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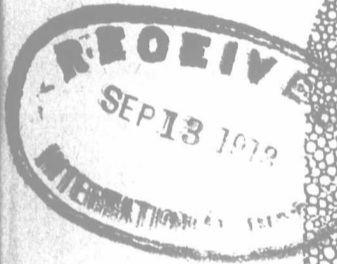
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Vol. XLVIII.

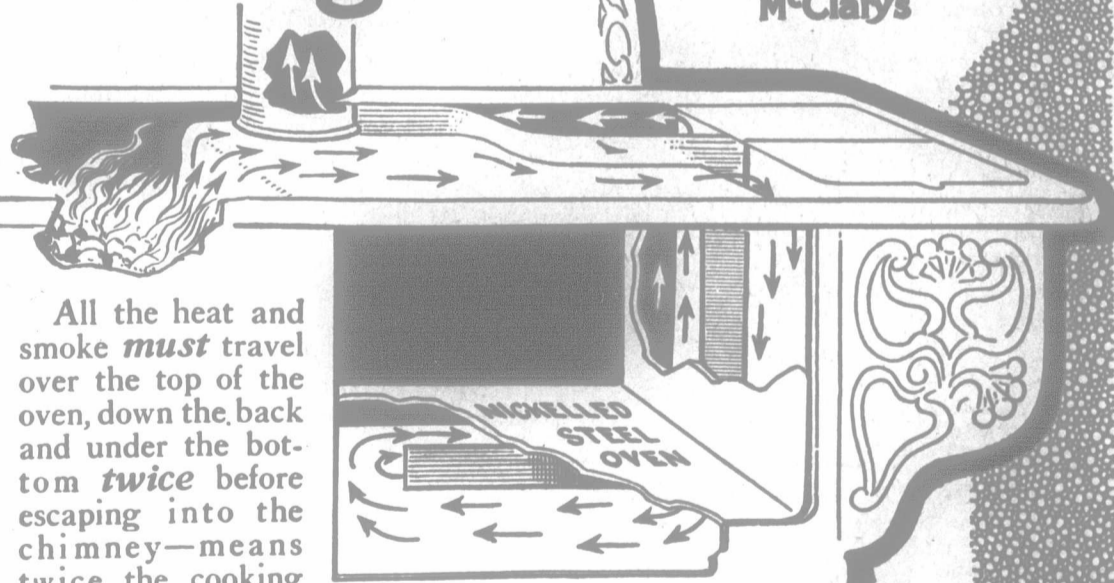
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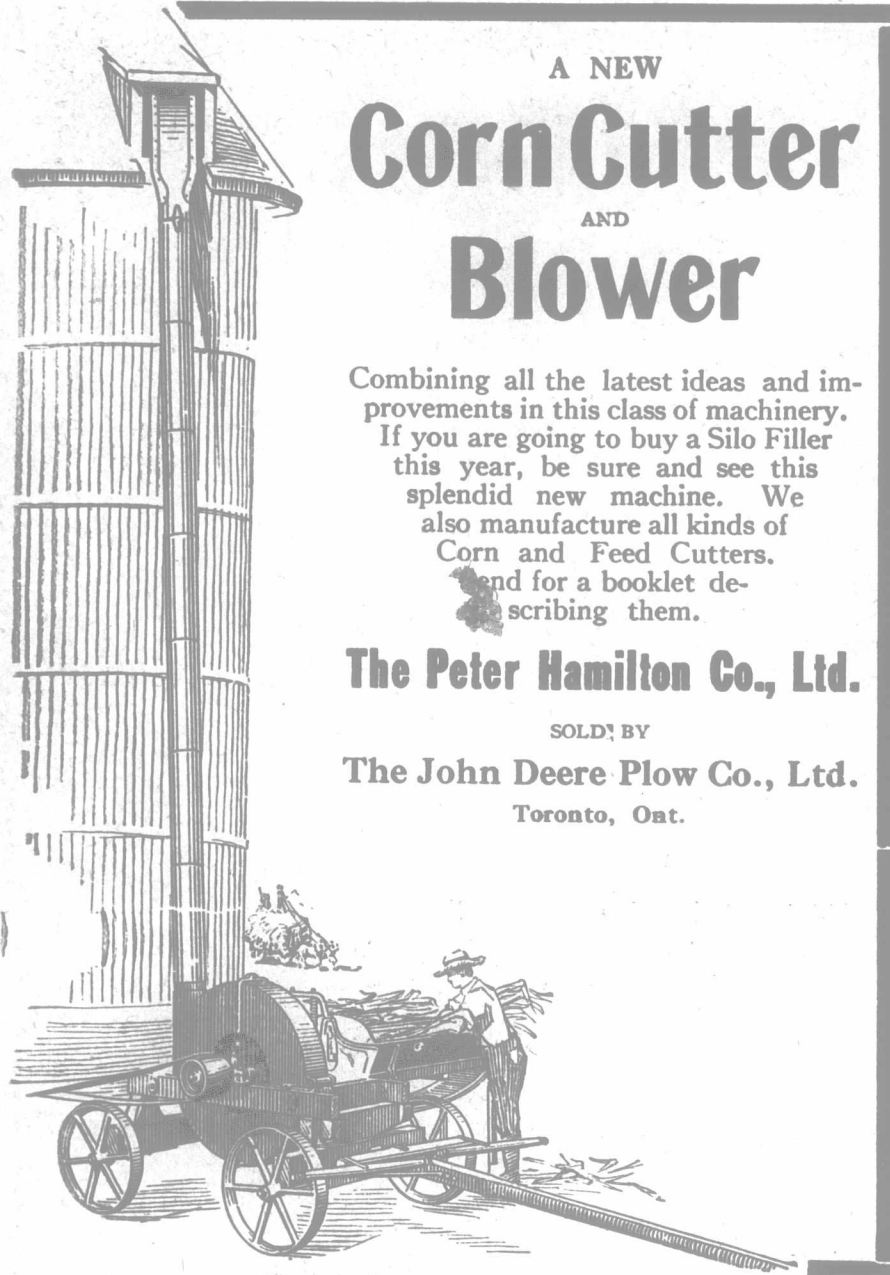
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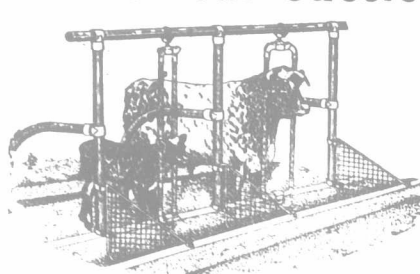
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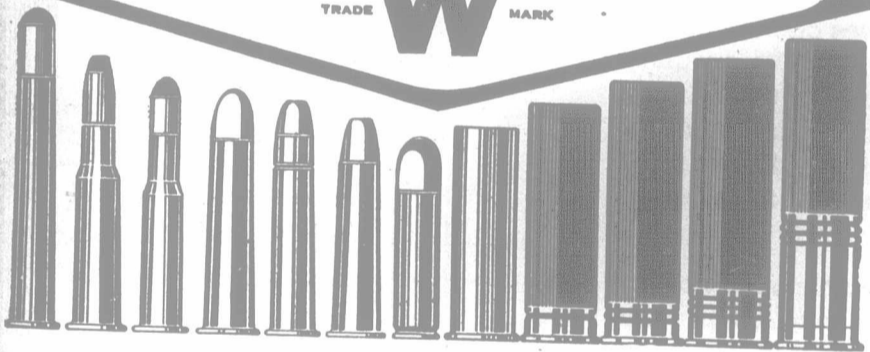
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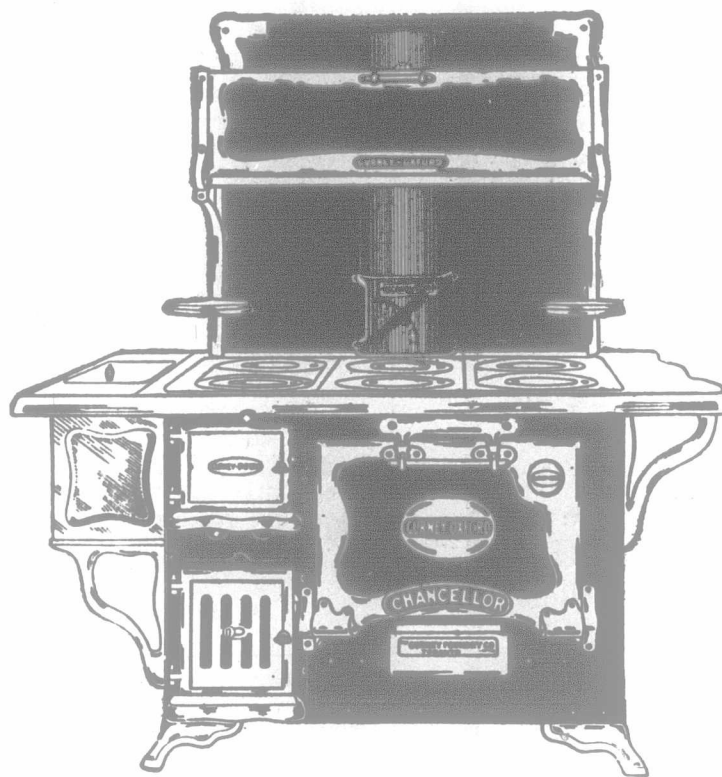
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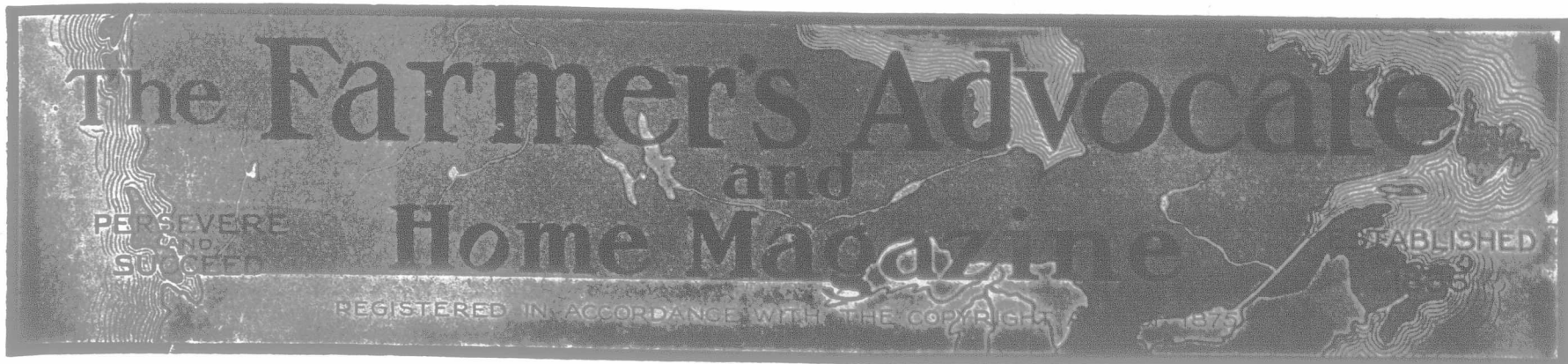
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EDITORIAL

Clay land matures corn slowly.

Best ever, is the general report of Toronto Exhibition.

The rattle of the corn-cutting box, and the hum of the blower is heard in the land.

Much interest has been aroused by the article, "Sewage Disposal on the Farm" (issue July 24th). The subject is certainly important

Educational work to promote agriculture is well enough, but economic justice is the only basis on which enduring progress can ever be built.

For harvesting clover seed some claim that the grain binder without any twine in the knotter is a good substitute for the self-rake reaper or the mower with a table attached on which the material is kept raked back from the mower bar and at intervals pulled off behind in bunches. We have never used the binder for this purpose, but have often thought of giving it a trial.

In many localities, 1913 has been a happy medium between the extreme drouth of 1911, and the prolonged saturation of 1912. In scattered sections, however, it has been anything but a favorable season, having first blasted the hay crop with frost, and then withered it with drouth. So it goes. One may never judge general crop conditions by his own particular neighborhood.

For a generation back and longer, importers of pure-bred live stock have been rendering a service of incalculable value to the Canadian live-stock industry. They have supplied us with the very best strains of improved stock, laying such an excellent foundation that the time has come, with sheep at any rate, when Royal winners can be beaten at Toronto by Canadian-bred stock. That is the goal toward which we should be striving in all breeds.

It is always gratifying to see men rise to an occasion. The energy with which the Western Fair Association and the London Ont. Board of Aldermen grappled with the situation confronting them through the burning of a large part of their buildings a week before the date set for the opening date of the fair, is worthy of all praise. Westerners are in the habit of pluming themselves upon their courage and enterprise, but Easterners can manifest the same qualities without so much fuss about it.

That was an interesting letter by Prof. Haecker in our exhibition number (page 1478). The conclusion of his experiments favored thick planting of corn for silage purposes. The thick-planted corn produced a larger amount of dry matter and had a narrower nutritive ratio than corn which stood more thinly on the ground. However, the amount of food per acre is not the only question. The amount per ton is of much importance too, affecting, as it does, the economy of storage and also the percentage of concentrates requiring to be added to secure satisfactory gains in weight or yields of milk.

The Waste of the Wind.

A depressing sensation of desolateness comes over the traveller as he takes the first look over the vast wind-swept expanse of unimproved prairie or steppe lands. Little wonder that individual effort and systematic government endeavor are so immediately set in motion to supplement the glaring deficiencies of nature by protecting the homesteads and crops from the fury and wastage of the unchecked winds. Every instinct of self-preservation prompts to the planting of trees, and with what comfort and pride a Westerner points to the achievements of a few years in tree growing. Is it not amazing, then, to witness the callous unconcern with which, in Eastern provinces, the wood lots are swept away for fuel or into the maw of the sawmill, and, in thousands of cases, little or no effort made by fresh rows or plantations of trees to restore the denuded places and mitigate the consequent loss and hardships that must inevitably be endured, and which are bound to become more serious as time goes on. Time and again this is being brought home with terrible emphasis in the waste of choice fruit, which has involved in its cultivation such large expenditures of intelligence and labor. Orcharding is enormously on the increase in Eastern Canada, but how many are neglecting the all-important accompaniment of shelter belts on the exposed sides of the young plantations? These trees should be keeping pace with the apple and smaller fruits so that the protection will be ready when the time of bearing comes. Only lately in many sections the havoc wrought by the winds in the corn fields has been painfully evident. Not only is there waste directly to the crop, but in harvesting the output of labor and time will be greatly increased. One has only to look and be convinced by the contrast between fields protected by good wind breaks or wood lots, and those open to the sweep of the late August gales. And the more luxuriant the corn the more serious was the bending and breaking down, which is only too keenly realized as silo filling or shocking up proceeds. Why, then, procrastinate in so desirable and necessary a work as planting trees? One of the first things to be done on taking possession of a farm or in planning immediate improvements in one already occupied, is to plant rows or belts of evergreens or deciduous trees along the more exposed sides of all arable fields. Commonly it is put off from year to year, and, as men drop into the grave, they leave behind them too often a treeless heritage, which it will require a generation to restore. To plant a row of maples or evergreens is not a serious undertaking either in time or money, and, instead of being the last, it really is one of the first things that should be done. As an investment the returns are satisfactory, and they are certain. If this proposition does not appeal to a man's sense of beauty, it surely ought to his pocket.

An Ear of Corn.

Coming east to his old home in Ontario, a well-to-do British Columbia man took one of the Western States railway routes via Chicago. About lunch time, as the train sped along between thousands of acres of waving corn, he naturally began to hanker for the taste of a cob, and communicated his desire on the order entrusted to the white-aproned waiter. It is not at all likely that the reality equalled the recollection of boyhood or his expectations; for

whoever gets in sixty-mile-an-hour dining cars the aroma or toothsome succulence of Golden Bantam fresh from the garden and the farm kitchen range? For better or worse, having absorbed the kernels of his cob of maize, our traveller in due course received the bill for the one ear of corn, amounting to the round sum of twenty-five cents, which brought home afresh the reality of the high cost of living and the alarming spread in prices from the producer to the consumer, which, in this particular case, probably amounting to about twenty-four hundred per cent, which ought to satisfy the average middle-man, or several of them for that matter.

Europe Through Canadian Eyes-III

A sail on the Rhine. Who has not dreamed of it—that historic river, whose headwaters trickle from the glaciers of the Alps, whose mouth opens into the North Sea among the flats of the Netherlands, but whose full, broad flood sweeps for hundreds of miles, the most of its course, through the Fatherland? What river in all the world has associated with it such a wealth of legendary lore? On whose banks, or in whose neighborhood have so many decisive and sanguinary battles been fought? The beauty of its shores has been the theme of poets and travellers for centuries. And here we were, a company from far North America, actually on board a swift steamer, and bound for a twelve-hours ride up this famous stream. To some of our number, indeed, these feelings must have been much intensified. The country through which we passed was the dear Deutschland, the land from which their fathers had migrated.

Having journeyed by rail from Amsterdam to Cologne, we there embarked for Bielrich, a suburb really of Mayence on the opposite side of the river, a distance of about 120 miles. For some hours our course was between gently sloping banks and fertile fields, but farther up the hills grew higher and rocky, and we entered the region of castles. These old structures, whether in ruins or repair, seem as consistent with the surrounding landscape as if they had grown from the rocky heights which they surmount. No pictures, however colored up, can exaggerate the beauty of these massive stone towers and walls. No two are alike, and, passing them in swift succession, their number seems legion. Their frowning battlements harbor no hostile garrisons now, but in olden days they were the strongholds of robber barons, who extorted tribute from the trading vessels which sailed up or down the river.

The story told in the guide books, in connection with one old fortress castle that we passed, was that it had been successfully defended by Count von der Lippe when fiercely attacked by a much superior force. What gave to our party a special interest in this legend, was the fact that one of our number, A. B. von der Lippe, a Presbyterian minister of southern Illinois, is a lineal descendant of this old fighting family.

The commerce on the Rhine is still very great. Tug after tug was passed, each with its tow of two to six handsome barges, and each barge usually loaded down to the very limit of safety. Suggestions of the place that Germany holds in the manufacturing world were to be seen in clusters of tall chimneys behind the bordering hills. The river towns, built close to the water, seemed more like places of resort than of industry. Seen from the Loat they looked as if every villa and cluster of buildings had been de-

The Farmer's Advocate

HOME MAGAZINE.

THE LEADING AGRICULTURAL JOURNAL IN THE DOMINION.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
THE WILLIAM WELD COMPANY (LIMITED).

JOHN WELD, MANAGER.

Agents for "The Farmer's Advocate and Home Journal,"
Winnipeg, Man.

1. THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE AND HOME MAGAZINE is published every Thursday. It is impartial and independent of all cliques and parties, handsomely illustrated with original engravings, and furnishes the most practical, reliable and profitable information for farmers, dairymen, gardeners, stockmen and home-makers, of any publication in Canada.
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signed with a view to appearance. Hingen on the Rhine, of which we used to hear in recitations, is simply the most beautiful town we have seen. Little wonder that the dying soldier in the "piece" was homesick for his native place so far away.

In these more hilly sections the "vine clad hills" we have heard of so often and long are to be seen. Where the slopes are not too steep for cultivation, ordinary farm crops are grown. But many hill faces are too steep and too rocky for ordinary culture. These are terraced. Stone walls from two to eight feet in height are built to retain the earth, and the surface thus secured is planted to vines. As many as thirty terraces on one hill were counted. We are told that there is a reason for everything, but the reason why the German, Swiss and French grape-growers plant and train their vines as they do is still a mystery to us. There are no trellises, no arbors, no wire fences, even for the vines to cling to. At each vine there is driven a sawn stake about an inch and a quarter or an inch and a half square, and four and a half feet high, and to this the vine is fastened. The vines are planted in rows about three feet apart, and about two feet and a half apart in the rows—decidedly thicker than ordinary corn hills. There must be over 5,000 vines to the acre. Not until we were well into France did we observe a single exception to this method of vine culture. So far as our observation extended, hand hoeing was the only kind of cultivation given.

We regret that there was no opportunity for us to visit among the German farmers. What could be seen from the railway train or the steamboat, as we were carried through, was all that we had on which to found impressions regarding German agriculture. From that little a very favorable opinion was formed. The crops were the best we had seen. The strip method of farming, here a narrow strip of wheat or rye, next a strip of oats followed by strips of sugar beets, potatoes or hay, and this repeated with variations on the same farm, struck us as peculiar. Evidently harvesting is done chiefly

by hand under that system. But the crops were good. In France we afterwards saw some very excellent fields of grain and roots, but they were not so uniformly fine as those we were privileged to see in Germany. The marvel was how the soil could be kept up to its high standard of fertility for so many generations.

Stopping in towns only as we did, Cologne, Wiesbaden, Frankfurt and Heidelberg, another sort of culture, that of the beer garden, came more in our line—of observation. If drinking is to be done, the Germans have the sensible way of doing it. Instead of going into a bar-room and gulping down the drinks, they prefer taking wife and children along and sitting quietly at a little table outdoors, sipping their liquor leisurely and having also something to eat with it. Bar-rooms are almost unknown. Instead, hotels have a restaurant attachment, restaurations, they are suggestively called in many places. Here friends gather for a social time in the warm summer evenings. Tables are set on the sidewalk under an awning. In front of favorite houses not only the sidewalk is blocked, but half the width of the street also. A band of musicians, sometimes of very high-class, plays constantly, waiters with trays held high thread their way through the throng, the incense of cigarette or cigar smoke gently rises here and there, and after about two hours or when bedtime arrives, the guests quietly depart. Not drunk at all. Without more definite knowledge—or experience—than we could acquire, even a guess at the amount of the liquor they can drink, and the time they can take in drinking it without getting drunk, would be venturesome. We never saw one really drunk person. Some might be slightly hilarious, possibly that might be more exuberance of animal life. One or two may have been unnaturally friendly, but the statement must stand. No one was drunk. It was reported to us that much of the wine used would be allowed sale in local-option territory here, being below the alcoholic percentage forbidden by law. Beer also is probably more diluted than with us.

But when all that can be is admitted, this has to be said, that a much larger percentage of the people showed the evil effects of alcohol in their faces than anywhere we travelled. Fully one-third of the men in cities had the bloodshot veins in the cheeks, or the red nose or the flushed overfed neck so characteristic of alcoholism. Undoubtedly more lives are being shortened there than where drinking is carried more to excess, but at rarer intervals.

What shall be said of an estimate of the German character after a hurried visit? The reader must take such for what it is worth. The outstanding feature of the people, as we met them, is strength. They are strong physically. Not so tall as Americans or Canadians, they are more stocky and sturdy, and would average heavier weights. They are forceful in mind. One cannot witness a squabble among railroad officials over a course to be pursued in regard to dividing or shunting a train without realizing that strong wills were at variance. Objections in their guttural language grow emphatic and fierce. Germans attend to business. Once the dispute is settled and action agreed upon, each man gets to his job. No after muttering or growling, though his step may be for a time a little more emphatic than usual. German thoroughness has become a proverb. In all branches of the world's business and work, they are to be taken account of by their competitors. Patient and industrious, they make good everywhere. They are great sticklers for authority. Let anyone attempt to cross a forbidden track or get off or on a railway train in motion, and he will be surprised at the suddenness with which he will be checked, or if he persists, at the violence of the language called forth. Just here one criticism on the national character may be suggested. It seemed to us that the native independence of mind had, through success in war, been stimulated into a feeling of overlordship among the European peoples. The imputation is that they are overready to dream of bringing others into subjection, and show it in their demeanor. In short, as it seems to us, success has worked somewhat against that humility of spirit which becomes a great people. In this they betray their kinship with the haughty Briton, who holds his head too high for his own comfort, or for the pleasure which others might derive from his company.

It will be understood that passing through the country as we did, stopping only at hotels, we were not privileged to experience the kindly hospitality for which the German people are famed. Of their love for flowers and their skill in flower culture, we saw many proofs. At Wiesbaden in particular the broad cement walk leading to the station was bordered on each side for hundreds of feet by beautifully kept beds of flowers. But the especial feature was a sort of fence between those beds and the walk on either side, an affair of posts and chains, which was festooned with crimson rambler roses in bloom, in a manner, at once so tasteful and so profuse as one never expects to see except in dreams.

Nature's Diary.

By A. B. Klugh, M. A.

The fall migration is now in full swing. The birds start to leave far earlier than most people suppose, the fall migration beginning about August 15th, when we find many species of warblers from the north passing through. Among these early migrants are the black-poll warbler, the bay-breasted warbler, the Cape May warbler and the Tennessee Warbler. The warblers are a hard group of birds for the tyro in ornithology, for not only are there many species of them, but the same species has many different plumages. This is well illustrated by the case of the black-poll and the bay-breasted warblers. When these birds go north in the spring there is no difficulty in telling them apart, as the black-poll is striped black and white nearly all over and has a black crown, whereas the bay-breasted is grayish and yellowish on the back, has a chestnut crown, black forehead and sides of head, a dull chestnut chin, throat and upper breast, while the rest of the under parts are buffy-white. In the fall it is quite a different matter, for both species are greenish-olive with black streaks above and yellowish beneath. There are some points of distinction which an expert bird-student with a powerful glass can make out: the under parts of the bay-breasted are usually slightly buffy and show no streaks, while those of the black-poll are not at all buffy, and frequently show streaks on all sides. Also the feet of the black-poll are yellowish white, those of the bay-breasted are blackish.

Many other warblers show nearly as great differences in their fall plumages as those mentioned above, and it is just this difficulty of identification which renders the fall migration so attractive to the ornithologist, who already knows well all the birds in their spring plumages.

Another factor which renders the fall migration far harder to study, is that in the spring the birds are in song, and the bird-student soon learns to recognize them by their songs, but in the fall they only utter their call notes which are, in many cases, so nearly identical as to be of little service in determining the different species.

There is a song often heard in the September evenings, the song of the katydid "Katy did, she did, she did," it sings, but it never gets any further with its tale about Katy than that, and leaves us quite in doubt as to what Katy really did do.

This insect is green in color, with green leaf-like wings. The song is produced by the friction caused by partially opening and closing the wing covers, each of which is furnished at the base with an irregular-shaped framework, with a drum-like covering stretched over it. The upper, or left-hand wing as viewed from above, has underneath, in front of the membrane covering, a curved file with fine elevations. A sharp ridge at the inner margin of the opposite drum plays over the file when the wings are rubbed together.

Though the katydid is usually green it evidently sometimes varies in color, as one of the most beautiful insects I have ever seen was a pink katydid which we ran across at Point Pelee, Ontario.

At this time of the year we can see how the American goldfinch earned its name of thistle bird, for quite a familiar sight is one of these birds perched on a thistle head devouring the seeds, and, judging by the frequency with which we see them thus employed, the American goldfinch must do an immense amount of good in reducing the number of thistle seeds which would otherwise germinate next year.

A sound which we hear more often in the early fall than at any other time, is the "chunk" call of the chipmunk. These little animals sit up on logs, stumps and fences and answer one another with this call until they make a regular chipmunk chorus.

The chipmunks are very common, but none the less interesting little animals. They live in burrows in the ground, and, in making these burrows, they carry the earth which they have excavated away to a considerable distance in their cheek pouches. This removal of the earth renders the entrance to their homes far less conspicuous than it otherwise would be, and in this way probably protects them from many enemies which would dig them out. The burrow goes straight down for several feet, then is carried along horizontally for a few yards, after which it ascends a little to a chamber. This chamber is about a foot in height and breadth, and about two feet long, and is carpeted with soft grass. From the chamber there is a back stairway which rises to the surface at some distance from the other opening.

The chipmunk, unlike the red squirrel, hibernates in winter, retiring about the beginning of November and emerging early in April. If in the spring the weather again turns cold, it retires for a few days' longer nap.

A chipmunk could not be called, by any means, an inconspicuously marked animal, yet many a

one we pass at very close quarters without seeing it, for they have the habit of "freezing", or remaining perfectly motionless, and in this way frequently escape observation.

Our Scottish Letter.

A DRY SUMMER.

Season 1913 will be memorable as one of the driest and most genial in the experience of this generation. Until yesterday, August 22nd, in the west of Scotland, we have had no rain since Monday, 21st July, a period of nearly five weeks. Now we have had about twenty-four hours almost constant rain, and vegetation of all kinds has been greatly freshened up. Last year reverse conditions obtained throughout almost the whole of August. The dry days in that month could almost be counted on the fingers of your hand. Then, not only did rain fall, but all over the country there were appalling floods, which undermined walls, blocked railroads, and ruined cereal and green crops alike. This year we have had no Lammas floods. Rain, when it has come, has fallen in gentle showers; and even although it was pretty wet yesterday, barometer declines to do anything reckless; its movements are cautious and not extreme. The consequence is that we are to have light crops. The root crops were beginning to exhibit signs of the sere and yellow leaf, and, although potatoes are sun-loving plants, they are not at all too bulky a crop. The condition of the pastures and the turnip crop has had a depressing effect on the lamb sales, which have just begun in earnest. The scarcity of lambs this season led everybody to anticipate high prices, but the scarcity of food has rather negated the advance, and prices so far are not so very much in advance of those paid a year ago, while, on account of shortage in numbers, the actual receipts overhead will be less to most flockmasters. Still, we are of opinion that overhead 1913 will be a good year for the Scottish farmer. His receipts will generally be less, but his working expenses will also be very much reduced. He had a short and very satisfactory hay time. The crop was got in ideal condition, and extra labor was only required for a very short time, and then not intermittently, as is often the case in hay harvest, but steadily, so that there was no broken time. Prices of cheese, beef and mutton have all been on the higher level, and both breeder and feeder of stock have been doing quite well. The drought has been unfortunate for graziers, and those in the habit of speculating in grass parks will find the balance on the wrong side of the ledger. Horses are not selling anything like as well as they did during the past two seasons. The shipments of pedigree Clydesdales are nearly three hundred head less at this date than they were at the same date last year. A somewhat disquieting feature to the Clydesdale man's way of thinking is the increased attention bestowed upon Percherons in Canada. Candidly we do not like it, and it would not trouble us so very much but for the consciousness that, to some extent, exporters have been to blame. They have been repeating the insane policy which operated so disastrously for the Clydesdale in the United States during the eighties. They have too often exported horses that were known failures here as stock-getters, with the very worst results to the breed in some quarters. A little more public spirit among exporters would greatly help things, a determination rather to sacrifice a present profit than to run an almost certain further loss, not to the individual only but to the whole trade. A large number of good horses will be sold in Scotland during September and October. About the middle of September (to be exact, on the 15th) a good sale will be held in Perth where quite a number of high-class animals from the well-known Harviestoun stud will be offered, and a month later at Lanark a choice selection of foals and young stock will be sold from the stud of Robert Park. The doctors have been holding a great Congress in London, and once more they have framed a stern indictment against milk as a distributing agent for the disease of tuberculosis. The indictment was, perhaps, overdrawn, but there can be no doubt of the accumulating evidence against tuberculous milk as an agent in the dissemination of the disease among children of tender years. In a series of cases in which cervical tuberculosis was found in the neck glands of young children, the bovine tuberculosis bacillus was found. This is a stubborn fact, and, indeed, it is useless to attempt to minify its significance. The question which immediately concerns everybody is, how to find a remedy for this state of things? The advice in some quarters is, "Use only sterilized milk." But, mothers who have given heed to this advice have had the misfortune to discover that their children did not thrive on the diet. The reason is easily found. Sterilization, which means heating the milk and rapidly cooling it, certainly destroys all the most undesirable disease germs, but it also destroys other germs more needful in the building up of the

physical frame. It is impossible to kill all the bad germs and not kill most of the good germs at the same time. Wise men and wiser women, therefore, conclude that it is better to risk cervical tuberculosis in one child than to starve all the children. The thing most to be desired is not so much the killing of disease germs after they have found their way into milk, as the prevention of disease germs getting into milk. This is the aim of the Milk Bills which were before Parliament this year, but have both been withdrawn. They were designed to secure that milk should be produced from healthy cows, kept and milked under healthy conditions, and attended to and milked by healthy and cleanly men and women; that the milk should be distributed by clean hands and in clean dishes, while its reception should be equally guarded.

So far as many of the homes in the slums and working-class districts are concerned it is put forward that until the conditions under which milk is supplied and kept in their homes undergo improvement, the good effects of cleanly and wholesome production will be nullified. The vessels in which milk is often received are in such a state, and the conditions under which it is kept in the homes are such that all the labor bestowed on its cleanly production and distribution is completely thrown away. City authorities have much to do before they will find themselves in a position to denounce the conditions under which milk is produced. Still, the producer has his duty, and, as a rule, it is fairly well performed. Healthy cattle and cleanly surroundings have long been the ideal of the better class of Scottish dairy farmers. They have no easy lot. The hour of rising is three a. m., and the labor which follows before six a. m. is

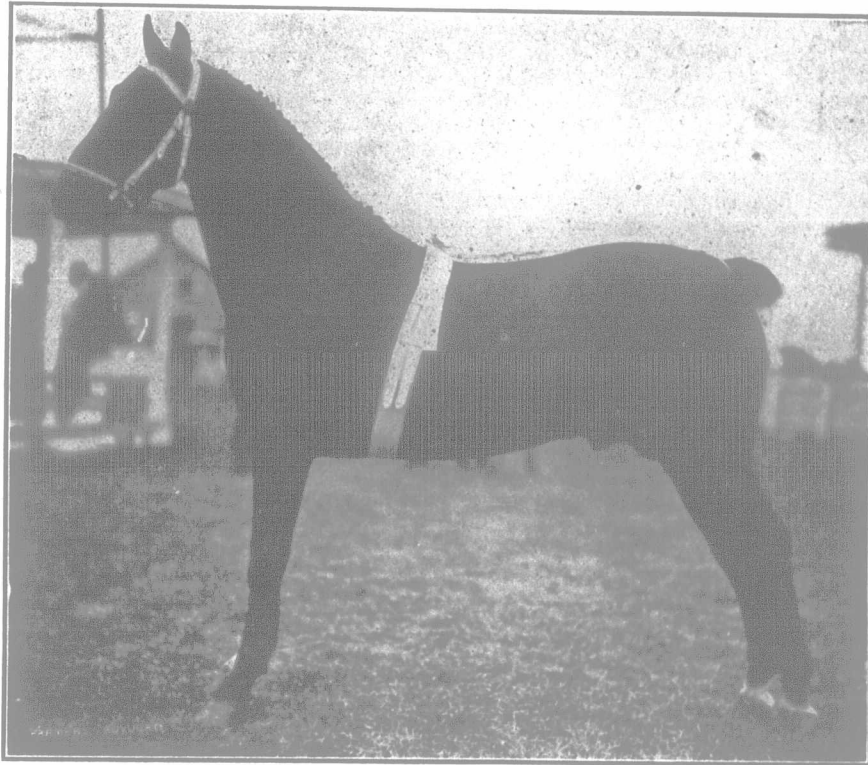
breakfast while their loads are being taken off in the city, and when they return to the farm after the second delivery, they load and have their wagons loaded over night, ready to start as soon as they and their horses are refreshed in the morning. Men who willingly work in this fashion deserve to be well treated in the matter of leisure, and no one grudges them a half holiday or even a whole holiday from time to time. What must be recognized is that hard and fast rules as to holidays or part holidays cannot be put into operation on a farm. For ourselves, we avow our belief that a ten-hour working day is the most wholesome for everybody during six days in the week, with complete cessation from servile work on the seventh. We believe that, as it is generally used, the Saturday half-holiday has been a curse instead of a blessing to working men in this country. They would be far healthier, lead a more useful and active life, and save far more money, with advantage to themselves and their families if they worked sixty hours in the week. Were this done they would relish the rest of the Sabbath, and be in far better shape for the resumption of duty on Monday, than many of men are under existing conditions.

RENTS REDUCED BY COURTS.

Much interest is being taken in the doings of the Land Court. This is a newly-constituted body, whose duties consist in adjusting the rents paid by tenants occupying farms of not more than fifty acres in extent, and paying not more than £50 in rent. In Aberdeenshire reductions equal to thirty-four per cent have been made on existing rents, and something like the same rates of reduction has been made in the Island of Arran. We are not acquainted with the conditions in Aberdeenshire, but in Arran it is notorious that the reductions have far exceeded the expectations of the tenants. One, known to us, who would have been quite content with a £5 reduction, got one of £13, and others generally have been in proportion. The Aberdeenshire cases would be hard. The small farmers there are an extremely hardy, well-doing race, almost impossible to surpass for sheer grit and ability. They have no other source of revenue than their crops or small farms, and when a reduction, such as is indicated, has been made on their rents, it may be taken for granted that they were rack-rented. These reductions must make a big difference in the revenues of the land owners. They cannot be ignorant of what is being done, and even although reductions have been sweeping, and unexpected in several cases, the general effect is to support the idea that there was urgent need for a Land Court. Our smaller tenant farmers are, to a large extent, the backbone of the agricultural community. They work hard, and endeavor to provide things honestly in the sight of all men. They know very well when things are prospering, and, although their gross drawings in a year will not exceed £100, they contrive to make a living out of their farms, and rear their children in habits of frugality and industry. They have always been regarded as paying far higher rents per acre than the large farmers, and the reductions made rather suggest that there was urgent need for the intervention of an outside authority.

SELLING ESTATES.

Estate owners are feeling the pinch, and many more are anticipating that the pinch will grow worse instead of better. They anticipate more sweeping reductions than have been yet, and are, therefore, offering their estates for sale in the open market. Quite a number of farmers have thus become owners of their farms. But it is doubtful whether, in every case, they who have done so have made a change for the better. A good deal of money has been borrowed, and it will not be more easy to pay interest on the borrowed money than rent to the landlord. Under the Scottish system of letting farms, the landlord erected all the buildings and contributed to the draining and fencing. Now, having bought his farm, the occupier will be compelled to execute every repair and improvement at his own cost, and erect buildings and fences as well as to drain his own land. Of course if he got his farm cheap enough this may be all right.



Lord Hermoine.

Champion Hackney stallion, Canadian National Exhibition, 1913.

heavy and taxing. Little scope is afforded for leisure, as nature calls for slumber at an early hour. Hence a present-day demand for higher prices for milk. Whether such higher prices can be secured remains to be seen. That milk will afford a higher price is evident from the fact that most of those who are engaged in its distribution make money, and some of them make it rapidly.

THE QUESTION OF HOURS.

Hours of labor among the farming community are being eagerly canvassed. The servants are calling out for a weekly half-holiday, such as prevails in other industries. There are, however, difficulties in granting such regular weekly half-holidays as other workmen have. Farming is, to a large extent, so dependent on weather conditions, that any hard and fast rule in a matter of this kind could hardly be observed. When stock have to be fed, it is impossible that men can be allowed off for half a day, as is the case in other industries. But on the part of the employees there is a disposition to be reasonable, and to recognize the facts of the case. The holiday is not asked in seed time or harvest, and it is generally agreed that when seasonably arranged, the increased leisure that is asked for can be obtained. There are no more willing workers than ploughmen and other farm employees. In the vicinity of Glasgow some farmers sell their hay direct to horse owners in the town. The arrangement with such men as to delivery is that there be two deliveries the day while the season is on. The men employed on the farms who drive the hay are astir by four a. m. They have had breakfast, and are on the road by five. They have one by one a second

But if he has bought at too high a price, he may put in a sorry life of it. In the end he may be worse off than he was before. For some time past the home market has been well stocked with estates to sell, and whatever the final result, economically of what is called "Lloyd George finance" may be, its immediate effect has been to widen the area of land ownership, to break up large estates and to increase greatly the number of people interested peculiarly in land. This, in all other nations, has made for the stability of the State. We imagine the result will not be different in this country.

SCOTLAND YET.

The Children's Books.

By Peter McArthur.

This week a great event has happened. The children have started to school again. For some hours every day the house is quiet. Their little lives are filled with cares that seem amusingly trivial to most of us and yet I am inclined to think that they are just as important, or unimportant, as the cares we grown-ups lose sleep over. There is probably no subject on earth about which there is so much difference of opinion as Education. About all that people are able to agree on is that education is necessary, but the kind we shall have and how it shall be given are matters of never-ending dispute. At one time we follow one leader and at another time another leader, but in the end

"All the Saints and Sages who discuss'd
The Two Worlds so learnedly are thrust
Like foolish Prophets forth; their words to Scorn
Are scatter'd, and their mouths are stopped
with Dust."

About all that I can make of it is that every child has a right to know the things that other children know and then in after life they can make whatever use their own natures will let them of the knowledge they have. As soon as they begin to think for themselves they begin to develop along personal lines in spite of all that teachers or parents can say or do. Most people are agreed that Education should teach the children to think for themselves, but until some sage explains to me just what thought is and how to control the process of thinking I shall be just as much befogged as I am now. When we learn to think we seem to re-create the world for ourselves and then we begin to educate ourselves along lines of our own. While we are trying to solve the problem of Education we send our children to school and presently they will be trying to solve it for their children and "So the world wags."

When the house became quiet, as I had nothing better to do for a few days, I began to look at the books the children had been reading during the holidays. My supervision of this part of their education has been confined largely to trying to get them interested in the established classics of literature. Books that have stood the test of time and with which every well-read person is familiar seem to me to be the safest reading for the children. Their young imaginations need some stimulus and excitement and the most wholesome form in which they can get it is from books like Robinson Crusoe, Ivanhoe, and similar masterpieces. When I came to look these books over I presently found myself reading them again with as much interest as I read them in my boyhood. Years ago I read them for the unflagging interest of the stories, but this week I re-read them for their philosophy, shrewd observation of life and genial wisdom. They are even more delightful to me now than they were when I read them first. Books of this kind, that are suited to any age, books of clean morality and sound ideals, cannot do them any harm. The Swiss Family Robinson was the only one of their books that I did not care for on a re-reading. The preposterous natural resources of that absurd island need the gullibility of childhood to make them convincing. And the moralizing and teaching of the book are so obtrusive that they soon get tiresome. I could only read The Swiss Family Robinson in patches.

When I took up The Three Musketeers in the skilfully pruned edition of Everyman's Library I had an experience that seems to me to be worth recording. I had not opened the book for over twenty years. I took it up while waiting for the children to go to bed and had every intention

of being asleep myself in half an hour. The first chapter was enthralling. I said "good night" to everyone in an absent-minded way and kept on reading. I would finish the chapter I was at and then go to bed. When I had finished the chapter my curiosity was so much aroused that I must peep at the next to see just how the characters got out of the difficulty they were in. I read it. But what is the use of beating around the bush? I finally settled down to eager reading and the next time I looked at the clock it stood at exactly 2 a. m. Of course I shut the book and went to bed. But I couldn't sleep. I never was more wide awake in my life. After tossing around for a while I re-lit the lamp and read on shamelessly until daylight. After breakfast I took up the book and read again. About four o'clock in the afternoon I had read every word of it. Then I felt ashamed and a little bit confused. You may remember that a few weeks ago I wrote some paragraphs expressing disgust with war and everything connected with it. And yet I had sat up all night reading a book that is all made up of war and fighting. It seemed that the ape and tiger had not died in me yet. But a few minutes reflection showed me that I was all wrong. It was not the courage and fighting that had captivated me. I can take up Shakespeare and read the accounts of the doings of Falstaff with the same absorbed interest. And yet Falstaff is everything that D'Artagnan is not. He is a coward, a boaster, a liar, a cheat and everything that we despise. His only redeeming quality is a sense of humor—and the Bishop of London said recently that a sense of humor was one of the cardinal virtues. Anyway, it is the only one to which Falstaff can lay claim. And yet the old villain is almost lovable. He had every weakness that any human being can have. When I compared these two masterpieces of literature that are so opposite and yet so full of charm I was forced to the conclusion that the controlling thing in a great book is the personality of the men who wrote it. When I read a novel by Scott or Dumas or a play by Shakespeare I am introduced into the worlds they created for themselves with their imaginations when they learned to think. They transfused the affairs of the workaday world with romance. Analyse their characters and situations and you will find them no better than we can find them about us to-day. The world has just as much romance in it to-day as ever. All we lack is the great romancer. Rockefeller is as subtle and competent as Richieu. The new world of business in which we live has its characters as enterprising as D'Artagnan and its situations as amusing as his first duels with Athos, Porthos and Aramis. For instance. Take the time when the traction magnates of Chicago decided that to appease public opinion they must find a scapegoat and selected Yerkes for the role. After they had laid their plans they sent for that forceful and engaging pirate. Knowing just what was in store for him he went to the meeting. He was dressed to the minute, with a flower in his button-hole and a well-groomed air. He entered the room where they were sitting gloomily, looked around with a smile and remarked: "I don't think I ever saw so many straw hats at a funeral." Then he went to work and extricated himself from his difficulties with a genius that would have done credit to any hero of romance. It would be easy to multiply such incidents by the score from the lives of even our own captains of industry. But where is the great romancer to weave them into a masterpiece? Life is as interesting to-day as it was under the Plantagenets, the Tudors, or the Bourbons. The way in which it finds expression is different. That seems to be all.

THE HORSE.

A Farm Buyer's Observations on Stable Methods.

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":

I am an Old Country man and have been out here for three years now. I think a great deal of Canada and her people and have lately bought a farm in Western Ontario. One thing which struck me more than anything else since I came was the uncleanness in the stables of the average Canadian farmer. I have seen farms in P. E. Island, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Quebec and Ontario, and in all these Provinces this condition of uncleanness prevails. Of course there are exceptions to this, as I have seen some splendidly-kept stables, where the most scrupulous cleanliness is observed. I am speaking of the ordinary everyday farmer and not of these exceptions. Let us take a look into the average stable and what do we find? (I have visited so many farms during my sojourn in search of a suitable place on which to settle, that it has led me to write this.)

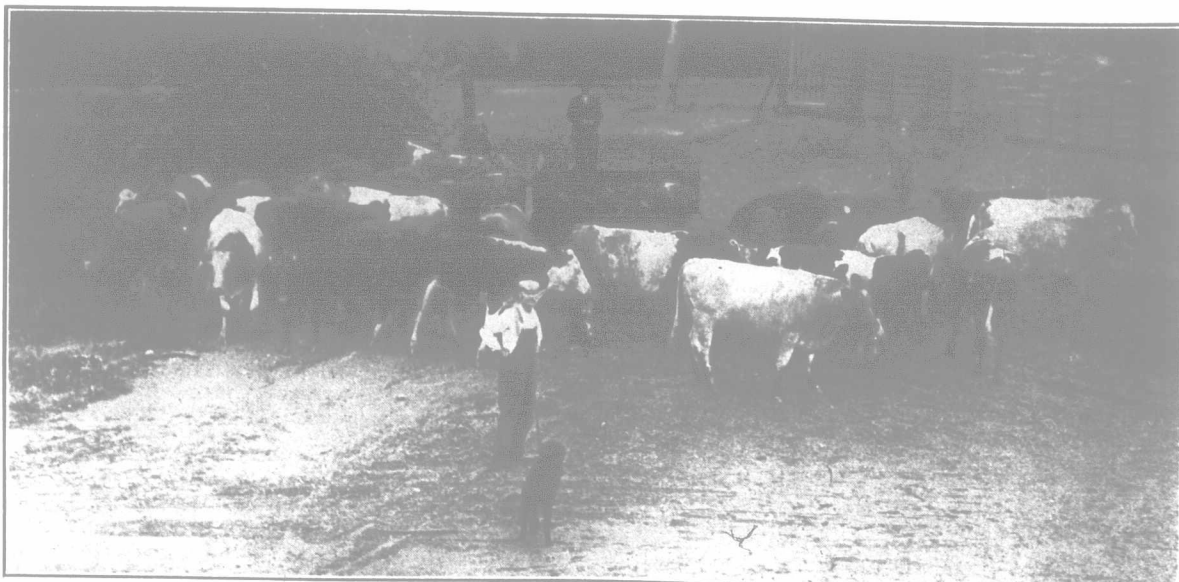
As a rule, we find, that, firstly, the stable is insufficiently ventilated and insufficiently lighted. That the flooring isn't what it should be. Harness is kept anywhere in any sort of condition. That it should hold together is all that some farmers think necessary. How often do we find, too, that an insufficient quantity of clean, dry bedding is used? I can think of no other animal that is so deserving of a clean, dry bed as a horse. I wonder how anyone would like to go into an unmade bed and filthy bedclothes? The very same thing applies in the stable.

I have asked several farmers why they don't keep their stables a little cleaner, and the only answer I got was: "Oh, we have no time, and there is no help to be got." What an excuse!

I know how long it takes to clean out a stable and bed a horse properly. It is only a matter of minutes.

Another practice which is very common in this country is that of unhitching at the dinner hour and letting the horses stand in the stables for their midday meal with their harness on, simply their bridles removed. I consider this practice is downright cruelty. Of course it is a saving of a few minutes, but what is that in comparison with the horse's comfort? The team comes in sweating off the binder. When the horses get into the stable they sweat still more and don't get a chance to dry off if their harness is left on. Think, too, of the misery the animal must suffer with the itching of the sweat and wet harness. Remove your horses' harness at noon. It pays. If it does take a little trouble I am sure the look of gratitude the animal will give you will pay you, and you will find you will get a better afternoon's work out of him.

Let us now take a look into the cow stable, and what do we find there? As a rule the same filthy conditions prevail. It is a wonder to me that there isn't more disease than there is. Bad ventilation, bad light, poor flooring, insufficient bedding. I have arrived at several farms just at milking time. How often did I see the milkers washing their hands, or even wiping off the cows' udders before milking? How often did I see the first few draws of milk from the cows' teats being run to waste as they should be? I was only on a very few places where I saw proper milking conditions and cows being handled properly during that operation. The milker, as a rule, just sits down and begins to milk without a thought of dust, first milk, or anything. Everything goes



Shipping the Last of Eighty Head of Export Steers.

Fed by Chas. M. Fleck & Sons, Lambton Co., Ont. Average weight 1,385 lbs., August 9th, 1913.

into the pail and along with it millions of harmful bacteria. I sometimes wish that these harmful bacteria were as large and visible as ants or spiders. That might convince people of their presence. How often, too, is the separator kept right in the cow stable? Just think of it! Surely farmers are aware of the dangers they are running by continuing to keep such unclean stables and unclean methods.

I think I have said enough now on this subject. I could say plenty more on what I have seen and the filthy stables that I have been in.

There is an old saying "Cleanliness comes next to Godliness," and it surely does. Try it. It pays.

A SCOTCH CANADIAN.
Waterloo Co., Ont.

LIVE STOCK.

Causes of, and Cures for Bloating.

Many stockmen have had experiences with bloated stock, caused by turning them on sappy alfalfa or young clover growth. This is particularly common in the fall when the nights become cool, and the fall of dew profuse or frosts occur. The after growth of clover or alfalfa is always tender and watery, and, if the stock are not looked after carefully, there is a great danger of bloating. Coburn, in his 'Book on Alfalfa', gives some rules for pasturing which are worthy of consideration, and which, if followed closely, should aid in avoiding bloating. He advises:

At the beginning of the pasturing season give animals a heavy feeding in the morning before turning upon the alfalfa.

Have water in pasture all the time.

Keep the animals in the pasture night and day, after they have become accustomed to it, until removed permanently.

Use uplands in preference to bottom fields for pasture.

Watch the stock closely the first few days, and remove permanently animals that show symptoms of bloat.

Sow blue-grass, brome grass, or meadow fescue with alfalfa in fields intended for permanent pasture.

The following valuable information upon bloat (typanitis) and its treatment he quotes from Nelson S. Mayo, formerly professor of veterinary science at the Kansas Agricultural College:

"Bloating, in all cases, is accumulation of gas in the stomach or intestines, or both, but more particularly in the paunch (rumen). This gas is produced by a fermentation, similar to that observed when cider is working and the gas escapes in bubbles. There is usually a small quantity of gas given off from the food during normal, healthy digestion, but so small that it causes no trouble, and passes off readily through the intestines, though sometimes from the stomach, up the esophagus, and out of the nose or mouth—'belched up,' as it is commonly expressed. These gases which cause an animal to bloat are generated in considerable quantities if a large amount of juicy, green food is eaten. Alfalfa, clover and frozen roots are very liable to produce bloating.

"It is well known that only part of the animals in the herd pasturing upon clover or alfalfa bloat; so the blame cannot be laid entirely upon the food, but is probably the result of a slight derangement of the digestive organs, not ordinarily noticed, but easily aggravated by certain foods which ferment easily. Animals that are ailing are very liable to bloat when turned on alfalfa pastures. Alfalfa and clover are much more liable to produce bloating if wet with rain or dew, and especially hoar frost, and animals are more apt to bloat if turned into the pastures when very hungry, as they gorge themselves, and the food is not properly masticated. Hence, cattle should not be allowed to go hungry to the pastures.

"It is generally believed by those who have had considerable experience in pasturing clover or alfalfa, that cattle and sheep are less liable to bloat if they have free access to dry food, such as hay or straw. Common bloating, or hoove, occurs in animals having a compound stomach and that chew the cud—ruminants, as they are called. Of our common domestic animals, cattle and sheep belong to this order.

"One of the first symptoms noticed is that the animal stops feeding, and remains lagging behind or stands by itself. Rumination, or chewing the cud, is suspended; the animal appears dull and listless, the back slightly arched; the whole abdomen or belly is distended with a prominent swelling on the left side just forward of the point of the hip. If this swelling is tapped lightly with the fingers there is a hollow, drum-like sound; hence the technical name, tympanitis.

"The rumen being distended with gas not only makes the animal appear much fuller than usual, but it presses forward on the diaphragm, or 'midriff,' and this presses against the lungs, and interferes seriously with the animal's breathing. The breath is short and rapid. The animal often

grunts, or moans, with each breath. The animal's nose protrudes, and there is a driveling of saliva from the mouth. Sometimes there are quite severe colicky pains, shown by the animal's kicking at its belly and stepping about uneasily. Sometimes, also, the pressure is so great as to cause eversion or bulging out of the rectum. The symptoms of bloating are so prominent, especially when the history of the case is taken into account, as to make the disease very easy to recognize, even by an ordinary observer.

"When animals die from bloating, death usually takes place in the following manner: The diaphragm is pressed against the lungs so hard that the animal cannot breathe, and it dies of suffocation. Animals usually remain standing until near the end, when they gradually lose consciousness, stagger, and fall, and in falling rupture some of the vital organs.

"Treatment must depend somewhat upon the condition of the animal. If the animal is badly bloated, with labored breathing and staggering gait, energetic measures must be resorted to at once. The best and most satisfactory treatment for bad cases is tapping. This consists in making a hole through the skin and muscles, over the prominent swelling on the left side, into the rumen or 'paunch,' thus allowing the gas to escape at once, relieving the animal.

"The best method of tapping is by means of an instrument called a trocar and cannula. A trocar is a sharp-pointed instrument, five or six inches long, and about the size of a lead pencil, with a handle at one end. Over the point of the trocar slips a tube, called a cannula, not quite as large as the trocar, with a wide flange around the upper end of the tube.

"To use a trocar and cannula, proceed as follows: Tie the animal so it cannot get away. With a sharp knife, make a small incision through the skin over the prominent part of the swelling on the left side. This incision should be made about half way between the point of the hip and the last rib, and should be large enough to admit the trocar and cannula readily. The incision should be made quickly; then the animal

they can at home on the farm. Of course the boys get their food and clothing, but what ambitious, capable boy is satisfied with that? The average boy wants to save money, he wants a bank account, and who can blame him. He wants encouragement, he wants to be paid for his work. If he finds that he cannot get enough money to satisfy him, he leaves the farm. If the father would offer him wages and board, this proposition might induce him to stay. Wouldn't it be far more satisfactory to give him wages than pay an incompetent outsider? The way to keep the boy on the farm is to give him a chance to make good, or to save up some money. The father should take him into his confidence, and occasionally ask his advice in matters pertaining to farming. He should trust him and praise him when he is trying to do his best. This will encourage the boy and make him feel better contented. Some fathers are "bossy," and will not give up the reins. They find fault, and grumble, look on the dark side of life, and expect the boys to work year in and year out without having a holiday. Whose fault is it when these boys leave the farm? We learn that some farms are left untilled because of the scarcity of hired help in this province. And, on some farms, the crops are not up to the average, simply because the hired help have slighted their work, or failed to cultivate the land in a proper manner. Farmers, try to keep your good, industrious boys at home. No hiring can take their place. Encourage them in every way possible. Give them money or money's worth freely and willingly. Practice the teaching of the golden rule and you will never regret it.

P. E. I.

A. R.

THE DAIRY.

Tring Dairy Trials.

English live stock papers to hand contain details of the famous annual milking trials at

Tring, in which sixty-five cows were entered. Of these three arrived too late. In the butter test for cows 900 lbs. and under: 1st prize went to J. H. Smith-Barry's Jersey Marionette; 2nd, H. J. Grange's Jersey Lily Grove; 3rd, H. W. Fowler's Jersey, Rocksey, and 4th, J. Carson's Jersey Pamela 2nd. Cows exceeding 900 lbs., live weight: 1st, Dr. Woollerton's cross-bred Dalcie; 2nd, J. H. Smith's Jersey, Malmsey; 3rd, Mrs. Bradich-Ellames' Bixia, Jersey, and 4th, J. H. Smith-Barry's Promise, Jersey. In the milk yield trial for cows 900 lbs. and under, J. H. Smith-Barry's Promise, Jersey. In the milk yield trial for cows 900 lbs. and under, J. H. Smith-Barry's Marionette again scored 1st; 2nd, Hon. Mrs. Murray-Smith's Miss Violette; 3rd, J. Carson's Pamela 2nd; 4th, J. Carson's Lulah 3rd, all Jerseys. For cows exceeding 900 lbs. live weight: 1st, F. W. Lester's cross-bred, The Merry Widow; 2nd, J. L. Shirley's Mildred (Shorthorn); 3rd, H. Nessham's Cherry 2nd, (Lincoln Red); 4th, Nessham's Canmilk Milkers (Lincoln Red).

The following tables give the average results of all the cattle tested in their respective class.

COWS 900 LBS. LIVE WEIGHT AND UNDER.									
No.	Breed.	Weight.	Live Days			Ratio.	Points.		Milk.
			Milk.	Butter.	Yields.		Butter.		
1	Shorthorn	863	80	50	4	1.94	4.47	29.25	54.25
1	Ayrshire	900	54	37	8	1.54	2.75	25.15	38.99
20	Jerseys	814	112	35	9	1.14-1.19	18.34	37.89	41.49
3	Dexters	755	54	37	14 1/2	1.41-1.15	2.62	22.75	41.78
COWS EXCEEDING 900 LBS. LIVE WEIGHT.									
13	Shorthorns	1,300	59	53	08-131	1.44-1.13	25.01	32.42	55.15
5	Lincoln Red								
	Shorthorn's	1,383	101	53	2-2-5	2-4-1-5	23.14	41.70	64.64
2	Holsteins	1,265	45	56	9	1-9-8	35.90	25.57	57.06
1	S. Devons	1,475	39	33	0	1-6-4	23.73	22.25	33.00
1	Ayrshires	1,116	49	54	2	1-12	30.92	28.90	55.02
9	Jerseys	962	154	41	121-92	1-17-18	19.65	44.05	51.87
2	Crossbreds	1,091	160	45	2	2-3-2	25.53	46.75	56.37
4	Crossbreds	1,222	85	44	14 1/2	2-1-4	21.28	38.32	49.47

There was a noticeable lack of interest at the ringside at the Toronto Exhibition this year, while the dairy breeds were being judged. Some said it was due to the fact that the buildings having been moved people did not know where to find the judging, but this was scarcely sufficient excuse. Others ventured to say it was an indication that the beef breeds are again growing in favor. Whatever the cause, there was nothing like the enthusiasm manifested by the ringside talent, as is generally the case. Some excellent classes were out in the different breeds, but fewer people saw them placed than one would expect.



Southdown Shearlings.
Champion pen at the Royal.

will not notice it. After the incision is made the trocar and cannula are pushed quickly in and directed downward, inward, and forward; push the trocar in until the flange of the cannula rests against the skin. Withdraw the trocar and the gas will rush out; that is, it usually does so; occasionally, however, the end of the cannula is plugged up with green food. This can usually be remedied by pulling out the cannula part way, or pushing the trocar in again and withdrawing it. If this doesn't work, tap the stomach again in another place, using the same hole through the skin. The escape of gas is usually accompanied by a small quantity of green food.

"If a trocar and cannula are not available in an urgent case, a knife can be used very successfully—a good sized pocket knife blade, pushed quickly through the skin and muscles, in the same manner as described for the trocar and cannula. Care must be taken that the sharp edge of the blade is not turned towards the animal's tail, as it sometimes jumps forward, and a much larger hole is cut than was originally intended.

(To be Continued.)

THE FARM.

Golden Rule on the Farm.

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":

Our P. E. Island farmers find it very hard to hire competent help. Some farm laborers charge \$1.50 per day, and, in busy seasons of the year, it is hard to get them even for love or money. Consequently farmers whose sons have left them, find it necessary to advertise their farms for sale. It is very hard indeed to find a hired man who will take the place of the trustworthy, industrious boys. How the parents miss them when they are gone, perhaps never to return. Generally they find they can save more money abroad than

HORTICULTURE.

Making Hay While the Sun Shines.

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":

Last spring I met a man I had not seen for some time. The last I knew of him he had dropped the farm and moved away to town on account of poor health. At that time he did look poorly, and told me he had been compelled to let the place go because he could not go on with the dairying business. But he did not seem to be very happy over the prospect of dropping the work he had followed all his life. I did not blame him, either. It is about as dangerous a thing as a man can do, to sell out and settle down in the city. First a man knows he hears a rapping at his door that he does not like very well, and the end soon comes.

But there was a farmers' meeting down-town last spring, and it was there I found my old friend again. Somehow there was a new look in his face. His eyes were brighter and his complexion not so yellow, showing that his liver was working better than it had when we met before. And I got to asking some questions. I have learned that one of the best ways of turning a farmers' meeting to advantage is to get as close to as many men as I can. You can get good, of course, from the speakers on the platform. They are always loaded with good things; but for right down, good common sense things that can be used every day and every year, give me the men in their shirtsleeves.

It did not take me long to find out why it was that this farmer was looking better and feeling better. He had gone right back on the old farm homestead. But he had changed his course of living a little bit. Instead of keeping so many cows, he had set out some apple trees, and was now beginning to gather the fruit from them. Then, too, he had trimmed up the old trees, and, best of all, he told me that he had been spraying them for a few years.

There, in a nutshell, was the story of a life just about made over new. Being anxious to press the matter a little farther and learn just what was happening as the result of that different plan of farming, I asked about the fruit he was getting now from his trees.

"It was fine!" he declared; and knowing the man I did not feel that he was exaggerating at all when he showed me by putting his two hands together how big his apples were. "And 'so fair! I never have had any fruit like that when I did not spray. What apples I used to have would be only fair sized and not very perfect. But now—oh, I wish you could see my fruit!" There was a fine look of enthusiasm in his face. "I sold it all in the village near my home, eight hundred bushels, and it brought me five hundred dollars!"

And there was a pretty good fruit crop in the section of the country where this man lived last year. It has been a good many years since we had a crop like it; and if he could realize so much for his fruit in a season when it was plenty, what must be the case in years when the crop is short? That is just the case with this very part of the country now, and from the best possible reports obtainable at the agricultural department, that would seem to be true in a good many districts of the United States. Many orchards with us have not a single apple worth harvesting. This is due, in large part, to a late frost, which cut the blossoms off when just setting. Of course, it is difficult to regulate the temperature, especially on the average farm, where there are no facilities for smudging; but the worst difficulty everywhere is the damage done by insect pests. In all my life I never saw the apple tree worms as thick as they were last May and June. They stripped every leaf from many trees, and lay on the trunks and larger branches in great mats of the ugly things. Some trees were just about enveloped in one vast web, woven by the tent caterpillar. They went everywhere, finding their way into the houses through every crack and crevice, and made life miserable for everybody.

This might all have been avoided by spraying, but our farmers have not yet learned this great fact. I know of one young farmer whose father a year and a half ago brought him a nice barrel sprayer and plenty of material for mixing the poison with, but that machine never yet has been put into operation. There were so many other things to be done a year ago and last spring! So the spraying was left to go undone. But the result is pretty costly, for this farm will not have a bushel of apples on it this year.

I have not heard from my friend who did spray to know how his crop is coming on this year, but I have no doubt he attended to his trees, and if the frost did not kill his fruit he will make a small fortune from it, for we are without apples all through this section. I hope he will do well, for it will be a big object lesson to the neighbors all round.

But when the sun shines is the time to make hay; and the sun usually does shine on the fruit crop. We can hardly get too much of it. More and more fruit is being used all over the world. It is one of the healthiest foods we have, and it does not cost any more to get it and market it than it does to grow any other crop. Why, then, should not our farmers pay more attention to fruit growing?

Another thing. There is no use to set out trees and forget them. They must be taken care of. Most anybody can dig a hole in the ground and set in a tree. The next thing is to do all that needs to be done for it until it comes to maturity, and then fight away the enemies which cause so much loss in neglected fields.

New York State. EDGAR L. VINCENT.

FARM BULLETIN.

A Visit to Quebec Exhibition.

On a journey along the north shore of the St. Lawrence River, from Montreal to Quebec City, to attend the Provincial Exhibition, an Ontario farmer is impressed with many evidences of the thrift and industry characteristic of the people of this province, such as the freedom of weeds in crops, the use of the cradle in cutting the grain around fields or boulders, and many other details in farm operations. This condition can, to some degree, be accounted for by the fact that the country is comparatively quite densely populated, and there has not been any movement of consequence cityward or to the Western Provinces. At the present time harvesting oats is claiming attention, and a very good crop they are. Buckwheat, potatoes and plots of tobacco are also very general crops and look promising. Hay has been light, and pastures look bare.

The exhibition is supported by the province to the extent of \$20,000 annually, which enables the directors to offer liberal premiums, not only in every class of pure-bred live stock but to grades and crosses also, in horses, cattle and sheep, a questionable policy, and one offering many temptations to exhibitors and perplexities to judges. From a financial standpoint it was unfortunate that on the day set apart for the attendance of Lieutenant Governor, Sir Francois Langelier, it rained heavily, and few, except protected with umbrellas and water-proofs, witnessed the procession. Live stock was well represented, for which ample and comfortable buildings are provided. In horses there were classes for Ardennais, Boulonnais and French Canadians and their grades, in addition to those common to shows in Ontario. Light horses seem to be more popular here than the draft breeds, although there were about a dozen Clydesdales out. In addition to supplying the demand for local consumption, the requirements of the ocean boats make the production of milk a staple business. Ayrshires were out strong in numbers and of excellent quality, as were also in a lesser degree Holsteins, Guernseys and Jerseys. Shorthorns were represented by three herds, Nicholson and Cromwell taking most of the money. Only two herds contested for honors in Angus, and one in Herefords. Sheep turned up in great force, there being possibly 600 or more entries, and the eight or ten flocks from Ontario, whose owners were not prepared for the hottest kind of competition, would be disappointed. Through ten purchases made annually by the Quebec Government of sires, of the larger breeds improvement in the classes which have been fostered is very evident. There was a shortage in pigs. R. M.

Fine Weather and Great Crowds at Canadian National.

Never have such crowds been seen at Toronto Exhibition as thronged through the trunstiles, the second and concluding week of the greatest exhibition yet produced. Labor Day saw 154,000 people at the Fair, a record-breaking crowd, and never was interest keener around the judging ring than on this day, when Shorthorns and Percherons were being placed. Every day, up to the conclusion of the judging, Thursday evening, there was a marked increase of interest over that shown during the first week, and day after day the temporary stand was crowded, and people eager to get a glimpse at the fine animals in the ring stood for hours in rows seven to ten deep around the enclosure. When such interest is shown, no wonder the management have decided to make further improvements for next year, and we hope that by that time the large arena with comfortable and well-placed seating capacity for all will be a reality. Much has been accomplished this year, and great credit is due the directorate in making suitable changes. It was a treat to see all the breeding classes judged in the ring in place of half of them there and the remainder before the grand stand. Every courtesy was shown, and the Live-stock Department seems to be taking on new life.

Horses.

THOROUGHBREDS.

This breed did not make a strong showing. There were eight entries in the stallion class, which was led by the nineteen-year-old Kelston, with the great show horse Nashaden, second, Selwick third and Prince Hohonloki fourth.

First place in mares went to Victoria Coventry, with Bequiet second. Little interest was shown in the breed.

Exhibitors.—Jas. Bovaird & Sons, Brampton; T. D. Elliott, Bolton; John Coventry, Woodstock; Roland Thayer, Aylmer; Will Lowes, Drayton; Paterson Bros., Horse Haven Stock farm; Dark & Dalziel, Willowdale; Wm. Walker, Toronto; David J. Arthurs, Brampton.

Awards.—Stallion, three years old and over: 1, Dale & Dalziel, on Kelston; 2, Thayer, on Nashaden; 3, Bovaird, on Selwick; 4, Bovaird, on Hohonloki. Brood mare with foal: 1, Coventry, on Victoria Coventry; 2, Paterson Bros., on Bequiet; 3, Bovaird, on Ismailian; 4, Arthurs, on Sohanda.

PERCHERONS.

Judging from this year's exhibit of Percherons, the breed is steadily gaining ground. While no stronger in numbers than in 1912, some of the best horses of the breed ever seen in Canada were out, and well-known horsemen were heard to remark that some of the prize-winners were among the best draught stallions ever seen in this country, all breeds considered. Never before have such feet and legs been seen under Percheron horses at Toronto, a marked improvement in these particulars being remarked by men who have followed the show since Percherons made their debut in the land of the Maple.

Of all the classes the strongest and hardest-fought was that for aged stallions, which brought out one dozen of the best that could be bought in France. It was a sight to please the draft-horse lover when the big, massive greys and blacks lined up before judges Robert Graham, of Bedford Park, Ont., and Thos. Murray, of Illinois. In the lot there was an outstanding winner, however, in the big, massive light-grey Ichnotate, by many considered the very best Percheron stallion ever seen in this country. He has size and draft character galore, is clean of limb and heavily muscled, and such feet are seldom found on any horse. He is thick, closely coupled, and a grand-quartered horse, and could not be placed down in the championship class, although in the very hottest of company. Second stood the big black Imola, also a very high-class horse, but not quite so fit and scarcely as deep and thick, but a good goer. Third stood Irving, a very stylish grey with a silver mane and tail, nicely turned, clean of limb, and a draft horse

throughout. Many real good horses were left outside the money.

Seven three-year-old horses made a class which gave the judges a little more trouble, and long did they deliberate before making the final awards, but Hassard's Kif Kif, a winner at Western shows, was not to be turned down. He is a great big, flashy colt with clean, flinty bone and good feet, and went strong and fairly true. Second stood Kilo, a different type, very thick, deep-bodied and drafty. Kozan, a more upstanding grey, was third. It was a good class, and, as in the aged class, good horses were unplaced.

Of four two-year-olds Liquide, a great big toppy grey, was the best; Lacie, a nice type, going second, and Labour, another good one, getting third money.

Only one yearling stallion was forward, and he was not in high condition, but is the making of a good horse.

The filly classes were not so strong in numbers, but a few extra choice individuals made things interesting. Four nice three-year-olds were headed by Kanailla, the best of all the fillies of the breed, afterwards landing the championship over her stable mate and former champion Icaque. She is a wonderfully well-grown, big filly, with lots of substance and quality from the ground up. Next in line came Kamarilla, a thick, low-set filly, not quite so good a mover. Kocarde, a big, up-standing, high-quality, strong-going grey, stood third.

Only three two-year-olds answered the call, and Icheuvire, a filly of excellent quality but not in high fit, won over License and Lady Grey.

Yearling fillies were not a high-class lot. Marguerite, a rather nice colt, which will develop into a good mare, went first.

Only two brood mares were out, but five yeld mares were the class of the female section. Icaque, that quality mare which was champion last year, went first, with Jeanne, a bigger mare with scarcely as much quality but a great draft mare, second, and Jumelle, another of the right kind, third, and Ivoire fourth.

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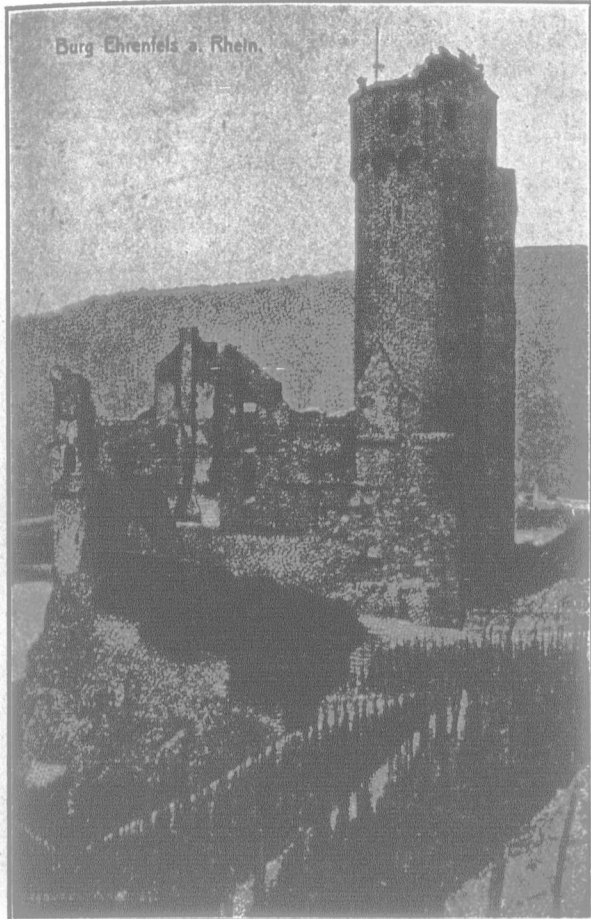
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A Rhine Castle. Vines in Foreground.
See article "Europe Through Canadian Eyes."

Percheron foals were just two in number. Interest was at fever heat during the judging for championships, and all the horses lined up in these classes were toppers, Ichnobate and Kanaille landing the honors.

Exhibitors.—T. H. Hassard, Markham, Ont.; J. B. Hogate, Weston; Eaid & Porter, Simcoe; R. Hamilton & Son, Simcoe; Wm. Pears, West Toronto; Hodgkinson and Tisdale, Beaverton; Mrs. J. Haines, Toronto; Sir Henry Pellatt, Toronto.

Awards.—Stallion, aged: 1, Hodgkinson & Tisdale, on Ichnobate; 2, Hobate, on Imola; 3, Hassard, on Irving. Stallion, three years old: 1, Hassard, on Kif Kif; 2, Hodgkinson & Tisdale, on Kilo; 3, Hodgkinson & Tisdale, on Kozan. Stallion, two years old: 1, Hassard, on Liquire; 2, Hodgkinson & Tisdale, on Lacs; 3, Hodgkinson & Tisdale, on Labour; 4, Mrs. J. Haines, on Loustic. Stallion, one year old: 1, Hodgkinson & Tisdale, on Molitor. Filly, three years old: 1, Hodgkinson & Tisdale, on Kanaille; 2, Hassard, on Kamarilla; 3, Hassard, on Kocarode. Filly, two years old: 1, Hassard, on Laheuviniere; 2, Hodgkinson & Tisdale, on License; 3, Pears, on Lady Grey. Filly, yearling: 1, Hodgkinson & Tisdale, on Marguerite; 2, Pears, on Lady Leonia; 3, Pears, on Lady Gay. Brood mare with foal: 1, Pears, on Julia; 2, Mrs. Haines, on Farinette. Yeld mare, any age: 1, Hodgkinson & Tisdale, on Icaque; 2, Pellatt, on Jeanne; 3, Eaid & Porter, on Jumelle; 4, Hogate, on Ivoire. Foal: 1, Pears, on Lady Julia; 2, Mrs. Haines, on Beauchemier. Mare with two of progeny: 1, Pears, on Impresse; 2, Mrs. Haines. Champion stallion, Hodgkinson & Tisdale, on Ichnobate. Champion mare, Hodgkinson & Tisdale, on Kanaille. Best string of five, Hodgkinson & Tisdale. Best Canadian-bred mare, 1 and 2, Pears. Best Canadian-bred mare with foal, Pears.

CLYDESDALES.

This old Scotch breed has been stronger numerically at the Toronto Exhibition than was the case at this year's show, but seldom it ever has the quality of the exhibits been excelled. The female classes were about equally strong with those for males, but a large number of entries in nearly every class failed to answer the call of the judges, consequently the classes were not as strong as one would be led to believe from a casual perusal of his catalogue.

In the open class for aged Clydesdale stallions five came forward, and judges Robert Beith, of Bowmanville, Peter Christie, of Manchester, and John A. Boag, of Queensville, had little trouble in settling upon the winner. Fyvie Baron, a big, brown horse, which won so many prizes in Scotland, won the class rather handily. Considering that he had recently crossed the ocean, he came out in nice bloom, and was good enough to land the championship later on. He is a remarkably clean-limbed, strong, good-going horse, and has quality from the ground up. Next in line was On Guard, the big Prince Sturdy horse, which won the championship at the Winter Fair in Ottawa in January, and a horse of great substance. He is short-coupled and a big, massive-

looking individual and a fair mover. Fyvie Baron beats him a little in quality. Gay Gordon, not so big a horse, but a nicely turned one, short-coupled and strong on top, went third.

Four-year-old horses, in the class where importers are excluded, brought out eight entries. Marathon, the big, thick, high-quality, bold-moving horse, well known to followers of the exhibitions for the past few years, not quite so loaded with fat as he was a year ago, went first over Commodore, a very stylish, short-coupled, straight, true-mover, a son of Baron of Buchlyvie. Third went to a horse not showing quite as much quality, but a very thick, stylish type of drafter, Tom McNabb.

Three-year-old stallions were the strongest class of the Clydesdale exhibit, eleven very choice individuals being forward. This was undoubtedly one of the best classes of Clydesdales ever seen at the Toronto Show. Lord Ullin, a big, up-standing brown, sired by Sir Hugo, one of the highest-quality and best-going colts ever seen in this country, won. Kirkcudbright, a Baron's Pride colt in high finish, a very thick horse with a lot of substance and quality, went second. King of Saxons, a horse not in so high a fit, and a trifle high up in the air, but showing a fine quality of flat, finity bone and good action, went third, with Rycroft Model, a son of Rycroft, a thicker horse than the one placed above him, but in higher condition, fourth.

Only two two-year-olds came out. This was the smallest number seen in this class in many years, but the quality of the two which answered the call of the judges was all that could be desired. Glencaple, a big, rather up-standing, high-quality colt, by Sam Black, won over his stable mate Rising Hope.

Yearlings were not as strong a class, only three coming forward. Lord Malcolm, not in high condition, is a colt of true Clydesdale type and quality, and won over Sir Homer.

smooth and nicely turned throughout, but not quite as big as the winner. Lily of Muriton went third.

Six foals of 1913 made an interesting class, first and second going respectively to a horse colt and a filly colt sired by the great Gallant Carruchan. A daughter of the first-prize brood mare was third.

In the line-up for stallion championship Graham Bros. had all the eligible horses, and only pulled out the aged horse and the two-year-old, the aged horse winning handily. Had the three-year-old been forward, the decision might have been harder to make.

The female championship went, as before stated, to Baroness Lee, but it was not without the hottest kind of an argument that this was decided, for Hassard's Western champion, Mary of Silversprings was a close contender, and, as is always the case, there were some who favored her for the award.

A better string of five was never seen in this country than those led out by Graham Bros., including Fyvie Baron, Glencaple, Lord Ullin, Baroness Lee and Lady Roger.

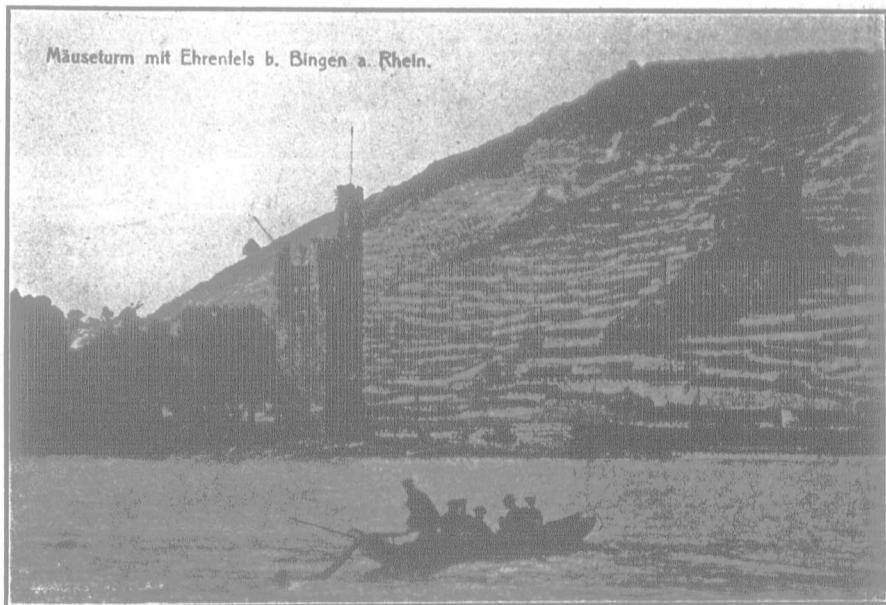
Exhibitors.—T. H. Hassard, Markham; Graham Bros., Claremont; Allison Bros., Chesterville; Wm. Clayton, Grand Valley; Wm. Parkinson, Jarvis; McKee & Callacutt, Port Perry; Joseph Telfer, Milton West; John W. Graham, Unionville; A. Watson & Sons, St. Thomas; J. M. Gardhouse, Weston; Goodfellow Bros., Bolton; R. M. Holtby, Manchester; John Brown & Sons, Galt; W. F. Batty, Brooklyn; Alex. Doherty, Wexford; Jas. H. Lemon, Johnson; Sir H. M. Pellatt, Whitby; Hodgkinson & Tisdale, Beaverton; Wm. Pollock, Seagrave.

Awards.—Stallion, four years and over: 1, Graham Bros., on Fyvie Baron, by Baron's Pride; 2, Allison Bros., on On Guard, by Prince Sturdy; 3, Hassard, on Gav Gordon, by Sir Hugo; 4, Allison Bros., on White Kirk Hero, by Aberlady;

5, Hassard, on Lochlan Laird, by Silver Cup. Stallion, four years and over (importers excluded)

—1, Telfer, on Marathon, by Marcellus; 2, Parkinson, on Commodore, by Baron of Buchlyvie; 3, Clayton, on Tom McNabb, by Prince Thomas; 4, John Graham, on Foremost, by Baron Kelvin; 5, McKee & Callacutt, Port Perry, on Craigie Scott, by Revelanta. Stallion, three years old: 1, Graham Bros., on Lord Ullin, by Sir Hugo; 2, Goodfellow Bros., on Kirkcudbright, by Baron's Pride; 3, Hassard on King of Saxons, by Baron of Buchlyvie; 4, J. M. Gardhouse, on Rycroft Model, by Rycroft; 5, Goodfellow Bros., on Baron Gregor, by Baron's Pride. Stallion, two years old: 1 and 4, Graham Bros., on Glencaple, by Sam Black,

and Rising Hope, Carigie, Isle. Stallion, one year old: 1, Graham Bros., on Lord Malcolm; 2, Allison Bros., on Sir Homer, by White Kirk Hero; 3, Holtby, on Baron Acme, by Acme. Filly, three years old: 1 and 2, Graham Bros., on Baroness Lee, by Baron's Pride, and Bonnie Rose, by Baron Ruby; 3, A. Watson & Sons, on Trim of Oro, by Baron Gartley; 4, John Brown & Sons, on Viola Matchless, by Castle King; 5, Goodfellow Bros., on Belle of Boyndie, by Argument. Filly, two years old: 1 and 4, Graham Bros., on Rosie Price, by Ruby Price, and Bessie Faulder, by Chester Prince; 2 and 3, Hassard, on Nell of Aikton, by Baron of Buchlyvie, and Snowdrop, by King Tom; 5, Goodfellow Bros., on



Mouse Tower and Vine Terraces on the Rhine.
See article "Europe Through Canadian Eyes."

The class for three-year-old fillies brought out some of the best of the females at the Show. Baroness Lee, one of the choicest Baron's Pride fillies ever seen in this country, clean of limb, with big, wide feet, a bold, true mover, short on top and nicely turned over the croup, won over her stable mate, Bonnie Rose, also a very high-class mare which went second. Trim of Oro, one of the thick kind with a lot of quality, was third.

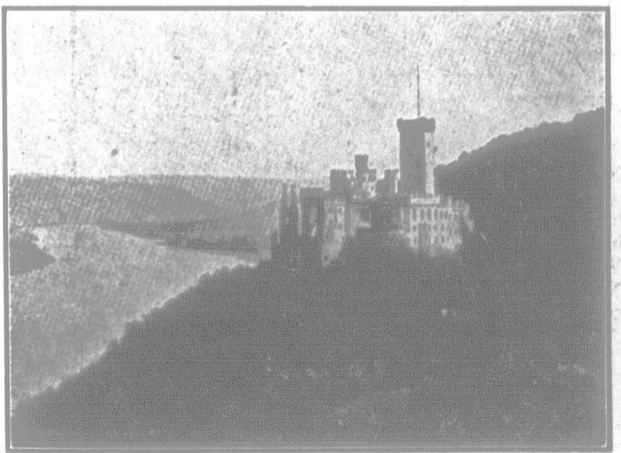
Of six two-year-olds Rosie Price, by Ruby Pride, was good enough to win over Nell of Aikton, a mare which won at the Western shows this season. Both colts showed the best of quality, have good feet and are snappy, true movers. The winner, perhaps, is a little thicker and not quite so up-standing as the second-prize mare. Snowdrop, a more massive filly, stood third.

Yearlings were only three in number. Lady Roger, brim full of quality and not in very high condition, won over her stable mate Kelvin Jess.

The class for brood mares and foal was another of the good ones. Nellie of the Green, a very high quality mare, if anything a little high up, but nicely coupled and a snappy mover, could not be turned down. She won over Craigie Ida, a little thicker mare, not in so high fit, and not showing the flashiness of the other mare. A very strong-topped, true-going mare, Daisy of Tangy, was placed third.

Five yeld mares faced the judges, and it was a battle royal from the beginning. Mary of Silversprings, one of the best things at the show, and champion at the Western shows this season, showing remarkable quality, strong, bold, true action, is a short-coupled, thick mare, combining draft character and stylish Clydesdale quality to such a degree that she won the class over Castle Belle, another remarkably good mare,

and Rising Hope, Carigie, Isle. Stallion, one year old: 1, Graham Bros., on Lord Malcolm; 2, Allison Bros., on Sir Homer, by White Kirk Hero; 3, Holtby, on Baron Acme, by Acme. Filly, three years old: 1 and 2, Graham Bros., on Baroness Lee, by Baron's Pride, and Bonnie Rose, by Baron Ruby; 3, A. Watson & Sons, on Trim of Oro, by Baron Gartley; 4, John Brown & Sons, on Viola Matchless, by Castle King; 5, Goodfellow Bros., on Belle of Boyndie, by Argument. Filly, two years old: 1 and 4, Graham Bros., on Rosie Price, by Ruby Price, and Bessie Faulder, by Chester Prince; 2 and 3, Hassard, on Nell of Aikton, by Baron of Buchlyvie, and Snowdrop, by King Tom; 5, Goodfellow Bros., on



Stolzenfels Castle, Rhine Valley.
See article "Europe Through Canadian Eyes."

Black Queen, by Everlasting. Filly, one year old: 1 and 2, Graham Bros., on Lady Roger, and Kelvin Jess; 3, Batty, on Maple Avenue Bell, by Golden Favorite. Brood mare with foal at foot: 1, Alex. Doherty, on Nellie of the Green, by Kazelle; 2, Pellatt, on Craigie Ida; 3 and 5, W. F. Batty, on Daisy of Tangy, by Lord Derwent, and Newbigging Beauty, by Athuallpa; 4, Lemon, on Nettie Moncrieffe, by Moncrieffe Marquis. Yeld mare, any age: 1 and 3, Hassard, on Mary of Silversprings, by Baron of Boquhan, and Lily of Muirton, by Everlasting; 2, Graham Bros., on Castle Belle, by Glengolan; 4, Hodgkinson & Tisdale, on College Queen, by Baron's Fashion; 5, Allison Bros., on Scott's Lady, by Montrave Ronald. Foal of 1913: 1 and 2, Batty, on Prince Carruchan, and Princess Carruchan, by Gallant Carruchan; 3, Doherty, on May Queen, by Baron Lionel. Champion stallion, Fyvie Baron. Champion mare, Baroness Lee. Champion Canadian-bred stallion, Graham Bros., on Baron Dalmeny, by Celtic Baron. Champion Canadian-bred mare, Pollock, on Belle Ivory, by Black Ivory. Best string of five, Graham Bros.

SHIRES.

The great draft horse of England never is out in large numbers at Toronto. This year's show was up to the average numerically, and a marked improvement in quality was noticed in several of the classes. Aged stallions had only two entries, and the well-known, high-quality, thick, even, grey, horse, Proportion, had little difficulty in defeating the big, somewhat coarse, black, Roxwell Saxon Harold.

Marden Raider was the only entry in two-year-olds, none being out in the class for three-year-olds. This is a colt with good quality of bone, and is the making of a first-class horse. If he has a fault it is that he is a little weak on top, but with age he is sure to improve.

No yearlings came out.

Rampton Jessie was the only entry in three-year-old fillies.

Four fillies two years of age made one of the best classes of the exhibit, and Belle Newnham, a big, tall, very clean-boned, strong, true-moving mare, with a short, strong top and plenty of middle, went first. Second stood a short, very thick grey, with heavy bone and a very good type of Shire, but too low-set and thick to look well between the first and third prize winners, the latter being a filly more of the type of the winner, and a very high-quality, strong-going mare.

Nicaus's Queen was the best of two yearlings, but she had a close contest with the grey, Kitchener's Beauty.

Of two brood mares with foals at foot, Rokeby Halo, a very big grey of excellent type, went first over last year's winner, Holdenby Nicaus, a smaller mare, but thick and as round as an apple.

Only one yeld mare came out. Tuttlebrook Fuchsia, a grey well known to Shire horsemen who follow the exhibitions.

Rokeby Halo's colt won over the foal of Holdenby Nicaus and the progeny of Tuttlebrook Fuchsia with herself, were good enough to win over Holdenby Nicaus and her colts.

Proportion won the championship in stallions over Marden Raider, and Belle Newnham won like honors in fillies. Proportion also landed the English Shire Horse Society Medal as did Rokeby Halo in the female classes.

Exhibitors.—J. M. Gardhouse, Weston; John Gardhouse & Sons, Highfield; Porter Bros., Appleby; Jas. Bovaird & Sons, Brampton.

Awards.—Stallion, aged: 1, Porter Bros., on Proportion, by Mail Stone Ragged Jacket; 2, Bovaird, on Roxwell Saxon Harold, by Roxwell Saxon Oak. Stallion, two years old: 1, J. M. Gardhouse, on Marden Raider, by Marden Major. Filly, three years old: 1, J. M. Gardhouse, on Rampton Jessie, by Royal President 2nd. Filly, two years old: 1, J. M. Gardhouse, on Belle Newnham, by Newnham's Duke; 2, John Gardhouse & Sons, on Grey Fuchsia, by Proportion; 3 and 4, Porter Bros., on Hattie Kitchener, and Tuttlebrook Lawsine, by Barton Kitchener. Filly one year old: 1, John Gardhouse & Sons, on Nicaus, by Tuttlebrook Ring; 2, Porter Bros., on Kitchener's Beauty, by Baron Kitchener. Brood mare with foal at foot: 1, J. M. Gardhouse, on Rokeby Halo, by Madresfield Thumper; 2, John Gardhouse, on Holdenby Nicaus, by Northgate Prince. Yeld mare: 1, Porter Bros., on Tuttlebrook Fuchsia. Foal: 1, J. M. Gardhouse; 2, John Gardhouse. Mare and two of her progeny: 1, Porter Bros., on Tuttlebrook Fuchsia; 2, John Gardhouse, on Holdenby Nicaus. Champion stallion, Proportion. Champion mare, Belle Newnham. Best string of five, J. M. Gardhouse.

HEAVY DRAFT.

Canadian-bred only.—One of the features of this year's horse show was the strong exhibit of Canadian-bred heavy draft animals. The classes in this section are open to Canadian-bred animals of all the draft breeds, but seldom is there other than Clydesdales in the ring, and every entry forward this year was either a pure-bred or

a grade Clydesdale. It speaks well for Canadian breeders, that they are able to bring out so many good horses as were seen this year. Some of the classes compared very favorably with those open to imported horses.

The class for stallions three years of age brought out four entries. Baron Dalmeny, the colt which won the championship last year, and which stood second in the open class for two-year-olds at the International Exposition at Chicago last fall, had little trouble in winning the red. He is a big colt, strong on top, with a well-sprung rib, giving him a great middle and he has an abundance of flat, high-quality bone and showed in the best of fit. He goes well,

Clydesdale feet, was an easy winner. Second stood Revana Queen, a mare of very high quality and a nice, snappy true mover, but a little narrow in front. Third went to a compact, heavily-muscled draft mare, Mossy Rose.

Of five two-year-olds, Hillside Bessie, one of the right kind, with clean bone and wide feet, liked by the Clydesdale breeder, went first. She is a big colt, with an abundance of quality, and will be heard from again. Bonnie, another very choice filly, was placed second over Daisy Moncrieffe.

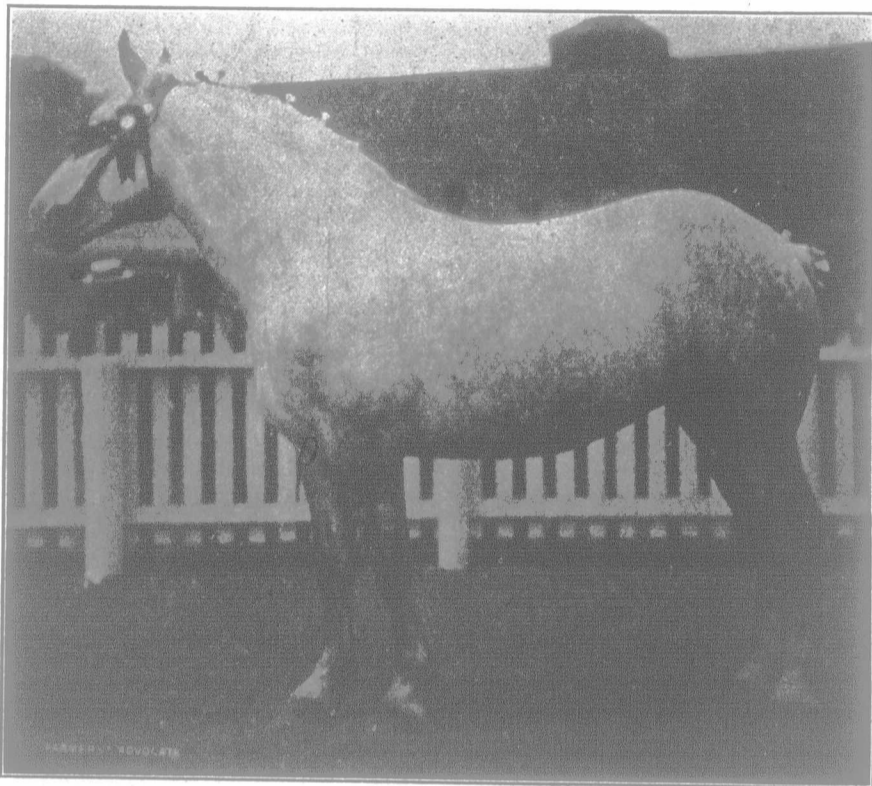
Five yearlings answered the call, and Queen of Newton Brook, a filly of exceptionally high quality and very clean, flat bone, went first, and

Kate B., another good one, a little light around the heart, was second.

Five brood mares with foals at foot were led by the most stylish of the females in the Canadian-bred classes. This mare, a four-year-old grade Clydesdale, has almost everything that goes to make up high-class breed type and draft character. She was an outstanding winner, and if she has a fault, it is that she is a trifle long on top. Second stood Princess Clendrie, a neat little mare, not so large as the winner, scarcely as high in quality, and not in as high fit. Doll Flashknot was third.

The class for foals of 1913 was won by a very well-grown, typey colt whose dam was second in her class, the second prize going to a colt out of the fifth-prize mare.

Princess Clendrie won the prize for mares and two of



Icaque.

First-prize yeld Percheron mare at Toronto. Owned by Hodgkinson & Tisdale, Beaverton.

carrying his hocks together and will under him. He is a winner in most company. Lord Ronald, a trim, clean-boned colt, with scarcely as much substance, went second, with the big, thick, rather crieffe, a Moncrieffe Marquis colt, third.

Only two two-year-olds came out. Maconbie, a very heavy-boned colt, inclined to run a little bit coarse, but with a nice body and showing good action, won over Menteith again, a thinner colt of fair quality, but not very well ribbed up.

Yearling stallions were out to the number of seven, Lockwood Chief, a big drafty colt, showing rather more bone than the average, but

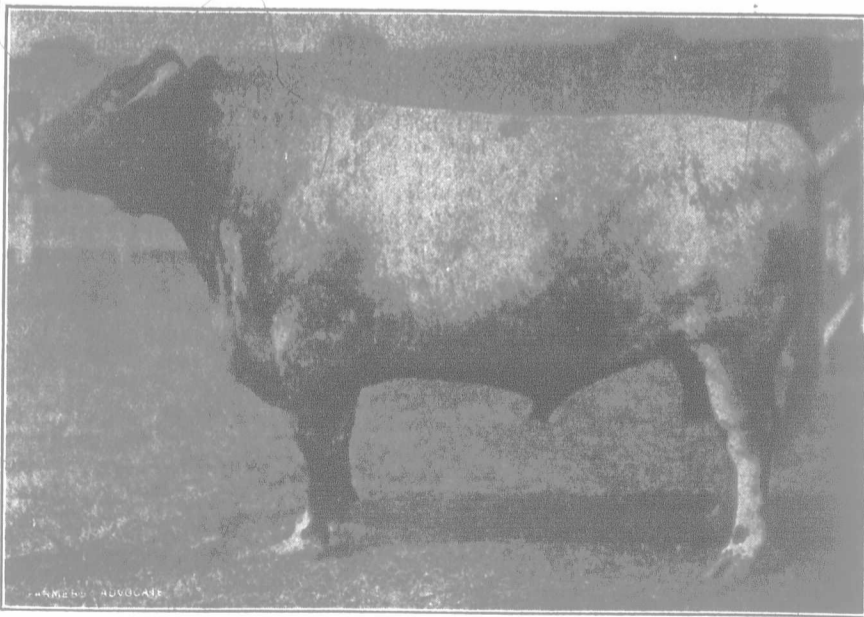
her progeny.

It was an easy matter to decide the male championship; Baron Dalmeny had no serious contender, but the female class was not so easy. It was a hard fight between the winning brood mare, the winning two-year-old and the winning three-year-old. These are three of the best heavy-draft mares ever seen in this country, and after half an hour's deliberation the judges, Peter Christie, Robert Graham, and John A. Boag placed the three-year-old up, to the entire satisfaction of the ringside talent.

Exhibitors.—Thos. McMichael & Son, Seaforth;

Jas. H. Lemon, Johnson; Graham Bros., Claremont; Geo. A. Bell & Son, Nelson; W. J. Taylor, Grand Valley; John Johnston, Woodbridge; Jas. Rennie & Son, Blackwater; Geo. Dale & Son, Clinton; Harvey Hastings, Quan; Wm. Pollock, Seagraves; W. J. Howard & Son, Fairbank; J. M. Gardhouse, Weston; H. I. Barnhardt, Oro Station; Wm. Rinn, Constance; A. Baldock, Grahamsville; James White, Wexford; P. W. Boynton & Son, Dollar.

Awards.—Stallion, three years and over: 1, Graham Bros., on Baron Dalmeny, by Celtic Baron; 2 and 4, Thos. McMichael & Son, on Lord Ronald, by Baron's Luck, and Golden Rae, by Great Britain; 3, Lemon, on Royal Review, by Lothian Bay. Stallion, two years old: 1, Graham Bros., on Maconbie, by MacQueen; 2, Bell, on Menteith Again, by Menteith. Again, by Menteith. Favorite. Stallion, one year old: 1, Johnston, on Lockwood Chief, by Craignair; 2, Rennie, on Acme's Best, by Acme; 3, Taylor, on Scottish Moncrieffe, by Moncrieffe Marquis; 4, McMichael, on Dr. Livingstone, by Glen Rae. Filly, three years old: 1, Pollock, on Belle Ivory, by Black Ivory; 2, Lemon, on Revana Queen, by Buttrus; 3, Dale, on Mossy Rose, by Border Macgregor; 4, Hastings, on Queen of Quam, by Daron Elect. Filly, two years old: 1, H. I. Barnhardt, on Hillside Bessie, by McKinley 2nd; 2, J. M. Gardhouse,



Missie Marquis.

Champion Shorthorn bull at Toronto, 1913. Owned by Frank W. Smith, Scotland, Ont.

of high quality, was placed first. Acme's Best, a neat, trim, little youngster, rather straight in his pasterns, was second, with Scottish Moncrieffe a Moncrieffe Marquis colt third.

Three-year-old fillies were a strong class, seven answering the call of the judges, not a bad one being included in the lot. Belle Ivory, an outstanding filly, with more size than is generally seen in one of her age, and showing draft character galore, and combining this with the very cleanest of bone set upon the right kind of

Favorite. Stallion, one year old: 1, Johnston, on Lockwood Chief, by Craignair; 2, Rennie, on Acme's Best, by Acme; 3, Taylor, on Scottish Moncrieffe, by Moncrieffe Marquis; 4, McMichael, on Dr. Livingstone, by Glen Rae. Filly, three years old: 1, Pollock, on Belle Ivory, by Black Ivory; 2, Lemon, on Revana Queen, by Buttrus; 3, Dale, on Mossy Rose, by Border Macgregor; 4, Hastings, on Queen of Quam, by Daron Elect. Filly, two years old: 1, H. I. Barnhardt, on Hillside Bessie, by McKinley 2nd; 2, J. M. Gardhouse,

on Bonnie, by Lord Scott; 3, Clayton, on Daisy Moncrieffe, by Moncrieffe Marquis; 4, Jas. Rennie, on Lady Acme, by Acme. Filly, one year old: 1, Howard & Son, on Queen of Newton Brook, by Garty Forever; 2, Boynton & Son, on Kate B., by Royal Number; 3, Bell, on Kathleen Huntly, by Royal Huntly; 4, McMichael. Mare, four years and over (importers and dealers excluded): 1, W. K. Westlake, Bolton, on Duchess of Flemington, by Duke of Flemington. Brood mare with foal at foot: 1, Baldock, on Nelly; 2, McMichael, on Princess Clendrie, by Clendrie Prince; 3, McMichael, on Doll Flashknot, by Flashknot; 4, White on Gracie of Locust Hill, by Lothian MacQueen. Foal: 1, McMichael; 2, Rinn; 3, White. Mare and two of her progeny: 1, McMichael. Champion stallion, Baron Dalmeny. Champion mare, Belle Ivory.

HEAVY DRAFTERS IN HARNESS.

There was no such drawing card in the breeders' ring as the heavy-draft horses in harness. These big, massive geldings, many of them weighing over a ton, and all glittering like a metal roof in their glossy coats and clean brass-mounted harness, made a sight enjoyed by all privileged to see it. The Canadian National was given a treat this year, a six-horse team being brought over by the Union Stock Yards Co., of Chicago. This team is composed of geldings from grade mares, on which were used the best types of pure-bred stallions. The entire exhibit was educative, not intended to advertise but to educate and show the public that, by the use of pure-bred stallions of the right kind, the best horses can be and are being produced, and that it costs no more to breed, feed and keep a good horse than it does a poor one. These horses weigh respectively 2,250 lbs., 2,200 lbs., 2,000 lbs., 1,975 lbs., 1,900 lbs., and 1,875 lbs., and all but one were sired by Clydesdale stallions.

The Dominion Transport Co., Toronto, Union Stock Yards, Chicago, and Wm. Pollock, Seagrave, won all the money.

Seven entries came out in the single class, and never were there more high-class drafters in the lot. The big black gelding from the Chicago Union Stock Yards weighing 1,950 lbs., clean of limb and heavy bodied, won over the big, thick, bay horse of the Dominion Transport Co. The massive 2,250-pound Ivanhoe from Chicago was placed fourth. He is a very thick, heavy horse, but toes in in front and rolls badly in travelling.

In teams the Dominion Transport Co. got first on an excellent pair well-matched and good movers. Union Stock Yards were in for second place on the team which composes their lead in the six-horse outfit.

Awards.—Single mare or gelding to lorry: 1, Union Stock Yards, Chicago; 2, Dominion Transport Co.; 3, Wm. Pollock, Seagrave; 4, Union Stock Yards, Chicago. Pair of mares or geldings: 1 and 3, Dominion Transport Co.; 2 and 4, Union Stock Yards, Chicago. Clydesdale single special: 1, Union Stock Yards, Chicago, on their 1,975-pound gelding Gartley. Clydesdale, team special, Dominion Transport Co.

ROADSTER AND CARRIAGE

Some of the strongest classes seen in these breeds at Toronto for many a year were out this season, especially in the carriage division, in which there were some long and strong line-ups. There seems to be a lack of interest, however, in these classes when shown on the line, and it was suggested by Judges G. D. Mercer, of Toronto, and O. Moulton, of Batavia, N. Y., that they be shown in harness on future occasions. It seems almost as ridiculous to show breeding classes in harness as it does to show geldings in such classes, which still continues to be the rule. While we agree that all the horses would have a better opportunity to exhibit speed and action, we cannot approve of making breeding classes harness classes.

Awards.—1, Paterson Bros., Toronto, on Lady Arley; 2, Miss Wilks, Galt, on Lulu Mograzia; 3, J. J. Bushnell, Omenee, on Nellie B.; 4, W. J. Alexander, on Handsome Dolly. Filly or gelding, three years old: 1, Joseph Telfer, Milton, on Daffodil; 2, A. Cunningham, Toronto, on Miss Rondie; 3, David J. Arthurs, Brampton, on Nell. Filly or gelding, 2 years old: 1, Miss Wilks, on Mary Regina; 2, Ira A. Mabee, Aylmer, on Nettie Carter; 3, Paterson Bros., on Romanetta. Filly or gelding, yearling: 1, N. Goodison, Summerville, on Miss Jim; 2, Fuller Bros., Norval, on Oro; 3, Cunningham, on Parker. Brood mare, with foal: 1, Fuller Bros., on Hazel B.; 2, Alfred Bragg, Edgley, on Nellie; 3, Miss Wilks, on Shellspra. Foal: 1, Fuller Bros.; 2, Miss Wilks; 3, Alfred Bragg. Champion mare: Miss Wilks, on Mary Regina.

Carriage.—Filly or gelding, 4 years old and over: 1, Crow & Murray, Toronto, Princess Royal; 2 and 3, A. Yeacer, Simcoe, on Queen Elsenham and Princess Model. Filly or gelding, three years old: 1, Crow & Murray, on Sunshine; 2, G. Herbert Smith, Delhi, on Lady Warwick; 3, Wesley Strong, Weston, on Lady. Filly or geld-

ing, 2 years old: 1, Bragg, on Maggie; 2, Bennett Bros., on Tom; 3, Westlake, on Dexter 3rd. Filly or gelding, yearling: 1, John Cragie, Port Credit, on Lady Derwent; 2, Walter Harrison, Brampton, on Topsy. Brood mare, with foal: 1, Cragie, on Lady Woodland; 2, Fred. Wrigglesworth, Hornby, on Net; 3, A. Watson & Sons, St. Thomas, on Lady Performer. Foal: 1, Markle; 2, Wrigglesworth; 3, Cragie. Champion mare: Crow & Murray, on Princess Royal.

GENERAL-PURPOSE.

General-purpose horses were almost up to the usual run at this exhibition. None of the classes were exceptionally strong, and no outstanding individuals were shown. The best class was that for mare or gelding four years old and over, which had four entries, the winner being Miss Boyes, a big mare with more substance and bone than the more stylish, second-prize chestnut, Maud, which showed more of a carriage type. The first-prize brood mare was made champion.

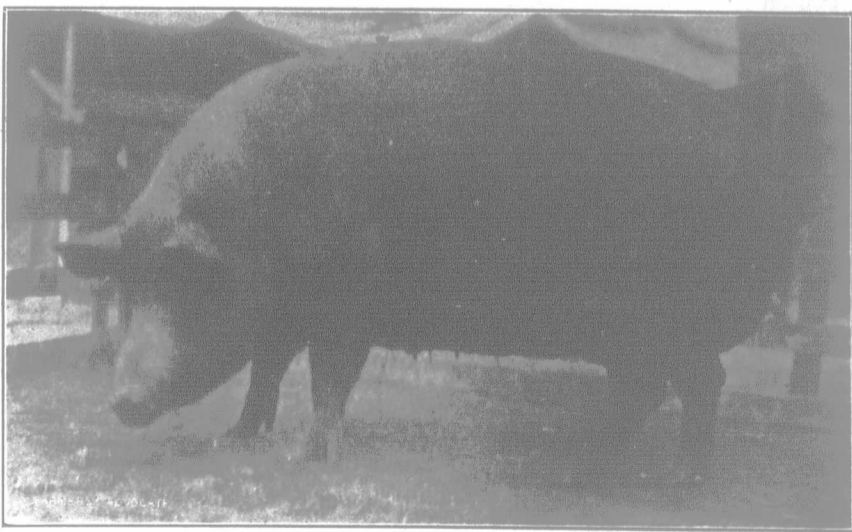


Champion Cotswold Ewe.

Owned by J. P. Ficht, Currie's Crossing.

Exhibitors.—Jas. Tilt & Robt. Cheyne, Derry West; N. W. Carter, Brampton; Robinson & Boyes, Toronto; Geo. A. Bell & Son, Nelson; N. Goodison, Summerville; Bennett Bros., Carlisle; W. J. Howard & Son, Fairbank; Fuller Bros., Norval.

Awards.—Mare or gelding four years or over: 1, Robinson & Boyes; 2, Jas. Tilt & Cheyne; 3, Carter. Filly or gelding three years: 1 and 2, Tilt & Cheyne; 3, Bell. Filly or gelding two years: 1, Bennett Bros.; 2, Goodison. Filly or gelding one year: 1, Howard & Son. Brood mare with foal: 1, Fuller Bros.; 2, Tilt & Cheyne; 3, Bennet Bros. Foal of 1913: 1, Tilt & Cheyne; 2, Bennet Bros.; 3, Fuller Bros. Best mare, Fuller Bros., on Jess, the first-prize brood mare. Pair in harness: 1, Firstbrook Bros., Toronto; 2, M. W. Carter, Brampton; 3, Tilt & Cheyne. Single: 1, Carter; 2 and 3, Tilt & Cheyne.



Champion Tamworth Sow at Toronto.

Owned by D. Douglas & Sons, Mitchell, Ont.

Cattle.

SHORTHORNS.

The red, white and roans always draw a large crowd of admirers to the ringside, and, as they were judged at the same time as the popular Percheron horses, crowds were enormous in the small stand and around the ring—sufficiently large to impress upon the management the need for larger seating capacity, and next year they hope to have the judging arena in place. We have seen stronger classes of Shorthorns in the male sections at this great exhibition. No doubt the almost unprecedented demand for bulls has

depleted the herds of many of their show-calibre youngsters. Seldom have evener and more uniform classes of females faced a judge, and it was a treat to see the long lines of home-bred youngsters posing before judge Abram Renick, of Chicago, President of the American Shorthorn Association.

Five aged bulls came out, but they were not an exceptionally strong lot. Missie Marquis, the winner is a bull of great substance, deep and thick, and with it has an abundance of fleshing, and is quite a breedy-looking individual. Second in line was Emmert's Browndale Sultan, a winner in the West this year, and third was Mitchell Bros' Raphael.

Two-year-olds were a stronger class, but a few of them were not finished well enough to take the highest position. Emmert's Missie Prince led. He is a big bull, a little up-standing, and a trifle thick of shoulder, with plenty of Short-horn character, and is fairly smooth. Some in the ring preferred the second-prize bull 'Right Sort. He is rightly named, and is a big, growthy, smooth, exceedingly well-balanced bull. Gainford Victory, a very low-set, deep, thick bull, with a great spring of rib and a strong top, would have won the class had he finished back of the hook bones as nice as he was from that point forward. He will show to better advantage as years go on. Nonpareil Ramsden, in fourth place, was not in high fit. Neither was Brawith Baron, the fifth in line. The Gardhouse entry, a very smooth youngster, carried too little fat to win.

Only two senior yearlings answered the call, a very good indication of the demand for young bulls. Meadow Signet, a nice, smooth, breedy son of Scottish Signet, won over Count Omega.

Of the junior yearlings Longfellow, a white son of the great breeding bull, Uppermill Omega, was the choice of the judge. Royalist, also an Uppermill Omega calf, stood second. He had scarcely the substance of the winner. Nero of Cluny, not quite so low set, went third. It wasn't a real, strong class.

Nine senior bull calves came out, and Matchless Hero, a very smooth, deep, low-set roan, by Mildred's Royal, landed the red; second going to Broadhooks Star, a very strong-topped, high-quality calf. Flower King, a smooth, red, not finishing quite so well in the hind quarters, stood third, and Golden Goods, a rich, red roan, not in so high condition, was fourth.

The junior calf class was also nine strong, Sittyton Favorite leading. He is a big, thick, straight roan calf, in fairly high condition. Had Gainford Perfection, a son of the great Gainford Marquis been as fat, he would likely have stood first instead of second. They are both good calves. Brave Royal, a smooth, little roan, was third, and Excelsior, another Gainford Marquis calf, fourth.

The senior and grand championship went to Missie Marquis, by Clipper Marquis, and the junior and reserve to the senior calf, Matchless Hero.

The females furnished harder-fought battles. Seven great cows lined up in the aged class, and Fair Start 2nd, the Western champion, had to go the limit to beat Queen Mildred. They are two wonderful cows; the latter is a little finer around the shoulder than the great champion, and showed, perhaps, a little more bloom than the older cow, but Fair Start 2nd is a remarkably big, thick, straight, smooth cow, and won. She was later made senior and grand champion. Third stood a heifer just too old for entry as a two-year-old. She is a wonderfully, well-grown, dark roan, and has substance and quality galore. A very nice cow, Princess 3rd, not in so high fit, stood fourth.

Eight two-year-olds were headed by Emmert's smooth, low-set, straight heifer Thelma, by King Cumberland. Watt's Jealousy 4th, another red of good type and well brought out, stood second. Emmert was third and fourth on Duchess of Gloster and Emma of Oak Bluff.

Eight was the number forward in the senior yearling class. Duchess of Oak Bluff, one of the best things of the show, deep, thick, white, even-fleshed and straight in her lines, won, with around the shoulder than the great champion, Cecilia Gem, a roan daughter of Prince of Archer's second. This heifer is a big, growthy, individual but was not in high condition. Maxwellton Beauty 2nd, a daughter of the great Avondale, was third, and Scottish Nell 6th, one of the good things, by Bandsman (imp.), fourth.

Proceeding down the line the classes strengthen. Eleven junior yearlings made things interesting for the crowd and the judge. Sittyton Lady 3rd, straight on top and underneath, low-set, and thick-fleshed, a rich roan daughter of Glenbrook Sultan, pulled out on top, and later won the junior championship. Sittyton Rosebud, her stable mate, and a Roan Sultan youngster, was second. Heather Belle, a roan Proud Monarch heifer, went third, and Nonpareil 46th, a nice, dark roan, by Burnbrae Sultan, was fourth.

Seventeen senior calves were the class of the show, and again the Emmert entry went to the top. Duchess of Oak Bluff 3rd, is a smooth, high-quality roan, but there were those at the ringside who would have put the white heifer, Silver Queen, by Gainford Marquis, up. They are a good pair, and might be placed either way. A. F. and G. Auld were third on Lancaster's Princess 3rd, and Kyle Bros. fourth and fifth on Pine Grove Flossie 2nd, and Golden Drop 19th.

Ten junior calves again gave the Emmert herd a chance to score, Ury's Queen doing the trick.

Aulds were second on Orange Flower, by Broadhooks Ringleader, and Kerr & Davidson third on Sittyton Princess.

All these classes were exceptionally strong, and some very high-class cattle were low down in the list.

The class for Shorthorn cows or heifers in milk brought out four of the best of the kind ever seen at this show. All were strong individuals, bearing good udders and a credit to their owners, who are endeavoring to further the interests of the dual-purpose cow. Cecilia Rose won the class.

Some extra choice steers were out, but they were the same as won in the fat classes, mentioned later.

The herd prizes were all keenly contested, with Emmert winning the greater portion of the best prizes. His three animals, get of sire, the get of Margrave, were a very even bunch, but Kyle Bros. and J. A. Watt had good lots, and it took some time to decide the winners.

Emmert scored again in progeny of cow, on two good ones out of Woodhill Duchess. John Gardhouse & Sons got second money on a pair of older cattle, not very highly fitted, but showing the right type.

A much coveted prize, that for best four calves, bred and owned by exhibitor, was won by Watt on a fine, even bunch. Emmert went second.

Emmert had out two graded herds, and won first and second. His females are a remarkably fine lot, but bulls were not particularly strong in any herd, the third-prize herd having about as good a leader as any of them.

Emmert was first and Watt second in an exceptionally strong line up of junior herds.

A feature of the Shorthorn exhibit was found in the steer classes, which were far stronger than ever before at this exhibition. Leask's great roan, which was champion of the fat classes, led the two-year-olds with a very smooth, deep-fleshed roan; second for Brown, while Leask owned but one of the cattle in the class, he had the honor of being the fitter of the first four animals, Brown having bought three of them from him.

T. A. Russell had a good one in the yearling class, a very smooth roan in high flesh. Leask was second on a smooth white of very high quality.

Kyle Bros.' red calf was good enough to win the class, as he also did in the fat classes. It was a great show of steers.

The breeders' herd prize was landed by Watt, with Kyle Bros. close up.

Exhibitors.—Mitchell Bros., Burlington, Ont.; Kerr & Davidson, Balsam, Ont.; H. L. Emmert, Oak Bluff, Man.; J. A. Watt, Elora, Ont.; Geo. Gier, Waldemar, Ont.; A. F. & G. Auld, Eden Mills, Ont.; Geo. Amos & Sons, Moffat, Ont.; Rob't. Miller, Stouffville, Ont.; Jas. Leask & Sons, Greenbank, Ont.; Frank W. Smith, Scotland, Ont.; John Gardhouse & Sons, Highfield, Ont.; Peter Stewart, Everton, Ont.; Kyle Bros., Drumbo, Ont.; Leslie & Pearson, Acton West, Ont.; Matthew Wilson, Fergus, Ont.

Awards.—Bull, three years old and over: 1, Smith, on Missie Marquis; 2, Emmert, on Browndale Sultan; 3, Mitchell Bros., on Raphael; 4, Kerr & Davidson, on Gay Monarch; 5, Leask & Sons, on Orange Ember. Bull, two years old and over: 1, Emmert, on Missie's Prince; 2, Mitchell Bros., on Right Sort; 3, Watt, on Gainford Victory; 4, Kyle Bros., on Nonpareil Ramsden; 5, Stewart, on Brawith Baron. Senior yearling bull: 1, Amos, on Meadow Signet; 2, Leslie & Pearen, on Count Omega. Junior yearling bull: 1, Miller, on Longfellow; 2, Emmert, on Royalist; 3, Mitchell Bros., on Nero of Cluny; 4, Mitchell Bros., on Bandsman's Victory. Senior bull calf: 1, Gier, on Matchless Hero; 2, Kyle Bros., on Broadhooks Star; 3, Leask & Sons, on Flower King; 4, Kyle Bros., on Golden Goods; 5, Mitchell Bros., on Bandsman's Commander; 6, Emmert, on Margrave Gloster; 7, Watt, on King of Diamonds; 8, Wilson, on Monkland Laddie. Junior bull calf: 1, Kerr & Davidson, on Sittyton Favorite; 2, Watt, on Gainford Perfection; 3, Gier, on Brave Royal; 1, Watt, on Excelsior;



Fair Start 2nd and Queen Mildred.

First-prize aged cow and champion of the Shorthorns at Toronto, and the second-prize cow, a close contender. The former owned by H. L. Emmert, Oak Bluff, Man., and the latter by Mitchell Bros., Burlington.

5, Miller, on Waterloo Prince; 6, Auld, on Rosebud Ringleader; 7, Kyle Bros., on Judge; 8, Emmert, on Banner Bearer. Aged cow: 1, Emmert, on Fair Start 2nd; 2, Mitchell Bros., on Queen Mildred; 3, Kerr & Davidson, on Sittyton Rose; 4, Miller, on Princess 3rd; 5, Gardhouse, on Blossom's Lady. Heifer, two years old: 1, Emmert, on Thelma 2nd; 2, Watt, on Jealousy 4th; 3, Emmert, on Duchess of Gloster; 4, Emmert, on Emma of Oak Bluff; 5, Mitchell Bros., on Crystabel; 6, Kerr & Davidson, on Crimson Maud. Senior yearling heifer: 1, Emmert, on Duchess of Oak Bluff 2nd; 2, Gardhouse, on Cecilia Gem; 3, Mitchell Bros., on Maxwellton Beauty 2nd; 4, Mitchell Bros., on Scottish Bell 26th; 5, Matthew Wilson, on Miss Quality; 6, Stewart, on Merry Mildred. Junior yearling heifer: 1, Emmert, on Sittyton Lady 3rd; 2, Emmert, on Sittyton Rosebud; 3, Watt, on Heather Belle; 4, Auld, on Nonpareil 46th; 5, Kerr & Davidson, on Sittyton Girl; 6, Kyle Bros., on Rosebud 18th. Senior heifer calf: 1, Emmert, on Duchess of Oak Bluff 3rd; 2, Watt, on Silver Queen; 3, Auld, on Lancaster's Princess; 4, Kyle Bros., on Pine Grove Flossie 2nd; 5, Kyle Bros., on Golden Drop 19th; 6, Auld, on Mabel Mysie; 7, Emmert, on Lady Madge 5th; 8, Stewart, on May Queen. Junior heifer calf: 1, Emmert, on Ury's Queen; 2, Auld, on Orange Flower; 3, Kerr & Davidson, on Sitty-

Emmert, 3 Kyle, 4 Gier, 5 Mitchell Bros. Graded Herd—1 & 2 Emmert, 3 Mitchell, 4 Gardhouse, 5 Kerr & Davidson. Junior Herd, bull, under 2 years old; 2 heifers 1 year old and under 2; 2 heifers, under 1 year; 1 Emmert, 2 Watt, 3 Mitchell, 4 Kyle, 5 Gardhouse. Steer sired by Shorthorn bull 2 years old and under 3, 1 Leask, 2, 3 & 4 Brown & Sons. 1 year old and under 2—1 Russell, 2 Leask & Sons, 3, Pritchard, 4 Brown & Sons, 5 Russell. Steer, under 1 year—1 Kyle Bros., 2 Brown & Sons, 3 Leask & Sons, 4 Wilmott & Son.

Breeders' Herd—1 bull, under 2 years old; 2 heifers, 1 year old and under 2; 2 heifers, under 1 year old; all bred by exhibitor. 1 Watt, 2 Kyle Bros., 3 Kerr & Davidson, 4 Gardhouse.

GRADE AND FAT CATTLE.

A few really choice grade cattle were out, the winners in each class being exceptionally smooth, even-fleshed heifers, straight on top and underneath, and a credit to their feeders.

The fat-cattle branch of the exhibit has, in former years, been light in numbers and poor in quality, but such cannot be said of this year's exhibit, which had out some of the extra choice kind.

Four two-year-old steers were led by a roan from the stables of James Leask, Greenbank. There are only a few steers like this one, smooth

to a turn, deep and even-fleshed, and not yet overdone. He was winner of the championship. F. C. Wilmott & Son, Milton, had a smooth red in second, also a good steer, and third and fourth places were taken by high quality individuals.

In yearlings T. A. Russell led with a strong, smooth, well-balanced youngster, Leask getting second on a steer not quite so even throughout.

The calf class was one of the strongest, Kyle brothers having an outstanding winner in a very compact, smooth calf not overdone, but in good fit.

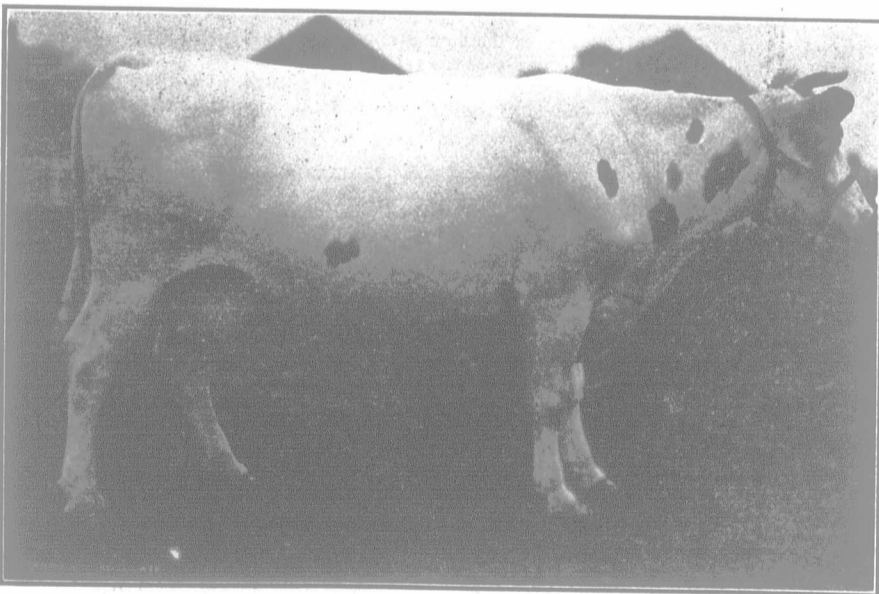
Export steers made by far the best showing seen at Toronto in years, and the winners were a smooth, even-fleshed, nicely-finished pair.

Exhibitors.—Jas. Leask & Sons, Greenbank, Ont.; Peter Stewart, Everton; John Brown & Sons, Galt; Kyle Bros., Drumbo; Pritchard Bros., Fergus; F. C. Wilmott & Son, Milton; T. A. Russell, Downsview, and Hall & Robinson, Washington.

Awards.—Female, two years old and under 3: 1, John Brown & Sons; 2 and 3, Jas. Leask & Sons. Female, yearling: 1, Kyle Bros.; 2, Jas. Leask & Sons; 3, Peter Stewart. Heifer calf: 1, Jas. Leask & Sons.

FAT CATTLE.

Steer, two years and under three: 1, Jas. Leask & Sons; 2, Wilmott & Sons; 3, Pritchard Bros.; 4, Brown & Sons. Steer, yearling: 1, Russell; 2, Leask & Sons; 3, Pritchard Bros.; 4, Brown & Sons. Steer, calf: 1, Kyle Bros.;



Woodlawn Queen.

Grand champion Holstein female at Canadian National Exhibition, 1913. First in the dry class. Exhibited by A. E. Hulet.

ton Princess; 4, Kyle Bros., on Broadhooks 25th; Emmert, 3 Kyle, 4 Gier, 5 Mitchell Bros. Graded 5, Mitchell Bros., on Scotch Beauty 2nd; 6, Watt, on Golden Glow; 7, Mitchell Bros., on Roan Rosemary. Senior and grand champion bull, Smith, on Missie Marquis. Junior champion bull, Gier, on Matchless Hero. Senior and grand champion female, Emmert, on Fair Start. Junior champion female, Emmert, on Sittyton Lady. Cow or heifer in milk: 1, Gardhouse & Sons, on Cecilia Rose; 2, Auld, on Meadow Gipsy; 3, Russell, on Maxwellton Clara; 4, Kerr & Davidson.

Best three animals get of one sire—1 Emmert, 2 Kyle Bros., 3 Watt, 4 Gardhouse, 5 Auld. Best two animals' progeny of one cow—1 Emmert, 2 Gardhouse, 3 Watt, 4 Kerr & Davidson, 5 Auld. Best four calves bred by exhibitors—1 Watt, 2

2, Brown & Sons; 3, Leask & Sons; 4, John Barr. Two export steers under three years old: 1, Brown & Sons; 2, Russell; 3, Hall & Robson; 4, Brown & Sons. Champion fat steer, Leask & Sons.

HEREFORDS

Some of the best Herefords in the country were out this year. Next to the Shorthorns, they were the strongest numerically of the beef breeds.

Four aged bulls came out, including last year's champion and a winner at the Western shows this season—Ringleader. This great show bull had his colors lowered by Bonnie Brae 21st. This latter bull has come on well since last year, and has rounded out into a smooth, even-fleshed bull of great size. Judge R. J. Mackie, of Oshawa, said that it was a "toss-up" between them, but the thicker bull won. Ringleader is a great old show bull.

Only one senior yearling, a very good type of white-face, came out.

Two junior yearlings were not a strong class. Bonnie Brae 52nd, a big, growthy, strong bull, won over the smaller Brae Ingleside, 2nd.

Five senior calves made a good class, Bonnie Brae 62nd winning. Many would have reversed second and third places, the third-prize calf being a lower-set, smoother individual than the bigger second-prize winner.

Five junior calves were headed by a growthy, smooth, thrifty youngster, Jimmie No. 2, Lord Fairfax, almost as good a calf, going second. There as little to choose between them.

Clifford's Miss Brae 26th was an easy winner of the aged cow class. She is smooth to a turn, deep-fleshed and massive.

Rubella Ingleside, a very smooth heifer, won the two-year-old class of four.

Four was the number out in junior yearlings, and they were four good ones. Clifford got first and second on a pair of low-set, deep, even-fleshed youngsters.

Senior calves were four strong, Clifford again scoring on a pair of high-quality calves.

Clifford got nearly all the firsts in herd prizes, and his aged cow was grand champion female. The first-prize aged bull was grand champion bull.

Exhibitors.—L. O. Clifford, Oshawa, Ont.; Mrs. W. H. Hunter & Sons, The Maples; H. Dudley Smith, Hamilton, Ont.

Awards.—Bull, 3 years old and over: 1, Smith, on Bonnie Brae 21st; 2, Clifford, on Refiner; 3, Clifford, on Bonnie Brae 31st; 4, Mrs. Hunter & Son, on General Togo. Senior yearling bull: 1, Clifford, on Bonnie Brae 49th. Junior yearling bull: 1, Clifford, on Bonnie Brae 52nd; 2, Smith, on Brae Ingleside 2nd. Senior bull calf: 1, 2 and 3, Clifford, on Bonnie Brae 62nd, Bonnie Brae 61st and Bonnie Brae 63rd; 4, Mrs. Hunter & Son, on Romeo Laddie. Junior bull calf, Mrs. Hunter & Son, on Jimmie No. 2; 2, Clifford, on Lord Fairfax; 3, Mrs. Hunter & Son, on I'm the Guy; 4, Smith, on Rosemark Ingleside 38th. Cow, 3 years old and over: 1 and 2, Clifford, on Miss Brae 26th, and Princess 7th; 3, Mrs. Hunter & Son, on Miss Winnie; 4, Smith, on Roseleaf 8th.

Heifer, 2 year old: 1, Smith, on Rubella Ingleside; 2 and 3, Mrs. Hunter & Son, on Princess Victoria—10299, and Princess Victoria—1299; 4, Clifford, on Miss Brae 34th. Senior yearling heifer: 1, Clifford, on Miss Brae 45th; 2, Smith, on Rubella Ingleside 33rd; 3, Mrs. Hunter & Son, on Brenda 11th. Junior yearling heifer: 1, 2 and 3, Clifford, on Fleta Fair Fan, Princess 51st and Lady Blanche 10th; 4, Mrs. Hunter & Son, on Dimples. Senior heifer calf: 1 and 2, Clifford, on Miss Brae 50th and May Queen 5th; 3 and 4, Mrs. Hunter & Son, on Jewelet 3rd and Nancy Carol. Junior heifer calf: 1, Clifford, on Miss Brae 52nd; 2, Mrs. Hunter & Son, on Sweetheart. Three animals, get of one sire: 1 and 2, Clifford; 3 and 4, Mrs. Hunter & Son. Two animals, progeny of one cow: 1 and 2, Clifford; 3, Mrs. Hunter & Son. Best four calves, owned and bred by exhibitor: 1, Mrs. Hunter & Son; 2, Clifford. Graded herd: 1 and 3, Clifford; 2, Smith; 4, Mrs. Hunter & Son. Junior herd: 1 and 2, Clifford; 3, Mrs. Hunter & Sons. Senior champion bull: Smith, on Bonnie Brae 21st. Junior champion bull: Clifford, on Bonnie Brae 49th. Grand champion Smith, on Bonnie Brae 21st. Senior champion female: Clifford, on Miss Brae 26th. Junior champion female: Clifford, on Miss Brae 45th. Grand champion female: Clifford, on Miss Brae 26th. Best Canadian-bred senior bull: 1, Smith on Bonnie Brae 21st; 2, Mrs. Hunter & Son, on Jimmie No. 2. Best Canadian-bred senior female: Smith, on Rubella Ingleside. Best Canadian-bred junior female: Clifford, on Princess 51st. Breeders' herd: 1, Clifford; 2, Mrs. Hunter & Son. Steer, under 1 year: 1, Clifford; 2, Barr.

ABERDEEN-ANGUS.

After a very hard battle fought in 1912, the Angus breed did not make such a strong showing this year, Jas. Bowman, of Guelph, being the only exhibitor. His herd, however, is second to none in the country, and fresh from a long season of success on the Western circuit, where they divided the prizes with the great Glencarnock herd of J. D. McGregor, Brandon, Manitoba, it was much admired by the crowd, and Judge A. C. Binnie, of Alta, Iowa. Certain it was that the cattle were worthy of competition. Prizes were awarded as follows: First and second in aged bulls, on Elm Park Wizard and Beauty's Prince; first in two-year-olds, on Young Leroy; first on senior yearlings, on Beauty's Irwin; first in junior yearlings, on Elm Park Mailbag 3rd; first and second in junior calves, on Elm Park Kaffir 2nd and Elm Park Wizard 3rd; first and second in aged cows, on Elm Park Rosebud and Elm

certainly becoming national in its scope. The cheese were judged by W. Gray, Jas. Bristow and H. W. Morton; the butter by J. B. Leclair, of St. Hyacinthe Dairy School, Que., I. W. Steinhoff and L. A. Zufelt. Each judge scored separately and we are informed that their figures agreed closely in nearly all sections.

BUTTER.

Creamery, solid, salted: 1, M. L. Campbell, Red Deer, Alta., score 97; 2, John Anderson, Renfrew, Ont., 46; 3, P. Palleson, Calgary, Alta., 96; 4, W. H. Stewart, Frontier, Que., 96; 5, Lea Marshall, 95.50.

Creamery, solid, unsalted: 1, J. Almont, Silverdale, Ont., 97.50; 2, T. W. Dunn & Son, Cowansville, Quebec, 97; 3, St. Valentine Creamery, St. Valentine, Que., 96.50; 4, Walkerton Creamery, Walkerton, Ont., 95; 5, H. W. Patrick, St. Thomas, Ont., 94.50.

Creamery, pound prints: 1, W. H. Jackson, Markerville, Alta., 97; 2, W. H. Stewart, 96.50; 3, M. L. Campbell, 95; 4, T. W. Dunn & Son, 94.50; 5, St. Valentine Creamery, Que., 94.

Creamery, 10-lb. boxes: 1, W. H. Stewart, 96.50; 2, John Anderson, 95.50; 3, St. Valentine Creamery, 95; 4, T. W. Dunn & Son, 94.50; 5, J. A. Logie, Paisley, Ont., 93.50.

Farm Dairy: 1, J. W. Robertson, Vankleek Hill, Ont., 94.50; 2, Mrs. Alfred Wallace, North Gower, Ont., 93; 3, Miss L. B. Gregory, Ilderton, Ont., 92.50; 4, J. T. Rowand, Walkerton, Ont., 92; 5, S. H. Pugh, Milverton, Ont., 91.

20-pound Box Farm Dairy—1, S. H. Pugh, 94.50; 2, J. W. Robertson, 94; 3, Miss L. B. Gregory, Ilderton, Ont., 93.50; 4, J. A. Dickson, Annan, Ont., 93; 5, Mrs. Alfred Wallace, 92.

Farm Dairy—1-pound print, 1, Miss R. Patton, Richmond Hill, Ont., 96; 2, J. W. Robertson, 94.50; 1, D. Alt, Kirkfield, 94; 4, Mrs. Wm. Armstrong, Brussels, Ont., 91.50; 5, Mrs. A. Wallace, 91.

Challenge Butter Trophy was won by John Almonte, Silverdale, with a score 97.50. Highest average score, 1, St. Valentine Creamery, 95; 2, W. H. Stewart, 94.75; 3, John Almont, 93.50.

CHEESE

June, colored, 1, Geo. Empey, Newry, Ont., score, 96.49; 2, C. J. Donnelly, Scotsville, 96.33; 3, Donald Menzie, Listowel, 96.16; 4, Henry Young, Molesworth, 95.99; 5, B. F. Howes, Atwood, Ont., 95.66; 6, Geo. Woodcock, West Mountain, 95.49; 7, R. E. Hastings, Atwood, 94.99; 8, J. E. Brown, Ethel, Ont., 93.99.

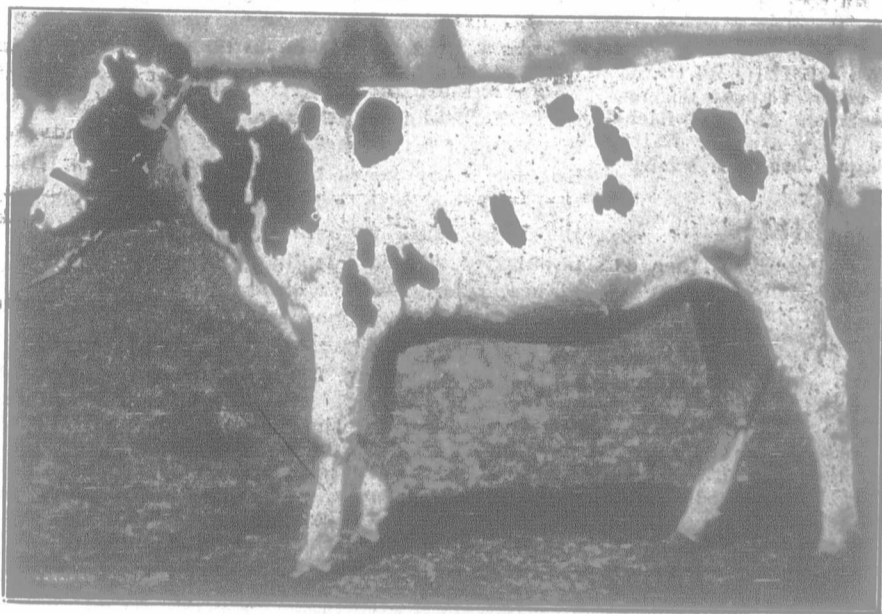
July, colored, 1, R. E. Hastings, 96.49; 2, Geo. Empey, 96.32; 3, B. F. Howes, Atwood, 96.16; 4, C. J. Donnelly, Scotsville, 96.15; 5, T. O. Flynn, Tavistock, 96; 6, J. D. Ont., 95.63; Henry Young, Molesworth, 95.48; 8, W. Morse, Trowbridge, 95.21.

June, white, 1, B. F. Anderson, Smithfield, Howes; (silver cup) score, 97.48; 2, Geo. Empey, 96.66; 3, W. Morse, 96.49; 4, R. E. Hastings, Atwood, 45.99; 5 and 6, Donald Menzie, Listowel, and C. J. Donnelly, Scotsville, scores 95.99; 7, T. O. Flynn, 95.66, preference for flavor; 8, Geo. Woodcock, West Mountain, 95.66.

July, white, 1, H. J. Meed, Tavistock, 96.83; 2, N. H. Purdy, Belleville, 95.99, (flavor); 3, Geo. Empey, 95.99; 4, Wm. Morse, 95.66, (flavor); 5, J. K. Brown, Ethel, 95.66, (flavor); 6, Edward Carter, Corbyville, Ont., 95.66; 7, Donald Menzie, 95.65; 8, B. F. Howes, Atwood, 95.50.

Colored, August—1, Geo. Woodcock, West Mountain, 96.32; 2, Wm. Morse, 95.81, (flavor); 3, John Cuthbertson, Stratford, Ont., 95.82, (flavor); 4 & 5, R. E. Hastings, and B. F. Howes, scores, 95.82; 6, J. W. Clarride, Eversley, 95.66; 7, Donald Menzie, Listowel, 95.49, (flavor); 8, J. K. Brown, 95.40.

August, white—1, W. Morse, 97.16; 2, C. S.



A First-prize Holstein Heifer at Toronto. Owned by A. E. Hulet, Norwich, Ont.

Park Beauty 3rd, first, second and third in two-year-olds, on Elm Park Pride 12th, Elm Park Beauty 6th, and Elm Park Witch 2nd; first and second on junior yearlings; first and second in senior calves; first in junior calves and all herd prizes. The cattle are all of the low-set, smooth, even-fleshed kind, and a credit to their breeder and owner.

GALLOWAYS.

As usual, only one herd of this breed was shown, and the animals composing it were not in high condition. Col. D. McCrae, of Guelph, Ont., won all the prizes taken in the classes in which he had entries, viz., aged bulls, bull 2-years-old, senior yearling, junior yearling, senior and junior calf in each class of which he had one entry. In aged cows and two-year-old heifers he had two entries each, one entry in senior and junior yearling classes, and senior heifer calf, and two entries in junior calves. He also took the herd prizes.



The Holstein Cow Class at Toronto.

Close Scores in Cheese and Butter.

Exceedingly close competition prevailed in the department for butter and cheese. In many cases the final scores left two, three, or even four successive entries of cheese with the same figures down to a decimal point. The usual plan in such a case is to base the preference on flavor, but sometimes there were no odds and two or three prizes would have to be averaged. The judges said the quality of both butter and cheese was superior to anything they had ever scored in Toronto. A remarkable fact was the winning of the trophy with a June cheese.

For some years Quebec exhibitors have been very successful with butter at Toronto. This year they did not win quite so largely, but a new feature was the successful entry of exhibitors from the far West. The butter department is

Donnelly, 97.1, (flavor); 3, Geo Empey, 96.82, 4, 5, J. K. Brown, Ethel, 96.82; H. G. Donnelly, Straffordville, 96.18; 6, B. F. Howes, Atwood, 96.16; 7, T. O. Flynn, 95.99, (flavor); 8, R. E. Hastings, 95.83.

Stilton cheese—1, Geo. Empey, 96.50; 2, H. E. Donnelly, 96.16; 3, C. A. Barber, Woodstock, 96.

Cheddar flats—1, C. A. Barber, 96.33; 2, C. J. Donnelly, 96.16; 3, Geo. Woodcock, 95.99. Silver cup was won by B. F. Howes.

BUTTER-MAKING CONTEST.

Close and high scores and a large number of entries combined to make the annual butter-making contest particularly interesting.

Awards.—Amateur class: 1, Miss L. B. Gregory, Ilderton, 97.41; 2, Miss Alice Barber, Guelph 95.91; 3, Miss M. Bryden, Puslinch, 95.68; 4, Mrs. Walter Hall, Parkhill, 95.27; 5, Mrs. Wesley Dove, Pottageville, 91.18. Free for all: 1, Miss L. B. Gregory, 97.97; 2, Miss Ruth Patton, Richmond Hill, 97.60; 3, Miss Mary Jayne, Baltimore, 97.32; 4, Miss Laura Jayne, Baltimore, 97.10; 5, Miss Walter Hill, 96.10.

Professional Class: 1, Miss Laura Jayne, Baltimore, 97.25; 2, Miss Ruth Patton, Richmond Hill, 96.88; 3, Miss Mary Jayne, Baltimore, 96.80; 4, Miss E. Page, Toronto, 92.51; 5, Miss B. Page, Toronto, 89.58.

Some Special Exhibits.

In the new government building were located a few exhibits, which, because of their interest to those actively engaged in agriculture, drew large crowds of this class. One of these was the exhibit made by T. R. Arkell, of the Dominion Live-stock Branch. His sheep and wool exhibit was thronged throughout the exhibition, and served to interest many in sheep breeding. A model sheep barn, with portable outside yard partitions, was a feature admired and studied by thousands. It was a barn with four feed rooms in one end, a passage along one side and one large and one smaller pen inside, smaller pens to be made by use of portable partitions, and a large hay and straw mow on top. A model flapping outfit was another feature. Full fleeces of wool from all the breeds of sheep were shown, and a fine exhibit of wool from the Western Provinces made. The difference in staple of combing and clothing wools, Mohair and Turkish wools and all wools from different foreign countries, was demonstrated. The different stages of the manufacture of wool into worsted and ordinary woollen cloth was an interesting feature. Scoured wool, thread waste and shoddy were demonstrated, and the different qualities of wool, as taken from the various parts of the fleece, shown. Enlarged photographs of a representative of each breed decorated the wall, all going to make up one of the best educative exhibits of the show.

The Ontario Agricultural College had a bigger exhibit than ever before. Many were the people who stopped to look at the 282 eggs, the product of the best bred-to-lay barred Plymouth Rock hen at the College, as compared with the pile of 150 representing the average annual egg production of these hens as against 100 eggs, the average annual production of eggs for the hens of Ontario. Houses of different types were illustrated, and egg preservatives shown.

The Field Husbandry Department had its usual high-class exhibit, showing the approved varieties of grains and grasses, comparative yields, etc. Drainage and its advantages were the center of the Physics exhibit. Economic plant diseases and insects and their destructive work comprised the Botanical and Entomological Departments. Milk and its sources of contamination were shown in the Bacteriological section, and bees and honey were on exhibition for those interested in the Apary.

One of the most appreciated exhibits was that made by the Provincial Secretary's Department, showing field products of the farms worked in conjunction with the various hospitals for the insane in Ontario. It was a revelation to most people to see the handiwork of the inmates, and, from their work and its results and from excellent photographs and a fitted room showing beds and cots, the new method of treating the weak minded was clearly depicted.

A small exhibit of cereals and fodder from the government demonstration farm at Monteith showed the possibilities of the clay belts 450 miles north of Toronto, as did also a pyramid of roots and vegetables from the Timiskaming district, 340 miles north of the Queen city.

Fruit.

Prof. J. W. Crow, of the Ontario Agricultural College, judged the fruit, and expressed the opinion that never before has the quality of apples, peaches, pears and plums at the Canadian National, excelled that of this year's exhibits. The color of the fruit was particularly high, indicating superb quality. Some codling moth was noticed in the apples, but the quality on the whole was surprisingly good, and was taken by many to indicate that the apples in Ontario are going to be rather better quality than was at

first anticipated. Peaches were beyond doubt the best ever seen at Toronto, and never have the plums been excelled. Little fault could be found with the pears or grapes, and a very creditable exhibit was that made by the fruit men.

Over sixty boxes of apples competed. The chief winners being W. E. Wesse, Carrying Place; B. Gutthrey, Dixie; J. Furminger, St. Catharines; G. Peart, Freeman; J. Davis, Thorold; Roy Williamson, Carrying Place; J. Stewart, Homer; and L. Prest, Stamford.

Boxed Pears were an attractive lot, twenty-four entries being on the table. T. Bunting, St. Catharines; A. M. Austin, Port Dalhousie; R. Cameron, St. Catharines; W. J. Furminger, St. Catharines; W. D. Woodruff, St. Catharines; L. Prest, Stamford; F. Stewart, Stamford; L. Gray, St. Catharines; David White, Bendale, were the chief winners.

Peaches in baskets had a delicious appearance, Niagara-district growers getting most of the money.

Machinery Row.

An exhibit of more than passing interest to agriculturists is that made by the various manufacturers of farm machinery and farm implements. Not for many years has there been such a number of firms with exhibits on the grounds, and the large tents were filled to overflowing. The popularity of the gasoline engine was seen at a glance, tent after tent containing different makes of this useful farm power. All kinds of concrete machinery were demonstrated. Cream separators and the mechanical milkers in actual operation drew crowds daily. Petrol and coal-oil engines were examined by thousands of people. Potato machinery of all kinds, along with plows, harrows, discs, cultivators, wagons and a full line of farm machinery and implements, windmills and spray pumps; road-building machinery and stable fittings gave the farmer an opportunity to compare and contrast and choose that which is likely to be best suited to his conditions.

Poultry.

The Exhibition management were rather unfortunate this year in having their fine poultry buildings destroyed by fire a few weeks before the opening of the fair, but they rose to the occasion, and by the time the fair was opened, a new temporary building was completed, which housed the exhibits very comfortably. As has been the case in recent years, much interest centers in the poultry at the Canadian National. Entries were not as large as last year in many of the sections, but on the whole a fair exhibit was made. All the poultry seemed to be a little off in condition. The old stock is moulting early, and a bird in the moult never shows to the best advantage. Amongst the young stock were noticed a number of immature birds, indicating that they had been late hatched. Upon inquiring of some of the well-known poultry men the reason for this, we learned that early in the season breeders had great difficulty in getting their eggs to hatch, the cause of which they were unable to ascertain. The different breeds and classes were put in about the same proportion in respect to each other as upon former occasions. Barred Rocks, White Wyandottes and Single Comb White Leghorns were the strongest numerically, and possibly also in quality.

Ducks were in the coops to the number of 135, but many of them were rather ragged in appearance, although some very fine specimens were included in the lot.

Geese made a good showing, over 100 being in the coops.

Turkeys were weak, less than 40 birds of both White and Bronze varieties competing.

The Canadian National comes at a season of the year when it is very difficult to have stock in the best possible condition. As is usual, pigeons and pet stock and the different varieties of bantams were very numerous. It may be interesting to readers to know just how the breeds compared as to numbers at the show. While this may not be a fair criterion of the popularity of each, it has at least some value in this respect.

From actual count of the birds in the pens, we make the following statement, showing how the utility classes sized up with one another.—Barred Rocks 78, Buff Orpingtons 34, White Wyandottes 85, Columbian Wyandottes 20, Partridge Wyandottes 31, Brown Leghorns (single comb) 64, Black Leghorns 18, Buff Leghorns 39, Single Comb White Leghorns 80, Rose Comb White Leghorns 18, Black Minorcas (single comb) 54, Anconas 12, Andalusians 26, Black Orpingtons 15, Rhode Island Reds (single comb) 68, Rhode Island Reds (rose comb) 14, Hamburgs 26, White Cochins 12, Buff Cochins 8, Spanish 12. There

were many other breeds, but these are a few of the most important.

The most important winners in Barred Rocks were J. Foster, Brampton; Woodview Poultry Yards, London; John A. Nash, London; George Osman & Son, Brantford; Morton & Son, Carluke; J. La Tour, Brighton, and Fred Hind, Toronto. In Buff Orpingtons J. R. Johnson, Milton; S. A. Coakwell, Toronto; Hugh A. Rose, Fonthill; Sir H. Pallatt, Toronto; J. W. Clarke, Cainsville. In White Wyandottes, W. Norris, Toronto; Dr. Nicolle, Maynooth; A. M. Cameron, Beaverton; G. Somers, Napanee; Woodview Poultry Yards, London; Gillespie Bros., Toronto. White Rocks, Harnelbel Farm, Islington; Fred A. Anderson, London; F. Dulmage, London; E. M. Durst, Benmiller. Buff Rocks, W. H. Beemer, Hamilton; N. McPhee, Hamilton; J. Fester, Brampton; J. La Tour, Brighton. Columbian Wyandottes, J. Cunningham, London; La Tour, Brighton; Lee, Mt. Forest; Eules, Brantford. Partridge Wyandottes, Woodview Poultry Yards, London. Brown Leghorns (single comb), Orr & Creedon, Paris; M. Hoover, Locust Hill; Henderson, Scarborough; Taber, Scarborough. Rose Comb White Leghorns, Edgar, Brantford. Black Leghorns, Switzer Mitchell. Buff Leghorns, Billings, Woodstock; Dalton, Toronto. Single Comb White Leghorns, Pearson, Cooksville; Thos. Greenfield, Humber Bay; Douglas, Mitchell; Woodlawn Poultry Yards, Toronto; Linscott, Brantford; Durst, Benmiller; Battle, Bowmanville. Rose Comb White Leghorns, Taber, Scarborough; Thorne, London; Hoover, Locust Hill. Black Minorcas (single comb), W. F. Brereton, Toronto; J. C. Dums, Carluke; Willeughby, Guelph; Faulds, London. Anconas, John A. Nash, London. Andalusians, Thompson, Brantford; Jas. Tilt, Deon; Switzer, St. Marys. Black Orpingtons, Rose Fonthill; W. C. Elliott, St. Catharines. Rhode Island Reds (single comb), Boomer, Toronto; C. Sawden, Toronto; Alt, Buffalo; Vogt, Toronto. Rhode Island Reds (rose comb), Vogt, Toronto.

Vegetables.

The vegetable section of the field-crop exhibit was up to the high standard set at former shows, and the classes were well filled with vegetables of high average quality. J. B. Luard, Vineland, made the awards, which follow:

Celery: 1, Jno. Harris & Son, Belleville; 2, W. R. Trott, London; 3, Chas. Dabbs, Mount Dennis; 4, G. W. Bycroft, London; 5, P. A. Bell, Humber Bay; 6, J. J. Davis, London; 7, Jno. Tizzard, Humber Bay. Tomatoes: 1, J. A. Humphrey, Stratford; 2, G. W. Bycroft, London; 3, F. F. Reeves, Humber Bay; 4, W. Trick, Ottawa; 5, J. J. Davis, London; 6, J. Cox, Eastview; 7, Jas. McConkey, Brantford. Onions: 1, Chas. Aymer, Humber Bay; 2, F. F. Reeves, Humber Bay; 3, G. H. Poad, London, R. No. 8; 4, Jos. Norris, Eagle Place; 5, Chris. Dent, Sarnia, R. R. No. 1; 6, Wm. E. Crandall, Ingersoll; 7, J. A. Farquharson, Ottawa.

The Million Passed.

As we go to press we learn that the total attendance at the great Fair exceeded the million mark by 9,000. The largest crowd gathered on Monday of the second week, when 154,000 people thronged the park and buildings. On four different days of the exhibition did the attendance soar above the 100,000 mark, viz., Wednesday 101,000, Saturday 112,500, Monday 154,000 and Saturday 105,000. At the closing directors' luncheon it was intimated that a building should be completed by next year to house the agricultural exhibits, and that next year the new eastern entrance is to be a reality. We also hope that the management will not forget the live-stock arena.

A Country Home.

Where grapevines twine about the trees,
And there form leafy bowers dear,
Where garden-plots and flowers and bees
Scatter their fragrance far and near;
Where fruit trees bend their weary backs
With golden, green, and ruddy loads,
The drying breeze its dust exacts
From endless, lonely, chalky roads.
Where ba-ab the calves beside the fence,
And timid, graceful sheep repose,
Where grunting swine assail the sense,
And night-worked felines calmly doze;
Where runs the lane, rail-fenced and straight,
With crooked cow-paths to the wood,
The corn-stooks piled in Autumn late
Or else shorn fields as guards are stood.
Where low and red the setting sun
Leaves evening chillness in the breast,
Where merry times are soon begun,
And dance and cheer for welcome guest,—
Leave me a little while to go
Back to the scenes of early days,
Back to the scenes of early days,
The home where boyhood I did know
And life ran swift in happy lays.
Exchange.

Western Fair Arisen from Its Ashes.

Early on Friday morning, August 29th, just a week before the popular Western Fair, at London, was to open its gates, fire destroyed the Transportation, Manufacturers' and Cement Buildings, together with a large part of the horse barns, entailing a loss represented by \$32,000 insurance. The London City Council and the Western Fair Association took immediate action. They promised to make good the housing and have ample accommodation ready for all exhibits. They proved equal to their word. Mayor Graham jumped into the breach and manned the guns. All the corporation laborers were at once put to work to repair the damage to the city property. Of course President Reid and Manager A. M. Hunt co-operated effectively with the Mayor. The Hydro-Electric Service strung wires Friday afternoon, and by night a hundred and fifty men were at work, the number being afterwards increased as fast as possible. Six prominent contractors took hold and put all their men at work, until two hundred and fifty were on the job. Work was rushed day and night until Sunday at 9 p. m., when it was stopped until Monday morning. The men entered heartily into the spirit of the situation, and did their level best to have the buildings ready for the fair. It was a matter of civic pride. Some three or four hundred thousand feet of lumber were hauled out and knocked together into structures which, if covered over with metal, would answer as permanent

buildings, or, again, could be moved to a new site if one should be later secured. The cost of the new work has been roughly estimated at \$25,000. There is nearly as much accommodation as last year, except for horses, which are very numerously entered. To show how the work was rushed it may be mentioned that one building about 185 by 33 ft., containing 51 stalls, was started at one p. m. on Friday and finished Saturday morning. The buildings are brilliantly illuminated with 500-Watt tungsten lamps strung through the centres.

Relying upon the assurances of the management, exhibitors responded heartily. Entries are numerous, especially in live stock, where they are away ahead of last year. This is particularly true of the horse exhibits and the speed entries, which latter were double those of 1912. Many of the best herds of cattle and flocks of sheep came forward from Toronto, with others to add zest to the contest. An extra 50 feet on the length of the poultry building was needed for a big growth in this department. Machinery Hall is well filled, with some entries located outside.

The display of vegetables and field roots is quite out of the ordinary. There were many smooth mangels and turnips of immense size, but the meagre exhibit of corn denoted lack of maturity. The first-prize vegetable marrow lacks an inch of being a yard long. It is a variety known as Talbot's Improved, originated by W. H. K. Talbot, gardener at the London

Hospital for the Insane. Mr. Talbot says it is of excellent quality, but the largest specimen he himself ever grew was 33 1/2 inches long. There are samples of squash as big as a barrel, and other things in proportion. In the Horticultural Building are two special exhibits of note, one being that of products from the Asylum farm, and one representing the county of Middlesex, including samples of O. A. C. No 21 barley from "Weldwood," which Mr. Whale, the District Agricultural representative tells us was the best-headed barley he had seen this year. The idea of county, district, and provincial exhibits, comprising collections of products, is a good one, and we should like to see it carried further by the offer of prizes for the best exhibits representing individual farms, the name of exhibitor, farm, township and county to be prominently displayed. The Art Gallery is well filled, also the Main Building, while the midway flourishes as of yore. Any form of amusement or edification may be here secured. Before one tent set, a man and a woman, whom the sign informs us are capable of forecasting the future and reading character by means of palmistry and phrenology. If one does not hit it right, no doubt the other will. It strikes one as a very sure combination.

Altogether the Western Fair, with its numerous high-class entries and its splendid achievement in restoring housing accommodation, should appeal more strongly than ever before, and, at date of writing, it seems to be swinging off to a fine start.

Sherbrooke Exhibition the Best on Record.

"One of the best on record," so frequently heard during the past week, is no exaggeration of this year's Sherbrooke Fair. For the last few years the great Eastern Townships Exhibition has had a hard struggle. The chief opposing factor has been the weather, so much so that rain and Sherbrooke Fair have been looked upon as almost synonymous. This year the executive evidently stole a march on the weather man and the way was open for appreciation of their efforts. That the public were ready to appreciate was manifested in no uncertain way by the record crowds that swarmed the town and the fair grounds. It could not but be gratifying to the management of the fair to feel that they were in a position to give the people their money's worth. Judges, exhibitors, and visitors were agreed that perhaps never before, not barring even the Dominion Exhibition, was there a better all-round exhibit. The old departments showed improvement in character, particularly in uniformity, and were filled to maximum capacity. New departments were added which proved attractive and interesting.

For the executive was heard the greatest praise on all sides. This was no more than due, for many of those who know will agree that perhaps no fair in Canada has more able or energetic men at its head. Exhibitors and judges openly stated that nowhere did they receive more consideration and cordial treatment than in Sherbrooke.

The horse exhibit was a record one in both numbers and quality. Clydesdales were the feature, but Percherons, French Canadian and light horses all had full classes. The Clydesdales, however, had more top-notch horses among their number. R. Ness & Son, of Howick, Quebec, had a full string out, including Sir Spencer and some of his filies, which are well known, and also a few good ones recently imported. The Lennoxville Syndicate showed their two horses which were purchased last spring from Mr. Ness and John Bright, and won second and third, respectively, in strong classes.

No exhibition evidenced more expansion than that of dairy cattle, and uniformly good quality characterized the majority of the herds. Tail-enders were present in a number of the breeds, but in smaller numbers than usual. The Ayrshire breed furnished one of the best-balanced displays on the ground; every class was keenly contested, and in more than one case good judgment could have given varied placings. All the herds were from Quebec, and contributed by the following leading exhibitors: P. D. McArthur, Georgetown, Quebec; J. W. Logan, Howick, Que.; Senator W. Owens, Montebello, Que.; D. T. Ness, Howick, Que.; W. D. Parker, Hatley, Que.; A. Phamef, St. Norbert, Que.; F. J. Parnell, Rock Island, Que.; W. Fisk, Waterville, Que.; Wm. Hutchinson, Danville, Que.

The aged herd was won by P. D. McArthur, on a bunch of very uniform cattle of nice quality. J. W. Logan was second with larger cattle of somewhat coarser type. The aged bulls made a close race between John Logan and Senator Owens, the judge, Mr. Drummond, finally giving

the honors to the somewhat smaller, neater bull, with the most quality, although, in the opinions of some, Mr. Logan's bull's greater size and superior character should have placed him ahead.

The Holstein cattle were not so uniformly fitted as were the Ayrshires, but the classes were filled with cattle of good quality.

The famous herd of Neil Sangster, of Orms-town, received the bulk of the prizes. J. L. Riches, Sherbrooke, Que., exhibited a large herd and took second honors. The smaller exhibits were furnished by J. Parnell, Lennoxville, Que.; J. Harvey, Frelighsburg, Que.; Louis Archambault, Windsor Mills; L. H. Parker, Hatley, Que.; J. J. Alexander, St. Louis Sta., Que., and R. Beamegoid, Ste. Damase, Que. Among the smaller exhibits a number of really good animals competed. No doubt they constituted foundation stock, and Sherbrooke may expect increased exhibits from this source in the future. Mr. Sangster with Holsteins and Mr. Logan with Ayrshires were close rivals for the cup given for display in parade, the award finally going to Sangster.

Jerseys held their own very well, but had it not been for the excellent business herd of C. Ruiter & Sons, of Cowansville, Que., they would have been behind other years, and appeared to much disadvantage with Ayrshires and Holsteins. Mr. Ruiter is not a frequent exhibitor, but he has the goods. E. P. Ball, Rock Island, Que.; J. S. Fearay, Lennoxville, Que.; A. Sylvester, Clarendon, Que., and H. C. Bailey, Cookshire, all contributed good-sized herds.

Guernseys were not equal to the Jerseys, although Hon. Sydney Fisher's herd, of Knowlton, Que.; Guy Carr, Rock Island, Que.; E. P. Ball, of the same place, and J. M. Stevens, of Bedford, Que., had fairly representative herds.

French Canadians made their usual display. Not only were the exhibitors, with the exception of Hooper Bros., of Compton, Que., circuit regulars, but also among the animals shown a number have made many trips, some of which might better be left at home now. Some good cattle were shown, but to one familiar with the showing of this breed from year to year it would seem that not much progress is being made. There were too many weaklings. Guernseys and Jerseys, to some extent, would merit the same criticism. At our larger fairs, especially, fair boards and judges should unite and condemn the showing of scrubs; and while this year Sherbrooke showed improvement in this regard, there were too many inferiors occupying valuable and much-needed space and marring the general exhibits.

In recent years Sherbrooke had a fair exhibit in beef cattle. Angus and Herefords are always limited to very few breeders. This year was no exception, but creditable displays were made. Shorthorns were quite the feature in the beef cattle ring, and it can be fairly said that representatives were out in good numbers which would do credit to the breed in any company. The three chief exhibitors were F. R. Cromwell, Cookshire, Que.; F. Nicolson & Bro., Tyhan, Ont., and O. M. Parker, Lennoxville, Que. Mr. Cromwell's herd

won the cup for the largest and most creditable exhibit of beef cattle. Sixteen head were included in the herd, and not a single inferior animal among the number. Mr. Parker's aged bull won the sweepstakes for the best Shorthorn bull on the ground, and a very nice red two-year-old heifer from the herd of Mr. Nicolson took similar honors among the females. Perhaps the most pleasing feature was the young stock from the different herds. Senior and junior heifer calves, with senior and junior yearlings, made keen high-class competition, and Prof. Barton, of MacDonald College, who placed the awards, had to exercise some close discrimination.

New features among the Shorthorns were introduced. The society offered prizes for milking Shorthorns and a few specials were given as well. The subject of "dairy Shorthorns" is a very live one in this district, and it would seem that the move to emphasize them at the fair is a very wise one. Some very fair individuals were shown by Messrs. Parker and Cromwell.

John Campbell, of Woodville, judged the sheep and in his opinion the exhibit was one of the most uniform and best balanced yet seen at Sherbrooke. A regrettable fact in connection with it is that most of the exhibitors with the best flocks came from Ontario. However, in some classes Quebec breeders held their own fairly well and it might be safely said the exhibit as a whole, and the interest manifested in it were very suggestive of brighter prospects for the golden fleece in this province. The cup for the best exhibit of sheep was won by a high-class flock of Shropshires, exhibited by C. R. Kelsey, Woodville, Ont.

CLYDESDALES.

Awards.—Aged stallions: 1, R. Ness & Son; 2, G. Campbell (Lennoxville Syndicate); 3, Wm. Nussey, Howick, Que. Three-year-olds.—1 and 2, R. Ness & Son; 3, A. Campbell. Two-year-olds, 1 and 3, R. Ness & Son; 2, J. E. Arnold, Grenville, Que. One-year-old.—1, Wm. Nussey. Diploma.—R. Ness & Son, on Sir Spencer. Mares.—3 years or over: 1, R. Ness & Son; 2, A. F. Lyster, Parkdale; 3, J. M. Parker, Lennoxville; Two-year-olds.—1, 2 and 3, R. Ness & Son. One-year-old: 1, A. B. Lyster; 2, B. T. Ingham; 3, Wm. Nussey. Foal, 1913: 1, S. D. Slatker; 2, Wm. Nussey; 3, B. T. Ingham. Brood mare and foal: 1, B. T. Ingham; 2, A. D. Slatker; 3, Wm. Nussey. Female, any age.—Diploma: R. Ness & Son. Stallion, with three of his progeny: R. Ness & Son. Canadian-bred stallion, any age: Wm. Nussey. Canadian-bred mare, any age: B. T. Ingham. Team draft mares, in harness: R. Ness & Son. Single draft mare, in harness: R. Ness & Son. Three Canadian-bred mares: 1, Wm. Nussey; 2, A. B. Lyster; 3, B. T. Ingham.

PERCHERONS.

Aged stallions: 1, J. E. Arnold; 2, G. Gignras, St. Cesaire, Que.; 3, S. Cleland. Stallion 3 years old: 1, James Cherwood; 2 and 3, J. E. Arnold. Stallion, 2 years old: 1, 2 and 3, J. E. Arnold. Stallion, 1 year old: 1, A. Hodges. Best stallion, any age: J. E. Arnold. Mare, 3 years old: 1 and 2, J. E. Arnold. Mare, 2 years old: 1, J. E. Arnold; 2, O. La

Febvre. Mare, 1 year old: 1, J. E. Arnold. Foal, 1918: 1, A. Hodge; 2, R. W. Reid. Brood mare and foal: 1, A. Hodge; 2, R. W. Reid. Best female, any age: J. C. Arnold. Best stallion, with three of progeny: D. J. Statton.

AYRSHIRES.

Bull, aged: 1, W. Owens; 2, J. W. Logan; 3, P. McArthur; 4, Ant. Phanel. Bull, 2 years old: 1, D. T. Ness; 2, W. D. Parker; 3, Senator Owens; 4, Senator Owens. Bull, 1 year old: 1, J. W. Logan; 2, P. McArthur; 3, D. T. Ness; 4, P. D. McArthur. Senior bull calf: 1, Sen. Owens; 2, D. T. Ness; 3, W. D. Parker. Junior bull calf: 1, P. D. McArthur; 2, Owens; 3, Ness. Bull, any age.—Diploma: Senator Owens, on Bell Boy. Cow, dry: 1, McArthur; 2, Ness; 3, Logan; 4, Owens. Heifer, 3 years old, in milk: 1, Owens; 2, Ness; 3 and 4, Logan; 5, Phanel. Heifer, 2 years old, in milk: 1 and 2, McArthur; 3, Phanel; 4, Parker. Heifer, 2 yrs. old, dry: 1, Ness; 2, Logan; 3, Owens; 4, Ness. Heifer, 1 year old: 1, Owens; 2, Parker; 3, McArthur; 4, Parker. Senior heifer calf: 1, Phanel; 2, Ness; 3, Owens. Junior heifer calf: 1, Owens; 2, Owens; 3, Parker; 4, Logan. Female, any age: Logan. Senior herd: 1, McArthur; 2, Logan; 3, Owens; 4, Ness. Junior herd: 1, Owens; 2, Logan; 3, Ness; 4, Parker.

HOLSTEINS.

Aged bull: 1, Sangster; 2, Harvey; 3, Riches; 4, W. J. Parnell; 5, R. Bemgoid. Bull, 2 years old: 1, Archambault. Bull, 1 year old: 1, Parker; 2, Alexander; 3, Sangster; 4, Parnell. Bull calf, senior: 1, Riches; 2, Archambault; 3, Riches; 4, Parker. Bull calf, junior: 1, Riches; 2, Parnell; 3, Alexander; 4, Parnell. Bull, any age.—Diploma: Sangster. Cow, aged, in milk: 1 and 2, Sangster; 3, Bemgoid; 4, Sangster; 5, Archambault. Cow, 3 years old, in milk: 1, Sangster; 2, Alexander; 3, Riches; 4, Riches; 5, Bemgoid. Cow, 2 years old, in milk: 1, Riches; 2, Bemgoid; 3, Sangster; 4, Alexander; 5, Archambault. Cow, 2 years old, dry: 1, Sangster. Cow, 1 year old: 1 and 2, Sangster; 3, Riches; 4, Sangster; 5, Archambault. Senior heifer calf: 1, Sangster; 2, Archambault; 3, Alexander. Junior heifer calf: 1 and 2, Sangster; 3, Riches; 4, Archambault; 5, Parker. Best female, any age: 1, Sangster. Senior herd: 1, Sangster; 2, Riches; 3, Bemgoid; 4, Archambault. Junior herd: 1, Sangster; 2, Riches; 3, Archambault.

JERSEYS.

Bull, aged: 1, Ruitter & Sons; 2, Fearson; 3, Ball. Bull, 2 years old: 1, Ball. Bull, 1 year old: 1, Ball; 2, Bailey. Senior bull calf: 1, Ruitter & Sons. Junior bull calf: 1, Ruitter & Sons. Bull, any age: Ruitter & Sons. Cow, aged, in milk: 1, Ruitter & Sons; 2, Fearson; 3, Ball. Cow, 3 years old: 1, Fearson; 2, Ruitter & Sons; 3, Sylvestre. Cow, 2 years old, in milk: 1, Ruitter & Sons; 2, Ruitter & Sons. Cow, 2 years, dry: 1, Fearson; 2, Ball. Cow, 1 year, dry: 1 and 2, Ruitter & Sons; 3, Bailey; 4, Fearson. Senior heifer calf: 1, 2 and 3, Ruitter & Sons; 4, Fearson. Junior heifer calf: 1 and 2, Ruitter & Sons; 3, Fearson; 4, Bailey. Female, any age: Ruitter & Sons. Senior herd: 1, Ruitter & Sons; 2, Fearson; 3, Ball. Junior herd: 1, Ruitter & Sons; 2, Bailey; 3, Ball.

GUERNSEYS.

Bull, aged: 1, Guy Carr; 2, Ball; 3, Stevens; 4, Carr. Bull, 2 years old: 1, Hon. S. A. Fisher; 2, Ball. Bull, 1 year old: 1, Ball; 2, Fisher; 3, Stevens; 4, Carr. Senior bull calf: 1, Carr; 2, Fisher; 3, Ball; 4, Stevens. Junior bull calf: 1, Ball; 2, Fisher; 3, Ball; 4, Stevens. Bull, any age: 1, Hon. S. A. Fisher. Cow, aged, in milk: 1 and 2, Fisher; 3, Carr; 4, Stevens. Heifer, three years, in milk: 1, Stevens; 2, Fisher; 3, Carr; 4, Stevens. Heifer, two years old, in milk: 1, Fisher. Heifer, two years old, dry: 1, Ball; 2 and 3, Fisher; 4, Carr. Heifer, one year old: 1, 3 and 4, Fisher; 2, Carr. Junior heifer calf: 1, Ball; 2, Fisher; 3, Carr; 4, Stevens. Female, any age: 1, E. P. Ball. Senior herd: 1, Fisher; 2, Carr; 3, Stevens. Junior herd: 1, Carr; 2, Fisher; 3, Ball.

SHORTHORNS.

Aged bull: 1, Parker; 2, Cromwell; 3, Fisher; 4, Elliott. Bull, two years old: 1, Nicolson; 2, Adams; 3, Burton; 4, Algier. Bull, 1 year old: 1, Cromwell; 2, Nicolson; 3, Parker; 4, McKay. Senior bull calf: 1, Cromwell; 2, Parker. Junior bull calf: 1, Nicolson; 2, Cromwell; 3, Parker; 4, Fisher. Bull, any age, diploma, Parker. Cow, aged: 1, Cromwell; 2 and 3, Nicolson; 4 and 5, Cromwell. Heifer, two years old: 1 and 2, Nicolson; 3 and 4, Cromwell; 5, Parker. Heifer, one year old: 1 and 4, Nicolson; 2 and 5, Cromwell; 3, Parker. Senior heifer calf: 1 and 3, Cromwell; 2, Parker; 4, Nicolson. Junior heifer calf: 1, Nicolson; 2 and 3, Cromwell; 4, Parker. Female, any age: Nicolson. Senior herd: 1, Nicolson; 2, Cromwell; 3, Parker. Junior herd: 1, Cromwell; 2, Nicolson; 3, Parker.

MILKING SHORTHORNS.

Aged cow: 1 and 2, Parker; 3, Fuller. Cow, under four years: 1, Parker; 2, Cromwell.

HEREFORDS.

Aged bull: 1, Algier; 2, Waldron. Bull, two years old: 1, Algier; 2, Howe. Bull, one year old: 1, Algier. Bull, any age: 1, Algier. Cow, aged: 1 and 2, Algier. Heifer, two years old: 1, Algier. Heifer, one year old: 1, Algier; 2, Howe. Heifer calf: 1, Howe. Female, any age: 1, Algier. Senior Heifer: 1, Algier.

ABERDEEN-ANGUS.

Aged bull: 1, Harvey; 2, McLeod. Aged cow: 1, Harvey; 2 and 3, McLeod. All other classes won by McLeod.

SHEEP.—Leicesters—Ram, aged: 1 and 2, Allen Bros.; 3, Parnell; 4, Parker. Ram, shearing: 1, 2 and 3, Allen Bros. Ram lamb: 1, 2 and 4, Parker; 3, Allen. Ewe, aged: 1, 2 and 3, Allen Bros.; 4, Parker. Ewe, shearing: 1 and 2, Allen Bros.; 3 and 4, Parker. Ewe lamb: 1 and 3, Parker; 2 and 4, Allen Bros. Pen, diploma, Allen Bros.

Shropshires.—Ram, aged: 1, Hodgson, Brantford; 2, Kelsey, Woodville; 3, Denis; 4, Parker. Ram, shearing: 1, 2 and 3, Kelsey; 4, Hodgson. Ram, lamb: 1 and 2, Kelsey; 3, Hodgson; 4, Parnell. Ewe, aged: 1, Parker; 2, 3 and 4, Kelsey. Ewe, shearing: 1, Hodgson; 2, 3 and 4, Kelsey. Ewe lamb: 1, Parker; 2, Hodgson; 3, Kelsey; 4, Vaillancourt. Best pen, Hodgson. Southdowns.—Ram, aged: 1, Hodgson; 2 and 3, Ayre; 4, Elliott. Ram, shearing: 1 and 2, Ayre; 3, Hodgson; 4, Elliott. Ram lamb: 1 and 3, Ayre; 2, Hodgson; 4, Elliott. Ewe, aged: 1 and 2, Ayre; 3 and 4, Elliott. Ewe, shearing: 1, Hodgson; 2 and 3, Ayre; 4, Elliott. Ewe lamb: 1 and 4, Ayre; 2, Hodgson; 3, Elliott. Best pen, Ayre.

Cotswolds.—Ram, aged: 1 and 3, Denis; 2, Allen Bros.; 4, Sylvestre. Ram, shearing: 1 and 2, Allen Bros.; 3, Denis; 4, Sylvestre. Ram lamb: 1 and 4, Denis; 2, Allen Bros.; 3, Sylvestre. Ewe, aged: 1, 2 and 4, Allen Bros.; 3, Sylvestre. Ewe, shearing: 1, 2 and 3, Allen Bros.; 4, Sylvestre. Ewe lamb: 1 and 3, Allen Bros.; 2, Denis. Pen, diploma, Allen Bros.

Oxford.—Ram, aged: 1 and 3, Denis; 2, Weir Bros.; 4, Sylvestre. Ram, Shearling: 1, Balsam; 2 and 4, Sylvestre; 3, Weir Bros. Ram lamb: 1 and 3, Balsam; 2 and 4, Weir Bros. Ewe, aged: 1 and 3, Weir Bros.; 2 and 4, Balsam. Ewe, shearing: 1 and 4, Denis; 2, Balsam; 3, Weir Bros. Ewe lamb: 1, Denis; 2 and 4, Balsam; 3, Weir Bros. Best pen, Weir Bros. Best flock of sheep, any breed, J. R. Kelsey.

The swine pens were well filled, as usual, and the character of the exhibit was good. Swine were no exception in the elimination of at least some of the ever-present weeds. John Harvey, of Bedford, Quebec, exhibited over two hundred hogs, including many high-class representatives of nearly all the breeds. W. Miller, of Brome Centre, Que., was another large exhibitor and won a large share of the prizes on his splendid pen of Chester Whites. Unlike the sheep, the swine were furnished from the Province, and the fact that so many really good ones were shown speaks something for the hog business in Quebec.

SWINE.—Chester Whites—Boar, aged: 1, Sylvestre. Boar, yearling: 1, 2 and 3, Harvey. Boar, six months to one year: 1 and 2, Harvey; 3, Sylvestre. Boar under six months: 1, Miller; 2, Sylvestre; 3, Harvey. Sow, aged: 1, Miller. Sow, yearling: 1, Harvey; 2, Miller; 3, Harvey. Sow with litter: 1, Miller; 2, Sylvestre; 3, Harvey. Sow under one year: 1, Miller; 2, Harvey; 3, Sylvestre. Sow under six months: 1 and 3, Miller; 2, Harvey. Pen, Miller.

Tamworths.—Boar, aged: 1, Harvey. Boar under two years: 1 and 2, Harvey; 3, Stevens. Boar under one year: 1 and 3, Harvey; 2, Stevens. Boar under six months: 1 and 2, Harvey; 3, Stevens. Sow, two years and over: 1, Harvey. Sow, under two years: 1, Stevens; 2 and 3, Harvey. Sow with litter: 1 and 3, Harvey; 2, Stevens. Sow under one year: 1 and 2, Harvey; 3, Stevens. Sow under six months: 1 and 2, Miller; 3, Harvey. Pen, Harvey.

Yorkshires.—Boar, aged: 1, Harvey; 2, Owens. Boar under two years: 1, Harvey. Boar under one year: 1, Harvey. Boar under six months: 1, Parnell; 2 and 3, Harvey. Sow, aged: 1, Harvey. Sow under two years: 1, and 2, Harvey. Sow with litter: 1, Owens; 2, Harvey. Sow under one year: 1, Harvey; 2, Parnell; 3, Harvey. Sow under six months: 1 and 2, Harvey; 3, Parnell. Pen, Harvey.

Berkshires.—Boar, aged: 1, Harvey. Boar under two years: 1, Harvey; 2, Stevens. Boar under one year: 1, Harvey. Boar under six months: 1, Stevens; 2, Harvey. Sow, aged: 1, Harvey. Sow under two years: 1, Harvey; 2, Stevens. Sow with litter: 1, Harvey. Sow under one year: 1 and 2, Harvey; 3, Stevens. Sow under six months: 1, Sylvestre; 2, Stevens; 3, Harvey. Pen, Harvey.

Poland-Chinas.—Boar, aged: 1, Harvey. Boar under two years: 1, Harvey; 2, Owens. Boar under one year: 1, Harvey. Boar under six

months: 1, Harvey; 2, Stevens. Sow, aged: 1, Harvey. Sow under two years: Bailey, Stevens, Harvey. Sow with litter: 1 and 3, Harvey; 2, Stevens. Sow under one year: 1, Stevens; 2 and 3, Harvey. Sow under six months: 1, Stevens; 2, Sylvestre. Pen, diploma, Harvey. Best exhibit of swine, J. Harvey, (diploma and silver medal).

Studying the White Grub.

Following the article on "the white grub pest" which appeared in "The Farmer's Advocate" of Sept. 4th, a synopsis of certain investigations by the United States Bureau of Entomology, our readers will be especially pleased to read an announcement by Dr. Chas. Gordon Hewitt, Dominion Entomologist, explaining that the Canadian Department of Agriculture is co-operating with the U. S. Bureau of Entomology by studying the white grubs in Canada, thereby making the investigation international, and including the Northern species and conditions. In Ontario, H. F. Hudson, Field Officer of the Division of Entomology, has been stationed at a laboratory at Strathroy, Middlesex County, in which county these pests have been abundant and injurious during a number of years. Another field laboratory has been established at Treestbank, in southern Manitoba, and there Norman Criddle is studying the Western forms. The Dominion Department would be glad if farmers who have experienced white grub injuries to corn, timothy, pasture land, potatoes, strawberries, etc., would assist in this investigation, by getting into communication with the officers named, or by communicating direct with Dr. Hewitt at Ottawa. It is of very great importance that they should know the history of infestations and character of crops attacked, etc., and it is easy to realize that all the information that can be supplied will very materially help them.

It will be remembered that in May, 1911, there was a very extensive outbreak of the adult June bugs (or May bugs) in Western Ontario; swarms of the beetles appeared after sunset, and the shore of Lake Huron was covered with their dead bodies. These beetles laid their eggs in the spring of 1911, and in 1912 very considerable white-grub injury was reported. This was due to the fact that these beetles live in the grub or larval state for three years (probably) in Ontario, and the maximum damage is done in the second year. This brood of beetles will pupate during the present year, and the adult beetles will emerge next spring. They will lay their eggs in that year, and in the following year, 1915, considerable damage may be expected in those districts in which this brood occurs. In 1914 as large an acreage as possible of such crops as corn and potatoes may be planted in the localities in which the adult beetles appear. These crops should be kept thoroughly cultivated during the time the beetles are flying and laying their eggs.

"When we are in possession of more exact information in regard to the lengths of the life-cycles of the different species of white grubs, their habits and the relative susceptibility of different crops it will be possible," says Dr. Hewitt, "to advise definite methods of prevention and control with a greater degree of certainty than our present lack of knowledge permits."

Urges Field Selection of Seed Corn.

"In the selection of ears of corn for seed," says Professor A. G. McCall, of the College of Agriculture, "it is important that only such ears be selected as have acquired the habit of ripening on time. Also, care should be taken not to select seed ears from plants or varieties that ripen a long time before hard frosts may be expected, for such plants and varieties will yield less corn than those which use the entire season. However, the intelligent selection of seed corn in the field, as maturity approaches, is helpful if it takes into consideration the immediate environment, particularly the stand of plants. A plant growing in a hill with two other plants should be rated much higher for having produced an ear of a given weight than a plant growing in a hill by itself, soil conditions being the same. In other words, the selection of seed corn should be made in the field, where the growing plants may be considered in connection with their environment, and plants growing under less than normal stand or extra-normal conditions of any sort should thereby be disqualified, save in exceptional cases. We want to be sure that the excellence we observe is due to something wrapped up in the seed, and not to something which has happened to the seed, for, if we fail to make these same things happen, the excellence will disappear. A larger number of ears than are needed should be selected in the field, so that later culling may leave the necessary amount of seed. It is well to leave the seed ears on the stock until they are well matured and hardened. Plants bearing the selected ears may be marked by topping or with paint, so that they may be noted and the ears saved at husking time."

Markets.

Toronto.

Receipts at the Union Stock Yards on Wednesday, September 8th, numbered 118 cars, comprising 2,336 cattle, 465 hogs, 449 sheep, 205 calves and 22 horses. No sales. At the City Yards, receipts were 4 cars, 50 cattle, 36 hogs, 159 sheep, 12 calves. Trade was slow. Butcher cattle, \$5 to \$6.25; packers, \$3.50 to \$4; calves, \$6 to \$8.50; sheep, \$3.50 to \$5; lambs, \$6.50 to \$6.60; hogs, ten, fed and watered.

TOTAL LIVE STOCK.

Total receipts of live stock at the City and Union Yards last week were:

Table with 4 columns: Category, City, Union, Total. Rows include Cars, Cattle, Hogs, Sheep, Calves, and Horses.

The total receipts of live stock at the two markets for the corresponding week of 1912 were:

Table with 4 columns: Category, City, Union, Total. Rows include Cars, Cattle, Hogs, Sheep, Calves, and Horses.

The combined receipts of live stock at the two markets for the week, show an increase of 151 cars, 3,922 cattle, 881 sheep, and lambs, 302 calves; but a decrease of 1,072 hogs, and 26 horses in comparison with the same week of 1912.

REVIEW OF LAST WEEK'S MARKETS.

Receipts of live stock the past week were larger than for the corresponding week of 1912. The feature of the week was the buying of a very large number of stockers and feeders for the American markets. Over fifty loads were reported to have been bought for the Buffalo market alone. A very few of these classes have yet been taken by the Ontario farmers, and the probability is that they will have to pay much higher prices later on. Cattle values for the past week have ruled about steady, with our last report. Sheep and lambs are lower, especially the latter; hogs also have been a little lower, but calves have remained very firm.

Exporters.—Swift & Co., of Chicago, bought 100 export steers for the London market, weighing 1,365 lbs., at \$6.50 to \$6.80.

Butchers.—Choice butchers' sold at \$6.40 to \$6.80, and one load brought \$6.90, and an extra choice, well-finished load was bought by the Harris Abattoir Co. at \$7.20; loads of good, \$6 to \$6.30; medium, \$5.50 to \$5.80; common, \$5 to \$5.40; light steers and heifers, \$4.50 to \$4.90; choice cows, \$5.25 to \$5.60; good cows, \$4.75 to \$5; medium cows, \$4 to \$4.75; common cows, \$3.50 to \$3.75; canners, \$2 to \$3; export bulls, \$5.25 to \$5.60; butcher bulls, \$4.25 to \$5; bologna bulls, \$3.50 to \$4.

Feeders and stockers.—Feeders, 908 to 1,050 lbs., sold at \$5.25 to \$5.60; steers 800 to 900 lbs., \$4.75 to \$5.25; stockers, 450 to 700 lbs., at \$3.50 to \$4.75, and inferior Eastern stockers, \$2.50 to \$3.50.

Milkers and Springers.—There was a good demand for milkers and springers all week at steady prices, which have ruled for several weeks. Good choice cows sold from \$50 to \$70 each, while something extra brought \$75 and \$80; common and medium cows sold from \$35 to \$45.

Veal Calves.—Prices for veal calves were very firm. Choice calves, sold at \$8.50 to \$9.50; good calves, \$7.50 to \$8; medium calves, \$3.50 to \$5.25.

Sheep and Lambs.—Prices for sheep and lambs were easier, especially the latter, which sold at lower values than for many months. Sheep, light ewes, 100 to 130 lbs., \$4.75 to \$5; ewes, 140 to 160 lbs., at \$4 to \$4.50; culls and rams, \$2.50 to \$3.75. Lambs sold from \$6 to \$6.75 at the close of the week, the bulk going at \$6.50.

Hogs.—Prices for selects, fed and watered, ranged from \$9.90 to \$10, fed

and watered, and \$9.60 to \$9.65 f. o. b. cars, and \$10.25 weighed off cars.

BREADSTUFFS.

Wheat.—Ontario, No. 2 red, white or mixed, 84c. to 85c., outside 90c. track, Toronto; No. 1 Manitoba, northern, 99c.; No. 2 northern, 98c.; No. 3 northern, 93c., track, lake ports. Oats.—Ontario, New white, 33c. to 34c., outside, 35c. to 36c., track, Toronto; Manitoba, No. 2, 39c.; No. 3, 38c., lake ports. Rye.—No. 2, 61c. to 62c., outside. Peas.—No. 2, 83c. to 85c., outside. Buckwheat.—No. 2, 52c. to 53c., outside. Corn.—American, No. 2, yellow, 78c., midland; 83c., track, Toronto. Barley.—For malting, 50c. to 53c., outside. Flour.—Ontario, 90 per cent winter-wheat flour, new, \$3.60 to \$3.65, in bulk. Manitoba flour prices at Toronto.—First patents, \$5.50; second patents, \$5; in cotton, 10c. more; strong bakers, \$4.80, in jute.

HAY AND MILLFEED.

Manitoba bran, \$20 in bags, track, Toronto; shorts, \$21; Ontario bran, \$20, in bags; shorts, \$21; middlings, \$23.

Hay.—Baled, car lots, track, Toronto, new, \$18 to \$18.50; No. 2, \$11 to \$12. Straw.—Baled, car lots, track, Toronto, \$11 to \$12 per ton.

HIDES AND SKINS.

No. 1 inspected steers and cows, 18c.; No. 2 inspected steers and cows, 12c.; city hides, 13c. to 13c.; country hides, cured, 13c.; calf skins, per lb., 16c.; lamb skins and pelts, 20c. to 50c.; sheep skins, \$1.50 to \$1.85; horse hair, 35c. to 37c.; horse hides, No. 1, \$3.50; tallow, No. 1, per lb., 5c. to 7c.

WOOL.

Coarse, unwashed, 15c.; coarse, washed, 24c.; fine, unwashed, 17c.; fine, washed, 26c. per lb.

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Butter.—Market steady to strong at 27c. to 28c. for creamery rolls; creamery solids, 25c. to 27c.; separator dairy, 25c. to 27c.; store lots, 20c. to 21c.

Cheese.—Market steady, old per lb., 15c. for large, and 15c. for twins; cheese, new, 14c. for large, and 14c. twins.

Eggs.—Market firm, new laid, 25c. to 26c., case lots.

Honey.—Extracted, 12c. to 18c.; combs, per dozen, \$2.50 to \$3.00.

Beans.—Hand-picked, imported, \$2.80 to \$2.40 per bushel; Canadian, hand-picked, \$2.25; primes, \$1.75 to \$1.85.

Potatoes.—Car lots of Ontario's, 75c. to 85c., track, Toronto; New Brunswick potatoes, car lots, 85c. to 95c., track, Toronto.

Poultry.—Receipts of live poultry liberal. Prices quoted as follows: chickens, 18c. to 19c.; dressed, 22c. to 23c.; ducks, 12c., alive, and 16c. to 18c., dressed; hens, 12c. to 14c., alive, and 16c. to 17c., dressed.

FRUIT AND VEGETABLES.

Receipts of Canadian fruits during the past week have been the largest of the season this far, and prices have been accordingly easier as follows: Apples, per basket, 30c. to 40c.; apples, per bbl., \$2 to \$2.50; blackberries, 7c. to 9c. per quart by case; blueberries, \$1.05 to \$1.75 per basket; cantaloupes, per basket, 40c. to 90c.; corn, per dozen, 8c. to 12c.; cucumbers, 20c. to 30c., per basket; peaches, 50c. to \$1.00 per basket; plums, basket, 30c. to 75c.; pears, basket, 35c. to 60c.; beans, per basket, 25c. to 35c.; tomatoes, sold at 25c. to 40c. per basket; grapes, 25c. to 30c. per basket; onions, per basket of half bushel, \$1.65.

Buffalo.

Cattle.—Prime steers, \$8.85 to \$9.10; shipping, \$8.25 to \$8.75; butchers, \$7 to \$8.75; cows, \$2.75 to \$7.50; bulls, \$5.25 to \$7.50; heifers, \$6.50 to \$8.25; stock heifers, \$5.50 to \$6; stockers and leathers, \$6 to \$7.60; fresh cows and springers, \$35 to \$90.

Veals.—\$6 to \$12.50. Hogs.—Heavy, \$9.40 to \$9.50; mixed, \$9.50 to \$9.70; yorkers, \$9.25 to \$9.75; pigs, \$8.75 to \$9; roughs, \$8 to \$8.25; stags, \$6.50 to \$7.50; dairies, \$9.25 to \$9.65.

Sheep and Lambs.—Lambs, \$5.50 to \$7.75; yearlings, \$4.50 to \$6.25; wethers, \$5.25 to \$5.50; ewes, \$2.50 to \$4.75; sheep, mixed, \$4.75 to \$5.25.

Montreal.

The market for cattle showed considerable activity this week, and prices held firm. Choicest steers sold at 6c. to 6c. per lb., while fine brought 6c. and good 5c. to 6c. and medium from 5c. to 5c., while common ranged down to 4c. per lb. Some common cows sold as low as 3c. per lb., and the best as high as 5c. Lambs sold at 6c. to 6c., and sheep at 4c., while calves ranged from \$3 to \$10 each. Hogs were in good demand, but offerings were fairly large and prices were slightly lower, ranging from 10c. to 10c. per lb. for choice, with rough stock at 10c. per lb., weighed off cars.

Horses.—There has been an improvement in the demand for horses, but prices were steady, as follows: Heavy draft horses, weighing from 1,500 to 1,700 lbs., \$300 to \$350 each; light draft, 1,400 to 1,500 lbs., \$225 to \$300 each; light horses, 1,000 to 1,100 lbs., \$125 to \$200 each; broken down old animals, \$75 to \$125, and choicest saddle and carriage animals, \$350 to \$500 each.

Dressed Hogs.—The market for dressed hogs showed no alteration this week, prices being steady in spite of an easier tone in live stock. Fresh-killed, abattoir-dressed hogs sold at 14c. to 14c. per lb.

Honey and Syrup.—The market for honey and syrup remained unchanged. White clover comb was 16c. to 17c. per lb.; extracted, 11c. to 12c.; dark comb, 14c. to 15c., and strained, 8c. to 9c. Tins of maple sugar sold at 9c. to 10c. per lb., and syrup in wood at 7c. to 8c., while maple sugar was 11c. to 12c. per lb.

Eggs.—Owing to cooler weather and the grain in the fields, eggs were of better quality. Prices, however, were steady. Strictly fresh eggs were quoted at 32c. per dozen. Selected eggs were 29c., and No. 1 candled 26c., while No. 2 were 20c. per dozen.

Butter.—There was a marked advance in the price of butter, both here and in the country, this week, and prices were nearly a cent up. Choice creamery was quoted here at 24c. to 25c. per lb. in a wholesale way. Fine creamery was 24c. to 24c. and second grades were as low as 23c. Dairy butter was unchanged at 21c. to 22c. per lb.

Cheese.—The market for cheese showed a slightly firmer tone. Prices were 13c. per lb. for Western colored, and 13c. for Eastern. White cheese sold at a discount of 1c. to 1c. under colored all the way round.

Grain.—Oats were steady in price. No. 2 Western Canada were quoted at 40c. to 41c. per bushel, ex store. No. 1 extra feed 40c. to 40c.

Flour.—The market showed no change last week. Manitoba first patents were \$5.60 per barrel, in bags; seconds, \$5.10, and strong bakers', \$4.90. Ontario winter wheat patent flour was easier at \$5.25 to \$5.50, while straight rollers were \$5 to \$5.10.

Milled.—The market has steadied down again and showed no change. Bran was \$21 per ton and shorts \$23, in bags, while middlings were \$26.00, including bags. Moullie was \$30 to \$32 per ton for pure and \$27 to \$29 for mixed.

Hay.—Prices were rather higher again. No. 1 pressed hay, car lots, Montreal, on track, was \$14 to \$14.50 per ton, while No. 2 was \$13 to \$13.50 and No. 3 \$12 to \$12.50.

Hides.—Prices were steady, save for an increase in lamb skins. Beef hides were 11c., 12c. and 13c. per lb., respectively, for Nos. 3, 2 and 1. Calf skins were 15c. to 17c. per lb., for Nos. 2 and 1, and lamb skins 50c. each, with horse hides ranging from \$1.75 for No. 2 and \$2.50 each for No. 1. Tallow sold at 1c. to 3c. per lb. for rough and 6c. to 6c. for rendered.

Chicago.

Cattle.—Beeves, \$6.90 to \$9.15; Texas steers, \$6.70 to \$7.75; stockers and feeders, \$5.00 to \$7.90; cows and heifers, \$3.70 to \$8.60; calves, \$8.75 to \$11.75.

Hogs.—Light, \$8.50 to \$9.32; mixed, \$7.65 to \$9.25; heavy, \$7.50 to \$8.80; rough, \$7.50 to \$7.80; pigs, \$4 to \$8.75.

Sheep.—Native, \$3.50 to \$4.75; yearlings, \$5 to \$5.75; lambs, native, \$5.50 to \$7.65.

Cheese Markets.

Utica, N. Y., 14c.; butter 30c.; Cowansville, Que., butter, 25c.; Belleville, Ont., 13c., 13-16c., 13c.; Stirling, Ont., 13-16c., 13c., 13-16c.; Peterboro, Ont., 13-16c.; Madoc, Ont., 13-16c. to 13c.; Kingston, Ont., 13-16; Brockville, Ont., 13c. to 13-16c.; Napanee, Ont., 13c.; Iroquois, Ont., 13c.; Picton, Ont., 13-16c.; Cornwall, Ont., 13c.; Watertown, N. Y., 15c.

Gossip.

Geo. A. Brodie, of Newmarket, has lately sailed for Scotland and France to make selections for his 1913 importation. Mr. Brodie is well known as one of the most extensive importers in Canada, and the high-class quality of his selections finds for them a ready sale. In this year's lot the same care and critical selection will be exercised. Look out for particulars in these columns on their arrival.

OPPORTUNITY.

They do me wrong who say I come no more, When once I knock and fail to find you in; For every day I stand outside your door, And bid you wake and rise to fight and win.

Wail not for precious chances passed away; Weep not for golden ages on the wane! Each night I burn the records of the day; At sunrise every soul is born again.

Laugh like a boy at splendors that have sped, To vanished joys be blind and deaf and dumb; My judgments seal the dead past with the dead, But never bind a moment get to come.

Though deep in mire, writing not your hands and weep; I lend my arms to all who say, "I can!" No shamefaced outcast ever sank so deep, But yet might rise again and be a man!

Dost thou behold thy lost youth all aghast? Dost reel from righteous retribution's blow? Then turn from blotted archives of the past, And find the future's pages white as snow.

Art thou a mourner? Rouse thee from thy spall; Art thou a sinner? Sins may be forgiven; Each morning gives thee wings to flee from hell— Each night a star to guide thy feet to heaven.

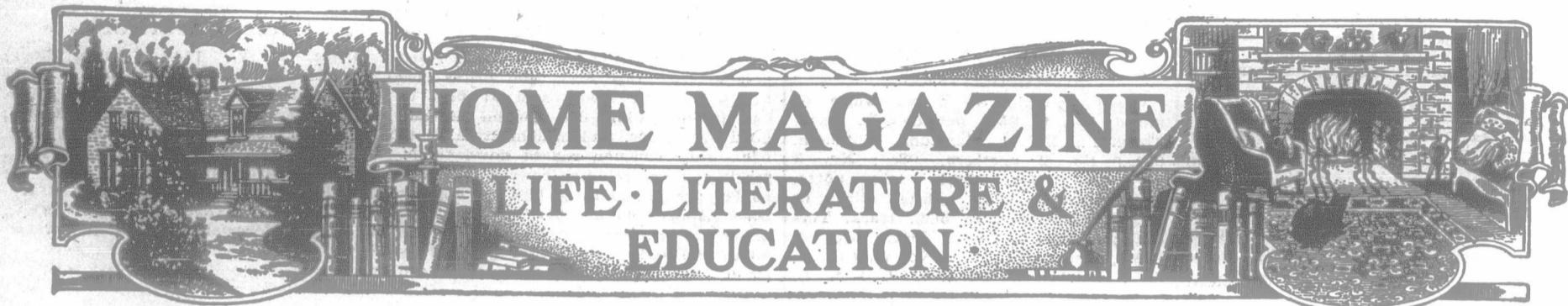
Walter Malone.

DANDELION.

There's a dandy little fellow, Who dresses all in yellow, In yellow with an overcoat of green; With his hair all crisp and curly, In the springtime bright and early, A-tripping o'er the meadow he is seen. Through all the bright June weather, Like a jolly little tramp, He wanders o'er the hillside, down the road; Around his yellow feather The gypsy fireflies camp; His companions are the woodlark and the toad.

But at last this little fellow Doffs his dainty coat of yellow, And very feebly totters o'er the green; For he very old is growing, And with hair all white and flowing, Anodding in the sunlight he is seen. Oh, poor dandy, once so spandy, Golden dancer on the lea! Older growing, white hair flowing, Poor little baldhead dandy, Now is he!

Nellie M. Garabrant. Nature in Verses.



Canada's Big Fair. As a Woman Saw It.

I wonder how many of those who may read this chanced to be on the steamer Turbinia on its trip from Hamilton to Toronto on the night of August 28th. The reason I mention that night is because it was somewhat rainy, so that the performance before the grandstand at the big fair had to be curtailed. As a result the fireworks came on early, so that as the Turbinia moved slowly in through the inky darkness her passengers were treated to a veritable dream of fairyland. When you are on the grandstand the noise deafens you and the dazzling glare blinds you, and you are harassed by anxiety as to how you are to get on "that street car" presently, but as you are silently carried in over the still water from out on the lake what a different story! Talk about Venice! Could anything be more beautiful than this? The buildings themselves, outlined with gleaming rows of electric lights, hang like palaces of geni in the darkness of the night. As you drift nearer you gain a fuller conception than ever before of the vast extent of "the grounds." Closer still and you discern the "winking" lights, now so familiar at every fête and catch a glimpse of cars darkling down the roller-coaster. Then the rockets begin to ascend and the heavens are dappled over all the northern sky with balls and gleams and rain-showers of red, and green, and blue, and gold and silver. And so you are glad that you approached the city of the big fair by water, and that the night was damp, and that the fireworks went off early. Perhaps there are disappointed crowds on the grandstand. What reck you? Why didn't they come out here on the lake?

"If you want to 'do' the Toronto Exhibition thoroughly, without walking one hundred miles, do it systematically." This, the advice of an old frequenter of the exhibition at Toronto, we strictly followed. It paid. It paid in shoe-leather, and economy of time, and freedom from aching bones—or is it bones that ache? No matter, the ache is there, even though it be a blissful ache, somewhere in the anatomy of nine people out of ten who rush about the big exhibition—the "Ex," as one hears it called in Toronto—aimlessly.

We began at the Government Building, just a little beyond the fine entrance gates, and from thence circled the grounds, first to the Horticultural Building, then to the main bandstand, then to the Manufacturers' and Women's Building, the Dairy Building, the Applied Arts, the Art Gallery, etc. We didn't see the horses and stock, to be sure, but that was not on our programme, and we left out the Transportation Building, but that did not matter; we don't like automobiles—unless we are in them—and we never expect to own one unless the moon shall fall and dump us some of her silver. . . . No; we don't like automobiles.

After sauntering leisurely over everything on our list that promised to be interesting, we came to the conclusion that so far as "our" portion of the programme was concerned, the Exhibition of Expansion Year really was the very best yet. There seemed to be more system and more originality in the arranging of exhibits; the pictures in the Art Gallery, though fewer in number, were, as a rule, very fine, and the exhibit was not spoiled by a sprinkling of gruesome and horrible subjects, as sometimes happens; the addition of many hundreds of seats in all parts of the grounds made it possible to rest when the flesh became weak, and last of all, there were sanitary drinking fountains

everywhere. Think of the blissfulness of that on a hot day. . . . But now to details:

One of the most popular buildings on the grounds was the "Government Building," that fine, new structure of red brick, just within reach of the breezes from the lake-shore.

On entering at the gate-ward door the first exhibit that met one's eye was a fine one from Jamaica. Is the Dominion especially anxious to establish ultra-friendly relations with our British West Indies cousin?—or has the appetite for Panama hats become so keen in Canada that it must be met?

—Yes, Panama hats. I had thought that they all came from Panama, hadn't you? But there they were by the thousand being passed over counters by good-looking, golden-skinned Jamaicans to eager Canadian hands.

"How can you sell them so much cheaper than the stores here?" I asked of one of the salesmen—one of the luminous-eyed, golden-skinned ones, with pearly teeth and manners to burn. (Oh, to have been an artist just then!)

"But you must know this is a special importation, for exhibition purposes," he said, "and duty free. (Oh, haug duty! thought I). . . . Oh, you have a beautiful country, your Canada. We have never been here before and we love it. It is so interesting."

My companion suggested that it might be much more interesting about the middle of January.

Did you ever know that the cocoanuts we buy really grow inside of big, three-cornered armor-cases as large as a small pail? If not, you learned that at the Jamaican exhibit, and you saw bunches

and all the rest of it, then with a swerve and you are back in Canada, exclaiming over the fine arrangement of wheat and vegetables from Manitoba, with its model of the Manitoba Agricultural College in the foreground, and watching the turning of a mill-wheel pouring wheat from Saskatchewan to feed the world.

Past tempting arrays of fruit from Welland and Lambton Counties, (Ontario, and you come to the educative exhibit of Canadian wools and all connected therewith, instituted by the Department of Agriculture of Canada, and in charge of Messrs. T. R. Arkell, G. T. Willingmyre, and F. M. Jennings. Here you saw model sheep-barns, model feeding-racks, and a model contrivance for sheep-dipping. "How do the men get down into that deep trough to wash them?" asked a puzzled woman, and it was necessary for a bystander to explain that the dipping was simply to kill ticks, that the poor sheep simply had to go down, willy-nilly, into this tank of smelly stuff, then scramble out as best they might up the one straight and narrow way, all unwitting, too, of what it was all for or of the sweet peace to follow. It is said that "ignorance is bliss," but surely here was the inevitable exception.

The "Department," by the way, is putting forward strong efforts to encourage sheep-raising in Canada, and this exhibit, coupled with the hints from the instructors in charge, must have done good service throughout the exhibition.

Two other sections equally educative were those conducted by the Agricultural College at Guelph and the Provincial Board of Health.

The O. A. C.—thanks be!—seemed to have more space this year. There you

Mrs. Potter's wax ones—I don't know. At any rate, you saw what a tuberculous liver looked like, and several other equally charming things.

Elsewhere in the O. A. C. exhibit were ideal, sanitary milk-pails, and, at another table, bottles showing the decomposition of milk where impurities had been permitted to enter the milk—surely a striking lesson on the advantages of perfect cleanliness.

Passing a weed, blight and "bug" exhibit, one came to the Board of Health's health department, showing the need of pure milk for babies, need of ventilation in rooms, window tents for bedrooms, tents for tuberculosis patients, etc., all educative, all preaching in their own graphic way.

Passing a revolving cone of fruit and vegetables from Kent County upon one hand and on the other a very suggestive model—arranged by Prof. McCready, of the O. A. C.—of a rural schoolhouse and grounds, one came to illuminating exhibits of the things that are being grown in Northern Ontario, and in British Columbia, with an extensive showing of fish, stuffed, live, and dried ready for using, from the Maritime Provinces.

Various kinds of work from the Normal Schools, and the deaf pupils of the Belleville Institute, cases of stuffed birds and horrible-looking snakes had also a place in the building. For the first time I saw real live rattlers. One restless one kept moving its head against the glass as though trying to get through to the spectators, and darting out its forked tongue. The tongue, as though indicative of the nature of the beast, was quite black.

THE HORTICULTURAL BUILDING.

After a cooling drink at one of the sanitary drinking fountains near the door, we entered that realm of green and quiet spaces, the Horticultural Building. Here, as usual, the most beautiful fixtures were the banks, with a meandering stream below, of ferns, palms, and other green things, all interspersed with scarlet callas, purple and yellow orchids, crotons and dracaenas all shot with gold and crimson and silver, and dainty little selaginellas like fairy moss. Here one saw huge leaves, like calladium leaves in form, but quite silvered over and splashed with pink. In another place one saw a big plant, five feet in height, resembling nothing more than a fountain of cream and gray-green. Indeed one could not help thinking how often Nature seems to be trying to see what variegations she can invent.

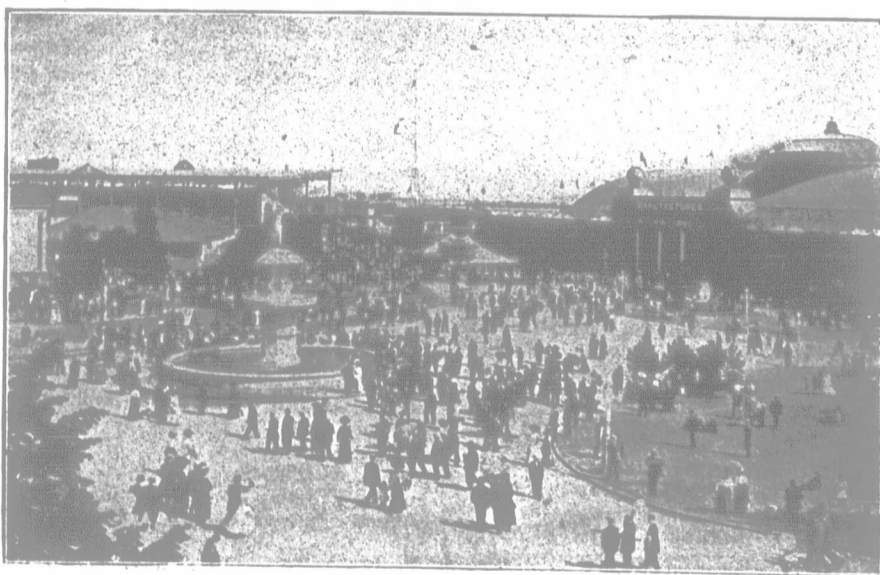
The first prize, \$250, for one of the five huge decorative displays, was taken by Sir Henry M. Pellatt. The second, \$200, went to T. Manton, Eglington.

The most striking feature in the cut-flower department was, of course, at this time of the year, the gladioli tables.

In the vegetable department it was noted that the finest displays came from the Humber Bay district, the first prize for a collection having been awarded to F. F. Reeves, of that place.

THE WOMEN'S BUILDING.

In the Women's Building I noticed little that was new. There was the same enticing display of whitework in all its permutations and combinations, of china and carved wood, tooled leather and woven fabrics, and the same crowds of eager women gathering up hints and "taking patterns." There was, too, the same lack of seats on the fine upper balcony. Why this place is not filled with seats for a rest-room I cannot imagine. On the day upon which I was there this year there was not a single seat in the place. I hope the women who have charge or influence will see that this otherwise delightful spot is not overlooked next year.



The Grand Plaza, Toronto Exhibition Grounds.

(The fountain is a favorite meeting place).

of sarsaparilla roots, and nutmegs and other things in bottles—as picked from the tree, and limes not made up into lime-juice, and strings of beads made of queer red and brown beans, and necklaces made of bright little red licorice seeds. . . . Heaps more things. The Toronto Exhibition is really a fine teacher of geography and the imports business.

Just behind was a perfect model of a steamer, the Pastores, built at Belfast, Ireland—against a background of West India rums. My companion suggested that the arrangement was suggestive, whereupon I got on my dignity, for I'm a fairish part Irish "meself."

Piles of cotton, sugar from Barbadoes, corals from Bahamas, mango chutney in bottles, cashew nuts, coffee in the beans,

saw right before your eyes the difference in yield from drained and undrained land, with a model of a farm showing drains; the difference in yield from plots with fertilizer and without; the difference in growth where small, poor grain had been planted in one flower-pot, large, full grain in another, and so on; . . . In the poultry section were heaps of eggs from O. A. C. bred-to-lay barred-rock hens, illuminated by the placard above, "150 Eggs a Year," and you straightway felt a soft spot in your heart for barred-rocks. There were models of poultry-houses, too, of fattening-crates and feed-hoppers, moulding-boards for pressing poultry (don't know the name), and samples of chicken foods in jars, and, last of all, cases showing diseased birds—maybe the models were some of

A hint in the Women's Building that might be copied at some country fairs was the classification in cookery for girls under nineteen and over sixteen, and in needlework of prizes for girls under 16, girls and women over 16, and prizes for old ladies' work, over 60, over 70, over 80, etc.

Among the names of prize-winners in the cookery department were noted those of little Evelyn Williams, Marie Malone and little Miss Reid. Mrs. Hathaway, of Port Rowan, won first prize for Irish crochet collar, and Mrs. MacBean, of Western, first for filet lace.

If you are making fancy towels for Christmas-boxes you will likely find a hint in the fact that many of the most beautiful were decorated across the ends with punch-work and embroidery combined; some had insertion of filet crochet, some very pretty ones had the pattern outlined in white and filled in with a background in blue, woven with the needle, while one handsome one had evidently had the woven pattern worked over and over to form a design. The clever contriver of the last had thus avoided the bother of stamping, you see.

I noticed particularly, also, a hooked rug, as beautiful as any "bought" one, and resembling much the handsome and expensive tufted rugs. It had won a first prize, and was made by Mrs. Maunder, of Toronto.

PRETTY DRESSES AND ROOMS.

In the Manufacturers' Building was the usual tempting array of delightful things in furniture, clothing, rugs, etc. Brocade velvet seems to be a coming favorite, if one may judge by the Murray-Kay exhibit of opera cloaks. The Eaton and Simpson gowns and the Fairweather and other furs were, of course, quite tantalizing. But, after all, one could not wax too covetous. One could not, for instance, unless one were a "millionaire," perhaps, imagine herself in a pink dress with wide black and gold girdle, black Tam hat with dashing pink feather, and skirt slit quite "audibly" to show a silk stocking and jewelled anklet.

There were cunning and very life-like babies in carriages, and charming underwear exhibits. How could one do other than wish to be ultra-dainty after seeing these last?

Then those rooms! Did you like that Stuart Period drawing-room of Murray-Kay's, toned in dull-green, mulberry and old rose, best? Or were you taken with that magnificent Chinese drawing-room of Eaton's, with its almost black floor-covering, its gorgeous gilt ceiling, and red dragon-decorated walls? Perhaps if one had money to burn one might have a drawing-room like that.

From the fact that cane furniture was a feature of practically all of the bedrooms again, it appears that this style has stood all tests and not been found wanting, probably owing to its lightness and the ease with which it may be kept dusted.

FROM BUTTER TO PICTURES.

There was, as usual, a very spirited butter-making competition going on in the Dairy Building. We watched for a while, admiring the quickness, the deftness, and the neatness of the brave lassies who were willing, in this way, to give practical lessons in butter-making to so many hundreds of people, then we strolled over to the section of the great fair which changes most from year to year—the Art Gallery.

What interested people everywhere, catalogues in hand, eyes wandering from book to picture on wall! If you go into the building next year, be sure to buy a catalogue. You miss half the interest if you do not. This year Canadian art was shown in one room and part of another room, British art in the centre room, American in the third, and German in the fourth—a most commendable arrangement, but one wished for a fifth extension for French pictures.

We went foot by foot through each room, looking at each canvas, then on finishing a room we took a general view from a distance, and decided, like the children, "which we liked best." Thus it was that we noticed first a case of beautiful miniatures, painted on ivory by Mrs. McGilivray Knowles, whose portraits, you remember, appeared in our Christmas number. Miniatures, by the way, have taken the cities by storm. If you want to be strictly up-to-date, you must not have your photo enlarged, you

must have it painted, in miniature, on ivory. Incidentally, you pay for it.

The usual list of Canadian artists was represented; two canvases, "Evening After Rain" and "October Day, Grand River," by Homer Watson, in the heavy style, somewhat resembling that of the old masters, which he has adopted for his own; a very Canadian picture, "Down the Valley," showing autumn

common, ordinary women — hesitated among the following:

A perfectly bewitching picture of Toronto water-front (we were told), with purple-shadowed buildings, murky in the night, and myriad lights reflected in the water below. This picture, entitled "Where the Lights Quiver," was by Bell-Smith, and if we had \$750 to spare we should like to buy it.

"Milking Time," by Horatio Walker. Black and white fails to do justice to this picture, more even than to most others. It is one of his Isle of Orleans pictures—apparently—having a few cows, a man milking, a girl carrying two pails of water on a yoke, a bit of board fence, and a few trees. The subject is simple, but the sunset effects are marvellous.

We also liked a winter scene of men sawing logs in a Canadian wood, by Fred. Bridgen, and we thought the work by Miss Muntz, especially her "Girl with a Violin," showed strides in power over her work of a few years ago.

A picture, bleak and pathetic as the memories it called into mind, hung at one end of the second room—"A Saskatchewan Landscape," by Edmund Morris, A.R.C.A., C.A.C., who was drowned in the St. Lawrence River in Quebec Province a fortnight or so ago.

We have dwelt long on the Canadian section—perhaps a little because it was Canadian, but still more because we were proud of it. Certainly Canadian artists are taking their place among the artists of the world.

There is little space left for the other rooms, so let us just touch upon the "liked best." The work in the British and German rooms we thought much of one type; there was a difference about that in the American, to which, perhaps, the Canadian type more closely approaches.

In the British we like best of all: a painting of a children's tea-party on a lawn, all summery and splashed with sunshine, "Young Arcadians" (\$1,750), by Gemmill Hutchison; a portrait of a little Chinese maiden with a yellow parasol, "Ma Thein Kin," by Gerald Kelly (\$850); and "Off to the Fishing Ground," a sea scene by Stanhope Forbes, R.A.

In the American section, "Summer Afternoon," a girl standing on a veranda, with a Japanese screen behind her and a mass of flowers before, was found most charming, both in color and "the way the color was laid on," as the artists say. In a different way, "Nob Hill," by Chauncey Ryder, a bit of waste rocky hillside, covered with straggling trees, appealed mightily, as did also "May Morning" (\$1,000), whose tender green spoke May even before one looked at the title.

In the German section the canvases were, as a rule, larger and the subjects more ambitious. Crowds stood, fascinated, before Otto Engel's huge canvases, "Pieta," showing the women kneeling by the dead Christ. When you stood close you saw that the red-rimmed eyes of the women really seemed to weep. The expression on the faces of the four mourners was truly wonderful, but the clear sharpness of the picture made one feel sad, and perhaps some of us were a little glad to leave it to look at a cheerful picture of a cornfield with a group of white-clad peasants taking their afternoon repast. This picture was by Franz Eichhorst.

"Six o'Clock in the Morning," by Friedrich Kallmorgen, showing boats crowded with workmen pushing off from a pier, also attracted much attention. The gray, pink-tinted sky, the gray water, brightening with the dawn, are surely Nature's self, while the crowded boats pushing out tell a story that the imagination may follow.

One point that struck us as we wandered through the galleries was the evident gleaning "everywhere" of subjects. When a woman and a baby sitting in firelight can inspire a painting like Florence Carlyle's "Mother and Child," when a bleak, rocky hilltop with a few scraggy trees can supply the motif for a canvas like "Nob Hill," and a few cows and two people give excuse for a play of light such as appears in Horatio Walker's "Milking Time," there is evidence enough of the tremendous field for art on this continent. Why, then, buy paintings of foreign subjects?

Perhaps all will not agree with our choice of favorites. We are not professionals, and we chose without regard to catalogued values the pictures we felt we could love most were we to live with them. Perhaps you may have preferred others.

Upon the whole, we thought, there was not this year any picture of greatly outstanding merit such as has occasionally appeared—Breton's "First Communion," for example; but we were glad to see



Bellisarius and the Boy.

From a painting by Benjamin West. Reproduced by kind permission of Detroit Museum of Art.

woods, a newly-cleared field and a bit of rail fence, by Herbert S. Palmer; portraits by Wylie Grier, Harris (of himself), Forester, and others; a winter scene in Quebec, entitled "The Green Sleigh," by Charles Gagnon; flowers by Mrs. Reid; a striking collie picture by Fred. Haines; a prairie scene filled with sunlight by Jefferys; and oh so many

A picture of a mother and child, all ruddy with sunlight, by Florence Carlyle. Miss Carlyle's strong point is certainly "color"; her special point that she uses it in painting beautiful—never ugly—women. "Isn't it sweet!" We heard this exclamation over and over while standing before the picture.

A portrait of an old habitant with a



Stackyards in Winter.

From a painting by G. W. Picknell. Reproduced by kind permission of the Detroit Museum of Art.

others, all worthy, which would be especially mentioned were it not that space, or the lack of it, is applying the screw.

Looking back over the Canadian room, however, our choice of very nicest—but we are not art critics, you know, just

strong face, admirably painted, and a red cap, by Suzor Cote. If we had \$800 to spare we should also like to buy this.

"Sand Dunes at Cucq," with wonderful purple shadows, by A. Y. Jackson, Montreal.

everywhere an aiming at an art which tries to make life a sweeter and more beautified thing because of it. There were no horrors, and no place was set aside for spurious art—not even for the cubist and futurist work which has been so much a sensation of the past year—thanks be, not in Canada.

A SECOND EXIT NEEDED.

Yes, the big fair is over again. Next year will probably see additional features, although it is hard to imagine what these may be. There is one improvement, however, news of which would come as "present joy the greater for past pain" to most of us—that is the placing of a second large entrance and exit, with car-lines leading thereto, on the opposite side of the grounds from the present gates. Anyone who has ever been in one mad crush for cars, especially after the night performance before the grandstand, will understand how necessary this is. Women's clothes have been torn often enough in these jams; the wonder is that these accidents do not happen more frequently than they do. With conditions as at present the congestion cannot be avoided. With a second entrance and exit at least half of the crowd might be diverted from the Dufferin gates, and so one might leave in comfort. All in good time. Let us hope still, and if you have any influence with even one of the managers pull his sleeve, won't you? JUNIA.

Letters from Abroad.

XVIII.

Venice, Aug. 8, '18.

My Dear Jean,—Your letters came all in a bunch, and I was actually afraid to open them for fear my premonitions, should turn out to be true. But I sighted an English stamp and tore that letter open first, and when I read that you were really on this side of the Atlantic I felt like whooping for joy. But why do you stay in grimy, smoky, dirty old London? Why not come right on to Venice, where skies are blue and collars keep clean a week? Just think of the delights of a dustless city, with no clanging trolley cars to madden you, and no horses—except the four bronze ones over the door of St. Mark's.

Coming from sleepy old Florence, the brilliancy of Venice is enough to turn one's head. Everything here is so gay, and sparkling, and bristling with life. There is so much to see and do that I have been as busy as a bargain hunter ever since I came. In the mornings go Baedeker, so to speak. I do all sorts of things. Often I just drift around the quaint little streets with my camera, going over innumerable bridges, and getting into all sorts of queer corners and alleys and squares. When I get lost, or tired, I just hop into a gondola and ride for awhile, sometimes in the small canals, and sometimes out on the Grand Canal, and I never get over wondering at the remarkable dexterity of the gondoliers. The clever way in which they worm their way along the crooked, narrow canals, and turn sharp corners without touching anything, is nothing short of marvellous.

Venice is an enchanting place; it seems like a dream-city, it is so unique and so fascinating. As Harmony says, it's like a perpetual World's Fair. Just at present there is a regular German invasion here, and that gives it a touch of reality. Big, fat Germans are waddling all over the city, filling up the quaint little streets with their bulky persons. Personally-conducted parties of red-faced, loud-voiced Bavarians are "seeing the sights," and the clank of their hob-nailed shoes makes as much noise as an army with banners. The men wear knickers and have feathers in their hats, and look beery and heavy. And the women! They are the most unattractive squad of petticoated beings I ever gazed upon. They may have virtues, but they have neither grace nor beauty, and their sartorial equipment would make a fright of Venus. I saw some of them sporting in the waves at the Lido the other day and I laughed till I was weak.

The Lido is a long, low sandbar, which lies between Venice and the Adriatic. It is a popular resort for Venetians and tourists, and is said to be the most fashionable bathing beach in Italy. Most of the style is confined to the Excelsior

Hotel end of the beach, where the millionaires and ultra-fashionables exhibit their fine clothes. The steamers run to the Lido every few minutes and are crowded all the time. It is a pleasant half-hour's trip and only costs three cents. There are large bathing pavilions on the beach, and for twenty cents you can rent one of the ugliest bathing-suits ever designed. The artist who designed them was evidently a humorist and had an eye for the grotesque. We have contracted the Lido habit and go down

Had inspirational spasms here, and that artists have gone color mad.

I wish I could write you an interesting letter about Venice, but the plain truth is that the place is so alluring I can't stay in the house long enough to write a letter. But I'll jot down a few lines at a time and send you the collection.

August 9th, 6 p. m.

Just returned from the Lido after a



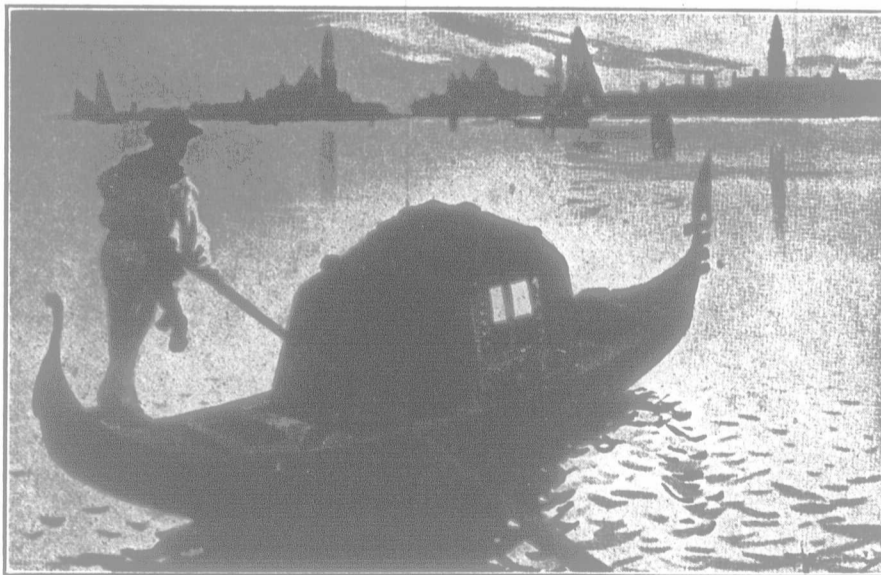
Early Evening.

From a painting by Winslow Homer. Reproduced by kind permission of the Detroit Museum of Art.

there quite often for a dip in the Adriatic.

How you could enjoy Venice! It is a veritable artists' paradise. But no picture ever painted does it justice. No picture can reproduce the marvellous atmospheric effects, the changing tints and shimmering reflections of the water, or the gorgeoussness of a sunset when sky and water are all aflame. And no picture can more than faintly suggest the life and color and movement of this wonderful water-city—the brilliancy of the Piazza with its crowded cafes, glittering array of shops, gay arcades full of prom-

perfectly glorious dip in the ocean. Fine surf to-day and temperature of the water just right. We had hard work getting bathing suits, owing to the big crowd. The suits are handed out from a big pile, and seem to bear no relation whatever to the height or girth of the person getting them. Mrs. Rhodes, who is very tall and thin and angular, drew a turkey-red one-piece suit, minus neck and sleeves, but with leg extensions that reached to the ankles; there was a brief flounce around the waist that stuck out like a ballet dancer's skirt. Mrs. Rhodes' appearance in this flaming cos-



Gondola on the Grand Canal, Venice.

enaders, and countless multitudes of ever-fluttering pigeons; or the kaleidoscopic effect on lagoons of the vast numbers of gondolas in motion, electric launches darting hither and thither, passenger steamers hurrying along, barges moving slowly, their yellow sails casting long golden reflections on the water, and myriads of other craft of every shape and size from small boats to high-masted ships of the ocean.

Venice is a witch—she hypnotizes you by her charm, ensnares you by her beauty, and sets your imagination on fire. I don't wonder that poets have

tume would have certainly shocked her Sunday-school class. My suit was a blue-checked flounceless affair, evidently intended for a six-year-old. Can you imagine us tip-toeing in bare feet down to the water's edge? You may be sure that I got under the water as soon as possible, but poor Mrs. Rhodes stood shivering in twelve inches of Adriatic, with the facial expression of a martyr in torture.

10.30 p. m.

Have been out on the Grand Canal for a couple of hours in a gondola. Per-

fectly heavenly night! Bright moonlight and quite warm. We went out to the singing boats and there must have been thousands of gondolas packed in a solid mass around them. The singing boats are large illuminated barges, where concerts are given every evening. Sometimes the whole audience joins in the chorus of the well-known songs. Every few minutes a hat collection is taken up, the man with the hat stepping from one gondola to another just as if he were walking on solid ground.

But it is just my luck to be in romantic Venice, with prosaic people. Harmony, of course, was all right, but she has been away for a few days on an auto tour with some of her wealthy relations from America, and Mr. and Mrs. Rhodes think they have to look after me while she is absent. The Rhodes are nice, kind-hearted, amiable people, but so uninteresting. He has no poetry in his soul and is always counting his pennies, and estimating the cost of things. He spent all his time on the canal to-night reckoning up how much money those singers took in. Think of it! Mrs. Rhodes isn't quite so prosaic. She has enthusiasms. Just now she is daffy over Venetian beads, and seems to be brooding over them all the time. When the tenor was singing a beautiful song to-night, she asked me in a loud voice if I thought she ought to change the blue beads she bought that day and get pink ones instead. I was so mad I told her I hated Venetian beads in any color.

Aug. 10th, noon.

I have been poking around in out-of-the-way places all morning. Stumbled into the Fish market. I wish I could forget it.

11 o'clock p. m.

Went to the Piazza with some people from the Pension. We sat at the historic Florian's and drank coffee and listened to the band play. Thousands of people were doing likewise, and thousands more were promenading on the square and under the arcades. It was a gay sight. People from all parts of the world were there and the mixture of languages was like unto that of the Tower of Babel.

August 11th.

The Rhodes went away to-day, and I was glad to see their receding backs. I celebrated their departure by going out in a gondola by myself just at sunset. It was lovely, but rather lonesome. I longed for a kindred soul to enjoy the beauty with me—but kindred souls are always at the other end of the earth when you want them most. I want some person to sit beside me and quote appropriate poetry just dripping with romance. It couldn't drip too much for me—when I am in a gondola at sunset time. But alas! one never gets the right combination—never the right person and the place and the time together. If I am with the right person it is always the wrong time; and if it is the right time it is the wrong place, and if it is the right place and the right time it is the wrong person. Always some hitch some place.

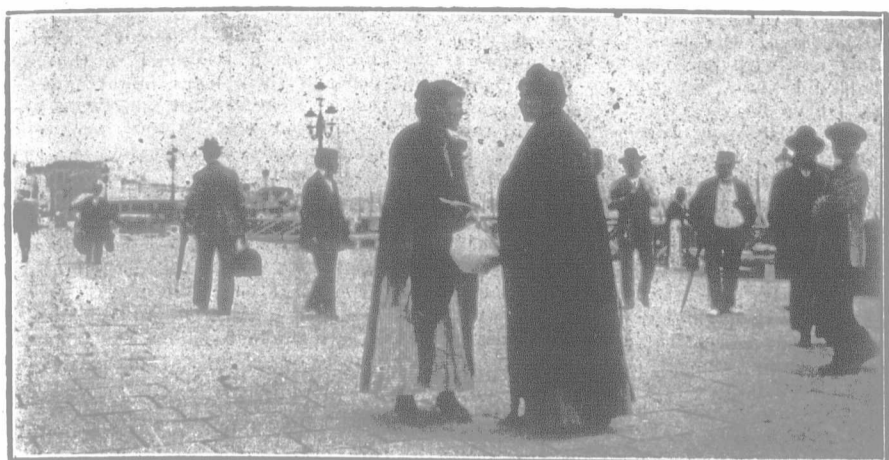
Aug. 13.

Jack came yesterday. Was I surprised? Well, I should say so. He and Harmony chanced to meet on the train. Wasn't it strange? They were in the same compartment and she recognized him from the photograph in my room. She is quite taken with him, and he seems to find her very entertaining. For two people who have known each other such a short time they seem awfully chummy. Wouldn't it be queer if—? Well! you never can tell where lightning will strike. And this is Venice, you know.

But it was good to see old Jack again. I got real "trembly round the lips, and teary round the lashes" when I saw him, and for once I was glad he was short-sighted and couldn't see me. He seems to be lighter-hearted and gayer—perhaps Harmony has bewitched him. She asked me all sorts of questions about him, which shows she is tremendously interested. When I told her it was not my real cousin but just your step-brother, she said "Oh!" in a way that quite irritated me.

Midnight.

We have been out on the canal all evening. It was perfect. Jack broke into poetry and reeled off Byron and



The Black Shawl is Universally Worn by Venetian Women.

Browning most feelingly. Harmony sang some sweet little sentimental songs, and altogether it was heavenly. I wish you had been with us.

Aug. 14th.

Harmony had a headache to-night, so Jack and I went out in a gondola by ourselves. We had the canopy over us and that makes you feel so isolated. We went over near the singing boats and listened to the tenor's solo. He has one of those lovely voices that make the tears come to your eyes. Jack was quite affected, although he pretended not to be. I joked him about it and accused him of dreaming of some of his early loves. He said he was. Then some way he drifted into personal reminiscences and told me about his hopeless passion for a girl who cared for him only as a friend. Poor old Jack! I was perfectly furious with the girl for making him so unhappy. Then he told me he was going to have a serious operation on his eyes, and might lose his sight altogether, and, of course, he would never think of asking any girl to chain herself to a sightless man.

I bristled right up and said that any girl who really cared for him would esteem it an honor and a privilege, and then—it came to me just like a flash, that I was the girl he was talking about. I was so stunned for a minute I couldn't speak, and then—well! the canopy was over us, and the gondolier couldn't see.

P. S.—Harmony says she knew it all the time, and stayed at home on purpose. But I think it was just Venice. LAURA.

The Victoria Falls.

"Mosi-oa-Tunya" (Smoke that Sounds).

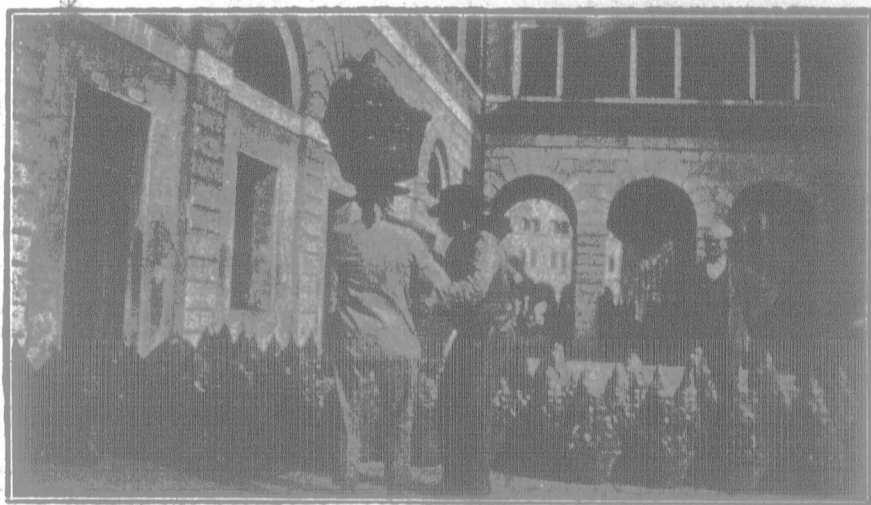
(By Robert Wilson.)

The plain, bald statement that the Great Falls of Victoria, on the gigantic Zambesi River, are twice as broad, and more than two and one-half times as high as the more familiar Falls of Niagara, conveys no idea of the impressive magnificence and indescribable grandeur of those mighty cataracts. Gazing on the stupendous masses of water hurled over the lip of these falls into the narrow chasm, more than four hundred feet below, we realize then, and then only, how man for once has failed to do anything like justice to the magnificence of this incomparable scene.

At the first sight of the Victoria Falls, the spectator stands aghast in wonder and astonishment at the vastness of everything; hitherto he has lived in a world in which the phenomena have been the merest pigmies by comparison. Everything here is on a gigantic scale, and cannot be grasped at first sight. Each day the grandeur and sublimity impress one more and more; the fascination and majesty increase; new and awful wonders are revealed, incomparably grand, grander, vaster, and nobler than anything ever imagined. The ordinary fancies fail to grasp the magnificence and magnitude of the panorama disclosed, and, it is only by association and familiarity with the whole environment that the spectator can bring himself to realize that this sublime spectacle has a place in real life. The placid, tranquil Zambesi, utterly unconscious of that which is ahead, rushes silently along to its fate, and plunges madly, recklessly, over the precipitous

cliffs to destruction in the uncertain obscurity and mysterious gloom of the vast chasm more than four hundred feet below.

The face of the Victoria Falls extends one mile and one hundred and sixty yards, and has a sheer drop of four hundred and twenty feet into a huge chasm or cavern below, which measures nineteen hundred yards in length, but less than two hundred feet across. At the north end of this cavern is a narrow gorge or throat, not more than one hundred feet wide at the entrance.



Peaches.

The porters carry three baskets, one on the head and one under each arm.

through which pass, the huge volume of water is hurled from the heights above.

Some idea of the turbulence of these waters, as they enter this gorge or defile, may be gathered from the fact that, as they roll over the lip of the falls into the cavern below, they have, in order to effect an exit, to swirl and rush in a foaming turmoil, down the cavern, where at last they discover the gorge or throat, round which they madly course, at right angles, causing a veritable inferno, until they settle down calmly to traverse the forty miles of canyon connecting with the wider river beyond.

Who can attempt to describe the grandeur of it all; the ceaseless thunderous, deafening roar, as the water rolls, writhes and straggles in that seething inferno, fighting for the narrow passage which is destined by nature to carry them forty miles through a narrow, shadowy cavern, bounded by precipitous and overhanging rocky cliffs, to the lower and wider reaches of the great river beyond?

Who can witness the gorgeous rainbow effects, without becoming infected to an enthusiastic degree with the weird beauty of it all: the frothing mass of spray and foam, which, in their mad craving to escape from the turbid depths, recoil, and reach an altitude of three thousand feet, only to fall back again into the titanic whirlpool, or drift before the gentle African winds, moistening the soil and foliage of the enchanting "Rain Forest" near-by.

Probably by night, these lonely and gigantic falls—which have, unseen by the white man, been performing for countless ages the duties appointed them by nature—create their most fadeless impressions. The weird stillness of the African night is completely wrecked by the crashing thunder of the meeting of

the waters in the rocky chasm beneath. The reverberations hurled at one, as the pandemonium is echoed and re-echoed from side to side of the massive rocky precipices, together with the trembling of the surrounding earth, create feelings of wonder and awe. The lunar-rainbow, suspending fairy-like on the clouds of spray; the humidity of the sub-tropical surroundings; the weirdness of it all; the scintillating waters of the stately Zambesi over and above this impressive scene, form a picture so indescribable, so beyond the power of man to portray, as to leave an impression on one's mind that will fade only with memory and life.

A short distance from the "Gorge" or "Boiling-pot," the canyon is crossed by the highest railway bridge in the world, over four hundred feet above water level, which was destined to connect the proposed line from the Cape to Cairo—one of the fondest dreams of Cecil Rhodes.

It was on the island named after him—just above the falls—that Doctor Livingstone, in 1855, landed, when he first discovered the existence of this great wonder, thus obtaining the most perfect and grandest view as his first impression. The tree on which he cut his initials, is still there, and pointed out to the visitor. He states in his book, "Travels in South Africa," in extenuation for this isolated piece of vulgarity, "This is the only instance in which I indulged in this piece of vanity."

It would be impossible to describe the

this indiscretion, this tribute to one of earth's greatest, noblest and most impressive sights, may be seen to-day by the visitor.

It is more than probable that the first man to gaze upon the Victoria Falls was Doctor Livingstone, and, for yet another thirty years or more, it is probable that they were not witnessed by another dozen whites. Now, however, many thousands have included it among their "sights," and it is no uncommon experience to meet in the great world beyond, those who have paid tribute to this, one of the world's greatest shrines of beauty and magnificence. In fact, it is not so very long ago that, the sculling championship of the world was rowed on a course, to the north of Loando Island, about three miles above the falls of the Zambesi. On that occasion, instead of an admiring group of naked savages, as might have been expected, a fashionable gathering of South Africa elite witnessed the race, in which a celebrated New Zealand oarsman came off victorious. In the vicinity of some rocks, between the falls and the regatta course, are to be seen, any day, a number of hippopotami basking in the sun. Truly Africa is a strange country.

Of the beauty, grandeur and fascination of the Victoria Falls—the native name for which is "Mosi-oa-Tunya," (smoke that sounds), much has been written, but it is quite impossible, from any written description, for the imagination to realize the magnificence of what has been described as "the most beautiful gem of the world's scenery."

The rugged and weird scenery of the Grand Canyon, bathed in eternal shadow, is well worth the special attention of the visitor, particularly the first and second zig-zag, where the most luxurious tropical vegetation abounds. The "Rain-Forest" merits all the praise bestowed upon it. Here, in winter, as well as in summer, the tropical growth is abundant, owing to the everlasting supply of spray and foam blown up from the ceaseless turmoil of the raging waters below.

Becoming better acquainted with this colossal sight, we realize the presence of a power and vastness it has, hitherto, not been our lot to experience. If the inconceivable power of the Victoria Falls, as here exemplified—but a small portion of nature's titanic forces—so impresses us, can we not form some faint idea as to the omnipotence of the forces outside our little sphere, where all is infinite, eternal, and unknown? somewhat of the great preponderating power concealed behind the sun by day, the moon by night, the infinity of stars, and the countless stellar systems? We disbelieve in the power and the majesty of that which our competent reason fails to grasp. Here, on the Zambesi River, we are brought face to face with that which is almost an almighty force to our limited understanding; a force we would believe inconceivable, were it not there beyond all possibility of doubt; a force, a power, which man is now contriving and scheming to harness and turn to his own specific and selfish ends, despite the fact that, for countless ages,



The Rain Forest, Victoria Falls.

this mighty cataract has plunged its silent and placid masses of water into the raging inferno beneath, before man trod the earth to brook interference.

Whether these falls are seen at early morning, at mid-day, or late at night, when the sky is decked in ten thousand stars, they are at all times terrible in their beauty, overpowering, indescribable, probably the "grandest sight upon earth, where God has made so much that is grand and beautiful."

No words can picture the scene. The great placid river, unconscious of its fate, "comes suddenly to the end of all things," and plunges in one great series of incomparable cataracts into the obscurity of the vast cavern below.

How many ages it has taken to bring this wonderful change in the riverbed of the Zambesi, or whether it was instantaneous, must be left for experts to decide; but whatever the cause, the result is certainly one of the most marvellous works that nature has ever accomplished.

The Victoria Falls are situated on the Zambesi River, near the settlement known as Livingstone, and almost on the borders of Southern and Northwestern Rhodesia—territory controlled by British South Africa Company—and 280 miles northwest of Bulawayo, where Lobengula grew his "mealies" a score of years ago. Rhodesia has an area of 440,000 square miles, or about equal to the Empires of Germany and Austro-Hungary put together. Twenty-one years have wrought wonders in that distant land—for no longer time has elapsed since the charter was granted to the Company which administers it—through which the Cape to Cairo Railway was destined to pass. One may leave the shores of Britain now, on a Saturday afternoon, and in less than twenty-one days, be seated comfortably in one of the splendid hotels at Bulawayo, or, in three weeks, be gazing at that which has, not inaptly, been termed the greatest wonder in the world.

Hope's Quiet Hour.

Man's Count--and God's.

Elijah said: "I have been very jealous for the Lord God of Hosts. . . and I, even I only, am left; and they seek my life, to take it away."

God answered: "I have left the seven thousand in Israel, all the knees which have not bowed unto Baal, and every mouth which hath not kissed him."

Elijah was a good man and a great prophet, but he made a very common mistake when he undertook to number the people of God. His judgment was a surface judgment—how could he know the hearts of those men who had "answered not a word" when asked the question: "How long halt ye between two opinions?" He could only discover one servant of Jehovah in the land—and that was himself, the only person he really knew at all thoroughly. God, who knew the hearts and lives of all, counted 7,600 true and loyal disciples.

It is never safe to say, even in the most godless community, "I am the only person here who cares about religion." We are told that it is almost impossible to know ourselves; then how can we possibly know the secrets of another heart?

We are greatly inclined to copy Procrustes, who thought it was his mission to make everyone who came near him the same length. If a visitor was too short to fit his bed, Procrustes stretched him until he did fit. If the visitor was too long, a piece was chopped off to reduce him to the correct proportions. So we are never quite satisfied about the opinions of other people, unless they are exactly the same as our own. We are so sure that we are in the right, that there is no possibility (so we imagine) of anyone who disagrees with us being anything but wrong. We may good-naturedly permit him to remain in the wrong, or we may do our utmost to set him right—that is, of course, to convert him to our opinions. But, either way, we count ourselves in the right and the person who differs from us in the wrong. It does seem conceited and overbearing,

doesn't it? But what are we to do about it? Unless we are people of weak convictions, who don't know or care what we believe, we must feel sure that we stand on the side of Right—on God's side.

Yes, Elijah was speaking the truth when he declared his jealousy for God's honor. He was serving the Lord of Hosts, and he had a right to rejoice in his allegiance. But where he made a mistake was when he returned to declare that no one else in the country was serving God whole-heartedly. Everyone else, he thought, was undecided between the worship of God and that of Baal. "The Lord knoweth them that are His"; where prophets sadly count one, He counts seven thousand.

Even when our Lord walked the earth His disciples tried to prove their loyalty to Him by keeping at a distance from would-be Christians who were not entirely in accord with them. St. John himself, the Apostle of Love, came confidentially to his Master for commendation, because he had stopped another man from working miracles in Christ's name. This

also weak at home for the same sufficient reason.

Let us try to see the point of view of our brethren, who love Christ but who follow not with us. While we know—as Elijah did—that we are on the right side, let us be very careful how we venture to declare our brothers to be in the wrong. Let us not be so self-satisfied, thinking that we think we know everything; but remember that God gives a special message for each of His witnesses to deliver. How can we faithfully deliver our own special message, or humbly try to understand the special message sent to us through our brothers (who worship the same Master in a different manner) unless we get as near them as we can?

Outward unity may be an unrealized vision for many years to come; but, if we really care about the fulfilment of our Lord's prayer we shall join in it, and also do our best to understand in sympathetic brotherliness the viewpoint of other Christian bodies.

Dr. Grenfell tells how a trained nurse from New York saved the life of a sick

arithmetic the other way round, also. Gideon thought he had a strong army when he could count 32,000 men. But God's count was different. Cowards would only be a weakness to the cause, and perhaps their fears might infect all the rest. Therefore all who were afraid were dismissed—and 22,000 went gladly and ignominiously to their homes. Then the army was reduced still more, by sending away all who showed signs of being careless in the midst of foes, and self-indulgent. God's count of good soldiers was 300, where Gideon had thought himself general over 32,000. The army was stronger because it was weeded out.

It is a mistake to judge the prosperity of a church or congregation by numbers. The church may be crowded every Sunday, and yet few prayers and acts of service may be laid by its people before the throne of God. Some little country edifice, with a scattered congregation of people, who have walked long distances to worship God, may number far more in His record. He does not count heads but hearts. Many members of a fashionable congregation may bring their Paris costumes to church and leave their hearts at home.

Are we quite sure that the orthodox views, in which we pride ourselves, are more pleasing to our Lord than the faith which less-instructed servants of His are showing by their work? A man with four children had only one barrel of flour for his winter's supply of food. A neighbor with seven children had no food at all, so he was given a baking-pan heaped high with flour out of the one barrel. This was an act done for the love of Christ. Have we ever proved love for Him by one act of real self-sacrifice?

Let us be careful how we claim a high position in God's kingdom; and still more careful how we criticize our neighbors. They—in God's sight—may stand far above us. Living counts for more than cleverness or culture. Emerson says: "The truly great never look down; they are already kneeling, and must look up."

DORA FARNCOMB.



Victoria Falls.

man was an outsider, he did not belong to their little company, so St. John—who knew himself to be a true member of the Church of Christ—had forbidden him to cast out devils in that name. But Christ said: "Forbid him not; for there is no man who shall do a miracle in My name, that can lightly speak evil of Me. For he that is not against us is in our part."

Our Lord's dying prayer for His people was that they might be "one." Today we see people casting out the devils of drunkenness, impurity, pride and selfishness, in the name of Christ. Have we any right to forbid them, or stand proudly aloof from them, because it may be that they are not following with us?

The cry for unity is ringing in the air; the prayer of our Master that the Church may be "one" is rising like a cloud of fragrant incense from Christendom to-day. It is a new prayer to most of us. We have, until lately, been willing to stand apart from our brethren whose views differ from our own. Now—with the new impetus given to foreign missions—we have learned that Christianity is weak against heathenism, while its adherents waste valuable power in quarrelling amongst themselves; and it is

baby in a mean little cabin on the coast of Labrador. She paid her own expenses and received no salary, paying a high price for the privilege of serving her Lord in that desolate region. The doctor says: "An hour later, when I spoke to a preacher about this angel of mercy, he said: "Yes, but it is a pity she is a Roman Catholic." He would not dare to say that she was not a disciple of Christ, serving Him devotedly, but he was hardly prepared to admire unreservedly one who followed not with him.

God only knoweth them that are His. It is never safe for men to judge another man's faith or love. A tug was once hauling a great liner along an English river. The rope fouled and the great liner pushed the little tug over. Down she went like a stone, and instantly men from boats near the scene of the accident leaped into the water. They were ready to imperil their own lives in the chance of saving the life of a stranger. If we had been standing with them a moment before we might have lamented over their godlessness, their intemperance and profanity. Then we might have been forced to look up to them as heroes putting us to shame.

It is common to make mistakes in

The Beaver Circle

Our Senior Beavers.

[For all pupils from Senior Third to Continuation Classes, inclusive.]

Dear Beavers:

By this time, I suppose, you are all back at school again. Perhaps most of you hated to start again after eight long weeks of out-of-doors and fun. But, after all, when you get settled down to work again school isn't so very disagreeable—is it now?

It is very interesting, really, to learn about things, and then, just think what this schooling is going to mean to you by-and-by. You don't want to grow up to be stupid, ignorant men and women, do you? And all this studying you are doing is going to help you not to be so.

Here is what Kate Douglas Wiggin—who wrote "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," you know—says about school-books:

"Those school-books are not tasks; bless my soul, no! They are splendid, wonderful magical keys, keys to everything in the world, all knowledge, all experience. What you have to do is to master those first books and they open all the rest."

Isn't that fine? So next time when you pick up your "geography," or your "history," or "literature" book to study it, don't hate it. Just think to yourself: "This is one of my bundle of keys. I must master it now, because after a while it is going to open doors for me, doors into beautiful, magical rooms that I could never know about at all were it not for these school books."

If you do this, and study hard every day and all the days, you will learn to love your school-books, and one day, when you have passed the Entrance or the Continuation course you will lay the worn old books aside with a real loneliness, as though you were saying good-bye to old friends. Or perhaps you will even keep them as old "keepsakes," as many before you have done. But as you say good-bye you will know that there are new books beckoning you

on, new teachers to come, new things in life calling you to do, and to be just as good and fine and useful as you can.
PUCK.

The British Empire.

(Written by Edith Bates, Age 14, Wolfe Island.)

The British Empire girdles the world. Her feet Antarctic oceans fret, her crown the polar star." It includes the British Isles, Canada, part of Asia and Africa, Australia and New Zealand. Its extent covers twelve millions of square miles or twenty-one per cent. of the world's surface.

The population of the British Empire is even a greater fraction than its area; for it consists of four hundred millions of the population of the earth. This exceeds all other empires that are or have been. The white race totals about sixty millions. There are infinite varieties of races and creeds, which find toleration and equality under the British flag.

As British subjects we all have duties. We should love and fear God, honor the King, obey the laws, prepare to advance the highest interests of the Empire in peace or war, cherish patriotism, regard the rights of other nations, learn to be a good citizen, follow duty, learn to consider duties before rights, to acquire knowledge, to think broadly, to practice what we know is right, to conquer ourselves, work for others, and consider the poor and suffering.

The estimated wealth of the British Empire is one hundred and ten thousand millions. There are the vast wheat fields, mineral resources, fisheries and forests of Canada; the diamonds, wool, gold and feathers and ivory of Africa; wool, gold, silver, and the teeming trade of activities of Australia; the wheat fields, cotton and other untold riches of India; sugar of West Indies; iron ore of Newfoundland. Each island and possession has its own wealth.

Canada became a British child in 1763. Canadians should not break the ties that were formed. I haven't got time for any more.

In Honor of Puck

Beavers, tell me if you can,
Who is this mysterious man?
He scribbles letters and stories gay,
And helps to pass the time away.

He is very generous, as we all know,
With giving prizes to so and so;
He is very kind to children lame,
So let us hope to do the same.

He tells us how to plant and weed,
And what time to sow the seed,
But he never regrets the good he has done
To little Beavers both old and young.

So little Beavers both good and bad,
Remember the one who has made you glad,
And let us shout with right good-will
"Good luck to Puck, and lots more still."

—MAY LEMENDIN.

Peterboro, Ont., R. R. 2. (Age 14.)
Thank you very much, May. I am very proud of this little poem written "in my honor." Now write one about "The Beavers," won't you?

Helle Puck and Beavers,—Here I come again to the Circle. Well, Puck, we moved to another farm in March. On the farm in which we live now is a big barn. We can tie up thirty-nine head of cattle and eight horses. I spend the evenings in building chicken-coops, as I have to work in the fields. The Grand Trunk Railroad runs through our place, about ten rods from the barn. We have thirteen ewes and fourteen lambs. We had nineteen, but the others died. I sent to the O. A. C. for a bulletin on poultry. I have a book I got from Montreal through "The Farmer's Advocate," and I would advise any person to get one who is going to be a poultryman.

Say, Puck, can a boy in the "Beaver Circle" send plans of barns or houses to "The Farmer's Advocate?" I am very fond of drawing plans. Please tell me my number in the Garden Competition. That gale on Good Friday blew our neighbor's side down flat, and unroofed

another's barn. It blew off ventilators. I can't wait for "The Farmer's Advocate" to come. I wish it was a daily paper. It is the best paper ever printed for the farm. Well, Beavers, I am going to close to welcome some other boys and girls into the Circle, so good-bye.
ALLDON PATTERSON.
Rockwood, Ont.

Certainly you may send plans to "The Advocate," Alldon. Even although your work may not be published, the editor will be pleased to see it.

of the books like the "Lay of the Last Minstrel" are the kind we take up at school.

My cousin's birthday is to-day. Mine is the twenty-ninth of May.

I have many pets and dolls—four cats, a dog, three dolls and a Teddy bear. The cats will sit up on their haunches and beg for meat. I call them Blinky, Princess Patricia, and Mutt and Jeff. The dog's name is Pete. When he wants something to eat he barks one shrill bark or rolls over.

"Shepherd of the Hills," and a great many more besides.

I am enclosing a flower; will you please tell me the name of it? We think it is very pretty.

Hoping this will escape the W. P. B., and wishing the Circle every success, I remain,
MYRTLE HAILSTONE
Carling, Ont. (Age 15, Sr. IV.)

The little yellow flower which you enclosed is "hop clover," one of the trefoils.

Senior Beaver's Honor Roll.—Edna M. York, Louise Read, Elleda Keys, Henry Clegg, Hope Cochran.

RIDDLES.

Why is Ireland like a bottle? Ans.—Because it has a Cork in the end of it.

If I gave a man nineteen cents, and another man six cents, what time would it be? Ans.—A quarter to two.

What is a dirty thing in a kitchen? Ans.—A clock. It has two hands and it never washes its face.

(Sent by Bessie Ranney.)

It goes with a coach, comes with a coach, is of no use to the coach, and yet the coach can't go without it. Ans.—Noise.

What is the best dress improver? Ans.—A pretty girl.

(Sent by Sarah Hillman.)

What has four legs and only one foot? Ans.—A bed.

What is it that turns, yet never moves? Ans.—Milk.

What smells most in a drugstore? Ans.—The nose.

(Sent by Lillian Speers.)

What is the difference between an office boy who has been discharged and a man eating tough beefsteak? Ans.—One gets a kick going and the other has a kick coming.

(Sent by Katie Jants.)



Chester and May in Corn Tent with—What?

Your number in the Garden Competition is 13. Good luck to you in spite of that.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—This is my first letter to your charming Circle. May I join your Circle? I have been reading the Beaver Circle for years, and I am keeping the photos of the gardens which were in "The Farmer's Advocate." My father has taken "The Farmer's Advocate" for years, and likes it fine. I enjoy very much reading the Beavers' letters. Hoping this will escape the W. P. B.
SUSIE FOSTER.
(Age 14, Class Sr. IV.)
Kagawong, Ont.

We have some little chickens. They are black, with yellow spots on their heads.

By the way, we have a beautiful singing bird around our place. We have not seen it much yet, so we can't name it. My school-teacher has a bird book, so she lent it to us to find the name of the sweet singer.

My sister Jessie has a kodak. She took a picture of my cat and me. She has not printed it yet. I help her print the pictures.

I would be pleased if any of the Beavers would write to me.

With kindest regards to the Circle.

Yours sincerely,
DELLA WEBBER.
(Age 11, Senior IV. Class.)
Woodstock, Ont., R. R. 6.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—My father has



Lunch Time.

It is quite glorious weather we are having now, isn't it? Nearly every farmer is working on the land.

I live on a farm of two hundred acres. It is not far from the school and Sunday-school.

I enjoy reading "funny" books. I have read a great many common ones. "Oh Christina" is very exciting. I like "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." I also read books that are not "funny." Some

taken "The Farmer's Advocate" for six or seven years, and we all enjoy reading it. We live on a farm; father had a sawmill, but farming and sawmilling did not go very well together, so he has sold the mill and is going right into farming.

I have read quite a few books. Some of them are: "The Prospector," "The Foreigner," "Queechy," "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," "Lovey Mary," "Sowing Seeds in Danny," and the

The Ingle Nook.

[Rules for correspondence in this and other departments: (1) 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 Ingle Nook Friends,—Can you stand any more of the Exhibition? You see I hadn't room to say all I wanted to say on the "first page Home Department," as we designate it in the office, so am taking a mean advantage and slipping a bit more in the Ingle Nook.

I was wondering, as we rambled about the grounds on Labor Day, if any of my "paper people," as I like to call you, were there. Such a beautiful day it was—yes, beautiful expresses the thought better than delightful, for the appeal was all to the eye, the crowds and crowds of people, so many in white, with the sunshine glistening over all, and over the domed buildings, and over the blue lake with its myriads of graceful sail-boats and darting motor-launches, cutting the water into foamy furrows.

It was fine to be there, strolling about and listening to the bands, and eating an ice-cream cone unabashedly in the very midst of the multitude.

I kept wishing that I had my camera, but had exhausted my films on the Friday before. It was cloudy that day, but by standing on a seat I did manage to get a very good snapshot of the Irish Guards Band as they played. Really a camera adds to the pleasure of a holiday, even if it does waste your dimes. On such occasions it comes rather in the class with ice-cream cones, lemonades, and Midway extravaganzas. . . . Oh, well, it's all in a lifetime. Let us never grow old. . . .

There are bits of pathos in the Exhibition, too. While the Japanese firework things were passing overhead—queer little paper men and women, birds, and elephants, and camels with nodding heads—and everyone was "rubbering," there was a sad little wail nearby, and there went a wee tot of eight or ten clinging to the hand of a big policeman. Talk about trouble! Of course the little mite's mother would come, by and by, to the police station, in a state of great ex-

citement, and there would be a joyful reunion, but for the present—well, it was quite dreadful to be lost.

We peeped in at the station door. There were five or six big fellows in helmets and uniforms there, and one could quite imagine some of them big-hearted enough to cuddle up the little lost boys and girls, and tell them stories, and fish out candies from the depths of capacious pockets. It is a great mistake for people to threaten children with policemen, and so create a fear of them; so very often the big fellows have to become Grandpapa Help-Alongs to little strays.

We were so sorry that we missed the baby-show, but we heard about it. Perfect proportion and intelligence were the points most looked to by the judges, and very properly; it is not considered necessary nowadays for the ideal baby to be a continued bulge of fat. There were padded scales to weigh the babies on, and measurements were taken—head and all. Of course all the babies squealed, but that only made things interesting.

It always seems to me that people should watch out for helpful hints which they can apply to themselves, at the Exhibition, and this year I was pleased to note that so many of the exhibits were of especial interest to farmers.

For instance, did you see the new method of putting up a barn exhibited by the Metal Shingle and Siding Co., of Preston, and the A. B. Ormsby Co., Ltd., Toronto? Think of it!—a whole barn put up in a few days by four or five men. That appealed to me, for I have always hated barn-raising, with their constant menace to the lives of men.

And did you see the combined "emergency-sleigh," sleigh and wagon combined? If you are travelling in spring and come to bare road, in a trice you are in a wagon, drifts appear, and presto, you are in a sleigh. Verily, what an Aladdin's lamp age we are living in!

The grounds looked so pretty this year. Notwithstanding the immense crowds, the flowers did not seem to be trampled down at all, and everything looked so clean. But then, why should everything not look spick and span, considering that every night, when the grandstand performance was over, and the people were gone, and silence reigned except for the lapping of the lake, an army of 125 men crept in to pick up papers and house-clean generally?

But I must stop, or I shall be rambling on for an hour yet. I'm glad I went to the Exhibition this year, and I think, if you have never gone yet, you will be glad if you go next time. Between now and then, if I can help you in any way in regard to telling you how to manage, I shall be glad to do so.

JUNIA.

PEANUT WAFERS. DATE CAKE.

Dear Junia,—In "The Farmer's Advocate" of Aug. 21, "Annie Laurie," Durham Co., asked for a recipe for peanut wafers. Mine is as follows:

One-quarter cup butter, one-half cup granulated sugar, one-third cup milk, three-quarter cup flour, one teaspoon vanilla, 5 cts. worth of peanuts. Chop nuts rather coarsely. Mix as for any drop cakes, and drop in small teaspoonfuls on buttered pan, placing them very far apart. Do not bake more than six at a time, as they are to be doubled over while hot, and they harden quickly. This recipe is much superior, I think, to the one which contains an egg and baking powder. This quantity makes about 30 wafers.

"Subscriber" asks for a recipe for date cake. The following is a good one, but richer than the one you gave:

One-half cup butter, one cup yellow sugar, two eggs, one and one-half cups sour cream, one and one-half cups oatmeal, one and one-half cups flour, one small teaspoon soda, one-half pound chopped dates.

Trusting that these may prove of some use to you. Yours respectfully,

Middlesex Co., Ont. "PUSS."

Thank you so much for the recipes. They certainly "sound" good, and I am going to clip them out and keep them to try some day when I achieve the

bungalow that looms large in my dreams. Talking of bungalows—did you see the Kenyon Take-Down House shown by the Eaton Co. at the exhibition?—all canvas, but so complete, just the dinkiest, dearest thing for camp-time that I ever set my eyes on. With three bedrooms, a kitchen, and a living-room, it looked almost fit for all the year's living (on a pinch, of course).

Indeed, we were told about one timber-inspector, or some such official, who is having his interlined. He and his wife intend to live in it all of this winter.

CLEANING TAN SHOES.

Dear Junia,—Could you kindly suggest to me through your valuable paper how to remove grease spots off tan shoes? Thanking you in advance.

SWEET SIXTEEN.

Dundas Co., Ont.

I scrub mine with castile soap and water, let them dry, then apply tan "Nugget" shoe polish. It works all right.

A CORN ROAST.

Dear Junia,—I am much interested in your question corner, and would like you to answer my question at your earliest convenience, in your next issue if possible—How to manage a corn roast for about twenty-five guests. Would like you to give me as many details about it as possible. I thought I would get the most satisfactory answer from "The Farmer's Advocate." Thanking you kindly in advance.

GRATEFUL COUNTRY SUBSCRIBER.

Emery P.O., Ont.

your poor little letter had a long nap on my desk.

And—oh yes, don't forget to thoroughly quench that bonfire.

CAKE BAKING. PICKLES.

Dear Editor,—We have been a subscriber for "The Farmer's Advocate" for about five years, and we receive much education from it. I also enjoy reading the letters in the Ingle Nook. We live on a farm eight miles from town. We have three children; the oldest started to school last May.

I think there is no happier place than on the farm. I will try and say more next time.

I am coming for help like lots of others. I have much difficulty in cake-baking. They either don't rise, or rise right up in the centre and not at the sides. I was wondering if it wasn't in the stirring or mixing of them. My fire is generally too hot or cold. I would like to have a good recipe for layer-cake and another for a nice fruit-cake; also a recipe for cucumber pickles alone. I am great for pickles and nice things, but don't seem to have any luck. Trusting I may learn from this valuable paper, and wishing the Ingle Nook every success.

ROSEBUD.

Grey Co., Ont.

Well, Rosebud, I had just your trouble with cakes at first. Now I think I really can bake a layer-cake. (I fall down when it comes to some other things—tea biscuits, for instance), and all because of a trip I once had out in Illinois. The woman with whom I stayed while there had most delicious cake, and was good enough to give me a lesson and her recipe, the one I have given

seeded and cut raisins, one cup currants, one cup brown sugar. Now stir one teaspoon soda in one cup of apple sauce and add. Now beat in, if you like, one-quarter teaspoon cloves, one teaspoon cinnamon, and one-quarter teaspoons salt, all sifted with two cups flour. You may leave out the spices if you like. Peel and nuts may be added, if liked. Some put in the raisins and currants, lightly floured, last of all.

Ripe Cucumber Pickles.—Peel cucumbers, cut in slices, lengthwise, and steam. Put in sealers and cover with boiling vinegar sweetened with about three-quarter cup sugar to the quart vinegar. Seal at once.

Sour Cucumber Pickles.—Put small green cucumbers in brine that will bear up an egg, for 24 hours. Remove, cover with boiling water and let stand until cold. Drain and put in jars. Cover with a vinegar mixture made of one cup salt (scant) and one tablespoon alum to the gallon of vinegar. These will keep in an open jar.

Sliced Cucumber Pickles.—Cut the cucumbers into slices, about half an inch thick; sprinkle with salt, lightly, and let stand 24 hours, then drain for seven hours. Pour hot vinegar boiled with sugar and spice in a bag over steam. Seal. Keep jars in a warm place a while before putting them away.

By the way, I tasted delicious sliced cucumber pickles with a sort of vinegar sauce over them recently. Shall be so glad if someone will send the recipe, which, alas, I did not secure.

You touch a soft spot in my heart when you say you like the farm, Rosebud.

CANNED CORN.

Dear Junia,—I wonder if anyone reading the Ingle Nook has tried canning corn in this way:

First cut kernels off cob, pack in sterilized sealers, by pounding until the milk flows over top of sealer. Put on rubber rings, glass tops and rings. Fasten tight, place in boiler, almost cover with cold water, and boil three hours.

Just here let me say that the heat by boiling does not seem to affect the rubber rings, as corn done in this way always keeps.

I wonder if anyone can tell me of a remedy to prevent one's hair from falling out after an attack of typhoid fever.

Although I have only been out of bed two weeks my hair is falling out by handfuls, although I tried to be so careful with it.

Thanking you in advance for your kindness.

M. M. M.

Lambton Co., Ont.

I do not think that there is anything that will keep hair from falling out after the fever. Ordinarily, massaging it briskly with the fingers for ten minutes every day and rubbing in a hair tonic afterwards will help. But don't worry. Just wear a little net cap for a while—whenever anyone is about. The hair will soon begin to grow and may be prettier than ever.

Thank you for the recipe. It is quite lovely of our readers to keep sending us helpful items as they do—and just think of the army of grateful people who read them! Am so glad you have answered my question about the rubber rings.

RE PRUNUS SIMONI.

Dear Junia,—I saw in a recent edition of "The Advocate" a request for advice on preserving "prune-somonias," a fruit which you say you never heard of. If I am not mistaken the fruit is prunus simoni, a fruit brought from Japan by a Mr. Simon (hence the name), not very prune-like in either flavor or appearance. We had some trees over twenty years ago, but did not find them profitable, as they die after a very few crops of fruit. This fruit has a very peculiar flavor, something like a wild plum, and also the brilliant color of the wild plum, but is as large as an ordinary peach. It grows on a stem like a peach. I made jam of it just the same as plum jam, and have also canned it, but the very bitter skin and strong flavor would not be agreeable to many people. If I am wrong in my supposition that this is prunus simoni perhaps someone will correct me. My authority for its origin was the Horticultural Magazine several years ago. This is a long explanation of so small a bit of information.

Peel Co., Ont. M. W. H.

Undoubtedly you are right. Thank you very much.



The Wanderers Returned.

If possible have your corn-roast out of doors, in the prettiest spot you can find. Take the corn-cobs to the spot, with the green husks on, build a bonfire, and have your guests tie them to the end of sticks and so roast them. It is considered to be very lucky to be the first to come upon a red ear, and the one who is so fortunate must be escorted to a seat of state after the corn-supper and made to tell the fortunes of the crowd. Make coffee or tea by the bonfire, and have a few more good things to finish off the delectable feast of hot-roasted corn with butter. For the entertainment little will be needed. You can trust 25 young people to make fun for themselves. If dancing is customary in your part of the country a merry dance by the light of the bonfire would be delightful. If not, you will have to adopt a substitute. Perhaps nothing would be more enjoyed out of doors than some of the old romping games, blind-man's-buff, the millwheel, etc. If you want to have something very different you might ask your guests to come in costume, wearing little black masks. Of course, in this case, the roasting of the corn will not begin until there has been some time spent in the fun of identifying. A few choruses sung just before parting should end a very enjoyable evening.

By the way, I hope the corn is not all hard by this time. You see, I have just got home after a week's absence, and

so often in this corner, but will repeat for your benefit:

Beat together one cup butter and two cups sugar; beat three eggs, then beat them into the butter and sugar mixture; next beat in one cup milk, then last of all three cups flour in which has been sifted one heaping teaspoon cream of tartar and one-half teaspoon soda. Instead, if you like, use three teaspoons baking powder. Beat well, put in two square pans and bake. When done split each cake and spread with custard or jelly (custard is the better), then pile all together and ice.

Of course the oven must be right, a good, moderate heat. If too hot the cake will burst up in the centre; if too cold it will not rise well at all.

It is best to beat the butter to a cream before adding the sugar. Thorough beating at every stage helps to make a fine-grained cake. When pouring the batter into the tins always spread it with a spoon so that it is thicker at the sides than in the centre.

A fruit cake will be far richer, more wholesome and less likely to burn if the pan in which it is baked is set inside a second pan which is partly filled with boiling water.

Here is a good recipe for a plain fruit-cake. I can give you one for a richer cake later if you want it.

Beat together one-quarter cup lard and one-quarter cup butter. Stir in one cup

Fashion Dept.

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A Friend in Need.

By Oscar Urban Robinson.

"Well, Harold, that settles it between you and Ray Williams!"

Robert King had just returned from an eight mile drive to Waterville, where he had been obliged to draw one hundred and fifty dollars from the Bank of Montreal; and he was, therefore, in a decidedly unpleasant mood.

"I can't see it that way, father," responded Harold, rising from his seat on the well-curbing where he had been waiting to put away the horse as soon as Mr. King should drive up.

"Can't see it that way, eh?" quickly retorted the big, burly man, as he sprang, panther-like, out of the runabout, and glowered upon his eighteen-year-old son. "Well, you put this horse into the stable, and then come into the house. I'll find out whether you can see it that way or not."

Harold had, on several previous occasions, observed his father in a fit of temper, but he had never beheld him more furiously angry than he now was. However, it takes two to make a quarrel, and Harold, wisely enough, made no reply. Instead, he approached the beautiful, dappled Percheron, who had turned his massive head and was looking wonderingly at them both, and said, as he gently took hold of the rein at the bit:

"Come on, Prince, old fellow; it's you and I for the corn field."

But Robert King was not to be outdone.

"No, it's not for the corn field, either," he shouted hoarsely. "It's almost half-past eleven now. You come to the house."

And he strode along into the summer kitchen, where his wife, seated on a chair beside a crate of strawberries picked the day before, was busily employed in hulling the fruit.

"Back so soon?" she asked in the softest of tones.

(She had, of course, overheard the man's outburst toward Harold, and knew very well what she might expect from him; but she had learned by experience that gentleness was her best weapon at such times.)

His only immediate response was a low grunt, but he drew his bank book from his inside coat pocket, and after opening it to the page on which his withdrawal and balance were recorded, he finally muttered in an ominous voice:

"One hundred and fifty dollars poorer, and all on account of those beastly Williamses!"

How much have you left down there?" asked the little woman, scarcely taking time to raise her flushed face from her work.

"Only fifteen hundred dollars. That's six hundred I've taken out since Christmas. It will soon be all gone."

"Oh, but Robert, you know you're worth just as much or more, for you said that the four hundred and fifty you paid for that team was not within two hundred of what they are worth. And who knows? Perhaps this ditching will make your farm a lot more valuable to you than it has been."

"Valuable nothing!" he growled, "Why it will take me ten years to get that money back. But that ain't the point at all, Mary. When a man living next door to me, and pretending to be a neighbor, starts to dictating to me about drainage, and raises such a hullabaloo, and then takes it upon his shoulders to call in an engineer who puts me to a hundred and fifty dollars' expense and a lot of slavish work, he's a mighty mean man, and I'm not going to have another word or deal with him as long as I live. No sir! And what's more, you and Harold have got to mark them off your books. Don't you dare to speak to any of them from this day on."

Mrs. King now put aside her berries and looked up with blank astonishment into the red, angry face of the man she had loved enough to marry. In all the twenty years of their wedded life, though he had often exhibited an irascible temper toward others, he had, on the whole, been kind to her. In fact, he was one of those who, when in good humor, was the gentlest and most tender-hearted of men. Impulsive though he was, he had never before spoken to

her by way of command. Nevertheless the little woman's astonishment did not assume the attitude of fear.

"Listen, Robert," she said with unusual firmness. "I have always found Winnie Williams a sincere friend, and I know she feels badly about this ditch business. And you know that while this has cost you one hundred and fifty dollars, it has cost Dave Williams just as much or more. You know, too, that every time we have a wet season, the water stands on those low fields of ours as well as on his; so that the ditch is going to benefit you fully as much as it will him. The whole trouble with you, Robert, is that Dave took the matter up before you had decided upon it; and just to be—"

"Contrary, I suppose," interjected her husband spitefully.

"Well, if you say so, yes, to be contrary, you opposed him, though you knew he was in the right,—and, Robert, right wrongs nobody."

"It wrongs me!" snapped the man, stamping about the kitchen, and growing more and more florid at every stamp. "I tell you, Dave Williams and I are quits,—and I won't have you and Harold balking me either. Do you hear?"

His wife, quite undisturbed, looked up and answered in tranquil tones:

"Yes, Robert, I hear; but I cannot promise you not to speak to Winnie, for we are friends. I don't know how I could get along without her. We have so much in common."

"In common, yes! Well, if you think more of Dave and Winnie Williams than you do of me, why you'll have to take your choice, that's all. But as for Harold, he's simply got to quit chumming with that young high-head of a Ray. Won't he crow now? Won't the old man crow about this ditch business? Drat the ditch! And what do you think I heard this morning at Waterville?"

"I don't know, Robert, what?"

"Why Dave Williams has bought that young pup an automobile!"

Mrs. King could not suppress a smile. "Well, my dear man," she said, "do let them have an automobile if they want one. They don't have to mortgage the farm to get it. If anyone can afford an auto, Dave can. And somehow, I am being converted to the belief that if a farmer can afford an auto and a telephone and a well-stocked library and such things, his boys wouldn't be so eager to hie away for the city. I can't blame Dave at all, and I'm sure neither he nor Ray will crow about this ditching one bit, and you know it too. And as for Harold chumming with Ray, I certainly see no harm in it. They have grown up from childhood together, and they are so much alike in temperament. And you know, Ray's extra year at the Agricultural College at Guelph has been a wonderful help to Harold, for it seems as if he's told our boy about everything he learned there."

Mr. King was just muttering something about it all having to be stopped now, when Harold came in.

If ever there was a conscientious fellow in the world, it was that same Harold, Tall, straight, broad-shouldered, and with a face, comely, though tanned as brown as a well-smoked ham, he now stood resolutely before his parents looking alternately into their countenances out of large, interesting blue eyes.

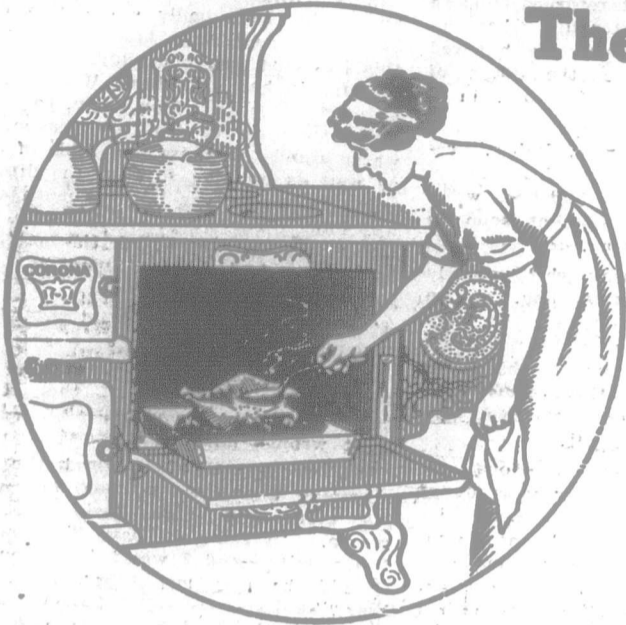
"Well, son," said his father with no little emphasis, as he turned abruptly upon him, "you have heard what I said about you and Ray Williams. It's to be all off. Do you understand?"

The young man, though he had always obeyed his father to the letter,—when his conscience did not prick him too hard,—was now a picture of momentary perplexity,—but only momentary.

"Yes, father, I understand," he answered frankly, "but it can't be all off between Ray and me—unless he insists upon it—and I know he won't. Why do you ask me to do this? I was just thinking as I was cultivating corn while you were gone, that had it not been for that ditch, we could not have had the ground in fit shape for planting—even by this time—and here the corn is up a good four inches. It's going to mean hundreds of dollars in our pockets in the next ten years. And, besides, see the time Ray put in over there helping me ditch. I calculate we owe him about twenty dollars wages to square the-

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thing. Because you and Mr. Williams have had a difference is no reason why Ray and I should be bad friends."

By this time Mr. King was in a rage. "Well," he bellowed out, "You will either do as I say, or you'll leave home. I'll let you know who's at the head of this house. I'm going to be obeyed."

Mrs. King looked pitifully up at Harold. Their eyes met. Then she turned pleadingly towards her husband.

"Oh, Robert, don't for my sake, put our boy in such a position as this. You know how faithfully Harold has worked here ever since he was big enough to tag around after your heels, and you know you can trust him with the team or with the work even better than you can yourself. Think what you're saying. I know the boy's character better than you do. He will not do what he believes to be wrong—even if you were to send him away. But you won't do that, Robert."

"Yes, I will."

The woman was up, and standing before him.

"Please, Robert, don't," she begged. He pushed her roughly away.

She looked squarely up into his almost purple face, and in a voice that was convincing in spite of the quaver in it, she said:

"Very well, Robert, then I will go, too."

"All right, go!" returned the man—but in half frightened tones.

Then he suddenly caught himself. He realized the import of his words. His anger melted away.

"No, no, Mary, I didn't mean that."

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he said tremulously, as he laid his right

hand on her shoulder, "You must not, shall not go. Forgive me." It was the first time in her married life that she had been told to "go"; and the pain had pierced her breast like an arrow of steel, nevertheless, magnanimous woman that she was, she willingly forgave.

The outcome of it all was, that Harold was not forced to make the disagreeable choice between leaving home and the giving up of Ray Williams as a friend. However, Robert King assumed the chilliness of an iceberg toward the members of the Williams' household; in fact, he openly endeavored at every possible opportunity to "freeze them stiff." But while no invitations were extended by Harold or his mother to their neighbors, there was a naturally good understanding, an entente cordiale, as it were, between them.

More than a year had passed away, and still King held his grudge. And this was unusual with Robert, a man who had been set down as "impulsive"; and when, as in this particular case, the offence was more imaginary than real, it seemed still more surprising. Yet, perhaps, it was not so extraordinary, for quite often imaginary offences are harder to overlook than are real ones.

It was during the noon hour on a very hot, bright day in July. Harold and his father had been working in the hay field all the morning. Mr. King, after eating his usual hearty dinner, had come out on the big, wide veranda, and lain down upon an old leather couch, intending to enjoy a half-hour's nap. Harold also followed after a little, and seated himself in a rustic chair, there to voraciously devour the contents of the "daily" left by the courier an hour or more before.

Suddenly, the men were aroused by the rapid beating of horses' hoofs, growing louder and louder. Looking in the direction from which the sounds came, they were surprised to see, rushing past the hedge which skirted the western side of the farm, a horse and buggy with two occupants. The little bay was certainly coming at a furious clip. At first, the men thought it was a runaway, but they were soon otherwise convinced, for they could hear the driver urging the horse, while the one beside him—a girl—was giving vent to no outcry, as they seemed to think a girl ought to do under such circumstances. On they came. But as they neared the open gateway, the man shouted "wheel!" The horse, quickly enough, came to a walk. They turned in. And then up the lane they came, again at a smart gait. As they drew up just opposite the veranda, Harold and his father walked out to the rig.

The fellow, well-dressed, clean-shaved, dark-complexioned, and rather handsome, seemed eager to make an explanation, and beckoned the Kings to come nearer. The young lady, who was fair and pretty, was exhibiting some embarrassment.

"We wish to conceal nothing from you, Mr. ———," began the driver. "We have driven at a pretty fast clip for some twelve or fourteen miles. The fact is, I have taken this young lady away from her home secretly, but with her full consent, and it is our intention to be married just as soon as possible. But though we have the start of an angry father by some three or four hours, we have reason to believe that by this time, he must be in search of us. We want your protection for an hour or two, until this horse is rested a little. We are anxious to get to a minister before we are overtaken; but the horse, you see, is about winded, and I understand it's about eight miles to Waterville, where we intend taking the train, and where I will leave the horse in good care. We've been engaged for some time, but her father is, without any reasonable reason, opposed to our marriage. But, beg your pardon, if I knew you, I could introduce ourselves. I am John Westlake of Ingersoll, and this is Miss Winters. May we stay here for an hour, Mr. ———?"

"King is my name, sir," answered the astonished farmer, who, in very spite of himself, had become strongly prepossessed in favor of the young couple. It is said that all the world loves a lover; and Robert King, impulsive, tender-hearted, at times, simply could not

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say no. Instead he quite eagerly con-
 sents to take them in, and the horse
 was led to the drive-barn.

Miss Winters, after being introduced to
 Mrs. King, though she appeared perfect-
 ly modest in her deportment, reiterated
 her strong affection for Mr. Westlake,
 and said she would marry him even
 though she were entirely cast off by her
 parents. The farmer's wife sympathized
 deeply with the girl, and in a short
 time, had quite taken her into her
 heart.

As the men were coming from the barn
 a few minutes later, and were about to
 step up on the veranda, Harold noticed
 a tall gentleman, dressed in clerical
 attire, coming up the road from the
 east. Mr. King also observed him at
 that moment.

"Say!" he exclaimed, "there goes
 that minister who has been staying
 down here at Williamses for the last
 two weeks. He says he's from Toronto,
 and is spending his holidays down there.
 Now's your chance, Mister, to have this
 knot tied right here."

"Sure as taxes, that's the man!"
 said Harold enthusiastically. "Baker
 they call him, wasn't it?" Say, you're
 in luck."

Westlake was visibly overjoyed.
 "Just the thing!" he exclaimed.
 "This is luck for once." Then he turned
 excitedly to the young lady, who at
 this moment came to the doorway with
 Mrs. King. "What do you say, Winnie,
 to having a minister marry us right
 here? Mr. King says that gentleman
 walking past is a Toronto minister
 staying in the vicinity. Shall we call
 him?"

The girl did not hesitate to answer.
 "Yes, by all means, if he is ordained.
 Do you know that, Mr. King?"
 "Not certain, but we'll call him and
 find out," replied the farmer heartily.
 Then he shouted:

"Halloo, Mr. Baker! Come in!"
 Harold ran down towards the gate to
 explain.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Baker, for
 calling you; but there is a couple in
 here who would like to get married as
 soon as possible. It's an elopement it
 seems, but the parties are certainly old
 enough to know what they're doing.
 They've only stopped here because their
 horse is fagged out, and it's a good
 eight miles to Waterville. Mrs. Williams
 told me you were a minister, and I
 presume you are ordained."

"Yes, I am ordained, certainly," re-
 turned the man in evident surprise, at
 the same time searching his white waist-
 coat pockets. "I am assistant pastor
 of the Metropolitan Methodist Church in
 Toronto, as my card here will show
 you. However, I am a little dubious
 about marrying such couples. I should
 like to see them, though. If they are
 determined to marry, they will get
 married sooner or later, I suppose."

"Well, come right in, Mr. Baker," re-
 turned Harold, now beginning to get a
 good deal of enjoyment out of what
 seemed to him a very romantic affair.
 Accordingly, Mr. Baker was taken into
 the house and introduced to all the
 parties,—especially to the interested
 pair. After a few rather pointed ques-
 tions, which seemed to be answered sat-
 isfactorily enough, the minister re-
 marked:

"Well, I see no harm in marrying you
 under the circumstances. I haven't my
 book containing the ceremonial service,
 but as I have joined together a good
 many couples during the fifteen years of
 my ministry, you see I have it all
 memorized."

"And have you a certificate with
 you?" asked the young lady, somewhat
 coyly—and yet, earnestly, too. "We
 must have a certificate."

Mr. Baker flushed slightly.
 "No, I haven't," said he, "but I
 have two or three down at Mr.
 Williams'. I'll just skip down and get
 one. It's only a few steps, and I'll be
 back inside of ten minutes." And al-
 most in the twinkling of an eye, the
 man was out of the door and trotting
 down the lane at a remarkably brisk
 pace for one who appeared to be forty
 at least.

When he returned, after some little
 time, he carried with him a small suit-
 case.

"Mr. Westlake, I was just wondering
 as I was going back," said he, "whether
 I could ride with you to Waterville. I
 have a little business to attend to down
 there, and wish to stay over night. I

will walk back in the morning. That's
 why I brought my suitcase." And he
 smiled somewhat graciously.

"Why certainly; it would be mean of
 us not to reciprocate an accommoda-
 tion," returned Mr. Westlake, who turn-
 ing with a smile to the young lady,
 asked:

"Now, Winnie, are you ready?"

"Yes," responded Winnie, bravely
 enough; whereupon Mr. Baker asked the
 couple to rise and stand in the centre
 of the sitting-room floor.

"Have you a ring?" he inquired of the
 groom.

"I have," answered the young man.

"Very well," said the minister, who
 without the slightest hesitation, and in
 a firm, musical voice, began the service.
 The responses of the two were given in
 the most serious manner; and in less
 than three minutes, they were duly pro-
 nounced man and wife.

At that moment, Mr. King, after a
 loud guffaw, shouted out:

"Well, it's up to us to kiss the
 bride."

"Shame on you!" protested his wife;
 but, nothing daunted, the man stepped
 forward, drew the yielding young wo-
 man toward him, and saluted her with
 a loud smack.

Harold was too bashful to follow suit;
 but his mother performed her duty in
 that respect; and then, after a little
 joking was indulged in, the certificate
 was brought out by Mr. Baker, who
 took a seat at the table, and proceeded
 to fill it in.

"Of course, to make this legal," said
 he a minute later. "we must have wit-
 nesses. Will you sign here, Mr. King?"

"Sure," responded the farmer jovially,
 and he sat down beside the minister
 and wrote his signature in a fairly good
 bold hand on the line indicated.

"Now, Mrs. King," said the clergyman,
 "if you will be so kind, you may just
 sign opposite,—right on this line."

The woman did so. A blotter was
 then placed upon the certificate, which
 was, with little delay, rolled, tied, and
 handed over. After the paying of the
 fee, and a brief, but animated, conver-
 sation, the groom said he believed they
 had better go on, as they would just
 have time to catch the two-thirty train
 out of Waterville.

Five minutes later, the horse consider-
 ably refreshed, was at the door; the
 three got in; and, after extending pro-
 fuse thanks to the farmer and his wife,
 they departed.

It was not more than fifteen min-
 utes later when the telephone bell rang.
 Harold answered the call. Had it been
 possible for us to have heard the entire
 conversation, it would have been this:

"Hello, Harold."

"Hello, that you, Ray?"

"You're right."

"When did you get back from
 Batavia?"

"About an hour ago. Say, Mr. Baker
 was just up at your place, wasn't he?"

"Yes, he performed a marriage cere-
 mony. Great sport, Ray."

"That's why I called you up. I'm
 afraid, old fellow, Mr. Baker is only an
 alias. He's no more a minister than
 I am. From my peek at him, and from
 father's and mother's description, he's
 the very same man I saw near Batavia
 two weeks or more ago; and when the
 three went by in a buggy a few minutes
 ago, I concluded that the couple is also
 the same couple. It's a swindle
 Harold,—and a mighty big one."

"A swindle? How?"

"Did your father sign anything?"

"Yes, a marriage certificate, as wit-
 nesses."

"It's the same old game, Harold.
 Your father signed a promissory note,
 and for a good big sum."

"A promissory note?"

"Yes. Did he look it over before he
 signed?"

"No I guess not."

"Well, I'm sorry. These three have
 been playing this game here and there
 all over the States, and as they can
 get so far away before there's any
 suspicion aroused, they've escaped cap-
 ture. But say, it's not too late, per-
 haps. Where did they say they were
 going?"

"Waterville."

"Of course, that's where your father
 is well known to the bank. They'll
 cash that note and skidoo. Tell your
 father to throw on his coat, and you
 do the same, and come down double

BASIC SLAG

Manufactured at Sydney, Nova Scotia

COMPARATIVELY few farmers in On-
 tario have so far any knowledge of
 Basic Slag as a fertilizer, and we need
 the assistance of some good men in introduc-
 ing our goods. Amongst the readers of this
 advertisement there must be many Old Coun-
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 know what Basic Slag has done for agricul-
 ture at home, and they may be acquainted
 with some men who would be prepared to
 handle a carload and distribute same amongst
 their neighbors. If so, we would esteem it a
 favor if they would take the trouble to write
 us, with the names and addresses of such men.

The Cross Fertilizer Company, Limited
 SYDNEY, NOVA SCOTIA

District salesman for Niagara Peninsula: E. PLATTS, Pelham Court, Welland Co.

quick. I'll have the car ready, and
 we'll give them a chase for life. Per-
 haps we can catch them before they get
 out of the bank—or even at the station,
 Hurry!"

"All right. Good-by!" returned
 Harold; and he flung up the receiver.

Needless to say, explanations were
 short: In a jiffy, Harold and his father
 were running like race horses down to
 the Williams', where Ray, with his hands
 on the steer-wheel of his car, was ready
 to start.

Without a word, the two mounted up
 into the tonneau, and away they went
 down the road like the wind.

"They've got about forty-five minutes
 the start of us, but you got down here
 in such a hurry, I believe we're going to
 land them," said Harold over his
 shoulder.

"But are you sure it's a fake?" asked
 King, all in a tremble.

"Yes, quite sure. But don't worry.
 They didn't know your next neighbor
 had happened to return from a country
 where they had last operated. It will
 be some surprise."

"Let her go, Ray," urged King.
 "We've got to catch them—or I'll be
 ruined."

But there was no necessity for urging.
 The car was literally bounding over the
 none-too-smooth a road. It was well
 that there were no speed inspectors look-
 ing on.

"They must have plied the gad!" ex-
 claimed Harold, ten minutes later.
 "Here we are within half a mile of the
 bank, and they're nowhere in sight."
 "We'll probably catch one of them
 right in the bank, I'm thinking," re-
 turned Ray. "That's where they'll go
 first, for they've learned that your
 father here is good for the note; they
 found that out from our preacher who
 has pumped father and mother during
 the last week, and the three have been
 in communication."

"Oh, but wasn't I a fool? Wasn't I
 a fool?" reiterated King, now almost
 beside himself.

They were by this time spinning along
 Main Street within two blocks of the
 bank. In another moment they had
 pulled up before the building, and Ray
 stopped the machine. All three men
 jumped out.

"Westlake's in there, sure, as time!"
 almost whispered Harold, peering
 through the plate glass in the door.
 "Look back there at the wicket."
 "The other two have made for the sta-
 tion, I suppose," responded Ray. "I'll
 skip for one of the constables. They
 won't be far away, for I telephoned
 them to be on the watch. You two go
 on in, and look after your note. But
 don't let them escape."

"All right, Ray," responded King, now
 very much on the alert. "You bet your
 boots he doesn't get out of our clutches
 this time."

The two opened the door and entered;
 but Harold remained on guard just in-

"Clay Gates"



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Section H, THE BIBLE HOUSE, Brantford.

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ing, such as Farm Properties, Help and Situations
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tisement inserted for less than 50 cents.

ALL kinds of farms. Fruit farms a specialty
W. B. Calder, Grimsby, Ont.

RELIABLE woman wanted for general house-
work on a country place. All city conveni-
ences, three in family; no outside work; no ob-
jection to a child over five years. References
required. Mrs. John Nasmith, Utica P.O., Ont.

LBERTA—320 acres. A1 dairy farm, two miles
Napoli; level land; no brush; 11 acres
broken; fenced; beautiful house, painted; barn,
sheds, etc.; flowing well. Only \$21 per acre;
\$2,000 cash, balance easy. About this and other
bargains, write George Grant, Herald Block,
Calgary.

AIM for Vancouver Island—Canada's most fav-
oured climate; suits middle-aged and elderly
people well; good profits for ambitious men with
small or large capital in business, professions, fruit
growing, poultry, mixed farming, manufacturing,
mining, fisheries, timber, railroads, new towns,
endless opportunities. Write to-day for authentic
information. Vancouver Island Development
League, 1-29 Broughton St., Victoria, B. C.

FARM FOR SALE—212 acres rich clay; 190
under good cultivation; balance bush and
pasture. Barn 60x90, cement foundation; cement
pigsty and henry; cattle-shed outside; Straight
fences; commodious 11-room brick house, furnace;
two acres orchard; plenty hard and soft water.
Situated along side of a good town, population
1,200, high and public schools and churches; 1/2
mile from G. T. R. station. Apply, Drawer 276,
Brantford.

SITUATION wanted on farm—Young man, mar-
ried (one daughter) used to dairy or stock.
Desires house, etc. Write L. J. B., care of T.
Kilbourne, Byron, Ont.

WANTED—A strictly reliable herdsman. State
references and wages required in first letter.
P. J. Salley, Lachine Rapids, Que.

WANTED—Capable farmer to take full charge
of hundred acre farm. Good salary and
commission will be paid to right party. Address:
T. B. Escott, London, Ontario.

WANTED to rent—150 to 200 acre farm with
good buildings, well fenced and watered. For
mixed farming. Possession November 1st. Address
Star Office, Paris, Ont.

POULTRY AND EGGS

PURE BRED White Wyandotte Cockerels, four
months old, to be sold now, rather than win-
tered. Splendid laying strain. One dollar each.
Dr. Nicole, Maynooth

Animal Fertilizers

are natural fertilizers made from blood,
wimmings, etc., of animals, to which is add-
ed just enough Potash and quick-acting
Nitrates and Super-Phosphates to give the
plant an early vigorous start.

The Harris Abattoir Co., Ltd., Toronto

side the corridor. Mr. King approached
and called out excitedly:

"Hold on there, Mr. Clerk! Is this
villain trying to cash my note?"

The discount clerk—and Westlake—look-
ed up.

It was worth a good deal to King
just to see the suddenly shriveled ap-
pearance of the groom.

"Yes, I was about to hand over the
money," returned the astonished banker.

"Well, don't you do it!" commanded
the farmer in stentorian tones.

Westlake, overwhelmed by the surprise,
was now turning all colors of the rain-
bow. He was in a terrible predicament.
He could not escape to the street, for
Harold, big and husky, guarded the
door. He could not make a retreat,
for there was no place in which to make
a retreat. He doubtless prayed for the
boards of the floor to part suddenly,
and allow him to sink out of sight.

King, keeping his eyes on the fellow,
stepped nearer the wicket.

"This man's the biggest swindler on
earth," he said. "He came to my place
a couple of hours ago with a girl, and
said he wanted to be married. A
preacher came along—one of the gang—
and they went through a mock ceremony
at my house, and I, thinking it was
genuine, was asked to sign a marriage
certificate. What was it I did sign,
anhow? Let me see. No, Mr. West-
lake, you needn't try to walk out or to
snatch this paper. You stand right
there. An officer of the law will tend
to you in mighty short order."

The clerk held up a bluish-tinted piece
of business form paper (it had been, of
course, detached from the so-called
marriage certificate), and said in half
frightened tones:

"You signed a swindler's note for five
hundred dollars. Five minutes more and
you would have been just about that
much poorer."

King stood like one who had been
suddenly stricken with palsy.

"Five hundred dollars!" he finally
gasped. Then he turned upon West-
lake.

"Say, you confounded rascal,—you
ought to be hanged about three times,
but I'd like to first boot you all over
a ten-acre lot just—"

He got no further, for at that in-
stant, Ray and Constable Perry arrived
on the scene; and Westlake, stammering
and stuttering, was immediately placed
under arrest.

"Go down to the station," the con-
stable commanded the Kings. "Officer
McNamara will be down there. Identify
the other two, and I think we'll have
them safe enough. Here, my hearty,
you come with me."

Leaving Ray to assist the officer,
Harold and his father started off pell-
mell, for they were well aware they had
no time to lose. On arriving there,
they found—sure enough—Mr. Baker and
the bride promenading the platform,—but
under the secret surveillance of Officer
McNamara, who had already decided
they were the pair wanted.

The instant the Kings, followed by
the officer, came in sight of the two, the
young lady, after a weak attempt to
escape, collapsed, and dropped limply
down on the platform; but Baker, with
the speed of a deer, bounded across the
tracks, and struck off for the open
country.

Then began a hot chase by a pro-
miscuously gathered "posse," which we
cannot go into details to describe.
Suffice it to state that it lasted for
nearly two hours; but finally the man
was captured, and brought back to town
in a motor.

When the trio had been safely de-
posited in the lock-up, where they would
be held for trial the following morning,
the three farmers returned to the wait-
ing car, only to find themselves sur-
rounded by quite a goodly portion of
the male population of Waterville.

But King totally ignored the crowd.
He appeared like a man who had been
snatched from falling to a sure death
over a precipice.

"Ray, how am I ever to thank you for
this?" he asked, as he was about to
climb into the car. "If it hadn't been
for you and this here machine, I would
have been gulled out of a big pile of
money. It scares me even yet to think
of it."

Then he reached over a big, long arm,
and continued in a voice tremulous with
emotion:

"Will you shake, Ray? I don't de-
serve your friendship, but I tell you I
appreciate what you've done, and I'm
mightily ashamed of the shabby way I've
treated you folks this past year or so.
Now how much am I in your debt,—
financially, I mean?"

Ray smiled broadly in response.

"Don't mention it, Mr. King," said he
in low tones: "it's all right. Why I
would have been a villain not to have
done my best to save you. But say,
I'm most awful glad I got home just
when I did."

"It's Providence, that's what it is!"
exclaimed King.

In another moment, the car had been
turned about, and the three were soon
whizzing back on their eight-mile jaunt
towards home.

News of the Week

CANADIAN.

The total attendance registered at the
Canadian National Exhibition, Toronto,
was 1,009,000.

Two liquor detectives at South Porcu-
pina have been sentenced to six months
each at hard labor in the Central
Prison for having accepted a bribe of
\$25.00 from Mrs. Brennan, a saloon keep-
er, to stave off prosecution from her
house.

An interested crowd of people watched
the parade of 1,000 live stock prize-
winners at Toronto Exhibition on Sep-
tember 5th.

Harry K. Thaw will not yet be de-
ported from Canada. His case has been
carried to the Court of Appeals, and he
will appear before the King's Bench at
Montreal on September 15th. That
public opinion in Quebec has been de-
cidedly in favor of Thaw throughout,
has been evinced by the fact that his
every appearance has been cheered by
the crowd. The arrest of attorney
Jerome on Sept. 5th on the charge of
"gambling on railroad property" is also
looked upon as in indication of pro-
Thaw and anti-Jerome feeling. Jerome
publicly played poker for pennies with
some newspaper men.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN.

Pope Pius is again ill.

Mrs. Pankhurst is to undertake a
lecturing tour through the leading cities
of America soon.

Ex-King Manuel, of Portugal, was
married on Sept. 4th, at Sigmaringen,
Germany, to Princess Augusta Victoria,
daughter of Prince William of Hohen-
zollern. The Prince of Wales represent-
ed King George at the wedding.

According to statistics recently issued
Germany's trade with China has in-
creased over 70 per cent during the past
three years.

A young Sardinian chemist, Dr.
Nurchis, claims to have found an ab-
solute cure for tuberculosis.

As a result of the report of the
special Parliamentary Committee, which
investigated the Putnamay atrocities, a
bill is to be introduced in the British
House of Commons to make the direc-
tors of all companies responsible for the
actions of their agents.

The eleventh International Zionist
(Jewish) Congress was held in Vienna
last week, 600 delegates from all parts
of the world being present. The Zionists
are steadily collecting a fund to buy up
land in Palestine, and so re-people the
country with Jews.

Owing to the pressure of the United
States, President Huerta, it is said,
will not be a candidate for the Presi-
dency in the general elections set for
October 26. The Mexican Government
has withdrawn its demand that he shall
be recognized as constitutional provi-
sional President of the country. In the
meantime President Huerta has sent an
envoy to Washington.

A \$4,000,000 fire occurred at Hot
Springs, Arkansas, on Sept. 5th.



MAIL CONTRACT

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Post-
master-General, will be received at Ottawa
until noon on Friday, the 17th day of October,
1913, for the conveyance of His Majesty's mails
on a proposed contract for four years, six times per
week over Appin (Ekfrid Way), Rural Route, from
the Postmaster-General's Pleasure, next.

Printed notices containing further information
as to conditions of proposed contract may be seen
and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at
the Post Offices of Appin and Ekfrid, and at the
Office of the Post Office Inspector at London.

Post Office Department, } G. C. ANDERSON,
Mail Service Branch } Superintendent,
Ottawa, 5th September, 1913.



MAIL CONTRACT

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Post-
master-General, will be received at Ottawa
until noon on Friday, the 17th day of October,
1913, for the conveyance of His Majesty's mails
on a proposed contract for four years, six times per
week over Appin (north) Rural Route, from the
Postmaster-General's Pleasure, next.

Printed notices containing further information
as to conditions of proposed contract may be seen
and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at
the Post Offices of Appin and North Ekfrid, and
at the Office of the Post Office Inspector at
London.

Post Office Department, } G. C. ANDERSON,
Mail Service Branch } Superintendent,
Ottawa, 5th September, 1913.



MAIL CONTRACT

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Post-
master-General, will be received at Ottawa
until noon on Friday, the 17th day of October,
1913, for the conveyance of His Majesty's mails
on a proposed contract for four years, six times
per week over Dashwood (Khiva and Mt. Carmel)
Rural Route, from the Postmaster-General's
Pleasure, next.

Printed notices containing further information
as to conditions of proposed contract may be seen
and blank forms may be obtained at the Post-
Offices of Dashwood, Khiva, Mt. Carmel and
Sarepta, and at the Office of the Post Office In-
spector at London.

Post Office Department, } G. C. ANDERSON,
Mail Service Branch } Superintendent,
Ottawa, 5th September, 1913.



MAIL CONTRACT.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Post-
master-General, will be received at Ottawa
on Friday, the 17th day of October, 1913, for
the conveyance of His Majesty's mails on a proposed
Melbourne (Middlemiss), Rural Route, from the
Postmaster-General's Pleasure, next.

Printed notices containing further information
as to conditions of proposed contract may be seen
and blank forms of Tenders may be obtained at
the Post Offices of Melbourne, Middlemiss and
Mayfair, and at the Office of the Post Office
Inspector at London.

Post Office Department, } C. C. ANDERSON,
Mail Service Branch } Superintendent,
Ottawa, 5th September, 1913.

"Clover Huller" for Sale—This
machine is a
"John Abell" and does excellent work. Equipped
to be driven by either engine or horse-power, price
\$150.00, apply to: F. F. RITCHIE, Allan's
Mills P.O., Ontario. Lanark County.

A short time ago there was much in-
dignation in Japan over the killing of
some Japanese at Nanking. Last week
in Tokio Moriarte Abe, of the Foreign
Office, was assassinated by Chinese in
Tokio, in mistake, as many think, for
Dr. Sun Yat Sen, who, some time ago,
was obliged to fly to Japan to secure
safety from the emissaries of Yuan Shi
Kai. This assassination has intensified
indignation to clamor, and meetings call-
ing for war against China are being held
in Tokio and other places.

The Windrow.

Unfavorable weather reduced the at-
tendance on Farmers' Day at the exhi-
bition somewhat, receipts showing but
83,000 this year as compared with 98,-
000 last year. Those who were present,
however, defied dull skies, and made the
best possible use of their time.

Private William A. Hawkins, who won
the King's prize for shooting at Bisley,
has been appointed by the Government

to a position in the Toronto Customs House.

The Minister of Public Instruction in Russia, has approved the use of moving pictures in all the higher schools of the country. They will be used for teaching geography, history and the sciences.

There is a woman in Oregon who is City Attorney, Chief of Police, and Mayor of her town. She is Clara Cynthia Munson of Warrenton. She went into office last January, the first woman Mayor on the Pacific coast. Miss Munson has five men for her council, whether they have approved a woman Mayor or not, they have given her the respect and support due her office. The result has been an unsensational and constructive administration of the town. Miss Munson says: "I am only trying to give my city an economical and businesslike administration."—New York Post.

Henceforth the sewage of great cities, instead of being a continual source of abomination and perplexity, may be transformed to positive usefulness. A United States citizen has, by a clever invention, found a means of saving, deodorizing and distributing the malodorous mass so that it may be used as a fertilizer. The system is now in use in Santa Monica, California, Oklahoma City, and Santos, Brazil.

Bulgaria's announcement that she could fight no longer because her money was done and she could get no more, did not, perhaps, surprise the world. Her total expenditure in money during the period preceding the signing of the Treaty of Bucharest was \$480,000,000 with a loss in killed alone of 140,000 men. The total estimate for the Balkan war, has been placed at \$1,264,000,000, with 338,000 killed. This total, notes Literary Digest would be vastly increased if one could include lives lost by massacres and epidemics, the value of the private property destroyed and of the farming and other industries suspended.

Lord Beresford, speaking in New York some time ago, declared that if all the English-speaking countries of the world were to unite to prevent war, they would be successful. These countries, he pointed out, are pre-eminently the trading countries of the world. In connection with his remarks the following table, showing the gross expenditure on war and per capita tax for warlike purposes, of the leading nations of the world, may be of interest:

	Gross Expenditure.	Per Capita Tax.
Great Britain	\$310,000,000	\$7.50
Germany	250,000,000	4.00
France	200,000,000	5.00
Russia	250,000,000	2.00
Austria-Hungary	110,000,000	2.50
Italy	80,000,000	2.00
United States	240,000,000	4.00
Japan	45,000,000	1.00
Total	\$1,500,000,000	

"This enormous sum," remarks London Advertiser, "is merely the expenditure for army and navy appropriations in time of peace, and represents about 40 per cent of all taxes paid. When will the world wake up and shake off the hypnotic spell of the armament lobbyist? The great nations are to-day treading the peaceful paths of industry. Why should they go about armed to the teeth, regarding one another as foot-pads? The amount spent upon armaments would pour a fertilizing stream through all the channels of trade, or if wisely spent upon schemes of social amelioration, would remove a mass of poverty and human misery. Some day the many will refuse to bear the burden longer to play the game of the few."

After a forest fire the vegetation which springs up in the burned district is generally quite different from that before the land was burned over. In this connection some interesting data have been gathered by a British scientist who has worked in Australia.

In that country, after the burning of the large timber trees, there grows a crop of wattles—various species of

E G G S BUTTER POULTRY

Note: Potatoes, Onions and Vegetables in car lots or less. We require large quantities and will pay a premium for quality. **MERCHANTS PRODUCE COMPANY** Established 1899 57 Front St., E., Toronto Long-distance 'phone 1478.

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Columbia Double Disc Records

DOUBLE VALUE FOR YOUR MONEY

Please mention "The Farmer's Advocate."



Mr. Edison's Pet and Hobby

He realizes the wonderful value of his phonograph as a cementer of home ties and a maker of happy homes. And for this reason he worked for years striving to produce the most perfect phonograph. At last he has produced this new model, and his friends have induced him to take the first vacation he has had in over a quarter of a century. Just think of it; over twenty-five years of unremitting work on many inventions—then his pet and hobby perfected—then a vacation.

Wonderful NEW Edison Shipped FREE

Write today for our new Edison catalog that tells you all about the wonderful new model Edison with Mr. Edison's new Model R Reproducer and the new parlor grand equipment. With this catalog we also send full explanation of our free shipment offer.

Mr. Edison Says "I want to see a phonograph in every home."

The Offer

We will send you the new model Edison Phonograph and your choice of over a thousand records on an absolutely free loan. We want you to have all the waltzes, two-steps, vaudevilles, minstrels, grand operas, also the sacred music, etc., etc., by the world's greatest artists. Entertain your family and your friends. Give plays and concerts right in your own parlor. Hear the songs, solos, duets and quartettes, the pealing organs, the brass bands, the symphony orchestras, the choirs of Europe's great cathedrals, the piano and violin concerts, virtuoso—all these we want you to hear free as reproduced on the new Edison. Then, when you are through with the outfit you may send it back to us.

Read this remarkable Free Shipment offer on the first lot of the new style Edison Phonographs; these new Phonographs to be shipped FREE on this special offer NOW.

The Reason

Why should we make such an ultra-liberal offer? Why should we go to all this expense and trouble just so you can have all these free concerts? Well, we'll tell you: we are tremendously proud of this magnificent new instrument. When you get it in your town we know everybody will say that nothing like it has ever been heard—so wonderful, so grand, so beautiful, such a king of entertainers—so we are pretty sure that at least some one, if not you, then somebody else, will want to buy one of these new style Edisons (especially as they are being offered now at the most astounding rock-bottom price and on easy terms as low as \$2.00 a month). But even if nobody buys there is no obligation and we'll be just as glad anyway that we sent you the New Edison on our free trial; for that is our way of advertising quickly everywhere the wonderful superiority of the New Edison.

FREE: Our New Edison Catalog

Write today for our new Edison catalog and learn all about the wonderful New Edison. Learn how thousands of people are entertaining their friends by giving Edison concerts—learn how the boys and girls are kept at home and all the family made happy by the wonderful Edison. No obligations whatsoever in asking for this magnificent illustrated catalog, so write now.

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Western Office: 65 Post Street, San Francisco, Cal. U. S. Office: Edison Block, Chicago, Ill.

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Name _____ Address _____



"What's flour gluten, Bud?"

"It's what makes your dough rise, Rose."

"Yes"—she encouraged.

Added Bud very sagely:

"Makes it rise in the mixer and expand
"in the oven. It's the elastic part of
"flour—absorbs all the water and milk
"—and things."

Rose grew interested.

"FIVE ROSES," said Bud, "is exceedingly
"rich in gluten. I s'pose because it's all
"made from Manitoba wheat. Takes up a lot
"more water—makes those fat loaves—lasts
"longer, too."

"Saves money, doesn't it?" asked Rose.

Bud in a big voice:

"The fat loaf makes the fat pocketbook."

Use FIVE ROSES always.

And Rose said YES.

Five Roses Flour

Not Bleached



Not Blended

LAKE OF THE WOODS MILLING COMPANY, LIMITED, MONTREAL

acacia—even in places where none has been known within the memory of the inhabitants. In the case of a scrub fire which has swept away the undergrowth, leaving the forest trees still alive but with bare and blackened trunks, the plant to spring up in the desolation is the waratah.

This is called the handsomest wild flower in the world. In its brilliant coloring it seems a reflection of the fire that caused its birth. One writer thus describes it: "Among the charred trees little tongues of flame seem to lick. These are the waraths, each plant bearing on a stem six feet high a single burning red flower, shaped like a heart, and the size of a man's closed fist. Imagine many hundreds of red stamens, greater in size than those of the tiger-lily, packed closely together to make a heart shape, and you have the Australian waratah."

Interesting experiments carried out in Australia by Professor Ewart, of Victoria, have suggested a reasonable explanation of the phenomena of the appearance of these flowers. Working with seeds of acacia fifty or sixty years old, he has found that these will germinate if the hard coverings are previously softened or oiled.

In the case of the Australian forest fires, it is thought that the alkaline ashes produced by the fire may act on the hardened coats of the wattle seeds lying in the ground and soften them. Or the heat may partly char these same hardened seed coats. In either case the seed is able to germinate. Thus the idea seems to be that the covering of a seed may become so hard that the embryo cannot penetrate it, and that it may be preserved in the ground indefinitely in this state without losing its power of growth.

It is recalled in this connection that after the great fire of 1666 there sprang



Now—weigh the car—not its price. The light and powerful Ford competes for your favor with every other car—no matter what the price. That its cost is small is due to the manner and magnitude of its making.

Six hundred dollars is the new price of the Ford runabout; the touring car is six fifty; the town car nine hundred—all f.o.b. Walkerville, Ont., complete with equipment. Get catalogue and particulars. Ford Motor Company of Canada, Limited, Ford, Ontario (formerly Walkerville, Ont.).

ELMHURST LARGE ENGLISH BERKSHIRES

From our recent importation of sows, together with the stock boar Suddon Torredor, we can supply select breeding stock, all ages. Satisfaction and safe delivery guaranteed. H. M. VANDERLIP, Breeder and Importer, Cainsville P. O. Langford Station on Brantford and Hamilton Radial.

up on the site of London immense quantities of a yellow cruciferous flower, which became known as the "London rocket." It was so abundant that there was supposed to be on this spot more than in all the rest of Europe. It does not appear to have been noticed there previously.—The Independent.

Controversy in regard to Mr. Asquith's appointment of Robert Bridges to the post of poet-laureate, still rages in England. Some of the poets and artists, it is true, approve of the choice, the public at large still shouts for Kipling, for Mrs. Meynell, for Noyes and for Masfield. The following is a list of the poets-laureate up to the present time. It will be noted that many of the names, but for their resurrection whenever a new poet-laureate is appointed, would have long since been engulfed in the mists of the past.

Name	Born.	App.	Died.
Geoffrey Chaucer1340?	1368	1400
John Gower1325?	1400	1408
Henry Scroban1361?		1407
John Kay		
Andrew Bernard	1486	1523
John Skelton1460?	1523	1529
Richard Edwards1523?	1561	1566
Edmund Spenser1553	1590	1599
Samuel Daniel1562	1599	1619
Ben Jonson1573	1619	1637
Sir Wm. Davenant1605	1638	1668
John Dryden1631	1670	1700
Thomas Shadwell1640	1688	1692
Nahum Tate1652	1692	1715
Nicholas Rowe1673	1715	1718
Rev. Law Eusden1688	1718	1730
Colley Cibber1671	1730	1757
William Whitehead1715	1757	1785
Thomas Warton1728	1785	1790
Henry James Pye1745	1790	1813
Robert Southey1774	1813	1843
Wm. Wordsworth1770	1843	1850
Alfred, Lord Tennyson1809	1850	1892
Alfred Austin1835	1897	1913

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1619 1637
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1683 1692
1692 1715
1715 1718
1718 1730
1730 1757
1757 1783
1785 1790
1790 1813
1813 1843
1843 1850
1850 1892
1897 1913



A Million People

Give these stockings and socks the hardest wear hose know. They

Buy Them for Style and consider the 6 months' wear merely an extra advantage. Could any but the best in a product gain such an overwhelming preference?

We are making a wonderful hose in Holeproof. Walk in them, dance in them, play tennis or golf in them.

Holeproof Hosiery
FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

Every stitch is guaranteed for six months; not just heels and toes. Here are hose that will stand the most strenuous sports. We even guarantee, for men and women, three pairs of silk Holeproof Hose for three months.

Silk From Japan

We could buy common silk for Holeproof. But we send to the North of Japan for ours, for there it is nowhere else.

74c Cotton Yarn

We could buy ordinary cotton yarn for as low as thirty-two cents per pound. Yet we pay an average of seventy-four cents. Our inspection department alone costs us \$60,000 a year.

For the past thirteen years, since Holeproof were first made, 95 per cent have outlasted the guarantee. The above figures refer to Holeproof as made in the States and Canada. Try it—buy six pairs of Holeproof today. See how they are wearing six months from today.

Sold in Your Town

The genuine Holeproof are sold in your town. We'll tell you the dealers' names on request, or ship direct where there's no dealer near, charges prepaid, on receipt of remittance. Six pairs of cotton hose guaranteed six months, for men, cost \$1.50 to \$3 per box; for women and children \$2 to \$3 per box; 3 pairs for children, \$1 per box, three pairs guaranteed three months. Several weights; all sizes and colors. Three pairs of silk Holeproof guaranteed three months, for men and women, cost \$2 a box for men, and \$3 a box for women. All colors. Medium Cashmere Socks for Men, 6 pairs \$2—fine Cashmere 6 pairs \$3. Women's fine Cashmere Stockings, 6 pairs \$3. 6 pairs of Cashmere are guaranteed six months. Write for free book, telling all about Holeproof.

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INTERIOR FINISH. ALL KINDS OF HARD AND SOFT WOODS, KILN DRIED.

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Are the ideal wheel for farm and road. Built to fit any axle or skein, of any height, any width of tire and capacity.

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Please Mention The Advocate

Advice to Budding Authors

Aspirants for journalistic honors should religiously eschew polysyllabic orthography. The philosophical and philological substructure of this principle is ineluctable. Excessively attended verbal symbols inevitably induce unnecessary complexity, and consequently exaggerate the obfuscation of the mentality of the peruser. Conversely, expressions which are reduced to the furthestmost minimum of simplification and compactness, besides contributing realistic verisimilitude, constitute a much less onerous handicap to the reader's perspicacity.

Observe, for instance the unmistakable and inescapable expressiveness of onomatopoeic, interjectional, monosyllabic utterance, especially when motivated under strenuous emotional circumstances. How much more appealing is their euphonious pulchritude than the preposterous and pretentious pomposity of elongated verbiage.—Toronto Varsity.

Our English Correspondence.

£37,000 FOR LIVE STOCK IMPROVEMENT.

To the extent of £37,000 is the British Government making a grant towards the improvement of live stock. The main object of the scheme is to afford means of demonstrating to groups of farmers, especially the smaller farmers, that it is sound economy and of pecuniary advantage to use only sound and high-class sires, and to keep records of the milk yield of their dairy cows, with a view to getting rid of poor milkers and improving, by judicious selection and breeding, the productiveness of their herds. Preference in the assistance contemplated is to be given, as far as possible, to occupiers of agricultural holdings, which either do not exceed 100 acres in extent or, if exceeding 100 acres, are of an annual value for purposes of income tax not exceeding £100.

The assistance will take the form of financial help for the provision of high-class bulls, stallions, and boars, at the same low fees as are usually paid for the use of an inferior type of sire, and the Board are also authorized to pay one-half of the expenses of associations of farmers formed for the purpose of taking and checking the milking records of the herds of their members, and such grant is not to exceed £50 to each association. Where, however, a society is in a position advantageously to employ more than one tester, the Board will be prepared favorably to consider a relaxation of limitation.

It is prescribed by the conditions attached by the Development Commissioners to the grant that the provision of stallions and boars, and, wherever possible, of bulls, is to be made through the medium of clubs and societies which may be either already in existence or be specially formed for the purpose, as the Commissioners consider that the formation of societies will afford the best means of enabling small farmers to realize the advantage of co-operating and of securing thereby the services of high-class sires, which as isolated individuals they might not be able under existing circumstances to obtain. In regard to bulls, it is recognized that in some districts it may be possible to at once form clubs and societies for their provision, and where this is found to be the case, grants may be offered to individual breeders who are willing to place improved bulls at the disposal of their neighbors.

It is not intended, however, that the offer of grants to individuals for the provision of bulls will be continued for so long a period as that of grants to clubs. The total amount of financial assistance which the Board is authorized to give in one year under the various parts of this scheme is as follows:

Grants to societies or individuals for the provision of bulls	£13,800
Grants to societies for the provision of boars	1,000
Grants to heavy-horse societies	8,800
Grants to milk-recording societies	5,000
Grants to the selected agricultural institutions for the employment of live-stock officers	8,400
Total	£37,000

The Board have divided the grant be-

Make Your Lame Horse Sound, Like This

You Can Do It While He Works.

We want to show you that there isn't any affection that causes lameness in horses that can't be cured, no matter of how long standing. We want to send you our instructive book, "Horse Sense" No. 3.



It describes all. And with the book we want to send you an expert's diagnosis of your horse's lameness. All this is absolutely free. Simply mark the spot where swelling or lameness occurs on picture of horse, clip out and send to us telling how it affects the gait, how long animal has been lame and its age.

We absolutely guarantee Mack's \$1,000 Spavin Remedy to cure Spavin, Bone or Bog Spavin, Curb, Splint, Ringbone, Thoroughpin, Sprung Knee, Shoe Bole, Wind Puff, Weak, Sprained and Ruptured Tendons, Sweeny, Shoulder or Hip Lameness and every form of lameness affecting the horse. We have deposited One Thousand Dollars in the bank to back up our guarantee. Cures while he works. No scars, no blemish, no loss of hair.

Your druggist will furnish you with Mack's \$1,000 Spavin Remedy. If he hasn't it in stock, write us.

Price \$2.50 per bottle and worth it. Address: McCallor Drug Co., Binghampton, N. Y. LYMAN BROS. CO., LTD., TORONTO, ONT. Distributors to Drug Trade.

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Detroit, Mich.	3.40
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Bay City, Mich.	4.35
Cleveland, via Buffalo	6.70
Cleveland, via Detroit	6.25
Grand Rapids, Mich.	4.25
Saginaw, Mich.	4.25
Minneapolis or St. Paul,	
All Rail	\$28.40
Rail and Steamship	\$32.40

RETURN LIMIT—All tickets valid for return to reach original starting point not later than September 29th, 1913.

Full particulars and tickets from Grand Trunk Agents.



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Just the book you've been looking for.
Modern Quadrille Call Book

and Complete Dancing Master. Cloth bound. Price, postpaid, only 50c. Write for large catalogue of books, free.

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"1900" Gravity Washer

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tween England and Wales in proportion to the estimated number of holdings above 20 and not exceeding 100 acres—namely, 81 and 19 per cent. to each country, respectively—and they have apportioned the amount available for England between the ten provinces into which the country has been divided, in accordance with the distribution of animals between those districts.

Grants will also be made for the salaries and expenses of a live-stock officer to be attached to each of the selected agricultural institutions in the 12 provinces of England and Wales. This officer will be primarily responsible for the local promotion and administration of the scheme in the area for which he is appointed. He will also be required to give technical advice and assistance to local agriculturists and to members of the county staff on questions relating to live stock.

The advisory work will be entrusted to the Advisory Councils that have been set up in the ten provinces into which England has been divided, and to the Welsh Agricultural Council in Wales.

In July last Canada took from us but six head of cattle, worth only £23. 3. 9, each. That is not good enough. The demand for pedigree cattle for export during the month of July was one of the most extensive experienced for years; in fact, the number exported during the month was larger than on record for that month—for the past twenty-five years, at any rate. The receipts for the animals sold during the month are stated to have been £69,828, an amount working out at an average of £65. 1. 0. per head. Here are a few figures:

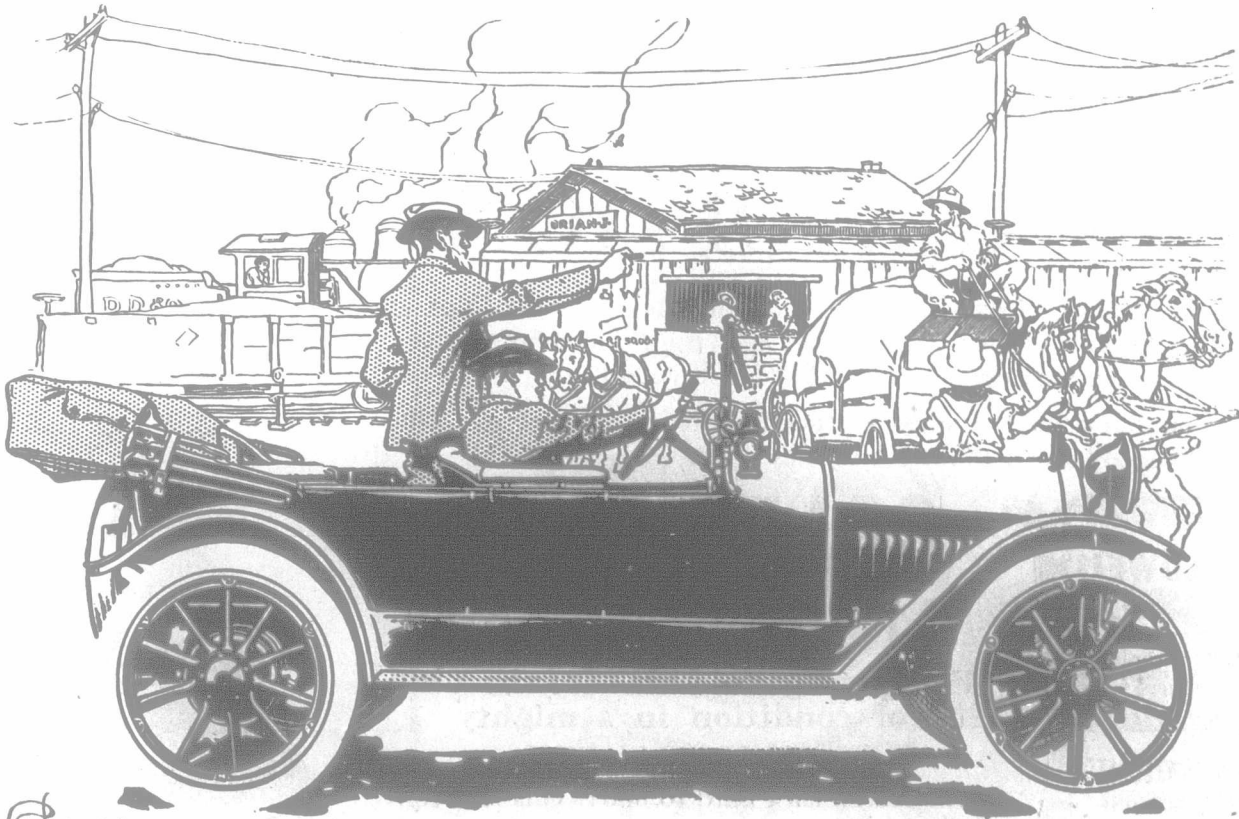
	No. Sold	Declared Value	Average of Declared Value
July, 1909 ...	441	£21,844	£49. 10. 7.
July, 1910 ...	201	13,108	65. 4. 6.
July, 1911 ...	489	14,077	28. 15. 8.
July, 1912 ...	188	9,402	60. 17. 8.
July, 1913 ...	1,073	69,828	65. 1. 0.

Whereas in July, 1912, the Argentine imported twenty-nine head of cattle, last month that country secured 528, the average declared value of which was £80. 7. 10. Uruguay, which in July, 1912, imported no cattle, bought up last month 112 head, at £114. 3. 2. The United States, which had twenty in 1912, secured 132 this year, at £31. 15. 7. The remainder of the exported cattle in July, 1913, went to "countries not separately enumerated" in the official returns. These averaged £38. 3. 8, these countries taking in 1912 only sixty-nine head.

A report which has been issued on the results of an investigation into the earnings of agricultural laborers in each county of England and Wales for the year 1912-13 shows that there has been a decided tendency for the earnings of all agricultural laborers to advance since 1907. At the same time the cost of living has increased by 10 per cent. The population of rural districts and the increasing demand for industrial labor during the past half century could not, it is pointed out, but bring about a shortage of agricultural workers, and this, it would seem, has now occurred. Labor is scarce; the more progressive sons of laborers flock to the towns or the Dominions, and there is a general complaint that the quality of labor in country districts is poor. In Westmorland, where the system of living enables young men to save sufficient capital to take a farm of their own, there is a difficulty in satisfying the demand for small farms, and the same difficulty applies to other districts where the laborer is in a position to save money. As soon as sufficient capital has been put up the best men go abroad. The report proceeds to tabulate the average weekly earnings of agricultural laborers in each county, which run from 18 shillings and six pence to twenty-six shillings.

F. Cockshutt has been buying Berkshire pigs from the Puddington (Cheshire) herd of Samuel Sanday.

Sixty head of Clydesdales have just been sent to Canada from Glasgow. Isaac Williamson, Toronto, has secured 28 head from the Morayshire and Banffshire areas of Scotland. Two-year-olds predominate. G. T. BURROWS.



The New Hupmobile with Pressed Steel Pullman Body.

No, in the last analysis a pressed steel body wasn't actually necessary. Nor are steel cars necessary on railroad trains. But you'd rather ride in a steel train or a steel motor car, wouldn't you? That's why we had these bodies designed and constructed by the builders of Pullman cars. Because they are the best automobile bodies built. The Hupmobile was first in this. Just as it was first in the distinctive Hupmobile design now so widely adopted. A pressed steel frame as costly as ours wasn't necessary, either. But you wouldn't trade the added safety for a few dollars less in cost, would you? You wouldn't give up the longer life of the car and the power to withstand shocks and strain?

A long-stroke engine isn't necessary, either. But everybody knows it's a better engine. We don't have to use as much aluminum as we do, either. But it makes a better Hupmobile; and so we use it. We don't have to use more high priced steel than any car of our class in the world. But it makes a better Hupmobile; and we use it. You've heard us say we believe the Hupmobile is the best car of its class in the world. Well, we have just told you a few of the reasons why we say it. We believe it's the best farmer's car in the world, too. We believe it will keep going more days in the year. We believe it will cost him less to keep it going. And if you write for details; and get a good, whole-hearted demonstration, you'll think so, too.

Hupp Motor Car Company, Desk N, Windsor, Ontario.

Hupmobile

"32" Touring Car or Roadster—\$1,230 f. o. b. Windsor.

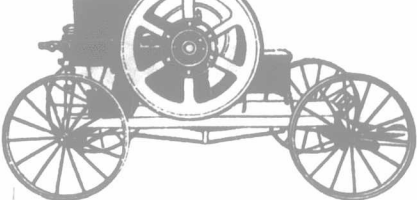
Four-cylinder long-stroke motor, 3 1/4 x 5 1/2 inches; unit power plant. Selective type transmission, sliding gears. Center control. Full floating rear axle. 108-inch wheel base. Tires, 32x3 1/2. Q. D. Rear shock absorber. Magneto rain shield.

Equipment—Rain vision ventilating windshield; mohair top with envelope; Hupmobile jiffy curtains; speedometer; cocoa mat in trunk; Prest-O-Lite; oil lamps; tools. Trimmings, black and nickel.

"32" Touring Car or Two-passenger Roadster with Westinghouse two-unit electric generator and starter; electric lights; over-size tires, 33x4 inches; demountable rims, extra rim and tire carrier at rear—\$1,380 f. o. b. Windsor.

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FOR EVERY POWER PURPOSE, A



GILSON "GOES-LIKE-SIXTY" ENGINE

MORE VALUE, MORE POWER, MORE SERVICE, MORE SATISFACTION

Does satisfaction mean anything to you? Does money saved in fuel, in time, in repairs and expense bills appeal to you? Get Gilson Facts, and find out how the Gilson 60-SPEED engine does the greatest variety of work—how it gives the maximum satisfaction—saves money in equipment, and yields 100% service at lowest cost. Every engine covered by a cast-iron guarantee.

NEW FEATURES AND LATEST IMPROVEMENTS
The new Gilson 100% SERVICE ENGINES, 4 HP and upwards, are equipped with our new friction clutch pulley with five interchangeable rims, each of a different diameter. Change to the proper speed for every job in a few minutes. A NEW and EXCLUSIVE GILSON FEATURE. These engines are also equipped with a magneto, without batteries or coil, with spark retarder.—no cranking necessary. A child can start them. We also make 60-SPEED engines in 1 1/2 and 3 HP sizes. These are mounted on truck, with line shaft and five interchangeable pulleys, and pump-jack. Drop us a card to-day, and we will send you full descriptive literature. We are making special prices to the first purchaser of one of these engines in every locality. Write NOW. Agents wanted.

GILSON MFG. CO., LTD.
1609 YORK ST. GUELPH, ONT. (975)

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Aylmer Superior Lever Force Pump

For Hand and Windmill use. Has Six, Eight, and Ten-inch Stroke. Adjustable Base.

Fig. 36.



Fig. 36 represents our Superior Lever Pump, fitted for hand and windmill use. Made in 1 1/2 and 2-inch.

This style of lever and fulcrum has several advantages over the ordinary style; having longer stroke, the power is greater, making it work easier. The handle being wood, they are not so liable to break in frosty weather.

The base is adjustable, admitting of top being raised or lowered to any position desired.

The handle is drilled for three lengths of stroke. Six, eight, and ten-inch stroke.

This is readily converted into a Windmill Pump by the addition of a flat bar, which screws into the cross-head on top.

Cylinders capped inside require to be two inches longer to obtain same stroke.

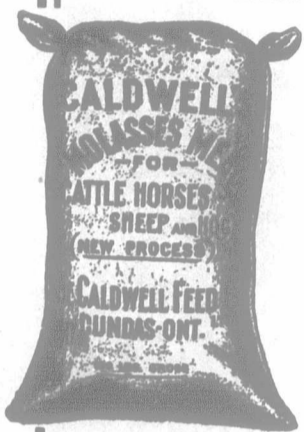
This pump is adapted for all depths of wells; furnished with Iron, Brass Body or Brass Lined Cylinder. You'll never regret placing one of these pumps on your farm. Write us to-day for prices and illustrated catalogue free.

Aylmer Pump & Scale Co. Aylmer - Ontario

Show That Animal IN CONDITION

The Caldwell Feed Co., Ltd., are again offering Silver Cups at the Guelph Winter Fair for the best conditioned horse, steer, sheep and hog, irrespective of conditioner used.

You can take the word of the majority of owners of "blue ribboned" stock that nothing can touch



CALDWELL'S Molasses Meal

For getting animals into the pink of condition in a mighty short space of time.

The reason isn't hard to find: This feed contains 84 per cent. pure cane molasses, all nutriment; 16 per cent. edible moss, great aid to digestion. Animals like it from the start.

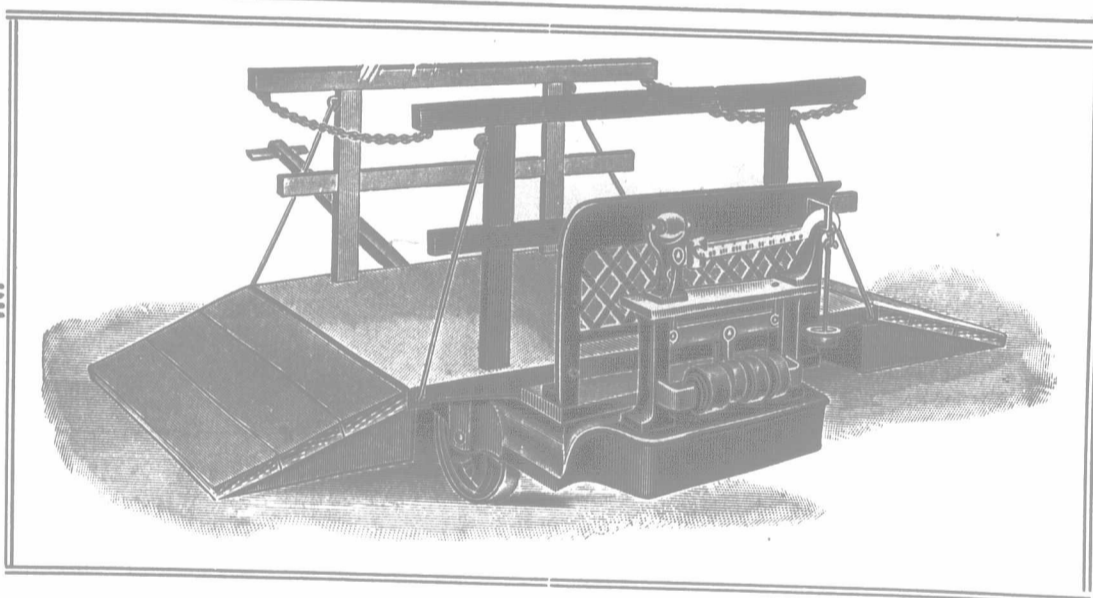
Use it. It is an economy and an excellent investment, and you will SEE the value of your stock GOING UP.

From your feedman or

The CALDWELL FEED CO., Limited
DUNDAS, ONTARIO



This is one of four cups donated for the Best Horse, Beef Animal, Dairy Cow and Pen of Bacon Hogs shown at the Guelph Fat Stock Show this year.



The Aylmer Three-Wheeled Wagon and Stock Scale

Aylmer Scale is the only 3-point bearing scale on the market.

The only scale that will weigh correctly on an uneven surface.

The wheels are large and encased.

All material and workmanship are first-class and guaranteed.

Capacity of this scale 2,000 lbs.

Size of platform without rack, 24"x36."

Why should YOU not weigh your stock and grain and ascertain where you are making money, so as to enable you to increase your profits.

This scale will pay for itself in a short time.

Mail us \$26 to-day, and we will deliver this scale, with Government certificate attached, to your nearest railway station, if in Ontario, or \$35 with cattle rack.

Let us hear from you.

The Aylmer Pump & Scale Co., Limited, Aylmer, Ontario

When Writing Mention The Advocate

Gossip.

PRIMITIVE BREEDS OF SHEEP.

"It is only the extraordinary genius that a few men have possessed, that has brought these animals to the high standard they have reached," writes a contributor to the London Live Stock Journal.

"With each breed there has been the occasional genius who could look far into the future, and see how, by skilled mating and selection, an animal changed almost out of recognition would be evolved. Had there been no such men, our breeds would have been limited in number, and the world's sheep would now be crude and of little thriftiness. The greater area of this country was inhabited by local breeds, which possessed more unsatisfactory features than satisfactory ones: three or four years were required to bring them to maturity, and although wethers of that age had acquired full flavor, they were ill-shaped, and usually the better points were poorly developed. A vast number of these local breeds disappeared when better animals became available; and it is only in certain areas that the indigenous stock remains. The modern breeds are generally much modified by crossing, until it those who saw their progenitors a century ago could see the sheep of to-day they would rarely recognize them.

"In the making of our modern breeds there has been much crossing; no breed of note is entirely free, though perhaps some minor breeds like the Herdwick may claim great freedom from crossing. Much of the experimenting with breeds in the early days of sheep breed improvement was of a haphazard nature; though the improved Leicester and the Southdown dominated other breeds, and made striking improvements, so that to them most improvers looked. When one looks at the splendidly modelled Hampshire Down, and recalls the fact that it originated from the old Wilts, the Berks Nott, Southdown, Cotswold and Leicester, instilled in different degrees, one realizes how well it is that there have been numerous breeds to draw upon when making up a new breed. This is especially the case when it is remembered that much of the high quality of meat now associated with it is traceable to the old Wilts and the Berks Nott, which 150 years ago were rough, ungainly Heath breeds.

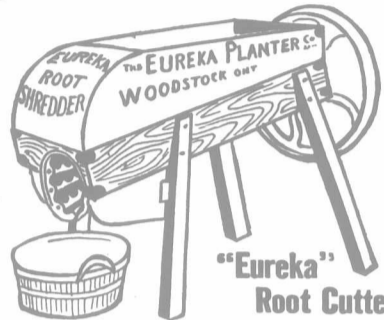
"The Suffolk Down even more recently possessed few of the features which now make it such a strong competitor in the block tests at Smithfield, and which make it so popular among the Eastern Counties farmers for its rapid maturity. Of course it has had the assistance of the Southdown on the original old Heath breed; but this only confirms the fact that unpromising looking indigenous breeds may possess within themselves features of the highest value. One could touch on other breeds, but this is sufficient to indicate that because indigenous breeds as yet unimproved look mean beside improved breeds, it is no reason why they should not be improved, or that they should not possess characteristics which might be valuable if instilled into some of the already improved breeds.

"One does not suggest that a direct first cross would be the most profitable means of improving an already improved breed; but after breeding up, and selection after judicious crossing, a dash of the breed might be imported satisfactorily. With some of our breeds early maturity too nearly approaches early fatality; and the big daily increases are largely due to the fat laid on; whilst it is the lean meat which is most sought after. It happens that at the present time, whilst mutton fetches exceptionally good prices, there is advantage in size, but looking forward, one sees that the special market the British sheep feeder will have is that for fine quality, such as the importer cannot send over chilled. It would take some years of skilled breeding to get the best effect through breeding at present quite unimproved; but this country cannot afford to lose any advantage which its sheep stock possesses. It wants all its breeds, unimproved as well as improved, and no breed should be allowed to die out; if a breed possesses only one good feature that is not shared by other breeds, that is quite sufficient to make it worth while to perpetuate it or transmit it to other breeds.

"When one reviews the breeds which

Up-to-Date Specialties For Farmers And Gardeners

Things you need—implements and tools that should be on every truck garden and farm. Our way of making these specialties assures adaptability, strength and service at the minimum price for the best goods of their kind on the market.



"Eureka" Root Cutter

will slice or shred from 1 to 2 bushels per minute. Fastest machine made—easiest running. Tapering cylinder—10 best steel knives.

"Eureka" Sanitary Churn

Barrel of finest stoneware—top of clear pressed glass. Churns by hand lever. The only sanitary churn made. 3 sizes—8, 10 and 12 gallons.

"True" Wagon Box and Rack

Without wings and ladder, it is a perfect wagon box. With them, it is the best Hay, Stock, Wood, Poultry, Corn or Fruit Rack ever invented. Adjusted to any position in a minute without wrench, hook or rope.

"Eureka" Combination Anvil

Best iron anvil, with vice, pipe vice and drill attachment, and saw clamps. Just what you need for repairing tools and machinery. Weighs 60 pounds.

The "Bacon" Seed Drill

will handle the most delicate seed without bruising or breaking, and will sow evenly to the last seed.

Write for Catalogue

Every farmer, who wants to make money out of his farm, ought to have our new catalogue. It shows our TOOLS, Rakes, Hoes and Machines as they are, and describes their construction in detail. Write for free copy.

The Eureka Planter Co., Ltd.
137 Winnett Street,
Woodstock, Ontario.

Has Your Home an Indoors Closet?

SELF-RE-SPECT, your health, the health of your family, and the march of progress all call on you to replace the draughty, dangerous, and unsightly outhouse with an indoors closet. You can do it inexpensively and readily with a

"Tweed" SANITARY ODORELESS Closet

Can be placed in cellar or elsewhere in any home. Requires no plumbing or sewage; only connection with stove-pipe to chimney-hole for ventilation.



You can try a Tweed indoors closet for 30 days free. Ideal for summer cottages and schools, rural and village homes. Send for illustrated booklet. **STEEL TROUGH & MACHINE CO., Ltd.** 5 James St. Tweed, Ont.

GINSENG

For the season of 1913 we are offering one-year-old roots, two-year-old roots, stratified seeds and new seeds at greatly reduced prices. Write for Price List.

I. E. YORK & Co., Waterford, Ont.

If you want value for your money insist on

Rice's Pure Salt

Best for table, dairy and general use.

North American Chemical Co., Limited, Clinton, Ont.

STAMMERERS

can be cured, not merely of the habit, but of its cause. The Arnott Institute has permanently restored natural speech to thousands—is doing it to-day. Write for full information and references to:

The Arnott Institute, Berlin, Ontario.

BOOTS—Save nearly 5% buying from Factory direct. Agents Wanted. Send postage 4c. for large illustrated list and particulars. **British Boot Co., 105 Portland Sq., Bristol, England.**

Mr. Elwes has in such a public-spirited manner got together, the first point that ought to come to mind is, that in practically every case these animals have existed through many centuries under most trying conditions, both in respect to climate and food; very often they have a great deal more climate than food; and even such food as they have found has been such that better favored sheep would have starved upon. Give them a few generations under more favorable conditions, and doubtless, without any special selection or crossing, they would show great improvement. They should not be regarded merely as curiosities, but as an asset with great potentialities; it should be a national duty to maintain them, for such work as is being done by Mr. Elwes can be done by only a few private individuals, and the field open is so vast. Money from the Development Fund may be going to worthy causes, but it will be ill-spent if some of it is not directed to purposes of this sort. The extinction of any indigenous breed is a national loss; Mr. Elwes' exhibition was a valuable reminder of what a number of breeds there are which are little known, and therefore at risk of extinction because of the opposition they have to meet from breeds which are further developed. At the present moment there are many districts carrying breeds of a type which are not best suited to them, and where others could be more profitably substituted."

Gossip.

At an auction sale of Berkshires at Whitehall, Illinois, last month, 44 head are reported as having been sold for an average of \$107. Four boars sold for an average of \$155. The highest price obtained was \$305 for a one-year-old boar purchased for the Colorado Experimental Station. The highest price for a sow was \$295.

An old horseman names the following as the twelve most important points of a draught horse, in the order of their importance:

1. Feet. 2. Legs. 3. Size. 4. Quality. 5. Gait (speed at walk). 6. Energy. 7. Barrel. 8. Muscles. 9. Disposition. 10. Age. 11. Teeth. 12. Training.

John Bright, of Myrtle, Ont., owing to his appointment as Dominion Live Stock Commissioner, which necessitates his removal to Ottawa, will on Thursday, Oct. 16, hold a dispersion sale of his entire herd of high-class imported and Canadian-bred Shorthorn cattle. Full particulars will appear in following issues. Remember the date

HOLSTEINS AT AUCTION.

On Tuesday, September 30th, as advertised on another page, Wm. Johnson & Son, Avon, Elgin Co., Ont., near Putnam, C. P. R., and Springfield, M. C. R., will sell at auction 70 registered and high-grade Holstein cattle, including 25 cows in milk, 31 heifers supposed to be in calf, 11 heifer calves, and 3 bulls; also a registered Clydesdale mare. If interested look up the advt., note the date, and write for catalogue.

A doctor who posed as a bit of a wag stopped outside the yard of a stone-cutter one morning for a chat.

"Good morning. How's business?" said the doctor. "I suppose when you hear that someone is ill you get ready for eventualities, though, of course, you never go beyond the words, 'In memory.'"

"Well, that depends," replied the old chap, "you see, if you be a-doctoring of the patient I goes straight on."

"You told me you were worth a million, and I find that you have only a paltry ten thousand dollars," said Blathers' partner.

"Well, ten thousand dollars is a million cents," said Blathers.

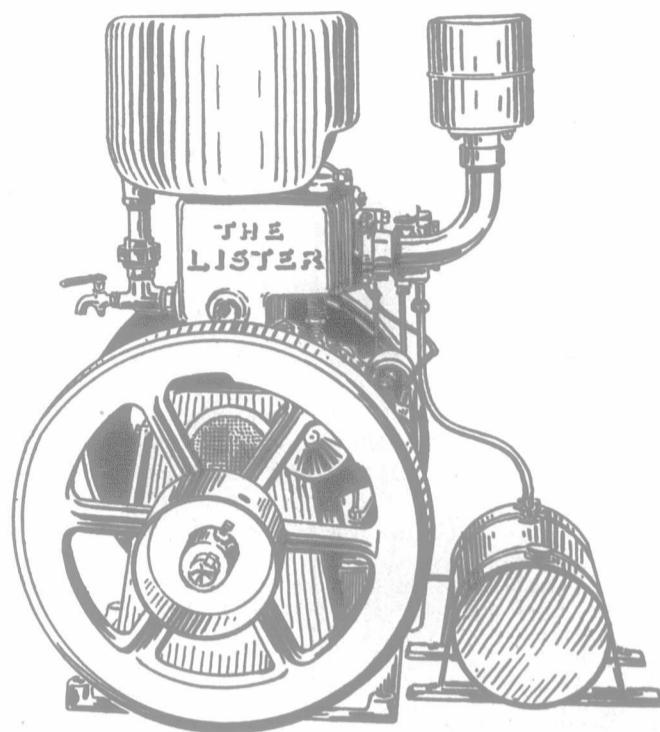
He held the maiden's hand and said,

"May I the question pop?"

She coyly bent her pretty head—

"You'd better question pop."

—Cornell Widow.



LISTER ENGINES Have No Equal

SIMPLICITY.—In "Lister Engines" the design is such that the number of parts has been reduced to a minimum, its operation is so easy to understand, anyone can run them.

The "Lister Engine" gives exceedingly low consumption of fuel. Easily operated. Easily sold.

The highest grade of material is used throughout in the manufacture of "Lister Engines." Every "Lister Engine" is guaranteed and sold on 30 days' trial. Buy the best and have no trouble. If you get the best you will get a "Lister Engine." "Lister Engines" are automatically oiled and fitted with Bosh Magnets.

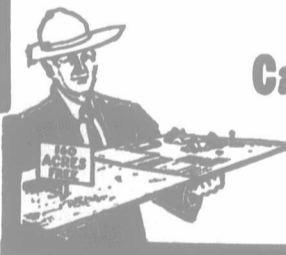
Send for catalogue and prices. AGENTS WANTED.

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Western Canada Offers You 150,000

Free Homesteads

On the lines of the **Canadian Northern Railway**



For booklets and information apply to the General Passenger Dept., 68 King St. East, Toronto, or to any Agent of the Company.

Don't confuse this with ordinary "make-shift" roofings—we guarantee it 15 years and inside each roll furnish modern ideas for laying it artistically.

Certain-teed Roofing
Rolls, Shingles

When ready roofing was first put on the market, the public demanded that it must prove its value by actual wear on the roof. **Certain-teed** Roofing has stood the test for years—it has made good in all climates and under the most severe conditions. When artistically laid it makes a roof you can well be proud of. You can't tell how long roofing will wear by looking at it—so for your own protection, accept no substitutes—be sure the **Certain-teed** Quality Label is on each roll.



Sold by dealers everywhere at a reasonable price.

General Roofing Manufacturing Company
E. St. Louis, Ill. York, Pa. Marcellus, Ill.

THE PROBLEM OF THE SILO SOLVED

The Premier Silo Filler

is adapted to any height. Two men can set it up in half-an-hour.

With your ordinary cutting box, a small gasoline engine and a small crew, you can fill a 12-ft. by 30-ft. silo in a day.

The "Premier" saves time and saves expense. Write for particulars giving height of silo and style of your cutting box and engine.

As the season is now well advanced our supply of machines is very limited, so if you are considering a silo filler this fall you should write to us promptly.

Connor Machine Co., Ltd
EXETER - ONT.

Veterinary Drugs Pharmacy



Any kind of
VETERINARY DRUGS

If you need any, write at once, when we will quote very low and reasonable prices.

Consultation by letter FREE of charge, with our

diplomed veterinary doctor. For any diseases, write and consult him now.
NATIONAL STOCK FOOD COMPANY
Ottawa, Ont.

PRESIDENT SUSPENDERS
NONE SO EASY

NOTICE TO HORSE IMPORTERS GERALD POWELL,

Commission Agent and Interpreter,
Nogent Le Retrou, France,

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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If you want to buy Percheron Horses and Mares, I will save you time and money and all trouble with papers and shipment. Will meet importers at any landing port. I am acquainted with all breeders and farmers. 30 years experience. Best reference. Correspondence solicited.

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Against Death by Accident or Disease
Specialties of Stallions, In-foal Mares, Track Horses, Transit, etc. Liberal policy issued by a Company operating under Federal Insurance Department's supervision.

WRITE FOR FREE BOOKLET
The General Animals Insurance Company of Canada
Head Office: 71a St. James Street, Montreal, Que.

Messrs. Hickman & Scruby

Court Lodge, Egerton, Kent, England.
Exporters of Pedigree live stock of all descriptions. Illustrated catalogues and highest references on application. We are doing a very large business in draft horses of all breeds, but especially Percherons, and we are offering unsurpassed values. All over the world there is a shortage of wool and mutton, sheep will go higher, and we solicit orders for show flocks. Our prices on big bunches of field sheep will surprise you.

DR. BELL'S Veterinary Medical Wonder. 10,000 \$1.00 bottles FREE to horsemen 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, Ont.

For Sale: **Choice Leicester Sheep**
Good covering, best quality. Also Barred Rock fowl, Emden geese. Prices reasonable.
G. A. GREER, TROUT CREEK FARM,
Box 52, Lucknow, Ont.

Montreal Milk Shippers' Association.

The thirteenth annual meeting of the Montreal Milk Shipper's Association was held on September 1st. President, D. A. Macfarlane, in opening the meeting referred briefly to the peculiar conditions surrounding the production of milk at the present time. He said that it cost more to produce milk this summer than in any previous year. Owing to the drought, pastures were short all season, consequently, farmers had to feed heavily of soiling crop and concentrates in order to maintain the milk flow. Also, the price of milk cows was much higher than a few years ago, and labor was scarcer and dearer.

The meeting was largely attended by milk and cream shippers from all sections where milk is produced for the Montreal market, and a full expression of opinion was secured regarding the production of the coming winter's milk. The consensus of opinion of those present,—many members delegated to represent ten or twenty shippers from a station,—was that the price of milk should be 24 cents per gallon, delivered in Montreal from October 1st, 1913, to April 30th, 1914. This is a raise of 2 cents per gallon over last winter, but it is required to give producers a living profit, after deducting 25 to 30 cents per cwt. for freight. A resolution was put through to this effect, also one fixing the price of cream at 5 cents per degree of butter fat, or cream testing 30 per cent of butter fat, \$1.50 per gallon, also delivered in the city for the same season. The secretary W. F. Stephen reported the largest membership in the history of the association. The treasurer, H. S. Tannahill of Trout River, presented the financial statement which showed a balance in the treasury of nearly \$200. These reports indicated the Association to be in a most prosperous condition. Exception was taken by many of the members to the statement put forth by certain city papers that the great bulk of the milk coming into the city from country dairies was bad. It was claimed that the milk produced by members of the Association was of the highest class, as most of them had gone to considerable expense to build sanitary barns, and gave great care to seeing that their herds were healthy, the milk produced under the most cleanly conditions, cooled and shipped as soon after milking as possible.

Officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, W. G. Rodgers, Lachute; 1st Vice-Pres., T. O. Bourdon, Chateaugay; 2nd Vice-Pres., James Winter, Ormstown; Secretary, W. F. Stephen, Huntingdon; Treasurer, H. S. Tannahill, Trout River;

Questions and Answers. Veterinary.

Chronic Pustular Eruptions.

When a year old my colt's skin broke out in lumps which broke and discharged matter and became open sores. This has continued ever since and she is now three years old. S. R. W.

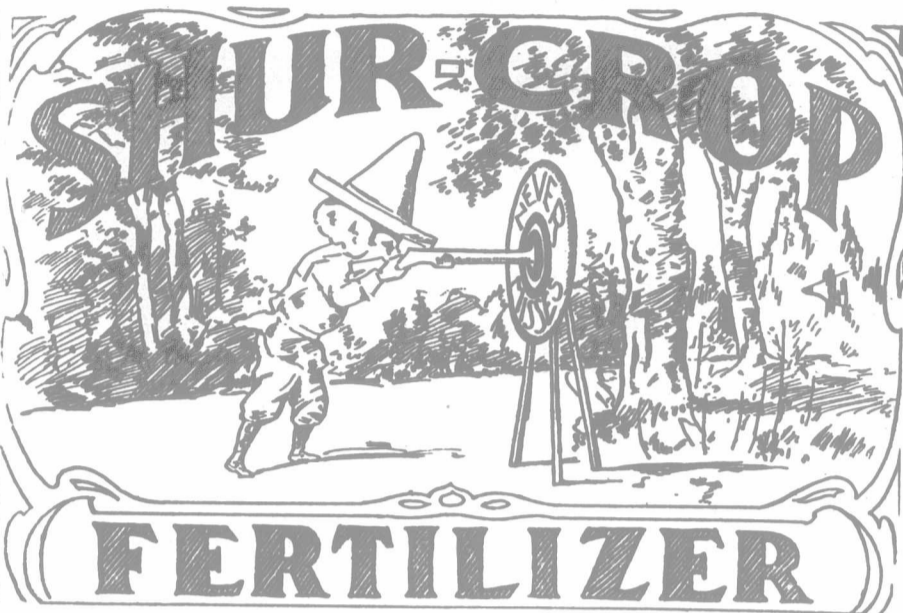
Ans.—This is chronic pyaemia and hard to treat successfully. Open up each lump freely as it forms and dress three times daily until healed with carbolic acid, one part; water, 19 parts (a 5 per cent. solution). Give her three drams of hyposulphite of soda three times daily. If any of the sores refuse to heal apply butter of antimony with a feather once daily for a few days.

CANDID.

It was in New York State that Mr. Miller came upon a community where the Indians had been for years, and meeting an old fellow on the highway, asked his business.

"Me preacher," grunted the Indian.
"Well, well," commented Mr. Miller, "what do they pay you?"
"Ten dollars," grunted the Indian.
"Ten dollars a month?" asked Mr. Miller.
"No, ten dollars a year."
"Ten dollars a year! Why, that's a poor salary, isn't it?" gasped Mr. Miller.
"Me poor preacher," grunted the Indian.—Catholic Citizen.

GUNNS

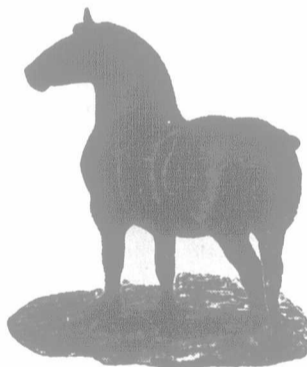


Beef Scrap Charcoal Chick Scrap Poultry Bone
Beef Meal Bone Meal Oyster Shell Calf Meal
Crystal Grit Dairy Meal Hog Meal

Or any other line of stock and poultry food. Write:

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West Toronto, Ontario

Prize-winners Percheron Stallions Government Approved



OUR 1913 importation are safely landed. Blacks and greys, 3- and 4-year-olds. Prize-winners in France, and Government approved. They have the size, weight, style, quality, character and action never before seen in a Canadian importation from France. Look us up at Toronto and London Exhibitions and be convinced. Our prices and terms are never beaten.

R. HAMILTON & SON, Simcoe, Ontario

IMPORTED CLYDESDALES

A few choice young stallions always on hand and for sale. Frequent importations maintain a high standard. Prices and terms to suit.

BARBER BROS., Gatineau Pt., Que., near Ottawa.

Imp. Stallions CLYDESDALES Fillies Imp.

To the Clydesdale men of Canada we wish to say our 1913 importation are home, and 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. **JOHN A. BOAG & SON,** Queensville, Ont. Electric Cars every hour

Mount Victoria Clydes & Hackneys When in want 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, Que. **T. B. MACAULAY,** Proprietor
E. WATSON, Manager, Hudson Heights, Que.

Clydesdales for Sale My first importation for 1913 landed in March. One dozen fillies of the highest standard will be offered at rock-bottom prices during June and July. Write for particulars and prices or phone.
G. A. BRODIE - **NEWMARKET, ONT.**


ORMSBY GRANGE STOCK FARM, ORMSTOWN, P. QUE.

CLYDESDALES Imported and Canadian bred of large size, good colours, and the best of pedigrees always on hand. Pure-bred Jersey cattle of the choicest breeding, and Rhode Island Red Poultry of an excellent egg-producing strain. If you want a good start in such stock at lowest prices write me—**D. McEACHRAN.**

CLYDESDALES—Imp. Stallions and Fillies. In the modern Clydesdale the three great requisites are breeding, size and quality. In my 1913 importation I have all the above as choice as the breed produces; also French Coach Stallions and Welsh Ponies. Correspondence solicited. L.D. Phone. **James Torrance, Markham, G.T.R., Locust Hill, C.P.R.**

CLYDESDALES, Imported and Canadian-bred With over 25 head to select from, I can supply, in either imported or Canadian-bred, brood mares, fillies, stallions and colts. Let me know your wants.
L.-D. Phone. **R. B. PINKERTON, Essex, Ontario**

Horse Owners! Use
GOMBAULT'S
Caustic Balsam
A Safe, Speedy, and Positive Cure



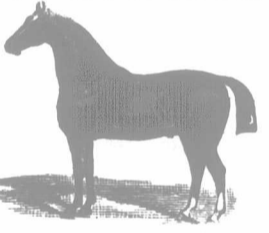
The safest, Best BLISTER ever used. Takes the place of all liniments for mild or severe action. Removes all Bunches or Blemishes from Horses and Cattle, SUPERSEDES ALL CAUSTIC OR FILING. Impossible to produce scar or blemish. Every bottle sold is warranted to give satisfaction. Price \$1.50 per bottle. Sold by druggists, or sent by express, charges paid, with full directions for its use. Send for descriptive circulars.
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Any person, however inexperienced, can readily cure either disease with Fleming's
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—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 Adviser. 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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For the cure of Spavins, Ringbone, Curbs, Splints, Windgalls, Capped Hock, Strains or Bruises, Thick Neck from Distemper, Ringworm on cattle, and to remove all unnatural enlargements. This preparation, unlike others, acts by absorbing rather than blistering. This is the only preparation in the world guaranteed to kill a Ringbone or any Spavin, or money refunded, and will not kill the hair. Manufactured by Dr. Frederick A. Page & Son, 7 and 9 Yorkshire Road, London, E. C. Mailed to any address upon receipt of price \$1.00. Canadian agents:
J. A. JOHNSTON & CO., Druggists
171 King Street E., Toronto, Ont.

ABSORBINE
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.



will reduce inflamed, swollen Joints, Sprains, Bruises, Soft Bunches; Heals Boils, Poll Evil, Quittor, Fistula, or any unhealthy sore quickly as it is a positive antiseptic and germicide. Pleasant to use; does not blister under bandage or remove the hair, and you can work the horse. \$2.00 per bottle, delivered. Book 7 K free.
ABSORBINE, JR., antiseptic liniment for mankind. Reduces Painful, Swollen Veins, Gout, Wens, Strains, Bruises, stops pain and inflammation. Price \$1.00 per bottle at dealers or delivered. Will tell you more if you write. Manufactured only by
W. F. YOUNG, P.D.F. 258 Lyman's Bldg., Montreal, Can.

Shires and Shorthorns
In Shire stallions and fillies, from the best studs in England, we are offering some rare animals at rare prices. Scotch Shorthorns of either sex or age, of highest breeding and quality. **John Gardhouse & Son, Highfield, Ont.** L.-D. 'phone.

Aberdeen-Angus of Show Form and Quality. For this season my offering in young bulls and heifers, are toppers, every one. Show-ring form and quality and bred from show-winners. **T. B. BROADFOOT, Fergus, Ont., G.T.R. and C.P.R.**

Shorthorns, Cotswolds, Berkshires
In Shorthorns am offering cows and heifers of either sex. In Cotswolds have ram and ewe lambs and breeding ewes for sale. In Berkshires have a nice lot ready to ship.
CHAS. E. BONNYCASTLE,
P. O. and Station, Campbellford, Ontario.

When writing mention Advocate

Questions and Answers.
Miscellaneous.

O. A. C. No. 72 Oats.
I read in a recent issue of your paper an account of a field of oats of the O. A. C. No. 72 variety grown at "Weldwood." Would like to know whether it would be possible for me to get two bushels from you, and what the price would be? They could be shipped by freight. Would like to know whether they are free from bindweed and sow thistle?
L. K.

Ans.—It was not a field but just a plot of O. A. C. 72 oats we grew at "Weldwood" this year. We could not secure seed to grow more. We planned to keep all the produce of this plot for home sowing. Parties having seed of this variety for sale should advertise it.

Septic Tank.
I was much interested in the subject "Sewage Disposal on the Farm."

1. Is there no danger of frost interfering with the working of the septic tank?

2. Have you anything to support the tement top on the tank?

3. If I should place tank 125 ft. from house, how much fall should pipes have? Would common field tile do to drain away from tank?
G. J.

Ans.—1. With a tank built as described and set into the earth, covered over a little, if thought necessary, there should be no trouble from freezing. Much of the fluid entering it is warm, or at least not very cold. Warmth facilitates the process, we believe. Ours worked all right last winter unprotected as shown in cut.

2. A little woven-wire fencing may be used. If we remember correctly, the contractor used none in ours. A good slab of concrete is sufficient.

3. A foot and a half if possible. Certainly not less than a foot.

Gossip.
J. H. Truman, England, says the London Live Stock Journal, has had a cable advising him of the arrival at Bushnell, Ill., of his shipment of show horses for the Chicago International Exhibition, including Belgians, Percherons, Shires and Suffolks.

At an auction sale of Berkshire swine, the property of W. S. Corsa, Whitehall, Illinois, August 19th last, good prices are reported, 44 head having sold for an average price of \$107. The highest price attained was \$140 each for two sows, two others bringing \$100 and \$125, respectively.

That mixed farming saves farmers from land liens was the chief evidence given by practical agriculturists before the Saskatchewan Government's Commission appointed to enquire into the conditions of agricultural credit throughout the Province, at their sitting at Prince Albert, and their evidence was fully confirmed by the representatives of the banks present. Every effort is being made to encourage mixed farming in that district, and in addition to the modern creamery which will be opened next month, a Provincial company has amalgamated with the Cold Storage Company there and will erect an up-to-date abattoir, capable of handling ten carloads of cattle per day, and will also establish a tannery, a canning factory, and a soap factory in connection with its works.

"I am sorry, madam," said the judge, addressing the convicted suffragette, "but I must commit you to jail for ten days. If you have any requests to make of the Court before sentence is executed I shall be glad to hear them."

"Oh no, Judge, thank you," said the lady. "There isn't anything, except, perhaps, if you don't mind, I'd like to have my maid committed to the same jail, and if you could arrange it so as to give us connecting cells with a bath it would be charming of you."

MacTavish (to expectant porter, who had been ten minutes looking after his heavy luggage)—"Mon, a' conseeder ye've ben verra obleeving. Will ye take a wee peench o' snuff."
—John Bull.



The Crown
This is a light-draft, heavy-service plow for use on those farms running to clay. Wheels have dust-proof roller bearings. Lever furrow straighteners are in easy reach. In this model, our idea was to give the maximum strength for difficult service, without designing an unmanageable or heavy plow. This strength is mostly attained by clever frame design in steel. See our Catalogue of the 'Crown' and other gang and sulky plows, —sent Free.

Cockshutt Gangs



The Maple Leaf
THIS Gang has an adjustable frame, and can handle loamy soil to 20 ins. wide by 8 ins. deep, or less. It meets the need of the man with 3 horses and a big farm to plow without help. The "Maple Leaf" handles a wide variation in soils, may be fitted with a straightener, and gets plowing done in the quickest time your farm soils allow. The adjustable frame gives you full advantage of every favorable acre of loamy land—yet meets clay, hard-baked or sticky soil by a narrower furrow.
Write for our Plow Catalogue
COCKSHUTT PLOW CO. LIMITED
BRANTFORD, WINNIPEG
Sold in Eastern Canada by
THE FROST & WOOD CO. LTD.
Smiths Falls, Montreal, St. John, N.B.

CLYDESDALES---Stallions and Fillies
WE have again landed at our stables a large and choice collection of Clyde Stallions and Fillies of strictly high-class show calibre. We never had a lot that measured up to the standard of this lot, big, flashy quality; close, straight action and bred in the purple. We can supply winners in any company. Write us.
SMITH & RICHARDSON - Columbus P.O.
Brooklin, G. T. R.; Myrtle, C. P. R. L.-D. 'phone,

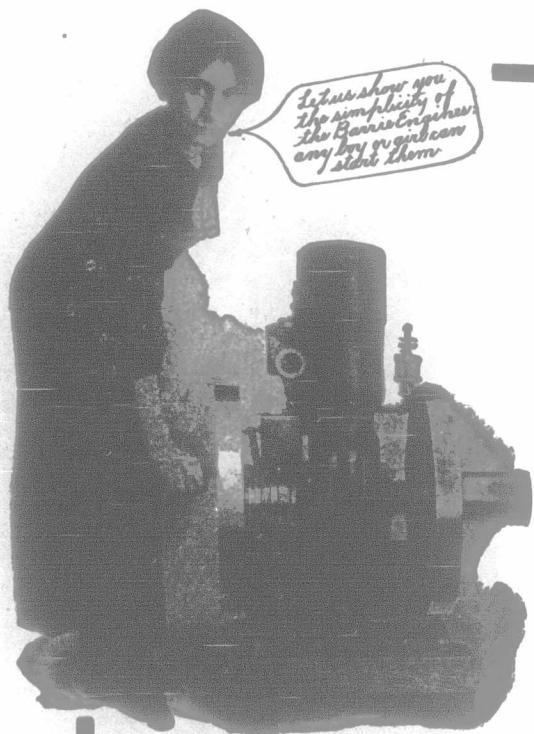
THE AULD HERD AND PLEASANT VALLEY SHORTHORNS
We have females of all ages and of the best Scotch families for sale. Those interested should come and see us. Correspondence invited.
A. F. & G. AULD Eden Mills, Ont. Bell 'phone. Guelph or Rockwood Stns.

Willow Bank Stock Farm—Shorthorn Herd, Established 1855
The Grand imported Butterfly bull Roan Chief—60865—heads the herd. Young cows and heifers bred to him; also an exceedingly good lot of young bulls on hand, fit for service and at very reasonable prices. Some from imp. dams.
JAMES DOUGLAS, Caledonia, Ont.

SHORTHORNS of breeding, style and quality. If in want of an extra choice herd header, carrying the best blood of the breed, or a limited number of right nice yearling heifers, write us; we can supply show Geo. Gier & Son, Waldemar R.R. No. 1, Ont. L. D. 'Phone

MEADOW LAWN SHORTHORNS OF RICHEST AND MOST FASHIONABLE SCOTCH BREEDING, and of high-class type and condition. I can supply young bulls and heifers—Clarets, Roan Ladys, Mildreds, Stamfords, etc. L.-D.-Phone
F. W. EWING, R. R. No. 1, ELORA, ONTARIO.

DAIRY-BRED SHORTHORNS
We have for sale, Scotch- and English-bred Shorthorns. A few bulls of improved breeding on big milking lines; also other pure Scotch and heifers of both breed lines.
L.-D. 'Phone
G. E. MORDEN & SON, OAKVILLE, ONTARIO.



Your Daughter or Wife Can Run This Engine

It is easy to start. And everything about it is easy to understand. The small number of moving parts makes it very unlikely to get out of order. Speed can be altered as desired without shutting down the engine. Hopper-cooled. Very little water required; 2 h.-p. This is only one of the famous

Barrie Engines

which are made in sizes from 2 to 400 h.-p. Stationary, portable and semi-portable types. For gasoline, kerosene, producer gas and distillate. Either vertical or horizontal. Made in Canada, in a big, up-to-date plant. No duty to pay. Fully guaranteed.

Write for Catalogue, showing complete line of BARRIE ENGINES.

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Distributors: James Rae, Medicine Hat; Canada Machinery Agency, Montreal; H. Wolfendin, Calgary; J. E. Sheriff, Caledonia, N. S.

MOLASSES FEEDS

For Dairy Stock and Horses

Write for FREE samples to

CHISHOLM MILLING COMPANY
TORONTO

SHORTHORNS!

Bulls of useful age all sold. Would appreciate your enquiry for females. Catalogue and list of young animals.

H. Cargill & Son, Cargill, Ont.

Spring Valley Shorthorns

A few of the best young bull prospects we ever had. They will please you. Will sell females too. Visit the herd; we think we can suit you. Particulars on application.

KYLE BROS. R. R. No. 1, Drumbo, Ont.

4854 MAPLE LODGE STOCK FARM 1913 Shorthorns and Leicesters

I have a most excellent lot of young rams for sale, mostly sired by imported Connaught Royal. Something very choice in young bulls. House one mile from Lucan Crossing, G. T. Ry.

A. W. SMITH, MAPLE LODGE, ONTARIO

Oakland—42 Shorthorns

Here is a herd of breeders and milkers. Only one young bull left ready to go, and he is a good one. We also offer our two stock bulls, =72892= and =81843=. Write your wants. Price sells.

JNO. ELDER & SONS, Hensall, Ont.

Spruce Lodge Shorthorns & Leicesters

Present offerings; young cows and heifers in calf from good milking families. Also a choice lot of Leicester rams and ewes of all ages.

W. A. Douglas, R. R. No. 2, Caledonia, Ont.

CEDARDALE SHORTHORNS

All bulls sold out some time ago, but have still several fine heifers and good cows for sale of rare value, Scotch-bred and of good individual type. Heifers in calf and being bred to our superior stock bull. DR. T. S. SPROULE, Markdale, Ont.

Dungannon Ayrshires

For high-class Ayrshires write us. We can sell mature cows, heifers, calves, and one 4 mos. old bull calf; also the unbeaten stock bull, Chief of Dungannon 27159, and Yorkshires.

W. H. FURBER, Cobourg, Ont. L.-D. Phone.

High-class Ayrshires

If you are wanting a richly-bred young bull out of a 50-lbs-a-day and over cow, imported or Canadian-bred dam or sire, write me. Females all ages. Prices are easy.

D. A. MACFARLANE, Kelso, Que.

DON JERSEY HERD

Offers young bulls and heifers for sale; heifers bred to Eminent Royal Fern. D. DUNCAN, DON, ONTARIO.

Please L.-D. Agincourt. Duncan Stn. C. N. R.

Please mention "The Farmer's Advocate."

SHORTHORNS

One high class imported 13-months bull calf; one junior yearling show bull; one promising 11-months bull calf; one 14-months farmer's bull. Some bargains in heifers and young cows, including a few imported heifers.

MITCHELL BROS., Burlington, Ont. Farm 1/2 mile from Burlington Junctions

Shorthorns and Clydesdales

Five bulls from 8 to 15 months—3 roans and 2 reds. Females of all ages. Eleven imported mares—4 with foals by their side, 5 three-year-olds, and 2 two-year-olds; all of the choicest breeding. Catalogue of Clydesdales mailed on application.

BELL PHONE. W. G. Pettit & Sons, Freeman, Ont. BURLINGTON JCT. STA.

I STILL HAVE FOUR YOUNG BULLS FOR SALE AND MORE COMING ON

Several heifers that are bred right and that will make great cows; some of them in calf now to my great breeding sire, Superb Sultan—75413—perhaps the greatest son of the great Whitehall Sultan—55049—that was imported by me and used so long in Mr. Harding's herd. I sell nothing but high-class cattle, but the price is within the reach of all. A few Clydesdales, Shropshires and Cotswolds always on offer. Local and long-distance telephone.

ROBERT MILLER STOUFFVILLE, ONTARIO

5 Shorthorn Bulls 5

We have for sale at moderate prices 5 Scotch Shorthorn bulls, including one of our herd bulls. Also a number of high-class heifers and heifer calves.

A. J. HOWDEN & CO., COLUMBUS, ONT.

Myrtle, G.T.R. & C.P.R. Long-distance phone

Irvine Side Shorthorns

We are offering just now some very choice Scotch-bred heifers, high-class in type and quality, bred in the purple; also one right nice yearling roan bull.

L.-D. phone. JOHN WATT & SON, Salem, Ont.

Springhurst Shorthorns

Four of the first-prize Shorthorns at the late Guelph Show, including the champion and grand-champion fat heifer, were all sired by bulls of my breeding. I have now for sale ten young herd headers of this champion-producing quality. HARRY SMITH, HAY P. O., ONT. Exeter Station. Long-distance Telephone.

SHORTHORNS

—Records show that cattle bought from the Salem herd won numerous ribbons the past season; we have others. Several young bulls are priced reasonably.

J. A. WATT, SALEM, ONT. ELORA, G.T.R. and C.P.R.

Ayrshires and Yorkshires

Bulls for service, of different ages; females all ages. Calves of both sexes. All bred for production and type. A few pigs of either sex ready to ship.

ALEX. HUME & COMPANY, Menie P.O., Ontario

75 Hillcrest Ayrshires

Our Ayrshires are selected and bred for big production, and show-ring quality. Many of the heifers we are offering are grand-daughters of the two Ex-World's Champions, Jean Armour, Rec. 20,174 lbs, and Primrose of Tanglewyld, Rec. 16,195 lbs. F. H. HARRIS, Mount Elgin P. O. & Stn.

City View Herd of Record of Performance AYRSHIRES

One two-year-old, one yearling, one calf, males only, for sale, from R. O. P. cows, and sired by bulls from R. O. P. dams.

JAMES BEGG & SON, R. R. No. 1, ST. THOMAS, ONT.

BRAMPTON JERSEYS

The spring trade is on; we are doing the largest business we ever did, chiefly with our old customers; young bulls and heifers from sires with tested daughters.

Several imported cows and bulls for sale. Canada's Greatest Jersey Herd. B. H. Bull & Son, Brampton, Ont.

Gossip.

PEDIGREE STOCK EXPORTS.

The demand for pedigree cattle for export during the month of July, says the Agricultural Gazette, London, England, was one of the most extensive experienced for many years; in fact, the number exported during the month was larger than on record for that month—for the past twenty-five years, at any rate. The marked difference it makes to the British live-stock owner whether the South American ports are open or not is shown most distinctly by a comparison with the past five years. Further, the value of the demand to the British live-stock owner is increased by the larger receipts for the animals sold, which during the month are stated to have been £69,828, an amount working out at an average of £65 1s. per head. Of sheep 2,181 were exported to the value of £28,338, average £12 19s. 9d., approximately \$60 per head.

"THE FARMER'S SHEEP."

Farmers going to the fairs this fall and intending to look at the sheep exhibit, considering buying some good ones that will be a real investment and not a speculation, should select healthy sheep of a breed that can kind of take care of itself, because you have about as much work to do now as you find time for. And you want a breed that will improve and increase right along, so they will represent money in the bank; sheep that are good to look at, so that other men will want to buy their lambs; sheep with a "medium wool"—neither the longest, shortest, finest or coarsest—because the changes in tariff laws are least likely to effect this grade of wool. Then, again you must have a good mutton—the best mutton—because there is bound to be a good market for good mutton. You need something to clean up the weeds on the farm and along the road running by your place. You want the best paying sheep for the farmer. Do you know what to look for? It is Shropshire. Cut the name out and pin it in your hat and when you have seen the sheep of that name at the fair you will write for information to The American Shropshire Registry Association, LaFayette, Indiana.

HOLSTEIN EXECUTIVE NOTES.

A meeting of the Executive Committee of the Holstein-Friesian Association of Canada, held in Toronto, August 29th, applications of 154 new members were accepted, bringing the total for the first seven months of the fiscal year up to 175, a number considerably in excess of that for the same period of any previous year.

Arrangements were made for the publication of Vol. II. of the Year Book. Hereafter the Record of Merit and Record of Performance will be withdrawn from the Herd Book and published in connection with the Year Book. Breeders who desire to have illustrations of their animals appear in the Year Book may do so by supplying the cut and paying a fee of \$3.00 per illustration.

In order to secure more rigid enforcement of the rules an inspection committee was appointed to act with the secretary. In cases of doubtful markings or when fraud of any sort is suspected, the secretary will be able to call on the inspector most convenient to the case to make an official inspection and report. The inspectors named were as follows: For British Columbia, Dr. F. S. Tolmie; for Alberta, N. Michener; for Saskatchewan, A. B. Potter; for Manitoba, H. Hancox; for Quebec, Neil Sangster; for New Brunswick, J. D. Irving; for Nova Scotia, Stanley A. Logan; for Prince Edward Island, Walter M. Lea; for Ontario, R. F. Hicks, Jas. Rettie, D. C. Flatt, M. L. Haley, J. W. Richardson and G. A. Brethen.

It was also resolved to invite the cooperation of the other cattle breeders' associations in an endeavor to secure legislation in the various provinces to prevent bulls, particularly grade and scrub bulls, from running at large to the very great injury of breeders of pure-bred stock.



MAKE MORE MONEY
from your cows

Thousands of CANADIAN farmers have greatly increased the profits from their herds by installing

IDEAL GREEN FEED SILOS

We want you to have our Ideal Green Feed Silo Book

If you are a cow owner a postal card request will bring you the book free of charge.

De Laval Dairy Supply Co., Ltd.
MONTREAL PETERBORO
WINNIPEG VANCOUVER

FALL AND WINTER Milk or Cream WANTED

You have got to feed your cows in the winter time whether they are milking or not, so why not arrange to have most of them earning the high price we pay for winter milk and cream.

We take all that you produce. Furnish cans for milk. Pay on the 10th of each month.

Winter contracts start November 1st. Make up your mind at once. We are receiving applications now. Write:

Mark the envelope **CITY DAIRY CO.,**
Dept. C. Toronto, Ontario

Cream Wanted

We guarantee highest Toronto prices, full weight and prompt returns. Our 15 years' experience ensures satisfaction. We furnish cream cans and pay express charges. Write:

Toronto Creamery Company, Limited
Toronto, Ontario

Milk Wanted

For milk route in Windsor.

WALTER N. KNIGHT
20 Aylmer Ave. Windsor, Ont.

The Maples HOLSTEIN Herd

Headed by Prince Aaggie Mechthilde. For sale at present: Choice bull calves, from Record of Merit dams with records up to 20 lbs. butter in 7 days. All sired by our own herd bull. Prices reasonable.

WALBURN RIVERS, FOLDENS, ONTARIO

For Sale—Pure-bred Registered Holstein bull, Prince Acme Mercena 2nd—14702—, calved Dec. 16, 1911; an excellent individual. Price low for quick sale.

HUGH YOUNG, Masonville, Ont.
1 1/2 miles north of London.

Greenwood Stock Farm 2 YEARLING HOLSTEINS SALE, out of big milking strains; at low figure for quick sale. **THOS. B. CARLAW & SON, WARKWORTH, ONT., Campbellford Station.**

Holstein—Fit for service, a brother to sire Butter Baroness, 33.17 lbs. butter in seven days. His dam the only cow in Canada with two granddaughters averaging 31.71 lbs., and six averaging 27.56 lbs. in seven days. Wm. A. Rife, Hespeler.

Little Nelly told little Anita what the latter termed a "little fib."

Anita: "A fib is the same as a story, and a story is the same as a lie."

Nelly: "No it's not."

Anita: "Yes, it is, because my father said so, and my father is a professor at the university."

Nelly: "I don't care if he is. My father is a real estate man, and he knows more about lying than your father does."

Questions and Answers. Miscellaneous.

A Right of way.

For twenty-five years we have been crossing an intervening farm to a piece of pasture land. This farm has changed hands several times, but the latest tenant objects to our crossing. There is no other practical crossing to the land. What are our rights, if any, and what are his? D. N. Ontario.

Ans.—It would seem from your statement that you have acquired a legal right by prescription to a continuance of the use of the way, and that the tenant of the farm in question cannot legally insist upon his objection.

Veterinary.

Undesirable Habit.

When horse is travelling his sheath or intestines makes a rattling noise. J. A. W.

Ans.—This peculiarity is not uncommon and nothing can be done to prevent it. V.

Spring Hock.

About the 24th of May my heavy mare went lame on hind leg. The hock swelled greatly, was very hot and tender, and she went very lame and had to be assisted to rise. On June 1st I called my veterinarian and he said it was inflammation of the joint and treated for such. Some time ago he applied a blister, and she got worse again, and now is very lame and can't rise without assistance. J. S.

Ans.—This is inflammation of the joint, usually called "spring hock." It is often fatal, and in rare cases does a perfect recovery take place. If not in foal it is usually good practice to place in slings and apply heat, either by continued bathing with hot water or hot poultices and an anodyne liniment as four ounces laudanum and one ounce acetate of lead to a pint of water until the acute inflammation is relieved, and then blister once monthly for a few months. In many cases a relapse such as you mention occurs, which cannot be attributed to improper treatment. It will be wise to do as your veterinarian advises, as he is in a better position to advise than one who has not seen the case. V.

Gossip.

SAWDUST FOR FLOORING.

Artificial floorings are now being made out of sawdust concrete. The cement used consists of a solution of magnesium chloride to which pulverized magnesia is added. The sawdust is then used in any desired quantity. Floors manufactured in this way are more resilient than concrete, and are not good conductors of heat, they wear well, and do not burn, charring under the fire test.—Conservation.

THE MINER'S INCH.

On the Pacific Coast, the unit for measuring water in mining is known as the miner's inch. This varies greatly in different localities and is now generally defined by legislative enactment. The statute inch in Colorado, for example, is defined as "an inch square orifice which shall be under a five inch pressure measured from the top of the orifice to the surface of the water in a box set in the banks of the ditch." This orifice shall in all cases be six inches perpendicular inside measurement, and a clothes-closing the same shall move horizontally, while from the water in the ditch the box shall have a descent of not more than one eighth of an inch to the foot."

In British Columbia under the Water Charges Consolidation Act, 1897, Section 113, a miner's inch is defined to be a flow of water equal to 1.68 cubic feet a minute. Therefore a miner's inch is equal to .028 cubic feet per second, and 1 cubic foot per second is equal to 35.71 miner's inches, and one cubic foot per second would be equal to 38.4 Colorado miner's inches.—A. V. W.

Great Dispersion Sale of REGISTERED AND HIGH-GRADE **70 Holstein Cattle 70**

25 cows in milk, 31 heifers (all supposed to be in calf), 11 heifer calves and 3 bulls; also one reg. Clydesdale mare in foal, the property of Wm. Johnson & Son, Avon, Ont., will be sold without reserve on Lot 2, Con. 6, North Dorchester Tp., on **Tuesday, September 30th, 1913**

Sale to commence at 1 o'clock sharp. Trains will be met on morning of sale, Putnam, C. P. R., and Springfield, M. C. R. Catalogues on application.

T. MERRITT MOORE, W. G. DEAN, Auctioneers.

WM. JOHNSON & SON, Proprietors, Avon, Ont.

CLEARING AUCTION SALE
OF 47 HEAD OF REGISTERED **HOLSTEIN-FRIESIAN CATTLE**
at **Hillyview Farm, Komoka, Ontario**
(10 miles West of London on C.P. and G.T. Railways. C.P.R. Stn. on Farm.; G.T.R., 1 mile.)

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 22nd, 1913, at 1 o'clock Sharp, Storm or Fine.

This comprises one of the best herds of dairy cattle in Western Ontario. The twenty-one cows in milk are a grand lot of producers, including a number of specially promising two-year-olds. Five choice yearlings are a feature of the offering; and nineteen calves, eleven heifers and eight bulls are second to none, being fashionably bred and showing high individual merit. All these cattle, over one year old, were subjected to the tuberculin test in May and not a single animal reacted.

C. P. R. noon trains going both ways will stop at Komoka on day of sale. Catalogues on application to D. Campbell, Prop., Komoka, Ont.

LINDSAY, POUND & DIBB, Auctioneers. JOHN McPHERSON, Clerk.

"Avondale Farm" offers Three Great Bulls

PRINCE HENGERVELD PIETJE, five years old, our famous herd bull. SIR JOHANNA GLADI KORNDYKE, two years old, dam, a 25-lb. daughter of Pontiac Korndyke. PONTIAC ARTIS KORNDYKE, one year old, dam: dam as above, sire, King Pontiac Artis Canada. The two young bulls are magnificent individuals, well marked. Must have room.

A. C. HARDY, :: :: Brockville, Ont.

FAIRVIEW FARMS HERD

REMEMBER:—Pontiac Korndyke sired the bull that sired the new 44-pound cow. Do you want a sire to use that has such transmitting ability? If so, secure a son of Pontiac Korndyke, or Rag Apple Korndyke 8th, the strongest bred Korndyke bull in the world.

E. H. DOLLAR, Heuvelton, N. Y. Near Prescott, Ont.

SUMMER HILL HERD OF HOLSTEIN CATTLE

Do you realize that you must have another serviceable bull soon? Better go down to Hamilton right away and see those well-bred fellows with high official backing, that you can buy well worth the money from

D. C. FLATT & SON, R.R. No. 2, HAMILTON, ONTARIO. 'Phone 2471.

LAKEVIEW HOLSTEINS

Herd headed by Count Hengerveld Fayne De Kol, by Pietertje Hengerveld's Count De Kol out of Grace Fayne 2nd. He has 12 daughters already in the Record of Merit and many more to follow. Junior sire,—Dutchland Colantha Sir Mona, by Colantha Johanna Lad out of Mona Pauline de Kol (27.18 butter) the dam of one daughter over 30-lbs. and one over 27-lbs; also the dam of the World's champion junior three-year-old for milk production. A few bull calves for sale. **E. F. OSLER, Bronte, Ont.**

Riverside Holsteins

Herd headed by King Johanna Pontiac Korndyke, whose near dams and sisters, 12 in all, average 33.77 lbs. butter in 7 days. His sister, Pontiac Lady Korndyke, has a record of 38.02 lbs. butter in 7 days, 156.92 lbs. in 30 days—world's records when made. We are offering several females bred to this bull, also a few bull calves.

J. W. RICHARDSON, R. R. No. 2, Caledonia, Ont.

Come and Inspect, or write, should you want stock that are great producers in milk and high percentage of butter-fat, combined along with show-ring conformation. Nobulls of any age for sale at present.

Oxford Co., G. T. R. M. L. HALEY & M. H. HALEY, Springfield, Ont.

Evergreen Stock Farm High-class Registered Holsteins

For sale: A few choice young bull calves and females, all ages; good enough for foundation stock

A. E. HULET, Norwich, Ontario.

Holsteins and Yorkshires Just now we are offering a few cows, also some sows ready to breed.

A. WATSON & SONS, ST. THOMAS, Ontario.
L. D. 'PHONE FINGAL, VIA ST. THOMAS.

POOR COPY

Bone Spavin

No matter how old the blemish, how lame the horse, or how many doctors have tried and failed, use

Fleming's Spavin and Ringbone Paste

Use it under our guarantee—your money refunded if it doesn't make the horse go sound. Most cases cured by a single application—occasionally two required. Cures Bone Spavin, Ringbone and Sidebone, new and old cases alike. Write for detailed information and a free copy of Fleming's Vest-Pocket Veterinary Adviser

Ninety-six pages, durably bound, indexed and illustrated. Covers over one hundred veterinary subjects. Read this book before you treat any kind of lameness in horses.

FLYING BROS., Chemists,
75 Church Street, Toronto, Ont.

Farnham Oxfords and Hampshires

Our present offering is a number of superior OXFORD DOWN YEARLING AND RAM LAMBS for flock headers, by our imported Royal winning rams. Also ninety field rams and eighty ewes, either by imported sires or g. sires imported. Also fifteen yearling HAMPSHIRE ewes.

HENRY ARKELL & SON,
Phone Guelph 240-2. ARKELL, ONT.

ALLOWAY LODGE

Southdown Sheep Aberdeen-Angus Cattle

I will exhibit Southdowns at Toronto and Southdowns and Angus at London shows this fall, and would like to meet anyone interested in either of these breeds. Write for circular to

ROBT. McEWEN, Byron, Ontario
Tel. and railway station, London.

SPRINGBANK OXFORD DOWNS

We never had as choice a lot of lambs as this year. Our offering: Shearling ewes, ewe lambs, ram lambs and the stock ram Imp. Hamtonian 279th.

WM. BARNET & SONS,
R. R. No. 3, Fergus, Ont. Phone

Oxford Down Sheep, Shorthorn Cattle, Yorkshire Hogs—Present offering: Lambs of either sex. For prices, etc., write to John Cousins & Sons, Buena Vista Farm, Harriston, Ont.

Tower Farm Oxford Down—16 shearling rams, (1 imported) 3-year-old ram, ewes, rams and ewe lambs; all from imported and prize-winning stock. A quantity fitted for show. E. Barbour, Erin P. O. and Stn. L.-D 'phone

Making High-priced Pork While Grinding Their Own Feed



Agents wanted in every town and district.

Shipments made from

Galt, Ontario and Winnipeg, Man.

Address to Head Office.

CANADIAN HOG MOTOR CO., LTD.
Winnipeg, Manitoba.

MAPLE GROVE YORKSHIRES

We have a reputation to maintain and we have the stock equal to the occasion. The demand for good Yorkshire never was greater than at present, and we have anticipated this and so are prepared to fill your order, large or small. We have farmers' pigs at farmer's prices, the easy feeding quick growing kind, of the approved show ring type. Our present offering consists of pigs of both sexes; four months old and under. Pairs not related. S. H. Jack 28515 Imp. and S. H. Romeo 27th 38653, our two sires heading the herd, are impressing their progeny with great size and beautiful type. Write us your wants and we will attend to them promptly and satisfactorily.

H. S. McDermid, Fingal P. O., Ont.
Long distance 'phone Shedden Station.

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 & Sons, Northwood, Ont.

PINE GROVE YORKSHIRES

Bred from prize-winning stock of England and Canada. Have a choice lot of young pigs of both sexes, pairs not akin, to offer at reasonable prices. Guaranteed satisfaction. Joseph Featherston & Son, Streetsville, Ont.

SWINE OF ALL BREEDS FOR SALE Yorkshires, Tamworths, Berkshires, Hampshires, Chester Whites, Poland-Chinas, and Duroc-Jerseys. I have constantly on hand both sexes of all ages. Show stock a specialty. JOHN HARVEY, Frelighsburg, Que.

Young BERKSHIRE PIGS for sale, two and three months old. Write FLEETWOOD WILSON, Irrawarra Ranch Sunnywold, Vernon, B. C.

Questions and Answers. Miscellaneous.

Sowing and Reaping.

In the event of a tenant giving up a farm six months before his time is up to suit the convenience of the owner, would the tenant be allowed to claim the fall rye, the tenant leaving in the spring, there being no agreement in the case to cover such a case? SUBSCRIBER.

Ontario.

Ans.—It is very doubtful. To answer at all definitely we would require to know much more of the circumstances of the tenant's leaving. As far as we can see, however, it appears to us that he ought to have the rye, and that he ought to proceed to harvest it at the proper time as a matter of course, leaving it to the landlord to take objection if he should deem it proper to do so.

Mites and Lice on Hens.

Could you, or any readers of "The Farmer's Advocate," give a remedy for mites on hens? We have tried fumigating house with sulphur, dipped hens in Creoline and water without doing much good; also whitewashed with lime and Gilett's lye. G. C.

Ans.—First thoroughly clean out the pens and burn the litter. Next give the roosts, joints, walls, floors, etc., a thorough spraying with coal oil. A hand sprayer that will throw a fine, forcible spray, such as is used to spray cattle with preparations for flies, could be used. The next day give the house a good white-washing, adding a little salt to make it stick. If mites re-appear give the place another spraying in a few days.

Tax Exemption of Woodlands.

A makes application to Municipal Council at January session for a by-law exempting one-tenth of woodland from taxation. The Council notifies assessor to inspect the said woodland. He reports that wood meets the requirements of the Act. The Council have not yet passed the by-law as requested, contending that they have no power to pass such a by-law now, as it (the by-law for exemption) must be passed at the January session. Is this a correct interpretation of the Act governing the exemption of woodland? O. K. Ontario.

Ans.—We do not think so. We would refer you to chapter 42 of the Ontario Statutes of 1906 (amended as to section 1 by the Statutes of 1907, chap. 23, sec. 31).

Ophthalmia.

1. We have a cow whose eye had been watering for about two weeks, then a white scum came over it. She appears to be blind in that eye. Also a young calf appears to be getting in the same condition. What is the cause of this, and what would you advise for a remedy?

2. Could you give me a recipe for a preparation for keeping flies off cows?

3. Are ground hogs and wood chucks the same thing, and what is the easiest way of getting rid of them? J. W. C.

Ans.—1. This is probably ophthalmia. Treatment is bathing the eyes three times daily with warm water, and after bathing put a few drops of the following lotion into the eye: Sulphate of zinc, 15 grains; fluid extract of belladonna, 20 drops; distilled water, two ounces. Treatment is often tedious and requires care and patience.

2. A mixture composed of one part Zinoleum, four parts either linseed oil or fish oil, and forty parts water, applied with a spray pump. Another specific is fish oil, $\frac{1}{2}$ gallon; coal oil, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint; crude carbolic acid, 4 tablespoonfuls, mixed and applied to all parts except the udder once or twice a week, with a brush or bit of cloth, to the parts most attacked.

3. A ground hog and a wood chuck are the same thing. We know of no better method of getting rid of them than the use of a loaded rifle.

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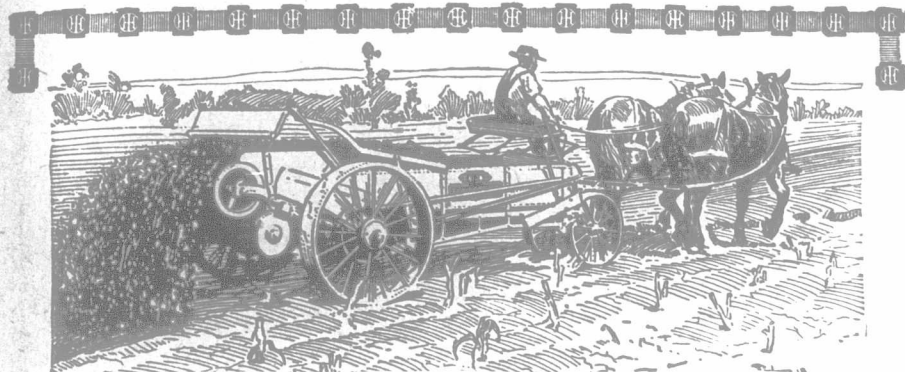
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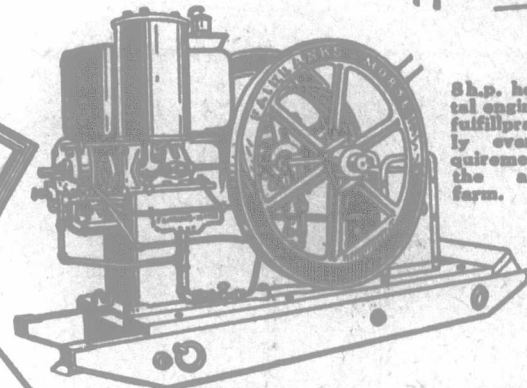
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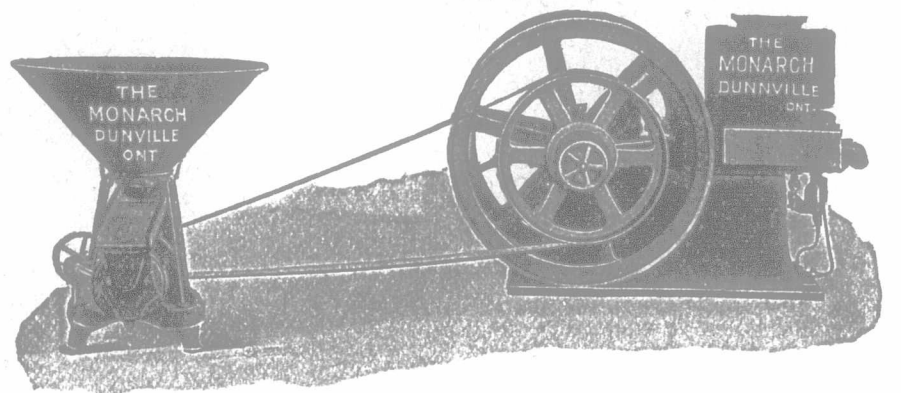
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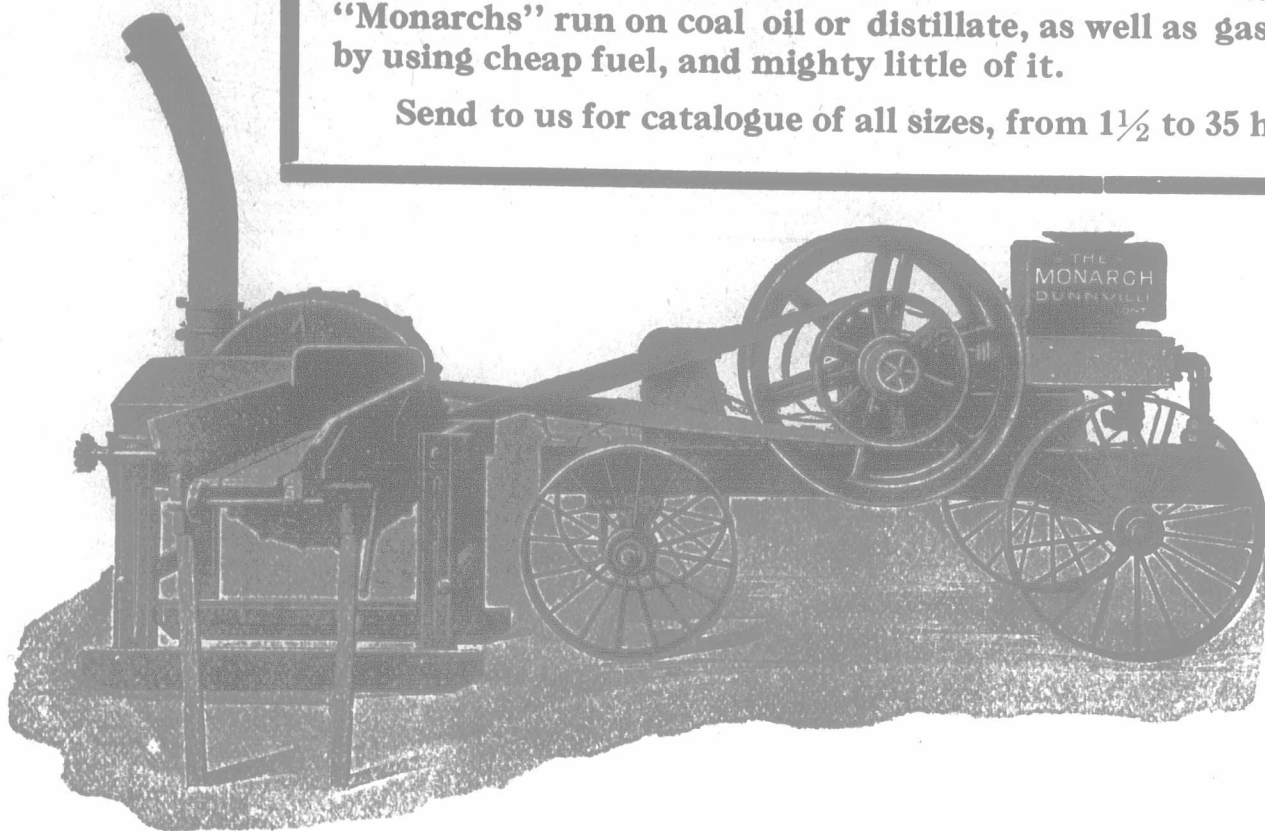
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