchess 50th also won the female championship.

Clifford, Chapman and Cook, as at the previous Western shows, put up the exhibit in Herefords; both championships went to Cook.

In Aberdeen-Angus, as at the former shows, J. Bowman, Guelph, and J. D. McGregor, Brandon, Man., had out their herds, few changes being noticed in the placings.

In Holsteins there was strenuous competition, and some alterations in the awards were made as compared with former shows where the same cattle lined up. L. H. Lipsitt got the championship on his two-year-old bull Findeine King May, and the same breeder got the female championship on Molly of Bayhan.

In Ayrshires the same individual animals lined up as at the former Western shows, placings being much the same as formerly.

B. H. Bull & Son, Brampton, and J. Harper & Son, fought it out in Jerseys, Bull getting both championships and the best of the awards.

The best showing in horses was made in Clydesdales from the stables of Hon. W. C. Sutherland, R. W. Caswell and Wm. McKay, Saskatoon. Sutherland won the championships on Dunrobin Diamond and Lady Sylvander. There was only one Belgian and one Percheron horse at the show.

Sheep and swine made a good exhibit, the same individuals lining up as at previous Western shows this season.

Horses for the War.

There has been a great deal of talk about the buying of a large number of horses in Canada for the British army. Various estimates up to 30,000 have been made regarding the number required. At time of writing all the available information regarding these purchases, as given out by Sir Adam Beck, prominently connected with the buying of the remounts, is that our officials are only authorized to buy to the number of 2,500, to fill the requirements of the Canadian contingent which is to be sent to the front. At the present time representatives of the Government of Great Britain are on the way to Canada, and it is believed that they are coming to look into the matter of purchasing a large number of horses if the war goes on.

The district around London and Western Ontario is to supply between 90 and 100 of those bought for the first contingent. These horses must be five to eight years of age, from fifteen to sixteen hands high, and those purchased will be a mixed lot of remounts and artillery horses, weighing from 1,050 to 1,300 pounds. Good but not extravagant prices will be paid, and all horses bought must be of a dark color, no whites, grays, roans or creams are wanted.

The Forestry Convention which was to be held at Halifax, September 1st to 4th, has been indefinitely postponed.

War prices for grain and other food supplies may have a temporary glamor, but they will not repay the tiller of the soil for burdens already involved, and the peril of possibly greater ones to come.

Toronto, Montreal, Buffalo, and Other Leading Markets.

Toronto.

At West Toronto, Ont., on Monday, August 17, receipts of live stock numbered 151 cars, comprising 3,029 cattle, 776 hogs, 526 sheep and lambs, and 378 calves. Quality of bulk of cattle medium. A few good to choice loads sold at firm prices, but common and medium cattle were easier. Choice steers, \$8.60 to \$9; choice heifers, \$8.25 to \$8.40; medium to good cattle, \$7.75 to \$8.50; common, \$7 to \$7.60; cows, \$3 to \$7.25; feeders, \$6.50 to \$7.25; stockers, \$5.50 to \$6.25; calves, \$6 to \$11. Sheep, \$6 to \$6.50 for light ewes; yearlings, \$7 to \$8; lambs, \$8 to \$9; cull lambs, \$6.50 to \$7.

REVIEW OF LAST WEEK'S MARKETS

The total receipts of live stock at the

City and Union Stock-yards for the past week were:

	City.	Union.	Total.
Cars	36	384	420
Cattle	518	5,429	5,947
Hogs	177	7,158	7,335
Sheep	1,155	4,634	5,789
Calves	136	903	1,039
Horses	20	16	36

The total receipts of live stock at the two markets for the corresponding week of 1913 were:

	City.	Union.	Total.
Cars	19	358	377
Cattle	171	5,728	5,899
Hogs	82	4,074	4,156
Sheep	728	3,461	4,189
Calves	290	1,274	1,564
Horses	—	56	56

The combined receipts of live stock at the City and Union Stock-yards for the

past week show an increase of 43 cars, 48 cattle, 3,179 hogs, 1,600 sheep and lambs; but a decrease of 525 calves, and 20 horses, compared with the corresponding week of 1913.

Live-stock receipts in nearly every class were liberal during the past week. Trade was active, and prices firm in all classes excepting lambs, values for which are still higher than they should be for this season of the year, but prices were lower than for the previous week. The run of cattle was liberal all last week, especially on Monday. Quality in general was not as good as could be desired, pastures having failed in many districts of the Province, although there were more that sold for higher prices than in our last weekly letter. About four loads, all told, during the week brought the top price of \$9 per cwt., and there

were several loads that sold around \$8.75 to \$8.90; in fact, the bulk sold between \$7.75 and \$8.50. All of the beef cattle were bought by the local butchers and abattoirs, excepting about eight carloads that were bought by the Fowler's Canadian Company of Hamilton, and none for export. Feeders and stockers were in fairly good demand, at slightly higher values. Milkers and springers, of which there was a moderate supply, sold at steady prices. There was a moderate supply of veal calves, which sold at firm quotations, especially the good to choice qualities. Sheep were firm, but lambs sold at lower quotations. Prices for hogs fluctuated, but were generally firmer all week.

Butchers' Cattle.—Loads of choice, heavy, butchers' steers, sold at \$8.60 to \$9; loads of good, \$8.25 to \$8.50; medi-

THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

Capital Authorized - \$ 25,000,000
Capital Paid up - 11,500,000
Reserve Funds - 13,000,000
Total Assets - 180,000,000

HEAD OFFICE: MONTREAL

Branches throughout every Province of the Dominion of Canada.

Accounts of Farmers Invited
Sale Notes Collected

Savings Department at All Branches

um to good, \$7.75 to \$8.15; common to medium, \$7.25 to \$7.60; inferior, \$7; choice cows, \$7 to \$7.50; good cows, \$6.50 to \$6.75; medium cows, \$5.75 to \$6; common cows, \$5 to \$5.50; canners and cutters, \$3 to \$4.50; choice bulls, \$7 to \$7.50, and two of extra quality, \$8; good bulls, \$6.25 to \$6.75; bologna bulls, \$5 to \$6.

Feeders and Stockers.—Feeders of good quality sold at \$7 to \$7.40; good steers, \$6.50 to \$7; stockers, \$5.50 to \$6.25.

Milkers and Springers.—Choice quality milkers sold from \$85 to \$100, and one of extra choice quality, weighing 1,650 lbs., brought \$120; medium to good cows, \$65 to \$80; common, \$45 to \$55.

Veal Calves.—Choice calves sold at \$10 to \$11; good, \$9 to \$10; medium, \$7.50 to \$8.50; inferior and common, sold at \$5 to \$7.

Sheep and Lambs.—Sheep, light ewes, \$6 to \$6.50; yearlings, \$7 to \$8; heavy, fat ewes and rams, \$3.50 to \$5.50. Lambs early in the week sold at \$9.25 to \$9.50, but later \$8.50 to \$9; cull lambs, \$7 to \$7.50 and \$8.

Hogs.—At the beginning of the week hogs sold at \$10 fed and watered; on Tuesday, \$10 to \$10.25 fed and watered; \$10.50 to \$10.60 weighed off cars, and \$9.80 f. o. b. cars; on Thursday, \$9.50 to \$9.65 fed and watered; \$9.75 to \$9.85 weighed off cars, and \$9.60 f. o. b. cars.

TORONTO HORSE MARKET.

There was absolutely nothing of any consequence doing on the horse market, but the dealers are looking forward to something being done in supplying horses for the British army.

BREADSTUFFS.

Wheat.—Ontario, No. 2 red, white or mixed, \$1.10 to \$1.15, outside; Manitoba, No. 1 northern, \$1.22, track, bay points; No. 2 northern, \$1.22.

Oats.—Ontario, No. 2 white, none offering; Manitoba oats, No. 2, 60c.; No. 3, 59c., lake ports.

Rye.—Outside, 63c. to 64c.

Peas.—No. 2, 98c. to \$1.03, outside.

Corn.—American, No. 2 yellow, 89c., track, Collingwood.

Barley.—For malting, 57c. to 59c., outside.

Buckwheat.—No. 2, 88c. to 90c., outside.

Rolled Oats.—Per bag of 90 lbs., \$2.55.

Flour.—None offering. Manitoba flour—Prices at Toronto were: First patn's, \$6.20; second patens, \$5.70; in cotton, 10c. more; strong bakers', \$5.50, in jute.

HAY AND MILLFEED.

Hay.—Baled, car lots, track, Toronto, No. 1, \$14 to \$15; No. 2, \$12 to \$13 per ton.

Straw.—Baled, car lots, track, Toronto, \$8 to \$8.50.

Bran.—Manitoba, \$23, in bags, track, Toronto; shorts, \$26; Ontario bran, \$23, in bags; shorts, \$26; middlings, \$29.

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Butter.—Prices were firmer. Creamery pound rolls, 26c. to 28c.; creamery solids, 24c. to 26c.; separator dairy, 23c. to 24c.

Eggs.—New-laid eggs sold at 24c., by the case.

Cheese.—New, large, 14c. to 14½c.; twins, 14½c. to 14¾c.

Beans.—Hand-picked, bushel, \$3.50; primes, \$3.25.

Potatoes.—New, per bag, \$1.40 for Canadians.

Honey and Syrup.—Maple syrup in tins

was 60c. to 65c. in small tins, and up to 85c. in 11-lb. tins. Sugar was 8½c. to 10c. per lb. White-clover comb honey was 13c. to 14c. per lb.; extracted, 10c. to 11c.; dark comb, 12c. to 13c., and strained, 6c. to 8c. per lb.

Eggs.—There was no change in the market for eggs. Straight receipts were quoted at 23½c. to 24c. per dozen, in a wholesale way, while selected stock in single cases sold at 27c. to 28c.; No. 1 stock, in the same way, at 23c. to 24c., and No. 2 stock at 21c. to 22c. The market was generally firm.

Butter.—The market advanced in price, and quotations ranged 2c. higher than the previous week. There has been a very good demand from British Columbia and the Northwest. Choice stock was quoted at 28c. to 28½c. per lb., while fine was 27½c. to 27¾c., and seconds was 26c. to 26½c.; Western dairy, 24c. to 24½c., and Manitoba dairy, 23c. to 24c.

Cheese.—The market for cheese was firm, and it is expected that prices will go higher in the near future. Quotations were higher than the previous week, being as follows: Finest Western, 18½c. to 18¾c. per lb., and finest Eastern, 12½c. to 13c. for either white or colored.

Grain.—Prices of grain were away higher than the previous week. No. 2 Canadian Western oats were quoted at 58c., in car lots, ex store; No. 3 Canadian Western, 57c.; No. 2 feed, 56c. per bushel. The feeling in Manitoba barley was very firm, with sales of car lots of No. 4 barley at 64c. per bushel, and of rejected at 62c. per bushel, ex store.

Flour.—The market for flour advanced again. Manitoba first-patent flour was up to \$6.30 per barrel, in bags; seconds, \$5.80, and strong bakers', \$5.60. Ontario winter-wheat flour was higher, at \$6 to \$6.25 for choice patents, and \$5.75 for straight rollers in wood.

Millfeed.—Prices of millfeed were up all the way round. Bran sold at \$24 per ton, and shorts at \$26 in bags, while middlings were \$29, including bags. Mouille was \$31 to \$33 for pure, and \$29 to \$30 for mixed.

Hay.—The market for hay was very firm. Prices were only nominal. No. 1 pressed hay, car lots, Montreal, track, was said to have sold at \$19 per ton; extra good No. 2 hay was \$18. Some declare these prices were absurdly high.

Hides.—The quality of stock was good, and prices firm, as follows: Beef hides, 16c., 17c. and 18c. for Nos. 3, 2 and 1, respectively. Calf skins were 16c. and 18c., for Nos. 2 and 1. Lamb skins were 70c. each, with horse hides ranging from \$1.75 for No. 2, to \$2.50 each for No. 1. Tallow sold at 14c. to 8c. for rough, and 5c. to 6½c. for rendered.

Poultry.—Turkeys per lb., 16c. to 22c.; spring ducks, 10c. to 12c.; hens, 12c. to 14c.; spring chickens, live weight, 16c. to 18c.; squabs, per dozen, \$4.

HIDES AND SKINS.

City hides, No. 1 inspected steers and cows, 14c.; No. 2, 13c.; city butcher hides, flat 14c.; country hides, cured, 15c. to 16½c.; green, 12c. to 12½c.; lamb skins and pelts, 35c. to 60c.; calf skins, 16c.; horse hair, per lb., 37c. to 38c.; horse hides, No. 1, \$3.50 to \$4; tallow, No. 1, per lb., 5½c. to 7c. Wool, unwashed, coarse, 17½c.; wool, unwashed, fine, 19c.; wool, washed, coarse, 26c.; wool, washed, fine, 27½c.

FRUITS AND VEGETABLES.

Receipts of fruits and vegetables were large for the past week, especially for vegetables. Prices ruled as follows: Apples, 15c. to 25c. per basket; blueberries, \$1.50 to \$1.75 per basket; cantaloupes, 35c. to \$1 per basket; cherries, 75c. per basket; currants, red, 60c. per basket; gooseberries, 50c. per basket; Lawton berries, 9c. to 11c. per box; peaches, Canadian, 50c. to 75c. per basket; plums, 40c. to 75c. per basket; watermelons, 40c. each.

Vegetables.—Beets, 20c. to 25c. per dozen bunches; beans, 20c. per basket; cabbages, \$1 to \$1.25 per crate; carrots, 20c. per dozen bunches; celery, 35c. to 60c. per dozen; cauliflower, 75c. to \$1 per dozen; cucumbers, 20c. per basket; corn, 7c. to 15c. per dozen; eggplant, 75c. to \$1 per basket; gherkins, 35c. to 40c. per basket; onions, green, Canadian, 30c. per basket; Spanish onions, \$4.50 per crate; onions, Canadian, dried, 50c. per basket; peppers, red, 75c. per basket; peppers, green, 40c. to 50c. per basket; summer squash, 35c. per basket; tomatoes, 25c. to 35c. per basket; vegetable marrow, 10c. to 20c. per basket; lettuce, 20c. per dozen.

Montreal.

Live Stock.—The local cattle market showed a steady tone in spite of the advance which took place in the Toronto market. Demand here was not very brisk. Beyond any question, the high cost of meat is having the effect of curtailing consumption, more especially now that the war is on, and people are compelled to reduce expenses, because of the daily growth of the number of unemployed. The feeling, however, was, that in spite of all this, prices would be higher very shortly. Supplies were fairly large, and this contributed to holding the prices down. Canning cattle were in large supply, and there was a very good demand for this class of stock, both from local and U. S. sources. Bulls sold at 5½c. to 5¼c. per lb., and cows at 3½c. to 4¼c. per lb. Choice steers sold at 8½c. to 9c., with fine at 8½c.; good at 7½c. to 8¼c., and medium at 6½c. to 7¼c. Choice cows sold at 7½c. to 7¼c., and medium at 6½c. to 7¼c., both selling about the same price. There was a good demand for small meats of all kinds, and prices held fairly steady, at 7½c. to 8c. for Ontario lambs. Quebec stock brought 6c. to 7c. per lb., and ewe sheep sold at 6c. to 6½c., and bucks and culls at 6½c. to 6¼c. Calves showed the usual range, at \$3 to \$6 each for the common, and up to \$13 and \$14 for the best. In spite of the strength of the market for hogs in Toronto, prices advanced very little here. Selects sold at 10c. to 10½c. per lb., and some extra good stock at 10½c.

Horses.—Horse dealers declare that they have not experienced any demand for the remounts referred to in the newspapers, although they understand that something is going on in this connection. At the time of the South African war, remounts were purchased all the way from \$130 to \$170 each, the average being from \$140 to \$150. They were taking horses 14½ hands high and weighing 1,000 lbs. The artillery horses were about 1,300 lbs. It is unlikely that remounts can be obtained any longer at less than \$175 to \$200. Trade continued very light.

Dressed Hogs.—Dressed hogs advanced in a remarkable manner, up to 14½c. to 15c. per lb. for abattoir-dressed, fresh-killed stock.

Potatoes.—New stock was scarce, and quoted at \$3 per barrel of 165 lbs. Local potatoes are not of very good quality.

Honey and Syrup.—Maple syrup in tins

was 60c. to 65c. in small tins, and up to 85c. in 11-lb. tins. Sugar was 8½c. to 10c. per lb. White-clover comb honey was 13c. to 14c. per lb.; extracted, 10c. to 11c.; dark comb, 12c. to 13c., and strained, 6c. to 8c. per lb.

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Buffalo.

Cattle.—Canada was a most liberal liberal contributor to the Buffalo market last week, and never within the history of the market did shipping steers from across the border sell for as high figures, tippy Canadians the past week reaching \$9.75, with the fewest number of steers from across the river fetching under \$9. Native shipping steers out of Ohio sold up to \$10, with other shipping steers running from \$9.75 to \$9.85. Canadian heavy heifers, with some cows in, sold in loads up to \$8.85. Supply out of Canada was the largest for some weeks, running up to around seventy loads, twenty to thirty of which were steers on the better-weight order. Runs of late have contained none too many of the good kinds of shipping steers, and in the West, Eastern order buyers have been unable to meet anything like their demands, resulting in New York killers looking to Buffalo for substantial numbers of good steers. Monday, prices ruled fully 15c. to 25c. higher than the previous week, the greatest advance being noted on Canadians, and steers from across the way that were not very good, selling around 9c., showed about as much advance as any grades. Butchering cattle generally looked higher by a dime to fifteen cents. Butchering steers running less than a thousand pounds sold from \$8.65 to \$9.25, with some eleven hundred and better running up to \$9.30. At no time this year have these kinds brought stronger prices. Stockers and feeders ruled higher, best 800-lb. feeders running up to \$7.65 to \$7.75, but there were few of these better grades, most of the offerings being out of Montreal and

selling around \$5.50 and \$6 for the light, common kinds, some tail-enders running lower. Little, common stock bulls, and thin, sausage grades out of Montreal, brought mostly \$5.60, with some knotty ones little above a nickel. Good, heavy bulls ranged up to \$7.90 to \$8, Canadian bulls bringing the extreme top prices. Dairy cows sold lower by \$5 per head. Eastern dealers did not take hold readily, reporting that the trade down East was in a rather unfavorable position. Authorities generally are discussing the European war and its effect on the live-stock trade. Packers are buying canners now on the Buffalo market, no doubt with the view of landing the tinned beef in Europe. Receipts the past week were 6,200 head, as against 4,850 the preceding week, and 3,675 head for the corresponding week a year ago. Quotations: Choice to prime shipping steers, 1,250 to 1,500 lbs., \$9.75 to \$10; fair to good shipping steers, \$8.85 to \$9.25; choice to prime handy steers, \$8.75 to \$9.25; fair to good, \$8.40 to \$8.65; prime, fat, heavy heifers, \$8.50 to \$8.85; good butchering heifers, \$8 to \$8.25; best heavy, fat cows, \$7 to \$7.25; good butchering cows, \$6 to \$6.75; best feeders, \$7.25 to \$7.50; best stockers, \$6.50 to \$7; best bulls, \$6.75 to \$7.50; good killing bulls, \$6.25 to \$6.75; stock and medium bulls, \$5 to \$6; best milkers and springers, \$75 to \$90.

Hogs.—Erratic hog market last week. Monday was the high time, with prices ranging from \$10.50 to \$10.65, and the next three days witnessed a big drop, while a reaction followed on Friday. Thursday, bulk moved at \$9.60, and on Friday the majority brought \$9.70. Roughs fore part of week sold up to \$9, and Friday they ranged from \$8.25 to \$8.50, with stags at \$6.50 to \$7.50. Receipts: Past week, 32,640; previous week, 23,680; year ago, 22,560. No Canadians.

Sheep and Lambs.—General range on top lambs last week, \$9 to \$9.25, few reaching \$9.50; Friday's range being from \$8.75 to \$9 for tops, with culls \$7 down. Best yearlings, \$7 to \$7.50, and top wether sheep around \$6.50, one load Thursday at \$6.60. Ewes, \$4.50 to \$5.75; heavy ones, \$4.50 to \$5. Receipts: Last week, 12,600; previous week, 7,000; year ago, 9,200. No Canadians.

Calves.—Supply last week 2,325 head, around 400 head being Canadians. General market for top veals for first four days, \$12 to \$12.50. Friday, spread was from \$11.75 to \$12.25. Culls, \$10 down. Canadians mostly grassers, and ranging from \$5.50 to \$6.50.

Cheese Markets.

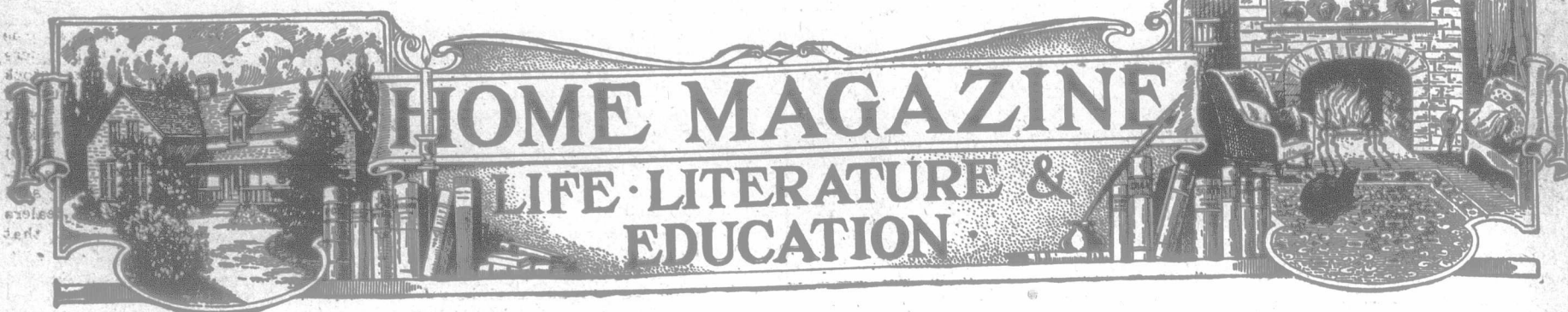
Cowansville, Que., butter, 27½c.; Belleville, 18 1-16c. and 18c., part refused at same prices; St. Hyacinthe, Que., butter, 28c.; London, 12 18-16c. and 12½c., bidding from 12c. to 12 18-16c.; Watertown, N. Y., 14½c. and 14¾c.; Listowel, 18c.; Alexandria, white, 12½c.; colored, 12 15-16c.; Picton, 12c. and 12 15-16c.; Cornwall, 12½c. and 12 15-16c.; New York, N. Y., whole milk, fresh, white or colored, specials, 16½c.; average fancy, 15½c. to 16c.; State daisies, 16½c.; Wisconsin daisies, 15½c. to 16½c.; Madoc, 12 9-16c.; Campbellford, 18c. and 12 18-16c.; Peterboro, 12 9-16c. bid; Utica, N. Y., white, 18½c. to 14c.

Chicago.

Cattle.—Beeves, \$7.25 to \$10.50; Texas steers, \$6.40 to \$9.30; stockers and feeders, \$5.50 to \$8.10; cows and heifers, \$8.75 to \$9.80; calves, \$8.50 to \$11.75. Hogs.—Light, \$8.90 to \$9.35; mixed, \$8.70 to \$9.35; heavy, \$8.45 to \$9.45; rough, \$8.45 to \$8.60; pigs, \$6.75 to \$8.75; bulk of sales, \$9 to \$9.80. Sheep and Lambs.—Native, \$5.30 to \$6.15; yearlings, \$6.25 to \$7.15; lambs, native, \$6.70 to \$8.65.

Gossip.

SHORTHORNS AT AUCTION. Parties desiring to purchase some choice Shorthorn cattle should drop a line to A. G. Smillie, R. R. No. 2, Kippen, Ont., asking for catalogue of his extensive dispersion sale, to be held at his farm, September 18th.



The Litany of War.

(By Alfred Noyes.)

Sandalphon, whose white wings to heaven
upbear

The weight of human prayer,
Stood silent in the still eternal Light
Of God, one dreadful night.
His wings were clogged with blood and
foul with mire,

His body seared with fire.
"Hast thou no word for Me?" the Master said,
The angel sank his head:

"Word from the nations of the East and
West,"

He moaned, "that blood is best.
The patriot prayers of either half of
earth,

Hear Thou, and judge their worth.
Out of the obscene seas of
slaughter, hear,

First, the first nation's prayer:
O God, deliver Thy people. Let
Thy sword
Destroy our enemies, Lord!

"Pure as the first, as passionate
in trust

That their own cause is just;
Puppets as fond in those dark
hands of greed;

As fervent in their creed;
As blindly moved, as utterly be-
trayed,

As urgent for Thine aid:
Out of the obscene seas of
slaughter, hear,

The second nation's prayer:
O God, deliver Thy people. Let
Thy sword
Destroy our enemies, Lord.

"Over their slaughtered children,
one great cry
From either enemy!

From either host, thigh-deep in
filth and shame,
One prayer, one and the same:

Out of the obscene seas of
slaughter, hear,
From east and west one prayer:

O God, deliver Thy people. Let
Thy sword
Destroy our enemies, Lord."

Then, on the Cross of His creative
pain,
God bowed His head again.

Then, East and West, over all seas
and lands,
Outstretched His pierced hands.

"And yet," Sandalphon whispered,
"men deny
The Eternal Calvary!"

Browsings Among the Books.

THE OLYMPIANS.

(From "The Golden Age," by
Kenneth Grahame.)

"'Tis opportune to look back upon
old times, and contemplate our
forefathers. Great examples grow
thin, and to be fetched from the
passed world. Simplicity flies
away, and iniquity comes at long
strides upon us."

—Sir Thomas Browne.

Looking back to those days of old, ere
the gate shut to behind me, I can see
now that to children with a proper equip-
ment of parents these things would have
worn a different aspect. But to those
whose nearest were aunts and uncles, a
special attitude of mind may be allowed.
They treated us, indeed, with kindness
enough as to the needs of the flesh, but
after that with indifference (an indiffer-
ence, as I recognize the result of a cer-
tain stupidity), and therewith the com-
monplace conviction that your child is

merely animal. At a very early age I
remember realizing in a quite impersonal
and kindly way the existence of that
stupidity, and its tremendous influence in
the world; while there grew up in me, as
in the parallel case of Caliban upon
Setebos, a vague sense of a ruling
power, wilful and freakish, and prone to
the practice of vagaries—"just choosing
so": as, for instance, the giving of au-
thority over us to these hopeless and in-
capable creatures, when it might far more
reasonably have been given to ourselves
over them. These elders, our betters by
a trick of chance, commanded no re-
spect, but only a certain blend of envy—
of their good luck—and pity—for their
inability to make use of it. Indeed, it
was one of the most hopeless features in
their character (when we troubled our-
selves to waste a thought on them:

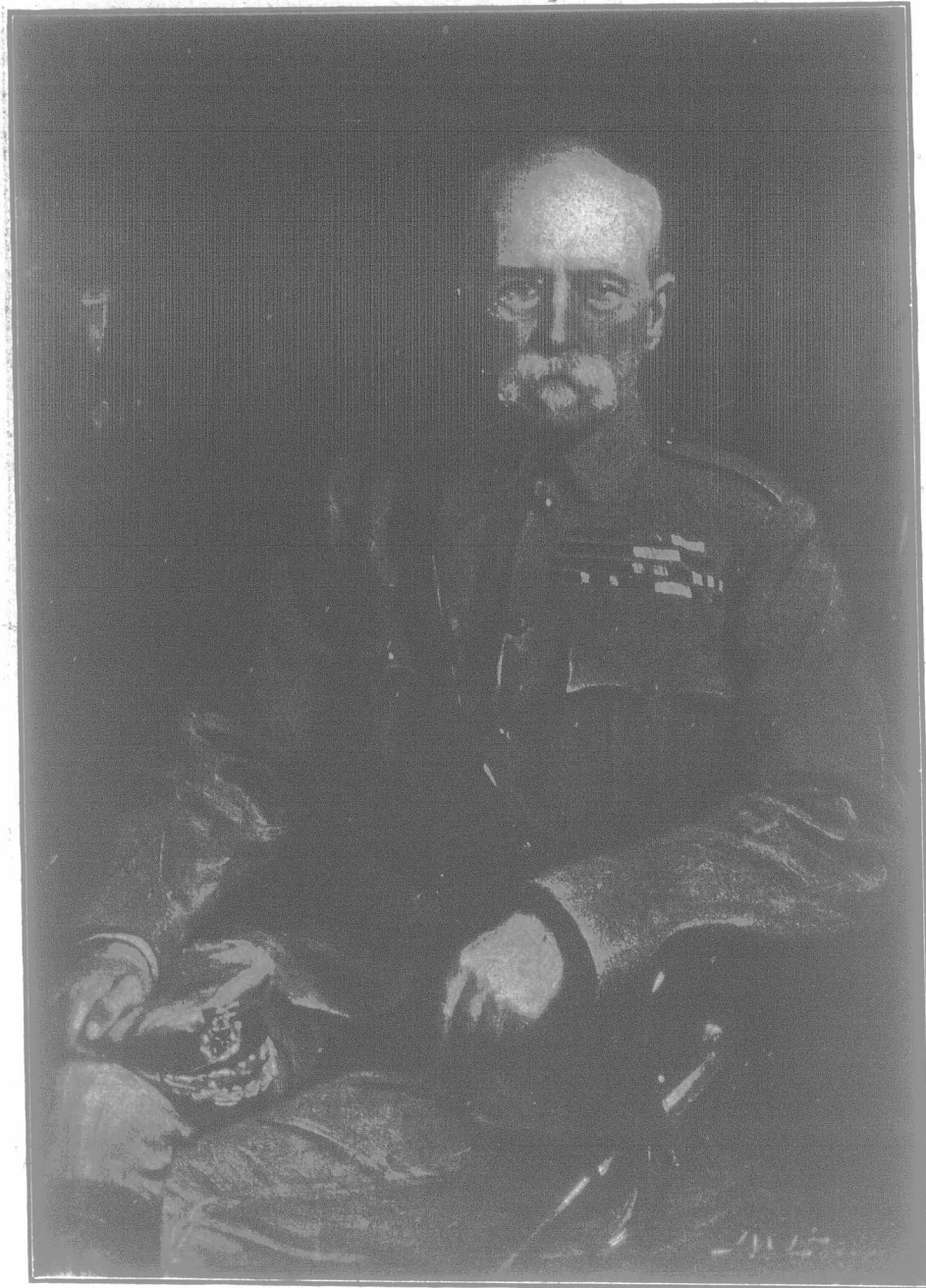
cord, though they betrayed no greater
delight in the experience than ourselves.

On the whole, the existence of these
Olympians seemed to be entirely void of
interests, even as their movements were
confined and slow, and their habits
stereotyped and senseless. To anything
but appearances they were blind. For
them the orchard (a place elf-haunted,
wonderful!) simply produced so many
apples and cherries: or it didn't; when
the failures of Nature were not infre-
quently ascribed to us. They never set
foot within fir-wood or hazel-copse, nor
dreamt of the marvels hid therein. The
mysterious source—sources as of old
Nile—that fed the duck-pond had no
magic for them. They were unaware of
Indians, nor recked they anything of
bisons or of pirates (with pistols!),
though the whole place swarmed with

the scenting of blood. He neither
laughed nor sneered, as the Olympians
would have done; but possessed of a
serious idiosyncrasy, he would contribute
such lots of valuable suggestion as to
the pursuit of this particular sort of big
game that, as it seemed to us, his ma-
ture age and eminent position could
scarce have been attained without a
practical knowledge of the creature in its
native lair. Then, too, he was always
ready to constitute himself a hostile army
or a band of marauding Indians on the
shortest possible notice; in brief, a dis-
tinctly able man, with talents, so far as
we could judge, immensely above the ma-
jority. I trust he is a bishop by this
time,—he had all the necessary qualifi-
cations, as we knew.

These strange folk had visitors some-
times,—stiff and colorless Olympians like
themselves, equally without vital
interests and intelligent pursuits:
emerging out of the clouds, and
passing away again to drag on an
aimless existence somewhere out of
our ken. Then brute force was
pitilessly applied. We were cap-
tured, washed, and forced into
clean collars, silently submitting,
as was our wont, with more con-
tempt than anger. Anon, with
unctuous hair and faces stiffened in
a conventional grin, we sat and
listened to the usual platitudes.
How could reasonable people spend
their precious time so? That was
ever our wonder as we bounded
forth at last—to the old clay-pit
to make pots, or to hunt bears
among the hazels.

It was incessant matter, for
amazement how these Olympians
would talk over our heads—during
meals, for instance—of this or the
other social or political inanity,
under the delusion that these pale
phantasms of reality were among
the importances of life. We illumina-
ted, eating silently, our heads full
of plans and conspiracies, could
have told them what real life was.
We had just left it outside, and
were all on fire to get back to it.
Of course, we didn't waste the
revelation on them; the futility of
imparting our ideas had long been
demonstrated. One in thought and
purpose, linked by the necessity of
combating one hostile fate, a
power antagonistic ever,—a power
we lived to evade,—we had no con-
fidants save ourselves. This
strange anæmic order of beings was
further removed from us, in fact,
than the kindly beasts who shared
our natural existence in the sun.
The estrangement was fortified by
an abiding sense of injustice, aris-
ing from the refusal of the
Olympians ever to defend, retract,
or admit themselves in the wrong,
or to accept similar concessions on
our part. For instance, when I
flung the cat out of an upper win-
dow (though I did it from no ill-
feeling, and it didn't hurt the cat),
I was ready, after a moment's re-
flection, to own I was wrong, as a
gentleman should. But was the
matter allowed to end there? I
trow not. Again, when Harold
was locked up in his room all
day, for assault and battery upon a
neighbor's pig,—an action he would have
scorned, being indeed on the friendliest
terms with the porker in question,—there
was no handsome expression of regret on
the discovery of the real culprit. What
Harold had felt was not so much the
imprisonment,—indeed he had very soon
escaped by the window, with assistance
from his allies, and had only gone back
in time for his release,—as the Olympian
habit. A word would have set all right;
but, of course, that word was never spoken.



The Men at the Helm.

Lord Roberts, Colonel-in-Chief of the Over-seas Forces.

which wasn't often) that, having a so-
lute license to indulge in the pleasures of
life, they could get no good of it. They
might dabble in the pond all day, hunt
the chickens, climb trees in the most un-
compromising Sunday clothes; they were
free to issue forth and buy gunpowder in
the full eye of the sun,—free to fire can-
nons and explode mines on the lawn;
yet they never did any one of these
things. No irresistible Energy haled
them to church on Sundays; yet they
went there regularly of their own ac-

such portents. They cared not about
exploring for robbers' caves, nor digging
for hidden treasure. Perhaps, indeed, it
was one of their best qualities that they
spent the greater part of their time
stuffy indoors.

To be sure, there was an exception in
the curate, who would receive unflinch-
ing information that the meadow be-
yond the orchard was a prairie studded
with herds of buffalo, which it was our
delight, moccasined and tomahawked, to
ride down with those whoops that an-

Well! The Olympians are all past and gone. Somehow the sun does not seem to shine so brightly as it used; the trackless meadows of old time have shrunk and dwindled away to a few poor acres. A saddening doubt, a dull suspicion, creeps over me. Et in Arcadia ego,—I certainly did once inhabit Arcady. Can it be I, too, have become an Olympian.

Travel Notes.

(FROM HELEN'S DIARY.)

Not far below Bingen is the famous rock called the Lorelei. It is a high, rocky precipice, which juts boldly out into the stream just where the river is most swift and deep and dangerous. As soon as we came in sight of it the tourists got excited. Even the sleepy American group woke up.

"There it is!"
"Where?"
"There!"

"Quite a sky-scraper, ain't it?" said a man behind me.

Just as we were passing it an unseen musician on the lower dock began to play the well-known air on a cornet, and a group of German students began to sing.

We did not see the siren who haunts the rock, however. She only appears at sunset. She is a bewitchingly beautiful creature, with flowing golden hair, and a voice of wondrous beauty. But she has a bad and cruel heart. Every night she sits on the summit of the rock and combs her golden hair with a golden comb, or sings plaintive songs, accompanying herself on a golden lute. It is her special delight to lure boatmen to destruction in the whirlpool at the base of the cliff.

Every little village along the Rhine has a big church which seems to dominate the town. But of all the Rhenish churches, the Cathedral of Cologne is the most beautiful. It is said to be the most magnificent Gothic Cathedral in Europe. It was started in 1248, but at the end of the 15th century the building was entirely abandoned. In 1776 the French used it for a granary. Of course, there is a story connected with it, and this is the story:

LEGEND OF COLOGNE CATHEDRAL.

Away back in the long ago there was an archbishop in Cologne who became dissatisfied with his church. He wanted a bigger and finer one; he burned with a desire to erect a cathedral which would eclipse in grandeur anything in Europe. So he sent for the most famous architect of the time and ordered him to draw up plans for a mighty cathedral. The architect was a clever man, but also very vain, and he made up his mind that he would put a tablet on the cathedral with his name on, so that all the world should know that he was the architect.

But when he began to sketch out the designs, his mind seemed to be a blank. He couldn't think of anything original, or of anything worthy of the great subject. He drew and drew, but nothing came of it. At last, in a fit of despair, he tore up all his designs and wandered down to the river in a suicidal frame of mind. Seating himself on a stone, he began to sketch on the sand with his cane. After he had been working for a while he became aware that another man was also sketching on the sand, and sketching a cathedral, too. The stranger's design was marvellously beautiful, and the architect watched him in wonder as he deftly and quickly traced out the details of a cathedral of surpassing beauty. But all the lines faded away as soon as they were made, and the architect could not remember any of them.

At last he broke the silence and spoke to the stranger: "Your design is wonderful," he said. "It is what I have dreamed of,—what I have sought for, and wished for, and have not been able to find. Give it to me on parchment and I will give you eighty gold pieces."

The stranger laughed and pulled out a well-filled purse. "I need not your money," he said.

But the architect was so eager for the plan that he was desperate, and pulling out his dagger attacked the stranger, but was overpowered and thrown to the ground on the very brink of the river.

"Gold and steel have no power over me," said the man. "You want my

plan because you think it will bring you riches and fame; and you may have it, but first you must sign this parchment with your blood."

"Begone!" shrieked the architect, making the sign of the cross, for now he knew that the mysterious stranger was Satan in the guise of a Tempter.

tricked that he let out a yell of rage that wakened up half the sleeping populace.

"You have cheated me," he shrieked, "but I shall have my revenge. You have the design, and you expect it will bring you riches and fame, but that cathedral shall never be finished, and

place in which to put the tablet to his own honor, for he intended everyone should know that he was the architect of the great cathedral. He had his name engraved upon a huge brass tablet in the form of a cross, and this cross he wished placed in a conspicuous place. As he was looking over the top of the tower a black cloud enveloped him, and when the cloud passed away the architect was nowhere to be seen. The workmen found his mangled body on the pavement at the foot of the tower. The devil had his revenge, for the cathedral was never finished, and the name of the architect is unknown.

It's too bad to spoil the legend by adding anything more, but as a matter of fact, the Prussians undertook the work of completing the Cologne Cathedral. They began the work of restoration in 1824, and finished it in 1880; on which occasion there was a grand pow-wow, all the high and mighty personages in Germany being present in honor of the event.

Wiesbaden, July 2nd, 1814.

The Windrow.

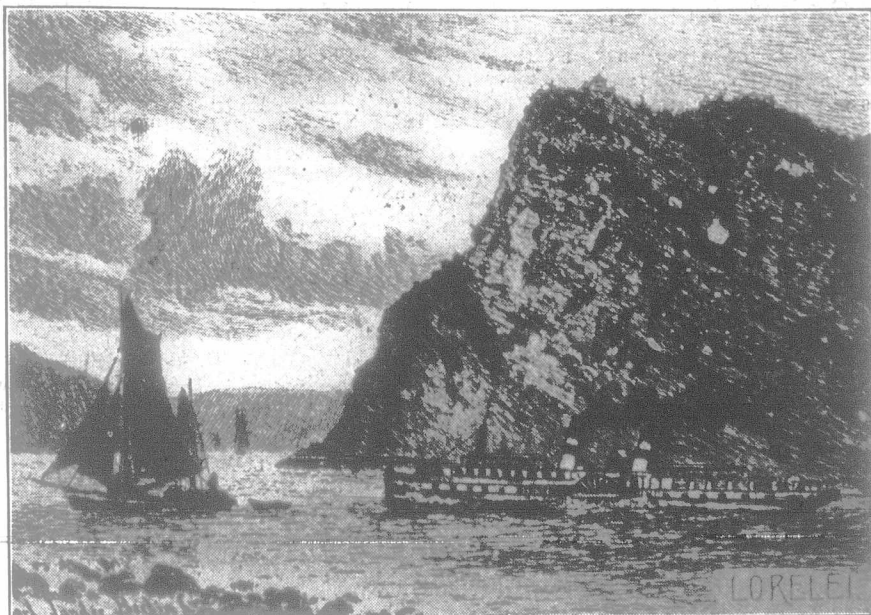
Just one hundred years ago, in June, 1814, there was opened to women the profession of medicine, by the granting of a decree to Fraulein von Siebold, who had passed her examinations in medicine and surgery. In 1817, the University of Goettingen conferred upon her the degree of Doctor, and in the following year she, the first woman physician, began the practice of her profession.

Premier Viviani has issued an appeal to the women of France to complete the work of gathering the crops left unfinished by the men who have been called to arms. The wheat stands unreaped, and the time of vintage approaches. "I appeal to your hardihood, and to that of your children, whose ages alone, not their courage, withholds them from the fighting line. I ask you to maintain the life of our fields, to finish this year's harvest, and prepare for next year. You cannot render a greater service to your country."

In Queensland, Australia, where ranches of 25,000 acres are considered small, and where the population is widely scattered, it would be impossible to collect within a practicable area enough children to support a school, so the problem of education is solved by having a travelling schoolmaster, who, in his motor, makes the round of the farms in his district—several thousand square miles in extent—stopping two or three days at each farm distributing books, and mapping out courses of lessons for the children to learn by themselves. The schoolmaster carries with him in his car, sixty gallons of petrol; ten gallons of oil, thirty gallons of water, and 150 pounds of school books. During his first term he travelled more than 4,000 miles, and did not see a railway line for six months.

Many of the great treasures of the world's literature have totally disappeared. Even so late as 1862 a copy of "Canterbury Tales," valued, it is said, at £500, was used to light the fire in a London church; while Carlyle's first manuscript of the "French Revolution," which he lent to his friend, John Stuart Mill, to read, was accidentally destroyed by fire while in the latter's possession, and Carlyle heroically started the work all over again, although he stated that the second effort was not a patch on the first. During the French Revolution an exceedingly valuable copy of "The Golden Legend" was used to light a librarian's fire. In 1802 a servant of Warburton used several dramas of Chapman, Green, and Massinger, to clean shoes and light fires. After the death of Pierese, there was found in his apartments a huge chest filled with letters from the most eminent scholars of the time. The collection was of immense literary and historical value. His niece, instead of complying with repeated requests to have them published, used them for fuel, in order to diminish the expense of firewood.—T. P.'s Weekly.

Perhaps the most surprising benefit obtained from the pursuit of mathematics



The Lorelei Rock.

"Come for the plan to-morrow at midnight," said the Tempter, as he disappeared.

The architect staggered home in a fearful fright, full of contending emotions. Fame was within his grasp, but in order to obtain it he must sell his soul. When he reached home he was in such a state that he told his old housekeeper what had happened. She hurried off and told her Confessor; he told the Abbot, and the Abbot told the Archbishop, and between them they hatched up a scheme to get the plan and fool the devil.

Then they went to the architect and advised him to go to the appointed place and agree to the terms, but he was to take with him a holy relic which would protect him from danger. This relic was a bone of one of the Eleven Thousand Virgins. The architect hesitated at first, but finally his ambition overcame his scruples, and he went off to the meeting-place.

The Tempter was there waiting for him. He was wrapped in a black cloth, and had with him two parchments: one with the plan, and the other with the terms of agreement.

"May I read this first," said the architect, "and see what I am to sign?"

"Certainly," said the devil, handing over the parchment with a stately bow.

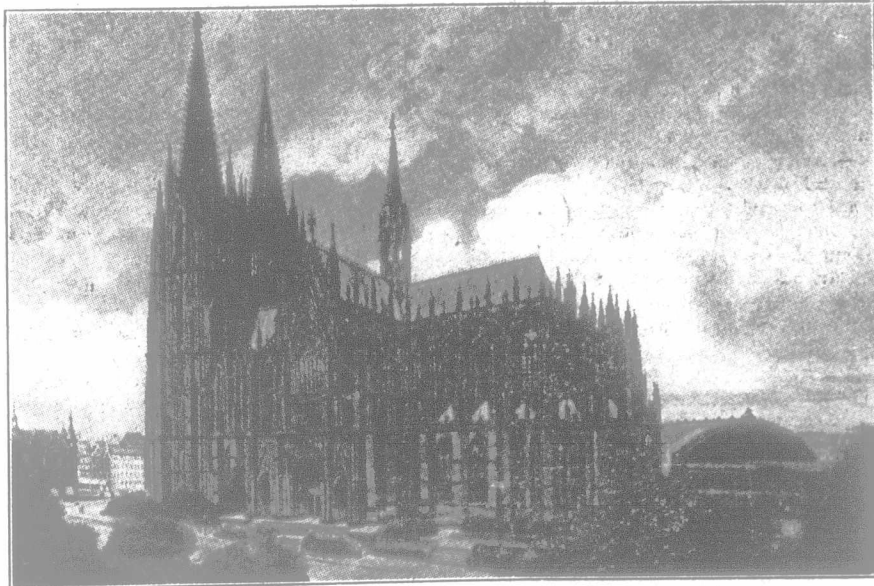
As the architect took the parchment in one hand, he held up the holy bone in the other and made the sign of the cross

your name will be forgotten." So saying, his cloak turned into two wings, which grew and grew, and flapped and flapped, till the wind began to roar,



A Famous Picture of the Lorelei.

and a fearful storm broke over the city; the thunder boomed, the lightning flashed, and the rain fell in such torrents the Rhine nearly overflowed its banks.



The Cathedral at Cologne.

in the devil's face, saying at the same time: "Avaunt, fiend! In the name of the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Virgins of Cologne, I hold thee, Satan, in defiance."

The devil was so furious at being

Years passed. The cathedral had begun to take shape and form, and was already looked upon as an architectural wonder. The architect's name was in everyone's mouth. One day he ascended the tower for the purpose of selecting a

is that, according to Professor J. J. Sylvester, by bringing into harmonious action all the faculties of the human mind, it conduces to extraordinary longevity. Lord Kelvin believed that the science helps to a correct judgment on practical affairs, that it is, in fact, "the etherealization of common sense." De Morgan was of opinion that "it is easier to square the circle than to get round a mathematician." The value of mathematics as a social asset is urged by an Indian sage, who says: "As the sun eclipses the stars by his brilliancy, so the man of knowledge will eclipse the fame of others in assemblies of the people if he proposes algebraic problems, and still more if he solves them." That this fame is not always certain, is taught us by another Indian sage, who, writing on the solution of cubic equations, explains that "the solution of such questions as these depends on correct judgment, aided by the assistance of God." As the non-mathematical reader contemplates the many advantages denied to him, he can only console himself by remembering with Isaac Walton that the mathematics is so like angling that it can never be fully learnt. Or he can echo Pope's line:

"Ah! why, ye gods, should two and two make four?" —The Nation.

Hope's Quiet Hour.

Compassed With Armies.

The angel of the LORD encampeth round about them that fear Him, and delivereth them.—Ps. 34: 7.

As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the LORD is round about His people.—Ps. 125: 2.

Lord, give Thy Angels every day
Command to guide us on our way;
And bid them every evening keep
Their watch around us while we sleep.
—Rev. J. M. Neale.

It is not easy this week to sit down quietly and write a Quiet Hour. The world is far from quiet, and special editions of the papers are constantly being published, full of the latest war news. Only God knows what the outcome may be. He sitteth in Infinite Peace, though the earth be never so unquiet, and yet everything that concerns His children is very close to His heart. As it was in the days of old, so it is still. Isaiah says: "In all their affliction He was afflicted, and the angel of His presence saved them: in His love and in His pity He redeemed them; and He bare them, and carried them all the days of old."

The peace of God, which passeth all understanding, is not a proof of His unconcern, but of His certainty of final good. God's children are so dear to Him that His very love would destroy His perfect peace unless He knew that all things would work together for their good.

When David was in the midst of enemies, who were for a long time turning his glory into shame, he felt so safe in the encompassing care of God that he was able to say: "I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep: for Thou, LORD, only makest me dwell in safety."

Elisha the prophet had brought down on himself the wrath of the mighty king of Syria. One morning the servant of Elisha got up early and went out. He was filled with terror at what he saw, for in the night a great host of armed men, with horses and chariots, had silently surrounded the city. His master was caught in a trap, and there seemed no possible chance of escape. Rushing in with the terrible tidings, he exclaimed: "Alas, my master! how shall we do?"

The prophet's peace was not disturbed, and he answered calmly: "Fear not: for they that be with us are more than they that be with them." He prayed that God would teach the trembling lad his own sure ground of confidence. Then God opened the young man's eyes to the spiritual realities which had been hidden from him before, and he discovered to his astonishment that the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha. Two armies compassed

them about, but the friendly host was closer and mightier than the army of the angry king of Syria.

The world seems to-day, like the servant of Elisha, in a state of tension bordering on panic fear. Will the great powers of Europe attempt to tear each other to pieces? Will the consequences be utter ruin? I don't know what troubles may be coming to meet us, what burdens we may be called to endure; but I do know that, as the hills were a wall around Jerusalem, so the Lord standeth round about His people, from this time forth for evermore. We can't see, with our outward eyes, His great army; but we can see it with the eye of faith. We can rely in absolute confidence on our Almighty Ally, knowing that seeming defeat is real victory to one who trusts in Him. Our Master was stripped of all earthly possessions, and yet His life and death were victorious. He proved the innate glory of manhood, the glory of love triumphing over hate, of courage which nothing could conquer, of peace unutterable when all earthly supports were swept away.

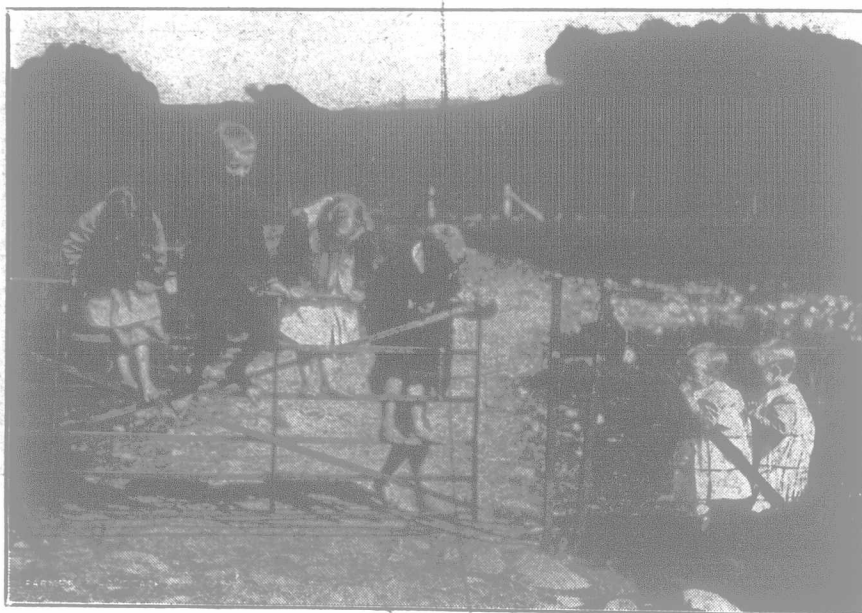
We claim to be followers of a Master who went forward fearlessly to a death of shame and agony. He has solemnly said: "If any man serve Me, let him follow Me; and where I am, there shall also My servant be: if any man serve Me, him will My Father honor."

If we want a master who will invite us to live always in luxury and selfish pleasure, then we should not call ourselves by the Name of the Crucified JESUS. Our Master's promises to His followers read differently: "Ye shall be betrayed both by parents, and brethren, and kinsfolks, and friends; and some of you shall they cause to be put to death." But this does not mean defeat, for He tenderly adds: "But there shall

off,—unless we refuse to open our doors to receive them. Men have often proved themselves to be heroic and victorious when enduring hardships of all kinds. It is not when living in easy luxury that the glory of men has shone out most brightly. There was a certain rich man who was clothed in purple and fine linen and fared sumptuously every day. It was pleasant—while it lasted—but it was not a successful life. God will not allow us to settle down too comfortably, like birds refusing to use their wings. The things which seem to be for our wealth may be sapping our spiritual strength, so that we shall fall miserably when the test comes. God loves us enough to make us hardy by giving us real pain to bear, real difficulties to overcome. Danger is a welcome call to brave souls. There will be no lack of volunteers from Canada, if volunteers are needed. Men always volunteer in thousands for the post of great danger. It is said that at Trafalgar, while Nelson was exclaiming: "See how that brave fellow Collingwood takes his ships into action!" Collingwood was saying: "What would Nelson give to be here!" They were each eager for the most dangerous post.

I have a horror of war. It seems so inhuman to torture and kill one's fellows, and a frightfully savage and antiquated way of settling difficulties. I can't understand military enthusiasm at all—perhaps that is because I am a woman. But I know that the dangers of peace may be at least as great. We are in danger of growing selfish and soft from too much prosperity. We shrink from pain of body or heart, as if pain were the most terrible of evils—and yet weakness, selfishness, and cowardice, are far more to be feared.

Whatever may come, I am sure all



The Twins are Waiting for Their Turn.

not an hair of your head perish. In your patience possess ye your souls."

Soon after these words were spoken He showed them how it was possible to possess His own soul in triumphant patience when all other possessions were lost—and win a glorious victory over pain and death.

Whatever the future may bring, let us remember that God is the King of all the earth, the Ruler over earthly kings. Behind the great powers of Europe is an infinitely greater Power. He controls everything, though keeping out of sight:

"Behind the dim unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow,
Keeping watch above His own."

Let us beware, as Kipling has reminded us, lest we put our trust in great guns and armoured battleships, in huge armies and strong fortifications—

"And guarding call not Thee to guard,"

In times of war there is often a complete stoppage of connection. Telegraph wires are cut, railways destroyed, and supplies cut off. Let us remember thankfully that we can always communicate with our Great Ally. Our messages flash instantly to Him, and His answers cannot be blocked. His supplies of daily grace and strength cannot be cut

things will work together for the good of those who trust God and accept cheerily and patiently the burdens of each day as it comes. We are forbidden to be anxious about the future—that is in God's hands, and we have no right to bear its burdens until He gives them to us. Whatever dangers may surround us, or those dearest to us, we are always compassed about with armies—the legions of our King.

"God is our refuge and strength,
A very present help in trouble.
Therefore will we not fear, though the earth do change,

And though the mountains be moved in the heart of the seas;
Though the waters thereof roar and be troubled,

Though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof.

The nations raged, the kingdoms were moved:

He uttereth His voice, the earth melted,
The LORD of hosts is with us;
The God of Jacob is our Refuge."

DORA FARNCOMB.

Gifts From Readers.

I acknowledge, with thanks, gifts for the sick and needy from "Reader of the Quiet Hour," an "Advocate Friend," and "Country Woman" (No. 3). HOPE.

The Beaver Circle

The Hair-Cut Man.

A long way off there came in sight
A pole with stripes of red and white.
So like a candy-stick it stood,
You'd almost think it tasted good.
We walked inside and found him there—
The barber-man who cut my hair.

And there are bottles on a shelf,
And chairs so big you lose yourself,
And picture-papers hung on poles,
And painted cups in cubbyholes,
And lots of looking-glasses, too,
That show you different kinds of you.

The shiny shears went "peck-a-peck,"
As cold as ice, about my neck.
When Mother told him, "That's enough,"
He fizzed my head with smelly stuff,
And helped me down; and everywhere
About me lay my old dead hair.

And, oh, when everything was through,
I felt so clean, and cool, and new!
And I was bought a red balloon,
And smelled so fine all afternoon.
If I could only have my way,
I'd get my hair cut every day!

Where Your Penknife Came From.

Hundreds of thousands of penknives come across the ocean to us every year from the Sheffield factories in England. For three hundred years Sheffield has been making tools and knives of the best possible sort, and the materials from which the knives are made are gathered together from many widely different parts of the world.

Handles are made of ivory from the elephants of Africa, or it may be from the rough horn of an Arctic reindeer, from the shell of a tropical oyster, or possibly the bony covering of an unweildy tortoise from some of the almost unknown wilds of South Africa. Some of the bone handles may have come from our own domestic cattle, and vegetable ivory from the tropical South American palm tree may have formed others. Wherever they have grown, these knife handles have come from a far-distant place, and each could tell a strange and wonderful story.

The other parts of the knife have also travelled a great many miles to get here. The iron came from mines of Sweden; the nickel trimmings from the mines of Canada. The silver that may adorn the handle is perhaps a product of the rich mines high up among the Peruvian Andes, in South America, and has been brought down in sacks on the backs of those strange creatures called llamas, and sent on a long sea voyage around the coast and across the ocean. A pocket-knife is really a wonderful thing, when one comes to consider all that has gone into its making.—Onward.

Junior Beaver's Letter Box.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—This is my first letter to your charming Circle. I live on a farm of one hundred acres. I live with my brother, and go to school every day. Our teacher's name is Miss Mary L. Lomont. We have two little colts now. For pets I have a white kitten; its name is Lily; and a dog called Port. Now, I hope the w.-p. b. is not hungry when this arrives. I will close now, wishing your Circle every success.
ANNIE JOHNSON.
(Age 11. Class Jr. III.)
North Bruce, Ont.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—I thought I would write again to your Circle. I have a little garden 8 x 3 feet, in which I have planted potatoes and peas. I have another one which is 2½ x 5 feet. In it I have lettuce, radishes, beans, peas, and potatoes. I am going to start collecting Indian relics. I have a number of flints already. I like drawing very much. Say, Puck, when are you going to have a drawing contest? I go to school every day, and like our teacher fine. A Beaver from Owen Sound sent me a Scotch card. I wonder how he knew I was Scotch. Of course, I am just a little Scotch. Well, I will close, wishing your Circle every success.
GORDON McDONALD.
R. R. No. 5, Strathroy, Ont.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—I saw my last letter in print and thought I would write again. I live on a farm of one hundred acres, not far from Sutorville. Sutorville is the nearest store to us, but Petrolea is the nearest town. I go to school, and have about a mile and a half to walk. For pets I have a dog I call Collie, and two cats and two little cofts; one I call Dollie, and the other I haven't named. Well, I will have to close with a riddle.
Patch upon patch, a hole in the middle; if you guess this riddle I'll buy you a fiddle. Ans.—Chimney.
Would like some of the Beavers to write to me.
FRANCES TAYLOR.
(Age 11, Jr. III Class.)
R. R. No. 3, Watford, Ont.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—I am writing to you telling you about my pets. I have some gray chickens. We have about 190 chickens now, and we are going to have some more. We have five calves; two of them are roans, two reds, and a black one. We have some awfully funny-colored chickens, and the hens chase them around in the coops because they don't like them. They killed three. I was very sorry, as they belonged to me, and I was going to market them soon, but such is life.
RETA MAY McDONALD.
R. R. No. 5, Strathroy, Ont.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—Well, Puck, as I have never written to your charming Circle, I now take pleasure in writing to you. My father has taken "The Farmer's Advocate" for many years, and finds it a great help. We live on a 200-acre farm, a quarter of a mile from school and town. I go to school every day, and like it very well. My little brother Jerome goes also. We can go home for our dinner. We have three rooms in our school, and have lots of fun, playing all sorts of games, as there are a lot of scholars. I guess I must close, as this is my first letter. I would like very much if someone of my age would write me a letter. Wishing you every success.
LAURETTA MEYER (age 8).
St. Clements, Ont.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—This is my first letter to your charming Circle, and I will try and not have it too long. My father takes "The Farmer's Advocate," and we all like it fine. I like very much to read the letters of the Beaver Circle. We have three wild ducks and they are as tame as any of the tame ducks. Father got a setting of eggs last spring, and six hatched. We ate two and kept four, but something happened to one of them. My brother and I have two dogs; one is a black and the other is a white rat terrier. My youngest sister is teaching school at Cheapside, and she likes the children fine. I go to school regularly, and am in the Junior III. We have two old sheep and three pet lambs. I love to see them run and jump in their play. I would like to see some of the boys of the Circle to write to me. I will close, hoping this will miss the w.-p. b., and wishing the Circle great success.
JOIE G. WALLACE (age 11).
Eberts, Ont.

Honor Roll.

- Wilfrid Carruthers, Elma, Ont.
- Arthur Abbott, Mountain Grove, Ont.
- Lilian Abercrombie, Kimberley, Ont.
- Edith Huffman, Milton West, Ont.
- Marjory Semple, Belwood, Ont.

Riddles.

- Why is a nobleman like a book? Ans.—Because he has a title.
- Why is O the noisiest of the vowels? Ans.—Because all the rest are inaudible (in audible).
- What is it that occurs twice in a moment, once in a minute, yet not once in a thousand years? Ans.—The letter M.
- What goes with a wagon, but is of no use? Ans.—A noise.

Great bravery and tenderness often go close together. The good man is brave and kind and considerate; the hypocrite craven and cruel. Charles V of Germany, was an able and virtuous king. He

could face any danger, but had the tender heart of a little child. One day in camp he was told that a swallow was building her nest upon his tent. He gave orders that it should not be disturbed. So the pretty nest, with its dainty, soft lining, was finished, and soon the mother-bird was sitting on her pearly-white eggs. But before the young birds were hatched the army had to break camp. The tents were all struck except the Emperor's. He said: "Let it stand. I can get another shelter, but she cannot for this brood. She trusted me for a home; I will not fail her." Surely the bravest are the tenderest.

Brown Umbrellas.

I'm going out of doors to see
The toadstools with the drooping heads,
Which cluster round the chestnut tree
And deck the damp and mossy beds—
I've found them out, those toadstools brown,
They're just umbrellas half-shut down.
The goblin folk upon our lawn,
Do dance and revel all night long,
Until the birds tune up at dawn,
When home they troop, some fifty strong,
I saw them through my window-pane,
And watched them hurry through the rain.

Their brown umbrellas, held o'erhead,
Were really quite a pretty sight,
Until, by the begonia, bed,
They had a very nasty fright:
But Rover thought it such a joke—
The terror of these stranger folk.

They stood as still as still could be,
And down the brown umbrellas went,
Till only feet and legs; you see,
Appeared beneath each tiny tent:
And till the closing of the day,
They simply dare not run away.

But now the clocks are striking nine!
I'll softly steal outside to wait
Amongst the phlox and columbine
Between the terrace and the gate.
And soon, if I don't sneeze or cough,
They'll all get up and hurry off.

A Good Shopper.

Lawson Tait, in dog stories from the "Spectator," says that when a student at Edinburgh he enjoyed the friendship of a brown retriever, who belonged to a fishmonger in Lothian street, and who was certainly the cleverest dog he had ever met with. . . . In the morning he was generally to be seen seated on the step of the fishmonger's shop door, waiting for some of his many friends to give him a copper. When he got one, he trotted away to a baker's shop a few doors off and dropped the coin on the counter. If he dropped a half-penny on the counter he was contented with one scone, but if he had given a penny he expected two, and would wait for the second, after he had eaten the first, until he got it. That he knew exactly when he was entitled to one scone only and when he ought to get two, is certain, for he tried him often.

The Spider's Statement.

Although I have a lot of eyes,
As scientists declare,
When I'm intent on catching flies
I can't look everywhere.

And so it chanced that I, one day,
Down by Miss Muffit sat;
The child was eating "curds and whey"—
A stupid diet, that!

Ere I saw her she noticed me,
And many people say
That from her "tuffet," near a tree,
I "frightened" her "away."

It may be so, but, none the less,
The truth I'll not deny,
Which is—that she was, I should guess,
Not half as scared as I.

The bank, in consequence of a farmer's failure, had to finance a large farm, and last spring the man they had put in charge of it, wired to the London manager of the bank: "Lambing begins next month. If drought continues will result in total loss."
"Postpone lambing till further orders," wired back the resourceful London manager.

The Ingle Nook.

[Rules for correspondence in this and other Departments: Kindly write on one side of paper only. (2) Always send name and address with communications. If pen name is also given, the real name will not be published. (3) When enclosing a letter to be forwarded to anyone, place it in stamped envelope ready to be sent on. (4) Allow one month in this department for answers to questions to appear.]

Dear Readers,—There is one subject uppermost in every mind to-day, and only one subject talked about—the war. It has ceased to be an affair far off and distant, in which we are only casually concerned; it has become of vital, intense interest and importance to each one of us. With the enlisting and recruiting going on all round us, the sums called for for naval and military preparation, the assistance in men and means being sent to the Old Land, it is impossible to be indifferent to the fact that it is of deep concern to us; you and I, personally. In all these preparations, it is men who are called for, men who are needed, and we women have, as yet, taken little active part. There are only a few of us who are able to offer ourselves for service as nurses, but there is much that the rest of us can do here at home. The women of Canada are raising money to equip a hospital ship—\$100,000 will be required—as part of their share in the preparation, but there is still more for us to do. No great war was ever a brief war, and no one can forecast the future, or say what or when the end will be, but one thing is certain, there will be much suffering and want experienced by many, and much will be required in the way of food and clothing, not only by our soldiers, but by those left behind who were dependant on them. If the struggle is long-continued, there may be a shortage in provisions which Canada has never before experienced, and it has been suggested that, as a measure of ordinary safety, it would be well to commence to cut down expenditure at once by living more plainly, giving up luxuries, denying ourselves unnecessary "treats," giving up, while the need lasts, the desire for the "latest style" when something of last season's may serve; economizing generally in both food and clothing. Dr. Fotheringham, speaking at a mass meeting of women in Toronto, spoke of the situation as "grim and more real than perhaps any of us in Canada yet realize." One does not wish to be pessimistic, but it is common prudence, while hoping for the best, to prepare for the worst. There will be many calls for all the extra money that can be saved or spared, not only to relieve distress at home, but to supply comforts and even, possibly, necessities, for our men-folk who are "at the front." It is said that the English are already living on one-course meals; we can do the same. Let us all do all that in us lies, in every way, to prepare for the hard times ahead, by careful, economical management in every department, and by cutting out all the luxuries and non-essentials.

KOHLRABI.

Dear Junia,—Another one coming to ask questions of you! I usually find, if I wait long enough, an answer to questions that bother me, in the Ingle Nook, but this is different. When I transplanted my cauliflower and cabbage to the garden there were three plants that I thought were red cabbage, but now they are very different. There is a head perfectly round, and solid and smooth. Growing from the head are several leaves, with stems like the outside cabbage leaf, and in the center of head is a bunch of leaves, the largest one about twelve inches around, and the color of red cabbage; the leaf is like the red cabbage, too. Could you, or any of your readers, tell me what they are, and how used, as I—nor anyone around here—have never seen anything like them? And would you please give me some recipes for the fireless cooker, a home-made one?
MARY.
R. R. No. 3, Ailsa Craig, Ont.

Your mysterious plant is kohlrabi (or turnip-rooted cabbage), a variety of the cabbage family grown for the enlargement of its stem—the "round, solid head" you mention—which is used as cabbage, and should be eaten while young

and tender. It may be cooked in the same manner as ordinary cabbage. Some recipes for fireless cookery will appear in another column.

DRYING SAGE—APPLE SAUCE.

Dear Junia,—I always look for the Ingle Nook first when "The Farmer's Advocate" arrives, and I have received a lot of help from it. Now, I am going to ask for some more. Would you please tell me how to dry sage. Do you pull it now and let it dry till winter, or how is it done? I picked mine last fall and it never got the dark-brown color, like what you buy. It just stayed green, and the stems were hard. We have two large bunches of it in our garden, so I would like to know how to use it.

The apples will soon be eatable again. We are using harvest apples now. I will tell you how we always make our apple sauce. We always measure apples, and put one part of sugar to two or three of apples, as they are sweet or sour. Put the sugar and some water on stove in kettle and let come to boil, then put in apples and cook. The apples nearly always keep their shape. Well, I guess this is enough.

COUNTRY LASS.

Sage, for drying, should be cut when well grown (but before it is too old), tied in bunches and hung up and allowed to dry thoroughly. When required for use, the leaves may be powdered between the hands, and the stems—which are hard—thrown away.

"PRACTICAL ETIQUETTE."

Dear Junia,—My husband is a constant subscriber to "The Farmer's Advocate," so I take the privilege of asking a question of you. Can you tell me where I might obtain a copy of the best book on etiquette, bearing on the manners, etc., of young men generally, and also on their deportment towards the gentler sex, which, by the way, will give the help we need, to the gentler sex themselves in our home. There are some principles of etiquette which we wish for the male sex especially, and which will be a help to us as regards the girls as they grow older. We have tried to get a copy of such, but cannot find the right thing in our town.
W. A. M.

"Practical Etiquette," which may be obtained through this office for 60c., postpaid, would seem to be what you require. It contains chapters on social observances of all kinds, correct forms of address, street etiquette, dress, conversation, etc.

CLEANING BLOUSE — REMOVING PAINT FROM WINDOWS—CANNING APPLES.

Dear Junia,—This is the first time I have ever written to you for information, but always enjoy reading others' enquiries. Would you be so kind as to answer the following questions:

I have a white palkan blouse trimmed with blue, and when it was washed the blue ran into the white. Would like to know what will take it out, or if anything will?

What will remove paint from window-panes?

Would like a recipe for canning apples. Thanking you in advance for your kindness and wishing you every possible success.

A SUBSCRIBER'S DAUGHTER.

Canned Apples.—Only fine-flavored, tart apples, should be canned. Apples, like all canned fruits, may be put up without sugar, but the flavor is finer when sugar is added to them during the cooking. Pare, quarter and core one peck of tart apples. Put them into a preserving kettle with one quart of water, and after covering the kettle, put it on the fire. As soon as the water begins to boil, draw the kettle back where the fruit will cook slowly for a quarter of an hour. Stir frequently. Add one quart of sugar, and cook fifteen minutes longer. Have at hand some hot preserving-jars, and after filling them, seal immediately. It is worth while to can a bushel of apples or more.

To remove spots of paint from the window-glass, make a strong solution of potash or lye. Apply with a swab, and when nearly dry rub off with a woollen

cloth. Be careful it does not get on hands or clothing.

As for your blouse, we know of nothing that can be done with it. If it is a handsome blouse, and worth taking the trouble for, it might be ripped up, and the white washed and bleached separately; otherwise we do not find any means of treating it.

PICKLED CUCUMBERS—PEPPER-GRASS.

Dear Junia and All,—Having noticed in July number, Subscriber C's Wife asks for a recipe for ripe cucumber pickle, I will send one that is very much liked, hoping this will help you. Take ripe cucumbers, peel them, cut them lengthways, scrape out inside and seeds, cut them up in small squares (as one does for citron), and sprinkle salt over all. Let stand over night. Next morning wash salt off, then put over cucumbers 1 teaspoon dry curry powder and half teaspoon of tumeric powder. Stir all together, add a little sugar if vinegar is too sour, heat vinegar to boiling, and pour over cucumbers and all, then set on back of stove with cover on for an hour or so. Do not boil them; only scald them; then bottle. These will keep splendidly. I put this amount of spices to a six-cent crock of cut-up cucumbers, sealing them in sealing jars. I have had them for years as nice as when fresh. I hope you will understand and like this way.

I would not have written so soon again only for sending the above, and as I have long wished to ascertain the name of the enclosed plant, will ask, now I am writing to Nook, if anyone can help me out, as no one around here seems to know the name. It grows here and there around in the grass about the yard, is very pretty in bouquets of cut flowers, and does not fall as flowers generally do when faded. It grows in one straight plant sometimes, then others branch out nicely near the top. They are almost past now, and are getting ripe. Hoping this will not trouble some to tell me, and thanking you very much for any information about it, will close, hoping this has been a very pleasant summer for each one, and thanking one and all for cheer given me in the many kind letters, and remembrances in so many ways. I am still glad to hear from any who cares to write. Hoping this will be in time to help Subscriber C's Wife, am still your shut-in friend,
A LANKSHIRE LASS.

The specimen received is very small and dried, but seems to be a peppergrass, a weed which is seldom complained of in Eastern Canada, except in the cloverseed-growing districts of Ontario.

MOULDY SMELL—MILK FOR YOUNG PIGS.

Dear Junia,—I see in last week's "Advocate," "A Farmer's Helpmeet" would like to know how to get rid of a mouldy smell in a parlor. Sprinkle a few drops of oil of lavender on carpet and chairs, and the mouldy smell will soon disappear. I noticed in the Scrap Bag in "The Farmer's Advocate" of July 23, that it was also good for bookcases that are to be closed for some time, to prevent the books from moulding. I have used oil of lavender, and speak from experience, for my parlor was mouldy. Very few drops are necessary. I would like if some of our Ingle Nook would tell me how to prepare milk for tiny pigs. I mean to raise them. I saw in "The Farmer's Advocate" where a lady said they added a little more cream to the new milk, as the mother pig's milk was richer than a cow's, but she did not say how much, or if she added sugar, and what kind, the white or color, and if there should be water added. We always lose some little pigs, and I thought I would try to save them if someone will tell me just what to do. Greetings to all.

We handed your query to our "livestock" editor, and he advises using cow's milk, well sweetened with brown sugar, but without adding either cream or water. Thanks for information about oil of lavender.

TEETH, HANDS, AND COMPLEXION.

Dear Junia,—I have been an interested reader of "The Farmer's Advocate" for some time, and would be very pleased

if you could tell me how to prevent teeth from turning a bad color, the teeth being cleaned regularly, but are turning a dark-yellow color. Also how to keep hands white; am doing housework all the time. Also how to remove pimples and blackheads from face, and obtain a nice, clear complexion, and to reduce flesh on face, neck and arms. Hoping this will not take too much of your time, I will close, thanking you in advance.
ENGLISH LASS.

The following preparation, given in the Scientific American, is said to preserve and whiten the teeth: Dissolve 2 ounces of borax in 3 pints water; before quite cold, add 1 teaspoonful tincture of myrrh and 1 tablespoonful spirits of camphor; bottle for use. One wineglassful in half a pint of tepid water is sufficient for each application; use once a day. It may be, however, that the discoloration is not merely on the surface, and it may be necessary for you to consult a dentist.

To keep the hands in good condition, wear gloves wherever possible when working. Heavy canvas gloves, which may be procured at any drygoods store, can be worn when sweeping, dusting, etc., and rubber gloves when washing dishes, etc. Keep a bottle of glycerine and lemon juice (equal quantities) on the washstand, and apply after washing the hands; at the same time attending to the nails, trimming and pushing back the skin that grows at the base.

The best possible method of securing and retaining a good complexion is by attention to the rules of health, keeping regular hours, getting sufficient sleep (getting up early and going to bed early), eating good, plain, wholesome food, and getting plenty of fresh air, water, and exercise. Do all the work possible outdoors in fine weather, and drink plenty of water—some physicians say as much as ten glasses a day. A preparation composed of 2 drams of boracic acid, 2 ounces alcohol, and 4 ounces rosewater, used with friction twice a day on the skin affected, is said to be a cure for blackheads, while sulphur is one of the best complexion medicines. Take as much as can be held on the point of a knife, every night for four consecutive nights, and on the sixth night take a light purgative. Regular and systematic massage may reduce flesh where desired, but if the health is good and sufficient exercise taken, one is not likely to become too fat.

WINTER STYLES.

Dear Junia,—I would like you to publish answers for the following:

1. What is the latest dress-goods for the winter, in color and making; that is,

how should it be made? 2. What goods are suitable for a nice evening dress? 3. For a girl of 15, how should she wear her hair. I wear it in the coronation braid, but would like a new way. Is ribbon becoming? What shape of hat would be becoming? Could you tell me where I could get the music of "Jingle Bells?" Would like this to be published as soon as possible.
SILVER TOP.

Orono, Ont.

Isn't it rather early to talk about winter styles in August? The fall fashions are only just coming in. As regards color, while one color may sometimes be a little more popular than another, the one which is most becoming to oneself is the best to choose. For instance, supposing—just supposing—you had red hair, and red should happen to be the "fashionable" color, it would never do for you to select a frock of that color; or if—again just supposing—you had a very poor complexion, you would not choose green even if it should be the popular color. So far, the styles seem to show skirts rather close-fitting round the hips, and with the tunic in every conceivable shape and form; but for advance fashions in both frocks and hats, we would recommend you to watch our Fashion Department, where the new ideas will be illustrated well in advance of each season. If you have a good head of hair, the coronation braid is as pretty a way as you could wear it, but for a change you might put it up in a pretty, loose twist at the nape of the neck, and fasten it with a couple of the new, large braid-pins. It is impossible for us to say whether or not ribbon is becoming, or what shape of hat you should wear, when we do not know whether you are tall or short, plump or thin, fair or dark, or whether your face is round or otherwise. The matter of "becomingness" can only be decided by yourself, or those who know you personally. A pretty little evening frock for a girl of fifteen, might be made of sheer lawn or muslin, crepe de chine, marquisette, or any of the pretty, light materials used for summer frocks; rich, heavy materials, are suitable only for the "grown-ups."

For the music of the song referred to, we would recommend you to inquire at some music store, or to write to some music publishing house in Toronto or elsewhere.

SALT BEADS.

My dear Junia,—Will you kindly print directions for making salt beads?

I am sending a recipe for cookies that I have found very satisfactory.
Old-fashioned Cookies.—One cup lard or

butter, 1 cup brown sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter-milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon soda, and enough flour to roll without sticking.

We always read the letters in the Ingle Nook, and get many useful hints from them.
"PELA-CUSH."

Full directions for making salt beads will be found in our issue of July 2, page 1258.

The Scrap Bag.

For the Sick Room.

CLEANLINESS.

All cups, spoons and glasses used about the patient should be kept thoroughly cleansed. No dirty dishes, soiled vessels or linens, should be allowed to stand in a sick room.

POISONS.

Poisons and disinfectants should be carefully marked as such, and kept where danger from mistakes will be impossible.

OILS.

Oils are obnoxious to many patients, and, where possible, should be given in capsules.

EARACHE.

Bags of hot salt, applied to the ear, will cure earache and induce sleep.

TIRED FEET.

Put a teaspoonful of Epsom salts, and five or six drops of tincture of capsicum (cayenne pepper), in sufficient water to cover the soles of the feet. Soak for twenty minutes, and the relief will be surprising.

BLEEDING OF THE NOSE.

To pack the nose with cotton soaked in lemon juice will relieve nose bleeding. If the bleeding is not too severe, a wash of lemon juice should have the desired effect.

SORE MOUTH.

Tincture of myrrh is one of the best healers for a sore or ulcerated mouth, one or two applications usually being sufficient.

NIGHT LIGHT.

To make a candle burn all night, put finely-powdered salt on the top until it reaches the black part of the wick. This is well to know when a night light is required in the country away from gas or electric lights.



Wellington at the Battle of Waterloo.

After the painting by John Schonberg.

It is at least probable that one of the great battles of the present war will be fought on or near the spot where Wellington defeated Napoleon at the Battle of Waterloo, in June, 1815, one hundred years ago.

CARE OF HAIR.

It is said hair that has become tangled during illness, may be combed with little trouble if the hair is rubbed thoroughly with flour in the evening. In the morning the tangles will all have disappeared.

TO CLEAN RUBBER GOODS.

Rubber articles, such as hot-water bags, syringes, etc., are easily cleaned by dampening a cloth with kerosene and rubbing the surface. It will remove dirt stains much better than soap and water, make the rubber soft, and preserve it.

IN-GROWING TOE-NAILS.

Paint the part twice a day with a solution of one ounce of fresh tannic acid dissolved in six drams pure water by a gentle heat.

Seasonable Cookery.

Blackberry Sponge.—Soak one-half box gelatine in one-third cup cold water half an hour. Add one pint boiling water, one-half cup sugar, one cup blackberry juice. Heat; then strain into a tin basin set in pan of cracked ice. Let it stand till cold and thick, add well-beaten whites of four eggs, beat smooth and turn into mold to harden. Serve with or without cream.

Peach Dumplings.—Make quite a rich biscuit dough; cut into small squares. Pare peaches and cut in half; extract the seed, put sugar in its place, and cover with the other half. Put a peach on each square, with a little sugar on top. Pinch edges of dough carefully together; bake half an hour in moderate oven. Serve hot or cold, with plain cream.

Green-apple Governor.—Peel and core apples and slice thin. Fill a piepan heaping full of apples without seasoning or crust. Cover with pastry made with kitchen spoonful of shortening, half lard and half butter, rubbed through two heaping kitchen spoons of flour and mixed lightly together. Use enough iced water to make a dough, and roll thin. Bake until apples are tender, lifting crust in order to be sure. When done, remove crust and place it upside down on a plate. Let stand until crust and apples are cold. Just before serving, add to the apples one teaspoon of white sugar, and stir and mash until smooth. Spread on crust and grate nutmeg over the top. Serve with or without whipped cream.

Deed Suet Pudding.—Two cups flour, sifted with one heaping teaspoonful baking powder, one cup beef suet free from strings and chopped fine, half teaspoonful salt. Rub all together thoroughly between the hands, then mix with fork into a rather soft dough, with about a cup of very cold water. Do not handle much, but roll out once very quickly until half an inch thick. Have ready prepared a two-quart bowl with a raised rim, line this with the dough, bottom and sides; heap with any fruit liked; add one-half cup of sugar, two or three tablespoonfuls of water, cover with dough, and tie tightly over it a good-sized cotton-flannel cloth, rough side out, wrung very dry out of cold water, and floured. Put into a large pot of boiling water, with a muffin-ring or pot-lid on the bottom, and keep boiling for two hours. As the water boils away, it is of great importance to renew only with boiling water; the teakettle should be kept full for the purpose. Eat with cream and sugar, or with hard or soft sauce, as preferred. This is nice made with pieplant, but with plums or peaches it is delicious.

Steamed Blueberry Pudding.—One pint of flour, one pint of berries washed and drained in a sieve, two slightly heaping teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, one level teaspoonful of soda, one-half teaspoonful of salt, milk to mix—about one cup. Sift the soda, cream of tartar and salt into the flour and stir well, then add the berries and just enough milk to mix the whole to a stiff batter. Put in a well-buttered tin mold or pail, which will sit into a saucepan half-filled with boiling water. The saucepan must have a tightly-fitting cover. Let cook for one hour and a half, and serve with the following, or any other hot sauce preferred: Cream half a teacup of butter, add one cup of sugar and two teaspoonfuls of flour. Beat well. Pour on one teacup of boiling water. Let boil

for two minutes, and flavor with nutmeg or vanilla as desired. This is a very excellent pudding, and very inexpensive.

Blackberry Pudding.—One egg, one cup sugar, one cup sweet milk, one-half cup of butter, one-half cup of lard, two cups of sifted flour, one-quarter spoonful of salt, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one pint of blackberries. Beat sugar, butter and lard to a cream; add beaten egg, milk and flour sifted with salt and baking powder. Dredge berries in flour, use no juice, and add. Place in pudding molds; steam two hours.

Sauce.—One cup sugar, one tablespoonful butter, one teaspoonful flour, one cupful of boiling water. Mix butter and sugar, add flour, pour on the boiling water and cook till it foams.

The Man who Wasn't Afraid.

A TALE OF NEW ZEALAND.

"No," said the Old Colonial hand, with emphasis, as he slowly and carefully cut up another pipeful of tobacco, "no, you can't tell me that there's any man in his sane mind who doesn't know what fear is. The man who says he's incapable of fear is either an idiot or else he's the two ends and the bight of a prevaricator. You've seen enough of rough colonial life to know what it is to be afraid, and so have I. I never met but one man who swore he didn't know what it was to be afraid. Just the one. He was a curious customer. He put up a big bluff on me once, and really I thought that at last I'd met a man without an ounce of fear. But only the once; and by way of illustrating what I've been asserting about fearlessness I'll tell you the yarn.

"It was back in sixty-nine, when, as you know, I was bullock-punching and sheep-farming and all sorts up on the West Coast, and now and again doing a bit of soldiering. I was in John Bryce's cavalry troop for a while, and we had a particularly hot time of it one day in front of the stockade of old Titokowaru's big pa at Tauranga-ika. Then I joined Whitmore's little corps of Scouts, and with them had more than one narrow shave in the bush between Kai-iwi and the Waitotara. The whole Coast was ablaze with Hauhauium those days, and Titokowaru and his war parties were having things pretty well their own way—settlers' houses going up in smoke, sheep and cattle driven off to feed the Hauhaus, and ambuscades on every bush track. That was one of the duties of the Scouts, to detect these ambuscades and unmask them before the troops marched into the dangerous places, where a few Maoris might easily give them a bad cutting-up. Night after night we lay out in the fern or the bush, watching and listening with all our might for signs of the enemy. A fellow in the Scouts had to have all his wits about him. Sometimes there were Natives all around us, and it was touch-and-go with us. But we generally came through all right.

"Now, one day when we were in camp near the Okehu Gorge, up on the northern side of the Kai-iwi, and not many miles beyond Wanganui town, Colonel Whitmore sent for me. I was then in charge of the Scouts. He introduced me to a new arrival, a man who had volunteered for the Scouts. The stranger was a big, active-looking fellow; I'll call him Samson, though that wasn't his name. "This man," said the little Colonel, "wants to join the Scouts. He says he doesn't know what fear is, and that's just the sort of man we want. You can take him on, and fix him up with all he wants. We want men who're not afraid, don't we?"

"I acquiesced in a rather half-hearted way; and I said to myself, 'Well, this chap is mighty confident, but if he doesn't know what it is to be afraid, I fancy he'll be landing us in a hole some of these nights.'

"I had a talk with my recruit. He certainly was a confident customer. 'I mean what I say,' he declared, 'I haven't the least idea what it feels like to be afraid. What is the sensation, anyhow? Do you feel it in your stomach or your head or your knees or where? I know what it is to be hungry and thirsty and sleepy, but d—

me if I've ever yet known the feeling of fear. Anyhow, the (missing word) Hauhaus aren't going to knock it into me.' And he swaggered round as if he thought himself a match for the whole of Titokowaru's cannibal army.

"That very afternoon, as it happened, I was sent out by Whitmore to scout whether it was clear of Hauhaus, as he intended to take his column through it shortly. I took Samson with me, and, armed with our carbines, we took the track down through the fern and bush to the bottom of the narrow and deep gully. I felt pretty certain that there were Hauhaus about, and this feeling was confirmed before we got to the creek which ran through the gorge. On either side of us was the thick forest, in which thousands of Maoris might hide without us seeing a single one of them. It was a gloomy, lonely place; it seemed scores of miles away from the camp, which really was not quite one mile distant.

As we descended to the bottom of the gorge, where a rough bridge had been thrown over the stream, my suspicions of Maoris about were confirmed by the sight of a huge naked footprint in the mud, where a Native had evidently crossed the track. And then, on either side, the muddy bank bore the marks of the passage by a whole lot of Maoris; they'd been scrambling and sliding down one side and climbing up the other. They were in the bush on both sides of us, and I hadn't the least doubt that they were watching us at that moment, with perhaps many scores of gun barrels levelled at us.

"I walked on ahead, Samson following, closely scanning the bush on either side, but putting on a careless air as I did so. I felt positive we were in the midst of a big ambush. Every nerve and every sense was strained to its utmost. I heard rustlings in the darkness of the brush, and now I smelt—yes, smelt—the Maoris. The reason they didn't fire on us straight away was, no doubt, the fact that they expected the main body of the whites to march into the gorge as soon as we had reported it clear of Maoris.

"'Now, Samson,' said I, 'we'll just get out of this as quick as we can, without letting the beggars think we've found out their little game.'

"'What little game?' asked Samson. "'There are Maoris all round us,' I said; 'can't you smell them? There may be a couple of hundred of them watching us at this moment. Do you want to lose your head and have your heart cut out for Big Keroopa's supper?'

"That beggar Samson started to swagger then. 'Maoris be damned!' said he. 'I'm not afraid of the whole crowd of them. And, by—, I'm not going home without a scalp or two!'—and with that he hauled out his big sheath knife, and danced it up and down. Then, bless me if he didn't start and sharpen the edge of it on a log at the side of the creek. 'I'll show some of the niggers' wool before I'm much older,' says he.

"'That'll do, Samson,' said I; 'we've carried out our duty, and it's an idiotic thing to stay here and get carved up. First thing we'll know we'll have the bullets into us.'

"'If you're afraid,' said he, turning round on me and looking very big and fierce, 'you go home and I'll stay here; I'll get a scalp before I go.' The fellow seemed to think he was on the Red Indian warpath.

"Now, though I was in command of the Scouts, I was only a young fellow of twenty-two, and Samson was at least ten years my senior. And his challenge got my blood up. I knew far more about the Maoris than he did, but I decided to see it out.

"'Let's coal up,' said Samson, taking out his pipe. And 'coal up' we did, squatting on the stones by the creek side. We cut up our tobacco deliberately and rubbed it between our hands carelessly and coolly, and filled our pipes and lit up, with all those savage eyes glaring at us from the bush—I could feel them boring through my back! But Samson overdid it so much that I fully expected every moment to see the whole bush burst into flame and feel a dozen bullets crashing through me. When he lit his pipe and got it going, he took out his knife again and began flourish-

ing it in the air and talking loudly about scalps. I don't mind saying that I was as full of fear then as ever man is likely to be. Samson was a mystery. I wondered whether he was really devoid of fear, or whether it was all braggadocio. But that question wasn't solved just then, for not a sign did the Maoris make.

"Well, to cut it short, we got back to camp all right, with our heads on our shoulders. After reporting what I had discovered to Whitmore, I went to Christopher Maling, my particular chum in my little corps—he was given command of the Scouts soon afterwards, when I was knocked over by fever; he was one of the bravest men and he won the New Zealand Cross for valor—and told him my experience with Samson.

"He looked very serious, and said, 'We'll have trouble with that fellow yet. He's just the sort of fool to spoil all our scouting and bring the Maoris charging down on us like thunder. I'm certainly not going to lose my life through his foolhardiness. But wait and see; perhaps he isn't quite the fearless devil he makes out to be.'

"A few days after these events," the Old Hand continued (by the way, he himself wears decorations for bravery in the field), "two or three of us were out looting along the banks of the Waitotara, trying to pick up what live stock we could from the Hauhaus. They had been raiding our runs along the Waitotara, and we had obtained leave to go and recover what stock we could from Titokowaru's quarters. We rounded up a lot of cattle and 30 or 40 horses, and were driving them down the bank to try and get them up to the Werarua redoubt before the Hauhaus came upon us. It was a big haul; I suppose, altogether we had a thousand pounds' worth of stock in front of us. As we neared the Parikama Maori settlement, our position became a very dangerous one. The Hauhaus must have observed us, and there was a nasty gully, filled with bush and scrub, where they could ambuscade us with ease if they got there before we had crossed it. One of our party happened to be this newly-joined Scout whom I have called Samson. He had an old friend of mine, a settler whose front name was Charlie, drove on the cattle and horses, while I stayed behind on a hilltop to guard their rear and warn them if I saw signs of Maoris. It was arranged that if I saw any armed Maoris I was to fire two shots; if I saw them laying an ambush for my comrades I was to fire three shots; and if I was attacked myself I was to fire four, which would bring them back to my assistance.

"Very shortly after they had left me I saw the Hauhaus. From my high, steep hilltop, which commanded a view all round, I suddenly saw half a dozen half-naked figures, carrying guns and tomahawks, rise from the ferns and run into the bush on the edge of the very gully that my mates were now driving the stock through. Next moment I blazed away three cartridges. It was a very few moments after that that I heard the crash of a volley from the gully, followed by scattered shots. Thought I to myself, 'They're done for now!' I was debating whether to follow them or cut back to the redoubt by the bridge at my rear, when I happened to look round, and there, down below, I saw a number of armed Natives running at their top speed, trying to cut me off. Another minute, and it would have been all up with me. I was armed only with a Colt revolver—one of the old kind, which had to be capped—and my mount was an old, partly-disabled horse, which could only go very slowly. I was in a tight corner, and I won't pretend that I wasn't badly scared.

"As quickly as I could I reloaded and capped my revolver, and urged my horse down the hill, making for the narrow ridge which led to the heights on which the redoubt stood. Finding that he could not move quickly enough in that rough ground, I jumped off his back, and I went down that hill in about three bounds! I got a volley as I reached the bottom, but the Maoris were too far off to wing me, and up the slope on the other side I went at my top speed. A fellow can run,

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Please mention "The Farmer's Advocate."

you know, when his life depends on it! The end of it was that I got to the redoubt safely and gave the alarm, and then went out to see what had become of my companions.

"To my great relief, they turned up safely not long afterwards. And Charlie told me a thrilling story. Just after they heard my warning shots, they were fired on at such close range that Charlie had half of his beard blown off and his coat was set on fire by the powder. It was marvellous that he did not get his head blown off instead of his whiskers. He returned the fire with his carbine, and then the two of them bolted down the gully and into the scrub, and there they hid for some time, hardly daring to breathe, until the ambuscading party had passed them, charging on down the gully in search of them. They had already abandoned their horses.

"And there, hiding in the undergrowth, expecting every minute to be discovered by the enemy, the two men showed the metal they were made of. Charlie, I knew, behaved like a brave man. But Samson came out in his true colors at last. No longer was he the bold and dashing scout, thirsting for Hauhaus scalps. Charlie told me how he behaved.

"He went down on his knees, said Charlie, 'in a white funk' and prayed to be delivered from that tight fix, and he'd be good for ever afterwards, or something of that sort. I never saw a man in such an honest, downright stew of fear. He sweated with funk. It was the firing and the nearness of it—goodness knows it was near enough for me!—that put the fear of the Lord in him. I don't think he'd ever been under fire before—he couldn't have been, judging by the way he behaved. But from his talk beforehand one would have looked for the courage of a lion and the fight of a tiger. Lord! it was all talk. I hope next time I get into a scrape with the Hauhaus I won't have him to rely on for help."

"That was my old chum's verdict on the 'dashing Scout.' Indeed, Samson was a changed man by the time he had run the gauntlet of the Hauhaus and crept from the scrub to the friendly redoubt. Never again, at any sate not in my hearing, did he boast of his ignorance of fear. The smell of gunpowder and the sight of Hauhaus tomahawks worked a wondrous change. He'd had enough of looting and scouting. A few days after this little adventure he left the force, and that's the last I ever heard of him."—James Cowan, in Otago Witness.

The Dogs of War.

By Katharine Baker.

Thus you may tally the dogs of war,
(You pay the kennel fee)
Fending your borders they range afar,
The harriers of the sea.

Grin in gray water, steel on steel,
Squat battleships sit low,
Their great guns are the bull-dog's teeth
That close upon the foe.

The armored cruisers are strong-ribbed
hounds,
Swift on the trail they go.
As burrowing terriers follow the fox,
The submarines hunt below.

Sinking into the midst of dawn,
Black hull and raking stack,
The fell destroyers skulk along,
Mad dogs in a deadly pack.

Every ship with a bone in her mouth
Travels the watery track,
Guarding your goods in the East and
South,
Till the keeper calls them back.

He whistles them off, and the battle-
ships
Come sullenly to heel;
He slips the leash, and his eager hounds
Leap forth on rushing keel.

Thus you may tally the dogs of war;
(You grudge the kennel fee)
Guarding your borders they range afar,
The harriers of the sea.

—The Independent.

Billy Law Takes up Dressmaking.

By E. C. Wilson.

Because the night was fine and my cigar good, I sat up late. It must have been quite 11 o'clock, and I was just thinking of turning in when I heard the click of the gate, and, looking round, saw my friend Billy Law coming along the path.

Billy, being so near a neighbor, often comes over for a smoke and a yarn in the evening, but it wasn't like him to turn up at such an hour, so I jumped up and called out was anything wrong? I thought maybe the boy was taken ill, and that they wanted Mary. But Billy said no, nothing was wrong; he had seen the point of my cigar, and just stepped in for a moment. By the verandah light I thought him looking pale and worried, so asked him to have a drink. He said "Yes" quite gladly, and helped himself to twice his usual amount, by which token I knew Billy Law was in trouble.

When we were again seated in verandah-chairs, Billy lit up, and said,

"Say, Tom, you know the Johnny called Wagner—wrote music without any tune to it—well, did you ever go to an opera written by him?"

I said no, I never had, and had reason to believe I never should be found at a Wagner opera—whereat he replied that he was going next week with Milly and her sister, to the best seats he could get—and, moreover, to the opera that began at 7 and goes on till next morning or thereabouts. Yet, at the same time, he did not sound like a proud or happy man; so I refrained from laughing, and waited to hear more.

By and by he said, "Look here, old man; I'll tell you all about it. You remember Tot Phillips—married a chap called Bain? Well, I met her this morning—the first time for years. As a matter of fact, I took her to morning tea—but don't mention that to Milly. She was looking perfectly sweet, too—fetchingly dressed—and somehow—I don't know how—we began to talk about clothes, and she told me she made every garment she wears, and that she thought it every woman's duty to save her husband all dressmaking bills—that any woman can buy paper patterns, and with a good machine make anything she liked. It sounded pretty good to me, because the bills for the making of these simple little gowns and blouses and shirts come to a thumping lot in the year. So I went home full of the notion of impressing Milly with this noble idea. I thought maybe she hadn't really thought about it.

"At dinner (my sister-in-law was there too) I brought up the subject of 'Every Woman Her Own Dressmaker,' without in any way mentioning Tottie, you'll understand.

"Well, Milly said, as far as she was concerned, it was like this—she wasn't altogether an Escoffier, but at the same time, she could cook with the next one; also she was pretty good at running a house and garden (all of it true, as you know, old man), but give her a paper pattern, a pair of scissors, a packet of pins, and some yards of cloth, and she was hopelessly bogged—and she proposed to stay bogged. She said the only dress she ever made the family got up a petition about, to ask her to give it to the wash-lady—and even she refused to wear it outside the back door.

"I suppose it got my back up being sat on like that, and I sort of hinted that any woman who liked to take the trouble could buy patterns and make her own clothes—and save her husband money. Milly knocked back by saying that I, and lots of other men, could not make tables and chairs and all that (like you can, for instance), that in fact, I couldn't drive a nail straight—so why should every woman be expected to be able to make her own clothes. I said, of course, that was absolutely different. Then I wagered them anything they liked that I, a mere man, could cut out a simple dress in half an hour, providing they supplied me with pattern and cloth, and the other things you need.

"Well, Tom, they took me, and it was agreed that if I lost, I was to take them to this fool Wagner thing next week—best seats to be got, and I to sit the whole thing out. Mind you, it seemed so dead easy, I wasn't bother-



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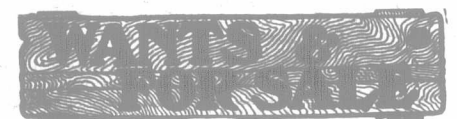
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FARM manager (married) seeks situation as same. Thoroughly practical in all branches; also well up in all technical and clerical branches. Highest credentials as to character and capabilities. Apply Box S, Farmer's Advocate, London, Ont.

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DUCKS—\$52.00 realized last year, from One Pair of Indian Runners; these birds supply the market with "green roasters" and eggs during the time that highest prices rule. Limited number. Trios, first selection \$20.00, second selection \$10.00, single birds \$4.00. Mrs. E. C. Cattley, Weston, Ontario.

Richard's QUICK NAPHTHA THE WOMAN'S SOAP

ing. So, after dinner, the table was cleared, and my sister-in-law, who knows something about sewing, gave me a pattern-book, a piece of calico, a pair of scissors, and some pins. Then they took the exact time; and shut me into the room. I vow I did not have a square deal, though. I opened the fashion-book and took out a big bundle of thin paper, and began to spread the various bits over the table. But I soon covered the table, and then started on the chairs and the sideboard. I counted 37 pieces in all. After I got them all spread out I reckoned I had better consult my book, and found I had mixed up the dress pattern with a child's Magyar frock (I'm quoting from memory), a matron's coat, and lady's pyjamas.

"I got a bit nervous then, but pulled myself together, and started to find the nine or ten pieces I wanted for the simple frock. Sounds so deuced easy—but that's where you make a mistake. After a while I found on one page of the book a diagram about an inch square, inside of which were smaller diagrams of the 37 different bits of patterns; also they were all numbered. But don't run away with the notion that the bits of pattern themselves were numbered—nothing nearly so simple as that.

"So then I began to work on a system. I marked off with a red pencil the 10 pieces in the diagram which were marked 'lady's simple frock.' Then I started to go through the 37 pieces of paper to decide by their shape which was which. Just about then the girls came in to say time was up; but, seeing I was in a bit of a fix, they said, 'All right; take another half hour.' I'm morally certain, too, that I had everything all right—and only got it all upset by having to cut the darned thing out. The directions for this weren't so simple, either. Like this—'Where 40-inch wide material is shown, folded selvages together as when bought, with the front of blouse set just within the fold, the back of collar to the fold.' That's all I remember, but there's lots more—that's the simplest part of it.

"So I cut it out and pinned it together as directed—and just then the girls came in to say it was 10.30, and that I had been working three hours. Then they had a look at the Simple Frock, and my sister-in-law said something to Milly—and they began to scream laughing. After a while Milly held up the dress, and my sister-in-law said, 'The only thing wrong with it was that the skirt part was one leg of the pyjamas, a side of the matron's coat, and one piece only of the right pattern. As for the top part, that seemed to be all sleeves.

"Of course, I've only their word for it, and at one time, at any rate, I'm morally certain I had the right pieces, and only got mixed with the cutting-out part.

"But it's this fool Wagner business that gets me. I don't even recognize 'God Save the King' till someone begins to shout the words in my ear, and I see the hats come off. And to think of sitting from 7 till midnight listening to music. Say, Tom, do you think there's any chance of my getting the small-pox before then?"

And with that he knocked the ashes out of his pipe and started off home—a broken and miserable man.—The Australasian.

How to Walk Straight in a Wood.

Most of us lose our way in a pathless wood. We wish to walk in a straight line, but the tendency, as soon as we lose sight of the open sky, is to walk in a circle, as we do when we close our eyes. Here is a plan by which we can find our way. Select three trees which are in a straight line and walk towards them. Arrived at the first, we still have two before us. Then we select another immediately in line with the other two. We walk towards the first of these, and still have two more in front, and again we select a tree in line with the two remaining. By this means we always have three trees in a straight line before us, and so we can continue straight.

The Iron Walls of Britain.

The iron walls of Britain! Built on the broad sea brine, Whose giant sides shall guard and form Our future battle line— Whose voice of bolted thunder Can make the mighty fear, For them and Britain's ocean hearts A welcome and a cheer.

The iron walls of Britain! The pride of all the seas, Whose song of praise immortally Pipes in the sounding breeze, Upon the briny waters They proudly heave and float, The land their stay, the ocean vast Their far outlying moat.

The iron walls of Britain! The glory of the deep; Behind whose girding stretch of guns A thousand cities sleep; Within whose guardian shadow The merchants count their gains, And Commerce with her crush of wheels, Roars down our streets and lanes.

The iron walls of Britain! The nation's hope and pride, The toil-birth of the hammers' stroke Heard on the Thames and Clyde Securely 'rests the islands That rear such manly sons, Whose brawny arms can build and float A heaving wall of guns.

The iron walls of Britain! With throbbing hearts of steam, And peace imprisoned mouths of fire, And eyes of lightning gleam— If on our circling waters, A foe shall strike her sails, Another 'yarn' shall swell the list Of Britain's naval tales.

The iron walls of Britain! Built on the broad sea brine, Whose giant sides shall guard and form Our future battle line— Whose voice of bolted thunder Can make the mighty fear, To them and Britain's ocean hearts A welcome and a cheer.

Our Serial Story. PETER.

A Novel of Which He is Not the Hero By F. HOPKINSON SMITH. Copyrighted by Charles Scribner's Sons. Chapter VIII.

Peter was up and dressed when Miss Felicia arrived, despite the early hour. Indeed that gay cavalier was the first to help the dear lady off with her travelling cloak and bonnet, Mrs. McGuffey folding her veil, smoothing out her gloves and laying them all upon the bed in the adjoining room—the one she kept in prime order for Miss Grayson's use.

The old fellow was facing the coffee-urn when he told her Jack's story and what he himself had said in reply, and how fine the boy was in his beliefs, and how well nigh impossible it was for him to help him, considering his environment.

The dear lady had listened with her eyes fixed on Peter. It was but another of his benevolent finds; it had been the son of an old music teacher the winter before, and a boy struggling through college last spring;—always some body who wanted to get ahead in one direction or another, no matter how impracticable his ambitions might be. This young man, however, seemed different; certain remarks had a true ring. Perhaps, after all, her foolish old brother—foolish when his heart misled him—might have found somebody, at last who would pay for the time he spent upon him. The name, too, had a familiar sound. She was quite sure the aunt must be the same rather overdressed, persistent young widow who had fitted in and out of Washington society the last year of her own stay in the capital. She had finally married a rich New York man of the same name. So she had heard. The tea to which Jack and Corinne



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If you already possess this book, you may select from the following books: Ralph Connor's—"Black Rock," "Sky Pilot," "Man from Glengarry," "Glengarry School Days," "The Prospector," "The Foreigner," Marion Keith's—"Duncan Polite," "Treasure Valley," "Lisbeth of the Dale," J. J. Bell's—"Whither Thou Goest." If you buy six bags of flour you get two books, and so on. Enclose 10c. for each book to pay for postage.

WAR NOTICE

Please note that although the prices quoted in the right hand column were our selling prices at the time this publication went to press we cannot guarantee them owing to the impossibility of foretelling what conditions may arise in the market on account of the war.

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Chopped Oats	2.00
Oatmeal	2.05
Oil Cake Meal (Old Process)	1.95
Fall Wheat	2.35
Whole Corn	1.90
Cracked Corn	1.95
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in a splendid paying business that will net you **Sixty Dollars a Week**. No experience required. The

Robinson Bath Tub

has solved the bathing problem. No plumbing, no water-works required. A full length bath in every room, that folds in a small roll, handy as an umbrella. A positive boon to city and country dwellers alike.

Now, I want you to go in partnership with me, but you don't invest any capital. I have vacancies in many splendid counties for live, honest, energetic representatives. Will you handle your county for me? I give you credit—back you up—help you with live, ginger sales talks.

Badly wanted—Eagerly bought.
Quick sales—large profits. Here are three examples of what you can easily earn.
Douglas, Manitoba, got 16 orders in two days.
Myers, Wis., \$250 profit first month.
McCutcheon, Sask., says can sell 15 in less than 3 days.

You can do as well. The work is fascinating, easy, pleasant and permanent. Send no money, but write to-day for details. Hustle a post card for free tub offer.

C. A. RUKAMP, GENERAL MANAGER, 70F.

THE ROBINSON CABINET MFG. CO., LTD.
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'1900' Gravity Washer

Send free for one month's trial. Write for particulars.

"1900" WASHER COMPANY
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DO YOU NEED FURNITURE?

Write for our large photo-illustrated Catalogue No. 7—it's free to you.

The ADAMS FURNITURE CO., Limited
Toronto, Ontario

were invited was the result of this conversation. Trust Miss Felicia for doing the right thing and in the right way, whatever her underlying purpose might be; and then again she must look this new protege over.

Peter at once joined in the project. Nothing pleased him so much as a function of any kind in which his dear sister was the centre of attraction, and this was always the case. Was not Mrs. McGuffey put to it, at these same teas, to know what to do with the hats and coats, and the long and short cloaks and overshoes, and lots of other things beside—umbrellas and the like—whenever Miss Felicia came to town? And did not the good woman have many of the cards of the former functions hidden in her bureau drawer to show her curious friends just how grand a lady Miss Felicia was? General Waterbury, U. S. A., commanding the Department of the East, with headquarters at Governors Island, was one of them. And so were Colonel Edgerton, Judge Lambert and Mrs. Lambert; and His Excellency the French Ambassador, whom she had known as an attache and who was passing through the city and had been overjoyed to leave a card; as well as Sir Anthony Broadstairs, who expected to spend a week with her in her quaint home in Geneseo, but who had made it convenient to pay his respects in Fifteenth Street instead; to say nothing of the Coleridges, Thomases, Bordeauxs, and Worthingtons, besides any number of people from Washington Square, with plenty more from Murray Hill and beyond.

Peter in his enthusiasm had made a mental picture of a repetition of all this and had already voiced it in the suggestion of these and various other prominent names, when Miss Felicia stopped him with:

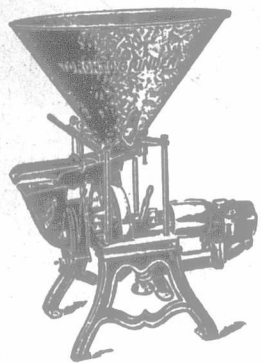
"No, Peter—No. It's not to be a museum of fossils, but a garden full of rosebuds; nobody with a strand of gray hair will be invited. As for the lame, the halt and the blind, they can come next week. I've just been looking you over, Peter; you are getting old and wrinkled and pretty soon you'll be as cranky as the rest of them, and there will be no living with you. The Major, who is half your age—I had come early, as was my custom, to pay my respects to the dear woman—is no better. You are both of you getting into a rut. What you want is some young blood pumped into your shrivelled veins. I am going to hunt up every girl I know and all the boys, including that young Breen you are so wild over, and then I'll send for dear Ruth MacFarlane, who has just come North with her father to live, and who doesn't know a soul, and nobody over twenty-five is to be admitted. So if you and the Major want to come to Ruth's tea—Ruth's, remember; not yours or the Major's, or mine—you will either have to pass the cake or take the gentlemen's hats. Do you hear?"

We heard, and we heard her laugh as she spoke, raising her gold lorgnon to her eyes and gazing at us with that half-quizzical look which so often comes over her face.

She was older than Peter—must have been: I never knew exactly. It would not have been wise to ask her, and nobody else knew but Peter, and he never told. And yet there was no mark of real old age upon her. She and Peter were alike in this. Her hair, worn Pompadour, was gray—an honest black-and-white gray; her eyes were bright as needle points; the skin slightly wrinkled, but fresh and rosy—a spare, straight, well-groomed old lady of—perhaps sixty—perhaps sixty-five, depending on her dress or undress, for her shoulders were still full and well rounded. "The most beautiful neck and throat, sir, in all Washington in her day," old General Waterbury once told me, and the General was an authority. "You should have seen her in her prime, sir. What the devil the men were thinking of I don't know, but they let her go back to Geneseo, and there she has lived ever since. Why, sir, at a ball at the German Embassy she made such a sensation that—" but then the General always tells such stories of most of the women he knows.

There was but little left of that kind

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Toronto Grinders do it economically. Some Grinders take a lot of power. Others not so much.

We have the easiest running grinder on the market, because we eliminate friction. This means a saving in cost of fuel. The result, your chop does not cost so much.

It pays to have a Toronto Grinder, and when it is being operated by a Chapman Gasoline Engine, or a Toronto Power mill, you have the ideal outfit.

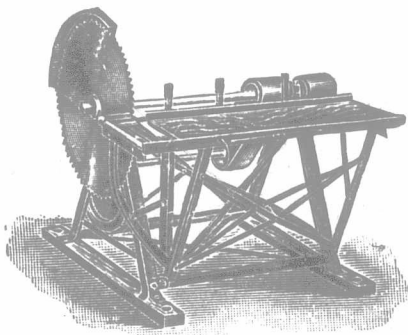
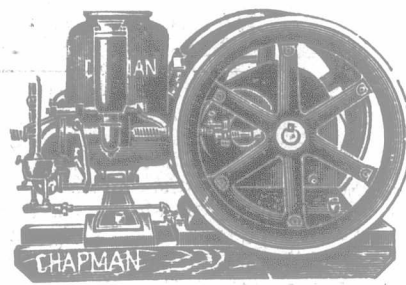
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Saw gives more service and better service, because you can keep it up to the highest point of efficiency.

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Adjustable boxes on second shaft.

Write for catalogue, explaining power on the farm and how it can be used.



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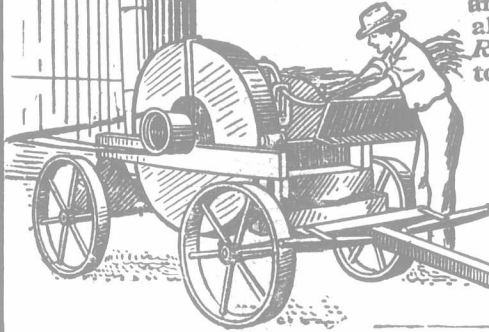
We make all sizes of hand and power Feed Cutters for every kind of work. Our line embodies the latest improvements for lessening the danger and inconvenience met with in many machines of this class. Inspect the line of

Peter Hamilton Feed Cutters and Silo Fillers

Our No. 7 Tornado Ensilage Cutter and Blower (illustrated) will handle 8 to 10 tons of corn per hour easily.

FRAME of selected Canadian hard maple, mortised and tenoned, always tight and rigid. FAN CASE is cast iron—stands friction and wear better than steel. FANS are hot-riveted in place, never get loose. KNIVES are high-grade steel, and adjustable for cutting all kinds of fodder. TOP ROLLER is self-conforming to uneven feeding.

Many other features will meet with your approval. Write to-day for booklet describing both hand and power outfits in full.



The Peter Hamilton Co., Limited
Peterborough, Ont.

Sold by all John Deere Plow Co. dealers

of beauty. She had kept her figure, it is true—a graceful, easy-moving figure, with the waist of a girl; well-proportioned arms and small, dainty hands. She had kept, too, her charm of manner and keen sense of humor—she wouldn't have been Peter's sister otherwise—as well as her interest in her friends' affairs, especially the love-affairs of all the young people about her.

Her knowledge of men and women had broadened. She read them more easily now than when she was a girl—had suffered, perhaps, by trusting them too much. This had sharpened the tip end of her tongue to so fine a point that when it became active—and once in a while it did—it could rip a 'sham reputation up the back as easily as a keen blade loosens the seams of a bodice.

Peter fell in at once with her plan for a "Rosebud Tea," in spite of her raillery and the threatened possibility of our exclusion, promising not only to assist her with the invitations, but to be more than careful at the Bank in avoiding serious mistakes in his balances—so as to be on hand promptly at four. Moreover, if Jack had a sweetheart—and there was no question of it, or ought not to be—and Corinne had another, what would be better than bringing them all down together, so that Miss Felicia could look them over, and Miss Ruth and the Major could get better acquainted, especially Jack and Miss Felicia; and more especially Jack and himself.

Miss Felicia's proposal having therefore been duly carried out, with a number of others not thought of when the tea was first discussed—including some pots of geraniums in the window, red, of course, to match the color of Peter's room—and the freshening up of certain swiss curtains which so offended Miss Felicia's ever-watchful eyes that she burst out with: "It is positively disgraceful, Peter, to see how careless you are getting—" At which Mrs. McGuffey blushed to the roots of her hair, and washed them herself that very night before she closed her eyes. The great day having arrived, I say the tea-table was set with Peter's best, including "the dearest of silver teapots" that Miss Felicia had given him for special occasions; the table covered with a damask cloth and all made ready for the arrival of her guests. This done, the lady returned to her own room, from which she emerged an hour later in a soft gray silk relieved by a film of old lace at her throat, blending into the tones of her gray hair brushed straight up from her forehead and worn high over a cushion, the whole topped by a tiny jewel which caught the light like a drop of dew.

And a veritable grand dame she looked, and was, as she took her seat and awaited the arrival of her guests—in bearing, in the way she moved her head; in the way she opened her fan—in the selection of the fan itself, for that matter. You felt it in the color and length of her gloves; the size of her pearl ear-rings (not too large, and yet not too small), in the choice of the few rings that encircled her slender and now somewhat shrunken fingers (one hoop of gold had a history that the old French Ambassador could have told if wanted to, so Peter once hinted to me)—everything she did in fact betrayed a wide acquaintance with the great world and its requirements and exactions.

Other women of her age might of their choice drop into charities, or cats, or nephews and nieces, railing against the present and living only in the past; holding on like grim death to everything that made it respectable, so that they looked for all the world like so many old daguerreotypes pulled from the frames. Not so Miss Felicia Grayson of Geneseo, New York. Her past was a flexible, india-rubber kind of a past that she stretched out after her. She might still wear her hair as she did when the old General raved over her, although the frost of many winters had touched it; but she would never hold on to the sleeves of those days or the skirts or the mantles: Out or in they must go, be puffed, cut bias, or made plain, just as the fashion of the day insisted. Oh! a most level-headed, common-sense, old aristocrat was Dame Felicia!

With the arrival of the first carriage old Isaac Cohen moved his seat from

Horse Owners! Use

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Caustic Balsam



A Safe, Speedy, and Positive Cure

The safest, Best BLISTER ever used. Takes the place of all liniments for mild or severe action. Removes all Bunches or Blemishes from Horses and Cattle. SUPERSEDES ALL CAUTERY OR FIRING. Impossible to produce scar or Blemish. Every bottle sold is warranted to give satisfaction. Price \$1.50 per bottle. Sold by druggists, or sent by express, charges paid, with full directions for its use. Send for descriptive circulars. The Lawrence-Williams Co., Toronto, Ont.

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Healed A Running Sore Where Other Remedies Failed

One of the most difficult things in the world to get rid of is a running sore, either in man or beast.

Mr. Charles Fulls, of Philadelphia, Jefferson Co., N. Y., was beginning to think the running sore on his horse could not be healed, until he started to use Egyptian Liniment. He tells the results.

"I had a horse afflicted with a running sore for over a year. I tried every remedy I could hear of, but none of them seemed to have any effect, and every one told me the sore could not be healed; but I determined to give Douglas' Egyptian Liniment a trial, and am pleased to state that a few applications entirely healed the sore."

The way Douglas' Egyptian Liniment removes all unhealthy matter from scalds, burns and festering wounds and restores sound, healthy flesh is simply wonderful. Always keep a bottle handy.

25c. at all dealers. Free sample on request.

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Costs less to keep in repair than any other elevator digger

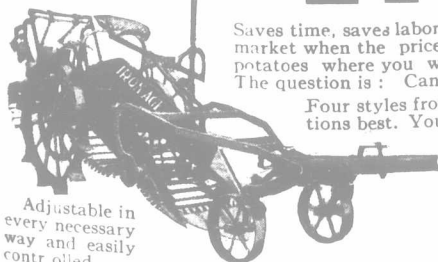
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Saves time, saves labor, gets all of the potatoes, helps you get to an early market when the price is right. Digs, separates thoroughly, drops the potatoes where you want them, and in most cases fairly well sorted. The question is: Can you afford to be without a digger?

Four styles from which to choose the one that suits your conditions best. You pay for and your horses draw only what you need.

We have been making Diggers 10 years, and know what to build for this work. Our booklet "D" tells the whole story in an understandable way. May we send it?

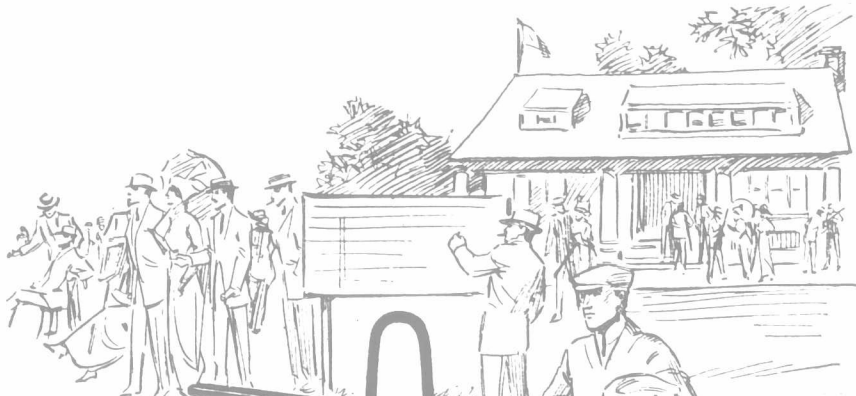
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Start a gun club among your friends

Learn the fascinating game of trap-shooting—a healthful, out-door sport that requires all the skill and possesses all the excitement of shooting live birds "on the wing."

We are in close touch with the most successful Canadian gun clubs and have aided many of them in getting started. Let us help you.

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BEST FOR ALL LIVE STOCK

Keeps all livestock in prime condition for work or sale.
"MAPLE LEAF" Oil Cake Meal
Write to-day for free sample and prices.
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In first class condition, used only one season. Dain Hay Press 18x22, mounted on steel trucks will be sold cheap for cash. For price and all particulars apply

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of that rare selection made in 1913. They are a combination of size and quality, with a good many of the mares in foal to noted sires. A visit to our stables will be money in your pockets, as we have the goods and prices that cannot be duplicated elsewhere.

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BREEDING AND QUALITY Clydesdales There never was a better bred lot imported, and their standard of character and quality is the highest and my price the lowest.

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Royal Oak Clydesdales Present offering: 5 Imported Mares (4 with foal by side), 3 yearling Fillies (1 Imp. and 2 Canadian Bred), 1 Canadian Bred Yearling Stallion, 1 Canadian Bred 2-year-old Stallion, 1 Canadian Bred 6-year-old Stallion. Parties wishing to complete their show string should inspect this offering or communicate with me.
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When in need of a high-class Clydesdale stallion or filly, or something that has won and can win again in Hackney stallions or fillies, visit our barns at Hudson Heights, Quebec
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Clydesdales Shires If you want Stallions, Fillies or Foals of the above breeds, personally selected from A. & W. Montgomery's Clydesdale Stud and the Bramhope Shire Stud, Cheshire, and home-bred of the most fashionable strain, see and select from the large stock now offered. Prices and terms will please. D. McEACHRAN, ORMSBY GRANGE, ORMSTOWN, QUE.

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To the Clydesdale men of Canada we wish to say we have some of the best show material in this country. More size, more style, more quality, more character and better breeding than ever before, in both stallions and fillies.
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Imported CLYDESDALE Stallions
Yes, they are here, our 1914 importation, and if you want a big, young stallion with the best legs, ankles, feet, action, breeding and character you ever saw at a price a poor man can pay, come and see our lot.
BARBER BROS., GATINEAU PT., QUE.

the back to the front of his shop, so he could see everybody who got out and went in, as well as everybody who walked past and gazed up at the shabby old house and its shabbier steps and railings. Not that the shabby surroundings ever made any difference whether the guests were "carriage company" or not, to quote good Mrs. McGuffey. Peter would not be Peter if he lived anywhere else, and Miss Felicia wouldn't be half so quaint and charming if she had received her guests behind a marble or brownstone front with an awning stretched to the curbstone and a red velvet carpet laid across the sidewalk, the whole parolled by a bluecoat and two hired men.

The little tailor had watched many such functions before. So had the neighbors, who were craning their heads from the windows. They all knew by the carriages when Miss Felicia came to town and when she left, and by the same token for that matter. The only difference between this reception and former receptions or teas, or whatever the great people upstairs called them, was in the ages of the guests; not any gray whiskers and white heads under high silk hats, this time; nor any demure or pompous, or gentle, or, perhaps, faded old ladies puffing up Peter's stairs—and they did puff before they reached his door, where they handed their wraps to Mrs. McGuffey in her brave white cap and braver white apron. Only bright eyes and rosy faces to-day framed in tiny bonnets, and well-groomed young fellows in white scarfs and black coats.

But if anybody had thought of the shabby surroundings they forgot all about it when they mounted the third flight of stairs and looked in the door. Not only was Peter's bedroom full of outer garments, and Miss Felicia's, too, for that matter—but the banisters looked like a clothes-shop undergoing a spring cleaning, so thickly were the coats slung over its handrail. So, too, were the hall, and the hall chairs, and the gas bracket, and even the hooks where Peter hung his clothes to be brushed in the morning—every conceivable place, in fact, wherever an outer wrap of any kind could be suspended, poked, or laid flat. That Mrs. McGuffey was at her wits' end—only a short walk—was evident from the way she grabbed my hat and coat and disappeared through a door which led to her own apartments, returning a moment later out of breath and I fancied, a little out of temper.

And that was nothing to the way in which the owners of all these several habiliments were wedged inside. First came the dome of Peter's bald head surmounting his merry face, then the top of Miss Felicia's pompadour, with its tiny diamond spark bobbing about as she laughed and moved her head in saluting her guests, and then mobs and mobs of young people packed tight, looking for all the world like a matinee crowd leaving a theatre (that is when you crane your neck to see over their heads), except that the guests were without their wraps and were talking sixteen to the dozen, and as merry as they could be.

"They are all here, Major," Peter cried, dragging me inside. It was wonderful how young and happy he looked. "Miss Corinne, and that loud Hullabaloo, Garry Minott, we saw prancing around at the supper—you remember—Holker gave him the ring."

"And Miss MacFarlane?" I asked.
"Ruth! Turn your head, my boy, and take a look at her. Isn't she a picture? Did you ever see a prettier girl in all your life, and one more charmingly dressed? Ruth, this is the Major . . . nothing else . . . just the Major. He is perfectly docile, kind and safe, and—"

"—And drives equally well in single or double harness, I suppose," laughed the girl, extending her hand and giving me the slightest dip of her head and bend of her back in recognition, no doubt, of my advancing years and dignified bearing—in apology, too, perhaps, for her metaphor.

"In single—not double," rejoined Peter. "He's the sourest, crabbedest old bachelor in the world—except myself."

(To be continued.)

Fistula and Poll Evil

Any person, however inexperienced, can readily cure either disease with **FLEMING'S FISTULA AND POLL EVIL CURE**—even bad old cases that skilled doctors have abandoned. Easy and simple; no cutting; just a little attention every fifth day—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 Advisor**. Write us for a free copy. Ninety-six pages, covering more than a hundred veterinary subjects. Durable bound, indexed and illustrated.
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It's cheaper to raise colts than to buy horses. But it's costly if you lose the colts. Keep a bottle of Kendall's Spavin Cure handy. For thirty-five years has proved it the safe, reliable remedy for spavin, splint, curb, ring-bone, bony growths and lameness from many causes.

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is sold by druggists everywhere at \$1 a bottle, 6 bottles for \$5. Get a free copy of our book "A Treatise on the Horse" at your druggist's or write us.
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Removes Bursal Enlargements, Thickened, Swollen Tissues, Curbs, Filled Tendons, Soreness from any Bruise or Strain; Stops Spavin Lameness. Allays pain. Does not blister, remove the hair or lay up the horse. \$2.00 a bottle, delivered. Book 1 K free.

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We are the only firm in Great Britain who make this their sole business, and therefore offer advantages not obtained elsewhere. When our Mr. A. J. Hickman started this business seven years ago, he did not know a single foreign breeder. This year we have exported more stock to order than any other firm in Great Britain. This is a fact which talks. The frequency with which we buy stock from English breeders means that we can do business with them on more favorable terms than can be done by anyone else. No one should import draft horses, beef or dairy strains of cattle, or mutation breeds of sheep, without first getting full particulars from us. Highest references on application.

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Will meet importers at any port in France or Belgium and assist them to buy Percherons, Belgians, French Coach Horses. All information about shipping, banking and pedigrees. Many years' experience; best references; correspondence solicited. P.S.—Nogent is in the heart of the Perche horse district.

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For Sale—Baron Currie [7734] (12445), an imported Clydesdale Stallion, has been inspected and approved, and has proved to be a most successful sire. Address

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Our exhibit at the Canadian National Exhibition, Toronto, will be of great interest to all farmers and stockmen. We'll be right under the Grand-stand, in the Manufacturers' Annex, and offer a cordial welcome to one and all.

Come and see us without fail. We want to show

you the Caldwell line of feeds, and go right into the subject with you, explaining just why and where they are best for your stock and poultry. We know that your time will be well spent with us, and also that we can prove to your own satisfaction that it will pay you to use

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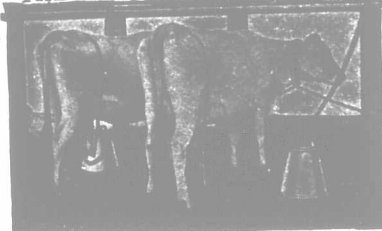
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THE CALDWELL FEED CO., Limited, Dundas, Ontario

HINMAN THE UNIVERSAL MILKER



Don't forget to see the HINMAN at work, at Toronto Exhibition, Aug. 29th, to Sept. 14th, 1914.

H. F. BAILEY & SON
Sole Manufacturers for Canada
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Gossip.

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The A. F. & G. Auld herd of Scotch Shorthorns, imported and Canadian-bred, is to-day one of the very top herds of the country in the matter of fashionable and popular breeding, excessive thickness of flesh evenly distributed, nice straight lines, and showing quality. Add to this the very pink of condition, and the picture of the herd is complete. There are many good herds of Shorthorns that are seldom or never heard from beyond the immediate district in which they are owned, from the fact that, owing to an unsuccessful sire being used, nothing of a show calibre was produced, although that same sire may have been an exceptionally good individual. This, of course, is one of the uncertainties of pure-bred stock breeding, and in purchasing a sire there is no way of telling whether he will be a success as a getter of superior excellence until his get are some months of age. This, happily, was not the experience of the Messrs. Auld through their purchase of the thick, mellow, roan bull, Broadhooks' Ringleader, a son of Imp. Newton Ringleader, and out of Imp. Pennan Broadhooks. Although but a young bull as yet, he has already sired a number of Toronto and London winners, and the lot being fitted for Toronto and London this year are by far the best he has ever produced. Among them are several young bulls and heifers that show a remarkable even flesh and true-ness of line strictly high-class in quality. Look up this exhibit at Toronto or London. To cross on his daughters, the Messrs. Auld last fall purchased the Toronto first-prize junior calf, Bandsman's Commander, a nice, even, red, got by the Cruickshank Butterfly bull, Imp. Bandsman, and out of Imp. Red Jill. This, without doubt, is one of the strongest senior yearlings that will be seen out this year. Immensely thick of flesh, he is as mellow as a glove, and quality all over. The herd as a whole is a strictly high-class one, and no herd in Canada has produced more Toronto junior and senior champions and grand champions than has this herd in the hands of their present owners, and of their previous owners, Geo. Ames & Son.

The average yield of 118 Shorthorns included in last year's test was 725 gallons a head, while that of 23 Jerseys and Guernseys was 584 gallons a head. An interesting table averages the milk yields of cows of different ages, showing an increase up to the fifth calf, after which there was a small but steady decrease. Cows calving in September, October, and November, gave the greatest milk yield, and those calving in June, July and August, the least.

Lightning is Responsible for Two-thirds of Rural Barn Claims in Ontario

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Ontario Dept. of Agriculture, Bulletin 220, page 3.

Lightning was responsible for two-thirds of all rural barn claims settled in Ontario during twelve years. It is good business for YOU to rod YOUR buildings. WHY NOT NOW? Our Catalogue for the asking.

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We are offering 20 heifers from 1 to 3 years, daughters of the 1913 Toronto Grand Champion, Missie Marquis 77713, Scotch and Scotch Topped, several of them show heifers
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Springhurst Shorthorns Shorthorn cattle have come to their own; the demand and prices are rapidly increasing, now is the time to strengthen your herd. I have over a dozen heifers, from 10 months to two years of age, for sale; everyone of them a show heifer, and some of them very choice. Bred in my great prize-winning strains. Only one bull left—a Red, 18 months old.
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THE MANOR

Shorthorns and Lincolns

Bulls and rams all sold; a few females for sale. Inspection solicited. J. T. GIBSON, Denfield, Ontario

Spring Valley Shorthorns

Herd headed by the two great breeding bulls, Newton Ringleader (Imp.) 73783, and Nonpareil Ramden 83422. Can supply a few of either sex. KYLE BROS., Drumbo, Ontario
Phone and Telegraph via Ayr.

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Parties wishing to purchase good dual purpose Shorthorns should inspect our herd of breeders, feeders and milkers. One right good bull for sale, a sure calf getter; good cattle and no big prices. JNO. ELDER & SONS, Hensall, Ontario

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CLYDESDALE AND HACKNEY HORSES
Shetland Ponies, Brown Swiss Cattle. Some nice young Hackneys and Shetlands for sale. Stallions, Mares and Geldings. Ralph Ballagh & Son :: Guelph, Ontario

Shorthorns and Swine—Have some choice young bulls for sale; also cows and heifers of show material, some with calves at foot. Also choice Yorkshire sows. ANDREW GROFF, R.R. No. 1, Elora, Ont.

Shorthorns "Trout Creek Wonder" at the head of the herd, which numbers about 40 head. Heifers and bulls of the best quality for sale at reasonable prices. Duncan Brown & Sons, R.R. 2, Shedden, Ont.

DR. BELL'S Veterinary Medical Wonder. 10,000 \$1.00 bottles FREE to horse men who will give The Wonder a fair trial. Guaranteed to cure Inflammation, Colic, Coughs, Colds, Distemper, Fevers, etc. Agents wanted. DR. BELL, V.S., Kingston, Ontario

Questions and Answers.

Miscellaneous.

Cow Sick—Enlarged Leg.

1. What can I do for a cow five years old last spring? She came in when she was three years old; she didn't clean that I know of. She came in at the first of July, three months after she calved, and I bred her. I didn't notice anything wrong with her until the following September, when she went down in flesh and went dry. Her manure got dry and a dark color, and her urine white in color and has a bad odor, at least I think it is her urine. I can smell it when I clean out the stable. She used to lay down a good deal, and not eat much; she seemed to want to eat the leaves off trees, and weeds. She always chewed her cud, and would stretch when she got up. She has a short cough. She coughs when she gets up from lying down; three or four coughs at a time. I gave her two pounds of salts and two tablespoonfuls of ginger. When I poured it down her she would cough and water would run from her eyes, and slimy stuff would run from her nose. The summer that she came in, she ran in the woods and on the road. The summer was dry and the grass got scarce, and I guess she ate a good deal of leaves about the last of August of that year (1912). I let her in the field that had been cut for hay and had a good start of second growth of clover. I just left her in for half an hour in the afternoon, but the next day I was away, and she broke in about four in the afternoon and was in 'till seven. I watched her, but she didn't bloat that I know of. This is the time she went wrong, when I turned her in on good pasture, and she has been wrong ever since. About a month ago I gave her a pound and a half of salts and a tablespoonful of aloes, with two ounces of ginger. I only gave her a little oat chop for 24 hours before and after. Then I gave her a teaspoonful daily of equal parts of ginger, nux vomica and gentian, but she does not seem to improve much. This cow has a little cough yet, and eats and drinks quite good, but is quite thin. Do you think it was the sudden change from the woods to the clover, or is it tuberculosis? Is there any true way to diagnose a cow with tuberculosis by killing her and opening her?

2. Have a two-year-old colt which got a clean cut on the hind foot, about two inches above the hoof. There was some loose skin hanging down, and I cut it off. I used carbolic and water, then hydrogen peroxide, but still flesh seems to grow in it. Then I got a salve which healed it up. Now there is rather a hard lump about the size of a man's thumb, and between three and four inches long. It runs around on the inside of his foot, and he hits it sometimes with his other foot. There is no hair on it. Can this be taken down? If so, what with? I am sixty miles from a veterinarian.

Ans.—1. The change from the woods to the clover may have had some effect on the cow, but from your description we would think it advisable that you have the animal tested for tuberculosis. The cough looks suspicious, and the cow failing in flesh may be clinical symptoms of this bad disease. If she were affected with tuberculosis, you might be able to find lesions of the disease in a post-mortem examination. Her lungs or lymphatic system might be affected, or small lesions might appear in other parts of her body. We would advise having her tested at any rate. Write the veterinary Director-General explaining your case, and perhaps you can procure the serum and make the test yourself on his directions. In purging a cow, do not give aloes. Use Epsom salts.

2. The enlargement on the colt seems to be a direct result of injury, and it is more than likely that the thickening cannot be reduced. We would advise, however, that you try some of the absorbent proprietary liniments advertised in these columns.

This advertisement recently appeared in a Western paper:

"Wanted—A man to undertake the sale of a new patent medicine. The advertiser guarantees that it will be profitable to the undertaker."

Roasts retain their natural flavor—bread, cakes, puddings, etc., baked in a

McClary's Pandora

Range always come fresh and sweet from its perfectly ventilated oven. See the McClary dealer in your town.

Shorthorns and Clydesdales

We have seven yearling bulls and seven bull calves from 7 to 12 months. All reds and roans, and of choice breeding. We have some extra good imported mares for sale, also some foals. If interested, write for catalogue of their breeding. W. G. PETTIT & SONS, Freeman, Ont. Burlington Junction, G. T. R. Bell 'Phone

"THE AULD HERD"

We have a select lot of females of all ages, and of the best Scotch families for sale. Also a March bull calf, red, little white, an Orange Blossom by Broadhooks Ringleader.

A. F. & G. AULD, Eden Mills, Ont. Guelph or Rockwood Stations.

100 Escana Farm Shorthorns 100
For sale, 25 Scotch bull calves from six to 12 months; 25 Scotch heifers and young cows bred to Right Sort, imp. and Raphael, imp. both prize winners at Toronto.

Mitchell Bros., Props. Farm 1/2 mile from Burlington Junction. Jos. McCrudden, Mangr.

SHORTHORNS I have ten young Shorthorn bulls, some fit for service now. Part of them are bred and made so that they are fit to head the best herds in any country; some of them are of the thick, straight, good-feeding kind that will produce money-making cattle; some of them are bred from the best-milking Shorthorns, and the prices of all are moderate. I have SHROPSHIRE and COTSWOLD rams and ewes of all valuable ages. Write for what you want. I can suit you in quality and price. Robert Miller, Stouffville, Ontario

R.O.P. Shorthorns--R.O.P. Jerseys For the first time we are offering for sale Shorthorn cows and heifers with official R.O.P. records; with their official records in high-class individuality. G. A. JACKSON, Downsview, Ont., Weston Station.

Willow Bank Stock Farm Shorthorns and Leicester Sheep. Herd established 1855; flock 1848. The imported Cruckshank Butterfly Roan Chief=60865= heads the herd. Young stock of both sexes to offer. Also an extra good lot of Leicester sheep of either sex; some from imported sires and dams. James Douglas, Caledonia, Ontario

Maple Grange Shorthorns

Pure Scotch and Scotch topped. Breeding unsurpassed. A nice selection in young bulls, and a limited number of thick, mossy heifers. R. J. DOYLE, Owen Sound, Ont.

SHORTHORNS My herd was never as strong as now, the young bulls for this season's trade are the best lot I ever had and their breeding is unexcelled. I have also a big offering in heifers and young cows with calves at foot. A. J. HOWDEN & CO., COLUMBIUS, ONT. MYRTLE, C. P. R., BROOKLIN, G. T. R.

SHORTHORNS and CLYDESDALES We have a nice bunch of bull calves that will be year old in Sept. and are offering females of all ages, have a choice lot of heifers bred to Clansman =87809=. One stallion 3-years-old, a big good quality horse and some choice fillies all from imported stock. A. B. & T. W. Douglas, Long-distance 'Phone Strathroy, Ont.

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The only way you can successfully raise turkeys and other young poultry to market size is by using Royal Purple Roup Cure. From now until the middle of November is when you lose your profits. Your turkeys die off from swelled head, spotted liver, white diarrhoea, etc. These diseases can be entirely eliminated by the use of this Roup Cure.

Read what Mr. Gottfried Wein of Crediton, Ont., wrote us on January 3rd, 1914: "Last fall we had a large flock of fine turkeys, when they began to die from roup and swelled head. We lost several a day after being sick about one week. Mr. Zwicker, of Crediton, advised me to use Royal Purple Roup Cure. Several of the birds were then affected with the disease. To my surprise, I not only saved the sick birds, but did not lose one turkey after using this cure. We had equally as good success with our hens, which were dying in numbers. I can heartily recommend it."

Mr. Faubel, of London, states that he had 70 Black Minorcas (show birds) that came in from the country last year, where he sent them to be hatched and reared, and they were running at the nostrils and in bad condition generally, and he put them in a healthy condition in ten days by using Royal Purple Roup Cure.

If your poultry are infested with hen lice, they will not thrive. This can be stopped by using a small quantity of our Royal Purple Lice Killer, and our Royal Purple Poultry Specific used in the food will bring your chickens and turkeys to market size a month earlier than you could possibly do without it.

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We will send one tin of Roup Cure, one tin of Lice Killer and a \$1.50 tin of Poultry Specific by express, prepaid, any place in Canada east of Winnipeg upon receipt of \$2.25.

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Maple Grove Holsteins

Do you know that Tidy Abbecker is the only cow in the world that produced three sons who have each sired 30-lb. butter cows, and two daughters with records greater than her own. She was bred, reared and developed at Maple Grove. Do you want that blood to strengthen the transmitting power of your herd, at live and let live prices, then write: E. BOLLERT TAVISTOCK, ONT. R.R. NO. 1.

Woodbine Holsteins

Young bulls and bull calves, sired by Duke Beauty Pieterje; sire's dam's record 32.52 lbs. butter, and his two granddams are each 30-lb. cows, with 30-lb. daughter, with 30-lb. granddaughter. Three generations of 30-lb. cows. If you want a bull that will prove his value as a sire, write A. KENNEDY & SON, R.R. No. 2, Paris, Ont. Stations: Ayr, C.P.R.; Paris, G.T.R.

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Application for registry, transfer and membership as well as requests for blank forms and all information regarding the farmer's most profitable cow, should be sent to the Secretary of the Association.

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ready for service and 5 younger; 40 females. R. O. M. and R. O. P. cows and their calves to choose from. 4 ponies and 2 two-year-old Clydesdale stallions

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Holsteins and Yorkshires. Minster Farm offers a bargain in a bull born March 10th, whose 4-yr-old dam and sire's 4-yr-old dam average milk 1 day 73 1/4 lbs., 30 days 2,035 lbs. Also boars and sows fit to wean. For full particulars write: Richard Honey & Sons - Brickley, Ontario

RIDGEDALE HOLSTEINS—Only one young bull left ready for service, smooth and straight, richly bred, closely related to our champion cow. Will also sell our aged stock bull, Imperial Pauline De Kol, No. 8346, very sure and quiet. Myrtle Sta., C.P.R.; Manchester Sta., G.T.R. R. W. Walker & Sons, R.R. No. 4, Pt. Perry, Ont.

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BEACONSFIELD, P. O., CANADA. A FEW Pure-bred Ayrshire and Pure-bred French-Canadian Bulls for Sale. Correspondence or visit solicited. E. A. SHANAHAN, Secretary, Merchants Bank Building, Montreal, Canada. Quality AYRSHIRES Production Bred on particularly good lines. I have for sale: females of all ages, and four young bulls, 8, 10, 15 and 18 months old; sired by Barcheskie Scotch Earl Imp. W. G. Hensman, R.R. No. 4, Essex, Ont., Essex Station, M. C. R.

Mention this Paper.

Representation of Live-Stock Men.

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate."

At the last annual meetings of many of the breed societies a communication was presented from the Western Canada Live-stock Union asking for a more equitable representation on the directorate of these associations. The communication was well received by the annual meetings, to such an extent that a number appointed representatives to meet delegates from the Western Canada Live-stock Union.

A joint meeting of many of these representatives was held at Winnipeg during the progress of the Exhibition, when the following representatives were present:

Robert Miller, Stonnville, Ont.; H. Smith, Hay, Ont.; John Gardhouse, Highfield, Ont.; J. M. Gardhouse, Weston, Ont.; John Platt, Hamilton, Ont.; J. D. Brien, Ridgetown, Ont.; Hon. W. C. Sutherland, Saskatoon, Sask.; Lew Hutchinson, Duhamel, Alta.; John Graham, M.P.P., Carberry, Man.; Andrew Graham, Pomeroy, Man.; Dr. S. F. Tolmie, Victoria, B. C.; Dr. J. G. Rutherford, Calgary, Alta.; A. J. MacKay, Macdonald, Man.

The following resolution, moved by Robert Miller and seconded by Dr. S. F. Tolmie, was unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That this meeting of representatives of the live-stock breeders of Western and Eastern Canada recommends that in order to furnish adequate representation to all parts of the Dominion, the election of directors on the boards of the various breed associations should be based proportionately on the amount of bona fide membership fees paid by each Province. This to be done by dividing the total membership fees by the number of directors in each association, and then dividing the membership fees received from each Province by the unit thus furnished, which will give the number of representatives to which that particular Province is entitled. In the event of any Province not furnishing a sufficient amount of membership fees to be divisible by the unit in question, or if any Province does not furnish fees to an amount greater than one-half of the unit, such Province may, for purposes of representation, be united with an adjoining Province. When the amount of the fees derived from any Province, after being divided by the unit, leaves a larger balance than one-half of the unit, such Province to be entitled to another representative.

It is recommended that the representatives from each Province should be selected by the members of that particular breed association in that Province in such a manner as may be found feasible and practicable.

It is further recommended that in order to safeguard the interests of all the members of any association, any resolution passed at a general meeting of the association should be confirmed by a majority of the Board of Directors.

A committee consisting of Robert Miller, Harry Smith, Dr. Tolmie, and Dr. Rutherford, was appointed to lay before the next annual meetings the finding of this joint committee.

A copy of this letter has been mailed to the Secretary of each Live-stock Record Association. A. W. BELL, Secretary-Treasurer.

Questions and Answers. Miscellaneous.

Bitter-Sweet Nightshade.

What is the enclosed weed?

M. E. A.

Ans.—The trailing or reclining plant, with purplish flowers of the same construction as those of the potato, followed by clusters of red, juicy berries, is one of the nightshades, technically known as Solanum dulcamara. The plant loves to creep over brush heaps, particularly on land in and around wet places. The berries are usually feared as poisonous, but the disagreeable taste that succeeds the first sweetish impression will prevent anyone from eating enough of them to do him harm. The leaves and young twigs are used internally in certain skin diseases; the decoction is supposed to disperse tumors. Another plant, a climber bearing orange fruit, is also called bitter-sweet; its bark is used as a liver tonic. J. D.



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Riverside Holsteins

King Johanna Pontiac Korndyke at head of herd; his 12 nearest dams and sisters average 33.77 lbs. butter in 7 days; his sister, Pontiac Lady Korndyke, made 38.02 lbs. butter in 7 days and 156.92 lbs. in 30 days, females in calf to him, are our present offering.

J. W. Richardson,

R. R. No. 2, Caledonia, Ont.

FAIRVIEW FARMS

Can furnish you a splendid young bull ready for immediate service, and sired by such bulls as PONTIAC KORNDYKE, the greatest producing sire of the breed, and also the sire of the greatest producing young sires of the breed; one of his sons already has six daughters with records above 30 pounds, RAG APPLE KORNDYKE 8TH, now heading our herd, and a few by a good son of PONTIAC KORNDYKE, and out of officially tested cows. Come and look them, and the greatest herd of Holsteins you ever saw, over, or write just what you want.

E. H. DOLLAR, Heuvelton, New York (Near Prescott, Ont.)

LAKEVIEW HOLSTEINS

Senior herd bull—Count Hengerveld Fayne De Kol, a son of Pieterje Hengerveld's Count De Kol and Grace Fayne 2nd. Junior herd bull—Dutchland Colantha Sir Mona, a son of Colantha Johanna Lad and Mona Pauline De Kol. Third bull—King Canary Segis, whose sire is a son of King Segis Pontiac, and whose dam is 27-lb. three-year-old daughter of a 30-lb. cow. Write for further information to

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Glenhurst Ayrshires ESTABLISHED OVER 50 YEARS AGO and ever since kept up to a high standard. We can supply females of all ages and young bulls, the result of a lifetime's intelligent breeding; 45 head to select from. Let me know your wants. James Benning, Williamstown, Ont. Summerstown Stn., Glengarry

Brampton Jerseys We are busy. Sales were never more abundant. Our cows on yearly test never did better. We have some bulls for sale from Record of Performance cows. These bulls are fit for any show ring. B. H. BULL & SON :: BRAMPTON, ONTARIO

Spring Valley Shropshires For this season's trade I have some extra choice flock headers; shearing and ram lambs; a combination of Milne and Cooper breeding; also shearing ewes and ewe lambs, low or and thick in type and covered to the ground. Thos. Hall, R. R. No. 2, Bradford

Sunnybrook Yorkshires In improved large English Yorkshires, we can supply either sex, eight weeks old and up, sired by our 1913 Toronto and Ottawa Exhibition Champion bear Eldon Duke (3228) and from prize-winning sows, also pure not akin. Correspondence solicited. WM. MANNING & SONS, WOODVILLE, ONTARIO

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Consult us before buying.

Peter Arkell & Sons, Teeswater, Ont.

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The Oldest Oxford Downs Established Flock in America.

Our present offering is an imported 4-year-old ram, and a few first class yearlings for flockheaders; and also a beautiful lot of ram lambs, also 70 yearling ewes and a number of ewe lambs. All registered. Our prices reasonable.

HENRY ARKELL & SON
Phone Guelph 240 ring 2. Guelph, Route 2.

Alloway Lodge Stock Farm

Every man engaged in mixed farming should have a small flock of sheep. The Southdown is the ideal mutton breed, and is the hardest and most adaptable to conditions in this country. Write for circular and descriptions to

ROBT. McEWEN Byron, Ont.
Near London.

PEDIGREE CHESTER WHITES

Long type; prolific; boar of 5 months (one only left) fine youngsters of six weeks.

John Pollard, R. No. 4, Norwich, Ont.

Sunnyside Chester Whites—Last fall and winter shows' champions, male and female, as well as many lesser winners, are now breeding in our herd; young stock, both sexes, any age. **W. E. Wright & Son, Glanworth, Ont.**

TAMWORTHS

A choice lot of boars and sows from two to four months old.
HERBERT GERMAN, ST. GEORGE, ONT.

Morrison Shorthorns and Tamworths Bred from the prize winning herds of England. Have 12 young sows bred for farrow in Sept. and Oct., dandies, and also a number of boars fit for service. Also choice cows and heifers of the very best milking strain. **CHAS. CURRIE, Morrison, Ont.**

TAMWORTHS—Some choice young sows, bred for summer and fall farrow; also a lot of boars 2 and 3 months old. Write for prices. **JOHN W. TODD, R. R. No. 1, Corinth, Ont.**

Duroc-Jersey Swine Twenty-five sows bred for fall farrow; a few boars ready for service; also one Jersey bull, 11 months, and two bulls, 6 months old, out of high-producing dams.
MAC CAMPBELL & SON, Northwood, Ont.

Cloverdale Large English Berkshires Thirty sows bred for fall farrow; boars ready for service; young stock of both sexes, pairs not akin. All breeding stock imported or from imported stock from the best British herds.
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Present offering: **Large English Berkshires** Pigs ready to wean from matured sows. Dandies. Also choice young Tamworth sows two and one-half months old. **W. A. MARTIN & SONS, Corbyville, R. R. No. 1, Box 38.**

Gossip.

SPRING VALLEY SHROPSHIRE.

The Spring Valley flock of Shropshire sheep, owned by the well-known Shropshire breeder and expert judge, Thos. Hall, R. R. No. 2, Bradford, Ont., are this year stronger than ever before in excellence of breed type and perfection of covering. The imported Milne-bred ram now being used, coupled with the Cooper-bred ewes, many of which are imported, and others bred from imported stock, are showing most satisfactory results, the lambs being low-set and thick, with a perfect covering. To use Mr. Hall's words, "They are the best lot I ever bred." For this season's trade are half a dozen shearling rams, a number of shearling ewes, and this year's crop of lambs of both sexes. Last season saw a wide distribution of flock-headers and breeding ewes from this flock, and entire satisfaction from their purchasers, and this year cannot fail to be more satisfactory if that is possible.

A LINE ON THE PURE-BREDS OF J. M. GARDHOUSE.

Pure-bred stock breeding on a business basis by a business man whose whole life has been associated with that special line of work and is thoroughly conversant with the minutest details relative thereto, as well as possessing the qualities that go to make the expert judge with an international reputation, is surely a success. This is exactly the position occupied by J. M. Gardhouse, of Weston, Ont., on whose farm at the present time are many prizewinners in Clydesdale and Shire horses, Hackney, Welsh, and Shetland ponies, and Shorthorn cattle. Of the latter, there are some seventy-odd head, many of them imported, and the majority of the others got by imported stock, representing on blood lines, Marr Claras and Rachels, Cruickshank Nonpareils, Rosemarys, Jilts, Crimson Flowers, Village Girls, Matchless, Augustas, Wimples, Mayflowers, Jealousys, Fragrances, Welcomes, Floras, Kilblean Beautys, Bra-with Buds, Lady Fannys, and Mysies, the whole making one of the strongest herds in the country, both in numbers, breeding, and quality. Among the lot are eighteen young bulls, eight of them out of imported dams, and sired by the Cruickshank Butterfly-bred bull, Imp. Benholme Butterfly; the B-ssy-bred bull, Best Hero, a son of Imp. Proud Hero; the Flower Girl-bred bull, Diamond Boy, a son of the \$5,000 bull, Imp. Bapton Diamond, and out of Imp. Flower Girl 12th. This is a selection of young bulls with attractive breeding and merit much sought after by the best breeders. At the head of the several imported Clydesdalemares is the big, quality, prizewinning stallion, Rycroft Model (imp.), a son of the Royal first-prize Rycroft. At the late Winnipeg Exhibition, a son of Rycroft Model was first and Canadian-bred champion. Prominent among the several Shires is last year's Toronto champion, Rokoby Halo (imp.). She is in fine bloom, although raising a filly foal by Imp. Waveney Rex (imp.). Her yearling daughter, imported in dam, Heather Belle, looks like capturing the premier honors at the coming show. In Hackney Ponies is the high-class performer, Talke Fire Alarm (imp.), Toronto champion at both the September and November shows; Berkley Swell (imp.), first at Toronto for three years; Whitegate Queen Victoria (imp.). This mare, only recently imported, has not been shown, but she has the qualifications that land the colors, and will certainly show her mettle this fall. Whitegate Gertrude (imp.) is a Hackney mare, by His Majesty. She won first at Toronto. Out of her is a yearling stallion, imported, and a horse foal, imported in dam, both by Whitegate Commander. Space forbids any detailed description of the superior excellence of the horses on this noted farm. A big exhibit will be at Toronto Exhibition, where all interested will be most welcome.

Discouraging Prof. (in geology): "The geologist thinks nothing of a thousand years."
Sally: "Great gosh! And I learned a geologist ten dollars yesterday!" Pennsylvanian Parrot-Bowl.

Harvest Time!

THIS is your busy season, but when you are in the market for

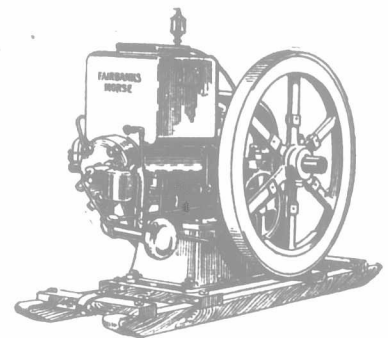
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I have now for sale 30 extra large well-covered shearling rams, 100 shearling ewes and a very fine lot of lambs from my imported ewes. Will be pleased to book orders for delivery later of any kind wanted.
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Have a choice lot of sows in pig, Boars ready for service and young pigs of both sexes supplied not akin at reasonable prices. All breeding stock imported or from imported stock from the best British herds. Write or call **H. J. DAVIS, Woodstock, Ont.** Long-distance **Phone C. P. R. and G. T. R.**

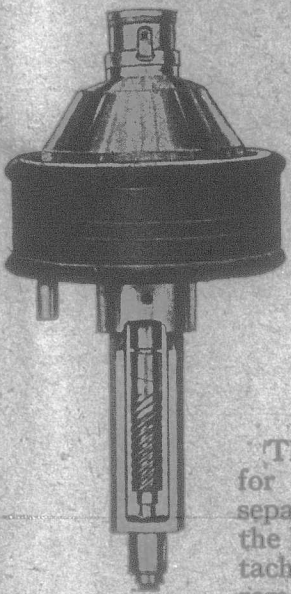
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From our recent importation of sows, together with the stock boar **Sutton Torredor**, we can supply select breeding stock, all ages. Satisfaction and safe delivery guaranteed.
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Yorkshire sows, for sale, some bred and some ready to breed.
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See The New 1915 Model At The Fall Fairs



FOR more than three years our factory experts and mechanical designers have been working on and testing the new features on this new Model Standard. One of the new features—the interchangeable bowl—is the most important improvement in cream separation construction in many years.

Standard

The one frame now does for all sizes of Standard separator bowls, because the bowl casing is now detachable. It can readily be removed and another size of bowl substituted, thus making the capacity of the Standard interchangeable at will. If you require a larger capacity than you first thought necessary, you will not need to buy an entire new machine—just a new bowl and fittings.

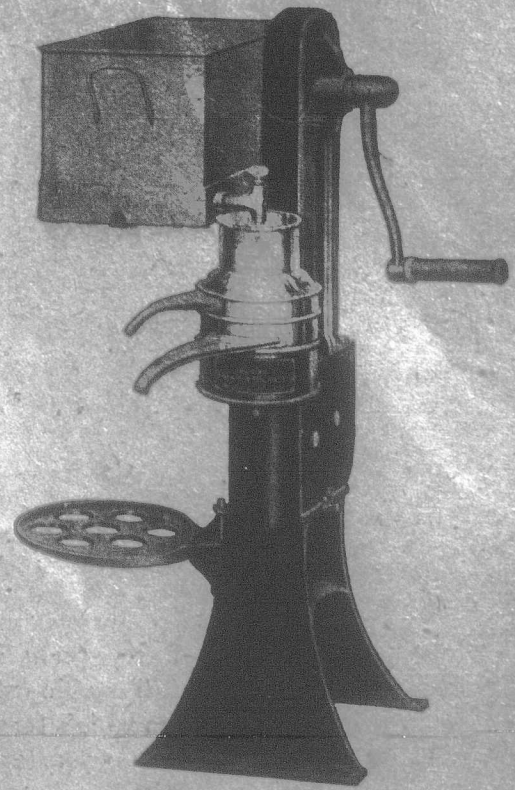
The change of capacity, please note, is not accomplished by changing the skimmers in the bowl, but by a complete change in the size of bowls, so that each bowl is constructed to do the work required of it. The interchangeable capacity thus does not interfere in any way with the Standard's famous skimming qualities. It still skims down to .01 per cent. and often less.

As a result of perfecting this detachable bowl casing, an improvement has also been accomplished in the alignment of the neck and bottom spindle bearings, which puts the 1915 Model in a new class so far as easy-running is concerned. A comparison with any other cream separator will easily prove this.

The nickel-plated cap screws which cap the bushings on the side of the casing are another new feature. They make the casing completely oil-tight and dust-proof, and at the same time add to its appearance.

There is a new, neat sight oil gauge too (not a clumsy oil cup or glass lubricator) which shows the amount of oil in the separator at a glance. Also a new reversible float which is without a stem to break off.

Altogether the new 1915 Model has 22 main features. These are explained fully in the latest edition of our Standard Separator Catalogue just off the press. Send for a copy. Also look for our Standard exhibit at the Fairs listed on the right. At the smaller Fairs the 1915 Model will be exhibited by our local agents.



FALL FAIRS

- Toronto Aug. 29 - Sept. 14
- London Sept. 11 - 19
- Ottawa Sept. 11 - 19
- Renfrew Sept. 29, 30, Oct. 1
- Charlottetown, P. E. I. Sept. 22, 23, 24, 25
- St. John, N. B. Sept. 5 - 12
- Quebec Aug. 31 - Sept. 5
- Sherbrooke, P. Q. Aug. 29 - Sept. 5

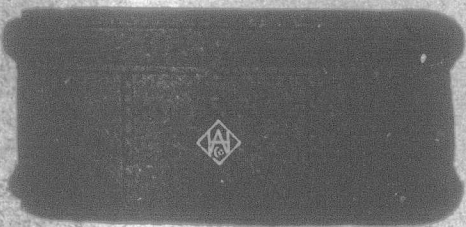
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91 to 1,218 gallons



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Always great demand at London's Exhibition for first-class stock. Be a winner, and have your stock in the Live Stock Parade each day.

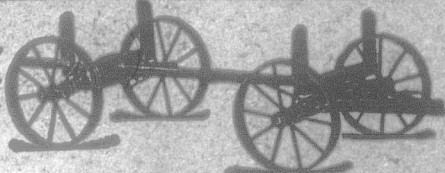
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23" to 30" 4 x 1/2" plain or grooved tire wheels, 4000 lbs. capacity.



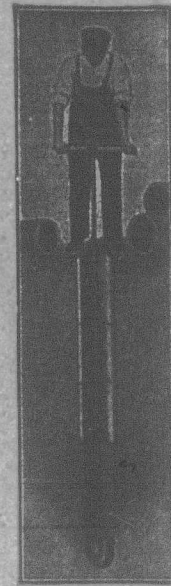
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