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# THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE

AND HOME MAGAZINE

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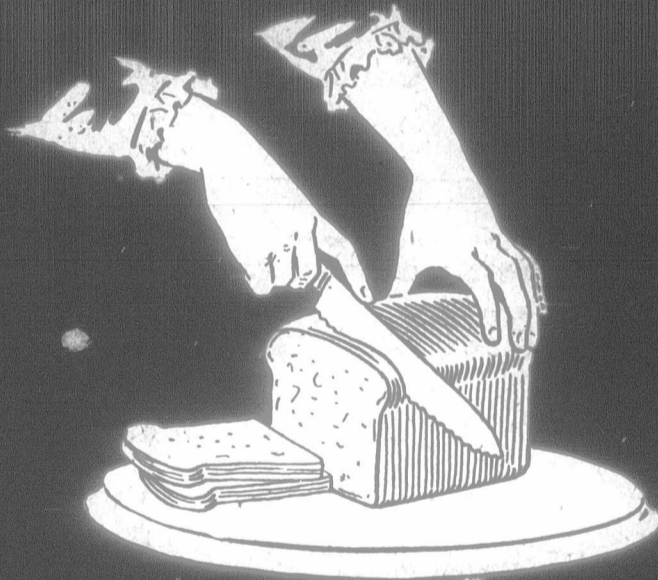
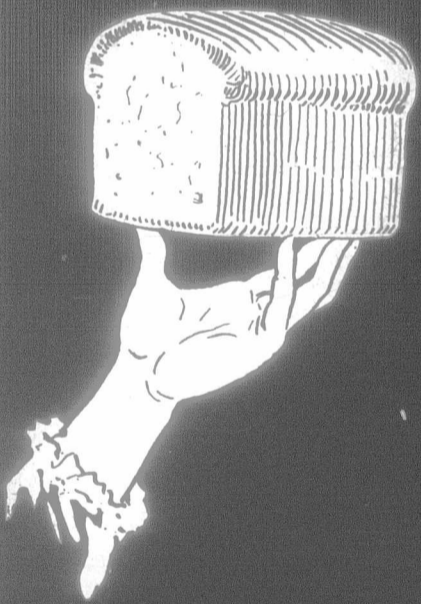
\*AGRICULTURE, STOCK, DAIRY, POULTRY, HORTICULTURE, VETERINARY, HOME CIRCLE.\*

VOL. XLIX.

ENTERED IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE COPYRIGHT ACT OF 1876.  
LONDON, ONTARIO, DECEMBER 3, 1914.

No. 1158

*Feels Light Cuts White Tastes Right*



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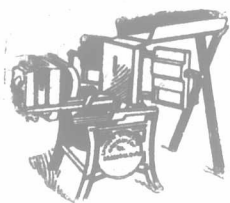
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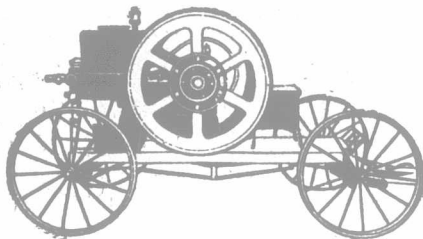
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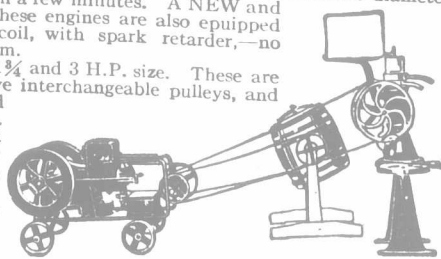
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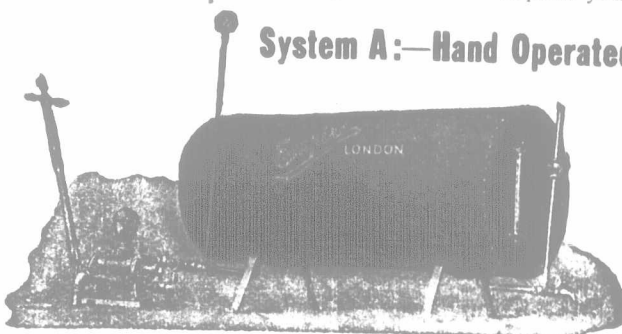
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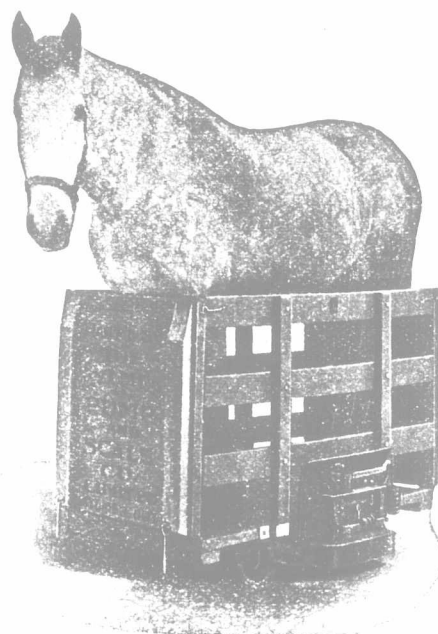
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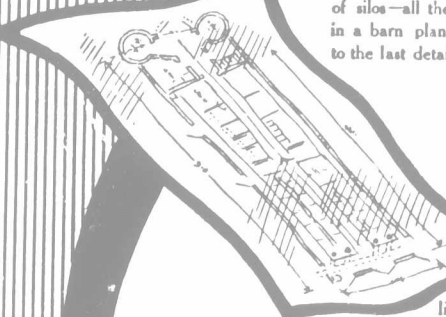
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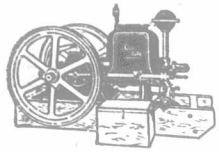
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# The Farmer's Advocate and Home Magazine

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ESTABLISHED  
1866

REGISTERED IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE COPYRIGHT ACT OF 1875

V XLIX

LONDON, ONTARIO, DECEMBER 3 1914.

No. 1158

## EDITORIAL.

It is see-saw to Warsaw.

A good feeder feeds regularly.

Let us have a real, old-fashioned Christmas.

Dampness and dirt are enemies in the stable.

Will Turkey have her own head chopped off by Christmas?

The ups and downs of pork markets are hard to follow.

At present-day egg prices no one can afford to neglect the poultry.

Horsemen are promised better prices and better times. Let it be soon!

Read something other than war reports for a change, and see how refreshing it is.

Sunlight, whitewash and cleanliness make money for the stockman.

Our readers will get a change next week in the form of our annual Christmas number.

Pure water is almost as essential to the successful wintering of live stock as is good feed.

Chores are not a necessary nuisance to the successful stockman. They are profitable employment.

Do your local farmer's club a good turn. Attend the meetings, and better still, take part in discussions.

Good reading is a productive time passer in winter. "The Farmer's Advocate" may help some in this direction.

Do not stop eating apples because they are "too cheap." It is said that they taste better when they cost more.

The United States cattle embargo lifted, our cattlemen should be careful not to flood the market until the outlet improves.

Did you ever notice how easy a flock of sheep are fed? This does not mean that carelessness can be tolerated, but good care gives little labor and high returns.

Farmers who make the winter season as busy as the summer are those who make the most out of farming. Increase the winter production of the farm.

Humanity is not suffering the penalty of the awful scourge of war because of any fault of the Sermon on the Mount, but because it has not been applied.

It was recently moved in unmistakable terms editorially by "The Globe" of Toronto, and seconded even more vigorously by The Mail and Empire in a later issue that the vast Krupp armament works at Essen, the insidious instigator and instrument of German militarism, go down to the destruction of a scrap heap. Carried unanimously.

### The Winter's Reading.

The long winter evenings are about the only time the busy farmer gets to read and keep himself posted on literary things. From spring until the ground is frozen tight in the fall, and even later, he is busy with the sowing and the reaping, the harvesting and the fall cultivation; his days are long, and his nights short with no "evening" at all. He has a little evening now after his chores are done, and has more time for his daily paper, his farm paper and his library. This winter the greater part of the reading will be of war, and rumors and reports of battles fought or impending. Too much war news is dangerous. It is a waste of valuable time. What is the use of reading unauthenticated reports one day and their contradiction the next? By all means keep abreast of the situation so far as lies in your power, but do not waste time on scare headlines and padded, ridiculous accounts of battles which are fought only in the minds of some reporters or imaginative persons who fill the columns to sell to the waiting throng eager to swallow any old war pill, sugar coated by glowing pictures of bravery or the horrors of wanton destruction. Every farmer owes it to himself and to his family to have the best available papers and periodicals at hand for all to read when there is time. Besides these, good books are essential.

While on the subject we wish to drive home the point that never before in the history of the country was there such a need of big men not for fighting particularly, although this is important, but to fill places of leadership in all walks of life. You want to be the best farmer in your neighborhood; your wife has a desire to be the best housekeeper, companion and mother in the district; your children do all in their power to make more rapid progress than their playmates. Let your reading help; let "The Farmer's Advocate" help. Read it this winter; follow it closely. It will help in the work of farm, home and school. Read other good periodicals; read constructive books, and above all avoid the trashy literature so common. During the year which is to come we are putting forth an extra effort to help make "big men" of more farmers, and we want them to help us make a bigger and better paper of "The Farmer's Advocate." Our columns are open to all. We want practical discussions of practical farm questions, and we want farmers to write them for other farmers. Such is the mutual help we all need. Your reading this winter will help.

### The Inevitable.

If the mills of the Gods grind slowly, it must be admitted that they do good work. These mills have been grinding incessantly for years and years, and it is only now that fruitmen are beginning to carry away any grist. When Nova Scotia fruit growers were consigning their produce to European markets and transporting it in over-loaded, poorly-ventilated steamers, it appeared that the mills were not working. So it did in British Columbia when the "Rings" on the Prairie were favoring United-States-grown fruit. Ontario, too, was selling apples and small fruit by chance more than by system, until after struggles, disappointment, and sometimes despair, there gradually evolved a method of handling the crop, whereby all assumed a share of the responsibility and a share of the profits as well.

The Province of Nova Scotia, and more local-

ly the Annapolis Valley, has seen the growth of an organization that means considerable in the field of its operation. Steamship lines and railroad companies give them better service than they ever did the individual growers, while the representatives of the Association make sales abroad and over the heads of organized dealers, who have fortified themselves so strongly that five thousand dollars per day may be considered their toll for the fruit they sell. Through this union in the Valley the growers have their apples handled at the rate of four cents per barrel, which goes to pay the servants of the growers. These servants are the middlemen on the selling end of the enterprise, but there are fewer of them than is customary, and their work is systematized in such a way that a great saving is brought about. Similarly in Ontario over 52 local organizations are required to handle the crop. If they were not required they would not be there, and their very existence bespeaks an estranged condition calling for treatment. The Pacific Province, yet in its infancy as a fruit-producing zone, already has over a dozen associations large and small that have been organized with the express purpose of placing their product on the market. In addition to these, other unions of men or growers exist for the same purpose and with the same object in view.

The name of these societies is unimportant. Some call them co-operative associations, because the growers or their members assume some responsibility and share, to a certain extent, the burden of their neighbors, but whatever they are, they have been found a necessity in moving the great fruit crop of Canada and placing it where the consumer may get at it. In addition to this one association of twenty men is one man as it were, and by placing a large order he is in a position to buy cheaply, but that is apart from the intent of this discussion. The chief feature is to recall to the minds of readers how the local buyer disappeared during the season of 1914. Call him middleman if you will, it matters not, he will not accept the responsibility of handling the farmer's produce when there is a cloud in the sky. The fruit grower must accept the burden of responsibility, so he may as well be his own middleman and pay himself for it. The system of distribution, other than that of supplying markets as they require the stuff, does not concern the grower or the growers' association. That is an urban question which rural people may as well leave alone for a while yet. There is work enough to do at home to keep the manufacturing end running properly, and all societies have not been able to cope even with that. However, the season of 1914 has taught a lesson, and it is that the greater part of Canada's fruit crop, and the more the better, must be handled through co-operative associations. In the absence of the timid buyers the fruit they usually handled rotted on the ground, or was dumped carelessly upon the market with demoralizing effect. The associations did "Business as usual," and we know of some right here in Ontario that were obliged to turn orders down. Co-operative associations may have their weak points, but one redeeming feature they do have, and it is that they are the best medium through which fruit growers may now move and market their crop. They have come to stay, and more are coming.

Some journals do not seem satisfied with the size of the conflagration in Europe, and would like to add a few more nations as fresh fuel.

## The Farmer's Advocate AND 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.
2. TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—In Canada, England, Ireland, Scotland, Newfoundland and New Zealand, \$1.50 per year, in advance; \$2.00 per year when not paid in advance. United States, \$2.50 per year; all other countries, 12s.; in advance.
3. ADVERTISING RATES.—Single insertion, 25 cents per line, agate. Contract rates furnished on application.
4. THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE is sent to subscribers until an explicit order is received for its discontinuance. All payments of arrears must be made as required by law.
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10. LETTERS intended for publication should be written on one side of the paper only.
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12. WE INVITE FARMERS to write us on any agricultural topic. We are always pleased to receive practical articles. For such as we consider valuable we will pay ten cents per inch printed matter. Criticisms of Articles, Suggestions How to Improve "The Farmer's Advocate and Home Magazine," Descriptions of New Grains, Roots or Vegetables not generally known, Particulars of Experiments Tried, or Improved Methods of Cultivation, are each and all welcome. Contributions sent us must not be furnished other papers until after they have appeared in our columns. Rejected matter will be returned on receipt of postage.
13. ADDRESSES OF CORRESPONDENTS ARE CONSIDERED AS CONFIDENTIAL and will not be forwarded.
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THE WILLIAM WELD COMPANY (Limited),  
London, Canada.

### The Farmer's Advocate Christmas Box.

Our readers have a treat in store for them next week in the form of the annual Christmas Number of "The Farmer's Advocate and Home Magazine," the outstanding feature of agricultural journalism for the year. Special efforts have been successful in securing a large number of articles and illustrations which will make this issue stand out in bold relief among the best efforts of 1914. This great issue goes free to all our subscribers, no extra charge being made by the publishers. All new subscribers will also be favored with this "Christmas Box," as well as the remaining regular issues for this year.

To further fill the stocking of our regular subscribers whose subscriptions are paid to the end of 1914, we will accept \$2.25 any time from now until Dec. 31st, 1914, in payment of their own renewal and one new subscription to the end of 1915. Give your friends and neighbors an opportunity to enjoy one whole year's wholesome and profitable reading and two special Christmas numbers, the like of which are not even attempted by other farm papers. Right now is the time to make sure of this great offer, which holds good only to Dec. 31st. After that date the regular rate will obtain. The sooner the new subscriber is added the more issues he will get. The names sent as new subscribers must be bona fide new subscribers. Here is an opportunity to do your friend a good turn. Agricultural information is going to be more valuable in 1915 than ever before. "The Farmer's Advocate" is alive to the needs of farmers generally, it is a farmer itself. Get in on this Christmas offer early.

### Worthy of Patronage.

Next week there will be held in the city of Guelph the annual Ontario Provincial Winter Fair, better known to most readers as the Guelph Fat Stock Show. This exhibition has, under more or less adverse circumstances, grown to be one of the biggest and best shows of its kind in America. As the years have rolled on it has out-grown itself many times over. Additions have been made to the housing capacity, and still it finds itself crowded. This year promises to be the biggest exhibition, as far as entries and quality of exhibits are concerned, that has ever been put on by the management of this great exhibition. We feel like commending those in charge of the enterprise for, in the face of world-wide panicky feeling, going ahead with the Show. It is undoubtedly the right thing to do. Other shows have been cancelled, and everything of this kind which is allowed to transpire only adds to the disaster of the present situation.

The management have gone ahead and provided a show at Guelph, and it now remains for the people to attend that show and demonstrate their faith in the Exhibition and in the stock-breeding enterprise of this country. At no other show in Canada are the lessons of good stock breeding brought home to the visitors so vividly as at the Guelph Winter Fair. Lecturers are given by the best men available on subjects that interest all farmers; judging competitions are carried on for the benefit of the younger men, and the entire show is worthy of the undivided support of farmers and stockmen. Don't fail to attend. The Fair needs you this year, and you need the Exhibition. Every man, woman and child that goes to the Guelph Fair to learn something will not go away disappointed.

### Our Annual Feature Issue.

Every year readers of "The Farmer's Advocate" look forward with a great deal of interest to the annual Christmas number, and each year they expect something just a little better than what has gone before. This makes it necessary for the best-known and most widely circulated farm journal in Canada to excel itself early in December of each succeeding year. As soon as one Christmas number is off the press plans are commenced for the next year's issue. It is one of the most difficult tasks which confront a publication, to keep improving a Christmas number which many readers have already expressed time and time again as being almost perfection. Next week our subscribers will get the results of our 1914 efforts, and we feel sure that one and all will agree that it is the outstanding feature in agricultural journalism in 1914, as it has been in years gone by.

The front cover is one which will bring back pleasant memories to thousands of readers who connect Christmas with home gatherings. It is essentially a Christmas scene, and the different expressions on the several faces convey a Christmas spirit through different characters. The front cover, itself, is worth a year's subscription to the paper.

To go with this and to impress upon the readers the necessity for making the 1914 Christmas a real Christmas notwithstanding the world crisis which is now hanging like a black storm cloud over all, is a leading article by our well-known regular correspondent, Peter McArthur. We hope every subscriber will read this carefully.

Horsemen will be interested in the article by G. T. Burrows, on "The War and the Horse," in which is depicted in graphic terms the place which the farmer's friend is taking in the conflict now raging. Another very interesting horse article, and one which will appeal to our older readers more particularly, is "The Horse of Forty Years Ago and Now," written by our well-known contributor, "Whip." Livestock men, generally, will find several interesting articles covering this department of the paper. "The Feeder Lamb From Pith to Block" is a subject dealt with by R. H. Harding, and one from which sheep feeders may gain some profitable hints. Shoethorn breeders will read and digest the article on "The Danger Point in Milking Short-horns." This should set some of them thinking. Most of our readers know the process of making pork as far as the farmer is concerned, but very few have ever seen the inside of a large pig-pen plant. This is described in an article entitled, "The Pig, From Pen to Plate," and every feeder and eater of pork should read this and know exactly what happens to the pig after he leaves the farmer's pen.

Horticulturists and apple growers have something good in store for them in the article, "The Future of the Canadian Apple."

The poultry end of this great issue is upheld by Prof. W. R. Graham in an article on "Breeding Stations in Europe and Ontario."

Articles of a more general character but of unusual interest are contributed by Ernest H. Godfrey, who discusses "The World's Most Famous Experiment Station," at Rothamsted; by S. B. Sinclair, who has a very interesting article on "The Little Landers," discussing the opportunity for making profits off small holdings. Prof. Cumming outlines the development of the Maritime Provinces, and Valter M. Wright the effects of the war on British Columbia's agriculture.

Every farmer will read C. F. Bailey's views on "Ontario Farmers and Finance."

Then there is the dairy department which is capably looked after by Prof. H. H. Dean in an article entitled, "The Outlook for the Canadian Dairy Farmer." Will H. Ogilvie, a man who has been through the Australian bush country and who is now residing in Scotland, gives us a story on "Some Camp Fires of the Bush," which depicts life in that faraway land.

Besides several other articles which we cannot mention here the Christmas number will contain a number of reproductions of paintings together with notes on their painters. This will appeal to all lovers of art.

The Home Magazine section, always the most interesting of all, contains an article from Miss Orvis, graphically describing the method of carrying agricultural school and college work to the country districts in Wisconsin. This should be read in every home. Rev. P. W. Norwood, a well-known London Divine, will have an article of unusual interest to all those in the home. Belgium, and all she has passed through recently, will be the subject of another article which all sympathizing people should read. All told this will be one of the greatest issues ever published by any paper in this country.

### Nature's Diary.

A. B. Klugh, M.A.

A fish which has played an important part in the history of Canada is the Cod. The Cod fisheries of the Banks of Newfoundland was one of the principal inducements which led the English to establish colonies in America, and to-day this fishery is one of the great sources of revenue in the Maritime Provinces. The Cod is omnivorous and feeds on various kinds of animals, including crustaceans, mollusks, and small fishes, also upon some marine Algae.

The Cod go in schools, but not in such dense bodies as the Herring and Mackerel. Their movements on and off shore, and from bank to bank are chiefly due to temperature influences, the presence and absence of food, and the search for proper spawning conditions. It is essentially a deep-water fish, and is usually taken in from twenty to seventy fathoms. It has been taken in three hundred fathoms. The principal spawning time of the Cod is in winter, the season beginning in November and continuing until April. The Cod is one of the most prolific fishes, a twenty-one pound female laying about 2,700,000 eggs, and a seventy-five pound female about 9,100,000 eggs. The eggs are very small, being from one-twelfth to one-seventeenth of an inch in diameter.

When it is remembered that under natural conditions, in order to maintain the normal number of Codfish it is only necessary for two out of the several million eggs laid by a single female to hatch and grow to maturity, it is easily seen that the destruction of eggs must be very great. If all the eggs were to hatch and the young come to maturity, the ocean would soon become packed solid with Codfish. Vast numbers of eggs are eaten by fishes, birds and other sea animals, vast numbers are thrown up on the shore by the waves, and probably still more are never fertilized.

Cod are taken by hand-lining and trawling. A trawl is a long, fairly stout line, to which are hung, by short lines, from three hundred to nine hundred hooks. The trawl line has a buoy at each end. It is usually set a little before slack water, that is, just before full high tide or dead low tide, and left out above an hour before it is hauled.

The average weight of Cod is from twelve to thirty-five pounds, though many from one hundred to one hundred and seventy-five pounds in weight have been taken. The largest Cod ever taken off the North American Coast weighed two hundred and eleven and a half pounds.

A close ally of the Cod, the Haddock, is another of our most important Atlantic Coast food-fishes. It ranges, in North America, from the Strait of Belle Isle to Cape Hatteras. Haddock go in large compact schools, and their abundance in any particular locality varies greatly from year to year. The Haddock is a bottom feeder, and feeds mainly on Mollusks, (shell-fish). Its spawning season is from April to June. The eggs are about one-nineteenth of an inch in diameter, and a nine-pound fish produces about 1,800,000 eggs. The average weight of

the Haddock is about four pounds, and the maximum weight seventeen pounds. Haddock are caught mainly by trawling. Immense quantities are shipped from the Maritime Provinces in ice, large numbers are converted into "Finnan Haddie," and many are smoked and put up in cans.

There is a good deal of skill required in the making of first-class Finnan Haddies, as the fish have to be brought in fresh, split and dried rapidly, smoked to a turn and nicely glazed on the outside. A new way of putting up Finnan Haddie in glass has recently been tried on the Bay of Fundy, and goods of very high quality have been the result.

Personally, I consider Haddock as ranking only after Halibut and Mackerel among our food fishes, but to be enjoyed in its perfection, it must, like all fishes, be eaten just fresh out of the water. However, on account of better shipping facilities, all sea fishes are now reaching the markets of the interior in a far firmer and more palatable condition than they did a few years ago.

The Halibut, king of food fishes, is taken in fair quantities off our Atlantic Coast, but the main Halibut fisheries are on the Pacific from Bering Straits to San Francisco. Important Halibut banks are located in the mouth of the Straits of Juan de Fuca, and around Queen Charlotte Island. It is a fish of the coldest waters, usually being taken where the water temperature is from 32 to 40 degrees Fahrenheit. The Halibut often reaches an immense size, some weighing from 300 to 400 pounds, and one is on record as having weighed 720 pounds. A Halibut of about 80 pounds is considered by epicures to be most savoury.

## THE HORSE.

### Does Your Horse Get Enough Exercise?

At this season of the year when the horses are suddenly thrown into winter quarters, many of them from the open pasture field, and most of them either from such a field or from regular daily work, a great deal of trouble is generally experienced with legs stocking, horses going off feed, coats becoming dry and starey, and the whole horse system being in such a state that he is generally termed, a little "off" in condition. It stands to reason that the constitution of a horse must be very strong if some untoward indications do not soon present themselves when the animal is confined, tied by the neck in a narrow stall, day in and day out, very often with almost as much feed as he got when working hard, or otherwise in bad condition, owing to the fact that he has been rapidly changed from an abundance of exercise and green feed to no exercise whatever, and nothing but dry feed. The crucial point at such a time is undoubtedly exercise. Of course, it is necessary with horses which have been highly fed and hard worked and which are now doing nothing, to cut their rations down considerably, feeding a maintenance ration or little better in place of the feed required to maintain flesh, and to produce the energy to do the work formerly done. It has been stated by good horsemen that colts and young horses on dry feed require anywhere from five to eight hours per day exercise in large paddocks or open yards. This being true, we venture to say that ninety per cent. of the horses and colts in this country are at the present time getting far too little exercise for their own good. One may go into stable after stable and find from three to eight horses standing idly munching oats or grinding hay, and not a single horse or colt in the open yard. Those who make a practice of letting their colts out each day very often leave them for only a half an hour or an hour. This is not long enough. Colts have a thick coat of hair, and will usually run and play enough to keep them from suffering from the cold. This running is just what is best for them, and we would much prefer to purchase, next spring, an animal which had its regular daily exercise through the winter of five hours a day than one which had been given little or no opportunity to keep the swelling out of his legs. We get more questions regarding stocking horses at this season than at any other season of the year, and a great deal of it is due to the changed conditions of feeding, and the great need of exercise incident upon the stabling of the horses. Reduce the grain ration of the working horse, and increase the amount of exercise all the way around.

### Wouldn't Like to Miss It.

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":  
Please find enclosed the sum of \$3.00 in payment for your paper for 1914 and 1915. We have taken your valuable paper for six or seven years. We find it very good, and would not like to do without it. JOHN W. MERRIFIELD.

### Another Orphan.

I'm only a colt and I don't understand—  
I wonder if ever I may?—  
But there's something wrong, somewhere, I know,  
For they're taking my mother away.

We were happy together, my mother and I,  
But we'll be together no more,  
For last night they said—though I don't understand—  
"More horses are needed for war!"

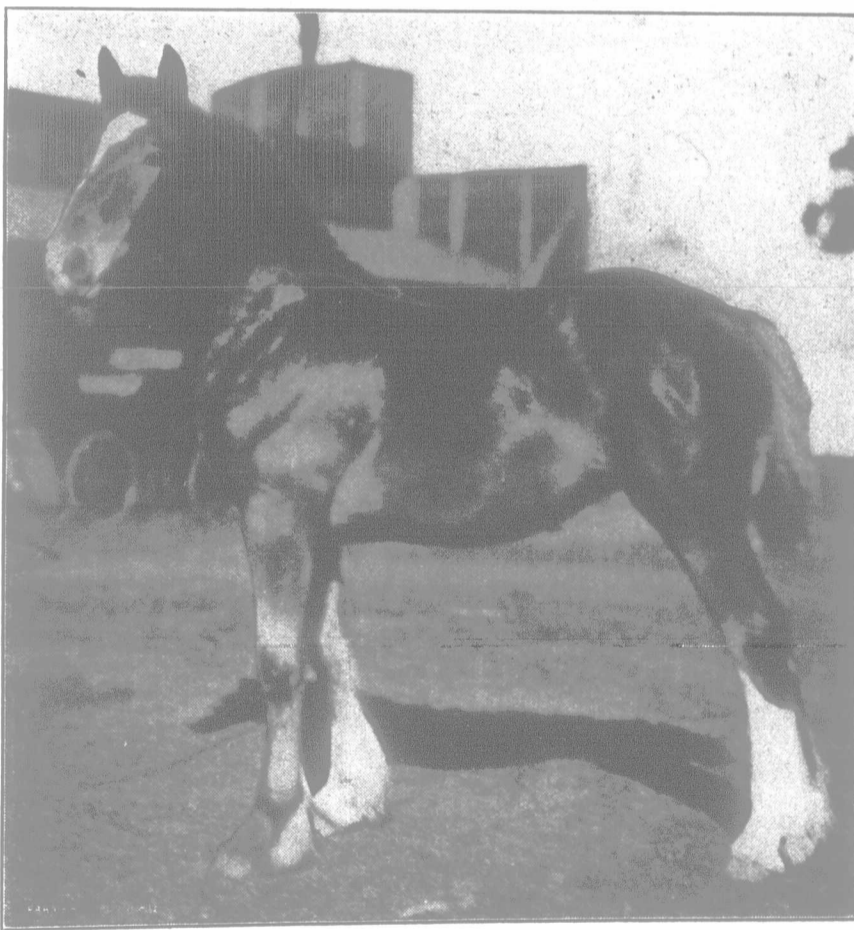
"The mare goes to-morrow,"—my mother they meant;  
And now to-morrow is here,  
And they're leading her off—oh, what will I do  
When it's dark—and mother's not near?

She nuzzled me softly and kissed me good-by—  
There were tears, bitter tears, in her eyes—  
"Be brave," she bade me, "our masters are men,  
And whatever men do must be wise!"

But something is wrong—my mother is taken  
Forever and ever away—  
I'm only a colt, so I don't understand—  
I wonder if ever I may?  
Les Wallace, in Denver Post.

### "Stocking", A Prevalent Winter Trouble..

Under certain conditions almost any horse will show a "filling" of the legs which often increases to a puffiness or a swelling known as "stocking."



Clydesdale Foal.

Winner of first prize at Western Fair, 1914, for G. A. Attridge, Muirkirk, Ont.  
Sire Duke of Orford, dam Damsel of Brae.

This season of the year is one in which this form of trouble is very frequently found in stables, particularly of heavy horses. It is not, however, uncommon with lighter animals (which are not getting a sufficient amount of exercise, particularly if these be on heavy feed. As a general thing the one or two light horses on the farm do most of the driving, and consequently are kept in far better condition than the heavy working horses which have several months of idleness during the winter season. These heavy horses, especially if they are lacking a little in quality of bone and feather, which simmers down to a lack of quality all around, are pre-disposed to swelling of the legs. This swelling, veterinarians tell us, is due to a sluggish circulation in the vessels of the limbs of the animal. Why this is so they do not explain. The swelling is often due to reasons other than a lack of exercise, although this is the prevailing cause in the fall of the year. It may not be due altogether to want of sufficient exercise, and may have something to do with feeding conditions as well. We know that very high feeding on grain, combined with the lack of exercise, is often associated with the trouble. As a general thing with horses upon which the swelling has not become chronic or

deep-seated, after a few hours exercise the swelling entirely disappears and the legs become normal. It is well when bringing horses into the stable to be careful with the feeding, especially on grain or a poor quality of hay. Some breeders make the mistake of bringing their colts in in the fall and literally stuffing them on the start with oats; others make the equally bad blunder of feeding almost no grain at all, and as little as possible of other feed, thinking that all that is necessary is to keep the colt alive until spring, when nature will again supply a means of sustenance.

As a means of overcoming "stocking" nothing is better than exercise and green feed. Very little of the trouble is noted during the summer when horses are on grass. Grass is the best tonic and system builder for the horse. The main need of the animal in winter, to keep his legs in good condition, as far as feeding is concerned, is something of a laxative nature, generally found on the farm in the form of roots. Combined with exercise a judicious feeding of roots will help immensely in keeping the horse in good condition. Some good horsemen feed, a couple of times a week, a ration of scalded bran and get good results therefrom. Others pin their faith to a little linseed meal each day, and some even use the raw linseed oil to good advantage. In these days there is not as much boiled feed fed as was common some years ago, but a feed of boiled oats or possibly a feed of boiled barley once in a while may serve to lessen the danger of serious trouble from swollen legs.

We have seen this fall many horses badly "stocked," and have conversed with their owners who were anxious to know what could be done. If the swelling has reached a fairly advanced

stage, and the horses' legs appear quite round and do not readily go down with exercise, it is well to give a purgative of from 6 to 10 drams of aloes (according to the size of the horse) and 2 drams of ginger. Allow the bowels to regain their normal condition, and then feed a dessert spoonful of saltpetre in damp food once daily for two or three days. This latter will act on the kidneys. It is necessary, if the best results are to be gained, to give regular exercise and plenty of it. Hand rubbing may aid in reducing the swelling, and in fact some go so far as to bandage tightly with woollen bandages. With plenty of exercise, judicious feeding and opening medicine as outlined, little trouble should be experienced if the horses are not congenitally pre-disposed to the trouble. It is common knowledge, however, that coarse-haired, meaty-legged, low-quality animals very often suffer from this disease, and it goes on and on until it develops the incurable form of grease.

It is well, under any circumstances, to take precautions not to allow stocking to develop into the advanced stages.

## LIVE STOCK.

### Feeding Out Silage.

Reports from time to time come to our attention of considerable loss in feeding out silage. In most cases, we believe, this is due to the fact that the silage is not lowered enough in the silo each day. Experienced feeders know that it is necessary to feed off daily in the neighborhood of two inches of silage. Experimenters tell us that molding of silage commences when less than 1.2 inches is fed from the surface of the silage daily. A rule which is often adopted, and which works out very satisfactorily, is to feed not less than two inches in the cold weather, and not less than three inches in warm weather. There is also some difference in the feeding from the top and from the bottom of the silo. It is necessary to remove a greater depth at the top than when the silo is getting nearly empty. When the stock first goes into the stable many feeders do not

place it on full feed, and if the herd is rather small for the diameter of the silo there is a danger that too little silage is removed at each feeding. Care should be taken to keep the top of the silage fairly level, but a little higher in the centre. Under no conditions should digging deep into the silage be practiced. This lowers the quality, and is just the condition favorable to spoiling of silage.

### Winter Sows in the Barnyard.

In the old days when every barn-yard contained its straw stack for winter use the best place for brood sows was undoubtedly in this yard, where they made their nest in the straw around the stack, and where they got sufficient exercise to keep them in good breeding condition and the best of health. True, some of them were allowed to get altogether too low in flesh, due to the fact that they were not fed a sufficient quantity of feed, many rather careless farmers giving nothing but roots. In fact, we have seen sows of a good type come through the winter very well on comparatively little slop feed and plenty of mangels and sugar beets. The farm-yard is still the best place for the sow in winter but on the best regulated farms very little straw is blown into the yard, because here, a good deal of it is wasted under the best of conditions and farmers now-a-days believe it is much handier to feed the straw out of the barn, and besides, this practice saves a great deal of the straw from being lost through tramping in the manure. The loss of the straw stack from the yard should not, however, make it necessary that the sow be kept in a small cluttered pen, for it is not a costly undertaking to build a small pen in the corner of the yard out of any old lumber which may be lying around the place, or even of new lumber purchased for this purpose only. Such a pen serves to break the wind, and keeps the pigs from becoming chilled. A little straw thrown in it for a nest would make the brood-sows just as comfortable as if they were in the permanent pen, and by leaving them out in such a place with the small door open all the time they have access to the yard, and will take the necessary amount of exercise to keep them in first-class health. If the pen is made large enough the feeding trough may be placed therein, and in fact this is good practice, as the pigs feed inside where it is not so cold as if they were exposed to the raw winds outside.

In feeding pigs so kept it is wise not to give too much thin slop. The grain, what little they require, should be fed in the form of a thick paste or porridge. Sows will do well on a comparatively small feed of this, and plenty of mangels and sugar beets fed either whole or pulped. The main thing in success with brood sows in winter is plenty of out-door exercise and not too much to eat. We do not mean, however, that they should be allowed to go down so thin in flesh that they might be mistaken for Arkansas Razorbacks. As a place to winter the sows, nothing has yet been found to equal the barnyard.

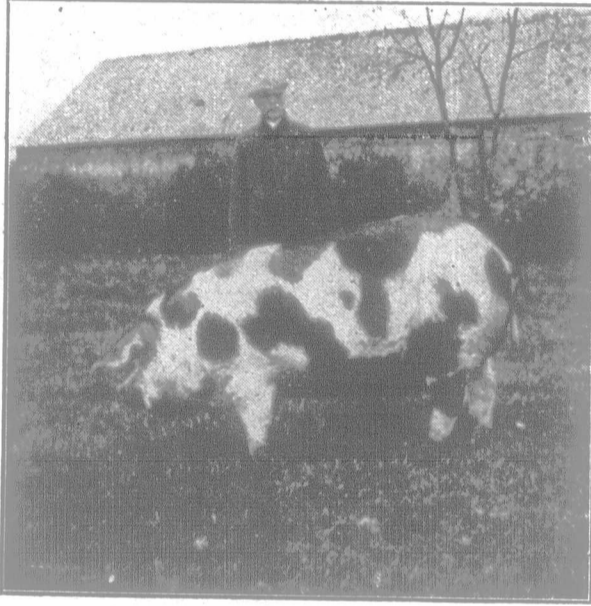
### Building Up a Herd.

There is nothing nicer about a farm than a herd of pure-bred stock. It matters somewhat how it got there, for the man who stepped out to a dispersion sale and bought up a number of good individuals will not usually take as much pride in his herd as a breeder who improved his stock through the process of grading up. Every stockman's goal should be pure-bred animals, with the right kind of conformation, with character, and the different abilities that are looked for in his chosen breed or breeds. Many are in a position to purchase the best to be had, but the great rank and file of Canadian farmers do not feel like putting their hands in their pockets to buy pure-breds. Many are not justified in doing so, unless it be for a pure-bred sire to mate with a herd of grades, and this is wisdom in the last analysis. All the science, theory, practice and common sense of breeding commend the latter move, for it has been the practice that has made live stock husbandry the most important feature of mixed farming.

In time this practice of grading up will establish a herd that for general purposes is pure-bred. They are pure in so far as the blood or breeding is concerned, but to safeguard the industry breed associations have placed barriers around their herd books that will not allow short-pedigreed animals within. Some stud books are more approachable, but the general class of stock must trace back sire after sire and dam after dam through a long line of ancestors to the foundation stock, and all down the line they must be recorded. This is what gives a value to registered stock over and above what they are actually worth as animals for slaughter, but the average farmer who is keeping stock from which to raise heifers and steers for the feeding stalls, will often get as good results in the way of feeders from a herd that has been graded up as from

the actual pure-bred herd with the extended pedigree.

Readers should not infer from this that interest in pure-breds should be lessened, but those stockmen who have discouraged of ever acquiring a herd of pure-bred animals might put their minds at ease, for few there are who cannot afford a good pure-bred sire to mate with the herd, and by this system only a few years are required to make a very considerable showing. The Central Experimental Farms now have under supervision several herds which are being graded up in the way we have just suggested. The females used in the experiment are what may be picked up in any community where that particular breed ex-



Gloucester Spotted Pig.

An old breed of pig being revived in England.

ists, but they are mated with a good male and the outcome of these crosses is gratifying indeed, not only do they show improvement in type and character but their ability to produce, in the case of dairy cattle, is very marked, and after a few more years the figures and facts as well as the herds themselves which have been established in this way by the Central Experimental Farm will be a good object lesson to those who lack faith in this principle.

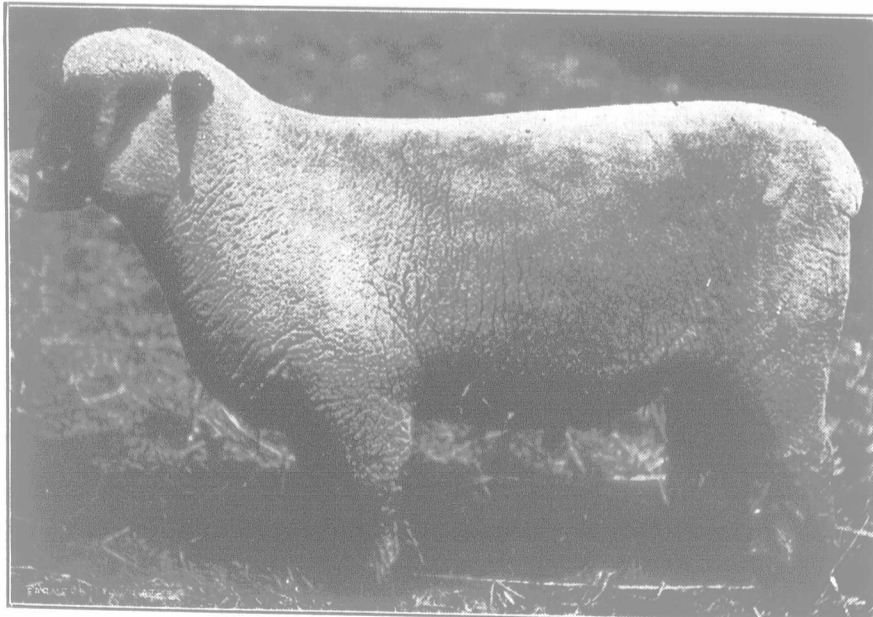
### What is Silage Worth?

Will you kindly advise me through the columns of "The Farmer's Advocate" as to what you consider the actual value in dollars and cents of one ton of silage corn of average quality for feeding cows or steers?

Victoria Co., Ont.

A. A. K.

The foregoing is a form of question which we frequently get at this office, and one which is very difficult to answer definitely. Each year



The Hampshire Winner at the Royal.

prices of the different feeding stuffs vary, and upon these only can be based the actual value of corn silage. It is also almost impossible to state what is good average corn silage. One man will grow a piece of corn, well-matured, but containing few ears, will ensile it and call it the very best of silage. Another will mature his corn just as well, but will put forth an effort to have it very heavily clobbered, and the corn practically at the glazing stage when cut. This is ensiled and the feeder believes he has first-class silage. Just what the difference in the feeding values of these two classes of silage is, has not

yet been finally determined by our experiments. Some work has been done on this in the United States, but there is a great opportunity for agricultural experiment stations in Ontario and other parts of Canada to get busy on this problem.

Some years ago the general estimate placed on the value of corn silage was \$2.00 per ton. This we always believed to be rather low, and when timothy hay was selling around \$10.00 per ton at the barn, our estimates on the value of good silage ran around \$3.00 per ton. Jordan, one of the best authorities on the subject, valued silage at \$2.62 per ton when timothy hay was worth \$10.00 per ton. Suppose we take this valuation, good timothy hay in the country is worth at the present time anywhere from \$12.00 to \$15.00 per ton. At the latter figure, silage would then be worth, according to Jordan's estimate, \$3.93 per ton, or at \$12.00 and Jordan's estimate, silage would be worth \$3.14 per ton. We are not sure whether Jordan's estimate is high enough. Some good feeders have claimed that silage was worth \$4.00 per ton when hay was worth \$10.00, this was then thought to be a high estimate, and others at that time were figuring the silage at \$2.00. From some figuring which we did in connection with the growing of silage corn at Weldwood, we arrived at the conclusion that it costs in the neighborhood of \$1.25 per ton to grow and ensile silage. If it is a profitable crop, and we believe it is, the grower must get considerably more than this amount of money out of it again, and we feel sure that doubling the cost price would not be an unduly large return in the crop. We would be inclined to value good silage this year at anywhere from \$3.00 to \$4.00 per ton. We do not think it is hardly fair in all cases to base the valuation of silage corn on the current prices for good hay. For instance, hay might be a big crop and an over-supply of this feed be held in the country, while at the same time there might be poor crops of roots and grain feeds which would increase the value of these materials appreciably, and so make silage, in comparison with hay which would be cheap on account of the plentitude, worth more money. This is a difficult question as we stated before, and we are throwing our columns open for a discussion of it. We invite all those who have had experience in the feeding of silage to discuss this feed and give their estimate of its worth per ton for feeding dairy cattle, steers and other classes of stock.

### The White Plague in Live Stock.

Although the prevalence of tuberculosis has been somewhat reduced in the human race, it has continued to make inroads into the live stock of the country, which our veterinarians have found hard to combat. Chiefly in cattle and hogs it is still serious, but poultry, we believe, suffers even more severely from the ravages of this disease. It would be hard indeed to suggest the percentage of poultry that is suffering from infestation, but it is extremely large and greater than their owners have any conception of. Tuberculosis of hogs is closely associated with the same malady in cattle. The reason for this is apparent when one considers the close relation of these two species of domestic animals upon nearly every farm. The means of spreading contagion there is very pronounced, whereas the cheese factories and creameries throughout the dairy districts are one of the most fruitful means of spreading infestation. In such cases skim-milk from the creameries is generally mixed together in a vat, and each farmer takes back with him his pro rata of skim-milk which is most likely to be produced by several herds of other people's cattle, hence the skim-milk of but one tuberculous herd is liable, as a result of this practice, to contaminate the entire product of the vat into which it is placed.

It is compulsory in many districts to have this whey or skim-milk heated to a point that will ensure the destruction of the germ, but this does not always take place and oftentimes contagion results. The tuberculin test was heralded in with the expectation that it would, in a short time, eliminate the great majority of diseased cattle, owing to the fact that experimenters declared that animals affected with the disease could be detected easily and isolated from the remainder of the herd or destroyed. Year after year investigation has been carried on regarding the results of this test. Investigators claim that

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out of 400,000 cases the test was accurate to the extent of 98.8 per cent. The remaining 1.2 per cent. is responsible for considerable dissatisfaction both in Canada and the United States regarding the reliability of the tuberculin test. Whether this be the fault of the test, of the way it is administered, or a lack of honesty on the part of the veterinarians we are unable to say, summing up the total evidence in the matter we believe that the tuberculin test has not accomplished what it was heralded to do. It has done considerable, for in most cases the test is accurate, but there are cases where a lesion may exist in the animal body which may be thoroughly healed, and which will never enlarge or cause further trouble. This will cause a reaction, and in cases where extreme measures are taken the destruction of the animal. It is claimed that a large percentage of the human race have tubercular lesions in their body, and animals probably have as many or more. The State of Illinois has probably spent more money by way of investigation than any other like area on the North American continent. Their legislative body considers the tuberculin test as unreliable, and their tested stock is not looked upon with favor by purchasers from other States or other countries.

Until we have something better, the tuberculin test will have to be used, for no one will deny but what it has done an immense amount of good in isolating infected animals, and sparing many good ones that would have been infected with the disease.

## THE FARM.

### A Turnip-growing Competition.

An interesting contest has just been brought to a close in Nova Scotia, being a turnip-growing competition for farmers' boys. It may seem that turnips are rather an odd crop in which to put on a competition, but in reporting the results one of the high agricultural authorities of that section made the statement, "that if we could get the farmers of Nova Scotia really into turnip growing and the accompanying cattle and sheep raising, we could double the wealth of the province." Turnips are a far more important crop than many seem to think, however, it is not so much a matter of crop as it is of getting farm boys interested in the work of increasing production on their own farms.

The competition was carried on in three separate counties, namely Colchester, Pictou and Cumberland, prizes being first, \$75; second, \$50; third, \$30; fourth, \$20. Any boy over fifteen and under twenty years of age and whose guardian has property not to exceed \$3,000 in assessment was eligible for entry, the amount of land in each case being one acre. The winners of the money had an option in using it, but they must use it either in the pursuit of an agricultural education, for purchasing improved live stock, under-draining or otherwise improving the farm, or in any other such manner as may be agreed upon by the committee in charge. This latter is a very good feature of the competition. Many boys capable of growing a good field of roots are not so well equipped to spend money to the best advantage. Any of the three outlets for the money, which are definitely progressive, would meet with the approval of any progressive farmer and tend to uplift agriculture generally.

The Nova Scotia Department of Agriculture added \$5 to each of the boys who cultivated fields that were almost equal to the four prize winners. This year fifteen boys entered the contest in Colchester county, five in Cumberland and ten in Pictou. It was not a good turnip year in Nova Scotia, yet the average yield per acre on all the plots in the competition was 1,009 bushels, and the average yield on the prize-winning fields was 1,229 bushels. As a comparison with these figures we may state that the Canada Year book for 1913 gives the average yield per acre for all Canada as only a little over 503 bushels per acre, and the Provincial Crop Report gives the average yield for Nova Scotia as 604 bushels. Down in Nova Scotia they figure the value of turnips as at least 10 cents per bushel, which left the value of the product of the average plot in this competition at \$100.90 per acre, and of the best plots at \$122.90 per acre, in comparison with \$50.30 of all Canada, and \$60.40 for all Nova Scotia.

These figures should bring home to readers the real opportunity which they face yearly of improving their plots. The highest yield of all was 1,317 bushels on an acre cultivated by Frank Crowe, of Colchester County, but he only won second prize in his county, as his turnips were a little too large, due to an excessive application of barnyard manure. The winning plot in this county and grown by Frank Jennings was fertilized with a moderate amount of barnyard manure supplemented by commercial fertilizer. One of the boys cultivated his crop three times after his neighbors said he was ruining it, but this late cultivation in the dry season made the

crop. The contest was a great success this year, and next year plans are being laid to carry it on again. We may say that the money for the first contest was donated by a Nova Scotian who lives in New York. Those interested in the competition are desirous that other men wishing to do something for the public good would put forward sufficient money to carry on like competitions in other counties. Competitions of this kind might well spread to all the provinces, and to other crops as well as roots.

### Farm Harness and Its Care.

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":

The harness for the farm team deserves much thought. It should be sufficiently heavy for the work to be done. A lighter harness may work well for a time, but as soon as it begins to get old and worn it becomes a bill of expense. It never pays to buy a low-grade harness, even if its first cost is small. The harness I like best for general farm use is all leather. I have used chain-trace harness, but do not like it nearly so well as harness with full length leather tugs. Chain traces are often imperfectly welded, and the defect cannot be seen until they break, which is usually at the most critical time, causing vexatious delays. They are also likely to wear the hair from the horse along the body, and the hind legs when turning. The leather tug will not rub the horse at any point, is alike in strength from end to end, and is dependable in a hard pull. As to breeching, I prefer the knit sort that passes over the hips, under the crupper, down under the body where it unites into one strap that fastens the breast-yoke.

A good collar is the principle part of any work harness. It pays in the end to buy only the best. Be certain above all else that it properly fits the particular horse on which it is used. It should fit snugly from top to bottom, but with room enough at the bottom for the

frozen mud have a very injurious effect on harness, and in a lesser degree so does dust. The custom of hanging the harness on hooks or stakes in the stable is a very bad one, and when followed causes it to deteriorate rapidly. If a proper place to keep it is provided it is not necessary to clean a harness thoroughly every time it is used, but it will last for a much longer period if after being removed from the horse the dirt is removed with a good stiff brush. If it has become muddy or badly soiled with sweat it should first be brushed and then sponged off until the surface is free from dirt, after which it may be rubbed with a cloth which has been moistened by a little neatsfoot oil.

For the good of the harness I give it a general cleaning and oiling about once in three months. To do this all the straps are unbuckled and laid out straight on a table. All the parts are well brushed to remove all the dirt that will come off without washing, and care is taken to see that no dirt is left around the stitching. If the stitching is broken or any repairs are found to be necessary, I attend to them before going further in the process of cleaning. When the harness has been thoroughly cleaned with the brush I wash all the plain leather straps in tepid water, which is well charged with good harness soap. Then I rinse in cold water, wipe off with a woollen cloth and hang all the parts up separately to surface dry.

In washing, the straps are not allowed to remain in the water longer than is absolutely necessary, as it will injure the stitching and open the edges when the leather has been doubled. I do not put all the leather in the water at once. One piece is washed and dried and then another taken. Patent and enameled leather is not put into the water, but is simply rubbed well with a cloth moistened in tepid water.

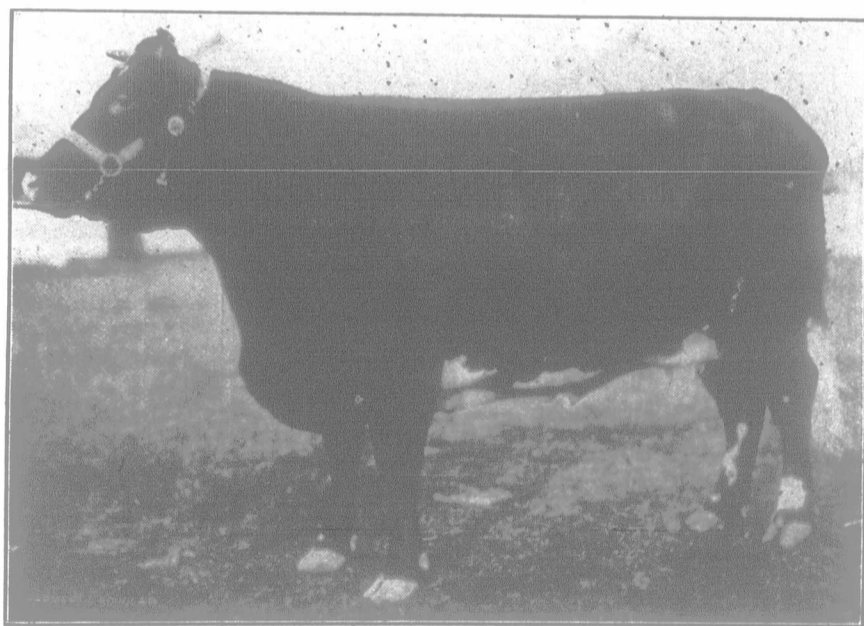
To do a particularly good job of oiling, one that will last for three months under the most trying conditions, I lay out each strap on a

board as soon as the surface has become dry and apply a liberal coating of neatsfoot oil. Next apply a coat of beef tallow, thin enough to go on with a stiff brush, then lay all the straps out on a board and allow them to dry thoroughly, twenty-four hours not being too long.

If there are any red spots visible, or if I wish to black the harness, I do so as soon as it has become dry. For red spots I touch with some vinegar black. To black it throughout I use a good harness black. When thoroughly dry I remove with a rag whatever surface grease may be apparent, and give it a nice polish by rubbing well with an old piece of silk. Before buckling the straps I apply with a spring-bottom oil can a little

castor oil around the buckles, rings, etc., and on the bolts and base of mountings. A very little oil applied at these points will prevent rust and keep the leather from becoming hard. If the harness is oiled and cleaned as I have above mentioned, and made the general practice once in three months it will stop one of the common leaks on the farm.

Johnson Co., Ill. W. H. UNDERWOOD



Jealousy 4th.

Senior champion female Shorthorn at the Canadian National Exhibition, Toronto, 1914. Exhibited by J. A. Watt, Elora, Ont.

whole hand to pass readily, and with room enough at the sides to admit the fingers passing between. A collar too short must not be used, for it will choke the horse and likely cause serious injury. The hames should fit tight in the grooves in the collar from top to bottom, and be of the same size as the collar. A 17-inch hame on a 20-inch collar would not give satisfaction, as the point of draft would not be right, thereby destroying the efficiency of the collar.

I always use open bridles, that is, those without blinds. Blinds greatly annoy a horse, and never make him safer or more tractable. On the other hand, I am firmly convinced that they have a tendency to make an otherwise gentle horse more vicious and unmanageable, because they prevent his seeing anything coming from the rear. His ability to hear the noise only adds to his fears, making him more anxious to escape from what he cannot understand. The more nervous and high spirited a horse is, the more necessary it is that he be allowed full use of his sight, and be able to see everything clearly.

As a general thing in farm management the harness does not last as long as it should, a fact that is due to a considerable extent to lack of care. This lack of care is one of the places in the business of farming where there is oftentimes a leak that we could easily prevent without much outlay of money or labor. Harness is rather costly, and we should keep it in serviceable condition as long as possible.

In my barn I have a harness room sufficiently large so that the harness can be hung up in various parts, thus in case it becomes wet while in use it will the more readily dry. Water and

### Cost of Building a Double-inch Silo.

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":

Many of your readers are doubtless contemplating silo building next year, and first of all are counting the cost. It may not be out of place, therefore, to lay before them the detailed cost of building a double-inch silo, as described by the writer in your columns last spring. This type of silo by the way seems to be steadily increasing in favor in this section, commending itself to the average farmer by its comparative cheapness, the ease and speed with which the necessary material may be procured and put together, and lastly by its great solidity as compared with the type of silo requiring iron rod hoops.

We now have men who make the building of this silo a business, and it is advisable if possible to engage such a man, for, as one of them recently remarked to the writer, "Every silo I build I learn something that helps me to make a better job of the next one." It is a fairly nice trick to get the hoops exactly level and evenly spaced, as well as to have the sides perfectly

plump and straight from top to bottom. An experienced man knows just how to go about the work, and time, money and temper will be saved as well as a better silo secured by engaging a man to oversee the job.

Formerly one-half inch material four ply was used for hoops, but now three-eighth inch stuff five ply has been found to be much more satisfactory, as the lighter material bends much more easily, and a neater, stronger hoop is the result. Again it was once the practice to space the hoops quite closely on the bottom part of the silo, and much further apart toward the top. Owing to its much neater appearance, however, equal spacing of the hoops three feet apart is now used on most silos.

It is also usual now to make the cement foundation with a diameter of two feet more than the silo, thus leaving a margin of a foot or so around the bottom on which, after the silo has been erected, a sloping ring of concrete is built, extending well up over the first or bottom hoop, the ring being re-inforced by a strong wire laid in its centre and extending entirely around the silo. By this plan the structure is firmly anchored to its concrete base.

The cost of a silo twelve feet in diameter and thirty feet high will run about as follows, although the price of the materials as well as labor may differ in different localities:

#### MATERIALS.

One-inch hemlock lumber, 2,700 feet at \$18 per thousand.....	\$48.60
Four-inch elm for hoops, 400 feet at \$16 per thousand.....	6.40
Ripping elm hoop material into $\frac{3}{4}$ inch, 190 pieces 12 feet long at 3 cents per piece.....	5.70
Two by four-inch scantling for rafters, 80 feet at \$18 per thousand.....	1.44
Cement for foundation, 5 bags at 55 cents per bag.....	2.75
Nails and spikes.....	4.00
Prepared roofing, 3 rolls at 25 cents per roll.....	7.50

#### LABOR.

Expert builder, 4 days at \$2.50 per day.....	\$10.00
Assistant carpenter, 4 days at \$2 per day.....	8.00
Farmer, 4 days at \$1.50 per day.....	6.00
Hired man, 4 days at \$1.50 per day.....	6.00
Man and team drawing lumber, 1 day at \$3 per day.....	3.00
Man and team at ripping mill, $\frac{1}{2}$ day at \$3 per day.....	1.50
Man and team drawing gravel, $\frac{1}{2}$ day at \$3 per day.....	1.50
Two men digging foundation and laying concrete, 1 day at \$1.50 each.....	3.00

Total cost.....\$115.39  
Simcoe Co., Ont. W. J. GALBRAITH.

## THE DAIRY.

### Winter Care of Milk.

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":

Practically all of the articles written and addresses given, on the subject of "Care of Milk," have been with reference to the summer care, and almost nothing has been written or said on the equally important topic, winter care of milk. With plenty of ice or cold water and a cooler, it is less difficult to get good milk in summer than in winter, although nearly all standards for bacteria in milk allow a larger number in summer than in winter. For instance, the Ontario Milk Act of 1911 allows in certified milk from June to September inclusive, 10,000 bacteria per c.c., while from October to May 5,000 bacteria per c.c. is the standard. In this connection, we may mention that some bacteriologists are questioning the advisability of a standard number of bacteria. As one man pointed out, 100 typhoid germs in milk are much more dangerous than 100,000 lactic acid bacteria, or other harmless types. As a matter of fact, it is easier to keep out of milk harmful types in summer than in winter.

The first thing to bear in mind is that all utensils coming in contact with milk, must be washed as soon as possible after being used. There is a great temptation in winter, when the weather is cold, to wash pails, cans, strainers, separator parts, etc., not more than once a day, or at most, to simply "give them a rinse" with gold water. This is sure to result in milk and cream of poor quality. Hot water is the best and most easily obtained cleanser of dairy utensils on the farm. A little soda or some of the soda preparations for removal of fat from pails, cans, etc., is a good thing to use for washing milk-soiled vessels. Before applying hot water, the milky parts should be rinsed with cold or luke-warm water, to prevent coagulation of the albumen. Many pails, etc., have a yellowish coating on the inside which is very difficult to

remove. This coating is caused by using hot water for washing the milky parts, which coagulates the albumen in milk, making the yellow-looking appearance so often seen on improperly washed dairy utensils.

The next point in caring for milk, assuming that the stables are clean and free from dust, is to keep the cows clean, and especially that they be cleaned at milking time. In spite of the most modern stable equipment and the greatest care, some cows are dirty nearly all the time, while others are almost as careful as some persons, in keeping themselves clean. There seems to be no way of teaching the lower animals habits of cleanliness as laid down in human standards. If there could be arranged some attachment to the hind parts of a cow, which would catch all the waste products, then automatically detach and another holder takes its place, it might be possible to keep a cow clean, but under present conditions, except where cows are almost constantly attended as in certified milk stables, it is practically impossible to keep "cows clean" when remaining in the stable most of the time, as cows do in winter. The man who can solve this question of keeping cows clean while in the stable, without too much labor, will deserve the thanks of all cow owners and all those who use milk as a food. After making allowance for the difficulties, which all recognize and admit, there is no excuse for allowing cows to become a living litter carrier. Cows known to be dirty should have the hair on quarters, udder and tail clipped short before going into winter quarters. Some cows should have the switch cut off to the end of the bone in the tail, as they are an intolerable nuisance at milking time, when they are almost sure to slap the milker across the face with this dirty switch. This is more than human nature can bear without losing temper. A man or woman who can stand this without having the "dander rise," deserves to be catalogued among the saints. We saw an arrangement in a Dutch farmer's stable in Holland, for keeping the cow's tail out of dirt that looked good. Behind each cow, suspended from the ceiling, was a stout string and on the end of the string was a piece of leather, which was looped around near the end of the tail, and when the cow laid down, the string was of the required length to hold the cow's tail out of the dirt.

In addition to all stable precautions, clipping hind parts, etc., cows should be cleaned daily with curry comb and brush, have the udder and teats washed if necessary before commencing to milk, and in the case of certified milk the cows require to be bathed daily. In some stables a "vacuum cleaner" is used on the cows. One man is reported as going so far as to wipe or dry each cow after giving her a bath, with a clean towel—no two cows are wiped with the same towel. Some brush the teats of cows daily. This is going to extremes, but indicates the care some men require to be given the cows producing the highest grade of milk.

From the foregoing, we learn that the chiefest part of caring for milk in winter, should take place before the milk is drawn. This is the main difference between caring for milk in winter and summer—in winter the main work is before milking; in summer the caring for milk takes place mostly after milking.

In winter, however, it is also advisable to cool milk in water instead of with cold air, for these reasons: water is a better conductor of heat than is air, hence milk can be cooled more rapidly in water than when exposed to the air only, the second reason is, that air, even in winter, about stables and dairies is likely to be

contaminated, hence milk exposed to such air is very likely to be more or less impure and taint the milk exposed to it.

By placing cans or bottles of milk in cold water, having chopped ice surrounding the milk vessel, the milk is cooled rapidly and conditions are most favorable for having good milk. On the other hand, it is not a good plan to allow milk to freeze. Aside from the danger of bursting cans and bottles, through expansion by frost, it is considered that freezing tends to injure the physical character of milk, although we have not seen any very bad effect of freezing milk for either cheese or butter manufacture, and we receive a considerable portion of both milk and cream in a frozen condition during winter. The chief trouble is getting it out of the can, and weighing or sampling. In most cases the weighing and sampling are not satisfactory.

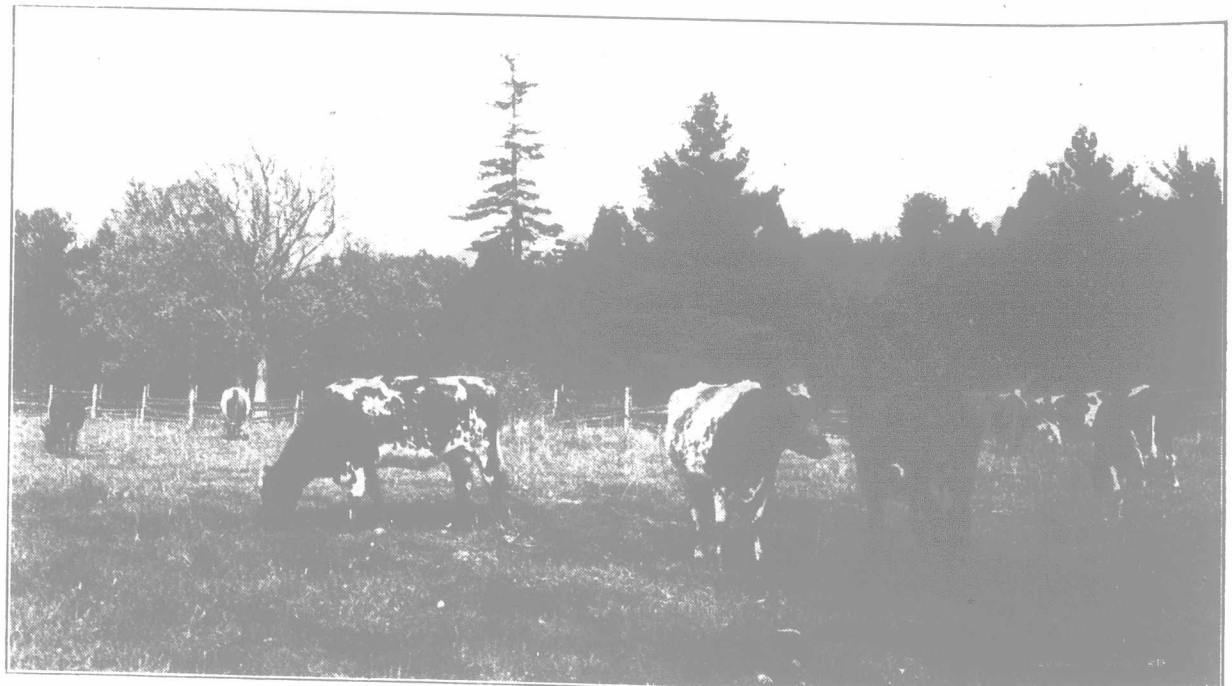
We would emphasize the need of proper care of milk in winter, because there is greater tendency to neglect this in winter than in summer, as people rely on cold weather to look after the milk.

O. A. C.

H. H. DEAN.

### Starting the Dairy Calves.

The dairy calves are at the beginning of one of the most important periods of their lives. The first winter in the stable dairy calves are usually made or ruined. Most good dairymen do not believe in overfeeding, but it is equally true that very many poor dairymen underfeed, and the calves come through the first winter in such bad condition that it takes them almost the next summer to make up lost time. This is a distinct loss to their owners who, to make the most of the business, are endeavoring to get the calf matured at the earliest possible date that it may be added to the productive end of the herd. It is now generally believed that young stock of the dairy breeds should be liberally fed; the old-time ideas that dairy youngsters should be lean, and almost skinny have vanished, and our best dairymen now put forth efforts to get a certain amount of flesh and thickness in their youngsters. Most of this disappears later on when the animal gets to work at the pail, and her first season as a producer generally requires that she have considerable in reserve to meet the extra drain upon her system. Accordingly, we claim that calves should be well fed during the first winter, otherwise they are not likely to give the best possible account of themselves during their first lactation period, or in fact before this in growth and general development. It is a treat to see the youngsters munching away at good, sweet silage and pulped roots. There is nothing about the farm that will hasten the calves' development and keep them in the best possible condition to the same extent as will silage and roots, particularly the latter. During the past few years root growing has not been carried on in Ontario to the same extent as formerly, chiefly because of high-priced labor and the fact that corn may be worked much more easily than roots, but we still think that roots have a very prominent place in our agriculture if for nothing else than for calves of all kinds. We think also that a little grain should be given to these calves during their first winter. This should not be heavy grain, such as corn, peas, or wheat, but rolled oats, or even in some cases whole oats and a little bran may be used to good advantage. Where it is available we would advise keeping alfalfa or clover hay before the calves at all times. This does not mean, however, that their mangers should get stale with it. Nothing will throw calves off their feed more quickly and cause the feeder more difficulty than



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neglecting to keep their mangers clean and sweet. All hay which has been picked over should be removed from the mangers, and often may be profitably used in feeding older stock. Before feeding roots, silage or grain always make it a point to clean all left-over material away. It is much better practice to feed in such quantity that the calves have plenty, but clean up all the feed given at each meal. This is rather difficult, but when this condition is reached it is an indication that the feeder knows his business. Be careful with the calves.

The Dairymen's Association of Western Ontario announce that their annual Cheese and Creamery Meeting will be held at the Dairy School, Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph, on Wednesday, December 9th, at 1.30 p.m. Single fare on all railroads. Some interesting topics are to come before the cheesemakers, buttermakers, factorymen, patrons, buyers, instructors, and others interested in dairying, at this meeting.

**HORTICULTURE.**

**Fertilizer Experiments With Potatoes.**

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":

I was very much interested in your answers to the questions of "A. G. C." in the Nov. 12 issue. I have conducted some experiments with fertilizers this year, and the results may be of benefit to others besides the above mentioned reader who asked for information on the subject. I used both home-mixed and ready-mixed brands, and lest I forget it, I want to say here that for the average farmer I prefer the ready mixed.

Now, in answer to the first question asked by "A. G. C." as to whether fertilizer would sufficiently enrich a rather poor piece of ground to insure a good crop of potatoes or corn. On part of my potato field, which had not been manured at all for at least five years and had been in grain crops for this length of time, I used commercial fertilizer with good results. Between five and six hundred pounds was applied per acre. The ground was ridged up, and after dropping the sets I had a man follow me and with a hoe pull an inch or so of soil over each piece of potato. Then the fertilizer was sprinkled on top of this. Applying a small handful to each hill. Then with the plow this was covered up.

On ROW 1 equal parts of sulphate of potash and sulphate of ammonia were used. This row yielded at the rate of 226 bushels per acre.

ROW 2 was given 2 parts of sulphate of ammonia to 1 part of sulphate of potash with very little increase in yield. Not enough to pay for extra quantity of ammonia which was used.

ROW 3. On this row the quantities used in row 2 were reversed, using 2 parts of potash to 1 part of ammonia. This gave a yield of 278 bushels per acre. A gain of 52 bushels over the second row.

ROW 4. On this row a ready-mixed brand was used. It was a special potato mixture with plenty of potash, testing out in the ratio of 3-9-12. This row yielded 312 bushels per acre. This is 34 bushels more than previous row.

ROW 5. This was manured with 20 loads of mixed manure per acre, and was given the same quantity of ready-mixed fertilizer as row 4. From this row I got 408 bushels per acre. This is 96 bushels more than where only fertilizer was used.

ROW 6 was given the same quantity of manure but no fertilizer. This yielded 290 bushels per acre. This leaves 118 bushels to credit to the fertilizer.

From these figures you can easily figure out what increase in value of crop is where different mixtures were used. The cost of fertilizer ran from five to eleven dollars per acre. The gain is quite noticeable, and I found that it paid and paid well to use the commercial mixtures, and as I said before, and as these results prove, the ready-mixed brand is the best, provided you buy a kind with a good high analysis.

Now, in regard to question 2. This was answered in the affirmative, as it should be. But the value of the second year depends on weather conditions the first year. Take this year for example. It was very dry through the first half of the growing season, so the potatoes did not get the benefit they should from chemicals, especially the potash. This is still in the soil, and will next year help in producing a bumper crop of grain. Question 3 is one that is often asked and I have heard the same thing as "A. G. C." but cannot say from my limited experience whether there is any truth in it or not. It is probable that if commercial fertilizer were used year after year, and crops grown that furnished no humus to be incorporated with the soil, that the ground might lose its productivity. But no wise farmer will grow this kind of a crop year after year. The value of rotation is generally understood, and is practiced by all good farmers. As before stated, I used from five to eleven

dollars per acre. The ready-mixed brand used on row 5 and 6 cost the last named amount. If conditions are favorable fertilizer will pay for itself, and leave a margin of profit. You must know what both the soil and the crop requires, and use a brand that suits your needs. To get the full value out of the chemicals in a fertilizer you need plenty of moisture, so it will be seen that best results will not be obtained on a dry year, such as we had this season. Buy a brand with as high an analysis as possible. The best is the cheapest. Potash is scarce this year owing to the war, and will not be used as much as usual in making up the different brands of ready-mixed fertilizer.

York Co., Ont.

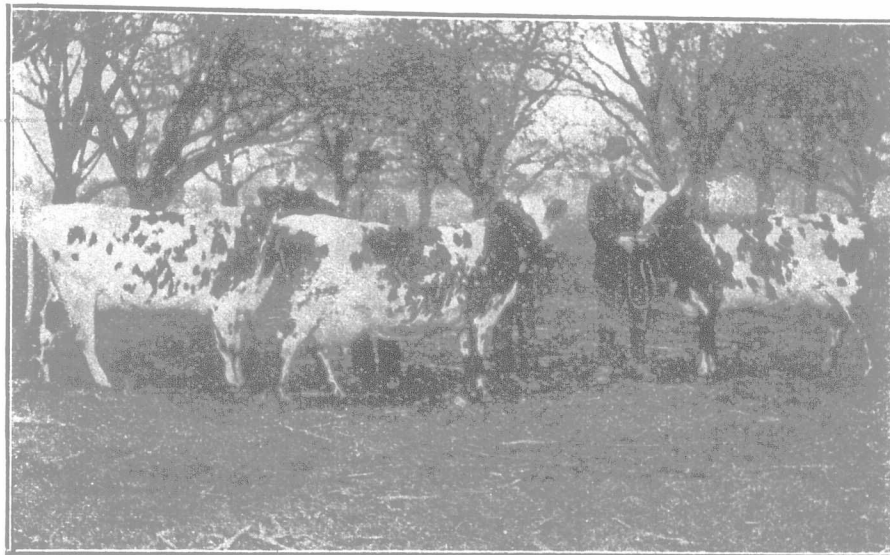
C. H. R.

continues day after day, and is likely to continue for months and perhaps years. I know there are people who can tell you off-hand just what caused the war, how it should be conducted, how it must end and what the terms of peace must be, but I am not gifted with any such insight or prevision. All I know is that the most horrible deeds ever enacted on earth are being enacted just now, and that Canada is caught in this infernal maelstrom that seems to have opened from the pit itself. No matter how we look at the matter, whether from the point of view of loyalty to the Empire or as a means of self-protection we must do our part in the war. Although we did nothing to provoke it and can gain nothing from it but loss of men and treasure, we must go on as we have begun.

This is a grim and horrible necessity, but there is no other way out, either in honor or self-interest. But while we are bowing to this realization it would be a relief if the people who are shouting about "glory" would be quiet. There is no glory for anyone in this war. It is just a senseless slaughter that must be carried through, now that it has begun. Europe has been piling up armaments, and now her punishment is that she must use them.

\*\*\*\*\*

One evidence of the brutalizing effect of the war is the tone of the papers when they refer in any way to ques-



Three Ayrshires of the Tena Family.

The center cow has given 12,000 lbs. milk in one year, another 10,000 lbs., and the heifer 42 lbs. a day. To be sold at Bowley's Sale, Kerwood, Ont., Dec. 16.

[Note.—We wonder how far apart the rows in question were. If these rows were side by side it was not a fair test, as adjoining rows must get some benefit from the nearest rows on either side. We prefer experiments conducted in plots not in rows. We would also like to know the length of the rows tried. To be a fair test little strips are not enough. We have no doubt but fertilizer is beneficial, but to prove that one kind is better than another requires more thorough work than a few rods or a row, and besides, what is best on one soil may not do at all on another.—Editor.]

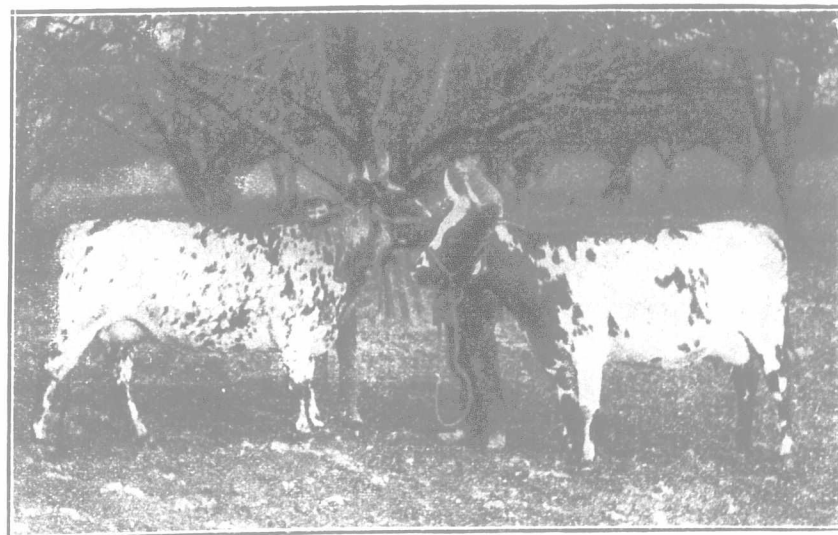
**FARM BULLETIN.**

**The Situation.**

By Peter McArthur.

The war is proving to be a war of exhaustion in more ways than one. Not only are the belligerent nations in danger of running short of

tions of politics. Both parties are at present making a bluff that there is a political moratorium and that they are not discussing politics, but never since I have been reading the papers have I seen such political ferocity as we get glimpses of in our editorial pages. Whenever they venture to mention anything political they display a rancour as disgusting as the stories of atrocity that come from the battle fields. I have read comments—short, furtive paragraphs—in the papers of both parties that were poisonous with malice. Nothing that has been written by the representatives of the belligerent nations has been so bitter as some things I have seen written by editors representing our contemptible, belligerent political parties. And in spite of all talk of a political truce, the machine men of both parties are at this moment making all preparations for an election. And when it finally comes the orators and editors of both parties will try to convince us that they alone are "truly loyal." Both will claim to be the keepers of all the virtues, and they will curse one another with all the savagery of war time.



Ayrshire Heifers of the Blossom Family.

To be sold at Bowley's sale, Kerwood, Ont., Dec. 16. These heifers are milking 41 and 49 lbs. per day, first and second calving.

men, provisions, and ammunition, before it is over, but great editors are in danger of running short of adjectives in describing it. During the first days of the war there was a burst of magnificent writing throughout the country, but the pace proved too wearing. The writers couldn't keep it up, and they began to cast about for other subjects to talk about until some thing definite happened at the seat of war. But nothing definite comes from the seat of war except that the inexplicable, insane, human butchery

Like the war, this prospect gives me a feeling of nausea. I am not interested in either party. Since the declaration of war I have even stopped being interested in their rotten records—and the records of both are a disgrace to the country. All I want at the present time is to see the work of the country go on quietly as it has been going since the war broke out. We have a great duty to perform, and it is being performed grimly, and the credit is not due to any political party or set of men. The Canadian people have been roused to a sense of unity by the common danger, and that sense has been the compelling motive of all that has been done and of all that will be done. If the sense of the people had been against the war no government or political party would have dared to go forward with it, and as it has been in favor of the war no power dare oppose it. And I hope that this new-found sense of unity in the Canadian people will presently find expression in another way. I hope that when the crisis is past and the problem of reconstruction confronts us there will be a spontaneous movement throughout the country that will give us new conceptions of political duty.

Office holding as the great end of political activity is no longer satisfying. We want something better—and we shall have it even if a new party has to be called into existence to give it to us. After the stress and strain of this terrible time I do not think any earnest man will care to devote much attention to such piffle as the relative merits of the Grit and ToFy parties.

### Sir Walter Gilbey Has Passed.

The greatest figure in British agriculture; the man who made the Shire horse what it is today; the man who saved the Hackney from passing into oblivion; originator of London's Cart Horse Parade, and collector of perhaps £100,000 for the Agricultural Benevolent Fund, Sir Walter Gilbey, Baronet, went to the land of shadows on Thursday, November 13th. In that opening sentence I have epitomised the life of one of the most hard working of men—vine grower, wine maker, horse breeder, farmer, author, journalist, jam and perfume manufacturer, art collector, sportsman, golfer, card player, horse lover and motorist—all rolled into one. At the age of 84, and reached the plane Sir Walter had, men do not worry much about anything. He just motored and played cards, and that reminds me of a confession he once made, that the first horse he ever owned was bought with the money he won at cribbage when he was out at the Crimean War, when he swapped his rum (grog) for candles, so that he might sit up of nights and play cribbage.

How he went humbly into the wine trade, starting shop in a cellar; how he bought an old directory and plugged "Society" and the next strata with circulars; how he saw money in selling his wines through grocers' stores as his agent; how Gladstone unconsciously made him a millionaire by licensing grocers, need not be told herein. The firm flourished amazingly. It owns vineyards in France and distilleries, etc., all over Britain. When the annual revenue of Britain was 85 million pounds the firm of Gilbey paid duties amounting to one million pounds a year.

How did Sir Walter save the Hackney from oblivion? Well, he went to Hull to stop the famous stallion Danegelt going out of the country to a foreign buyer. The owner of the horse was a little public house keeper, and when he saw £5,000 in the offering for his horse, the foreign gentleman got no show. It was, of course, a stupendous price to pay in those days, but Sir Walter always maintained "it paid me."

At one time the Elsenham Stud, known to so many American breeders, thousands of whose signatures I have seen in the visitors book, had 120 animals domiciled there—from Shires to Welsh ponies. Shires were the first breed to attract Sir Walter's attention, and he started his stud by securing at 860 guineas a stallion called Spark. It was through Sir Walters' efforts that the Shire Horse Society was started, and he took the leading part in forming the earlier stud books of the breed. Thousands of pounds worth of prizes, cups, medals, and money fell to the Elsenham Stud, and when Hackneys and Hunters were taken up, it was but natural that the go-ahead nature of the owner should find him passing through the Presidential chairs of the Shire Horse, the Hackney, Hunter, Pony, Royal Agricultural, Smithfield, and a half dozen other minor societies.

Blythwood Conqueror was one of the most famous Shire stallions he had, and Danegelt, the Hackney, lived but three years, yet he brought a vast improvement in the then existing and prevailing blood. Royal Danegelt and Gay Danegelt were perhaps Danegelt's two best sons, and each claimed London championship honors. Sir Walter also paid 3,150 guineas for Goldfinder, and through his stud passed such sires as Hedon Squire, Count Member, Old Times, Gay Connaught, Flash Cadet, and Antonius. Hedon Squire won over 50 prizes in seven years, including the worlds championship at Paris in 1900, when he defeated the horses of all nationalities and took £300 in prizes.

Hunter breeding, with the aid of Thoroughbred sires, polo pony raising on much the same lines, Welsh and Shetland pony breeding were also indulged in at Elsenham, and fattening cattle, small cattle and their crosses, was another paying venture. Jerseys and Dexter-Kerries were also bred for dairy purposes; Southdown and Suffolk sheep were kept; so were a flock of Syrian sheep, and a herd of large white pigs, while poultry, of high degree, were favored.

To prove what the land could do, Sir Walter grew Lavender and distilled scent; grew fruit and made jam; and built model cottages for the poor of the parish. He built pairs of cottages at £256 a pair, and gave Darby and Joan and their family enough space, i. e., two rooms on the ground floor and three bedrooms upstairs. Sir Walter went out of his way to see to it that the washing was not done in the house—steaming the whole place with boiled soap and clothes, and hubby ill at ease having his meals—but made a wash-house, a coal place, and an earth closet under separate roof at least ten feet away from the

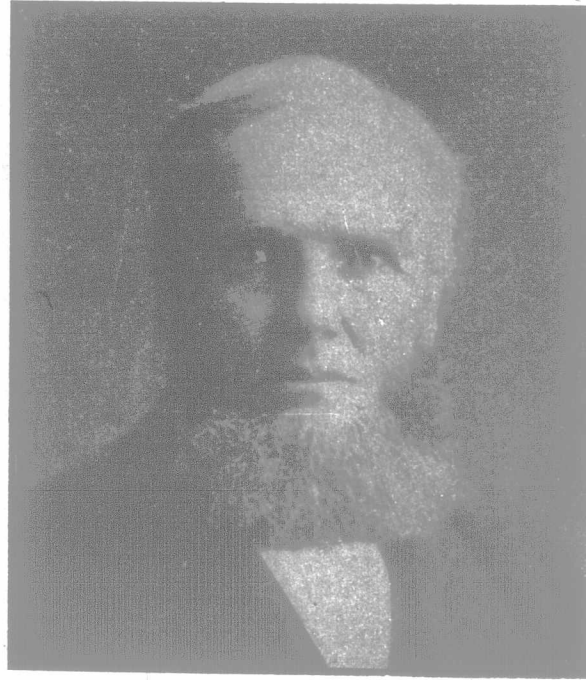
kitchen door. The land would cost another £20 on the £256, but even then cost was small.

Once Sir Walter said, "they made me a Baronet largely on the ground—people are good enough to say—for the services I have been able to render to horse breeding. Well, I just set to work to improve the breeds, to foster the Englishman's innate love of a good horse. At that time we were buying horses all over the world—now all the world buys from us."

In that statement you get a remarkably good idea of a man setting out to do something and realizing it.

Surrey, Eng.

G. T. BURROWS.



The Late David Duncan.  
President Canadian Jersey Cattle Club, 1910 to 1914.

### Death of David Duncan.

On November 20th, 1914, in his seventy-eighth year the death occurred at his residence, Mootfield Farm, York township, Ont., of David Duncan, for many years well and widely known as one of the largest and most successful breeders and exhibitors of high-class pure-bred Jersey cattle in the Dominion. Mr. Duncan was one of the most highly respected citizens of the county in which he resided, and was a progressive farmer. A grown-up family of sons and daughters, also a brother, Henry Duncan, late Reeve of the township, and a sister, Mrs. B. H. Bull, of Brampton, survive.

### Judges for the Guelph Winter Fair, 1914.

Imported Clydesdales and Percherons, and Heavy Drafts, R. Graham, Toronto. Canadian Clydesdales and Shires, Wm. Grant, Regina. Hackneys, Standard-breds, Thoroughbreds and Ponies, Dr. J. A. Sinclair, Cannington. Beef Cattle, Captain T. E. Robson, London. Cotswolds, Chas. Shore, Glanworth. Leicesters, Jas. Douglas, Caledonia. Lincolns, Harry Gibson, Denfield. Oxfords, W. H. Beattie, Wilton Grove. Shropshires, Hampshires and Suffolks, H. Noel Gibson, Far Hill, N. J. Southdowns, J. C. Duncan, Lewiston, N. Y. Dorsets and Shortwool Grades, R. H. Harding, Thorndale. Long wool Grades, Jas. Douglas, Caledonia; Harry Gibson, Denfield. Sheep Carcasses, Geo. Morris, London. Berkshires, H. B. Jeffs, Bond Head. Tamworths, J. C. Nichol, Wilton Grove. Yorkshires, D. C. Flatt, Hamilton. Chester Whites, J. D. Brien, Kidgetown. Any other pure-bred, S. Dolson, Norval Station. Grades and Crosses, D. C. Flatt, Hamilton. Bacon Hogs, D. C. Flatt, Hamilton; J. C. Nichol, Wilton Grove. Dressed Carcasses, Prof. G. E. Day, Guelph; Wm. Jones, Mt. Elgin. Dairy Test, Prof. H. H. Dean, O. A. C., Guelph. Seeds, Prof. C. A. Zavitz, O. A. C., Guelph.

### Importation of Unpasteurized Milk Prohibited.

"The importation into Canada of milk and cream is prohibited unless accompanied by a certificate of pasteurization signed by an officer of the Bureau of Animal Industry, or by a local health officer.

"Cans for the transportation of milk or cream shall not be allowed to enter Canada unless accompanied by a certificate of sterilization signed by an officer of the Bureau of Animal Industry, or by a local health officer."

Dated at Ottawa, this twenty-fourth day of November, 1914.

(Sgd.) GEO. F. O'HALLORAN,  
Deputy Minister of Agriculture.

### New Evidence in Favor of the Cheese Factory.

The reliability and necessity of the cheese factory and creamery in the dairy industry have recently been demonstrated. After a visit in Eastern Ontario this past summer we emphasized the importance of a whole-hearted allegiance to the factory, for, after speaking with dairymen and learning of their methods for disposing of their milk, after studying the factories and their troubles, and after weighing together all the various markets for dairy products with their extent and possibilities, we were thoroughly convinced that the cheese factory and creamery, or both combined, were the corner stones upon which dairying must stand. City consumption requires a large quantity of milk, but there is a limit to the demand. The ice-cream business makes use of considerable milk and cream, but that again is limited. Condenseries pay a good price for clean milk from which an article is manufactured that is in demand where natural milk products are scarce or difficult to preserve. These latter plants have felt the slowing down, which is prevalent both in commerce and the great controlling factor, consumption. Shipping is hazardous, construction camps are not active, lumbering is not up to previous standards of activity, the consuming populace are not buying as much as formerly and sugar is high in price; all these factors are adverse to business in dairy products with the exception of cheese and butter and they too feel the stress, but their scarcity renders them much sought after at the present time at fashionable prices.

The conditions previously mentioned have caused several condenseries in the Province of Ontario to considerably decrease their customary output. Some have ceased entirely, while others are running at a diminished speed. They have not, however, proved derelict in their duty to the patrons. When the Bordens saw that the supply of milk they were using each day would load them up with a quantity of the condensed product that might not go into consumption for some time, they arranged with the cheese factories situated near their patrons to convert the milk into cheese. This will be done at a loss, of course, for cheese factories have not yet been able to pay as much for milk as the condensery price. However, cheese prices are very firm at present, which gives the situation a more pleasing appearance for the time being.

The three condenseries at Ingersoll, Tillsonburg and Norwich have arranged with nine factories to make over the milk which, up to a short time ago, was being converted into the evaporated or condensed product. This circumstance goes to prove that no matter what comes or goes it is unsafe to dispense with the factory. This being so, then factory owners should receive more recognition, for they cannot maintain and operate a plant on wind or sympathy. We believe that cheese factories would be less numerous if their owners did not have capital tied up in them now. City prices look good, condensery prices look good, and in fact there are many outlets for milk that are very attractive, yet when they fail to require the amount they have been getting and the dairyman is shut off on account of conditions, season, or unlooked for circumstances, then it is back to the cheese factory again. We are not crying out against condenseries; we want them, for they send into consumption a large amount of milk that would not reach a certain class of people unless it be in the condensed form, yet we desire to see the factory appreciated and liberally maintained in order that it may be there when adverse conditions come about.

The Bordens are continuing their system of inspection throughout the country where their milk is being produced, and if better care of milk is any factor in the production of dairy products, the cheese made from this article should be the very best that can be procured.

Another point in connection with the recent move is one that emphasizes the advisability of factories paying by test. Those patrons of the cheese factory who have been supplying milk through the summer, as a general thing, will have their cows drying up at this season of the year, consequently the milk is high in butter fat, and the yield of cheese will be correspondingly high from that milk. Patrons of the condenseries will probably have their cows fresher in the fall, and as a result the milk will test fairly low. When this milk goes to the cheese factory and is dumped in with that of the regular patrons it brings down the yield with consequent loss to the regular patrons of the factory. Were the system of paying for milk by test established at this time it would cause no difficulty at all, for every dairymen would be paid according to the goods he delivered.

### A Splendid Paper.

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":

"The Farmer's Advocate" is a splendid farmer's paper, and I read a great many good ideas in it.

C. W. NEILSON.

## Tor

Receipts  
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Calves .....  
Horses .....

The total  
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\$5.75 to \$6,  
\$5.50, canner  
\$4 to \$4.5  
sometimes a  
to \$7.  
Stockers a  
800 to 900





### Farmers' Accounts

Farmers' Accounts are given special attention. Money loaned to responsible farmers. Cheese checks cashed, notes collected or discounted.

Money deposited in our Savings Bank returns you interest at 3% and is ready when required.

Why not open a Savings Account as a reserve to pay on your mortgage or to buy new implements?

We invite you to use as your bank

### The Bank of Nova Scotia

Capital and Reserve \$17,000,000  
Total Assets - - - \$90,000,000

**BRANCHES OF THIS BANK**  
in every Canadian Province, and  
in Newfoundland, West Indies,  
Boston, Chicago and New York

### Province of Ontario

### 5% Debentures At Par and Interest

An absolute security backed up by all the resources of the Province of Ontario, and issued under the seal of the Province. Write to

**R. C. MATTHEWS & CO.**  
Standard Bank Building  
15 King St. West, TORONTO

Michigan to permit Canadian stockers and feeders to move into that State, which offers usually a good demand for Canadian feeding cattle. There is reason to believe that the State veterinarian of Michigan will agree to this. Towards the last days of the week a medium kind of Canadian cattle lost the advance of the first days. Best Canadian shipping steers were quotable from \$8.75 to \$9; fair to good kinds, \$8 to \$8.25; a medium and commoner kind, \$7.50 to \$7.75; best handy butchering steers, \$8 to \$8.25; best fat heifers, generally, \$7 to \$7.50, and little and commoner stuff in the heifer line, \$5.25 to \$6. The State of New York supplied about seventy loads the past week, mostly canners, which sold from \$3 to \$4; bulk, \$3.75. Best steers out of New York, \$7.50, on the handy order.

Hogs.—Estimated hog receipts last week were around 8,000. Fore part of the week State hogs ranged from \$8.50 to \$8.75, with Canadas selling up to \$9, and the latter part of the week, under increased receipts, close to 85 decks coming in from Canada, prices were considerably lower, good hogs from the Dominion selling from \$8.15 to \$8.25, bulk \$8.15, while Staters dropped to \$8. Canadian rough hogs and State roughs, \$7 to \$7.50, and stags, \$6.50 down.

Sheep and Lambs.—About 8,300 head last week, mostly Canadians. State of New York lambs, which came considerably lighter—and the handy kinds are the popular ones in the East, those averaging from 75 to 80 lbs.—than the Canadians, outsold the Dominion lambs, which

run heavy, averaging closely around 100 lbs., by from 59c. to \$1.50 per cwt. State lambs last week brought up to \$9.60 to \$9.75, and the fore part of the week top Canadian lambs, which were heavy, weighing around a hundred, sold at \$9.35, while the latter part of the week, sales on Canadians were made with two sorts, the light end, which averaged around 90 lbs., sold at \$9, while the heavy and buck end went down around \$7.50. Canada ewes, \$5 to \$5.50; heavy ones mostly \$5 to \$5.25, and the culls \$4.50 down.

Calves.—Close to 800 head last week. Tops on Monday reached up to \$13.50, and the next few days prices were lower, bulk of Friday sales on tops being made at \$12.50, culls mostly \$10.50 down, and grass calves, \$5 to \$6.50. About three decks of Canadians during the week sold at from \$5.25 to \$13.

### Chicago.

Cattle.—Beeves, \$5.85 to \$10.50; Western steers, \$5.50 to \$9; cows and heifers, \$3.50 to \$9.20; calves, \$8.25 to \$11.25.  
Hogs.—Light, \$6.95 to \$7.50; mixed, \$7.20 to \$7.60; heavy, \$7.20 to \$7.60; rough, \$7.20 to \$7.30; pigs, \$4.50 to \$6.25; bulk of sales, \$7.35 to \$7.55.  
Sheep and Lambs.—Sheep, native, \$5.50 to \$6.40; yearlings, \$6.50 to \$7.90; lambs, native, \$6.90 to \$9.25.

### Cheese Markets.

Brockville, white, 14c.; colored, 14 1/2c.; New York, State whole milk, held, specials, 15c.; fresh colored, specials, 15c. to 15 1/2c.; whites, 14c. to 15c.; average fancy white, 14 1/2c. to 15c.; skims, 13c. to 13 1/2c.; Montreal, finest Westerns, 15 1/2c. to 15c.; finest Easterns, 15 1/2c. to 15c.

### Trade Topics.

Lighting the home is a very important consideration, which may now be as successfully accomplished in the country as in the city. The old-time kerosene lamp is passing, but kerosene and gas-line are yet economical in giving good light if the right use is made of them. In this issue is advertised the Aladdin Mantle Lamp, a lamp which burns coal oil and lights the whole room at reasonable cost, and gives the right kind of light. The light compares quite favorably with electricity. You cannot afford to neglect home lighting. It is important. Save your eyes and save your money by looking up this advertisement and enquiring about this Mantle Lamp.

### FAST MONTREAL-TORONTO-DETROIT-CHICAGO TRAIN SERVICE.

These solid de luxe trains, carrying buffet-library-compartment-observation cars, electric-lighted standard sleepers, together with standard dining-car service between Montreal-Toronto-Detroit-Chicago, via Canadian Pacific and Michigan Central railroads, are known as "The Canadian," and operated daily through the Michigan Central twin tubes between Windsor and Detroit.

Westbound: Leaving Montreal 8.45 a.m., arriving Toronto 5.40 p.m.; leaving Toronto 6.10 p.m., leaving London 9.33 p.m., arriving Windsor 12.10 a.m., arriving Detroit 11.35 p.m. (central time); leaving Detroit 11.55 p.m., arriving Chicago 7.45 a.m.

Eastbound: Leaving Chicago 6.10 p.m. (central time); arriving Detroit (M.C.R. Depot) 12.35 a.m.; leaving Detroit (M.C.R. Depot) 12.43 a.m.; leaving Detroit (Fort Street) 11.40 p.m.; leaving Windsor (C.P.R.) 1.20 a.m. (Eastern time), leaving Windsor (M.C.R. Depot) 2.10 a.m., leaving London 5.15 a.m.; arriving Toronto 8.30 a.m.; leaving Toronto 9.00 a.m.; arriving Montreal 6.10 p.m.

Full particulars from Canadian Pacific ticket agents, or write M. G. Murphy, District Passenger Agent, Toronto.

### Gossip.

Attention is directed to the advertisement of Aberdeen-Angus cattle in another column of this issue. Jas. Sharp, the advertiser, has some choice young bulls and heifers which he is offering. Look up the advertisement and get in touch with Mr. Sharp.

James Begg, of St. Thomas, writes: "I think I can give you a test report of eight of my pure-bred Ayrshires that is hard to beat. They were tested by C. S. Wood, Inspector on Record of Performance work. Four were new milkers, and four had milked since last spring. The tests of butter-fat were 6.3, 6.4, 6.5, 5.9, 5.6, 5.6, 4.8, 4.7, respectively. All four years and under, one three-year-old just finishing her year's record with 10,800 lbs., with an average test of 4.8 per cent. fat."

**LIST OF SALE DATES CLAIMED.**  
Dec. 16th.—Walter Bowley, R. R. No. 1, Kerwood, Ont.; Ayrshires.  
Dec. 16th.—F. Martindale & Son, and W. A. Douglas, Caledonia, Ont.; Short-horns.  
Dec. 22nd.—E. C. Gilbert, R. R. No. 7, St. Thomas, Ont.; Holsteins.  
Dec. 30th.—Southern Counties Ayrshire Breeders' Club, J. L. Stansell, Sec-Treas., Stratfordville, Ont.; Ayrshires.  
Dec. 30th.—C. V. Robbins, R. R. No. 3, Wellandport, Ont.; Holsteins.  
Jan. 20, 1915.—A. Kennedy & Sons, Paris, Ont.; Holsteins.

Robert Miller, of Stouffville, Ont., writes that, "Last year I sold over 140 young bulls, more than half of them to men that had not seen them. In every such case I had letters saying that they were pleased with them. Just have a letter from the last man that I sent a young bull to, and he writes that he is particularly well pleased with the calf, that he was better than he expected to get for the price. It is such customers that make my business grow, and I intend to keep it growing by making every customer a missionary to advise others to do as they have done. I will send out a better lot of young bulls this year than ever before, and the price will always be within the reach of all. I also have good heifers and young cows."

D. C. Flatt & Son, the well-known Holstein breeders of Hamilton, advise us that they are at present offering a large number of young bulls, prominent among them being a pair of show calves dropped July 5th, 1914, dam, Francys 3rd, the first Canadian-bred cow to make over 23 pounds of butter a week. This cow, at the age of three and four years, was grand champion in the dairy test at Ottawa, over all breeds. The sire of the calves is Canary Pietertje Hartog, being the only bull in Ontario whose dam has given 116 pounds of milk in one day, and 6,197 pounds in sixty days, and made as high as 34.60 pounds of butter in seven days. The average milk per day of the four nearest dams of these calves is over 100 pounds, and the average seven-day butter record of the two nearest dams is very nearly 32 pounds. The ancestors of the bull are wonderful producers, with true Holland type and size. Other bulls from twelve months down are offered. Intending purchasers will be met at Hamilton. Look up the advertisement in another column and enquire about these good things.

### SALE OF BRIGHTON BRAE AYSR-SHIRE.

Years ago this herd was founded from some of the best, if not the best, utility strains that were obtainable; first, because the owner loved an Ayrshire cow, and last, but not least, because he realized the dollars which an Ayrshire cow would make. His ideal has been to breed an Ayrshire herd of typical dairy type, and one that would produce not less than 10,000 lbs. of milk each year, and test not under 4 per cent. In this he believes he has succeeded, and at the present time the 22 cows which are offered for sale (although a young herd), with any reasonable feed and care, will average at least 10,000 lbs. of milk, 4 per cent. fat. They have done this for their owner, they will do it for you, and some have done better; three have milked 12,000 lbs. in one year, and heifers with their first calf are milking as high as 10 and 12 lbs. per day. It has never been the intention to sell this herd, and he is extremely sorry to do so, but apparently there is no other way, and every one of the 32 head comprising 22 cows, 18 of which have just freshened, and 10 yearling heifers, will be sold on December 16th to the highest bidder.



INCORPORATED 1864

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Our Provinces confront the greatest opportunity in their history.

This year's crops are as large as ever raised, and their market is world-wide.

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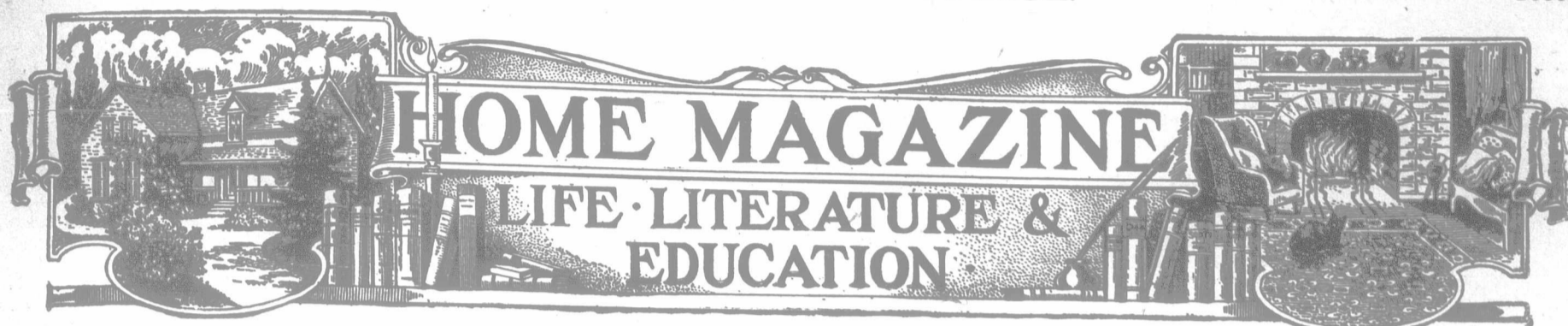
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HUME CRONYN  
General Manager

### ADDRESSES AT THE WINTER FAIR, GUELPH.

A programme of addresses has been arranged as follows: Monday afternoon, dairy cattle, in which prizewinners in the dairy test will be shown in the lecture-room, and the lecturers will make use of them in demonstrating the various points desired by all dairymen, as well as special breed characteristics. Monday evening the growing of fruit, root and vegetable seeds will be dealt with. On Wednesday afternoon, live-stock conditions east and west will be dealt with by authorities from the different provinces. On Thursday afternoon, the outlook for the live-stock industry in Ontario will be reviewed under the following headings: Horses, Beef Cattle, Dairy Cattle, Sheep and Swine. Special rates on railroads.



### The Belfry of Bruges.

Longfellow's poem on "The Belfry of Bruges" comes to the fore again in connection with events now transpiring in that historic Belgian town. Quick-firing guns are now said to occupy the tower of the market-place, in the upper portion of which is the famous old Thirteenth Century belfry referred to in the poem.

In the market place of Bruges stands the belfry old and brown;  
 Thrice consumed and thrice rebuilt,  
 still it watches o'er the town.  
 As the summer morn was breaking, on  
 that lofty tower I stood,  
 And the world threw off her darkness,  
 like the weeds of widowhood. . . .  
 Visions of the days departed, shadowy  
 fancies filled my brain;  
 They who live in history only seemed to  
 walk the earth again;  
 All the Foresters of Flanders—mighty  
 Baldwin Bras de Fer,  
 Lyderick du Bucq and Cressy, Philip,  
 Guy de Dampierre.  
 I beheld the pageants splendid that  
 adorned those days of old;  
 Stately dames, like queens attended,  
 knights who bore the Fleece of Gold;  
 Lombard and Venetian merchants with  
 deep-laden argosies;  
 Ministers from twenty nations; more than  
 royal pomp and ease.  
 I beheld proud Maximilian, kneeling  
 humbly on the ground;  
 I beheld the gentle Mary, hunting with  
 her hawk and hound;  
 And her lighted bridal-chamber, where a  
 duke slept with the queen,  
 And the armed guard around them, and  
 the sword unsheathed between.  
 I beheld the Flemish weavers, with Namur  
 and Juliers bold,  
 Marching homeward from the bloody bat-  
 tle of the Spurs of Gold,  
 Saw the fight at Minnewater, saw the  
 White Hoods moving west,  
 Saw great Artevelde victorious scale the  
 Golden Dragon's nest.  
 And again the whiskered Spaniard all the  
 land with terror smote;  
 And again the wild alarm sounded from  
 the tocsin's throat;  
 Till the bell of Ghent responded o'er  
 lagoon and dike of sand,  
 "I am Roland! I am Roland! there is  
 victory in the land!"  
 Then the sound of drums aroused me.  
 The awakened city's roar  
 Chased the fancies I had summoned  
 back into their graves once more.

### Travel Notes.

(FROM HELEN'S DIARY.)

Bern, Switzerland, Oct. 15, '14.

Knitting—knitting—everywhere you go  
 in Bern the women are knitting. The  
 whole town seems to be a sort of out-  
 door knitting factory. On warm days  
 the parks are filled with knitters, old  
 and young, everything feminine, from  
 seven to seventy—and even older. Some  
 of the women look, at least, a hundred  
 and seventy. They sit in groups in the  
 sunny places and knit, knit, knit—their  
 tongues going as fast as their needles.

The war is responsible for this knitting  
 epidemic. The Red Cross sent out an  
 urgent call for socks for the Swiss sol-  
 diers. Immediately all feminine Switzer-  
 land began to make socks. In a few  
 weeks over 13,000 pairs of hand-made  
 socks were sent in, and the needles are  
 still flying. At first only socks were  
 needed, but now the men in the moun-  
 tains are suffering from the cold, and so  
 now belts, caps and wristlets (pulse-  
 warmers the Germans call them) are be-  
 ing made. Everywhere you go you see  
 the sparkle of needles in motion. The  
 market women sitting at their booths  
 knit between sales; the waitresses in the

cafes put down their knitting to take  
 your order, and pick it up again when  
 you have been served; every open window  
 seems to frame a woman knitting; they  
 knit as they walk along the street; they  
 stand on the corners gossiping and knit;  
 the old woman who blacks boots under  
 the tree by the station knits between  
 shines; and the fat dame at the carrot  
 stall by the bear pits knits when she  
 isn't handing out carrots to customers;  
 and little tots of girls sit in solemn lit-  
 tle groups plying their needles as serious-  
 ly as their elders. Even boys knit.  
 Even in the hotels the sock-making fever  
 is raging; some of the most elegantly-  
 gowned ladies bring their work to the  
 dining-room and knit between courses. I  
 really believe the only place in Bern they  
 do not knit is in church.

And speaking about churches reminds  
 me of the Minster here, whose high, open-  
 stone-work spire dominates the city.  
 The building of this huge cathedral took  
 a long time—from 1421 to 1896. It is  
 said that the spire alone took fifty years

and besprinkled freely with gilt; on the  
 one side are the condemned, all huddled  
 together and looking horribly unhappy  
 and scared, as, indeed, why should they  
 not, when bright-red flames are shooting  
 up all around them, and awful-looking  
 bright-green monsters with big heads,  
 long tails, and huge gilt, mouths are  
 prodding them with red-hot pitchforks?  
 On the other side are the saved, ar-  
 ranged in their most gorgeous robes and  
 looking very self-satisfied as they crowd  
 through an inadequately small but glit-  
 tering door, which is, presumably, the  
 Gate of Heaven.

But it is the interior of the Cathedral  
 that interests me the most, and the reason  
 is the remarkable wood-carving. The  
 whole church is filled with it. And such  
 elaborate work, and such curious sub-  
 jects. Each pew is worth studying.  
 And such extraordinary pews! Each  
 one with a high, wooden partition around  
 it, and a door with a lock. And then  
 the wonderful carving! The Swiss are  
 famous wood-carvers, and in this church

used to waddle around Wiesbaden last  
 winter.

Uncle Ned is quite daffy over the wood-  
 carving in this church; in fact, he is so  
 crazy over it that he says he thinks he  
 will have to give up going to church, as  
 the sight of that carving is so distract-  
 ing to his mind—it fills him with felon-  
 ious, intentions—he wants to steal a  
 church-pew and keep it for a pet.

I saw a little object fastened to the  
 pulpit in this church which I think might  
 be introduced into some of the Canadian  
 churches where the discourses are apt to  
 be too long. It was just a little re-  
 minder of the flight of time. It was a  
 sand-glass—and it timed the sermon,  
 which was exactly half an hour. I think  
 that is quite long enough.

During the Sunday services in this  
 church the men all sit on the right side,  
 the women in the center, and the visitors  
 on the left. And during the singing the  
 men stand up and the women remain  
 seated.

On one side of the Minster is a beauti-  
 ful terrace shaded by venerable chestnut  
 trees planted in 1731. Looking over the  
 terrace wall is like peering over a high  
 precipice. Away down below are the  
 red-tiled roofs of the lower town circled  
 by the River Aare. In this stone wall  
 is a memorial tablet which states that  
 on the 25th of November, 1694, a  
 preacher named Thobald Weinzapfe and  
 his horse went suddenly and unexpectedly  
 over the wall and landed in the village  
 below—uninjured!!

There was another man who also went  
 over the wall, but he did it intentionally.  
 He was a love-sick swain who couldn't  
 get the girl he wanted, so he decided to  
 end his career. He repaired to the ter-  
 race, cast a farewell look on the Aare  
 and the hills beyond, and leaped over  
 the wall. He went crashing through the  
 roof of one of the houses below, landing  
 in the dining-room in a gory and speech-  
 less condition just while the family were  
 at dinner. His injuries were fatal. But  
 the City Fathers did not honor him with  
 a tablet. They considered him a lunatic.  
 But lots of famous lunatics have  
 had tablets.

They have a queer old clock in Bern  
 which is quite a horological curiosity.  
 Every time it strikes the hour a little  
 "show" takes place which people come  
 miles to see. I can always tell when  
 there are a new lot of soldiers in town,  
 because they are always massed in front  
 of the clock at noon to see the perform-  
 ance. First a cock flaps its wings and  
 crows; then a merry clown tinkles a  
 chime of bells, and a procession of the  
 hours whirls around. Some of the hours  
 are bears. Exactly on the minute Old  
 Father Time turns the hour-glass which  
 he holds in his hand, and simultaneously  
 a large-sized automatic man up in the  
 belfry lifts his hammer and strikes out  
 the hour.

The Swiss seem to have a special pas-  
 sion for the color red. In the thickly  
 populated part of Bern, where the houses  
 are in solid rows, all the windows have  
 little projecting balconies just big enough  
 for a window seat. Every one of these  
 balconies is cushioned in bright red or  
 banked up with scarlet geraniums. It  
 gives the street a very gay appearance.  
 I asked a native why the cushions were  
 always red. She looked at me in a  
 perplexed sort of way, and said she  
 really didn't know why they were red,  
 but they always were red.

"And why do they always have red  
 geraniums every place?" I asked.

She said she didn't know that either,  
 but they always had red geraniums.

The National flower of Switzerland—the  
 Helvetia—is a brilliant red streaked with  
 white. And red is the color of the  
 Swiss flag.

I have often wondered why the Swiss



The Clock Tower, Bern.

of work. The Minster of St. Vincent  
 began life as a Roman Catholic church,  
 but during the Reformation the Protes-  
 tants came into power in Bern and the  
 Minster became a Lutheran church, and  
 has remained so ever since. The statue  
 of St. Vincent, which formerly occupied  
 the most conspicuous place at the main  
 doorway, was pulled down and a fearful-  
 looking female called "Justice" stuck up  
 there instead.

The ornamentation of the main portal  
 is very bizarre. Above the door is  
 sculptured a weird representation of the  
 Day of Judgment, very highly colored

they seem to have excelled themselves.  
 On each pew is the coat-of-arms of the  
 family and the date. Most of the dates  
 are sixteen-hundred-and-something. As I  
 sat there on Sunday with that hall of  
 elaborate wood-work around me—coming  
 as high up as my shoulder—I felt as if  
 I were in a well. I looked around on an  
 audience of heads, and it struck me as  
 being rather curious. Some of the short  
 people disappeared from sight altogether.  
 And the size of those seats! They  
 seem to have been made for a race of  
 giants; they would just be a comfortable  
 fit for some of those obese Germans that





alone, but, entering into the mind of the pupil, will bring out the best that is in it. This is what the University means to the rural districts.

C. C. JAMES.

"The Agricultural Problems of the Day."

We have some links with Belgium. We copied our idea of Agricultural Representatives from her, she copied our idea of Women's Institutes. There is a call to service. "They also serve who stay at home and work." In 1912 we owed \$200,000,000 to London, England. We now owe \$2,500,000,000. Pretty good credit! But it was cut off on August 4th, when war was declared. We cannot draw a new note this time. We are thrown on our own resources as never before. How are we going to pay?—for pay we must as honest people. Out of the mines, the forests, seas, or lakes, or grow it out of the ground. We are facing the thing that we have bragged about for fifty years. "We are the world's granary," we said. Now we've got to prove it. Every source should be strained to pay our honest debts and to meet our world's obligations.

Something historic happened recently in Winnipeg. The members of the Canadian Manufacturers Association sat at the same table with the farmers of the West. They have fought each other for years, but now they both ask "What can we contribute towards the development of this country?" This healing of old sores is a very hopeful sign for the future. No document since the British North American Act was more important or fraught with more good for our country than the agreement entered into by these men who once were bitter enemies.

If agriculture is the foundation of our country, then the country life must be made more attractive. This can be done by the women. Consolidated schools, where experts can be employed, will help to solve the problem. Three books that all should read are: "Rural Life in Canada," by Rev. John McDougall; "The Country Church," by Gill and Pinchot; "The Day of the Country Church," by Ashenhurst.

Public opinion will drive men to do things. It is our work to create public opinion.

SECOND DAY'S SESSIONS.

Thursday morning was devoted to Institute reports and work. South Simcoe women have very original ideas. For Red Cross work, they went to the old toll-gates and taxed the passers-by, and Le Troy had a baseball game. "The Fond Fathers" against the "Dear Daughters," and other interesting features. Mrs. Forney, of Bracebridge, read an account of the "People's Institute" established in that town. It is expected to keep the people of a community together, and does for a small place what the Y. M. C. A. clubs do for larger places. It helps to keep them. They rented old Salvation Army barracks, raised \$300 in an afternoon by subscription, appointed a matron, loaned furniture, installed a telephone and reading matter, and the rooms are open from 9 a. m. to 10 p. m. These rooms are used for all purposes, and add to the life of the town very much.

THE STRANGER WITHIN OUR GATES

Mrs. Godfrey, of Port Credit, placed the case of the foreign man and woman before the closing meeting. Every ship brings us some of these people. Their ignorance of our language and customs have made us suspicious of them, but the only ones we can keep out are the diseased or mentally deficient. They do the work of navvies because our Canadian-born are "above that kind of labor." We must assimilate them, get them into our lines, and not leave them to congregate in villages. They are of three ages, school age, young people, and the old. Those of school age are the mental equals of Canadian children. They are more grateful and more easily controlled than our children, and can readily be trained. They all have something to contribute to the common good. We speak of them as Dagos or Polocks, in a contemptuous manner. We forget that in their own country these working men in blouses enjoy the finest operas. They can be reached by using their love of music, love of hand-work, and the folk dances. Their trained mechanics, such as workers in gold and silver, too often have to work at manual labor here, and

their handiwork is lost to the state, while they barely make a living. One of the tragedies among the foreign folk is when the husband comes over first, learns the language, and then sends for his wife. He does all the buying because he knows English; he mingles with the people and learns the life, while she shrinks at home. We can help the woman if we will.

At every session the women sang "It's a Long, Long Way to Tipperary," with an accompaniment of clicking knitting needles. It was a great convention, and will bring great results.

National Anthems:

THEIR BIRTH AND PARENTAGE.

By H. C. Colles.

On September 1, the National Anthems of the four Allies were brought together in the programme of the Promenade Concert at Queen's Hall, London. They had been assembling gradually according as Sir Henry Wood found time to score them for his orchestra; first "God Save the King" and "La Marseillaise," a little later the Belgian "La Brabançonne," finally the well-known Russian tune, "God Save the Tsar" (or "God, the All-Terrible"), completed the quartet and cemented the alliance.

While we speak of them all as "National Anthems," two of them, the French and the Belgian, are scarcely well-fitted by the term "anthem," which bears a distinctly religious connotation, and the Russian tune, the work of a military composer of the last century, has not quite the wide significance for the Russian people that our national song has for us. The fact is that "God Save the King" has been the parent of national anthems in other countries. Like so many other British institutions, it was not made; it just grew. The most careful research has failed to reveal its origin. Dr. W. H. Cummings did all that could be done when, in the Musical Times of 1878, he pointed out the various sources which may have contributed their shares to the formation of the melody which Henry Carey claimed as his own when he first produced it with the words which stamped it as the song of our national aspiration.

There is no need to review the history of "God Save the King" here; everyone can read it in Dr. Cummings's writings, in Chappell's "Popular Music of the Olden Time," or summarized in a book of reference such as "Grove's Dictionary." The important fact is not who made up tune or words, but in what circumstances it came to be accepted as our National Anthem. There can be no doubt that

that came about as a consequence of Carey's production of it in 1740.

The occasion was a congratulatory dinner after taking of Porto Bello from the Spaniards by Admiral Vernon, in November, 1739. Though it celebrated a victory, it was not a peculiarly glorious moment in our history. Walpole had been forced into war with Spain for the protection of British trade, and this was but a small success in a complicated campaign in which a little later we were to meet with reverses leading to the resignation of the Minister. Though "God Save the King" voiced the sentiment of a party of gentlemen congratulating one another over their dinner, it did not strike home immediately to a people peculiarly devoted either to God or their King. The religion and the patriotism of England were alike at a low ebb, but a better spirit was to come, the spirit which produced, and was in turn fostered by, such big men as Edmund Burke in politics, Samuel Johnson in social life and letters, John Wesley in the revival of religious devotion. It was in the latter half of the century when these influences were gradually gaining ground that "God Save the King" struck root, because it was found to be typical of the national spirit alike in the solid splendour of its melody and the confident insularity of its words.

In times of peace—the times which we have known from the end of the Napoleonic wars until to-day—we have had some misgivings about the words, especially about those of the second verse, but we have never had the least doubt about the tune; the general appeal which it makes has seemed to ourselves and to other nations a fitting expression of a nation's unity. Switzerland has made it the symbol of federal independence, and those—amongst whom was the writer—who were in Switzerland lately when a general mobilization was ordered on the eve of the national festival (August 1), heard "Heil dir Helvetia" sung to the tune of "God Save the King," not as a call to war, but as a prayer for protection. German imperialism has annexed the tune, as it would annex everything else, and has fitted it with such stanzas as:

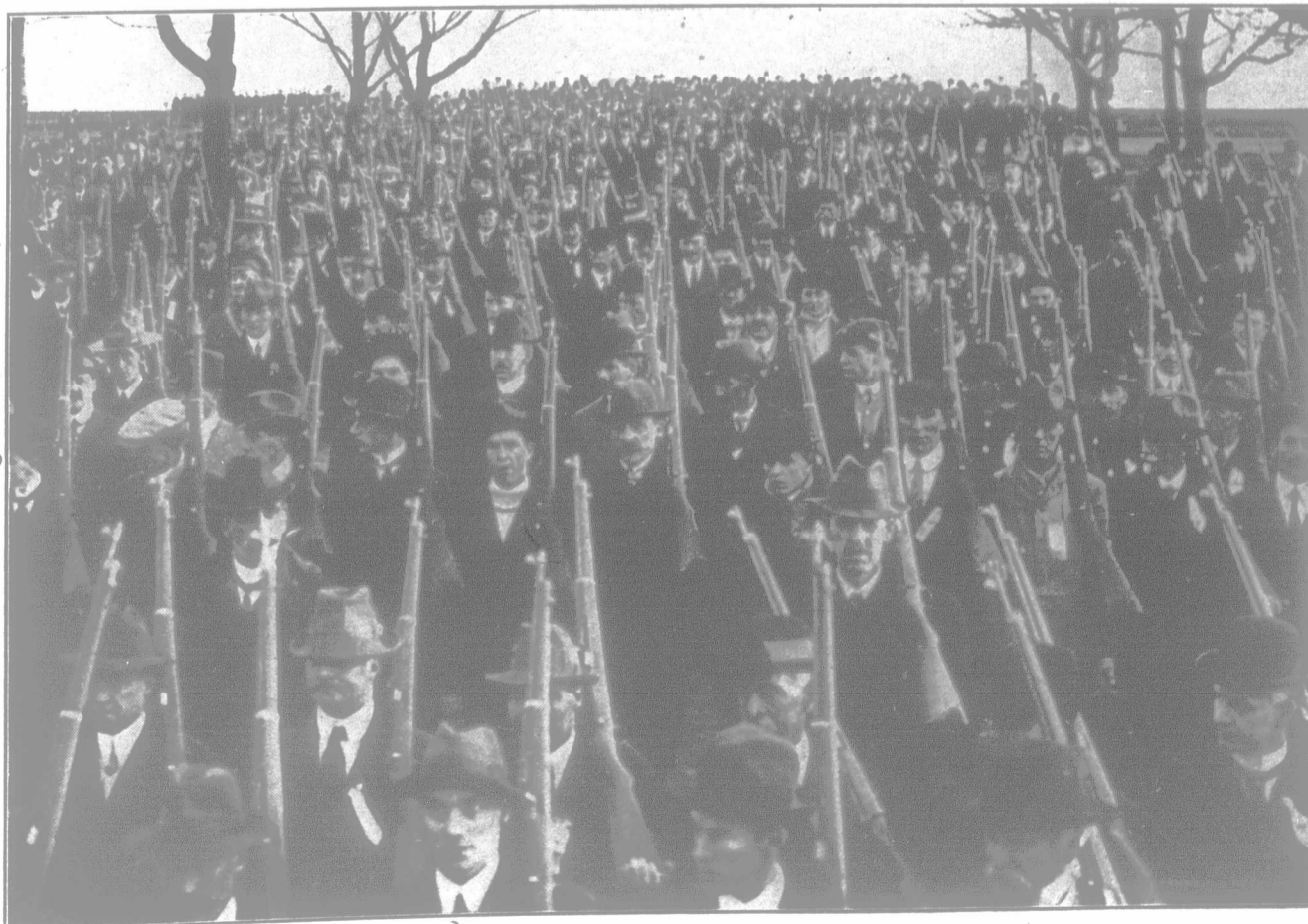
Heil dir im Sieges Kranz,  
Herrscher des Vaterlands!  
Heil, Kaiser, dir!  
Fuhr' in des Thrones Glanz  
Die hohe Wonne ganz:  
Liebling des Volks zu sein!  
Heil, Kaiser, dir!

Russia, until the Tsar Nicholas I. determined that his army should have a song of its own, had made similar use of it.

The new Russian song came into being by Imperial command, just as Haydn's famous Austrian Hymn did. The chief difference was that Lvov wrote a tune and got words set to it; Haydn had to follow the more usual process of setting words to music. Both Haydn and Lvov seem to have owed something to the English precedent. Haydn was commissioned to write his National Anthem a few years after his visits to England; Lvov has left it on record in his memoirs that he had in mind the different qualities of the English, French, and Austrian Anthems, when he undertook his task. A translation of his own account of how he evolved the Russian Anthem may be found in Mr. Montagu-Nathan's recently-published "History of Russian Music."

Dr. W. H. Hadow has shown in "A Croatian Composer" how Haydn, in 1797, took the first phase of a Croatian folk-song as the basis of his tune, and in the same work he has traced the stages of its development. In those stages Haydn has completely metamorphosed the original idea into something stately in measure and solid in harmonic design. It is in the latter quality, especially in the alterations which he made from the first sketch to the final form, that the indirect influence of the English Anthem may be traced. But the result bears no direct resemblance to the English Anthem. Lvov, in the passage already referred to, speaks of "God Save the King" as "imposing," of Haydn's Austrian Hymn as "touching," and he showed himself a sound critic in the distinction, for there is a much greater imaginative appeal in Haydn's tune than in the firmly-set and concise English one. Lvov profited by both examples. The general mould of his tune, and the character of the opening phrases, seem inspired by England; the appealing rise in the melody of the second half after the beautiful minor cadence may be traced to the influence of Austria, and at that point it bears distinct likeness to the second part of the hymn which Haydn shaped with so much careful thought.

The French influence of which Lvov also speaks is not apparent, unless we consider that the "originality" which struck him as its chief characteristic, found an echo in his own minor cadence. But as has been already hinted, "La Marseillaise" was not primarily a national anthem at all, but a marching song for an army. Anyone who has marched to it knows how splendid it is for that purpose, how it sets the blood stirring and gives spring and elasticity to every muscle. Rouget de Lisle, its composer, was a soldier like Lvov, but a soldier under orders to march with a small volunteer force with the immediate pros-



Toronto Home Guards.

pect of action, while Lvov was a soldier surveying a huge army paraded before its Emperor in time of peace.

Naturally, therefore, "La Marseillaise" has the inspiration of an emergency, of a sudden call to heroic action, and it is an inspiration quite distinct from any of the other national anthems we have been considering. It is felt in every detail of its urgent rhythm, in the anacrusis preceding the first bar, the stalwart crotchets of that bar, the syncopation leaping to anticipate an accent in the third bar, the ringing call of the lines:

'Aux armes, citoyens,  
Formez vos bataillons.'

and the abrupt, unpolished ending.

Being the inspiration of a moment, it inevitably underwent some change when the moment was past and the song became the voice of a great people. With this song the French populace marched upon the Tuileries in August, 1792; with it they have marched to defeats far more glorious than the success of that day, and will, we believe, march to victories which will eclipse all memories of defeat. "La Marseillaise" therefore offers one of the best possible instances of how a song gets shaped by the popular voice. Compare the original version printed in "Grove's Dictionary" with the tune as we hear it to-day, and immediately the changes, all of them improvements towards directness and simplicity, are seen. Subtleties of melody and accentuation, which an amateur picking out the tune on his violin (as we are told de Lisle did) would devise, got swept away as soon as the tune came to the mouths of the men on the march, and it has proved better without them. And then that instrumental "symphony" or fanfare which de Lisle tacked on to the end—how many who have not looked up the early editions know that it ever existed? It was a mistake, and the common consciousness has wiped it out. "God Save the King," too, has undergone the same process of popular improvement, but since, as we have seen, we cannot trace its actual birth, as we can that of "La Marseillaise," the process is less strongly marked.

We now come to the last of the National Anthems which press upon our attention at the moment, the one which of those under discussion has been until now least familiar to English people, but which most calls out our sympathy just now—that of Belgium. It came into existence in much the same way as did "La Marseillaise," but in a time of even greater national stress; in fact, in the last great crisis through which the much-troubled State of Belgium passed before the even more terrible one which confronts it to-day.

The revolution of 1830 was the rising of the Belgian people to end an impossible amalgamation of their country with Holland under the sovereignty of King William, an amalgamation which had ex-

isted with constant friction and difficulty since the European settlement following upon Waterloo in 1815. Political conflicts of various kinds brought a tide of intense national enthusiasm upon Belgium which culminated on August 25, 1830, in the hoisting of the old Brabant flag at Brussels, the tearing down of the royal insignia from public buildings, and the declaration of open rebellion. It was a revolt for nationality, not for a change of dynasty. Eventually Belgium was to accept the King offered to them by the Powers assembled in conference in London; all it asked was an independent State, and that it won.

It was during this revolt that Jenneval produced the words of a song fitted to the needs of the hour, claiming justice for his people, hurling passionate reproaches upon the ruling House of Nassau, driving home the appeal of his words with a fervent refrain pointing to "the tree of liberty":

Trop genereuse en sa colere,  
La Belgique vengeant ses droits;  
D'un Roi qu'elle appellait son pere  
N'implorait que de justes lois:  
Mais lui, dans sa fureur etrange,  
Par le canon que son fils a pointe  
Au sang Belge a naye l'orange  
Sous l'arbre de la liberte.

That is the second verse of four, all of which strike the same note till the fourth, which rises to a higher plane of feeling in the thought of those who have fallen for their country:

Sous l'humble terre ou l'on vous range  
Dormez, martyrs, bataillon indompte,  
Dormez en paix, loin de l'orange  
Sous l'arbre de la liberte.

Jenneval himself soon joined the "bataillon indompte," for he did fighting at Lierre on September 18th, less than a month after the outbreak of revolt.

The tune to which these impressive words were set was composed by Francois van Campenhout, who, unlike the composer of "La Marseillaise," was a trained musician. His works, including six operas, make quite a formidable list, and he was a tenor singer with a reputation which extended at least into France and Holland. His position will account for everything which we feel today to be unsympathetic in the tune itself. "La Marseillaise" strikes home instantly to every hearer whether he knows the words or not; "La Brabanconne" may appear to the uninitiated hearer to be nothing more than a fairly energetic march of the jaunty kind. Campenhout evidently approached his share from outside, as a musician thinking what would appeal to the people, and writing with that end in view. His work was no doubt perfectly sincere, but it has not the intensity which either Jenneval or Rouget de Lisle brought to theirs. It is obviously influenced by "La Marseillaise," it begins with the same anacrusis, its general rhythm is of the same type. But the rhythm once

adopted is used with sameness throughout, and it lacks that wonderful suppleness which thrills every hearer of the French song.

Campenhout's tune was undoubtedly borne into favor on the strength of Jenneval's words with which it was associated. The actual conditions to which those words refer are long past, and only the spirit behind them remains and rises to meet a situation even more critical than that which Belgium had to meet in 1830. The tune stands to-day as the symbol of that spirit by virtue of its history; but those who hear it for the first time cannot feel that it has the intrinsic qualities which would raise it above the position of a symbol into an adequate artistic expression of that spirit in the way that the tunes of "God Save the King" and "La Marseillaise" express the respective aspirations of England and of France. In each of these cases the music is self-sufficient; in "La Brabanconne" the poet spoke through the music, and scarcely required the music to give wings to his message. The patriotism and the pathos of Belgium are summed up in lines by Jenneval which appear upon the title-page of an edition of "La Brabanconne," issued shortly after his death. They may fitly end this article:

Qui dort sous ce tombeau couvert par la  
Victoire  
Des nobles attributs de l'immortalite?  
De simples citoyens dont un mot dit  
l'histoire:  
Morts Pour La Liberte.

—The Musical Times.

## Hope's Quiet Hour.

### The Morning is Coming.

Seek Him that . . . turneth the shadow of death into the morning.—Amos v. 8.

Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.—Ps. xxx. 5.

Upon the sadness of the sea  
The sunset broods regretfully;  
From the far, lonely spaces, slow  
Withdraws the wistful afterglow.

So out of life the splendor dies;  
So darken all the happy skies;  
So gathers twilight, cold and stern;  
But overhead the planets burn.

And up the East another day  
Shall chase the bitter dark away;  
What though your eyes with tears be wet?  
The sunrise never failed us yet.

The blush of dawn may yet restore  
Our light and hope and joy once more.  
Sad soul, take comfort, nor forget  
That sunrise never failed us yet!  
—Celia Thaxter.

Are you tired of hearing me talk about the War? It doesn't seem possible to avoid the subject, for we are reminded of it continually. Even in the street-cars, Britain's motto: "Business as Usual!" stares us in the face. Why should we be encouraged to go on with our usual business, unless something very unusual had tried to disorganize and upset us? There are days of darkness and anxiety. We can't shut our eyes to the sadness, but we can look forward hopefully to the joy which morning will bring. The darkest night—even the night of an Arctic winter—can't go on for ever. The "sunrise never failed us yet"; let us expect and watch for the brightness of the coming day.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox has reminded us that anyone can be cheerful when life flows along like a song. As Mark Tapley would say: "There's no credit in being jolly" at such times, "but the man worth while is the one who will smile when everything goes dead wrong." It is folly to talk as though life were a ways bright; but it is far more foolish to spoil the sunshine by looking forward in fear to the darkness which may come, or to talk in dark hours as if the light would never come again.

Our Lord Himself—the Sun and Light of the world—had to pass through such thick darkness that He felt forsaken by the Father. It was by looking at the joy set before Him that He gained strength to endure the cross (Heb. xii. 2). We must gain strength in the same way—by looking forward to the joy which is coming. A sick woman, who had gone through many serious operations, once said to me smilingly: "I look ahead and think I shall soon be well again, and then this time of pain will seem to have been very short." She was right, for she will soon be well again—though it may be on the other side of death.

The Psalmist declares that a man who trusts in the Lord "shall not be afraid of evil tidings." Just think how important it is, in these days of anxious waiting for news, to have the heart well protected by the strong shield of faith. We may well wonder at the tremendous faith shown by the prophet Habbakuk, when he faced the possibility of famine, faced it not only bravely, but joyously. He said: "Although the fig tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labor of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls: yet will I rejoice in the LORD, I will joy in the God of my salvation."

You, who are farmers, can realize more quickly than city people the want so vividly pictured by the prophet—though, of course, we should all starve if the earth were barren—can you, or any of us, promise to rejoice in God if He should lead us through such a dark night?

Such triumphant faith was not reached in a day or a year. Faith grows stronger by use, like physical strength, and we lose power if we sit down mournfully and fret over our troubles. Earthly success is not always given to men who strove earnestly for it. Moses had set his heart on leading his people into the Promised Land. He had endured much and worked hard; and he pleaded with God, saying: "I pray Thee, let me go over, and see the good land." But even his prayer was checked—as a father sometimes checks the coaxing of an eager child. The Lord answered: "Let it suffice thee; speak no more unto Me of this matter."

Are we to think, then, that the prayer of Moses was disregarded by God? That could not be. The morning of his hope was to dawn in wonderful brightness, and he should be privileged to stand beside Christ on the Mount of Transfiguration. He was to enter the Promised Land as a victor, instead of fighting his way into it, inch by inch, as his successor was forced to do. There was no need to offer his prayer any more, for the answer was waiting to be delivered when death should set him free from the heavy burdens of this life. God does not store up disappointments for His faithful, trustful servants—though He often strengthens faith by keeping us clinging to His hand in the darkness. How else can we learn the hard lesson of Trust?



Exhibition Park, Toronto, November, 1914.

Toronto Home Guards marching past the saluting point where General Lessard and his staff receive the salute.

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"For to the faithful there is no such thing  
As disappointment; failures only bring  
A gentle pang, as peacefully they say,  
'His purpose stands, though mine has  
passed away.'"

Emerson tells us that it is a mistake to hang a dismal picture on the wall. It certainly injures us, physically and spiritually, to hang dismal pictures on the wall of the mind. I don't know any better way of conquering a fit of the blues than to get out of doors. With the lovely blue of the sky reminding us of God's constant love, the ugly gray-blue of depression fades away. The sunshine, or the solemn beauty of the stars, can fill our hearts with new courage. If the walk takes us to visit a neighbor, we generally return invigorated by the great tonic of fellowship.

Right here I want to thank those who have cheered me by so many expressions of goodwill. It is wonderfully encouraging to find that my weekly chats have brought me into touch with so many kindly people. I was especially glad to receive a letter from a reader in England—"hands across the sea"—and one from a friend who reads the Quiet Hour to her sick husband every Sunday. Then there was a gift of \$2 "for the needy" from "A Friend"—part of that went out, the day it reached me, in the form of a bag of potatoes. Thank you.

I have been counting up the items in my note-book, and find that during 1914 readers of "The Farmer's Advocate" have sent me \$117.10 in trust for those in need. This sum has brought food, clothing, and other help to twenty-three families, and has also provided delicacies and books for some sick people in the hospital. In each case I have explained that the gifts came from readers of "The Farmer's Advocate," so, incidentally, your kindness has helped to establish the reputation of our weekly paper. If the people who read the paper are good, then "The Advocate" must be worth reading—otherwise good people would not subscribe for it.

Do you think I am becoming flippant? Well, this isn't a sermon, you know—though some people call it by that dignified name—it is only a little chat in one corner of the Ingle Nook, where we may joke if we feel so disposed.

Let us go back for a few minutes to the hardy, useful motto: "Business as Usual." Many years ago some English miners were entombed for a day and a night in a coal mine. They were rescued just in time, for even the candle was scarcely able to burn for want of oxygen. This is the story told by those brave men. When the mouth of the tunnel collapsed they had a moment of panic, then one of the party said: "Well, chaps, we shall never get out of this alive, so we may as well go on with our bit while we can." So they all went on with their "bit" until they dropped in exhaustion from want of air. They were not working for pay, simply doing the work they had undertaken though approaching death drew every moment nearer.

We must admire such faithful service. Let us do more than admire—imitate. Let us also "go on with our bit," serving our Master cheerfully in the darkness of these troublous times, knowing that we serve One Who is Himself the Light of the world, the Sun of Righteousness, and the bright Morning Star.

"One that ruleth over men righteously,  
That ruleth in the fear of God,  
He shall be as the light of the morning,  
when the sun riseth,  
A morning without clouds;  
When the tender grass springeth out of  
the earth,  
Through clear shining after rain."  
—2 Sam. xxiii.

Let us trust our Master-Friend. Do we not feel that "it is more disgraceful to distrust one's friends than to be deceived by them?" He cannot deceive us for He is The Truth, and He has promised that joy will be ours in the morning, if we are faithful servants. Don't let us deprive ourselves of the sunshine that we can have even now if we open our hearts and our windows. "Lack of oxygen enervates the conscience," said a doctor once, and I am sure fresh air and sunshine build up the soul as well as the body.

"Open the door, let in the sun,  
He hath a smile for everyone;  
He hath made of the raindrops gold and  
gems;  
He may change our tears to diadems.  
Open the door!"  
DORA FARNCOMB.

## 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,—This time I am going to step aside to make room for correspondents, but just a word first. The other day I got into a hot discussion, and, I fear, called down wrath upon my head, by insisting that it is perfectly right, during these awful months of the world's history, to spend every moment possible, Sundays and all, knitting for the soldiers. What do you think about it? I know this, that many of the finest women of my acquaintance are spending all of their evenings and other spare odds and ends of time, and all of the Sunday hours, between "church and church," on Soldiers' Relief and Red Cross work,—and they think it no sin, either.—The people who disputed my contention, by the way, although possessing both time and money, have done nothing whatever towards meeting the emergency as yet.

The soldiers in Europe, we are told, have been suffering frightfully since the cold weather set in. First the trenches were flooded with sleety rain, then the frost came, turning the water into ice. Think of it—spending long days and often long nights, too, upon that! How can they bear it?—Often they cannot, for pneumonia comes, perhaps mercifully, so far as their sufferings are concerned, to end it.

The least we can do is knit, and knit, and knit, until the need for it is over. Socks in particular wear out so quickly.

A friend of mine has a brother in barracks here, an officer who is to go to the front with the next contingent. A week or so ago she gave him two pairs of socks made of the best wool. He began to wear them on Saturday, and by the next Thursday there were holes in the heels,—just with the marching here! The little incident will serve to show how many pairs will be needed by the millions of men in the field, often compelled to take forced marches, compared with which the marching of our men in training here is only child's play.

Really, the more I think of it the more it appears to me that the women who, during the American Civil War, knitted even in church, were on the right track. What think you?

By the way, letters that follows gives a hint regarding the size of socks, differing somewhat from the instructions given out by the Red Cross. It may be well for those who are doing such work to make sure about the matter. Personally, I can give no advice, for my work is to be altogether on cholera belts.  
JUNIA.

## Knitting and Other Matters.

Well, Madam Junia, you are our faithful standby. Many thanks for your sketch of Hull House, which was very interesting and edifying. Your interest in the W. I. Convention, and the newsy style of your report were fine. And to think of the sale of that paper, over \$1,000! Talk of the women's share in the Great War! They certainly are up to all that is being required of them. But say, 24 stitches are enough for any ordinary sock, that is 75 total for a leg. I saw a Red Cross helper the other day knitting, and it made me vexed at the waste of yarn. I could have safely knit the fourth sock out of what she had over-much in the three. And she had over-much ever press a hand-don't by any means ever press a hand-knit sock with an iron. Be sure that they are good and dry, and just pull or stretch them nicely, and draw together. Dennis O'Donovan, you are a brick. That rich—"The Charge of the Knitting

Brigade." What has come of Helponabit? I wish she would write occasionally, and Lankshire Lass, if she is ever any better. E. E. M., the old-fashioned quilting-frames fastened with iron clamps are by far the best. I have been where other styles were used, and I wouldn't be bothered with them.

ONLOOKER.

### FROM DEAR "LEEZIBESS."

Dear Junia,—For a long time I have been thinking of writing to the Ingle Nook, and perhaps should still be putting it off only for reading your "vision" of the battlefield. But I do want you to know that it was a comfort to one (and I have no doubt to many) of your readers. Facts are all very well; indeed, we are "up against" (please pardon the slang) hard facts all the time; but after all it is "the things which are not seen" which "are eternal." Thank God for our poets, our visionaries! Do we not all often feel how much closer some poem comes to the truth than any scientific treatise ever could? So please, dear Junia, let us share your dreams and visions, for, believe me, we do appreciate them.

Could you tell me where I could procure a copy of the "Life of Mrs. Dinah Mulock Craik"? Our local bookseller has not, so far, been able to find it for me, but I think there is such a book if I am not mistaken, and I would like very much to have it.

I will send a few handy substitutes: For a mustard plaster, rub well with a liniment made of equal parts of turpentine and coal oil, with enough mustard added to make it good and hot.

To use as glycerine for chapped hands, and to soften the hands after doing a washing, rub well with vinegar. It is best applied before the hands are quite dry.

Here is my favorite recipe for Drop Cakes: One egg, 1 cup sugar (brown preferred), butter or dripping size of large egg, a little salt,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup sour milk,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon ground cloves,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup currants,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon soda sifted in the flour, flour to make a stiff batter. Drop in spoonfuls on tin.

Thanking you for all the helpful hints, and more for all the uplifting thoughts you give us in the Ingle Nook, and wishing you and all the Nookers the kind of a Christmas that they wished each other in "The Birds' Christmas Carol." "If not a merry Christmas, then a happy one, for that is better; and if not a happy one, then a very blessed one, for that is better yet," I remain as ever,  
"LEEZIBESS."

Thank you, and "Onlooker," and so many others, for your kind words.

I am sorry to say that I do not know where you can get the book referred to. You might try the T. Eaton Company, or any city bookseller who carries a heavy stock.

### SILVER-WEDDING QUERIES.

Dear Junia,—For a silver wedding about the middle of March, what salads and dishes, also what courses would be suitable for a luncheon about 3 o'clock? Should invitations be used? The house being quite large, how should tables be arranged, and what decorations and colors used? How should the guests be entertained? Not to take up too much time, I'll close, thanking you for the many favors.  
TULIP.

There is really no set rule about entertainment, especially for the country, where, it seems to me, the less formality there is the better. Daintiness, refinement, and "plenty to eat," should fill the requirements.

"Three o'clock" sounds like an afternoon tea, at which sandwiches, olives, salted almonds, cake, ice cream and tea, would be sufficient. Of course, a regular "luncheon" of the fashionable order would call for courses: (1) Soup or oysters, (2) Cold chicken (or other fowl) and salad, creamed potatoes; or creamed sweetbreads, baked cauliflower, and potato croquettes. (3) Jelly or ice cream, and cake. Coffee.—Of course, this menu may be varied or added to as one chooses. For instance, celery, small sweet pickles and fruit will be quite in place.

In a very large dining-room the arrangement of the tables will depend upon convenience, the tables on hand, and the number of guests. It is quite

immaterial whether one large table or several smaller ones be used. The decorations, too, will depend upon one's personal taste and the flowers one can get. It is best, of course, to keep to one color-tone, as the effect is much better than when a variety is used. In March, potted daffodils should be in bloom, and nothing can be prettier. If you plant the bulbs now, keep them in the cellar for six or seven weeks, then bring them gradually to the light, you may be able to have plenty of your own ready.

### CORONATION BRAID.

For a "Farmer's Daughter." To arrange the hair in a coronation braid, simply part it at the front and draw it down becomingly over the face, then braid it in two braids at the back, cross them, and bring them around the head to the top, rather close to the forehead, pinning them neatly in place. Long and rather thick hair are the requirements for a coronation braid.

### KNITTING THE "HEEL."

Dear Junia,—I see from last week's "Advocate" that some are having difficulty in making the heel of the socks. As an old knitter, I venture to send directions for my way of turning a heel. Knit the leg the length you wish, divide the stitches evenly, put one-half on the needle for the heel, only put one extra stitch on for what we call the seam stitch; it is just a guide when you come to turn the heel. Knit backward and forward until long enough, on the heel needle; always slip the first stitch off. When you have knit four or five inches (according to size of sock), knit across to three stitches past the seam stitch, take two together, knit one, then turn and work back to three stitches past the seam stitch; take two together, knit one, turn, knit back four, stitches past the seam stitch, take two together, knit one, turn, knit four past seam stitch, take two together, knit one, always one more past seam stitch until you have half of what you started with on the needles, then knit or take up all the stitches on the sides of the heel, take up first side, and knit across front, all front stitches onto one needle, then take up the other side, knit one round, and when you come to within three stitches of the end of the heel needle, take two together, knit one, knit across front. On next heel needle knit one, take two together, take in that way every other round until there is the same number of stitches on the back needles as the front.

Another way of turning a heel, easier perhaps, but not so neat:—When your heel is knit the length you wish, knit across to four stitches past the seam stitch, take two together, turn, knit across to four stitches past the seam stitch, take two together, turn, knit to four stitches past seam stitch, take two together, turn; repeat this until you have them all taken in. Take in four stitches from the seam stitch. It needs a rather longer heel for this way; there will be a strip of eight stitches under the heel.  
ONE WHO ENJOYS THE NOOK.

## Things to Eat.

Smothered Round Steak.—Round steak, which should be cheaper than porterhouse or sirloin, may be made into a very palatable dish, as follows: Take a slice of the lean round, at least two inches thick, trim off the extra fat. Peel and slice an onion and spread it over the bottom of the dripping-pan. Lay the steak over it. Mix one pint thick tomato sauce, made by thickening canned tomato with one cup boiling water. Pour half of it over the meat, cover closely, and put in a moderate oven. Cook twenty to thirty minutes to the pound. When half-done, add a little more of the sauce, if necessary. The remainder is heated and served with the gravy.

Doughnuts that will keep soft.—Two eggs; beat whites, then add the yolks and beat again. Add 1 cup light-brown sugar, 1 cup mashed potatoes, 1 tablespoon melted lard, 1 cup sweet milk, cinnamon and nutmeg to taste, 2 teaspoons baking powder sifted in flour enough to make stiff enough to roll out. Fry in hot, deep fat.

Eve's Pudding.—Take  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. each of suet, raisins, currants, and sugar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb.



and thoughtfully scratched his grizzled head.

"Queer, isn't it, Jim! But I didn't see that they gave any more than usual."

"I didn't, either," the son replied, but there was a glow of satisfaction on both faces, and Robbie, an interested onlooker, felt his little heart swell almost to bursting. He scampered into the orchard and stood on his head, and, as Ann would have said, "cut all sorts of queer capers."

That afternoon, like a bolt from the blue, came word to the McCallum home that their milk had been watered, and they were summoned to face the charge. Blankly they looked in each others' faces mystified. Was it only a huge joke, or had someone done this dastardly deed, unknown to them?

The charge was no joke. The water was there, and they could not prove their innocence. It would have been impossible for a stranger to enter the yard without arousing the household, for their old Collie was watchful and alert, and always heralded a stranger's coming by loud barking; so both had testified. Jim had been out until late. He had not gone directly into the house on returning. Thus a damaging chain of circumstantial evidence was thrown around him, and for the first time the good old name McCallum was blotted with shame.

So Robert McCallum paid a heavy fine, and gloom settled down on the once happy home. They were strangely reserved about the matter, never speaking of it except in an undertone, so poor little Robbie knew nothing of the matter. Forbidden to play about the well, he never dared to repeat the experiment, luckily for the McCallums.

Expecting sympathy, Jim had gone straight to Nettie. She had met him with tears, and told him of her belief in his innocence; but on his second coming he was met by her father, and forbidden the daughter's company until he could clear his name of the stain upon it. Then, indeed, did dark days come to their little household; days of deep trouble when many held proudly aloof; days when Jim McCallum's heart was sore, and his pride touched to the quick; and days when the old people's gray hair grew white, and their steps prematurely feeble.

So the summer and autumn passed, and winter spread her snowy cloak over the earth.

It was the last day of the old year, and Jim McCallum sat alone in the cozy sitting-room, his face buried in his hand, and dejection showing in every line of his big form. His mother entered. She was busy preparing for the morrow's dinner, but at sight of him she paused. "Jim, lad, don't take it so hard. Brighter days will come."

He raised a face gray with sorrow, and shook his head. "No, mother, I can't stand it any longer. I am going away from here. Somewhere, surely I can be free from the shame that clings to our name. Nettie promised to give me her answer to-day, and I had every reason to believe it would be what I have always wished for. Now her father forbids her to see me until I can prove that I did not put that water in our milk. God knows I am innocent, but how can I make him believe it!"

Neither of them saw the door softly open and a frightened-faced boy standing there; neither of them saw him slip quietly out again.

Poor Robbie! He had stopped short when Jim had declared his intention of going away, then had tried to draw back and not listen, for his sense of honor was great. It seemed as if some force held him there and he had heard all.

In a flash he understood. The gloom and sadness of the last few months had been explained. Jim had been blamed, and Mr. Brown and Nettie believed him guilty. Oh, what could he do to make things right! Tell Jim and his mother? He dare not, and again the "Home" loomed up before the frightened boy.

He would tell Nettie, and she would know what to do. Why had he not known it was wrong to do such a thing!

Quick as thought he pulled on his woollen toque and gay red mittens, slipped quietly out of the house, and raced down the road.

He could scarcely see where he was

going, for the tears flooded his eyes and ran down his cheeks.

It was terribly hard to tell, but his love for Jim kept him from faltering.

Nettie herself opened the door for him, and through the mist of tears, Robbie saw that Mr. Brown was also in the room.

"Why, Robbie, what is the matter?" asked Nettie kindly. And then, in spite of his fear and his wildly-beating heart, he sobbed out, "Oh, Nettie, Jim is going away, and he never did it at all, and he says you think he did."

At the first words, Nettie had gone white, and she stood trembling and looked at Robbie as if dazed. Not so Mr. Brown. Shaking the boy roughly by the arm, he asked, "What do you mean, boy? What is it Jim never did?"

"Put that water in the milk, sir? 'Twas me did it, for I wanted to see him beat that Parker man... I didn't know it was any harm."

For a moment Mr. Brown gazed blankly at his daughter. "Oh, father, how you have wronged poor Jim!" and she burst into tears; then, pitying the woe-begone-looking little fellow, she hugged him tight, and tried to dry his tears, all unmindful of her own.

"Oh, don't let him go, and don't let them send me back," he wailed. "They can beat me all they like, but I'll die if they send me back."

"Well, I guess they won't send you back, dear. Don't worry over that. Come, I'll go back with you, and so will Dad."

Jim sat almost as Robbie had left him, when they entered without knocking, Robbie leading the way. Looking up at the sound of footsteps, he sprang to his feet in amazement.

Mr. Brown was the first to speak. Gripping Jim's hand, he said, "Jim, lad, I've wronged you terribly, and I ask your forgiveness for believing you guilty of such a shameful act." Then, as Jim still looked at him, not understanding, he added, "I'll just leave Nettie to explain to you, and Robbie and I will tell the others."

Just how that explanation was made, no one ever knew, but we fancy it was done quite satisfactorily.

I will say this much, however, Nettie's pale face had color enough just then, and she strove in vain to smooth her hair, which, in some unaccountable way, had become badly rumpled.

The New Year brought great happiness to two homes that year, and to two people in particular.

As for Robbie, he stayed. When, however, Joe Parker heard the news, he showed himself a wise young man, laughing good-naturedly and remarking it was the first milk-and-water affair he ever knew to end that way.

Papa's String is Pulled.

"You know, dear," said the young man nervously to the pretty girl, "I'm really frightened about speaking to your father; he's so awfully sure of himself, you know."

"Is that all that's causing the delay?" inquired the modern miss drily. "If that's so, just leave it to me. I'll manage father."

Accordingly next morning she approached paterfamilias as he potted plants to the accompaniment of a choice Havanah and carpet slippers.

"Papa," she gurgled, with feigned mirth, as she took his arm, "what do you think? That young fool Perkins has proposed to me! Just fancy!" And the lady doubled up in incoherent joy.

But papa shook himself free, and turned with the fury of a baited bull as he stormed:

"What! Refused young Perkins—that estimable young man? Why, I'm ashamed of you! You modern girls never know when you're lucky! You'll make it up with him at once—at once. I say,—and don't let me have any nonsense!"

And papa never knew the reason for the peals of laughter which issued from the drawing-room that same evening, when Mr. Edwin Perkins ecstatically greeted the dainty Clara.

News of the Week

One hundred Canadian doctors arrived in France on November 27th to establish a Canadian hospital and make preparations for taking care of the sick and wounded.

General Lessard, who is in charge of the Canadian troops in Toronto, has given orders that no drinking must take place among soldiers on leave in the city from Exhibition camp.

Shipbuilding is booming in English shipbuilding centers, where fifteen battle-ships are under construction.

Canadians are requested to send fruit, walnuts, jams, and preserved fruit, for the use of the British Navy.

Portugal has stated her readiness to place 10,000 men at the disposal of Great Britain. Sweden is also mobilizing, and, it is hoped, will swing in favor of the Allies.

The British aviators who flew 120 miles into Germany last week and dropped bombs upon Friedrichshafen, report that they succeeded in doing considerable damage to the Zeppelin sheds. One of the three, whose aeroplane was brought down by a shot, was captured by the Germans.

Seventy-six thousand Turks, including 10,000 Bedouins, under Izzet Pasha and the Khedive, are en route to the Suez Canal, but their operations are likely to be much hampered by the impossibility of transporting heavy artillery over the desert. . . British troops have landed at Jaffa to check the advance of Turks into Syria from Egypt. At Beirut and Jerusalem, anti-Christian riots are causing some anxiety, and may have to be dealt with.

During the past week little substantial news has come from the battle front in Europe. Taking advantage of the frozen roads, the Germans have been rapidly transporting heavy artillery through Belgium, and engagements have taken place about Ypres and Arras, without very definite result so far as authentic news can be obtained, notwithstanding the fact that the mightiest guns in the world's history, shooting at ranges of from 15 to 18 miles, have been in action. In the Eastern field, the earlier reports of the week stated emphatically that the Germans were in full flight through Poland, with the Russians in hot pursuit. It now appears that this was somewhat exaggerated, and that the Germans, have again concentrated and are making a stubborn stand at Lodz. At time of going to press, however, it is stated that the German army has been broken into three parts, in which case the advantage will be decidedly on the side of the Russians. In all parts of Europe the cold weather has somewhat affected the movements of the troops. Among the German prisoners taken near Lodz, many are said to have frozen feet.

A Sweeping Assertion.

Mary was a fine young specimen of housemaid just over from the Emerald Isle, and imbued with a grim respect and silent fear for all modern conveniences and household inventions.

One sweeping-day Mary's mistress, returning from a walk, asked briskly: "Well, Mary, is the parlor swept yet?" "Shure, I don't know, ma'am," replied the girl, trembling. "I put that vacuum thing that you said would clane it up, inside the room two hours ago, and I'm that paralyzed of the long-tailed demon that I haven't dared look inside the door since to see how it's doing it's work."—Woman's Home Companion.

"What makes you so late?" asked his mother. "The teacher kept me in because I couldn't find Moscow on the map of Europe," replied Johnnie.

Mother—"And no wonder you couldn't find Moscow. It was burned down in 1812. It's an outrage to treat a child that way."

ONE-DAY SERVICE SIMPSON SERVICE ONE DAY SERVICE We will ship your parcel within one day of the time we receive your order. WE PAY DELIVERY CHARGES on every article catalogued, to your nearest Post Office. A post card will bring our big catalogue to you free. THE SIMPSON COMPANY LIMITED TORONTO

DEAF People—thousands who believed themselves completely deaf—are hearing again, clearly and perfectly, with the aid of a remarkable, new scientific invention. Will you try the— Hearing in the Palm of your hand.

New 8-Tone Mears Ear Phone at our risk? It is an ingenious inconspicuous little device which has improved the hearing of thousands of sufferers from deafness. It embodies eight different adjustments, any of which can be changed with one touch of the finger to suit any condition of the hearing. Free Trial Prove its powers at our risk. Will you try a Mears Ear Phone for 15 days in your home, absolutely free? Will you believe the evidence of your own ears? That is all we ask. Send for our free trial offer. Special Direct Offer The new 8-Tone Ear Phone can be had only direct from our Montreal Office. To advertise our new direct-selling plan and to introduce the Perfected Mears 8-Tone instrument, we are now making a Special Introductory Offer direct to you. Write at once for particulars. Valuable Book on DEAFNESS FREE! Write for valuable book on deafness—mailed free—explains all the causes of deafness; tells how to stop the progress of the malady and how to treat it. Write at once—now—for this FREE Book and our Special Introductory Offer. Send-to-day—now. 1

Dupuis Freres Dept 101 MONTREAL, CANADA

Learn to Stuff Birds Do you ever hunt or fish? Be sure to write today for our free book. Find out how to stuff and mount birds, animals and game birds and sea shells. Fine business, very interesting and profitable. Every hunter and fisherman should have this book. Don't go another day without it. Book is free and prepaid. Write Today Every trophy you take is valuable for others. Write today and get free book. Act now. Prof. J. W. ELWOOD, Taxidermist, 7649 Elwood Bldg., Omaha, Neb.

You Can Earn a Good Living Raising Poultry Cut living expenses—Increase your income Thousands make money this way with SUCCESSFUL INCUBATORS SUCCESSFUL BROODERS Life Producers—Life Preservers \$6.75 and up High-grade poultry—all leading varieties. Why don't you do the same? Learn how easy it is to start. Booklet "How to Raise 48 out of 50 Chickens"—Free. Catalogue FREE. Write today. Address Des Moines Incubator Co., 608 Second St., Des Moines, Ia.

For Real Results Roll Your Land with a Bissell Land Roller (Two-inch Steel Axles - Roller Bearings) I. E. BISSELL CO., Limited, ELORA, ONT.

Farms for Sale—JOHN FISHER, Lumsden Building, Toronto. Hundred acres, County of Waterloo, 3 miles from village of Ayr, on good roads; comfortable 8-roomed dwelling; nice home surroundings; spruce trees bordering lawn. New bank barn, modern silo, poultry house, 3 acres orchard, 20 acres fall wheat; price \$5,000. Reasonable terms. Photos of buildings at our office. This is a well-settled district in Western Ontario; good roads, good farms, good farmers, good railway transportation, surrounded by good towns and cities. JOHN FISHER, Lumsden Building, Toronto.

Please mention "The Farmer's Advocate."

## Buy High-Grade Flour

MAKE the best bread and pastry you've ever tasted. Prices of flour and feeds are listed below. Orders may be assorted as desired. On shipments up to 5 bags buyer pays freight charges. On shipments over 5 bags we will prepay freight to any station in Ontario east of Sudbury and south of North Bay. West of Sudbury and New Ontario add 15 cents per bag. Prices are subject to market changes. Cash with orders.



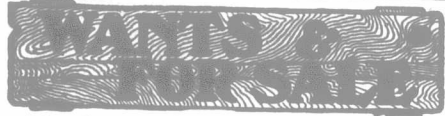
### Cream of the West Flour

the hard wheat flour that is guaranteed for bread

GUARANTEED FLOURS	Per 98-lb. bag
Cream of the West (for bread)	\$3.50
Queen City (blended for all purposes)	3.00
Monarch (makes delicious pastry)	3.00
FEED FLOURS	
Tower	1.85
CEREALS	
Cream of the West Wheatlets (per 6-lb. bag)	.35
Norwegian Rolled Oats (per 90-lb. bag)	3.20
Family Cornmeal (per 98-lb. bag)	2.90
FEEDS	Per 100-lb. bag
Bullrush Bran	\$1.35
Bullrush Middlings	1.55
Extra White Middlings	1.45
Whole Manitoba Oats	2.00
Crushed Oats	2.15
Chopped Oats	2.05
Whole Corn	2.05
Cracked Corn	1.80
Feed Cornmeal	1.85
Whole Feed Barley	1.80
Barley Meal	1.90
Oatmeal	1.95
Geneva Feed (Crushed Corn, Oats and Barley)	2.05
Oil Cake meal (old process)	1.90

Special prices to farmer's clubs and others buying in carload lots.

The Campbell Flour Mills Company Limited  
(West) Toronto



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

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

FERRETS.—Rid your place of rats; drive rabbits. Calvin Jewell, Spencer, Ohio.

FARMS WANTED—Want to purchase a farm of from one hundred to two hundred acres. Must be in fair state of cultivation and situated within eight miles of Toronto. On or close to Dundas Road in the vicinity of Islington or Dixie preferred. Will pay cash for right place. Apply Box No. B, Farmer's Advocate, London.

FARM FOR SALE—Two hundred acres, ten miles from the city limits, in the township of Toronto, three miles north of Dixie—One of the best stock or dairy farms in Ontario. Large bank barn with stables fitted up in most modern fashion. Four acres of orchard in full bearing. Price twenty-five thousand dollars—Half cash, balance may remain on mortgage. Will exchange for good central city property. Apply Box No. B, Farmer's Advocate, London.

WANTED—Yearly engagement on farm; 3½ years experience; references. Watmore, care of Mr. Shepperd, Nile, Ont.

WANTED—A good farm not less than 100 acres, with stock and implements to work no shares, Western Ontario preferred. Apply Box R, Farmer's Advocate, London, Ont.

Mention The Advocate



Condensed advertisements will be inserted under this heading at three cents per word each insertion. Each initial counts for one word and figures for two words. Names and addresses are counted. Cash must always accompany the order for any advertisement under this heading. Parties having good pure-bred poultry and eggs for sale will find plenty of customers by using our advertising columns. No advertisements inserted for less than 50 cents.

A CHOICE lot of Silver Wyandotte Cockerels at a bargain. Frank McDermott, Tavistock, Ontario.

MAMMOTH Bronze Turkeys, bred from best imported prizewinning stock; heavy toms and hens. Order early; get first choice. Mrs. W. R. Armstrong, New-Market, Ontario.

MAMMOTH Bronze turkeys, bred from prize stock; also pure-bred Collie pups. R. G. Rose, Glanworth, Ont.

FOR SALE—Pure bred stock of White Indian Runner Ducks, White Embden Geese, White Holland Turkeys. Apply H. Sider, Marshville, R.R. No. 1, Ont.

WHITE Wyandottes and White Rocks—Prize-winning, heavy-laying strains. Large, vigorous cockerels \$2 each. George Buttery, Strathroy, Ont.

WHITE Holland Turkeys for sale. Toms \$4.00. Miss Mary Caldwell, Box 10, Shanty Bay, Ontario.

Custom Robe and Fur Tanning

Send your cattle and horse hides, furs and other skins to me and have them tanned soft and pliable for robes, coats, furs, etc.

B. F. BELL, DELHI, ONTARIO

### Dorothy's Mustn't.

I'm sick of "mustn'ts," said Dorothy D—  
Sick of "mustn'ts" as I can be.  
From early morn till the close of day,  
I hear a "mustn't and never a 'may.'"  
It's "You mustn't lie there like a sleepy head,"  
And "You mustn't sit up when it's time for bed."  
"You mustn't cry when I comb your curls,"  
"You mustn't play with those noisy girls,"  
"You mustn't be silent when spoken to,"  
"You mustn't chatter as parrots do,"  
"You mustn't be pert and you mustn't be proud,"  
"You mustn't giggle or laugh aloud";  
"You mustn't rumple your nice clean dress."  
"You mustn't nod in place of a yes."

So all day long the "mustn'ts" go.  
Till I dream at night of an endless row  
Of goblin "mustn'ts" with great big eyes  
That stare at me in shocked surprise.

O' I hope I shall live to see the day  
When someone will say to me, "Dear,  
you may";  
For I'm sick of "mustn'ts" said Dorothy D—  
Sick of "mustn'ts" as I can be.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

### The Red Geranium.

By M. Forrest.

It was an old cigar box the man who drank beer and composed music had left behind on the first floor when he did his moonlight fitting. She had been trying to make friends with the unhealthy yellow cat from next door when she found it, and a little grubbing in the strip of backyard under the dripping lines of this week's nondescript wash filled it with doubtful-looking earth from the corner where the tiles were broken, and then, wandering in the public gardens, in fear of her life and the caretaker, she managed to steal and secrete a cutting of the scarlet geranium that flared hard by the white bougainvillea near the east gate.

The skimp blouse that hid it seemed to shriek her guilty secret to the passers-by. It bulged so about the waist part, but she slipped in through the hole in the fence and up the back stairs, which smelled of cabbage water when they didn't of soup, into her own garret, near the sky, and friendly with the sparrows.

She loved the sky much as she loved her garden, as she now called the cigar box. For here when the sun was dipping behind the black interrogations of church spire and factory chimney, the birds drifted like leaves against colorless horizons. Here at the dawn a cloud like a rose petal sometimes floated, rimmed with the gold of the sun that leapt from the sea, spilling his largess about the waking world.

She had always been oversized; delicate, different from other children. When the law had obliged her to attend school she had dreaded the rough games of the sturdy, unimaginative youngsters. Her first day at school was a nightmare to be ever remembered. It seemed to her that every pair of eyes, including those abnormally large ones of the teacher, were turned upon her in a hard, unblinking stare. Her thin knees appeared to prick through her threadbare stockings; her bony chest to immodestly burst its tight holland jumper. But play-hour was worse. O! worse than anything.

She was orphan niece to the stout person who took in lodgers, and was (more than occasionally) taken in by them. A sickly, unwanted babe, a quiet, strange child, not unkindly treated, but simply overlooked. There was a lodger who bought her bull's-eyes, that satisfying sweet of chalky bulk and pink stripes, and the morning that he was found with the top of his head blown off by a revolver shot and his own hand took its place among other unpleasant memories that made milestones for her short life.

But it was not an unmixing horror like

that of the first day at school, because it gave a certain air of distinction to her amongst her class-mates, nothing so positive had happened in one or other of their sordid homes, and they went so far as to offer her chewing-gum that had only been sucked once, and half a doubtful orange for fuller information. She found that by piling on the agony and making the billing run under the door, and even some way down the staircase, she could sometimes get a dab of chewing-gum with the first bloom still upon it, and the whole of a sound orange. This was obtained by a hint of divulging details unknown to the police, and "kep out" of the newspapers.

The teacher wondered why the children were so quiet during recess now. It never entered her blonde head—centered principally on the doings of the head master, who was a sad flirt—that the absorbing subject was "blood and bones." After a time the interest died, or the child's imagination gave out. Other things not so vivid, but more healthful, came upon the tapis. But the little girl was less molested. She had taken her niche for good and all, as the girl, whose lodger blew his head offer him," and rested at that.

Now-a-days her colorless existence was brightened by her window garden, for the geranium slip had struck and flourished exceedingly. It got plenty of morning sun and not too much water; that suits geraniums. But steadily it refused to bloom. This was her trouble, for she had thought to have a window full of scarlet blossoms, and she used to run down to the public gardens on Saturdays, and gaze with envy and hatred upon the riot of color the mother plant wore. She decided the smuts from the high chimney were bad for it, and she washed stalk and leaf with tender fingers daily. Sometimes she was caged for neglecting her home work, often for "wagging it," as she was an incorrigible truant, and when the teacher remonstrated with her she answered vaguely, and (as teacher thought) impudently that she "couldn't help it," which was Gospel truth, for the child was pixie led.

She "couldn't help it." There was the green harper in the bamboos, thrilling and thrilling all day long; there were clover elves in the hillside grasses. There were pert, red-bonneted gnomes behind the plate glass of florists' windows, and not one of them ever came to the ill-ventilated, germ-laden school-rooms. The only flowers there were some artificial abominations, whose mission in life was attracting the speculative house-fly.

When the cold winds and the bad drains brought diphtheria to the town, she was the first to fall a victim. The teacher was upset, consequently annoyed. School was closed for a time, and the head teacher went to the mountains (and who could tell what he might not do in the mountains?), and left her desolate.

It was "just like the brat" to fall sick and spread infection—just like her! But the teacher relented, and rang up the hospital. "Yes. She was getting on fairly well; but her heart was affected." What chance had she against the diphtheria poison? However, die she did not. Only she lay very still in the isolation ward, and watched the shadows of leaves the sun cast like a water wave along the walls. It was very fascinating. Pixies came here through the ever-open windows from where the gum boughs soured in the disused quarry below the hospital.

One of the nurses gave her a doll. She was never very friendly with that doll. It lay all day with hard, blue eyes turned to the ceiling. Its legs and arms were stiff. Its petticoats were sewed to its sawdust-filled body. In the end she hated it. But the pixies were live things. They fitted to and fro. They danced a saraband in a pool of sun on the bed quilt. They brought her news of the outer world of elfland, and of what the flowers were doing in the parks. They were doing a good deal just at present. Preparing for spring.

The day came when she was back in her little attic, gazing upon her own special garden. The earth was horribly dry about the roots, but it lived—lived greenly with several new leaves; though the smoke grime was thick upon it.

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How it reached upward to the light. The room looked very small and somewhat unclean after the scrupulous whiteness of the hospital ward, but—had she not her geranium? She was very weak still—her arms and legs were like sticks, but she was discharged as "cured." That was the best they could do for her now.

Much to her surprise, her ward nurse found she had left the doll in her locker. She thought of sending it after the "poor kiddie, she will fret about it." But an invitation to a biograph from a medical student with melting eyes shelved the matter for a day or two. However, she intended eventually to see about it. She had taken a fancy to the queer little thing who was so patient, and had sad thoughtful eyes. Perhaps the pixies had whispered to her as well.

In the meantime the child sat by her window, and watched the stars and the geranium etched blackly, like a dwarf Japanese tree, against the sky. The fat aunt's ideas of "getting up the strength" of invalids was to force them to eat largely of indigestible foods. Repletness and nausea caused by a mound of Irish stew, fraught with great and greasy potatoes, kept this invalid limp for a space. She had a fleeting longing for the nice creamy groats the kind nurse used to prepare on the little stove that bubbled blue flame in the ward kitchen; but she was not troubling much about anything. A divine lassitude supervened, when her limbs became heavy, and a wonderful hope stirred her irregularly-beating heart. There was a fat green-swathed bud, with a red lip, on her plant. A bud. Was it an effort made by her geranium to welcome her? A hint received from the flower pixies that it was "up to it" to come forward with a banner of spring—an order from the Fairy Queen herself? Or had the green harper left his bamboo purlieu, and clambered here amid the smoke and smuts to kiss the stems to sweeter bearing? Howsoever it be, the bud was there.

Presently she slid into her hard little bed, on which aunt had heaped a dusty and ancient eiderdown, suffocating on a sultry night so near to the roof. Disobeying her stout relative's injunction to "be sure to keep the window closed," she lay and watched the stars. Her illness had been a blessed interlude in many ways. Soon she supposed she would have to go to school again, and be punished for brazenly playing the deserter. It was so inevitable. A slow tear squeezed from the corner of her eye. Then she slept, and woke near dawn, calling "Nurse."

Down below, the undertaker, who rented the second floor, snored aggressively. The sky put on its smock of pearl, its rosy corsetting, its kirtle of gold. O, what a dawn it was! Out to sea, the milk-white gulls swooped, chasing the silver fish. The hills were lilac with the early light, the boughs dropped dew and diamonds.

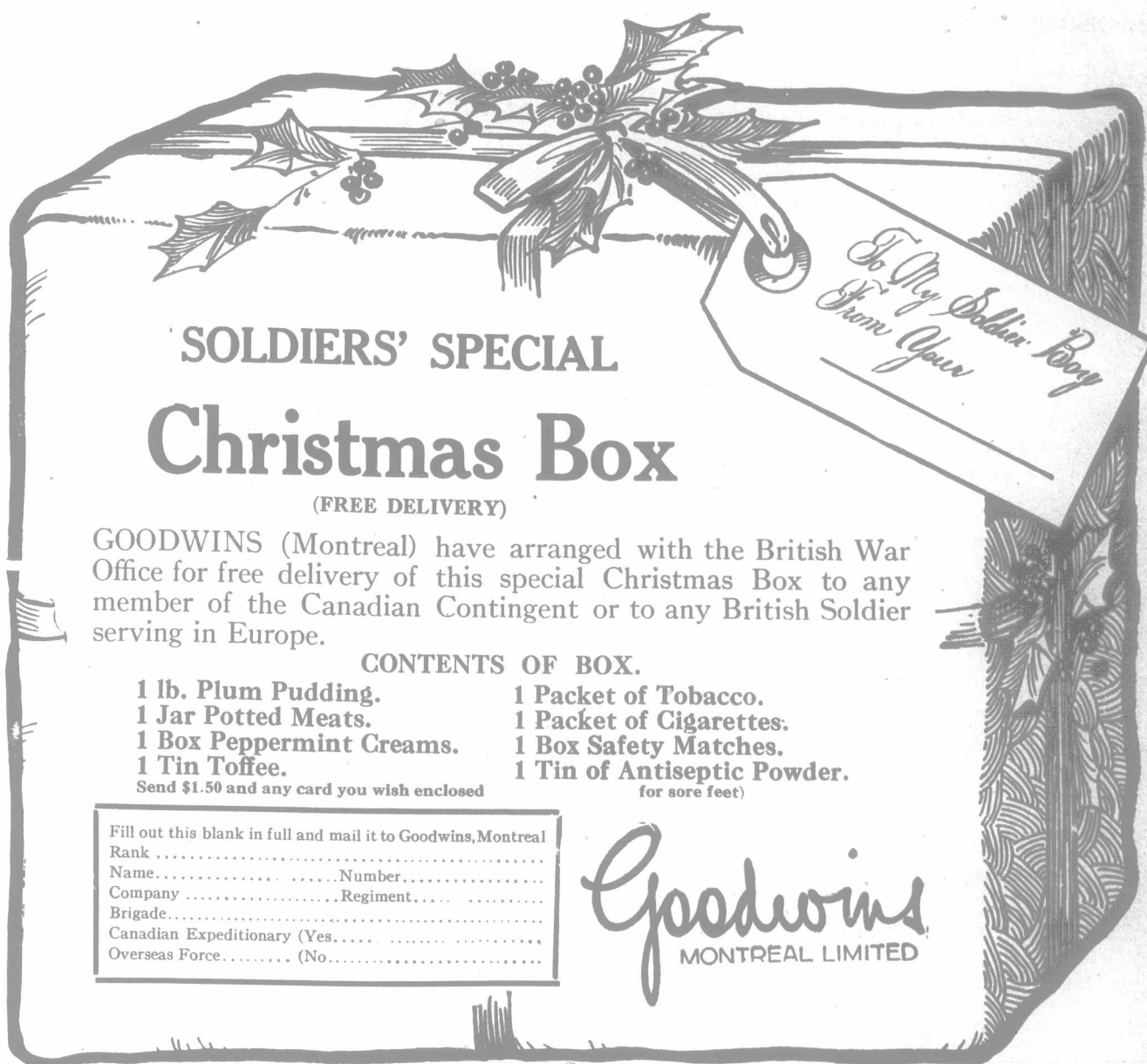
She sprang from her bed and leapt to the window, for the soft night benison and the first sunbeams had worked a miracle. Before her eyes the geranium was in flower—scarlet—wonderful.

Slowly she slipped to her knees—bony and pointed, pricking through her coarse skimpy nightgown. It was some kind of prayer she breathed, in no way associated with anything she had learned at the perfunctory "biblical instruction" classes. Some fashion of prayer, such as a rude Zoroastrian might whisper to a sun-ray, a Bhuddist to his lotus flower—and she raised her arms above her head in invocation.

The sky was full of fairies—fragile things, with wings of woven light. There were red caps pirouetting about the bursting cigar box in a rainbow gyro. She smiled, but all the color in her face, all the blood in her body, seemed to have gone to the cadent hue of that one flower—so white—so cold she was.

The little candle, lit by two careless lives for their own brief pleasuring, with no thought of the years to be, lit for no particular reason that man can define, had gone out in a puff of ecstasy. She lay in an insignificant huddle on the bare floor, her head thrown back, her face to the morning sun.

Even in death her eyes seemed still to cling to the glory of that first blossom.



**'SOLDIERS' SPECIAL**  
**Christmas Box**  
(FREE DELIVERY)

GOODWINS (Montreal) have arranged with the British War Office for free delivery of this special Christmas Box to any member of the Canadian Contingent or to any British Soldier serving in Europe.

**CONTENTS OF BOX.**

1 lb. Plum Pudding.	1 Packet of Tobacco.
1 Jar Potted Meats.	1 Packet of Cigarettes.
1 Box Peppermint Creams.	1 Box Safety Matches.
1 Tin Toffee.	1 Tin of Antiseptic Powder.

Send \$1.50 and any card you wish enclosed for sore feet)

Fill out this blank in full and mail it to Goodwins, Montreal

Rank .....

Name.....Number.....

Company.....Regiment.....

Brigade.....

Canadian Expeditionary (Yes.....)

Overseas Force.....(No.....)

Goodwins

MONTREAL LIMITED

## Let US Build Your Barn

We have made arrangements with barn framers all over Canada to erect barns for us. Every man is an expert and employs expert men. These men have erected all types of barns, and have been building Steel Truss barns for farmers during the past two years. For these barns we supply complete plans, all material, steel trusses, Acorn metal coverings, hardware, lumber, etc.

The barns stand up under all weather conditions and look well.

You have absolutely no work to do on the building. We plan it to suit your needs, furnish all material, and erect it ready for your grains, and do the whole thing with a crew of six to eight men, in two weeks' time.

Don't go into the bush to cut timber for your building until you have investigated our plans.

We are able to supply well-seasoned lumber suitable for all barn buildings at a very close figure. Any timber you might cut—such as Oak, Maple, Birch or Elm—could be sold for furniture and other uses, and would bring you better prices than good barn lumber.

With our plan you have no large crew of men to feed—no cooking for days to feed a raising bee—no work—no worry. We take the job right off your hands and complete it in record time to your every satisfaction.

You get a lightning-proof, fire-proof, weather-proof building which will last a life-time, one that is well lighted, well ventilated, and one you can always be proud of.

For those who want a lighter and cheaper barn, we are able to supply all materials and erect the latest type of Plank Frame Construction.

Farmers who have used Steel Truss barns for housing two crops, write and tell us that they have saved money each year in the handling of their grains.

We want to show you plans of several hundred barns which we have actually erected. We will put you in touch with farmers who own these barns and you can get their first-hand opinions of our buildings and our methods.

Send your name to-day for plans and references.

## Steel Truss Barns

THE METAL SHINGLE & SIDING CO., Limited, Preston

Factories at:—MONTREAL, TORONTO,  
PRESTON, WINNIPEG, SASKATOON,  
CALGARY and REGINA

When Writing Advertisers Please Mention "The Farmer's Advocate"

### Clearing Auction Sale

OF BRIGHTON BRAE

## Utility Ayrshires

On the farm at KERWOOD, ONT., on  
**Wednesday, Dec. 16th, 1914**

At 1 p.m. sharp

Comprising 32 head, 22 cows, of which 18 have just freshened, and 10 yearling heifers. Photo engravings appear in this issue, showing a few members of this strong herd.

Our standard has been 10,000 lbs. milk 4% fat per cow. For years we have culled and bred to this end until at the present time this entire herd of 22 cows (although a young herd) with any reasonable feed and care will average at least 10,000 lbs. They have just recently been tested with 15 new milch cows and tested 4 per cent.; some have done better, giving as high as 12,000 lbs., three-year-olds 10,000 lbs. and heifers with their first calves at present milking 40 and 42 lbs. per day. Every one of this entire herd will be sold to the highest bidder.

TERMS:—6 months credit on approved joint notes, 6% per annum off for cash.

Trains will be met at Strathroy morning of sale. Strathroy 3 1/2 miles from farm.

CATALOGUE ON APPLICATION.

Auctioneers: MOORE & DEAN SPRINGFIELD, ONT.

**Walter W. Bowley, Kerwood, Ont.**

R. R. No. 1.

### R. HAMILTON & SON

SIMCOE, - - - - - ONTARIO

the well known importers and breeders of

## Percheron Horses

will have as usual a strong exhibit at the GUELPH WINTER FAIR, and will be pleased to meet there any prospective buyers.

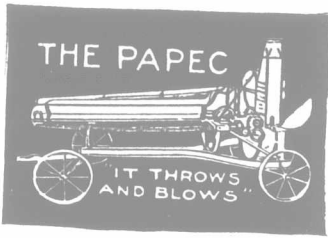
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## The Beaver Circle

### Our Senior Beavers.

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

### A Thanksgiving Party.

By Helen M. Richardson.

Thanksgiving Day I had some friends  
To dinner, five in all.  
I spread my table in the yard;  
My guests were very small.

Miss Chickadee quite early came,  
Dressed all in black and gray.  
A Woodpecker flew to her side,  
Red-capped, with neck-band gay.

Pert Mr. Nuthatch next arrived,  
A gymnast of renown.  
He could do stunts on any tree  
With head up, or down.

Miss Sparrow then came, smartly dressed  
In pretty mottled brown;  
And last of all a squirrel gray  
From home in squirrel town.

When all my friends had found a place  
At my Thanksgiving board,  
They made a very charming sight,  
And I could well afford

To give them all that they could eat,  
For I knew in the spring  
They'd be my unpaid foresters,  
And gaily work and sing.

### The Garden Competition.

Dear Beavers,—What do you think?—Thirty-eight Beavers entered the Garden Competition and only ten had the pluck and perseverance to keep their gardens up all summer and write their essays when fall came!

However, those who did carry out the whole undertaking nearly all did very well indeed, although most of the photos were failures.

The prizes, we find, went as follows: First prize, \$5.00, Ruby Breadner, Wellingwood Co., Ont.

Second prize, \$4.00, Howard Jameison, Northumberland Co., Ont.

Third prize, \$3.00, Margaret Sorley, Carleton Co., Ont.

Fourth prize, \$2.00, Cecil Simpson, Queen's, P. E. I.

Evah Leigh, Simcoe Co., Ont., and Hazel Yelland, Durham Co., Ont., also did unusually well, and will be sent books as consolation prizes.

Some of the letters will be published as soon as possible.

### Senior Beavers' Letter Box.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—As I have sent several other letters and saw them in print, I thought I would write another one, and if Puck will allow me, I will send an "Autobiography of a Slice of Bread." Here it is:

I am a grain of wheat and I was in a big, dark thing with a lot of my other comrades when one day a man came and took a lot of us out and put us into a big long thing which he called a bag. After we were all packed in there we had a long ride, and oh! so bumpy! It seemed to me we would never stop, but at last we stopped, and we were taken out of the bag and put into a big, long, narrow thing, and before long I heard somebody say, "Get up!" and away we went again, but presently I found myself slipping down, and down, and where do you think I landed? Why! under the dark earth!

I stayed there for a while, and at last I heard Mother Nature's sweet voice saying, "Come, my little grains of wheat, you must go up into the world," and sure enough we popped right out into the warm sunlight. How nice it was to have the sun shine on us, and the breezes to blow us! We kept on growing and growing, and one day a team of horses and a big thing which they called a binder came and cut us all down, and we went through such funny machinery, and then we were all tied in a big bundle. We were so tight that I thought I should never get my breath again, and then, to my surprise, we dropped on the ground again. After a short time we

were drawn into the barn and were all together in a big heap when a rope was tied around us and we were drawn away up to the top of the barn, and then away to the far end of it, and then we had oh! such a big fall! I thought I'd never live again. They called this "slings."

Well, one day when we were all in the barn I heard a big noise, and the first thing I knew someone had stuck a big fork into me and I was inside some dreadful thing which I thought was the last place I would be. My straw was cut off, and I went out into a big pail, and where do you think I was? Why, right back into the dark thing we were taken out of first! They called that threshing, and it certainly was threshing. After a long time the farmer put us in bags again and we were taken for another long ride. Then we were put through big rollers and crushed oh! so dreadfully! Then we were put in paper bags and carried across the road to a building. I think I heard someone say it was a store.

We stayed there a long time until a lady came in and said she would like a bag of flour, and they took us and gave us to the lady. We had another long ride, and then we were taken into a house, and in a little while afterwards we were taken out and made into some stuff called batter. We were punched and knocked about awfully, then we were set some place, and we rose and rose until we thought we would be as big as the bag we were taken out of. After a while we were taken and put into something awfully hot. I don't know what that was, but we got brown, then we were taken out and called bread. Then we were cut in slices and set on a plate, and some hungry children came in and said, "I want a slice of mother's new bread," and they took us. I don't know where I went then.

MABEL GUNNING.

Science Hill, Ont.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—Encouraged by seeing my first letter in print, I will now try my luck at another. I don't blame you, Puck, if you feed this to the ever-hungry w.-p. b., as I don't believe it will be worth eating. I am quite interested in gardening, although I have not joined your competition. I had a garden this year, though. I feel sorry for those who do not have a chance to work the nice soft earth.

I am very fond of reading. I have read several books, some of which are: "All Aboard," the "Bessie" books, part of the "Elsie" books, and several others, too numerous to mention.

I am going to tell you about our dog. His name is Bob, and such a help as he is. He goes with my sister and me after the cows, and he killed two weasels this summer. Well, I had better close. I wish some of the Beavers would be kind enough to write to me.

MABEL VAIL (age 11, Jr. IV.).  
R. R. No. 5, Simcoe, Ont.

### Our Junior Beavers.

[For all pupils from the First Book to Junior Third, inclusive.]

### Little Noise O' the Dark.

By Lotta Miller.

I've got some goody news to tell—just hark!

I used to be 'fraid of the Noise o' the Dark,

It hid in the shadows of our old house  
And watched like a pussycat watches a mouse,

To frighten wee folks when they went to bed

If they were bad—that's what everyone said.

Oh, Noise o' the Dark—  
You scared me—just hark!  
When I crept in bed  
I covered my head!

But once I was sick and I dreamed one came

To pay me a visit. 'Twasn't wild, but tame,

And little and round and furry and fat  
And cunning and cute like my own pussycat.

It jumped on my bed and said in my ear—

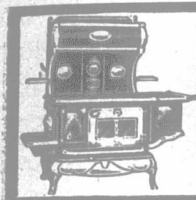
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"I never would hurt you, so please have no fear."

Oh, Noise o' the Dark  
I like you—just hark!  
No more when in bed  
Will I hide my head!

Then I heard more noise in the dark, and oh!  
It seemed that there must be a hundred or so  
Of little darks each with the tiniest gun  
Which they kept a-poppin' at me just for fun.  
But I didn't jump when they shot them all,  
For the bullets were soft and ever so small!

Oh, Noise o' the Dark  
I'm not scared—for hark!  
I heard you just say  
No harm'd come my way.

The whole troop soon scampered out of the room  
Just as though they'd been swished away with a broom,  
And I opened my eyes and laughed right out,  
'Till Mama asked me what it was all about.  
I told her no more would I cry for the light  
When I went to sleep in my beddie at night.

No, Noise o' the Dark  
I'm not scared—for hark!  
I know you just play  
Because you are gay.

twenty-two dollars in their mite boxes this year. Some of them raised fowl and sold them, and some garden-stuff. I will close, hoping to see this in print.  
MARION SYMINGTON (age 10).

Dear Puck and Beavers,—I am getting "The Farmer's Advocate" for milking Sophy. I go to school and try to keep at the head. I have a little sister. She is just a "bran-new" baby, and has no name yet. I have three brothers, Hardy, Dawson and Beverly. We have two horses, Jack and Crown. Love to all the little busy Beavers.  
HOWARD S. CRASWELL (age 7).  
Dalhousie Jct.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—This is the first letter I have written. My father has taken "The Farmer's Advocate" for about four years. For pets I have a cat and dog. The cat's name is Whitie. I call her Whitie because she is a white cat. The dog's name is Collie. We have a colt; her name is Mable. I think I will close now as my letter is long, so good-bye Beaver Circle.  
BERVA SPEIRAN (Part II. Class).  
R. R. No. 2, Brussels, Ont.

### Riddles.

Why is a shoemaker like honey? Ans.—Because he has a comb. Sent by Edna Ellis.  
What is sweeter than honey in the comb? Ans.—Honey in the mouth.  
What was the last of poor dog Tray? Ans.—His tail. Sent by Joyce Douglas.

### Junior Beaver's Letter Box.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—As I saw my name in the Honor Roll three times, I thought I would write again. There is some snow now. The lake in front of our place was frozen over twice. We skate on it when the ice is strong enough to hold us. It will soon be Christmas now, but my birthday comes before. It is on the 21st of December. I suppose all Beavers like Santa Claus night. I do. I have no pets now; I sold my pet lamb, this fall. As my letter is getting long, I will close with a riddle.

When a boy falls, what does he fall against? Ans.—His will.  
Puck, will you give me Arthur Richardson's post office, please?  
I hope my letter will see "The Farmer's Advocate."

ELVA RAE COULTIS (age 13).  
South Bay Mouth P. O., Manitoulin Island, Ont.

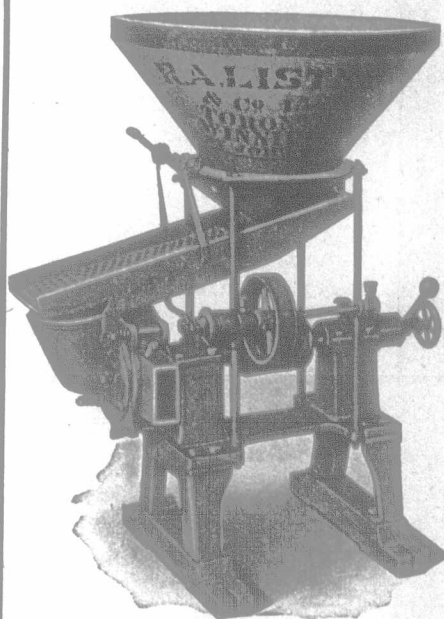
Will Arthur Richardson kindly send his address to Elva?

Dear Puck and Beavers,—This is my first letter to the Circle. I am staying with a friend, and they live on a farm and take "The Farmer's Advocate," and I enjoy reading the Beavers' letters so much I thought I would like to write too. My father is dead, and I have a brother and two little sisters younger than myself. My brother and I help our mother to get along, but we go to school when we can.

VIOLET HENDERSHOT,  
(Age 12, Class III.)  
Burgessville, Ont., R. R. No. 3.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—I wrote once before and saw my letter in print, so I thought I would write again. I go to school every day. I have not missed a day this term. I am in the Senior Second Book. We have one dog. He is fourteen years old, and not very smart. When people come they ask us if he has got a cold. He got run over by an auto. We thought he was killed, but he was not hurt very much. My sister belongs to the Children's Mission Band in Camlache, and they have over

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By F. HOPKINSON SMITH.

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Chapter XXI.

If ten minutes make half an hour, then it took Jack that long to rush upstairs, two steps at a time, burst into his room, strip off his boots, tear off his wet clothes, struggle into others jerked from his wardrobe, tie a loose, red-silk scarf under the rolling collar of his light-blue flannel shirt, slip into a grey pea-jacket and unmentionables, give his hair a brush and a promise, tilt a dry hat on one side of his head and skip downstairs again.

Old Mrs. Hicks had seen him coming and had tried to catch him as he flew out the door, hoping to get some more definite news of the calamity which had stirred the village, but he was gone before she could reach the front hall.

He had not thought of his better clothes; there might still be work to do, and his Chief might again need his services. Ruth would understand, he said to himself—all of which was true. Indeed, she liked him better in his high-water rubber boots, wide slouch hat and tarpaulins than in the more conventional suit of immaculate black with which he clothed his shapely body whenever he took her to one of the big dinners at one of the great houses on Waddington Square.

And she liked this suit best of all. She had been peeping through the curtains and her critical admiring eyes had missed no detail. She saw that the cavalier boots were gone, but she recognized the short pea-jacket and the loose rolling collar of the soft flannel shirt circling the strong, bronzed throat, and the dash of red in the silken scarf.

And so it is not surprising that when he got within sight of her windows, his cheeks aflame with the crisp air, his eyes

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snapping with the joy of once more hearing her voice, her heart should have throbbed with an undefinable happiness and pride as she realized that for a time, at least, he was to be all her own. And yet when he had again taken her hand—the warmth of his last pressure still lingered in her palm—and had looked into her eyes and had said how he hoped he had not kept her waiting, all she could answer in reply was the non-committal remark:

"Well, now you look something like"—at which Jack's heart gave a great bound, any compliment, however slight, being so much manna to his hungry soul; Ruth adding, as she led the way into the sitting-room, "I lighted the wood fire because I was afraid you might still be cold."

And ten minutes had been enough for Ruth.

It had been one of those lightning changes which a pretty girl can always make when her lover is expected any instant and she does not want to lose a moment of his time but it had sufficed. Something soft and clinging it was now; her lovely, rounded figure moving in its folds as a mermaid moves in the surf; her hair shaken out and caught up again in all its delicious abandon; her cheeks, lips, throat, rose-color in the joy of her expectancy.

He sat drinking it all in. Had a mass of outdoor roses been laid by his side, their fragrance filling the air, the beauty of their coloring entrancing his soul, he could not have been more intoxicated by their beauty.

And yet, strange to say, only commonplace rose to his lips. All the volcano beneath, and only little spats of smoke and dying bits of ashes in evidence! Even the message of his Chief about her not getting a new bonnet all summer seemed a godsend under the circumstances. Had there been any basis for her self-donial he would not have told her, knowing how much anxiety she had suffered an hour before. But there was no real good reason why she should economize either in bonnets or in anything else she wanted. McGowan, of course, would be held responsible; for whatever damage had been done he would have to pay. He had been present when the young architect's watchful and trained eye had discovered some defects in the masonry of the wing walls of the McGowan culvert bridging the stream, and had heard him tell the contractor, in so many words that if the water got away and smashed anything below him he would charge the loss to his account. McGowan had growled in dissent, but it had made no impression on Garry, whose duty it was to see that the work was properly carried out and whose signature loosened the village purse strings.

None of these details would interest Ruth; nor was it necessary that they should. The bonnet, however, was another matter. Bonnets are worn over pretty heads and framed lovely hair and faces and eyes—one especially! And then again any pleasantry of her father's would tend to relieve her mind after the anxiety of the morning. Yes, the bonnet by all means!

"Oh, I never gave you your father's message," he began, laying aside his cup, quite as if he had just remembered it. "I ought to have done so before you hung up the hat you wore a while ago."

Ruth looked up, smiling: "Why?"

There was a roguish expression about her mouth as she spoke. She was very happy this afternoon.

"He says you won't get a new bonnet all summer," continued Jack, toying with the end of the ribbon that floated from her waist.

Ruth put down her cup and half rose from her chair. All the color had faded from her cheeks.

"Did he tell you that?" she cried, her eyes staring into his, her voice trembling as if from some sudden fright.

Jack gazed at her in wonderment: "Yes—of course he did and—Vfy, Miss Ruth!—Why, what's the matter! Have I said anything that—"

"Then something serious has happened," she interrupted in a decided tone. "That is always his message to me when he is in trouble. That is what he telegraphed me when he lost the coffer-dam in the Susquehanna. Oh!—he did not really tell you that, did he, Mr. Breen?" The old anxious note had re-

turned—the one he had heard at the "fill."

"Yes—but nothing serious has happened, Miss Ruth," Jack persisted, his voice rising in the intensity of his conviction, his earnest, truthful eyes fixed on hers—"nothing that will not come out all right in the end. Please, don't be worried, I know what I am talking about."

"Oh, yes, it is serious," she rejoined with equal positiveness. "You do not know daddy. Nothing ever discourages him, and he meets everything with a smile—but he cannot stand any more losses. The explosion was bad enough, but if this 'fill' is to be rebuilt, I don't know what will be the end of it. Tell me over again, please—how did he look when he said it?—and give me just the very words. Oh, dear, dear daddy! What will he do?" The anxious note had now fallen to one of the deepest suffering.

Jack repeated the message word for word, all his tenderness in his tones—patting her shoulder in his effort to comfort her—ending with a minute explanation of what Garry had told him; but Ruth would not be convinced.

"But you don't know daddy," she kept repeating. "You don't know him. Nobody does but me. He would not have sent that message had he not meant it. Listen! There he is now!" she cried, springing to her feet.

She had her arms around her father's neck, her head nestling on his shoulder before he had fairly entered the door. "Daddy, dear, is it very bad?" she murmured.

"Pretty bad, little girl," he answered, smoothing her cheek tenderly with his chilled fingers as he moved with her toward the fire, "but it might have been worse but for the way Breen handled the men."

"And will it all have to be rebuilt?" She was glad for Jack, but it was her father who now filled her mind.

"That I can't tell, Puss"—one of his pet names for her, particularly when she needed comforting—"but it's safe for the night, anyway."

"And you have worked so hard—so hard!" Her beautiful arms, bare from the elbow, were still around his neck, her cheek pressed close—her lovely, clinging body in strong contrast to the straight, gray, forceful man in the wet storm-coat, who stood with arms about her while he caressed her head with his brown fingers.

"Well, Puss, we have one consolation—it wasn't our fault—the 'fill' is holding splendidly although it has had a live shaking up. The worst was over in ten minutes, but it was pretty rough while it lasted. I don't think I ever saw water come so fast. I saw you with Breen, but I couldn't reach you then. Look out for your dress, daughter. I'm pretty wet."

He released her arms from his neck and walked toward the fire, stripping off his gray mackintosh as he moved. There he stretched his hands to the blaze and went on: "As I say, the 'fill' is safe and will stay so, for the water is going down rapidly; dropped ten feet, Breen, since you left. My!—but this fire feels good! Got into something dry—did you, Breen? That's right. But I am not satisfied about the way the down-stream end of the culvert acts"—this also was addressed to Jack—"I am afraid some part of the arch has caved in. It will be bad if it has—we shall know in the morning. You weren't frightened, Puss, were you?"

She did not answer. She had heard that cherry, optimistic note in her father's voice before; she knew how much of it was meant for her ears. None of his disasters were ever serious, to hear daddy talk—"only the common lot of the contracting engineer, little girl," he would say, kissing her good-night, while he again pored over his plans, sometimes until daylight.

She crept up to him closer and nestled her fingers inside his collar—an old career of hers when she was a child, then looking up into his eyes she asked with almost a throb of suffering in her voice, "Is it as bad as the coffer-dam, daddy?"

Jack looked on in silence. He dared not add a word of comfort of his own while his Chief held first place in soothing her fears.

MacFarlane passed his hand over her forehead—"Don't ask me, child! Why

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do you want to bother your dear head over such things, Puss?" he asked, as he stroked her hair.

"Because I must and will know. Tell me the truth," she demanded, lifting her head, a note of resolve in her voice. "I can help you the better if I know it all." Some of the blood of one of her great-great-grandmothers, who had helped defend a log-house in Indian times, was asserting itself. She could weep, but she could fight, too, if necessary.

"Well, then, I'm afraid it is worse than the coffee-dam," he answered in all seriousness. "It may be a matter of twelve or fifteen thousand dollars—maybe more, if we have to rebuild the 'fill.' I can't tell yet."

Ruth released her grasp, moved to the sofa and sank down, her chin resting on her hand. Twelve or fifteen thousand dollars! This meant ruin to everybody—to her father, to a new terror now flashed into her mind—to Jack—yes, Jack! Jack would have to go away and find other work—and just at the time, too, when he was getting to be the old Jack once more. With this came another thought, followed by an instantaneous decision—what could she do to help? Already she had determined her course. She would work—support herself—relieve her father just that much.

An uncomfortable silence followed. For some moments no one spoke. Her father, stifling a sigh, turned slowly, pushed a chair to the fire and settled into it, his rubber-encased knees wide apart, so that the warmth of the blaze could reach most of his body. Jack found a seat beside him, his mind on Ruth and her evident suffering, his ears alert for any fresh word from his Chief.

"I forgot to tell you, Breen," MacFarlane said at last, "that I came up the track just now as far as the round-house with the General Manager of the Road. He has sent one of his engineers to look after that Irishman's job before he can pull it to pieces to hide his rotten work—that is, what is left of it. Of course it means a lawsuit or a fight in the Village Council. That takes time and money, and generally costs more than you get. I've been there before, Breen, and know."

"Does he understand about McGowan's contract?" inquired Jack mechanically, his eyes on Ruth. Her voice still rang in his ears—its pathos and suffering stirred him to his very depths.

"Yes—I told him all about it," MacFarlane replied. "The Road will stand behind us—so the General Manager says—but every day's delay is ruinous to them. It will be night-and-day work for us now, and no let-up. I have notified the men." He rose from his seat and crossed to his daughter's side, and leaning over, drew her toward him: "Brace up, little girl," there was infinite tenderness in his cadences—"it's all in a life-time. There are only two of us, you know—just you and me, daughter—just you and me—just two of us. Kiss me, Puss."

Regaining his full freight he picked up his storm-coat from the chair where he had flung it, and with the remark to Jack, that he would change his clothes, moved toward the door. There he beckoned to him, waited until he had reached his side, and whispering in his ear: "Talk to her and cheer her up, Breen. Poor little girl—she worries so when anything like this happens"—mounted the stairs to his room.

"Don't worry, Miss Ruth," said Jack in comforting tones as he returned to where she sat. "We will all pull out yet."

"It is good of you to say so," she replied, lifting her head and leaning back so that she could look into his eyes the better, "but I know you don't think so. Daddy was just getting over his losses on the Susquehanna bridge. This work would have set him on his feet. Those were his very words—and he was getting so easy in his mind, too—and we had planned so many things!"

"But you can still go to Newport," Jack pleaded. "We will be here some months yet, and—"

"Oh—but I won't go a step anywhere. I could not leave him now—that is, not as long as I can help him."

"But aren't you going to the Fosters' and Aunt Felicia's?" She might not be, but it was good all the same to hear her deny it.

"Not to anybody's!" she replied, with

an emphasis that left no doubt in his mind.

Jack's heart gave a bound. "But you were going if we went to Morfordsburg," he persisted. He was determined to get at the bottom of all his misgivings. Perhaps, after all, Peter was right.

Ruth caught her breath. The name of the town had reopened a vista which her anxiety over her father's affairs had for the moment shut out.

"Well, but that is over now. I am going to stay here and help daddy." Again the new fear tugged at her heart. "You are going to stay, too, aren't you, Mr. Breen?" she added in quick alarm. "You won't leave him, will you?—not if—" again the terrible money loss rose before her. What if there should not be money enough to pay Jack?

"Me! Why, Miss Ruth!"

"But suppose he was not able to—"

she could not frame the rest of the sentence.

"You can't suppose anything that would make me leave him, or the work." This also came with an emphasis of positive certainty. "I have never been so happy as I have been here. I never knew what it was to be myself. I never knew," he added in softened tones, "what it was to really live until I joined your father. Only last night Uncle Peter and I were talking about it. 'Stick to Mac,' the dear old fellow said." It was to Ruth, but he dared not express himself, except in parables.

"Then you had thought of going?" she asked quickly, a shadow falling across her face.

"No—" he hesitated—"I had only thought of staying. It was you who were going—I was all broken up about being left here alone, and Uncle Peter wanted to know why I did not beg you to stay, and I—"

Ruth turned her face toward him. "Well, I am going to stay," she answered simply. She did not dare to trust herself further.

"Yes!—and now I don't care what happens!" he exclaimed with a thrill in his voice. "If you will only trust me, Miss Ruth, and let me come in with you and your father. Let me help! Don't let there be only two—let us be three! Don't you see what a difference it would make? I will work and save every penny I can for him and take every bit of the care from his shoulders; but can't you understand how much easier it would be if you would only let me help you too? I could hardly keep the tears back a moment ago when I saw you sink down here. I can't see you unhappy like this and not try to comfort you."

"You do help me," she murmured softly. Her eyes had now dropped to the cushion at her side.

"Yes, but not—Oh, Ruth, don't you see how I love you! What difference does this accident make—what difference does anything make if we have each other?" He had his hand on hers now, and was bending over, his eyes eager for some answer in her own. "I have suffered so," he went on, "and I am so tired and so lonely without you. When you wouldn't understand me that time when I came to you after the tunnel blew up, I went about like one in a dream—and then I determined to forget it all, and you, and everything—but I couldn't, and I can't now. Maybe you won't listen—but please—"

Ruth withdrew her hand quickly and straightened her shoulders. The mention of the tunnel and what followed had brought with it a rush of memories that had caused her the bitterest tears of her life. And then again what did he mean by "helping"?

"Jack," she said slowly, as if every word gave her pain, "listen to me. When you saved my father's life and I wanted to tell you how much I thanked you for it, you would not let me tell you. Is not that true?"

"I did not want your gratitude, Ruth," he pleaded in excuse, his lips quivering. "I wanted your love."

"And why, then, should I not say to you now that I do not want your pity? Is it because you are—" her voice sank to a whisper, every note told of her suffering—"you are sorry for me, Jack, that you tell me you love me?"

Jack sprang to his feet and stood looking down upon her. The cruelty of her injustice smote his heart. Had

THIRTY-FIRST ANNUAL

# Ontario Provincial Winter Fair

GUELPH, ONT.

## December 5th-10th, 1914

The last fair of the season and the biggest Winter Fair ever held in Canada.

Be sure to attend, you cannot afford to miss it.

Single Fare on all Railways

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Parliament Bldgs., Toronto

# 'Camp' - the - never-be-without-it Coffee

Its superb flavour, its handiness, its economy, make 'Camp' a fast favourite in every house it enters.

You cannot get better coffee at any price. You can make it perfectly in a few seconds.

Give 'Camp' a trial to-day. Ask your grocer for it, and see that you get 'CAMP.'

R. PATERSON & SONS, LTD., COFFEE SPECIALISTS, GLASGOW



# White Wyandottes

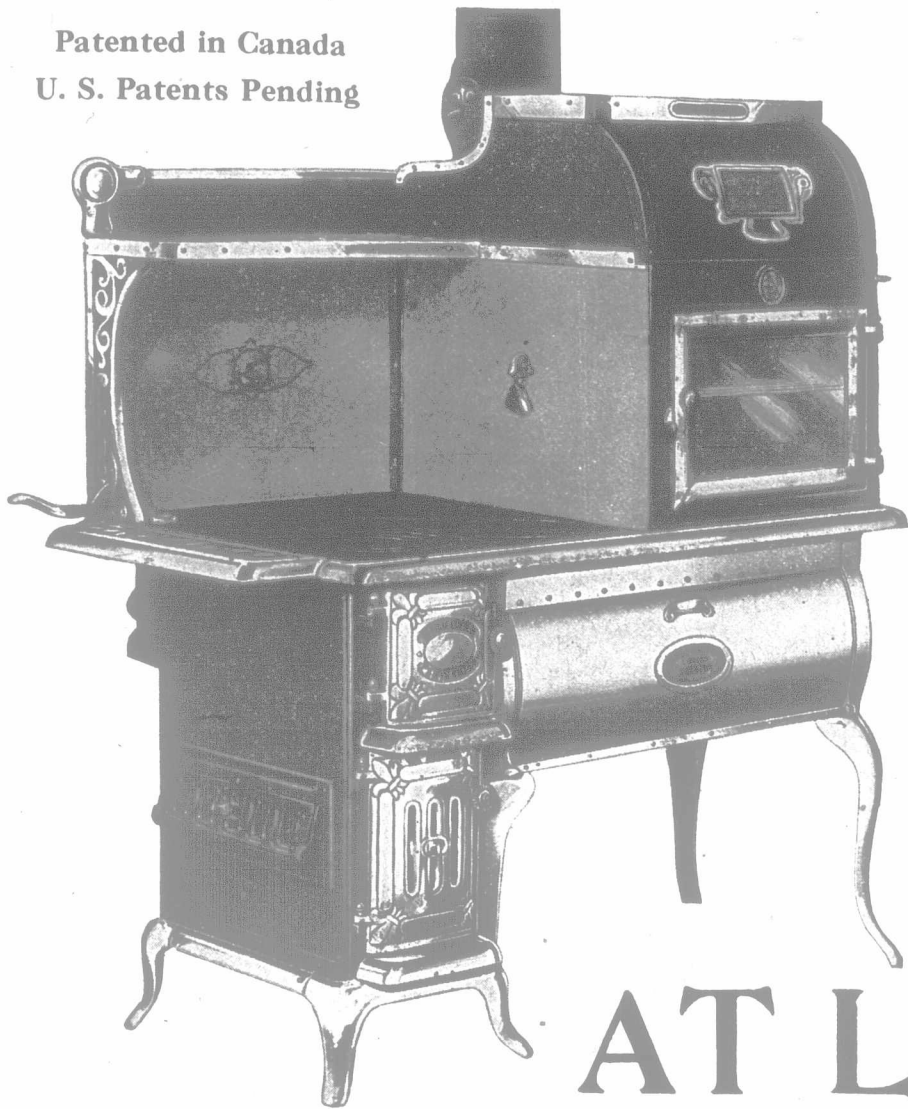
HAVING added Dr. Nicolle's entire flock of choice White Wyandottes to our own carefully-bred pens, we are in position to supply selected birds, not related, at \$6 per trio. Extra pullets or hens \$2 each. Some of the cock birds used last spring were from McLeod Bros., Beulah Farm (laying strain). Many of the hens averaged 170 eggs in pullet year. All orders will receive careful attention. Address:

Weldwood Farm, FARMER'S ADVOCATE London, Ontario

When Writing Mention The Advocate



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U. S. Patents Pending



# AT LAST

## A Coal and Wood Range with a HIGH OVEN

Look long and carefully at this photograph of a wonderful new Peninsular Range.

Not a bit like any coal range you ever saw before; changed everywhere you wanted it changed.

Of course, the **big** new thing is the High Oven. It is wonderful because it is **high**—high enough to save a woman's weary back on bake days. We believe it is the only coal and wood range with a high oven.

And it is wonderful because it heats so very quickly. **The first flame from the kindling wood starts to heat the oven.** That is a big saving, and it is due to an entirely new principle. You know, in ordinary ranges, while you are waiting for the fire to get started, the heat goes straight out and up the chimney. In the High-Oven Peninsular the oven is always getting heat from the fire, **whether the damper is open or not.**

See the glass door on the oven, the big clear-dial thermometer and the cooking chart—all together—all in plain view—at standing height.

And just above the oven is the Warming Closet—a **real warming** closet—you might say an auxiliary oven, because it is directly heated by the fire. At the same height and extending over the cooking top there is an open shelf—useful a dozen times a day.

That big place under the cooking top, most people use for a storage for pots and pans. It is big, wide and deep. Where they have enormous bakings and a big family to cook for this under-closet is used to keep the dinner warm.

And this is not all. The High-Oven Peninsular has Porcelain lining all round the cooking top; a Lever to raise a section of the top for broiling or adding fuel; and an extra long fire-box for long pieces of wood; high legs that permit of easy sweeping under the range.

All these things you will see are going to make a Lighter Day in the Kitchen for Canadian Women. So we made a book by that name, "A Lighter Day in the Kitchen." If you have not seen the High-Oven Peninsular, you can at least see the book—and it is almost as good as seeing the range itself. There is a copy for every woman who wants to lessen her work in the kitchen. Whether you intend to buy a range this fall or not, you should send in the coupon for your copy TO-DAY.

### MONEY BACK

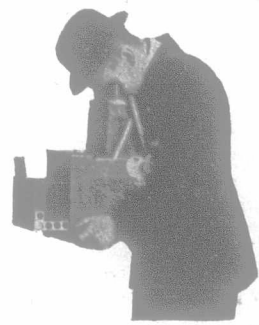
**In fifty years of making Peninsular Ranges, we have never expected a woman to keep one that did not give entire satisfaction. The HIGH-OVEN Peninsular is sold on the same plan. We will guarantee it unconditionally.**

# HIGH-OVEN Peninsular

Four outside cooking holes—two inside holes for shutting in cooking odors.

CLARE BROS. & CO., LIMITED, PRESTON, ONT.

MAKERS OF THE HECLA FURNACE



### Told by the Camera

What could be clearer than real photos of real women using the HIGH-OVEN Peninsular? We had the photographer tell the story of this new range. The pictures make up a book of wonderful interest to every woman in Canada.

### A Lighter Day in the Kitchen

A book of photographs. While you think of it, send in your name and get your copy. You may not need a range just now, but you should know all about the new HIGH-OVEN Peninsular.

Send this coupon for a copy of "A Lighter Day in the Kitchen."

CLARE BROS & CO., LTD., Preston, Ont.

Please send by first mail a free copy of your photo book, "A Lighter Day in the Kitchen."

Name.....

Post Office.....  
Farmer's Advocate



Don't Cut Out A SHOE BOIL, CAPPED HOCK OR BURSITIS FOR

ABSORBINE

will remove them and leave no blemishes. Reduces any puff or swelling. Does not blister or remove the hair, and horse can be worked. \$2 a bottle delivered. Book 6 K free.

ABSORBINE, JR., the antiseptic liniment for man and horse. For Boils, Bruises, Old Sores, Swellings, Varicose Veins, Varkostites, Allays Pain. Price \$1 and \$2 a bottle of druggists or delivered. Will tell more if you write.

Why Suffer From Chilblains when Douglas' Egyptian Liniment... will give immediate relief from this troublesome malady. It will prevent Blood poisoning and stop bleeding instantly.

Ormsby Grange Stock Farm Ormstown, P., Que. DUNCAN McEACHRAN, PROPRIETOR Breeder and Importer of High-Class Clydesdales and Shires

DR. BELL'S Veterinary Medical Wonder. 10,000 \$1.00 bottles to horsemen who will give The Wonder a fair trial. Guaranteed for Inflammation of the Lungs, Bowels, Kidneys, Fevers, Distempers, etc.

ABERDEEN-ANGUS CATTLE OXFORD SHEEP For Sale—Good young show bulls and females; also a few Oxford rams.

ABERDEEN-ANGUS CATTLE For Sale—Several young bulls from the imported sire and prize-winner, "Pradamere."

Beaver Hill Aberdeen - Angus—Choice young bulls fit for service. Females, all ages, for sale.

Lochabar Stock Farm Offers some choice Shorthorn bulls and females of different ages; also Leicester sheep and Berkshire pigs at reasonable prices.

"NINE LIVES" Be sure that you buy your batteries with this trademark XCELL DRY BATTERIES

\$31 BUYS 1 TON GOOD LUCK BRAND Cotton Seed Meal At the Ont. Agr. College this meal was found to be worth more than twice as much as good wheat bran.

Cream Wanted We are offering highest prices for cream to cheese factory patrons and others having a supply during the fall and winter.

CATTLE FATTEN QUICKER. Dehorned cattle herd together quieter and take on flesh quicker. Their meat is tender and firmer and they bring a higher price.

Questions and Answers.

- 1st—Questions asked by bona-fide subscribers to "The Farmer's Advocate" are answered in this department free. 2nd—Questions should be clearly stated and plainly written, on one side of the paper only, and must be accompanied by the full name and address of the writer.

Miscellaneous.

Swearing.

Advise me as to the law regarding swearing. Has a farmer the right to prosecute if the hired man persists in swearing?

Ans.—The hired man or any other man may be brought before a Justice of the Peace for using abusive language.

Sheep Papers and Books.

1. What are the names of the leading sheep papers published in Canada and the United States, and where are they printed?

2. What are the names of a few of the best books about the care and management of sheep, where, and at what price can they be obtained?

Ans.—1. The Shepherd's Journal, Chicago, Illinois. Watch our columns closely for sheep articles.

2. Modern Sheep Breeds and Management, by Shepherd Boy, may be had through this office at \$1.50, postpaid.

Mud Fever.

1. Is there such a thing as mud fever? Have horse with a dry scab on leg. When it is picked off it is raw. It is very itchy. The horse stamps and tries to rub it. Seems to be getting dry in hair.

2. Is it a skin disease? 3. Can it be cured? If so, how?

Ans.—There is such a thing as mud fever. Give the animal a purgative of 6 to 8 drams aloes and 2 drams ginger. Follow up with 1 1/2 ounces of Fowler's Solution of Arsenic twice daily every alternate week for six weeks.

Gossip.

Jno. Miller, Jr., of Ashburn, Ont., in changing his advertisement, writes that his stock must be reduced as he is short of feed and stabling.

The firm of Mac Campbell & Sons, the death of whose senior member was announced a few weeks ago, informs us that the business will be carried on as usual.

The Ohio Agricultural Experiment Station Bulletin No. 266, gives some very interesting and instructive data concerning the cost of farm labor in Ohio.

Excelsior Life Insurance Company Assets Over Four Million Dollars. Assurances Over Twenty Million Dollars. To liquidate that mortgage—to provide for old age—apply to-day for an Endowment Policy.

Percheron Stallions & Mares The largest importation to Canada this season. Illustrated Catalogue now ready. See our exhibit at the Guelph Winter Fair. Hodgkinson & Tisdale, Beaverton, Ontario

1914 Stallions--CLYDESDALES--Fillies 1914 We made the grade on a darkened ship without meeting a Kaiser cruiser, Our 1914 importation are home. Stallions and fillies especially selected for character, quality and breeding.

Royal Oak Clydesdales Present offering: 5 Imported Mares (4 with foal by side), 3 yearling Fillies (1 Imp. and 2 Canadian Bred), 1 Canadian Bred Yearling Stallion, 1 Canadian Bred 2-year-old Stallion, 1 Canadian Bred 6-year-old Stallion.

BARBER BROS., GATINEAU PT, QUE.

1909—CANADA'S CHAMPION HEREFORD HERD—1914 From 1909 to 1914 our herd has maintained their supremacy as Canada's Champion Herd.

ABERDEEN-ANGUS ELMPARK SUFFOLK SHEEP Choice young bulls that have won their colors. Choice cows and heifers that have done the same.

Rosedale Stock Farm 20 Shorthorn Bulls for sale, ranging from 4 to 13 months of age, good colors, good breeding and good individuals, 6 of which are from Imported Dams; also 1 Leicester Shearling Ram and a few Ram Lambs.

100 ESCANA FARM SHORTHORNS 100 For sale, 25 Scotch bull calves from 6 to 12 months; 25 Scotch heifers and young cows bred to Right Sort, imp., and Raphael imp., both prizewinners at Toronto.

10 Shorthorn Bulls, 9 Imported Clydesdale Mares Our bulls are all good colors and well-bred. We also have Shorthorn females of all ages.

SHORTHORNS and CLYDESDALES We have a nice bunch of bull calves that were a year old in Sept., and are offering females of all ages; have a choice lot of heifers bred to Clansman—87809—One stallion three years old, a big, good quality horse, and some choice fillies, all from imported stock

Scotch—SHORTHORNS—English—If you want a thick, even fleshed heifer for either show or breeding purposes, or young cows with calves at foot, or a thick, mellow beautifully-fleshed young bull, or a right good milker bred to produce milk, remember I can surely supply your wants.

BELMONT FARM SHORTHORNS We are offering 20 heifers from 1 to 3 years, daughters of the 1913 Toronto Grand Champion, Missie Marquis 77713, Scotch and Scotch Topped, several of them show heifers.

Springhurst Shorthorns Shorthorn cattle have come to their own; the demand and prices are rapidly increasing, now is the time to strengthen your herd.

Mention The Advocate

### Save A Dollar A Halter

You want strong halters for those husky colts. No use letting them break a halter or pull out of one—and get the habit. Here's the very thing—at half price.



**Griffith's Giant Halter**  
All Charges Paid (\$1.25 west of Fort William) Including Shank

The harder a colt pulls on Griffith's Giant, the tighter it holds. The 3/4-inch hard rope shank has no weak spots or wearing points. It is really a part of the halter itself. The doubled harness leather or Russett Belting leather is the strongest we know. Greater strength and a surer hold than a \$2.00 halter. Sold in most stores, but we will send you a Giant halter, all charges prepaid, for \$1.00 (\$1.25 west of Fort William). Order and be ready when the horses come off the grass. Every halter guaranteed.

**GRIFFITH'S HANDY TIE**  
Strong as two knots, but you can undo Griffith's Handy Tie with your mittion. Handy as a snap and ring but won't break. Cheaper than any home-made tie. At most good stores, or, if not, sent for 25 cents, post paid (30 cents west of Fort William) Get one to-day.

Get Complete List of Bargains  
The good stores have many handy Griffith specialties for farmers. Write for our FREE book "Hold Your Horses." It will save you many dollars.  
**G. L. GRIFFITH & SON** Dept. A  
Stratford, Ontario.

**SHORTHORNS**  
9 bulls from 7 to 15 months, some are herd headers both in quality, size and breeding, some are thick, heavy, mappy bulls that will get good steers, also 10 heifers and a few young cows bred on milking lines, prices easy. Write me your wants.  
**Stewart M. Graham, Lindsay, Ont.**

**Spring Valley Shorthorns**  
Herd headed by the two great breeding bulls, Newton Ringleader (Imp.) 73783, and Nonpareil Ramsden 83422. Can supply a few of either sex. **W. A. Douglas, Caledonia, Ont., R.R. No. 2**  
Phone and Telegraph via Agr.

**Spruce Lodge Shorthorns and Leicesters.**  
Have always on hand to offer a good selection of young bulls and heifers from the best milking families; also a choice selection of Leicesters of both sexes including a choice imp. three-year-old ram suitable for show purposes. **W. A. Douglas, Caledonia, Ont., R.R. No. 2**

**1854 MAPLE LODGE STOCK FARM 1914**  
**Shorthorns and Leicesters**  
We have on hand for sale three extra quality shearing rams; also some very choice lambs of both sexes at very reasonable prices. Situated one mile east Lucan Crossing.  
**Miss C. Smith, R.R. 1, Clandeboye, Ontario**

**OAKLAND SHORTHORNS**  
Choice bulls and heifers of dual purpose quality A sweepstakes roan bull has been in our herd for 6 years. He and two other good red stock bulls are for sale. 58 to select from. No fancy prices.  
**W. A. Douglas, R.R. No. 2, HENSALL, ONT.**

**Morrison Shorthorns and Tamworths**  
Bred from the prize-winning herds of England A choice lot of young boars fit for service and also young sows bred, and also a choice lot of young bulls and heifers sired by Proud Loyalist (Imp.) from choice cows. **Chas. Currie, Morrison, Ont.**

**SHORTHORNS**  
Young bulls and females of the best type and quality, heavy milking strains and flesh combined also the imp. Duthie bull, Scottish Minstrel, 68710  
**Thos. Graham, R.R. No. 3, Post Perry, Ont.**

**Fletcher's Shorthorns.** Imp. stock bull, Royal Bruce = 55038 = (89909) 273853, for sale or exchange. Royal Bruce is a choicely-bred Bruce Mayflower; was imported by Mr. Arthur Johnston for his own use. Young stock of either sex for sale. **Geo. D. Fletcher, Erin, R.R. No. 2**  
Long-Distance Telephone. Erin Station, C.P.R.

### Questions and Answers. Miscellaneous.

**Value of Corn in Shock.**  
What would corn be worth per ton, well matured, cut with corn-binder and shocked in very large shocks, the shocks all standing, and was dry when put up? Hay is worth \$13 and \$14 per ton in the barn. I have five acres, and some of my neighbors want to buy, and we don't know what it is worth.  
**SUBSCRIBER.**  
Ans.—This is difficult to answer, but if the corn is well cobbled up, it should be worth from \$4 to \$5 per ton on the ground.

**Wireless Telegraphy—Dehorning.**  
1. Are there any wireless telegraph companies in Ontario, and if so, what are their addresses?  
2. I would like to know whether the Act concerning dehorning cattle is in force or not?  
**R. B.**  
Ans.—1. There are some receiving stations, but no companies that we know of.  
2. As far as we know there is no Act re dehorning cattle. The Toronto stockyards made a rule last April to dock all horned cattle sold through them. \$2 per head.

**Horse Coughs.**  
Have a horse that has had a cold and cough for some time. Could you give me a good tested recipe for cough and colds in horses?  
**SUBSCRIBER.**  
Ans.—Feed the animal on first-class food only, and limit the amount of hay; dampen both hay and grain with lime water and give to each night and morning, two drams solid extract of belladonna, one and a half drams gum opium, one dram camphor and twenty grains powdered digitalis; moisten with treacle, and give in a ball or shake up with a pint of cold water and drench.

**Arrears of Taxes.**  
A bought a horse from B. B said the taxes were all paid, and gave A a clear deed, A taking his word for it. A had house one year, when A went to pay his taxes he found that there were four years taxes, including three years back taxes.  
1. Can council collect full amount from A?  
2. If so can A collect the three years back taxes from B?  
**AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.**  
Ans.—1. Yes.  
2. Yes.

**Rye Grass.**  
What is the nature of rye grass, and does it do well in this country? Is it good for hay or pasture? What are its feeding values?  
**M. I. G.**  
Ans.—There are at least five species of rye grass. Perennial Rye Grass grows almost all over Europe, and does well in Canada. It does best on moist, clay and loam soils, gives only a medium yield, and is only medium in nutritive value. Italian Rye Grass is early and valuable to mix with clovers or other grasses. It does not do well on stiff clay or very dry soil. It is a great feed for stock. It is found only in a few places in Canada. Our climate is rather severe. Western Rye Grass is a Western native grass. It is a hay grass and cut late is tough and woody. It is of little value as pasture. It is a bunch grass.

**Feeding Cows.**  
Would you kindly let us know what would be best feed for milking cows? We have only timothy and clover hay and some straw, no silage or roots. Kindly explain the use of oil cake and cottonseed meal in a balanced ration. Often directions for feeding require food that cannot be purchased, viz., silage, alfalfa, or similar feed.  
**S. L. J.**  
Ans.—If you can buy them, get some roots, or perhaps corn in the shock. You will have to make up your ration with grain, bran, oil-cake meal or cottonseed meal, or some preparatory feed. Oil-cake meal could be used to good advantage, also bran. If you are careful in feeding it, cottonseed meal will be good. The use of these feeds in a balanced ration is simply to make the ratio of proteids to carbohydrates the best for the cattle's good. Read Prof. Bean's articles on feeding dairy cows in recent issues. He explains this fully.

## Great Combination Sale OF SHORTHORN CATTLE Sixty Females, Sixteen Bulls

Being the entire Plaster Hill Herd, the property of S. Martindale & Son, Caledonia, Ont., and twenty head from the Spruce Lodge Herd, the property of W. A. Douglas, Caledonia, Ont., at the

# FAIR GROUNDS, CALEDONIA, ONTARIO, Wednesday, Dec. 16, 1914

We have in this offering the result of nearly sixty years careful selection and breeding. Nearly all the most fashionable families are represented: Mina, Duchess Strathallan, Bessie, Victoria, Roan Lady, Snow Beauty, Pansy, Daisy, Louisa, Lavinia, and Lady Jane strains make up the majority of the animals.  
Many of the females have qualified in the Official Record of Performance, and a number are still running. Our records already made range from 5,004 pounds for heifers to 11,641 pounds for adult cows for the season.  
While many of our breeding females show great milking persistency, we can assure the public that excellent Shorthorn type prevails throughout the entire offering, and include a number of show-ring individuals. They all go on December 16th, and if you want good foundation cows, or a young bull to head your herd, come and get it at your own price.  
**TERMS:** Cash, or ten months' credit on bankable paper at five per cent. per annum.

**Sale to Commence at 12 o'Clock Sharp**  
Catalogues now ready. Apply to:  
**F. Martindale & Son, or W. A. Douglas,**  
Caledonia, Ont., R. M. D. Caledonia, Ont., R. M. D.  
**Capt. T. E. Robson, London, Welby Almas, Brantford, Auctioneers.**

## Salem Stock Farm Home of the Champions

Special Prices on Twenty Shorthorn Bulls During Winter Fair Week. Many of them good enough to head the best herds. Others big and growthy that will sire the best kind of steers. Elora is only thirteen miles from Guelph. Three trains daily each way.

**J. A. WATT :: ELORA, ONTARIO**

**SHORTHORNS**  
I have 15 young Shorthorn bulls, some fit for service now. Part of them are bred and made so that they are fit to head the best herds in any country; some of them are bred from the best-milking Shorthorns, and the prices of all are moderate. I have **SHROPSHIRE and COTSWOLD** rams and ewes of all valuable ages. Write for what you want. I can suit you in quality and price.  
**Robert Miller, Stouffville, Ontario**

**HIGH-CLASS SCOTCH SHORTHORNS**  
We have a choice selection of richly-bred young herd headers, the thick, mellow, good doing kind. Visit our herd and make your own selection.  
**RICHARDSON BROS., COLUMBUS, ONTARIO**  
Myrtle, C.P.R.; Oshawa, C.N.O. and G.T.R.; Brooklyn, G.T.R. Sts.

We have little to spare from our own herd but can fill orders from other herds of different ages up to car load lots. A few choice March 31st Boars on hand. Prices right.  
**ALEX. HUME & CO., R.R. No. 3, CAMPBELLFORD, ONT.**

**Woodholme Shorthorns and Berkshires**  
Young bulls, cows and heifers of choicest Scotch breeding and high-class quality. Also young sows bred and ready to breed.  
**G. M. FORSYTH, Claremont, P.O. and Stn., C.P.R.**

**Scotch Shorthorns**  
FOR SALE—A number of young bulls of serviceable age, good individuals and of splendid breeding. Some show bulls amongst them. Visitors met by appointment.  
**Bell Phone W. R. ELLIOTT & SONS, R.R. No. 4, GUELPH, ONTARIO**

**Bulls and Females**  
At greatly reduced prices as my sale had to be called off on account of the weather. Herd must be reduced as I am short of feed and stabling. Low prices for quick sale.  
**JNO. MILLER, ASHBURN**

**Poplar Hall Shorthorns**  
If you want a herd header of the highest breeding, visit our farm, sired by the great Uppermill Omega Imp.; we have C. Butterfield and Lovells, Marr Roan Ladys and Cinderillas, from 7 to 18 mos. of age.  
**MILLER BROS., R. R. 2, CLAREMONT, ONT.**  
Claremont C.P.R., Pickering G.T.R., Greenburn, C.N.O., Sts.

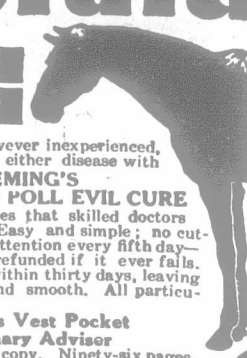
**IRVINE DALE SHORTHORNS**  
Herd is headed by Gainford Select (a son of the great Gainford Marquis). A number of young bulls of choice breeding and out of good milking strains. Also a few heifers.  
**J. WATT & SON :: Elora Station :: SALEM, ONTARIO**

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Young bulls and bull calves, sired by Duke Beauty Pieterje; sire's dam's record 32.52 lbs. butter, and his two granddams are each 30-lb. cows, with 30-lb. daughters with 30-lb. granddaughters. Three generations of 30-lb. cows. If you want a bull that will prove his value as a sire, write—  
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Stations: Ayr, C.P.R.; Paris, G.T.R.

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

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Do you know that Tidy Abbeekirk is the only cow in the world that produced three sons who have each sired 30-lb. butter cows, and two daughters with records greater than her own. She was bred, reared and developed at Maple Grove. Do you want that blood to strengthen the transmitting power of your herd, at live and let live prices, then write: **H. BOLLERT**  
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**The Maple Holstein**—Herd offers sons of Prince R. O. M. and R. O. M. sisters and dam of Duchess Wayne Calamity 2nd, Canadian champion 2-year-old for butter in R. O. P. test, 16,714 lbs. milk, \$46 lbs. butter. These fellows are ready for service. Write for prices to **WALBURN RIVERS, R.R. No. 5, Ingersoll, Ont.**

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Holstein Bulls ready for service and several calves. Females all ages, cows in R.O.P. and R.O.M. milking up to 19,000 pounds. Bulls in Service—"King Segis Pontiac Duplicate" and "King Fayne Segis Clothilde."  
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Manchester, G.T.R. Myrtle, C.P.R.

Holsteins, Yorkshires and Cotswolds. For R.O.P. and untested females, bred to and calves of both sex sired by Ourville Sir Abbeekirk, whose 4-year-old dam gave 19,375 lbs. milk in 310 days. Also Yorkshires of both sex. Write: **Richard Honey & Sons, Minster Farm, Brickley, Ont.**

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The herd is headed by the well-known Auchenbrain Seafoam (Imp.) = 35755 = A few young bulls for sale from Record of Performance Dams, imported and home-bred.

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Dominion Express Building, Montreal.  
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BEACONSFIELD, P.O., CANADA  
A FEW  
Pure-bred Ayrshires and  
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Bulls for Sale  
Correspondence or visit solicited.  
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**High-Class Ayrshires** If you are richly-bred young bull out of a 50-lb.-a-day and over cow, imported or Canadian-bred dam or sire, write me. Females all ages. Prices are easy.  
**D. A. MACFARLANE, KESLO, QUEBEC.**

**CITY VIEW AYRSHIRES**  
Present offering: Two young bulls fit for service. One yearling heifer and 3 three-year-olds finishing their two-year-old test.  
**James Beag & Son, R.R. No. 1, St. Thomas**

Please mention "The Farmer's Advocate."

### Questions and Answers. Veterinary.

#### Aphtha.

Heifer had pimples on her tongue. These have disappeared, but the tongue is enlarged. Give cause and cure.

B. P.

Ans.—This is called aphtha, and is due to local irritation or to the ingestion of indigestible matter. Give a laxative of 1 lb. Epsom salts and 1 oz. ginger. Dress the trouble is that form of actinomyces parts vinegar and water. It is possible the trouble is that form of actinomyces or lump jaw known as "wooden tongue." We have never known this to present pimples, but it is possible it might. If it be this trouble the tongue will become hard, and there will be excessive salivation and unthriftiness. Treatment consists in giving iodine of potassium 3 times daily. Commence with 1 dram doses and increase the dose by 1/2 dram daily until she refuses food and water, fluid runs from the eyes and the skin becomes scruddy. Where any of the symptoms become well marked cease giving the drug. If necessary repeat treatment in three months.

#### Unthrifty Mare.

Mare produced foal in July and has failed in condition ever since. I have weaned the foal. I feed the mare three gallons of oats and two gallons of bran daily. She eats little but the oats and bran. I also give her tonics, but she does not improve. Her pulse, respiration, and teeth are all right. She stands with head down, and very dull and languid.

T. H.

Ans.—Are you sure her teeth are all right? If not, get her mouth examined by a veterinarian, and if necessary he will dress her teeth. We cannot see why she will eat the quantities of oats and bran (which is very heavy feeding for an idle driving mare) and refuse to eat hay, unless her teeth are bothering her. It is very probable she has worms. Mix three ounces each of sulphate of copper, sulphate of iron and tartar emetic, make into 24 powders, and give her a powder every night and morning. After the last has been taken, give a purgative of seven drams aloes and two drams ginger, and then do not exercise until the bowels have regained their normal condition.

#### Hoose or Husk.

My calves have a hocking cough, and upon examination of some that have died, it was discovered that their windpipes were full of white worms about the size of needles. Four out of fifteen have died. I am afraid the cows are contracting the disease, as some of them are coughing. I employed a veterinarian and he injected medicine into the windpipe and also gave medicine through the nostrils, but his treatment has been of no avail.

W. C.

Ans.—This is called hoose, or husk, and treatment is often unsuccessful. Your veterinarian evidently understands the disease, and it would be well to leave the cases under his charge and supervision. The usual treatment is to inject oil of turpentine or other parasiticide into the windpipe. (It requires a veterinarian to do this.) Some administer it by the mouth, but this can have little effect upon parasites in the windpipe. Adult cattle are not immune, but are seldom affected, and the disease is very rarely fatal in them, unless they be in very low condition. As the disease is very contagious, all diseased animals should be isolated, and all litter, etc., that may have been coughed upon should be burned and the premises whitewashed. They should be well fed and well cared for, and if appetites be poor, tonics, as equal parts sulphate of iron, gentian, ginger, and nux vomica, in small teaspoonful doses given three times daily. Successful treatment does not occur in a large percentage of cases. While the injection of, say, 60 drops or more of oil of turpentine into the windpipe will doubtless destroy some of the parasites and cause the patient to cough them up, and many that are not destroyed, it is quite probable that there are many present that can withstand treatment that would probably be fatal to the patient.

## 45 HOLSTEINS BY AUCTION 45

On Tuesday, December 22nd, 1914  
At Royalton Stock Farm

(A short distance from Talbotville Station, on the Traction line between London and St. Thomas, where conveyances will meet all cars from both London and St. Thomas, between the hours of 10 a.m. and 1 p.m.)

Mr. E. C. Gilbert will sell by auction, 45 head of high-class Holstein cattle. Seven young bulls from nine to eleven months of age; the balance females, heifers and mature cows. Heavy milkers and high testers; very many of them over 4% B.F., richly bred on producing lines and high-class individuals.

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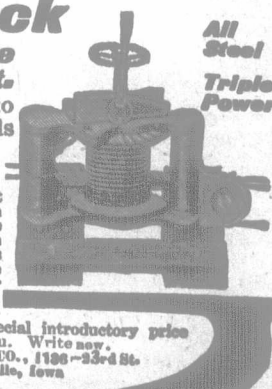
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### Holstein Cattle and Yorkshire Hogs

We offer for sale a dozen bulls, some ready for service, from high official record dams. If you are wanting a bull: better write us and let us tell you how good they are.

Can also spare a few good heifers. Yorkshire hogs all ages.

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## LAKEVIEW HOLSTEINS

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

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### Holstein Cattle (Prince Hengerveld of the Pontiacs, herd sire)

Stock for sale. Large herd to select from.  
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Offers: Five bulls ready for service, sired by Royalton Korndyke Duke, whose dam gave 31.76 lbs. butter in 7 days. All are from tested dams.

**LAIDLAW BROS., R. R. No. 1, AYLMER, ONT.**

### Evergreen Stock Farm—High-class Registered Holsteins

For sale: Two exceptionally fine young bulls, one ready for service, and dams have good official records. Also three heifer calves, six, seven and ten months old; good individuals and bred right. Write for particulars, or come and see them.

**A. E. HULET, R.R. 2, Norwich, Ont. Bell phone.**

### Holsteins and Percherons at Beaver Creek Stock Farm

In Holsteins—Present offering—A number of cows, also a few bull calves. In Percherons—2 Stallions, rising three years and five years respectively, also one yearling filly and one 1914 filly. Will exchange the two stallions for one and a cash difference.

**Albert Mittlefehldt, Smithfield Station, T. H. & B. R. Wellandport, Ontario**

### Cloverlea Dairy Farm Holsteins

For Sale—10 head of choice grade Holstein heifers, yearlings and calves; a snap for any person taking the bunch. No pure-breds for sale at present. Booking orders for fall bull calves.

**GRIESBACH BROS. : L.-D 'Phone : COLLINGWOOD, ONT.**

### Brampton Jerseys

We are busy. Sales were never more abundant. Our cows on yearly test never did better. We have some bulls for sale from Record of Performance cows. These bulls are fit for any show ring.

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We are offering for immediate sale: 25 choice boars ready for service, 25 young sows bred These are of first quality from our prize-winning herd.

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Also dealer in Flax Seed and Linseed Meal

**ALLOWAY LODGE, STOCK FARM**

**Southdown Sheep**

Look up this year's record at the shows. Breeding stock of all ages for sale.

**ROBT. McEWEN,**  
SYRON, ONTARIO - Near London

**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.

**Sheep, Swine and Seed Corn**—Young stock of both sexes in Dorset Horn and Shropshire sheep, and in Swine Poland China, Duroc Jerseys, Berkshires and Chester Whites. Also Seed Corn, all varieties. Consult me before buying.

**CECIL STOBBS - LEAMINGTON, ONT.**  
Phone 284 M.C.R., P.M. and Electric Ry.

**Shropshire Sheep For Sale**

Shropshire rams and ram lambs for sale, all pedigree stock. Prices right, apply to:

**W. F. SOMERSET, PORT SYDNEY, ONT.**

**FOR SALE—Registered Oxford Downs**

Will sell for next thirty days, choice ram and ewe lambs, at close prices. Write for prices.

**W. A. BRYANT, R.R. No. 3, Strathroy, Ont.**

**TOWER FARM OXFORDS**

A choice lot of ram and ewe lambs, sired by Hamptonian, No. 279, imported prize-winner at the Royal; also a few yearling rams and ewes.

**EPHRAIM BARBOUR, ERIN, ONTARIO**

**Maple Grove Yorkshires**

200 Head

Are as good as the best, because they combine the bloods of the following noted sires: M. G. Hampton 20102, Champion boar at Toronto, 1906; S. H. Jack Imp, 28515, Champion boar at Toronto, 1908, 1909, 1910; and S. H. Romeo 27th, 24634, is the peer of them all.

Our brood sows, in view of the above, could not but be of a very high class, combining great size, true type and easy feeding qualities. For Sale—20 sows in farrow, 10 born fit for use. A grand lot of young stock. Write us today.

**H. S. McDIARMID, - FINGAL, P.O., ONT.**  
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**POLAND CHINAS**—Canada's champion herd can supply stock of either sex at the most valuable ages, pairs not akin. Also good Chester Whites and select young Shorthorns. Prices easy.

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Bred from prize-winning stock of England and Canada. Have a choice lot of young pigs of both sexes, pairs akin to offer at reasonable prices. Guaranteed Satisfaction.

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Registered boars and sows weaned, straight and thrifty, from prizewinning stock on other side at Toronto, London and Guelph winter shows, 1913. \$10 each. Ira Nichols, Box 988, Woodstock, Ont.

**Cloverdale Large English Berkshires**

Sows bred, others ready to breed; boars ready for service: 200 from six to twelve weeks old, both sexes, pairs not akin. All breeding stock Imp. or from Imp. stock. Prices reasonable.

**C. J. LANG, Hampton, Ont. R.R. No. 1**

**TAMWORTHS**

Boars ready for service. Sows and pigs of all ages for sale. Registered. Write for prices before buying elsewhere.

**John W. Todd, R.R. No. 1, Corinth, Ont.**

**Questions and Answers.**  
Miscellaneous.

**Gander and Geese.**

Would one gander with three geese be all right? Which would be the better with young geese, an old gander or a young one?

W. E.

Ans.—One gander is sufficient for three geese. Provided the gander is mature, we do not see that it makes much difference whether he is young or old.

**Injured Foot—Pound.**

1. Brood mare got her foot badly cut in barb-wire fence six weeks ago, and has not healed yet.

2. A had cattle in B's for pasture. They made their escape from B's premises and were put in a pound. Who will have to pay the expenses?

J. R.

Ans.—1. Apply a little butter of antimony with a feather, once daily, for two days. Then dress three times daily with 1 part carbolic acid to 25 parts sweet oil. This should heal it.

2. Provided there was no agreement to the contrary we believe the man upon whose place the cattle were pasturing is responsible.

**Killing Trees.**

1. What is the best way to get rid of cherry and plum trees that are growing on stone walls, is there anything that I could spray or poison them with?

2. Is there anything in a drug or poison that I could put into elm stumps that have been cut and are growing again to kill them; I mean by boring a hole with an augur and plugging it up?

E. S.

Ans.—1. If the trees are girdled near the bottom they will die and give little trouble as to sprouting out. They may afterwards be cut. There should be no trouble in getting rid of such trees.

2. We know of no such material. Better put stumping powder under them and blow them out if not too near the buildings.

**Sore Eye.**

Driving horse has a swelled eye, and it is running all the time, it appears to be very itchy. It will all clear up in about two or three days, and then set in again. We have been bathing it with salt and water, but does not seem to do much good.

A. F.

Ans.—It is quite likely that this is periodic ophthalmia. If so the attacks cannot be prevented, and all that can be done is to treat them when affected. When eye is sore keep in a partially-darkened stall. Bathe eyes well three times daily with warm water, and after bathing put a few drops of the following lotion in the eye. Sulphate of zinc, 15 grains; fluid extract of belladonna, 20 drops; distilled water, 2 ounces. Some give 20 grains quinine three times daily to prevent attacks.

**Block Silo Cracked.**

In the summer of 1911 we built rather an expensive cement block silo, 14 feet by 20 feet inside measure, enclosing it with a good iron roof. We filled it each year since with corn, but shortly after filling this year it cracked from top to bottom in two places. During construction we put an ordinary fence wire enclosed in the wall every fourth course, and a tie over each doorway of parts of old wagon tire with ends bent to grip the cement blocks. Could you kindly give us any advice as to how to put hands or rods around it, as it would be useless to fill it again without support of some kind? Do you know of any other block silos failing this way? Ours was built very carefully by a first class mason, and the foundation is perfectly sound and not cracked at all.

SUBSCRIBER.

Ans.—If any of our readers know anything about repairing a silo of this kind we invite them to give all our readers the benefit of their experience. This means a great loss to the silo owner, who has built at considerable expense. We have heard of silos cracking, but have never seen one. The only thing we can suggest is to by some means run strong cement in the cracks, and band the silo strongly to prevent further spreading.

**The Fairbanks-Morse Eclipse Engine**

Made in Canada

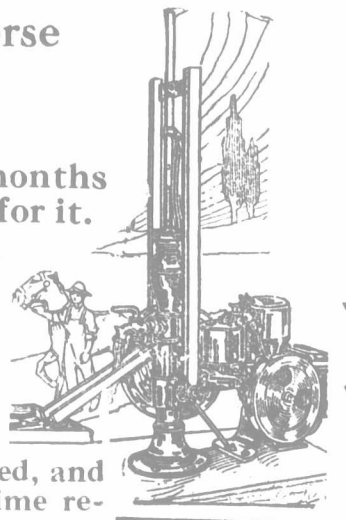
is not expensive—two months wages of one man will pay for it.

It will do more work than any man when attached to a pump, churn, cream separator, washing machine, feed mill, corn sheller or other light machine. It is less cumbersome and less expensive than a windmill.

It is always ready when wanted, and works every minute of the time regardless of wind or weather.

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"The Oldest Established Flock in America."

We are making a Special Offer for 30 days of 50 fine registered yearling ewes, bred to our imported ram to lamb in April. Also 50 ram lambs amongst them, a lot of big strong fellows for flock-heads. Also a few nice ewe lambs and a few good Hampshire ram lambs.

C.P.R., Guelph and Arkel. Phone:—Guelph, 240 ring 2. G.T.R., Guelph St. and Telegraph. **Henry Arkel & Son** - Route 2 - Guelph, Ontario

**Shropshires and Cotswolds**

I have now for sale 30 extra large well covered shearing rams, 100 shearing ewes and a very fine lot of lambs from my imported ewes. Will be pleased to book orders for delivery later of any kind wanted.

**JOHN MILLER, R.R. No. 2, CLAREMONT, ONT.** Claremont Station, C.P.R. 3 miles  
Pickering Station, G.T.R. 7 miles Greenburn Station, C.N.R. 4 miles

**HIGH-CLASS, PURE-BRED YORKSHIRES**

Boars and sows, from 5½ to 7 months of age.

Two sows recently bred. Prices low for quick sale.

**WELDWOOD FARM**  
Farmer's Advocate London, Ontario

**BERKSHIRES**

My Berkshires for many years have won the leading prizes at Toronto, London and Guelph Highcleres and Sallys the best strain of the breed, both sexes, any age.

**ADAM THOMPSON, R.R. No. 1, STRATFORD, ONT.**  
SHAKESPEARE STATION G.T.R.

**Large White Yorkshires**

Have a choice lot of sows in pig. Boars ready for service and young pigs of imported stock from the best British herds. Write or call.

**H. J. DAVIS, Woodstock, Ont. Long-distance Phone. C. P. R. and G. T. R.**

**DUROC JERSEY SWINE, JERSEY CATTLE**

In Jersey swine we have either sex of any desired age, bred from winners and champions for generations back. In Jersey cattle we have young cows in calf, and young bulls, high in quality and high in producing blood.

**MAC. CAMPBELL & SON** NORTHWOOD, ONTARIO

**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 on Brantford and Hamilton Radial.

**H. M. VANDERLIP, Breeder and Importer, Cainsville, P.O., Ont** Langford Station on Brantford and Hamilton Radial.

**Canadias Champion Herd of Registered Hampshire Swine**

This herd has won over 90% of all prizes offered for the breed at leading Ontario Fairs

**HASTINGS BROS.** Write for particulars and prices. Phone CROSSHILL, ONT

**Newcastle Tamworths, Shorthorns and Clydesdales**—For sale at once: Two choice sows bred and ready to breed; choice lot of pigs nearly ready to wean; all from the choicest stock on both sides; 3 choice young bulls 10 to 12 months old; several heifers bred to my present stock bull. Brood cows in milk; all of splendid quality; prices right.

**A. A. Colwill, Newcastle, Ont. L.-D. Phone**

**THE SPRUCEDALE STOCK FARM**

**Yorkshire and Berkshires** of all ages, bred from show stock. Prices right for immediate sale.

**A. WATSON & SONS** R.R. No. 1 ST. THOMAS, ONT.  
Phone Fingal Via St. Thomas.

Please Mention "Farmer's Advocate"

### Fertilize Your Grass Lands

THE fertilizing of grass lands is practically unknown in Ontario, but no use of fertilizers is more profitable. If you could keep 50 to 100 per cent. more cattle on the same acreage, or grow fifteen hundred to three thousand pounds more hay per acre at a modest outlay, would not this be a good thing?

## Sydney Basic Slag

can do so, as hundreds of the best Ontario farmers now know. Seek out some man who has farmed in the Old Country and ask his opinion of BASIC SLAG. He will convince you quick enough.

### Try This Experiment

If we have no agent in your district, we will supply you direct with one ton of SYDNEY BASIC SLAG, and deliver same free at any station in Ontario for \$20, cash with order. Apply the ton before the end of the year, if possible, to two acres of pasture land and two acres of meadow, broadcasting it at the rate of 500 lbs. per acre. Take our word for it, that the fertilizer won't be washed out of the soil, and next summer you will be delighted with the results of your investment.

Descriptive literature will be sent on application to:

**The Cross Fertilizer Company, Limited**  
SYDNEY, NOVA SCOTIA



### Warm the Cold Corners

"I DECLARE," said Mrs. Comfort, "I thought no one ever would use that upstairs room. And you couldn't blame them—it certainly was chilly, and there didn't seem to be any way of heating it. Finally I got this Perfection Heater and now it is as good as an extra room. With a Perfection to keep it warm it is perfectly comfortable."

The Perfection can be carried anywhere, where there is need of extra heat. In five minutes it will warm any ordinary room.

### PERFECTION SMOKELESS OIL HEATERS

It is solid, good-looking, easy to clean and rewick, and burns without smoke or odor. At hardware and furniture stores everywhere. Look for the Triangle trademark.

Made in Canada

ROYALITE OIL is best for all uses  
**THE IMPERIAL OIL CO., Limited**  
Toronto Quebec Halifax Montreal  
St. John Winnipeg Vancouver



When writing advertisers, kindly mention "The Farmer's Advocate."

### Gossip.

#### A BIG SALE OF HOLSTEINS.

Auction sales of pure-bred cattle of the dairy breeds are always events of more than passing interest to a very large per cent. of the farmers of Ontario. No other line of special farm operations of late years has been receiving more attention than dairying, for the reason that many extravagant prices have been paid for late years for grade dairy cattle, prices that, had they been invested in pure-bred cattle, would have been a double source of revenue to the investor instead of for milk production only. E. C. Gilbert, of Talbotville, Ont., a station on the electric line between London and St. Thomas, has been using his best efforts for many years getting together a herd of high-producing and high-testing Holsteins. He has succeeded in getting together a herd of forty-five head. Just half of those in milk this summer, by actual test made at the creamery to which he supplies milk, showed a butterfat test of 4 per cent. and over. At his farm on Tuesday, December 22nd, positively without any reserve, he will sell the entire herd by auction to the highest bidders. This will make one of the grandest opportunities for the farmers of Western Ontario ever offered them to get at their own prices high-class Holsteins, high-class producers, and high testers, carrying pure blood for generations back. Write for a catalogue to E. C. Gilbert, R. R. No. 7, St. Thomas, Ont.

#### EIGHTY HEAD OF SHORTHORNS BY AUCTION.

One of the most important and interesting events for breeders of Shorthorn cattle has taken place in this country for many years will be held in the town ofaledonia on Wednesday, December 1st, the occasion being the complete dispersion of the famous dual-purpose herd of sixty head owned by F. Martineau & Son, and the further consigning of twenty head from the noted

IF YOU ARE LOOKING FOR A

# Good Farm

IN ONTARIO

OR MARKET GARDEN

WE CAN SUPPLY YOU

EVERY FARM ON OUR LIST EXAMINED BY A PRACTICAL AGRICULTURIST

SEND FOR OUR LIST AND FULL INFORMATION ABOUT FARM LAND

ONTARIO FARM AND FRUIT LANDS DEPARTMENT

## DOVERCOURT LAND BUILDING & SAVINGS

W. S. DINNICK, PRESIDENT COMPANY - LIMITED. 82-88 KING ST. E. TORONTO

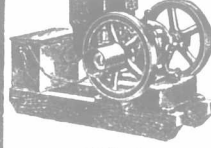
LARGEST OWNERS AND DEVELOPERS OF REAL ESTATE IN CANADA

herd of W. A. Douglas, making a total of eighty head, nineteen of them bulls from nine to twenty-four months of age, the balance cows and heifers. The big majority of these cattle are English-bred, tracing to importations of Bates' cattle made many years ago. They are big, thick, heavy cattle, and all are in prime condition, the kind the people want for milk and beef production. A number to be sold are in the official R. O. F., and others have qualified so far as production of the required amount, but did not freshen in time for entry. Among them is the great cow Bessie Lowhanks 2nd, champion Shorthorn in the dairy test at Guelph last winter, with a record of 11,600 lbs. milk in one year. Many of the others are pure Scotch, representing such noted and popular tribes as the Kilblean Beautys, Strathallans, Minns, and Bruce Mayflowers. By far the largest number of the cattle are heifers, and none are over six years. Look up next week's issue for fuller particulars, or write at once for a complete catalogue.

### Trade Topic.

In our last week's issue a serious error occurred in the advertisement of Crampsey & Kelly, of Toronto. In advertising cotton-seed meal in ton lots, the price should have read \$1.55 per cwt.; in half-ton lots, \$1.60 per cwt., and in 500-lb. lots, \$1.65 per cwt. Look up the advertisement of this firm.

### Run on Coal Oil—6c for 10 Hours

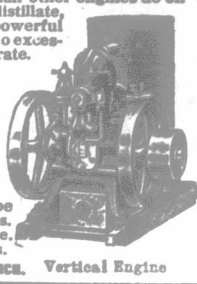


Horizontal Engine

Ellis Engines develop more power on cheap lamp oil than other engines do on high-priced gasoline. Will also operate successfully on distillate, petrol, alcohol or gasoline. Strongest, simplest, most powerful engines made; only three working parts. No cranking, no excessive weight, no carbonizing, less vibration, easy to operate.

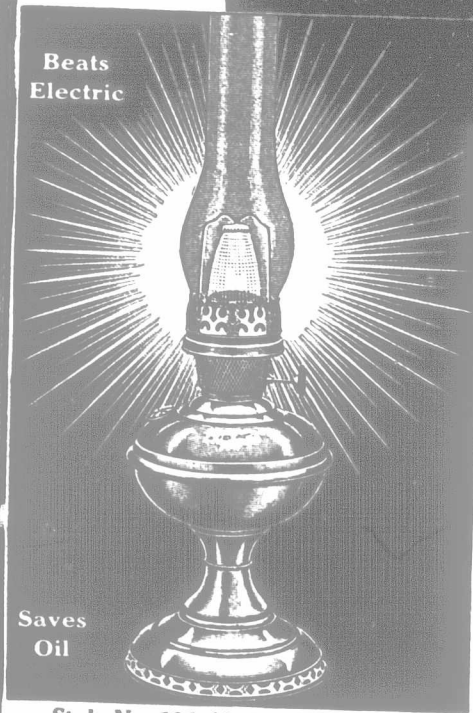
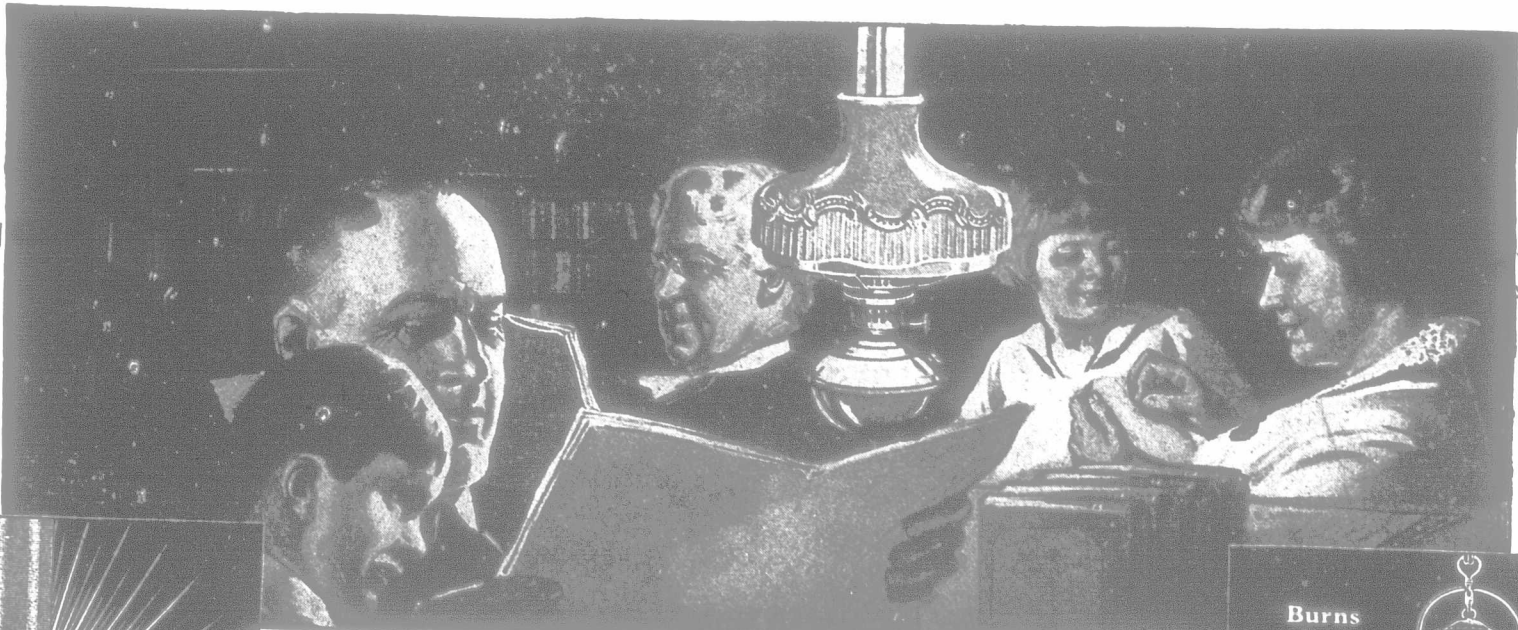
## ELLIS ENGINES

Have patent throttle, giving three engines in one; force feed oiler; automobile type muffler; hand governor adjustable while running and other exclusive features. Every engine sent on 30 days approval with freight and duty paid. 10-year guarantee. Write for 1915 catalogue "Engine Facts," showing new models with special prices. Shipments made from Windsor, Ont. ELLIS ENGINE CO., 2855 E. Grand Blvd., Detroit, Mich.

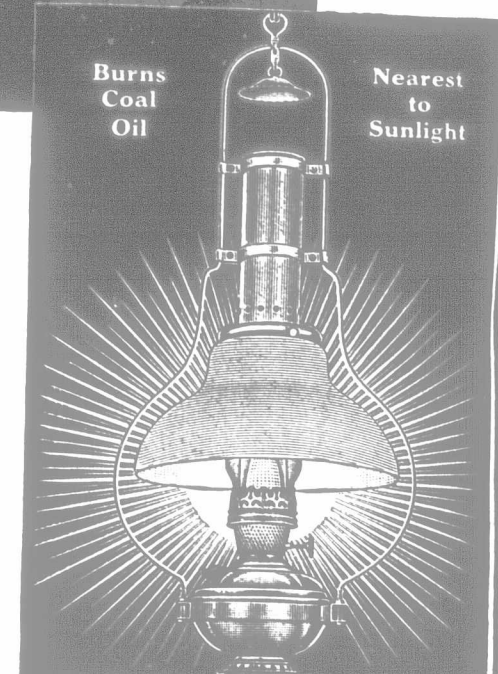


Vertical Engine

No Change Noticed.—The Smiths had invited a guest to dinner. As the last course was reached little Willie, who had been closely watching the guest almost continually during the meal, looked over at him once more and said—"You haven't changed a bit since you started eating, have you, Mr. Curtis?" "Why, no," laughed the visitor. "Why do you ask that question?" "Because," blurted out Willie, confused by the pair of eyes focussed on him, "because I heard pa say you'd make a big hog of yourself as soon as you got your eye on the beef."



Style No. 101 Aladdin Table Lamp



Style No. 115 Aladdin Hanging Lamp

You can all enjoy the evenings if they are brightened by the beautiful, white light of the

# Aladdin Mantle Lamp

Burns Kerosene (Coal Oil) — Beats Electric

Lights the whole room. Reading, sewing, fancy-work, studying, games—all can go on, in any part of the room, with comfort and pleasure for everyone. Just think of the delight this will add to your home.

Twice the Light On Half the Oil

## 10 DAYS FREE

SEND NO MONEY

14 Great Universities Back Our Claims

Recent tests by great light scientists at 14 leading Universities throughout the United States and Canada show that the Aladdin gives nearly three times as much light as the best round wick, open flame lamps and yet burns only about one-half the oil. Thus the Aladdin soon

Pays for Itself in Oil Saved

These same scientific tests showed that the quality of the light of the Aladdin has no superior, even excelling tungsten electric, and nearest of any to sunlight.

## Many Men With Rigs or Autos Are Making \$100.00 to \$300.00 Per Month

delivering Aladdin lamps on our easy trial plan. No previous experience necessary. Practically every farm home or small town home needs it and will buy after trying. One farmer who had never sold anything in his life before writing: "I sold 151 lamps the first seven days." Another who sold over 200 in 30 days says: "I considered the Aladdin the best business proposition I ever saw, and I have done agency work for 10 years." Another says: "I disposed of 41 lamps out of 41 calls." Thousands of others who are getting money endorse it just as well as I can. I am a farmer and have had but little previous selling experience."

Here is an exact copy of a letter written us recently by one of our enthusiastic dealer distributors who has made over \$2000 during spare time the past two winters:

"It is a pleasure to sell the Aladdin. It makes good on all your claims and it is easy to convince people that it is the best lamp on the market."

"I still use my first lamp as a demonstrator and it works perfectly although it has had pretty rough usage for over a year and a half."

"Between Jan. 2 and Feb. 20 I sold about 275 lamps making a profit of over \$500.00. I never saw anything that would sell equal to the Aladdin."

"I am a farmer and have had but little previous selling experience."

Sold 275 in Six Weeks

## \$1000 in Gold

Will Be Given to the person who shows us an oil lamp equal to this Aladdin in every way (details of this offer given in our circular, which will be sent you). Would we dare make such a strong challenge to the world if the Aladdin was not superior to all other oil lamps?

## No Money Required

We furnish the Capital. You can get into a business of your own and make more money than you ever made before, without investing your own capital. We help you by giving you liberal credit.

## For Xmas

There could not be a better gift than an Aladdin Lamp. It brings joy to all. Get your order in now for Christmas Delivery.

## Don't Delay

Territory is Going Fast. Unless you act promptly, it may be too late and you will lose the opportunity of a lifetime.

Mail the Coupon and Get Full Particulars

## Don't Pay Us a Cent

until you have used this wonderful new modern incandescent light in your home for 10 days, putting it to every possible test and then if you don't say that it is the greatest oil light that you have ever seen, or you are not thoroughly satisfied, you may send it back at our expense. You can't lose a penny. We want you to prove for yourself, as thousands upon thousands of others have, that the Aladdin has no equal; that it makes the ordinary oil lamp look like a candle; that it saves one-half on oil; that it beats electric, gasoline or acetylene; lights and is put out like old style oil lamp; burns common kerosene (coal oil) without odor, smoke or noise; is clean. Guaranteed.

## Women and Children Can Operate It With Ease

There are no complicated parts to get out of order, no "installing" necessary, no pumping up, no siphoning, no dangerous features. Light and is put out like the old style lamp everybody is familiar with. No matter how many lamps you may have, you cannot afford to be without an Aladdin if you value the eyesight, appreciate good light and wish to cut down your oil bill.

## 3 Million People Now Enjoying Its White Light

Every mail brings hundreds of enthusiastic letters from satisfied users of the Aladdin as the most wonderful light they have ever seen. Such comments as: "You have solved the problem of indoor lighting." "I don't think of purchasing with my Aladdin" "the grandest thing on earth." "You would not buy it back at any price." "I have never seen it ever seen"; "A blessing to the world." "It is the acme of perfection." "The best I ever dreamed possible." "I have never believed it 'til I saw it," etc., are received in our office every day. Good Housekeeping Magazine of New York tested the Aladdin and published under date of September 5th, 1914, a testimonial pleased to inform you that we have provided a device a most thorough trial and that you may approve it."

Another Sold Over 800 Lamps With Money Back Guarantee—Not One Returned

Another Sold Over 1000 Lamps With Money Back Guarantee—Not One Returned

## One Lamp FREE—Special Offer

We will give you one lamp free if you will advertise and recommend the Aladdin. To that end we have a special introductory offer under which one lamp is given free.

## USE THIS COUPON TODAY

THE MANTLE LAMP CO. 428 Aladdin Bldg., Montreal and Winnipeg, Canada

THE MANTLE LAMP CO. 428 Aladdin Bldg., Montreal and Winnipeg, Canada

## 10-Day FREE Trial Coupon

THE MANTLE LAMP CO., 428 Aladdin Bldg., Montreal and Winnipeg, Canada

Gentlemen—Without obligating me in any way, you may send me a coupon for your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL, tell me how I can get a trial lamp free, quote your Distributor's Wholesale Price and I will mail you a Delivery Plan—ALL FREE.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_  
P. O. Address \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_