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THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE

AND HOME MAGAZINE

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

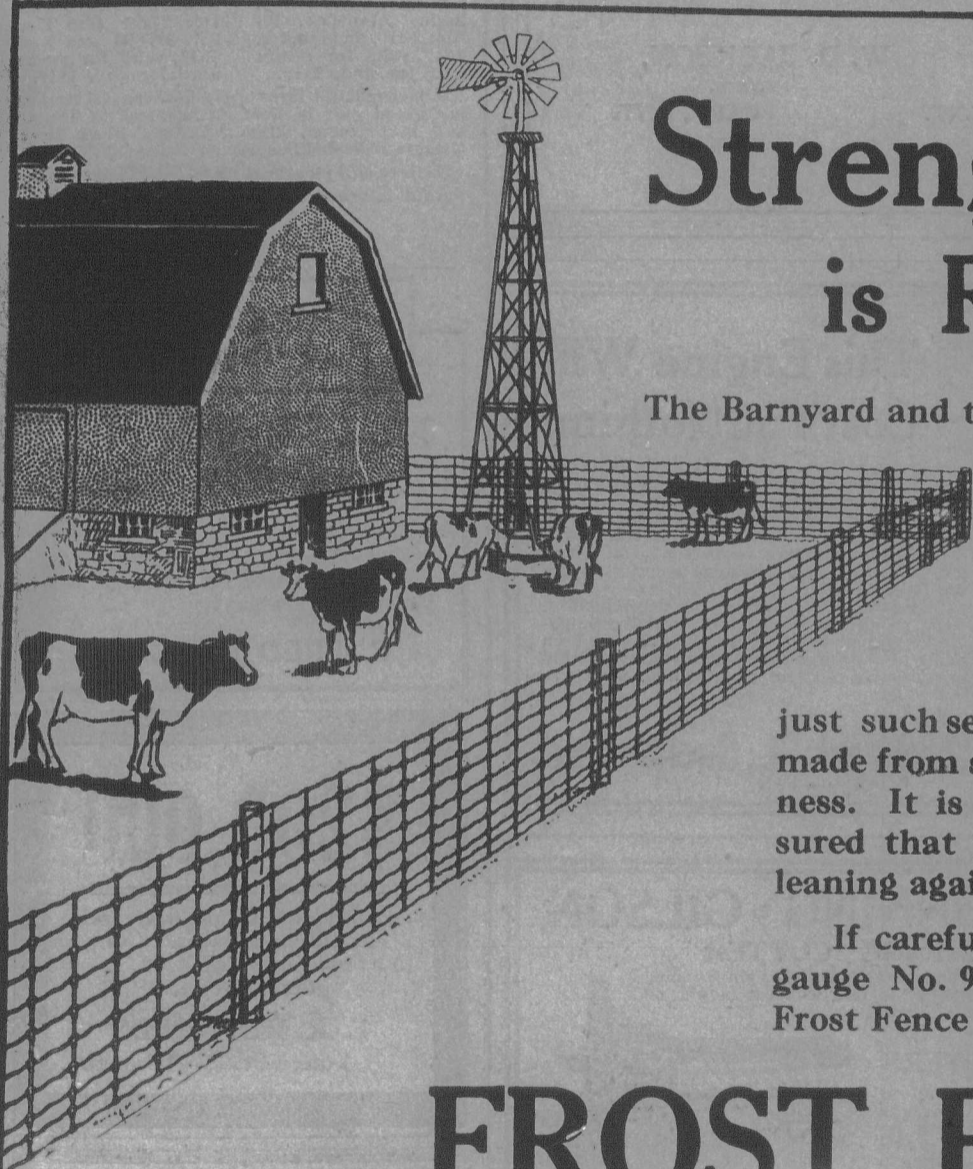
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VOL. LI.

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LONDON, ONTARIO, DECEMBER 28, 1916.

No. 1266



Strength in Fences is Required Here

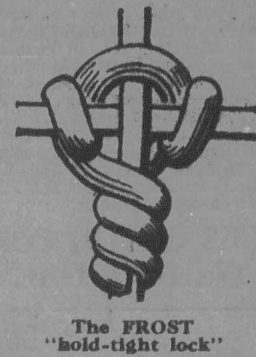
The Barnyard and the Lane Fences are the ones that get the roughest usage of all. The stock coming down to be watered morning, noon and night, not only put fences to the hardest tests, but break many down by their crowding and rubbing to get to the trough first.

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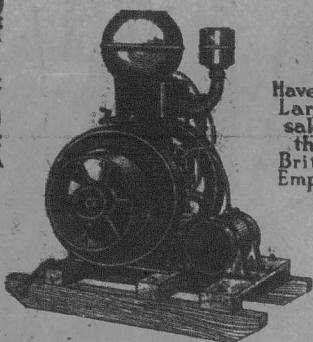
It is the fence with the "hold-tight lock."
Different from all others, and the hardest usage will prove its worthiness. Get our literature and let us send our nearby agent to talk matters over with you. Besides Farm Fences, we sell Lawn Fence, both woven wire and iron; also gates, all sizes and styles; Hay Wire, Bale Ties, Coiled and Soft Wire and Staples, Galvanized and Bright Wire.
Complete Lines—All wire is drawn, galvanized and made into finished materials in Frost Company's modern wire mills.



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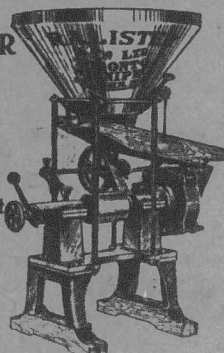


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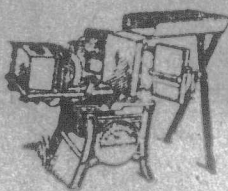
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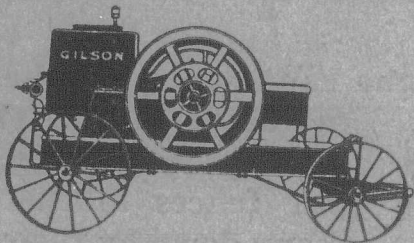
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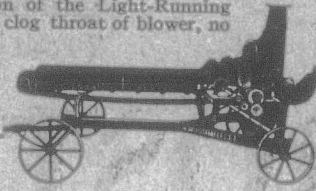
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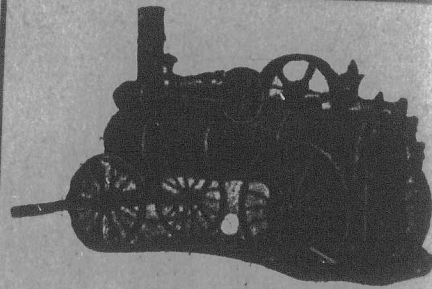
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Above reduced fares apply between all stations in Canada east of Port Arthur, and to Detroit and Port Huron, Mich., Buffalo, Black Rock, Niagara Falls and Suspension Bridge, N.Y.

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Buy Seed Oats Now—Now is the time to get your seed oats, to make sure of getting good Ontario-grown seed. I have a limited amount of good, clean seed oats left, which I will sell reasonably. Samples and prices sent on request. Apply soon. BENJ. J. WAGHTER, Gold Medal Farm Walkerton, Ontario R.R. No. 3

Winners in Bread-making Contest at Rural School Fairs

In connection with the Rural School Fairs, held throughout Ontario during the Fall, under the auspices of the Provincial Department of Agriculture, the Campbell Flour Mills Co. offered a series of interesting prizes with the idea of stimulating competition in bread-making, and also for the purpose of introducing and demonstrating the excellence of

Cream of the West Flour

the hard wheat flour guaranteed for bread

The competition proved successful. Although there were no entries at some of the Fairs, this did not seriously affect the general result. The names of prize-winners at each local fair where the competition was held were announced at the different fairs. We have instructed the publishers of the magazines to mail the prize monthly to each winner in accordance with the terms of the competition.

The winner of the first prize at the local fair automatically became a contestant for the Provincial prizes, the prize loaf being judged according to a previously advertised standard by Miss M. A. Purdy, of the Department of Flour Testing and Bread-making at the Ontario Agricultural College. The prize-winners in the Provincial contest are given below in order of merit.

In Order of Merit	Prize	Name
1	Domestic Science Course	Elsie Bird, Norval Station.
2	"	Rena C. Lunan, Unionville, R. R. No. 2.
3	Course in Poultry Raising	Lexie James, Woodville.
4	"	Ruby Walker, Kinburn.
5	Boston Cooking School Cook Book	Marjorie I. Ennis, Balderson, R. R. No. 1.
6	"	Lillian O'Brien, Indian River, R. R. No. 2.
7	"	Grace Hilliker, Burgessville, R. R. No. 1.
8	"	Elsie Yeck, Tavistock.
9	"	Merval McArthur, Kirkfield.
10	"	Susie Julian, Woodbridge, R. R. No. 2.
11	"	Mildred P. Brock, Millbrook, R. R. No. 3.
12	"	Clare I. McLean, Cresswell.
13	"	Grace Kitchen, Havelock, R. R. No. 2.
14	"	Pauline Woodward, Bright, R. R. No. 1.
15	"	Loretto Mulhall, Cedarville, R. R. No. 1.
16	"	Bessie G. Lane, Gananoque, R. R. No. 3.
17	"	Edna V. Smith, Perth, R. R. No. 4.
18	"	Edna McCorquodale, Embro, R. R. No. 3.
19	"	Helen Hamilton, Port Elgin.
20	"	Gladys McCauley, Cainsville, R. R. No. 2.
21	"	Jessie Lethangue, Pontypool.
22	"	Gladys Bobier, London Junction, R. R. No. 1.
23	"	Alice Edmondson, Brantford, R. R. No. 5.
24	"	Kathleen McIntyre, Simcoe, R. R. No. 2.
25	"	Sarah McLeod, Tarentorus.
26	"	Jessie Annable, Freeman.
27	"	Bessie M. Mercer, Markdale, R. R. No. 4.
28	"	Hattie Campbell, South Mountain, R. R. No. 1.
29	"	Hazel Leatherdale, Orillia.

The following were the prizes offered by the Campbell Flour Mills Co., Ltd., in the Provincial contest:

- 1st Prize—Short Course (three months) in the Domestic Science at Macdonald Institute, Guelph; value, \$75.00.
- 2nd Prize—Short Course (three months) in Domestic Science at Macdonald Institute, Guelph; value, \$75.00.
- 3rd Prize—Short Course (four weeks) in Poultry Raising at Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph; value, \$35.00.
- 4th Prize—Short Course (four weeks) in Poultry Raising at Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph; value, \$35.00.
- 5th to 29th Prizes—The Famous Boston Cooking School Cook Books.

In the case of the winners of the 5th to 29th prizes, a copy of the Boston Cooking School Cook Book has been forwarded to each. The funds necessary for the first four prizes were deposited by the Campbell Flour Milling Co., Ltd., with Mr. C. F. Bailey, Assistant Deputy Minister of Agriculture. Mr. Bailey is now communicating with the winners with a view to having their applications filed at Guelph, so that they will be able to take the courses they have won when their age and circumstances at home permit.

The Campbell Flour Mills Co., Ltd., inaugurated this competition so as to stimulate an interest in bread-making among the girls in the rural sections of Ontario. We believe that we have provided an incentive that has had the effect of inducing many girls to start bread-making. The ability to make bread at home is an accomplishment of which any girl or woman might be proud. We have been millers of bread flour for many years, and believe that in our Cream of the West Flour we are giving the public an article that will help them in producing the very highest class of bread that can be made.

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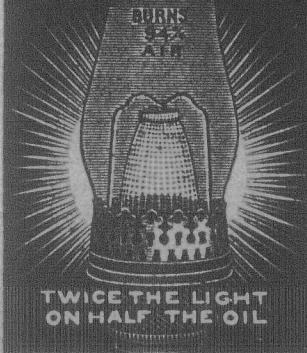


give the best service, because they have the best equipment. Their transmitters and receivers are 100% perfect—they enable you to talk farther and hear better. They have the fewest possible parts—nothing to get out of order. The big, powerful, five-bar generator rings every party on the line and gets Central EVERY TIME. Poor telephone equipment is a waste of money. It means poor service—and that is worse than no service at all. Be satisfied with nothing but the best—send for our Book, "A Telephone on the Farm, Edition 14-E," and learn about Stromberg-Carlson Quality.

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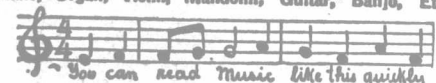


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Full courses in Collegiate, Music—Pianoforte, Organ, Voice Culture and Violin, Expression, Art and Commercial, under competent teachers.
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The juries at the great national and international expositions have invariably acknowledged the superiority of the De Laval. They awarded the Grand Prize to the De Laval at the Panama-Pacific Exposition, as also at Buffalo, Chicago, St. Louis, Paris, Brussels, and all the great, world expositions for 25 years.

As a matter of fact, it is very easy to prove De Laval superiority. All that is needed is a careful comparison with any other machine, either as to design and construction, or, more important still, as to performance. But such proof is no longer necessary to a well-informed dairyman or farmer. He has seen proof of De Laval superiority piled up and multiplied so many times that it is no longer open to question by anyone. It is an accepted fact.

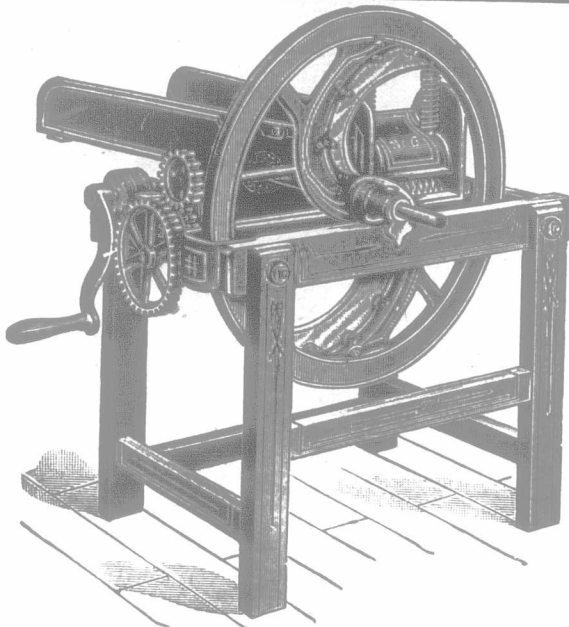
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Start the New Year Well

protecting dependent ones—while making timely provision for their own future at the same time.

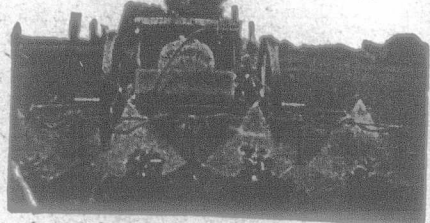
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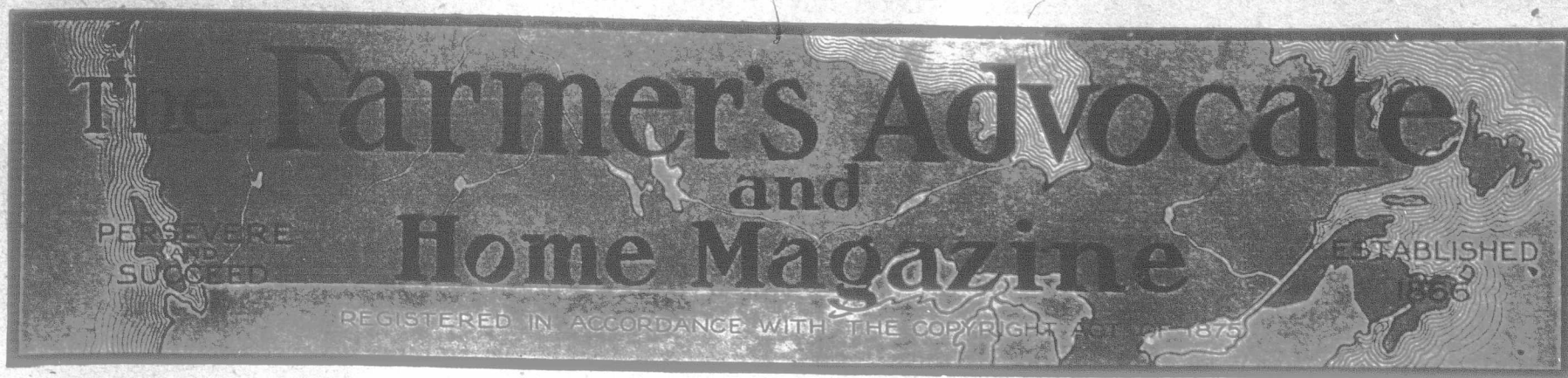
Every o should have operate at H siderable soa practical far

The firm high to ensur the business considered t point in this organization

Our subs Farmer's A and the ne ments will er in 1917. S brigade now

A happy some branch to win this v will have a h permanent subdued by fighters, mu of the war is

One class the farms, t improve see and to be al men trained to Canadian would do w and the old work, which to carry on a



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LONDON, ONTARIO, DECEMBER 28, 1916.

1266

EDITORIAL.

One class of Canadian labor (we hesitate to call it such) is still plentiful, viz., Government officials.

A premature, patched-up peace would be much more uncertain and dangerous than further prosecution of the war.

Bonar Law, Chancellor of the Exchequer, assures the Allies that Britain's finances are sufficient to win the war.

Canada's young farmers are alive to the needs of Canadian agriculture. Witness the success of our department devoted to their work.

The national service card will show where the men are. Some may do a little thinking when answering the twenty-four questions asked.

Good roads are ever becoming a more important factor in the farmers' marketing problem. Municipalities should save some money to put to the good purpose of more intelligent road building and maintenance.

Radial railways paralleling trunk lines already established do not appeal to thinking people, but radials tapping districts not now favored with railway facilities are necessary to the greatest development of rural districts.

The farmer with a well-preserved wood-lot can toast his shins by a roaring birch-and-maple fire while his neighbor, forced to depend upon coal, is this year shivering because of the scarcity of the product in many localities.

Every college professor and agricultural orator should have at least one hundred acres of farm land to operate at his own expense. This would prevent considerable soaring in the clouds away out of reach of the practical farmer.

The firm or organization which sets a price sufficiently high to ensure a reasonable profit, to be used in extending the business or in adding to cash reserves, is usually considered to be on the best business basis. There is a point in this for Farmers' Clubs and all local and larger organizations of farmers.

Our subscribers are telling their neighbors how "The Farmer's Advocate" fights the battle for all farmers, and the neighbors are subscribing. These reinforcements will enable us to wage a more aggressive campaign in 1917. Sign up with "The Farmer's Advocate" brigade now while the subscription rate remains at \$1.50.

A happy New Year! All those who are engaged in some branch of one of the three necessary organizations to win this war, and are conscientiously doing their best, will have a happy new year, because of the assurance of a permanent peace when militarism is at last finally subdued by democracy. The three essentials are fighters, munitions workers, producers. The winning of the war is the only thing that matters.

One class of twenty-five or thirty young men from the farms, trained and educated to work together to improve seed, stock and farming methods generally, and to be able to express themselves in public—young men trained to think and act—is of inestimable value to Canadian agriculture. The District Representative would do well to put more time on the young farmer and the older farmer and expend less in School Fair work, which the schools themselves should now be able to carry on alone or with less expensive assistance.

National Service.

Early in the new year, every man in Canada between the ages of 16 and 65, inclusive, is to receive a card bearing 24 questions which he is required to answer promptly and return to the Director-General of National Service, Ottawa. This is the first step towards universal enrolment, a subject which has been discussed several times through these columns during the progress of the present struggle. The card is intended to determine an accurate estimate of the man power of the Dominion. There is no question on it which any loyal Canadian, working hard in his particular work cannot quickly, truthfully and satisfactorily answer. The cards will show where the men are, and what those who are willing to do work for the Empire in Canada are doing now. No doubt the calling in of the cards will be followed by a vigorous and systematic recruiting campaign for service overseas as well as for the carrying on of work at home, essential to the winning of the mighty conflict. Canada's man power has, so far, lacked organization to get fighters, to provide fighters with munitions, and to feed fighters. Let us hope that full and efficient organization for all three essentials to success grows out of the start which the cards will make. They have been criticized for not going far enough, but they are a start. Farmers and farmers' sons should be able to sign up without a qualm. They are doing essential work. A few farms, very few, have more men than are needed to carry on the necessary work of the farm. An occasional one has three or four to a hundred acres, but such are few and far between. Then, too, we have heard of some young men going to the United States to get work for the winter, because they didn't like to face the recruiting sergeants. Any such, with no more red blood in their veins than to run away from duty, would be little use if "signed up." On the whole, the rural districts have done remarkably well. Man power in most districts will not average more than one man to 100 acres of land, and in some places conditions are even worse. We hope the card system leads up to a thorough organization of all our forces.

These are the questions which are easy to answer, and which should be promptly answered by all those receiving cards. If you do not get a card ask your Postmaster for one, fill it in and help on the good work. 1, What is your full name? 2, How old are you? 3, Where do you live? 4, Name of city, town, village or post office. 5, In what country were you born? 6, In what country was your father born? 7, In what country was your mother born? 8, Were you born a British subject? 9, If not, are you naturalized? 10, How much time have you lost in last 12 months from sickness? 11, Have you full use of your arms? 12, Of your legs? 13, Of your sight? 14, Of your hearing? 15, Which are you—married, single or a widower? 16, How many persons beside yourself do you support? 17, What are you working at for a living? 18, Whom do you work for? 19, Have you a trade or profession? 20, If so what? 21, Are you working now? 22, If not, why? 23, Would you be willing to change your present work for other necessary work at the same pay during the war? 24, Are you willing, if your railway fare is paid, to leave where you now live, and go to some other place in Canada to do such work?

Prices and Profits in Club Work.

This week we publish in our Young Farmer's Department four or five good letters on the Farmers' Club. We note that in some, reference is made to certain methods of handling goods required by the farmer at cut-rate prices. Those who follow our paper closely remember that about the middle of last March we had a somewhat lengthy Editorial setting forth that price-comparing is not good business in a co-operative association. We have always held that it is better for everybody,

and certainly better for the co-operative business, when operations are carried on so that some money is made on the year's transactions to be used either in increasing the business or to be divided amongst those who do business through the co-operative association, according to the amount of business done. Where goods, such as groceries, feeds, and all the many such materials purchased by the farmer are bought through a Farmers' Club, we believe the Club would be a bigger success, on the whole, if prices were kept up so as to show a reasonable profit on the transaction, the accruing moneys to be used to strengthen the Club in the way of a reserve fund, or to be divided at the end of the year's business on the basis of business done. This would mean that every farmer doing business through the Club would get, at the end of the year, the benefit that the Club had been to him in the way of saving money. It would ensure, however, if the members of the Club decided to work on a business basis, money for future operations, which is absolutely necessary. It would also be a better system in so far as it would not disrupt trade and drive out certain country storekeepers and country dealers. We hold no brief for the country storekeeper, but, as a general thing, it would not be well for even Farmers' Clubs if all country storekeepers were driven out of business. By keeping up the price to the level of that charged by the retail trade, the country storekeeper and his friends can have no objection to the Club doing business. If the Club members are really loyal to the Club, they will buy through the Club, if the price remains the same. If the storekeeper starts price-cutting, loyal Club members should stay with the Club, because they know that in the end their Club and themselves individually are going to reap the benefit of working together. We believe it is good policy, in connection with all co-operative work, that the business be run so as to make a profit, and that the profits be used either to increase the volume of business which means greater profit, or be divided among those doing business, according to business done.

Radial Railways and Good Roads.

In another column of this issue there appears a letter from a subscriber in Wentworth County who sees some danger in building radial railways by the wholesale, and in neglecting to put the necessary amount of work upon the public highways leading to the market centres or to the trunk lines. Our correspondent believes that good roads, on the whole, are more important than radials, and his letter is timely, seeing that many municipalities will be voting on the subject of roads and radials in a few days.

It is a well-known fact to those who have travelled over this Province that first-class highways and prosperous farms go hand in hand. No farm can be as prosperous as it should unless good roads lead from it to the place where the products grown thereon are marketed. And, on the other hand, as a general thing, where roads are bad, farms are either poor or are badly operated and the people are not so prosperous. Good roads are important, so are radial roads. But with the latter some care must be taken that they do not parallel railways and trunk lines already in existence. We know districts which need radials very badly, and which would benefit from them perhaps more than from the same amount of money spent on highway improvement. We know other districts through which there already run one or more trunk lines and many branches, which would not be so greatly benefited by more railways, radials or otherwise, but would be the better of a regular road system both in regard to construction and maintenance. It is a well-known fact that with good roads the farmer could do much of his marketing by automobile, or auto truck. This is important in fruit, dairy and small-produce sections. The good-road question and the radial question are both big and important, and

The Farmer's Advocate

AND HOME MAGAZINE.

THE LEADING AGRICULTURAL JOURNAL IN THE DOMINION.

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JOHN WELD, Manager.

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should be thoroughly considered by the voter. Transportation by good roads is considered by our correspondent a more vital question than transportation by radials. We have always maintained that large and productive districts, not already supplied with a railway feeder, should get a radial road leading to the trunk lines and to the nearest market. We have also believed that good roads in all farming sections are a vital and immediate need. It is for each section to decide which they need most, and from which they will derive most benefit if they cannot have both. We would certainly not tie up the credit of municipalities already well supplied with railway facilities in order to build more radials, particularly in districts needing better country roads, and the country road, brings the farmer nearer to market if it is a good road.

Showing the Aged-Cow Class in Their Work Clothes.

The Shorthorn aged-cow class at the International Live Stock Exposition, Chicago, was significant in that it signaled the emphasis now being placed on the commercial aspect of pure-bred live-stock breeding. Each and every entry was accompanied in the ring by a nursing calf, which demonstrated that every cow was a breeder and qualified to perpetuate her race, and, perhaps, the good characters that justified her presence in the ring. Idle, fat, non-breeders are excluded from the class which calls for this living evidence of maternal production. A female of any beef breed of cattle that will not bear young is worth no more per pound than a good, fat steer, and is of no more use in the herd. A strenuous show season in Canada, under conditions that exist at exhibition time, may even partially unfit a breeding cow for maternal duties, and in some cases it becomes necessary to use an inferior bull to ensure pregnancy. Furthermore, a nursing dam will not stand the same chance of winning in a class of aged cows as will the entry that has had nothing more to do than eat her feed in idleness, and perfect her conformation from the products of both. While we admire the blocky, deeply and evenly fleshed animal in the ring, it seems inconsistent with the now universal motto "Efficiency" to award the red ribbon

to a female in a breeding class, which, so far as production goes, will do no more for the herd than a good fat bullock.

We would not leave the impression that all entries in the aged-cow classes are non-breeders, for they are not. Many herd owners cannot afford to possess and maintain such a beast, and a great many cows are good enough to nurse a calf and still win. Our object is to encourage the commercial phase of breeding and showing, and to do this the fair boards should guarantee to the spectators that the aged cows are shown in their work clothes. The educative purpose of an exhibition is not to reveal the beauties of a well-fitted animal in the breeding class, but to show the type and good qualities of the producing male and female. They have awakened to this in the United States, and the Shorthorn aged-cow class at Chicago was only an outcome of the experiences and results which have accrued to a number of the state fairs, some of which have blazed the way for the International ruling that the cow and nursing calf be shown together. There is a suggestion here for Canadian fair directors.

"I am a Prod."

BY PETER MCARTHUR.

Wait a minute! Have they named that political baby out West? I hope not, for the child appears to be welcome—surprisingly welcome—and a lot depends on the name they give it. Old people used to say: "The name is half the nature," and they were careful to name children after persons whose natures were commendable or agreeable. I am of the opinion that the same thing applies to political parties. "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches"—which in this case would mean a campaign fund—so it is all important that the new party now being cradled in the West should be given a name that will please and attract as many people as possible. As this party is being promoted by farmers it is not likely to be endowed with a campaign fund, so a good name is doubly important. I notice that most of the people who talk about this new party call it the "Grain Growers," but that will not do at all. The Grain Growers have a strictly business organization, pledged to keep out of politics. It is true that the new movement originated with the members of this organization and that they hope to send from twenty to thirty of their members to parliament, but it will never do to call the new party the Grain Growers. That would tend to confine it to one class of voters in the Western provinces, but what is wanted is a party that will appeal to Canadians of all classes in all places so that it will roll up an overwhelming majority. It may sound like a large order to ask for a party of that kind, but I am convinced that it is entirely possible. Recent events have shown that such a party is needed and that the country is ready for it. In the past I have always argued against a third party, but when I find a large body of public opinion already in existence and only waiting for leadership and a name I am willing to change my mind. But before suggesting a name for the new party that is struggling into existence let us examine briefly the state of political opinion in the country.

To begin with, I find that a majority of the people I meet do not want an election at present or in the near future. But that is not because they are entirely satisfied with the way the affairs of the country are being managed. It is because they feel that an election conducted along the old party lines would be one of unexampled bitterness, and they dread it. Indications all point to an election that would rage about issues of loyalty and disloyalty. Such an election would rouse the fiercest passions of which man is capable, and would give birth to enmities that it would take generations to overcome. Although the leaders of both parties are trying to outdo one another in their protestations of loyalty, I do not think that many of the people are with them. This is not because they are not loyal but because they know that loyalty is not confined to party lines. The daily casualty lists and the frequent memorial services for those who have fallen in battle are bringing together the plain people of both parties in a common sorrow. Conservative and Liberal families alike have felt the shock of the Supreme Sacrifice, and there is no politics in their mourning. To them the slurs about loyalty and disloyalty are distasteful and uncalled for. The whole country is suffering the sorrow and burden of the war, and the clamor of the political leaders is something in which no one takes much interest. To the most earnest and thoughtful people it is like

"A tale told by an idiot,
Full of sound and fury, signifying nothing."

The more the political leaders assert their loyalty and virtue the more the plain people are inclined to draw back in offended silence. Many men of both parties do not hesitate to say that they feel themselves leaderless—and that is what makes a new party necessary and welcome.

There is one thing that both parties have been doing—that may yet prove to be their undoing. From press and platform they have been urging the need of Greater Production of all kinds. As the war progresses it becomes more and more evident that the final victory will depend as much on our power to produce as on our power to fight. No matter what party an election would make

victorious, it would be necessary for it to do all in its power to prosecute the war to a successful issue. That is not a political but a national question. The life of both Canada and the Empire depend on that. The work of recruiting and maintaining our army must go on. But how about the work of production—which is now regarded as equally important? Has either of the existing political parties done anything worth while to stimulate and liberate the productive resources of the country? I think not. Both have owed their power to deals and alliances with the interests that prey upon the producers of the country. Now that greater production is shown to be a true and important form of loyalty, it is high time that the producers united so that they may do their work effectively. They must shake off the parasites that prey on them, and break the bonds that enslave them to the Big Interests. The need of the hour is for a producer's party that will wipe out the profiteers and place the untrammelled energy and resources of the country back of the war. There you have the name that I wish to suggest for the new party—The Producers. The Grain Growers are all Producers, and the name should suit them. Moreover, in the present crisis, every man, woman and child in Canada should be a producer, and willing to promote all reforms that would make possible the highest and most efficient production. "Producer" is more than a name—it is a platform on which all could unite, in spite of past differences of party, race or creed. It should appeal to the workers of the cities as well as to the workers of the farms. And no campaign of education would be needed to introduce the Producer's Party to the people of Canada. The work has been done already by the government with its "Production and Thrift" campaign, and the lesson has been driven home by both political parties, by the pulpit and by the press. The producers of the country have been called upon to put forth their strength to the utmost, and in order that they may do it they have a right to demand that they be enabled to produce to the best advantage. As they cannot hope to make their demands effective without organizing a political party that will enable them to enforce it, the course they should pursue is clear. If the Western leaders of the movement will adopt a platform wide enough to meet the needs of all the producers of the country, they will bring about an industrial revolution that will do more for Canada and the Empire than any other service they can perform.

Having stated the case seriously let us now stand back and look it over. Would the new party stand the test of serious debate and satire? I think it would. Greater production is urged by the two existing parties, and all the Producers would want would be to make the bounds of production wider yet. In serious debate the Producers would have the Conservatives and Liberals beaten from the start. They could call on the members of both parties for support, and quote the public utterances of their leaders to prove that they should get it. But how about ridicule and satire? You know the hardest thing about a new party—particularly a party made up of the plain people—has to endure is the ridicule of their opponents. But here the Producers would be at a great advantage. Their natural slogan would be: "Are you a producer?" Every Canadian would be obliged to say "Yes!" or be disgraced. This question would make professional politicians decidedly uncomfortable, for if they proved themselves to be producers they would have to explain why they were not supporting the "Producer's Party." All opponents would be put on the defensive at once. And just think how the new party could smoke out the parasites and non-producers and hold them up to scorn. Even Sir Jingo McBore would be forced to try to show that he is a producer. What a splendid cartoon could be made showing Sir Jingo approaching the leader of the Producers and whining as he puts his hand in his pocket:

"If I produce some campaign funds will you regard me as one of the leaders of the Producer's Party?"

On the other hand, if Sir Jingo tried to be scornful he could be shown in conversation with the leader of the Producers, and this bit of conversation might be imagined:—

Leader—Are you a Producer?

Sir Jingo—Who sir?

Leader—You sir.

Sir Jingo—Pooh sir.

Such a cartoon would show just where Sir Jingo stood, and his opposition would help the new party more than it would hinder. Then, if they tried to nickname the new party the natural nickname would be "The Prods." Very well. The same could be accepted with thanks. The dictionary defines "prod" as a sharp stick, and what is needed in Canada is a new party that will go after the old ones with a sharp stick. And if anyone should suggest that "The Prods" suggests the Prodigal more than a Producer, that slur might also be accepted gratefully. The Producers of the country have been living on husks for a long while, and it is time that the fatted calf was killed. Personally, I do not like veal, but I would try to digest it in such a cause as this. Being entirely convinced that the country is ripe for such a party as I have outlined, and that there is a great work for it to perform, I do not hesitate to take the bull—I mean the Red Cow—by the horns and announce that "I am a Prod." If the Western voters will only come out boldly I want to be with them—not only because of the opportunity to render a real public service, but because of the chance there will be to produce joyous campaign literature along new lines.

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Nature's Diary.

A. B. KLUGH, M. A.

In cases where the wood-lot consists of nearly even-aged stands of second-growth trees, undesirable species may predominate and may be crowding out the better species, or the whole stand may be over-stocked. In these cases improvement cuttings should be made. Improvement cuttings are of two kinds—cleanings and thinnings. Cleanings are cuttings for the purpose of removing such of the trees of less valuable species as threaten to over-top or crowd out the more desirable trees, as where Ironwoods are interfering with the proper growth of White Ash, or Sugar Maple. Both to decrease the cost and to avoid overcutting, only those inferior trees which are actually interfering with better ones should be removed. In cleaning, the material cut out is usually too small to pay for the cost of cutting, but the expense is justified by the beneficial effect which this operation has on the remaining stand.

Thinnings are cuttings made in even-aged stands from fifteen to twenty years old with the object of regulating the stand which is to form the final crop, just on the same principle as the gardener weeds out his crops so as to secure the best development of a portion of the individuals rather than the poor development of the whole. By crowding in the beginning trees are started in the right way to produce good timber, but if crowding is allowed to continue after the lower branches die it will cause stagnation in growth both in diameter and height. It might be thought that because under natural conditions no thinning occurs and yet timber of the highest value is produced that there should be no reason for thinning in the wood-lot. But it must be remembered that in the wood-lots now under consideration we are dealing with pure stands of second growth and that under natural conditions no such stands occur as they only arise after clear-cutting.

The presence of dead or dying trees in the stand, a very dense, interlocked crown cover, stems very slender in proportion to their height, or an apparent stagnation in the height-growth, indicates that thinning is needed. Unless the condition of the stand makes earlier thinning desirable, the best practice is to defer the first thinning until the product is merchantable and of sufficient size to pay for the operation. Thinnings should be repeated as often thereafter as the material has accumulated in sufficient quantity again to pay for the cost. Cordwood and post material will be obtained from the first thinnings and larger sized material from the later ones. In the great majority of farm wood-lots the thinnings may be carried out by the owner in the winter at no other cost than his own labor, and it should always be borne in mind that whenever any material for poles or other farm purposes is required it should be selected in such a way as to improve the stand and not taken at haphazard.

In thinning, as a rule, trees of the less prospective value should be removed. In any young stand, the trees may be assigned to several classes according to the position and condition of their crowns. These classes are termed dominant, co-dominant, intermediate, suppressed and dead. Dominant trees are the tallest ones, whose crowns receive almost complete sunlight; co-dominant trees are those of slightly less height with relatively narrow tops which are not fully exposed to sunlight; intermediate trees are considerably smaller than those of the first two classes, but still healthy because their tops continue to occupy open space in the canopy; while suppressed trees are those which are hopelessly behind in height growth and which will either be killed by the shade of their taller neighbors or continue to exist only as stunted individuals. The trees to be removed should accordingly be the dead ones and those of the least value, and the species of slowest growth among the suppressed and intermediate classes, and all dead and insect-infected and fungus infected individuals in all classes. In thinning it must be remembered that the health and vigor of the forest trees depend very largely upon the condition of the soil. In the case of field crops this is obtained by cultivation, in wood-lots it must be secured by keeping the ground shaded, and in making thinnings it is desirable to retain any of the intermediate or suppressed trees which are necessary for the shading of the ground. The extent to which the crown cover may be opened up in thinning depends largely upon the rate of growth of the trees and their demand for light. In general, openings should not be so large that they will not close again within from three to five years by the growth of the remaining trees. Thus in stands of species of rapid growth the crown-cover may be opened up to a greater extent than in stands of species of slower growth.

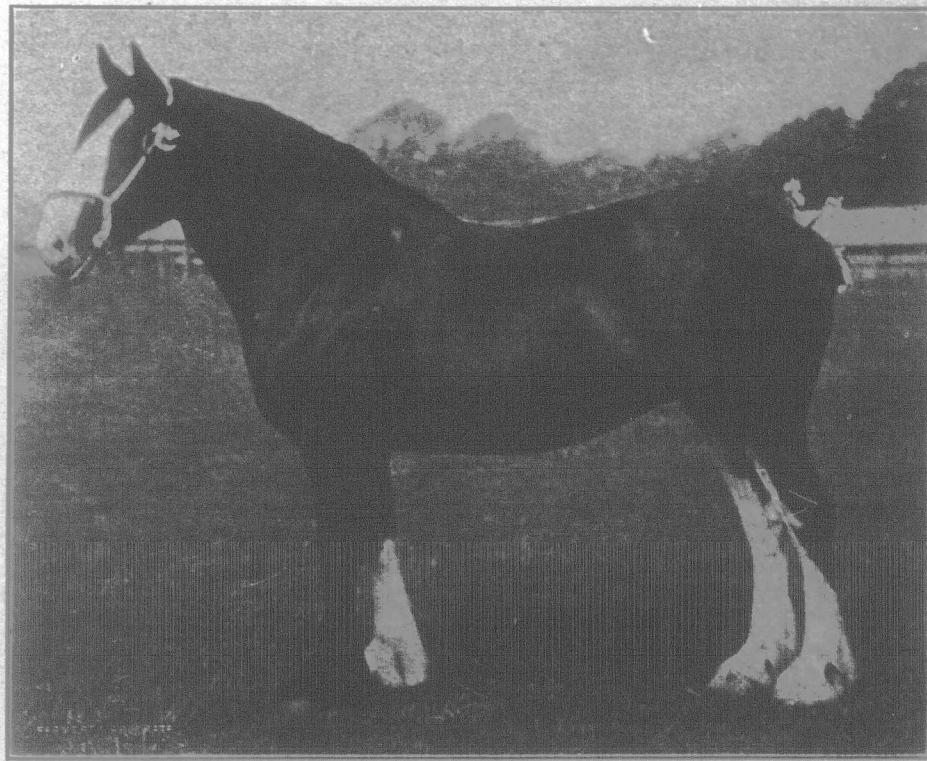
In many wood-lots, vines, such as Grape, Virginia Creeper and Bittersweet occur, twining about the trunks of the trees and throughout their tops. These vines are always injurious to the trees, sometimes seriously so. Their heavy foliage and small branches shade out and kill the leaves of the trees, and by their sheer weight alone they often bend over the tops of the trees which are thus sometimes killed. The vines should accordingly be eliminated by severing their main stems near the root. It is best to carry out this operation when the vines are young and have not yet damaged the trees, but if lack of time prevents a thorough cleaning out of vines, at least the larger ones, which it is apparent are doing harm, should be cut.

To be continued.

THE HORSE.

Winter Training of the Colt.

During the winter many colts, both last spring's and older, will be given some training. It is always well in training the young horses, as with the young in the human race, to start early. The colt, weaned this fall and given a box stall during the fall and early winter months, should now learn to stand tied and be given his first lessons in stable manners. We would not take him out of the box stall for good, but each day he should stand in a narrow stall, tied with a good, stout headstall and shank, and the attendant should take pains to go around him, teach him to stand over when spoken to, handle his feet, head, ears, etc., and accustom him to the currycomb and brush. A short time each day spent in this method of training will prepare the colt for handling outside on the halter. When he has learned to stand tied without pulling, he should be taken outside and taught to lead. It is important, in his first lesson, that he is not permitted to get away, because getting away would soon become a habit with him, and it would be with difficulty that the habit would be broken. If there is any doubt in the mind of the attendant about his ability to handle the colt, he should give the animal a first lesson when he has some help on the halter shank. Always be quiet, careful, speak in low tones, and use kindness rather than force. After the colt has been taught to lead there may be little to do in his education for the first winter, only keep him leading once in a while and keep him tied for a short time daily, that he become thoroughly accustomed to each. Older colts should be bridled and harnessed in the stall, where they become accustomed to bridle and harness before being taught to drive and draw, but the handling of the older colt is a subject by itself which we shall treat in future articles.



Harviestoun Baroness.

First aged mare and grand champion Clydesdale female at the Chicago International, 1916.

The Best Method to Exercise a Brood Mare.

The winter season brings its difficulties in the horse barn. It is no easy matter to so regulate feeding and exercise with the different horse stock as to keep all the stock in the healthiest, most vigorous condition, with the least feed and work. The in-foal brood mare probably gives more trouble on the average farm than does any of the other horses. Colts may be turned out together and allowed to remain out, on fine days, for several hours at a time, and, as a general thing, their vitality is such that they take plenty of exercise. It is rather dangerous to turn the brood mare out with them at times, because she may be cross and may kick some of them, or they may be playful and may kick her.

There are three places in which to exercise the brood mare, or at least three methods used. Some depend upon the box stall; others upon the open yard; and still others upon light work in the team. We agree that every in-foal, brood mare should, if possible, have a box stall. Narrow stalls, often insufficiently supplied with bedding, which may be the case on many farms this year, owing to the short straw crop, are none too comfortable and very often the mare paws the straw back behind and is forced to get up and down on a slippery floor. But the exercise the average brood mare will take in the box stall is not sufficient for her general welfare. She will take some in moving about the stall, but unless she gets light work, or exercise for several hours each day in the open yard, her legs are liable to stock, her digestive system to get out of order, her foetus to be low in vitality.

If the box stall is not enough, what of the open yard? Some mares will take sufficient exercise with very little attention if allowed out in a protected yard; others, however, will stand about the door of their stall moving very little, and always looking for the attendant to come

and let them in. A yard for exercise should not adjoin the mare's stall if she is to take the maximum amount. A well-bedded barnyard is about the best place for the mare, and if there is a straw-stack in it so much the better. But she should not be let out with the cattle or she may get injured, and she should not be in a yard where sheep are kept or they may get injured. The farmyard as a place for exercising the brood mare has its disadvantages. She cannot be allowed to monopolize it, keeping all the other stock inside, nor is it safe to allow her to run with all the other stock.

The only method left, is light work, preferably in the team. There is generally some running to mill to do; some wood to draw from the woods; and light team work around the farm. In fact, every well-managed farm has considerable of this, even in the winter. Where the mare is used in the woods, care must be taken to keep her out of deep snow and to keep her on her feet. This latter point is important at all times. She should be sharp shod, at least in front, and if used in the team she should be shod all round. Falls mean foal losses. Keep the mare on her feet if you would have living colts. In fact, we believe that exercising in the team is so important that it would pay to regularly hitch up the one or more brood mares on the farm and drive them a few miles each day.

The Best Hours for Winter Feeding.

Considerable has been written regarding the feeding of horses in so far as hours of feeding are concerned. Some would feed twice a day, some three times daily, others would give the regular daily allowance in four different lots. We must, in horse feeding, always remember that the horse's stomach is rather a small affair, and that the horse's digestive system is not equipped to handle large quantities in a short time sufficient to last for many hours thereafter. The nature of the horse's digestive tract is such as to indicate that smaller feeds and more frequent, but always given with regularity, would be more desirable than larger feeds at more widely separated intervals. On the average farm during the winter season the feeder does not rise very early, and it is safe to say that the horses in the average farm stable do not get their first feed before seven o'clock in the morning; get their second feed around about twelve, and either one or two other feeds later in the day. Where three feeds a day are relied upon, we would favor giving one-half the hay in two feeds; one somewhere around six or seven o'clock in the morning, the other at noon, the other half of the hay to be fed when choring up for the night, which may be done some time between six and eight o'clock. The grain ration could very well be divided into two feeds; one in the morning after watering, and the other at night, after watering. At noon a turnip, a couple of carrots, or a mangel might be given to good advantage.

But we believe there is a better method of feeding than this. Where the horses get their morning feed about seven o'clock and a noon feed about twelve, both representing fairly small quantities of hay, and where they are watered in the afternoon around four or five o'clock, as is usual on these short days, we believe they would do better to have a very small allowance of hay just after this evening watering and sufficient to keep them quiet until seven or eight o'clock at night, when they can be very well fed a regular night feed of hay, composing the bulk of the hay ration for the day and their oats, and be bedded down for the night. The horse is a restless animal, and the quieter he can be kept the better. We would favor this latter system of feeding, with the roots at noon as previously mentioned. We would water twice a day, and the late feeding at night takes the attendant to the barn where he can see that everything is all right, and tends to keep the horses quiet until morning.

The time to buy a stallion for next year's business is right now, before the good ones are all picked up, and nothing but second choice or culls left. In buying a sire, do not cut down too much on price. A few dollars are neither here nor there in a stallion whose influence is to be exerted upon so many mares in the community. The best sire available is the only one to buy. Look around for a while, and get one to suit you before putting through the deal. Keep an eye out for quality and size. These are the important considerations.

LIVE STOCK.

Canada, Her Hogs, and the Bacon Trade.

A small bulletin was published recently by the Live Stock Branch, Ottawa, explaining the position Canada now holds in relation to the bacon trade, and setting forth the condition of the hog industry in the Dominion at the present time. The war, according to this publication, has proved a great leveller, and, while Danish bacon may still be considered the standard for all hogs consumed in the British Isles, her former impregnable position in the British market has been disrupted. The swine industry of Denmark has suffered very severely; her killings have been greatly reduced, owing to the lack of feed supplies, and the breeding and general pig stock of the country has been much diminished. Germany has entered the Danish market, has outbid Great Britain and caused the trend of trade eastward instead of westward. This temporary rift may develop significant proportions, and there exists, says the Live Stock Branch, strong possibilities that Denmark may further and yet further reduce her trade with the United Kingdom. Canadian trade returns show that from 1904 to 1914, the year of the declaration of war, our export bacon trade materially decreased. British trade returns, on the other hand, show that Denmark's exports increased each succeeding year from 1905 to 1914. Since that time, however, Denmark's exports to Great Britain show the tremendous decrease of over 73,000,000 lbs., while those of the Dominion have increased in a most marked degree, as the following figures prove. Our export for the fiscal year, ending March 31, 1914, amounted to 23,620,861 lbs.; for 1915 to 72,036,025 lbs.; for 1916, 114,150,309 lbs.; in fact, we increased our trade during 1915 just as much as Denmark decreased hers.

The position occupied by the United States must not be ignored. In 1913 that country exported bacon to Great Britain to the value of \$29,754,475; in 1914, of \$26,057,745; and in 1915 of \$61,978,773. It must be fully understood, however, that the United States does not produce Wiltshire sides; these being the distinctive product of the bacon hog. These facts point out two things very plainly: the one, that our strongest competitor, Denmark, has allowed us to absorb a great part of her former trade; the other, that we are more than ever bound to stay with the production of the "Wiltshire side," the product of the bacon hog. The United States has controlled, and will evidently continue to control the fat-hog trade. In spite of all these circumstances the publication points out that our swine industry has already dwindled to dangerous proportions and may degenerate into nothing better than a local trade. In the last estimate of census there were on June 30, 1916, fewer hogs in Canada than at any time in the past decade. In fact, since 1911 there has been a marked decrease in every province of the Dominion. During the past five years the total number of hogs in Canada has decreased by almost one million head. Particularly unfortunate is this ominous decrease in the face of the rare opportunity that is offered us to further extend our Wiltshire-side trade with the British market; a business that for the year ending December 31, 1915, was valued at approximately \$15,957,652.

The Live Stock Branch also declares that the fat hog has no place in Canada, except to supply a limited local demand. Lard or fat hogs can be produced more cheaply in the corn-belt region of the United States than in Canada, and after our small, local demand for this class of hog is supplied we come into direct competition with a product produced under more favorable circumstances than our own. While there are discriminating drover buyers, not all realize the value of buying on a quality basis. The buyers must realize that they very effectively determine the system of breeding and feeding, and that they should, therefore, buy according to grade.

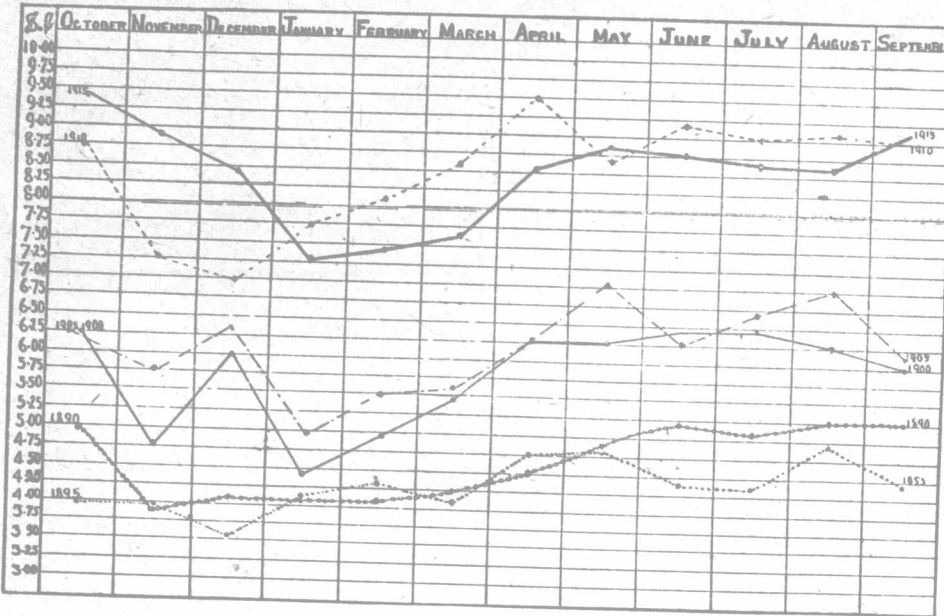
The publication furthermore deals with the matter of supply, and claims that the irregularity in the production of our hogs has been greatly responsible for what has often been wrongfully termed over-production. Irregularity breeds a surplus; regularity distributes to avoid a surplus. For example, the British market requires a certain number of Wiltshire sides every week. Let us say that this number represents the product of 15,000 hogs. This means a total trade of 780,000 hogs per year. If we produced and marketed these hogs as required, we would have an outlet for just that number of hogs; we could depend on marketing that many. On the other hand, if we produced and marketed the greater part of our hogs in the fall of the year, the period of lowest prices on the British market, what would be the result? We would find a market just exactly the size of the trade for that period. An over-supply is created; we have congested the market, and lower prices follow as a consequence. In the year 1912, at the Union Stock Yards, Toronto, there were 248,962 hogs marketed. Of this number 80,639 were marketed during the months of November and December; or something over 30 per cent. of the total. In 1913, however, the percentage was reduced to 18; in 1914 it stood at 28 per cent. Invariably the lowest prices of the year have ruled at these times, and the larger the percentage the lower the price. Wiltshire sides are a perishable product; they cannot be held over, and must, therefore, be marketed when ready. The product of these hogs marketed during the months of November and December go on the British market when turkeys, geese, ducks, fancy beef and mutton are pouring in from all over the world for the Christmas and New Year's trade. On the other hand, during the months of June,

July and August, when the British market is at its best, the supply of Canadian hogs is at its lowest point. From June 1 to October 1 is the time the Canadian packer can make the best use of hogs. It is also pointed out that we need a good crop of hogs each month of the year, and that we have yet to meet the man who doubts the good prospects of next year's markets. If each farmer maintains even one, or at most two, sows and manages these and their offspring properly there can be built up in Canada a very important and remunerative industry, not only yielding a permanent profit to the farm, but as well, materially assisting in preserving the commercial stability of the Dominion.

The chart accompanying this article shows that, year in and year out, the price of hogs is highest during the months of April, May, June, July, August, September and October. It will be noticed that the winter months show the lowest prices. The chart starts with the month of October, as the end of this month marks the beginning of the low-price period. Prices are, fed and watered, Union Stock Yards, Toronto, Ontario.

A Word to the Farmer Who Sells Live Stock and Feed.

Due to the shortage of grain and the general high price of feeding stuffs, the liquidation of cattle, both in Canada and the United States, has been going on apace. While there are farmers who have little feed except hay, who might find it very difficult indeed to winter the customary number of cattle, there have been those who have had considerable feed but have sold it as well as their cattle in order to cash at once everything marketable on their place. The wisdom of this latter practice is questionable. While the price of feeding stuffs is high, the price of all kinds of meat animals is also high, and if one should balance the whole matter we believe there is considerable argument for the retention of more meat animals and the feeding of hay and grain on the farm. Prof. Geo. E. Day, of the Ontario Agricultural College, never speaks without thinking, and his remarks are based on experience. At the Guelph Winter Fair,



Variation of Hog Prices by Months for Years 1890, 1895, 1900, 1905, 1910, 1915

to a number of stockmen assembled, he made the following statement:

"No doubt there are many men who are compelled, through circumstances, to sell at least part of their stock, and to these we have nothing to say; but what of those who sell their stock merely because the price of feed is high, and they wish to sell their crop? Let us see where such men stand: One, they are disposing of stock under conditions which do not favor securing full value for young or thin stock. Two, they are selling their hay, which is the most abundant crop this year on Ontario farms, at prices which are low in comparison with the prices of concentrates, and the price they are obtaining is less than they could have obtained for it had they fed it to good stock. Three, they are allowing to go to waste a lot of material, such as is to be found on every farm, which can be given value only when fed to stock. Four, they are robbing their farms of fertility, and are reducing the productiveness of their farms for years to come. Five, when Providence once more favors us with an abundant crop, and it is seldom Providence does otherwise in this favored country, their farms will be found bare of this most valuable asset, and to restock these farms will require much more money than was received for a like amount of live stock sold during the fall and winter of the present year.

These men are facing all these disadvantages, and braving all these losses, in order that they may sell a few bushels of grain at a high price, and the most remarkable feature of the case is the fact that, with good stock and any kind of reasonable management, they could have obtained more money from their season's crop had they retained their stock.

Surely that man must be blind indeed who cannot see where the needless sacrifice of his stock is going to place him in the very near future. Live stock will continue to be, as it has always been in the past, the most important factor in successful farming, and it looks as though its importance is likely to be multiplied many times for some years to come, by the war. He who can conserve his live stock will surely reap a reward, and, in addition, will perform a patriotic service for his country and empire."

Enormous Shorthorn Interests in Britain.

EDITOR "THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE":

I have been engaged upon developing some official figures, from past sales spread over the last nine years, to find out the enormous interest of the Shorthorn breed of cattle in the United Kingdom. Since 1908 there have been sold in England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales 52,017 pedigreed Shorthorns of the total value of £2,062,997 7s. 7d. From an average of £33 12s. 2d. for the 5,399 head sold in 1908, the per capita value has risen to £60 1s. 2d. per head for the 5,838 sold in 1916. Here are the returns of the nine years' sales set out in English £. s. d. I cannot attempt to convert the figures into dollars, not being of the mathematical mind.

Year	Head sold	Average £. s. d.	Aggregate £. s. d.
1916	5,838	60 1 2	351,222 0 8
1915	5,957	44 3 6	263,149 15 0
1914	5,272	38 9 7	202,857 18 0
1913	6,031	40 15 6	245,903 11 9
1912	5,494	36 5 2	199,208 8 0
1911	6,364	33 5 8	211,817 15 0
1910	5,548	36 7 5	201,793 14 4
1909	6,114	33 12 6	205,598 12 3
1908	5,399	33 12 2	181,445 12 9
Total	5,2017		£2,062,997 7 7

(The normal exchange value of a pound sterling is \$4.86 2/3.)

In the case of the annual sales at Dublin, the average head has jumped from the "thirties" ruling in 1909 to 1912, to £50 18s. 2d. in 1916. The growth in the averages secured at the Duthie, Marr and J. D. Webster joint sales, has been little less than wonderful, i. e., from £141 15s. in 1908 to £443 2s. 0d. in 1916, with the "£200" average topped on four occasions in the meantime.

The rise in prices at the Aberdeen Spring Show and Sale shows a leap from the humble "twenties" from 1908 to 1913 to £48 14s. 7d. in 1916. Singularly progressive are the averages of the Aberdeen collective sales, held in the autumn, from the "forties" in 1908-9-12-13-14-15, to £85 13s. 0d. in 1916, with a £52 13s. 6d. average sandwiched in in 1910. Birmingham's spring show and sale has kept a good level average, albeit the £62 6s. 9d. of 1916 was beaten in 1910 by one of £62 15s. 6d. The chief note to strike about Birmingham's sales is the rapid rise in averages at the autumn sale; a jump from £49 19s. 10d. in 1915 to £68 15s. 6d. in 1916.

The story of the Perth sales is a wonderful one. In 1908, 353 head sold, averaged £35 6s. 1d. By 1914 that average was doubled, for then, 391 head made £73 14s. 9d. apiece, but the increase has not stopped there, for by 1916 the original £35 6s. 1d. had swollen to £86 3s. 5d. for 480 head. Penrith's progress has been steady and its average has nearly doubled itself in nine years, i. e., £23 18s. 2d. for 48 head in 1908, and £45 11s. 3d. for 256 animals in 1916. The rise of the Edgote Shorthorn Company's average from £82 14s. 10d. in 1912 to £196 12s. 6d. for this year is a striking one. So, too, is the leap made by the Cazalet stock on the averages reached in 1915 and 1916. They have improved from £114 apiece to £150.

The Royal Ulster averages, too, show a steady development of some £15 per head in nine years.

In nine years at Perth 3,707 head of Shorthorns have made £200,162 10s. 6d.; at Aberdeen Spring Sale 2,240 head have made £69,154 5s. 0d.; at Aberdeen autumn sale 1,539 head have fetched £73,087 17s. 6d.; at the joint sales of calves, held by William Duthie, J. Marr and J. D. Webster, 351 calves have made the wonderful figures of £73,227 5s. 0d. Then at Birmingham spring sale 3,168 cattle have made £162,529 17s. 0d. in nine seasons, while in eight seasons at Dublin £80,028 15s. 0d. have been paid for 2,032 head. At the Royal Ulster Show and Sale, held in Belfast, 3,071 head in nine years have made £75,506 16s. 9d., and at Penrith 1,041 head have fetched £35,846 6s. 3d. The Edgote Shorthorn Company—a small company of breeders who have not been in the game long—have reached £30,962 8s. 0d. on 261 head sold in five years. They sell bull calves and yearlings chiefly, and they have already made a fortune at the game. Thus, in a few figures, usually dry as dust, but this time very enlightening, I prove to you in Canada what an immense hold upon the farmers and stock-keepers of Britain the Golden Shorthorn has. The war has brought prosperity to the breed. We are well maintaining our foundation stocks. We are not encroaching on our capital. We are turning out new zealots to the Shorthorn cult; in short, we are getting well and timely ready for the coming boom that

must ensue. Please do when I say A. as to how much cattle Britain has. Our pigs are ers pay (14-lb.) for easily won a

Maki

In this villages and their income rather burde from the cou of his results a back lot. multiply the keeps, yet th it sets forth with his spar this statemen have an acre henry are pigs. What to prevent o kind of pigs;] A young t ember 20, 19 was farrowed revealed a pr

1915, Nov. 2
Dec. 2
1916, Jan. 1
Feb. 8
May 1

June 1
June 1
June 2

July 1
July 1
July 1
July 2

Aug. 4
Aug. 25

Sept. 22
Sept. 2
Sept. 2

Sept. 2
Oct. 12
Oct. 20
Oct. 30
Oct. 31
Nov. 1

Nov. 2
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must ensue when the clouds of war have rolled away. Please do not think I am an enthusiast run riot when I say all this. I keep getting enquiries from U. S. A. as to how our cattle are getting on. Except for miltch cattle they have increased considerably since Britain has been at war. So have our sheep stocks. Our pigs are down a bit, but they ever fluctuate. Butchers pay thirteen shillings and sixpence per stone (14-lb.) for pork, and the cupidity of pig raisers is easily won at such a price. ALBION.

Making Pork on a Town Lot.

In this time of meat shortage many dwellers in villages and small towns can do considerable to enhance their incomes and relieve a situation that is becoming rather burdensome to many people. An urban dweller from the county of Kent has sent us a brief statement of his results in growing pigs on what may be termed a back lot. While it may not be possible for a farmer to multiply these results by the number of brood sows he keeps, yet the statement is of interest to many, in that it sets forth what the individual may do in a small way with his spare time, and a little capital. In submitting this statement E. D. Mitton, of Kent County, says: "I have an acre of land on which my house, stable and hennery are situated, the latter being shared by the pigs. What I have done with my hogs I see nothing to prevent others doing, provided they get the right kind of pigs; mine were pure-bred Berkshires."

A young sow was purchased by Mr. Mitton on November 20, 1915. On May 12, 1916, a litter of ten pigs was farrowed. By December 14, 1916, the operations revealed a profit of \$117.25. The statement follows:

Details and Expenses.		
1915, Nov. 20,	To one sow pig.....	\$ 5.00
Dec. 2,	" 100 lbs. shorts.....	1.25
1916, Jan. 11,	" corn in ear.....	7.30
Feb. 8,	" 200 lbs. shorts.....	2.80
May 12,	Ten pigs were farrowed.....	
June 5,	" shorts.....	4.70
June 17,	" trough.....	1.00
June 28,	" material for small trough.....	.25
July 12,	" 200 lbs. shorts.....	2.80
July 19,	" 8 bushels wheat.....	8.00
July 19,	" chopping.....	.24
July 24,	" 870 lbs. chopped wheat at \$1.55.....	13.50
Aug. 4,	" shorts.....	3.55
Aug. 25,	" 500 lbs. shorts at \$1.50.....	7.50
Sept. 22,	" 500 lbs. shorts.....	7.50
Sept. 22,	" charcoal.....	.30
Sept. 25,	" 43 bushels wheat at \$1.05.....	50.40
Sept. 25,	" chopping.....	.24
Oct. 12,	" 500 lbs. shorts.....	8.00
Oct. 20,	" chopping.....	.36
Oct. 30,	" chopping.....	.78
Oct. 31,	" 500 lbs shorts.....	8.25
Nov. 10,	" weighing and assistants.....	.35
Nov. 21,	" 500 lbs shorts.....	8.75
Nov. 30,	" 500 lbs. shorts.....	8.75
Dec. 9,	" 350 lbs shorts.....	6.13
Dec. 9,	" 50 lbs. oil cake.....	1.50
Dec. 14,	" weighing.....	.10
Dec. 14,	By old sow, 310 lbs. at 7½c.....	\$23.25
Dec. 14,	" young sow, 190 lbs. at 11c.....	20.90
Dec. 14,	" nine pigs, 2,140 lbs. at 11c.....	235.40
		\$117.25
		\$279.55 \$279.55

An Old Shepherd's Answer.

EDITOR "THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE":

It might not be out of place at this season of the year to discuss the wintering of sheep. At the present price of mutton and wool, perhaps the sheep deserves to be at the head of all classes of live stock, and if this be so why not take a little special care of the flock? The writer has been in the sheep business for 30 years, although at one time perhaps they were not what you could call a profitable farm investment, especially when lambs were selling at 3½ cents per pound and wool at 18 cents trade. But slowly prices advanced, and those who stayed in the business are lucky to-day. As well as a source of profit for wool and mutton, sheep are useful in cleaning up weeds, as there is scarcely a weed grows where sheep resort. Some went out of them because they thought they spoiled the pasture for their cattle. They maintained that they made the price of sheep out of the extra milk supply, so the sheep were kept at arm's length on that account. This, however, did not discourage all the farmers in Eastern Ontario. There are still some good flocks of sheep in the country. And now, as winter is under way, why not bring them through in good condition? Too many farmers appear to think that sheep will do around a straw stack for the winter, and some think that cleaning out the horses' mangers and throwing it to them will be sufficient fodder. Others give them wild hay and wheat straw, and what is likely to happen? The constitution of the sheep soon becomes weakened, and perhaps one or more will get grub in the head and die.

What is this "grub in the head?" If a sheep dies

from starvation its owner will say it had "grub in the head" or "pink eye." A few days ago some men were busily talking about sheep, and "grub in the head" was the chief ailment discussed. Over on a bench sat a man taking in the conversation but keeping mum. After a while some one looked over to him and asked what he thought about it, as he was a sheep dealer and also the owner of an excellent flock. Here was his answer: "You say you feed wild hay, when was it cut? Oh, in August! That is enough! And you say you turn out the bottom of the horses' mangers; that is worse. And you were saying yours lived around the stack; that is still worse. You all claim to have lost sheep last spring, and you ask me why I have such a fine flock. The whole secret is, boys, you are starving your sheep to death. Take my advice and get a field of alfalfa; cut it early, and cut it again. Cure the hay well, and even if you feed nothing else, your sheep will not die with 'grub in the head.' Put the 'grub' in their stomachs. Be sure and put the right 'grub' in and the problem will be solved." This fellow, who was sitting on the bench, went on to say that sheep should have plenty of good, clean water and a trough filled with salt and sulphur; salt 4 parts and sulphur 1 part. Also, that sheep must be kept out of strong drafts. They should get their alfalfa and water every day, the alfalfa twice and a feed of roots once each day. A SHEPHERD.

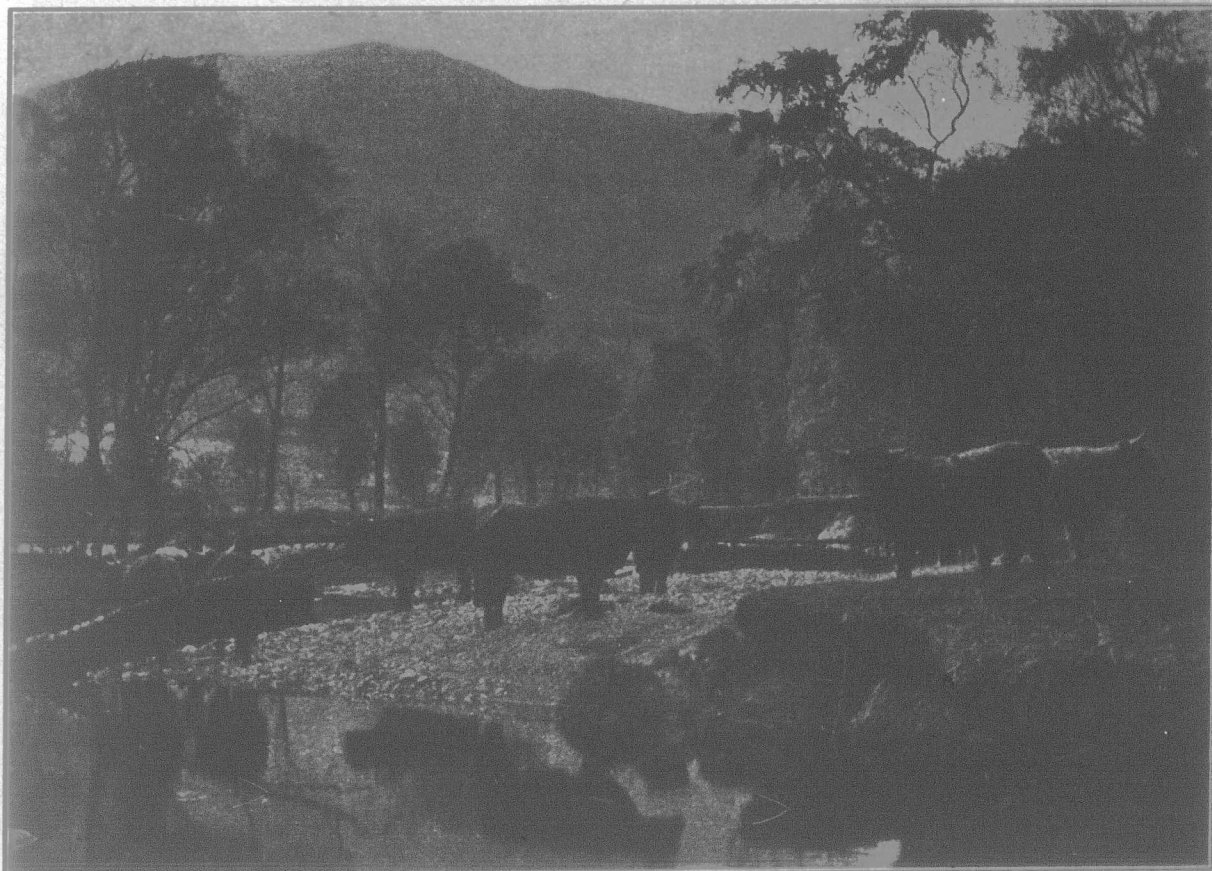
THE FARM.

The Good of the Great War.

EDITOR "THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE":

For ae' thing the auld war is still gaein' on, an' na mair sign o' comin' tae an end than it had a couple o' years back. An' many anither thing that is maybe nearer hame or even in oor ain lives that has not happened juist the way it should hae happened accordin' tae oor way o' thinkin'. But I've noticed in the past that oor way o' thinkin' is apt tae be a wee bit short-sighted, sae tae speak, an' gin we're spared tae see a few mair years we'll maist likely change oor minds in regard tae the guid an' bad o' mony things that are happenin' at the present time. I'd like tae say a word about a' this fightin' that's gaein' on in the lands across the water, since it's the thing that's takin' up maist o' the space in the papers these days, an' in oor minds as weel. A guid mony people look on the war as a thigither bad an' worse than onything else that could come tae the people of the airth. But I dinna' see it that way. Tae me there seems tae be a purpose back o' it a' an' that purpose is the ultimate weelfare o' the human race. We can maybe see this better by makin' a comparison. We ken that when a man breaks Nature's laws in ony way he's likely tae bring punishment on himsel' in the form o' sickness o' one kind or anither. But Nature's punishment and her remedy are put up in the same bottle, an' when ye take one ye get the ither. Sickness is juist the process o' gettin' back tae a state o' health. Ye may hae been gaein' doon hill for a long time an' no' thocht muckle about it, but when ye start tae climb up again ye dinna' find it vera pleasant or comfortable. An' in this respect nations are unco' like individuals. A sort o' moral degeneration sets in under certain circumstances an' about the only thing tae counteract this tendency is national punishment. This means war, an' as wi' the individual, the punishment brings wi' it the cure. It is hard medicine to tak', we a' ken that, but we ken as weel that this war is developing

the manhood o' the nations an' the end o' this war sickness will be a regeneration o' mankind or it will hae failed o' its purpose. An' we dinna' need tae talk o' a "permanent peace" comin' aifter this war unless we ken o' something tae tak' the place o' the discipline that comes frae the pain an' struggle o' fightin' for oor hame an' country. Until mankind has got tae a point where he kens what is richt, an' has the will tae dae it he will hae tae undergo a straightening-out process every once in a while. An tae the end o' time, I'm thinkin' he'll need tae be engaged in a battle o' some kind tae keep his moral muscle guid an' hard an' tae prevent him slippin' back intae the mire again. There's a chance for a' kinds o' fightin' in this world an' it willna' always be necessary for him tae be killin' his brither man, as it seems tae be the noo. A war against the ignorance an' crime an' disease that's in the world at the present time would gie us a' the fightin' we needed an' na doot the effect on oorselves wad be juist as guid as the ither, an' maybe better, but we dinna' seem tae hae got quite far enuch along the highway o' civilization to hae thocht o' that. Maybe oor next great war will be a war on microbes. It's time we were beginnin' tae think about pittin' a stap tae civil war onyway. As it is noo we're shootin' doon oor brithers. We canna' get awa' frae that. An' it's a necessity juist because we havena yet learned how tae live. Ignorance is at the bottom o' oor trouble. However, we're a' in the school o' experience an' that's where, they say, they mak' wise men out o' fools. Looked at frae one stand-point, war is a pastime for lunatics, but we canna' afford tae tak' that view o' it. We maun judge it by results, an' gin we dae this, we'll hae to admit that mony o' the wars o' the past were necessary an' brocht about guid results. It is ower early in the day tae be lookin' for much o' onything frae oor present struggle, but a' the same I'm thinkin' we can see a thing or twa that should gie us encouragement. It wad hae taken mony a lang year o' work an' education to hae gotten the prohibition laws we noo hae, in Canada, wi'oot the influence o' the war. We've paid an' unco' high price, but gin we pit the lives wasted through drink in this country against those lost in the fightin' ye'll find the balance doon on the side o' drink. Sae, gin we maun tak' a look back over the past year I dinna' think we should find ony reason tae be discouraged, but on the ither hand a guid mony reasons tae be thankful things look as weel as they dae, an' that we a' hae the chance tae gae ahead an' mak' them look better still before anither twelve months rolls around. We may not be gettin' ahead very fast, but we're gangin' in the richt direction. All we need is time an' we ken there's na' end o' that. Gin we dinna' feenish oor job here we'll get a fresh start somewhere else, an' someither mon will tak' up oor work where we left off. All we're asked to dae is the best we ken how, an' no' man should be satisfied wi' ony less. Gin we a' did that oor present world-problems would soon be solved an' we could be gaein' on tae somethin' o' mair importance. Hooever, it's oor determined efforts that coont, an' not sae muckle oor present success or failure. As I heard one chap put it, "I'd rather try a' ma life tae be great an' fail in the end, than always tae be willing tae be small." It's for the future we're a' fightin' an' warkin' an' hopin', an' some day this auld world will show the result o' it a'. Auld mother Nature is unco' canny an' slow but she'll never rest till she gets a' her bairns up tae the point where they can travel alane, an' where they can see the daylight ahead. Were no' vera steady on oor pins as yet, an' for mony o' us the road is pretty dark, but gin we'll juist step out I'm no' afeart but we'll win hame in the end a' richt, an' a' oor troubles will trouble us na langer. We'll ken then what they were for. SANDY FRASER.



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"A good book is the best of friends; the same to-day and forever," said Martin Tupper. No furnishings in a home are so charming as books, and yet in many farm homes there are very few of any description. The daily and local papers furnish the bulk of reading. There has either been no time to devote to the reading of books, or else the habit has never been cultivated. The work on the farm is always pressing, and the time is absorbed from daybreak until after the setting of the sun. At the end of a hard day's work few are in the frame of mind to pick up a book and read or study its contents. In the pioneer days books were not available, and even if they had been plentiful the waking hours were utilized in hewing a home from the forest. To-day thousands of books come off the press each year, and the price is such as to bring them within reach of those with a meagre income. However, this means of gaining knowledge is not finding its way into many homes. The boy or girl not brought up in the atmosphere of books seldom acquires the habit of reading, and so they go through life neglecting the available means of bringing their lives into close touch with the highest and best thought of the world. Browning says, "Books are men of high stature, that speak aloud for future times to hear." Consequently, through a book we can learn of the deeds of great men of the past; of the history of nations; the results of scientific research; we can compare customs and thoughts of centuries ago with those of the present day. The past and present are brought close together.

Many of the successful men of to-day received very little schooling, but by devoting their spare moments to the study of books they have become learned men and are capable of filling important positions in the business and political world. There is little excuse for any man or woman not acquiring an education. Books are plentiful and reasonable in price. The difficulty is in choosing the right book. Bacon says: "Reading maketh a full man." The filling to use depends on the inclinations of the reader. It is essential that it be good, as character is influenced by literature. It may require an effort to cultivate a desire for the substantial reading matter relating to your occupation, to history, biography, romance, etc. It is not enough that a man have only a knowledge of his own particular work; it is to his interest to be able to converse fluently on other topics, and there is no easier way of gaining facts, figures, new phases, and an extensive vocabulary than by a systematic reading or studying of good books. Lawyers surround themselves with volumes of other men's views regarding law; medical men keep posted on things relating to their profession. There are books with information for every professional man; agriculture included. It is easy to read light-weight literature, but the real

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goods, the kind that makes a full man are more difficult to read and grasp. It requires close attention and thought when reading, else when the book is read the reader is little the wiser. Merely skimming through a volume, noting the headings and looking at the conclusion is not reading. An ear mark of a good book is the number of times it can be read with interest and profit. Once over is enough for some, but there are many which may be read and reread, and new information gathered at each reading. There is such a large number of books on the market that the farmer whose spare moments are limited, naturally asks, what books can I most profitably read during the ensuing winter months. "Some books are to be tasted; others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested," says Bacon. The foregoing list deals with matters of interest to agriculture, and the information which they contain is worthy of being "chewed and digested." The practical as well as the scientific phases of farming are fully discussed by different men, and results of investigations, experiments, demonstrations, etc., are enumerated. Experience is a good teacher, but information derived through study may aid in avoiding costly mistakes.

Agriculture is a profession involving a number of subjects. A farmer may only become expert in one or two lines, but it is to his interests to have a working knowledge of all phases of his business. This can be acquired to a certain degree by the study of the work of authorities on the various topics. The books mentioned on this page can be secured through "The Farmer's Advocate" office at the prices listed, postpaid. The cost of a good library may loom high, but by pur-

chasing three or four books each year it does not take long to gather together a lot of good reading. The system followed by one young fellow is to lay aside ten dollars each year to be spent on books. If they average two dollars apiece, five books can be added to the library each year. In this way the cost is not seriously felt. By having books on different subjects in the home, boys and girls are likely to cultivate a desire for reading, which tends to broaden their vision of the world in general. In this age of keen competition a man must be well posted on things pertaining to his business, and reading is one way of acquiring information and knowledge.

All the time should not be spent in reading books relative to a profession, as there are many phases of life which should be developed. There is nothing more conducive to clear thinking and right living than reading literature with some point and a good moral tone. Trash is not educative, neither is it pleasing after one has had a taste of the good material which abounds. Life is too short to throw away time on that which does not improve, and appeals only to the lower senses of mankind. At this time one's mind naturally tends to history and literature which reveals some phase of the great World War. Green's Shorter History of England is a political treatise dealing with the Government of that country, and the outcome of the different policies advocated by great men of the time. English history is so closely interwoven with that of other European nations that the reader gets a good idea of the affairs of other countries as well. Coming nearer home, there are Parkman's Histories, which tell of the discoveries of the Great West, the Jesuits, the Conspiracy of Pontiac, and other matters which together make up a complete history of Canada. These works, of which there are several, can be obtained very reasonably through the Wayfarer's Library, and Everyman's Library. The good magazines carry modern ideas put together in a commendable literary manner, and for five cents a weekly publication can often be obtained that embodies in its text some of the best thought, science, art and humor of the present time. H. G. Wells, an English author, is known for modern ideas and a wonderful style. His writings on phases of the war are as broad and impartial as any that can be obtained. His works are now appearing in some American magazines. Monthly publications are obtainable for fifteen to twenty-five cents, and if one sorts them over for articles on economics, finance, art, and in fact any matter, there are gems to be found. For a fascinating novel pick up one by David Grayson, John Burroughs, or many others who are authors of the best of the present era. The reading habit is good, but choose the proper kind of literature.

DECEMBER

Good EDITOR

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Good Roads Versus Hydro Radials.

EDITOR "THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE":

Are you, "Mr. Farmer," prepared to back the note of a neighbor, who wants to borrow money to invest in railway stocks. If the railway pays, you're safe, but if it does not then you will have to pay the note you have endorsed. This is practically the principal of the hydro-radial by-laws, about to be submitted to the various municipalities.

Let us consider this question carefully and see if radials should have the first call on our credit. If we mortgage our credit by endorsing radials, and should want something else better, we would not again mortgage our credit until we are sure that radials can pay their own way. Now let us apply this commonsense business principle to the question before us to-day.

Good Roads are, to-day, the greatest need of our farmers, and will do more to make them prosperous and more to increase the cities' trade than hydro-radials possibly can. One dollar expended in good roads will benefit four times as many people as one dollar spent in hydro-radials.

Now, in view of this, is it wise to endorse hydro-radials when we need good roads so badly to reach markets? If we endorse radials which call for millions of dollars to be expended on a doubtful venture, then our good roads will have to wait for years. Why? Because farmers are shrewd, careful business men, and are not going to load themselves with debt until they see that they will not have to pay for the radials, which, if they do, is like paying for a dead horse. It may take ten years to find this out, and in the meantime we are wallowing through the mud instead of having many miles of macadamized roads for every mile of radials, which might have been built with the same expenditure of money.

Thousands of farmers are buying motor cars and using them successfully to market their produce. Farmers who now are 20 miles from a first-class market, with good roads and a motor car can market their goods more easily than a farmer less than 10 miles from market who travels a mud road. We must not mortgage our credit for radials and let good roads go by.

Furthermore, is the hydro-radial of any use to you where you live? Does it serve your neighborhood?

In the proposed route from Port Credit to St. Catharines passing through Hamilton, this section runs

through a thickly populated district which already is well served by steam and electric railways, and does not open up any new territory or serve the people that most need transportation. In order to secure this line, the farmers back in the mud (who have neither good roads nor radials) are asked to mortgage their credit so that these people, already well provided with transportation, may have more railways.

Farmers, are you going to endorse this scheme to give the villages and towns along the lake shore of Lake Ontario another railway, when you have neither radials nor good roads in your district? Vote against it, and then demand of your Government good roads for yourselves. Then farmers all over the country may enjoy the blessing and prosperity that good roads will bring them. Then will our cities have relief from that awful nightmare—"the high cost of living."

Wentworth Co., Ont.

W. H. FORSTER.

Why Some Fail and Others Succeed.

EDITOR "THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE":

The majority of life failures are, I believe, due to lack of "stick-to-it-iveness." Daily we see people all about us who are nothing but human failures. By failure I do not mean, necessarily, financial disaster or broken health, but merely the eking out of an existence which neither brings joy and contentment to the individual himself nor leaves the world better and benefited by his presence. On the other hand, we are accustomed to meet dozens of people who are making successes for themselves in their professions. And by success I do not mean, necessarily, the amassing of wealth or the attainment of pleasure, but the realization of ambitions and the satisfaction and riches that such accomplishment bestows on the individual and the world at large. Some of the world's cleverest people have developed into mere human driftwood, while others, with seemingly no special ability, have won their ways to positions of comfort and power. Can it be that some have aspired to success and the others have not, or that some have attempted worthy projects while the others have not? It seems to me that the answer lies in the fact that the successful have stuck to one job long enough to make it a success, while the others, with just as much ability, have

quit just because they saw what they considered to be brighter prospects for success in some other line of work. The world owes its riches to men who did not know when they were beaten and stayed on the job in spite of all discouragement and temptations to try other things.

I know a young farmer whose father died, leaving him the owner of a splendid hundred-acre farm. First he decided that he would raise none other but pure-bred Holstein cattle. He bought a couple of the most famous Holstein cows he could find, and built a large, concrete silo. Before long his cattle standard flagged and he turned his attention to breeding Percheron horses. Not being satisfied at the rate at which he was making money he sold out and bought a larger farm. While on this place he specialized first in one thing and then in another, with the result that in a few years he was forced to sell his property, and he is now out of the farming business altogether. Had the fellow persevered in any one of the projects on which he set his mind there was no reason why he should not have made of it a splendid success. As it was, he made failures of them all.

I know that a great many young chaps are "tied down" on their fathers' farms, and have little or no say in the management of the work, and almost invariably have to submit to their parents' superior wisdom, which is often not in keeping with modern ideas of farm management. It is little wonder that they feel that their day's duties should end with the day's work, and that they hurry the evening chores, in order to get away to town as early as possible. From what I know of farmers and farmers' sons, I think that if many of the latter were to show more real interest in the planning of future work and were to evince a willingness to bear more responsibility regarding the farm management, they would find their "bosses" not so stubborn after all, and the way would be paved, in many cases, for the introduction of more up-to-date methods.

For the young man who is starting out on "his own hook" it is different. Probably he has his farm to pay for. Anyway, there are hundreds of things he would like to have for the improvement of his property if he could only afford them. Under these conditions sometimes it is good policy to make as few costly improvements as possible and to "pull through" without up-to-date machinery for a few years until the means for working out the supreme ambitions, with more efficient equipment, are at hand.

Perth Co., Ont.

E. LONEY.

Canada's Young Farmers and Future Leaders.

A Farmers' Club Which Made Money For Its Members.

EDITOR "THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE":

A few years ago a great many farmers became utterly dissatisfied with the unreasonable prices that some merchants, the feed stores in particular, charged for goods they sold. Some farmers met and discussed means of overcoming these difficulties and finally formed an organization known as the Farmers' Club. A general meeting was called and every farmer in the community was invited to attend. All who wished, joined the club by paying the yearly fee of one dollar. A secretary and treasurer were appointed to look after the business. They receive a salary which is paid from the membership fee.

A meeting is held once a month and members attend and tell the secretary the amount of feed or provisions they want. When the orders are all taken, there may not be enough for a car, but, generally, some farmers who are not members, will order enough to complete the car. The secretary then writes to a number of firms for quotations on the goods wanted. According to the prices quoted and the quality, he decides where to place the order. When the car or cars arrive every farmer is notified. The day of unloading, the secretary and treasurer are on duty to fill the orders and receive payment. The club has reduced the cost to the farmer of many commodities, and reduced prices in general. Not only does the club assist the farmers financially, but in attending the meetings a great many things are learned by having discussions. One may describe how he feeds hogs for the most profit and another cattle. When more farmers realize the benefit that may be derived from such an organization, the membership will swell considerably.

The first error that I have noticed in the operation of the clubs in this community is that non-members get their goods at the same price as members. I think that wrong, as members pay the fee of one dollar, which goes to pay the running expenses of the club. The non-member does not pay at all. Then why not, in the case of potatoes say, charge non-members 5 cents more per bag? Even by paying this added charge, they would receive the potatoes cheaper than if bought elsewhere. This extra charge would be credited to the account of the club, and by so doing it will be kept sound financially.

Another error, and the most important, is the system of handling the orders and cash. No system at all practically, is in vogue in our clubs here. As I worked in a bank a number of years, I know exactly the state of affairs. I am now farming and intend to join a club shortly. The system I would put forward would be to have an order form on which is one column for name of member, a second for non-member, a column for each article handled, one for price and another for cash.

When the order is taken, the name and amount wanted will be placed on the sheet, when delivered and cash received, the amount written down. Some

go to the car without the cash or cheque to pay, but those who do should be turned away as it should be a strictly cash business.

Northumberland Co. Ont.

W. D. LOCKE.

Benefits of a Kent County Club.

EDITOR "THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE":

How was the great strike on one of our largest railroads settled last month, other than the company's coming to the terms of the Co-operative Union of conductors and trainmen? How does any class of working people get more fairly and squarely dealt with than through the means of a co-operative organization to which they belong? The reason some farming communities are not getting squarely dealt with is because they don't co-operate and work together, and until the farmers co-operate, one with another, in selling produce, they will never be able to fill the place to which they so justly belong, nor will they be able to do justice to their calling.

We, in this community, have organized a Farmers' Club with the assistance of the District Representative, in which farmers may meet once every two weeks to discuss farm topics, and where all may benefit from some study or experiment that other farmers have made. In order to keep members interested we have debates on farm topics, two or three on each side, which prove very interesting, and the members have something to look forward to from one meeting to another. We also have the District Representative of this county come out, and besides giving us lectures on better ways of farming, he keeps us posted on what is being done in other communities where Farmers' Clubs exist.

An organization of this nature is invaluable to any farming community. Some advantages may be outlined as follows:

1. It encourages the younger farmers to take a greater interest in farming, and not only makes them better farmers but does a great deal toward keeping the boy on the farm.

2. It brings the farmers closer together, making them feel that they are a united body with the same object in view.

3. The greatest object this organization has in view, is the co-operation of farmers in this Club and in other clubs in buying the things that are necessary for a farmer to have, and that farmers may co-operate in selling their produce, thereby saving the middleman's profit.

Take the initiative, young farmers, and get your community organized and encourage other farming communities to do likewise, for not till then will you get the respect that is due you as a farmer, nor the profit on your produce that should be yours.

Kent Co., Ont.

W. P. C.

A Successful Farmers' Club in Haliburton County.

EDITOR "THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE":

We have one of the most difficult districts in this North Country in which to form a successful Farmers' Club. A great many of our people are illiterate and have been exploited for years by the local merchants, drovers, buyers of forest products, etc., until they have become very suspicious of any proposition placed before them. Notwithstanding this heavy handicap we have organized and now have a very live Club of nearly 50 members. Our Club was organized on July 22, 1916, with a membership of 15. At our initial meeting it was decided to form an association in affiliation with the United Farmers of Ontario.

The immediate cause of our Club springing into existence was that early in the summer of 1916 several settlers had hogs ready to ship, and the best offer the drovers would make was \$9 per cwt., when they were quoted at over \$11 per cwt. in Toronto. So a few clubbed together to ship them. After the car was ordered, one of the drovers came in and offered \$10.25 per cwt. for them but he was then too late and we shipped them to Toronto, clearing \$10.35 for them. This opened the settlers' eyes to what was taking place, and although we had our little difficulties from local jealousies, and the local storekeepers have reduced their prices, we shall keep on and endeavor to widen our co-operative efforts in different directions as occasion crops up.

We decided to adopt the rules of the United Farmers of Ontario "en bloc," with the proviso that we could add thereto if we saw fit. We have as yet not seen any cause to add to these rules. We also decided to subscribe for one share in the United Farmers' Co-operative Company.

We meet every two weeks for the transaction of general Club business, at which time our secretary-treasurer takes orders for groceries, etc., for which payment is made in advance, and as soon as goods arrive the secretary notifies all interested and the shipment is distributed. For this service the secretary-treasurer receives a 2 per cent. commission. At this meeting we also enquire who has stock ready to ship, and arrange for shipment of same. We are endeavoring to market our forest products in the same co-operative manner.

We have had some very laughable experiences, also some which show the deplorable ignorance of some of our settlers as regards markets and conditions under which business is done. One man said he would not join the Club as long as Mr. T— had anything to do with it, because Mr. T— offended him some years ago, in this way:

There were some few settlers collected in the post office one evening, waiting for the mail, and conversation drifted to potato bugs.

Mr. R— I never use Paris green.

Mr. T— how do you handle them?

Mr. R.— I pick them into a dish, then take them to the house and kill with boiling water.

Mr. T.— and do you skim the fat off to grease wagon with?

Another party said that he did not have much faith in co-operation, and he "cal'lated that the buyers knew purty well what a critter was worth." Another said, "I would not ship my stock with the Club, because everybody would know how much I got for them."

Quite a little storm in a teapot arose over the question of shrink on hogs. We weigh all hogs here and then shrink the whole shipment equally on a percentage basis. Some thought that their hogs would not shrink as much as the other fellow's and they ought to get a little more for them for that reason. But in spite of all, our Club is steadily growing and now has a membership of 48, and we are thinking of building a co-operative store. Our Club has benefited the settlement by enabling us to obtain higher prices for what we have to sell, and to buy at a great deal lower rates than the local store-keepers were charging. This benefits not only the members but the whole community.

Its greatest benefit is, however, socially, as it draws the different elements of society together, breaking down any feeling of caste in the community, it has a tendency to break down that innate selfishness of human nature, as in the working out of such co-operative principles there must needs be a certain amount of give and take. It also tends to a higher standard of morality and open, honest dealing one with the other, as there is no secrecy with regard to prices of anything either bought or sold. All accounts are open to the inspection of members at any time.

We have no "smug" drover or general merchant to say, "Now, just because it's you Jim, I'll give you a dollar more for that bullock," or "Seeing it's you, John I'll let you have this for \$3.75, which is 50 cents less than what I would take from anyone else." P. T. Barnum was wise to the ways of humanity when he said, "The public likes to be fooled." But our Club is here to stay.

Haliburton Co., Ont.

ALFRED G. TATE.

A Different Program Committee for Each Evening.

EDITOR "THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE":

Prior to the fall of 1910 the prevailing pastime in a certain rural community was "tripping the light fantastic." Some may find no cause for alarm in such amusement but in the particular district referred to some of the more serious minded people felt that the youthful energies might be developed along better lines. Dancing had settled down to a procession of public balls for which on many occasions the music alone cost as much as half-a-hundred dollars. Some form of literary work seemed to be in order and the announcement was made at the Sunday services that a meeting would be held in one of the church basements for the purpose of organizing a literary society. The idea seemed to "catch on" from the outset. Both old and young entered heartily into the project and the movement was launched with an executive committee at the helm and without the usual chart of constitution and by-laws.

During that winter the meetings were held on alternate Friday evenings in the basement where organization had taken place. The attendance averaged more than 250 people. Not a few found themselves taking part in a public gathering for the first time. The most optimistic had never dreamed that such talent was available, and without the literary society this would doubtless have lain dormant, or wasted itself along lines which would have been of no service to the community.

When reorganizing for the next season it was felt that a larger auditorium should be sought, and it was decided to hold the meetings in the Music Hall with a seating capacity for 500 people. To finance the rental of the hall and other incidental expenses a silver collection was taken at each meeting and so liberal has been the response that a substantial surplus has accrued each year. With this money several street lamps were installed in the village and are being maintained.

The meetings are conducted in such a way as to lend variety, and so eliminate the monotony which often creeps into such gatherings. The president is merely the executive head. He does not preside at many meetings, but appoints other competent parties to act in that capacity. When reorganizing each fall, two capable persons are selected to arrange a program for each meeting. This enables each pair to begin early to plan their evening and engenders a healthy rivalry. This feature contributes more than any other to maintain an interest on the part of those who attend. There is less tendency to a sameness in the personelle or the numbers of the successive programs, and people go away each night asking themselves "which after all has been the best evening?" Entertainment has ranged all the way from "A Mock Trial of Kaiser Bill" to "The Trial Scene in the Merchant of Venice"; from essays on such themes as "A History of the British Navy" to a debate on "Woman's Franchise". In proximity to Burn's Anniversary or St. Patrick's Day the prevailing note has been Scotch or Irish, respectively. Possibly the evening, par excellence, was that at which five nations were represented in costume, speech, and song. John Bull and Uncle Sam needed no introduction to the audience. The Kilties captivated those of Scotch extraction, and all laughed heartily at the witticisms of Paddy with his sheelalah and green tie. Miss Canada left nothing to be desired in portraying the charms of the land of the Maple Leaf, and it needed no previous

arrangement for the judges to yield the palm to her. At the close, all the nations appeared on the platform and in conjunction with a colored friend sang and acted "Every race has a flag but the Coon."

The society has been vastly more than an amusement bureau. It has always stood for service, and during the progress of the war has helped very materially to foster patriotism, stimulate recruiting, and show a practical interest in those who have enlisted by the presentation of wrist watches. It has aided many a novice over his first attack of stage-fright and developed in him a healthy self-confidence. It has always discouraged any form of rowdyism and has thereby instilled into the hearts of the more youthful a better community spirit and a general regard for law and order. It has been a rallying centre for all classes and all ages, and has served to break the monotonous routine of many an isolated person. "Success" may be written across its records, and any community which will inaugurate a similar movement, and regard nothing as too much trouble if only success can be attained may do as well. Perth County, Ont.

W. A. AMOS.

Should the Farmer go to University?

EDITOR "THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE":

I beg to offer an opinion on the subject so frequently discussed in these columns—"Education for the Farmer." It is not long since someone declared in this department against the agitating for higher education for the farmer. The writer claims, and quite reasonably so, that the more practical the farmer's education becomes the more speedy and permanent will be the abridgement of the gulf that separates the farmer from the professional man. No one disputes that elementary education should consist of those things implied by the name—the elements of our daily mental requirements. The writer in question would eliminate Latin and Greek, Algebra and Geometry and other subjects of this nature from the course of study of the farmer to be. Only those practical subjects such as stock judging and soil cultivating should be used in training the farmer. So long as this view is held I believe that the lack of understanding between the farmer and the professional man will continue to exist. What use is Algebra and Geometry to the doctor or the lawyer from a practical viewpoint? Does it imply a further knowledge of medicine or law? I believe that it does not; but it disciplines the mind. It renders the processes of reasoning more accurate and clear in either case. These theoretical as well as practical subjects are demanded of the prospective doctor or lawyer before he is admitted to the formal studies of his profession. In addition to the fact that these studies are necessary as a mental discipline before his formal studies begin, it is considered that he can better understand his work. Through these subjects the achievements, the discoveries, the inventions, and the best thoughts of the people of all ages are revealed. It broadens one's outlook on humanity.

If these things are true in professional life, and they must be true or the educational authorities would not demand them, then why are they not true of the farmer? The problems that he must solve require as much mental discipline as the lawsuit demands from the judge. If the farmer occupied the position he should occupy, the orbit of every profession would be around him. He needs as much discipline; he requires as much human sympathy to effect useful organizations for his benefit as the doctor. These accomplishments may have been obtained by some, but until the farmer's education is placed on a basis at par with professions, I claim he will not be recognized as he should be in the affairs of our national life.

Bruce Co., Ont.

STUDENT FARMER.

Impromptu Speeches Excite Interest.

EDITOR "THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE":

A literary society in any community is of very great value. It is very often there that our cleverest men have acquired the power to think and speak fluently and with confidence. Many men have valuable thoughts but have not the power to express them publicly, whereas if they had been accustomed to speaking at small gatherings, as literary societies, etc., it would come natural to them when they have grown to manhood.

The literary society raises the standard of ideals in the community. Young minds, that are just developing, learn to enjoy music, singing, thus cultivating their tastes for the finer qualities of life, and for those things that will make for better ideals. In most every community the people associate in cliques, according to their wealth or thoughts, and many young people have no chance to advance where, by the literary society, all are made welcome and find a common interest, and each one tries to raise himself or herself to a higher level. It has a great tendency to encourage the boy or girl who may not have the brightest environment, and give them the determination for clear thinking and right living. The literary also has another value. The people in the country lack sociability. Here they meet their neighbors and become better acquainted. It also fits boys and girls, men and women with the desire to play their part, and so unconsciously they are fitting themselves for social service.

The methods used in starting and managing are: first, get several interested, then have a public meeting and elect officers. I find the interest, is best maintained by electing different program committees for each night. Second, arrange for a concert, as this distributes the re-

sponsibilities and excites more interest, for the onus of management is not then confined to a few. Debates seem necessary at these societies; they arouse interest and teach one to examine a topic more closely. The impromptu speech is also a fine thing. Begin with two-minute speeches and gradually increase the time to five minutes, and it is wonderful how many will take part. Always call one those first who are sure to respond; then others will fall in and take their part.

Middlesex Co., Ont.

WILLIE WILLMOTT.

Make Everything Bright, Breezy and Brief.

EDITOR "THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE":

Every community should have a literary society because such is a part of our college course. It has been tried and found beneficial. Experience teaches. There is need of having some community centre, which is not provided in any other way. It affords a splendid opportunity for mixing. "It is not good for man to be alone". It also has a social value; winter evenings are long and life is apt to become monotonous. The literary society affords and provides splendid entertainment. It cultivates and develops young beginners in speaking and thinking on their feet. It tends towards efficiency. It has an educational side. Lectures may be given by leading men and women on science, medicine, war, etc., or a synopsis of some leading recent book. Some oracle can also give weekly an epitome of world news with spicy local hits and humor.

A public meeting should be called and well advertised. A chairman may be appointed and a nominating committee. This committee will bring in their report at the next meeting. This method is preferable to having officers named in a public gathering. It ensures better officers, and these are absolutely essential to get the best results. Make the first meeting after organizing free and easy; have refreshments if possible. Open each meeting with some patriotic or national song, and have a respectable membership fee.

Emphasize variety; have plenty of all kinds of music, except poor music. Debates are good. A question drawer is also interesting; have members write their questions and appoint someone present to answer them. Make it all spontaneous. Let the one answering refer any question to anyone in the audience, if he so desires. Avoid all personalities. Mock parliaments and mock trials have their place. Make everything bright, breezy and brief. If it is allowed to drag it will die. Have a good critic, not necessarily the same one for each evening. Advertise well.

Are short addresses successful? That will depend on the speaker. On the whole they are not successful. There should not be more than one each night, unless it be an oratorical contest. "New occasions teach new duties." Have an objective. Get up a play or entertainment, and be practical with it all. Have in mind some patriotic or human cause, and work for these. It will help the Society to help others.

Selkirk, Ont.

R. C. WATERBURY.

How a Contest Increased Membership.

EDITOR "THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE":

As we are reorganizing our Literary Society for this winter I thought it might be of some interest to other communities to know of our success and methods of conducting a rural literary society. After our initial organization, the election of officers and the adoption of a constitution and by-laws, two captains were chosen to conduct a contest to run for six weeks, each side to give three programs. The losing side was obliged to give a seventh program and at this meeting new captains were to be chosen for another contest. In the contest, each new member paying 25 cents membership fee counted 25 points, a debate was held each night, the winning side getting 25 points also 5 points for each new debate; i. e. the winning side having 3 debaters who had not debated before in this contest would get 40 points and the losing side with 3 new debaters would get 15 points. One neutral member was chosen to judge the programs by points, the time limit for programs being two and one-half hours.

Our society was held in the school house, that being the only available building, and it was packed every week by young people from the surrounding country, some coming 5 and 6 miles.

We consider such an organization very beneficial as it educates the young people to appear before the public and to be able to express their views in a creditable manner. It also encourages reading and that is educative, as our debates were all on practical subjects and live issues of the day. As a sample I might mention these four:

Resolved "That the United States would be justified in entering the present war."

"That capital punishment should be abolished."

"That a good education is a better start in life for a young man than one hundred acres of land."

"That co-education is preferable to separate classes for boys and girls."

This last subject was discussed by school teachers spending their Christmas holidays in the community, our aim being to use any outside talent available for our interest and profit. At the end of our second contest we had over three hundred paid up members, and not considering it advisable to hold another contest we decided to have a concert, the proceeds to go to Red Cross work. Although we had rather a poor night and bad roads the proceeds amounted to \$50.00.

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Lanark Co.

At our closing meeting it was decided to send boxes to our boys at the front, to keep \$10 to meet the expenses of reorganizing, and after paying the rental of our piano for the winter and other necessary expenses, to add the balance to our Red Cross fund. So, after spending a very profitable and enjoyable winter, we turned over to the Red Cross about \$65.00.

As we have reorganized for this winter we are planning another season of pleasure before we must needs till the soil for another harvest. May others take up the work, that the young minds of this country may be qualified to take their places in the future development of Canada.

Elgin Co., Ont.

R. M.

A Brant County Club has Some New Ideas.

EDITOR "THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE":

One of the most important things in a rural community is, in my estimation, to have a good, live Farmers' Club, such as we have in the vicinity of Burford, Ont., known as the Burford Grange. We have, of course, our master, secretary-treasurer, overseer and other officers necessary in a Grange. Meetings are held (if possible) every two weeks throughout the winter months, with an executive appointed to look after the business in the busy months of summer.

The main object of this association is to co-operate in the purchasing of supplies, such as feeds, coal, sugar, etc., at the lowest wholesale prices. The Grange holds a share in the United Farmers' Co-operative Company, Ltd., Toronto, and purchases as much as possible through that company, and we are also affiliated with the United Farmers of Ontario, and endeavor to protect the interests of the farmer wherever possible. In connection with our Club, is a literary society, with its own officers (all young people), who put on the program at each meeting. The program usually consists of dialogues, debates, music, etc., home talent being used almost exclusively, with an occasional good speaker from an outside point. The usual procedure for a meeting is to have a business meeting, for say half an hour, first, and the program afterwards. These meetings are a great success. Our local school-house is generally packed to the doors.

The older people find the Club benefits them both financially and socially, as they feel their interests are being looked after, and in meeting together they discuss the different methods of farming, and by listening occasionally to some of our best speakers on agricultural subjects they derive much benefit, and feel more encouraged to take up the daily round and common task of farm life. The young people take great interest in the literary part, and derive much pleasure in the preparation and rendering of programs, an opportunity for them to develop along the right lines, and, most important, it helps wonderfully to hold them to the life on the farm.

For the summer months a contest was arranged in which all could take part. The members, both junior and senior, having their names taken alternately from the lists, making two sides, each side endeavoring to secure as many wood-chuck tails, sparrow heads, weasel skins, etc.; a certain number of points being allotted for each, the losing side to provide an oyster supper, to which we have invited R. H. Halbert, President of the U. F. O., and who has kindly consented to come and address the gathering.

Brant Co., Ont.

ERNEST B. CHILCOTT.

New Officers Every Two Months.

EDITOR "THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE":

As there is very little amusement in our community during the long winter evenings, and there are quite a number of young people at home, it was considered a good idea to start a literary society. A meeting was held in the school-house, at which there was a rather small attendance. However, a Society was organized with the following officers and rules:

The list of officers comprises a president, vice-president, secretary and organist. The following rules were drawn up and approved at the first meeting: One, that card playing and dancing be prohibited; two, that the meetings be held from house to house; three, that no refreshments be served; four, that the meetings begin at half past seven and close at eleven o'clock; five, that the meetings be opened by singing God save our Splendid Men, and close by singing the National Anthem; six, that the meetings be held every two weeks; seven, that a committee be appointed at each meeting to get up the next entertainment; eight, that new officers be appointed every two months.

At the first meeting we had a short address on Robert Burns. Some of his poems were read, including "The Cotter's Saturday Night." Three of his songs were sung also. Our next meeting was a patriotic meeting. We had an address on Kitchener and patriotic songs. At this meeting we also took cake, candy, tobacco and socks to send to the soldiers at the front who had gone from our district. We had a debate at our last meeting, and we are going to have another. I think that debating is a great thing, it inspires interest in the society, and it teaches people how to express their ideas before the public. I think that a literary society is a great help to any community for young and old, if some of the older people who know how will help to give it a good start.

Lenark Co., Ont.

YOUNG FARMER.

Have a Critic as Well as Boosting and Advertising Committees.

EDITOR "THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE":

I had the pleasure of talking, a few weeks ago, with one of Canada's orators, and he told me that the first attempt he ever made was in a debate on that well-known subject, "Country versus City Life," some thirty years ago, at a collegiate literary meeting. This, in his own words, is what he said: "Oh, yes, I was like everybody else when they make their first attempt; my knees nearly forsook me, I couldn't find the right place for my hands, and the words nearly refused to come out, but I made up my mind I was going to be able to express my opinion regarding the advantages which are offered to the country boy, and I stayed with it. Of course," he said, "my first attempt was not a brilliant one, but it gave me confidence in myself and the next time my knees performed their duty better." Continuing, he said, "the time has come when the country wants and needs men who can express their opinions on the great questions which are confronting us from time to time." These words are from a man who is not a politician, but who has developed great oratorical powers, and who is well posted on all public questions.

Never was there a time when the farmer needed so much to be able to get up on the platform and uphold his rights. Never before has he been confronted by questions such as confront him at the present time. Where better than at the literary meeting can a young man be trained to express his opinions logically? "Practice makes perfect", and I don't care how clever a person may be, he will not make a brilliant speech at the first attempt, unless there is some place provided for him to get practice. Experience cannot be had at home; no matter how much you may read about it, you have to get up and stand up in front of a crowd of people with everyone looking directly at you, and I must say that it takes a lot of will power to make the first speech.

Of course, it is a very simple matter for a collegiate institute or any other institution to start a literary society, because it is a part of their year's program, but it is an altogether different matter for a rural community to organize such a society and keep it going, because there is no one who wants to take the responsibility of starting it. Of course, it is often run in connection with the church league, or under the auspices of some other church organization. This is all right so far as it goes, but it does not go far enough. We must remember that a Methodist church league would not draw the Baptist young people as it should, and vice versa. The same may be said of Protestant and Catholic organizations. What we want is a community literary society, free from all politics and creed, and the way I would suggest starting one would be to get a few enthusiastic, energetic, and progressive friends interested and begin talking it up. It can be mentioned casually at the first silo-filling bee in the fall. Just mention the splendid time you had over at Slippery Hollow, or the Sixth-line School-house, at their Literary Contest one evening last winter. It was a long drive of course, but the good time certainly made up for any little inconveniences. One may be able to get the dinner-table conversation humming over such a project. A little quiet boosting may eventually work the young people up to a desire for a literary society.

Now that I have suggested how such a society might be started, I should like to outline a list of officers. It is not necessary to follow this advice, but it may serve as a suggestion. In the first place get everybody working; make them responsible for something, let them feel that they are one of the wheels in the machine, which, without their help, cannot progress. There should be a president and first, second and third vice-presidents, all having a chance in the chair; a secretary and an assistant secretary; a treasurer; a reporter, who will report to the district weekly newspaper; a program committee, one or two critics, a boosting committee, and an advertising committee.

The president, of course, will always be in the chair when there is business to transact, but he should share the honors with his vice-presidents during the entertainment. The secretary will take the minutes of all business meetings, and he and his assistant will look after the correspondence, such as challenges for debates, etc. A reporter with good, descriptive powers is necessary, who will write for the district weekly paper short stories about what is going on in the society, telling about the wonderful debates which have been held, relating the points brought out, and mentioning the good things which will come during the following weeks. The program committee will prepare for debates and other entertainments throughout the season. Have about twenty on the advertising committee, whose business it will be to tell everybody within twenty miles, of the great times they are having in the new, red-brick school-house, over on the twelfth concession. They should not say it in a boastful manner, but in a tone that will arouse curiosity and make others want to come.

Then last, but, in my mind, the greatest of all, is the critic. You may have one or two, but there should be one critic at least. A capable critic is a very necessary personality in a literary society. A person may make mistakes and go on making the same mistakes, unless someone corrects him. I have in mind two young men who were trained in two different literary societies, and who are now both taking an active interest in public speaking. One society had a critic; the other had not. I had the pleasure recently of listening to those same two boys, now young men and both public speakers. It will be unnecessary for me to tell you which was the more impressive speaker. The one, although not as bad as he was at one time, due of course to practice, still had those more or less restless movements, and he referred

too frequently to his notes to carry his audience with him. The other young man had learned platform etiquette. He stood naturally and referred to his notes only when starting in to prove a new point or express a new thought.

Interest can be maintained in several ways. A box social is useful and it will help to defray running expenses; a literary contest is also good. Elect two captains, who will appoint three or four helpers, and have each side strive to put up the best program. There should be restrictions placed on both sides so they will not go too great a length. Then by all means get an outside judge. Don't attempt to use any influence with him, and above all things, be satisfied with his decision.

As for short addresses, I certainly think they are very beneficial. Let the young people know that they must speak on a subject for ten minutes, a topic regarding which they will have to resort to the public library for information. Once they get the public-library habit, the better for them. There are a great many places they could be that are worse. An impromptu address is very good, for it makes a person capable of thinking quickly. One thing which a literary society should do is to make a reader out of a person. In order to get information for debates and addresses, they must read, and reading is an education in itself.

Middlesex Co., Ont.

ARCHIE D. LIMON.

Don't Forget the Eats.

EDITOR "THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE":

The literary society is an organization which is a benefit to the community in many ways. It provides entertainment for the young people; it tends to liven up country life, and, therefore, helps to hold the rural population on the farm. Any young person who becomes a member and takes an active part in the meetings will soon be qualified to be able, in after life, to get up and say what he or she has to say in an intelligent manner; or, if the occasion demands, would be able to take the chair and preside over a meeting.

In organizing, secure a hall or meeting-house, and find a good, live leader. Many an organization has gone to the wall simply because the leader did not have push enough in him to carry it through. Appoint your leader as president. Select a vice-president, secretary and treasurer. Set a membership fee to keep up the running expenses. I don't think it is advisable to meet once a week; better once every two weeks or once a month. It is hard to provide programs for every week, and if you fail in this point the members soon lose interest. For programs, try stump speeches one night, debates another, then mixed programs consisting of songs, recitations and dialogues. Have the boys entertain the girls one night, and the girls entertain the next. A good idea is to establish a newspaper, and appoint an editor and reporters. Have the paper read every meeting night. It will be composed of jokes and all the news of the community. Pick out the best debaters and challenge some other organization for a debate. Last, but not least, don't forget the "eatables." Nothing in the world will bring out the boys like a light lunch, and when you get the boys, the girls will follow.

Simcoe Co., Ont.

"MAC."

Where Sports are Emphasized.

EDITOR "THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE":

We have a fine literary society in our midst. It is held at Mount Pleasant School-house, and is called the Riverside Literary Society and Athletic Association. Under these headings we keep it in a good, live, healthy condition in both summer and winter. The literary is conducted under the following set of officers, in the winter months: president, vice-president, secretary and treasurer. The committees are: Debating Committee of four, Program Committee of four. This makes up the list of officers for the season.

The president opens the meeting with a short speech on some current event. Then the audience appoints a critic, usually an elderly person, who gives his or her report or verdict on the whole program at the end of the meeting, pointing out where it could be improved. We then have a chorus for everybody, which everybody should know, led by our school teacher. First it is sung, then it is hummed, and last it is whistled. We find that the girls can do nothing but laugh in the latter, not having the proper control of their mouths. Following this are recitations, solos, dialogues, comic songs, etc. But the main feature of the evening is the debate, or sometimes we have short speeches from different members. Some suitable subject is chosen for debating. Four members have been appointed by the Debating Committee to speak, two on the affirmative and two on the negative. Each speaker is allowed five, seven or ten minutes to debate. The speakers usually decide the length of time; the first speaker on the affirmative takes five of his seven minutes for making his points and proving them, the next three speakers take full time. We then have the balance of the first speaker's time for reply.

In judging a debate we have three judges. One appointed by either side, and the third one by the audience. The judging rules are usually 60 per cent. for matter and 40 per cent. for delivery. Fairness, we find, is the most important fact. The speaker who perseveres with his speech in a debate, that is, he has in his mind what he wants the audience to know before he opens his mouth to speak, is the fellow who is going to drive his facts home to his listeners. We do not advise memorizing. Have a goal in your mind when speaking, and if you do not reach it by a direct way, reach it by an indirect way.

One rule we uphold in our program arrangement is: in dialogues, solos, musical selections, speeches, readings, etc., any person, who is on the program and fails to be present, is kept on until he or she is present and succeeds in delivering his or her item. We have also a newspaper conducted by an editor and his assistants. Editorials, news of the district, local events, current events, short stories, classified advertisements, births, deaths and marriages, etc., are all included so that it keeps everybody posted. However, this paper is not

published, it is read out to the audience, by the editor, at the literary.

The committees arrange the work so that each member has so much platform work to do during the season. The fundamental principles of platform speaking are learned in debating societies or literaries when properly conducted, but one point must be kept in view, be sure you have something to say, then get up and say it.

In the summer months we have basket ball for the girls and base ball for the boys. In the early fall we have a field day, at which 25 cents admission is charged,

supper is provided, and athletic sports of all kinds are staged on the grounds. The proceeds the last two years have gone to patriotic purposes. Since the war started base ball has not flourished, on account of some of our members having enlisted. However, we meet and have a friendly game or practice once a week, which helps to break the monotony. If there were more societies throughout the country such as we have, there would not be the same desire to leave the farm for cities.

Wellington Co., Ont.

"TUBBY."

Automobiles, Farm Machinery and Farm Motors.

Helping Service.

In the old days automobiles were sold without anything about service being mentioned, but at the present time, the wide awake motor car agent not only handles machines of standard make, but also organizes a system whereby he can give to his clients a measure of careful and regular attention that will not only keep them in good humor, but save them an immense amount of money. This service system generally includes monthly inspections for a definite period. It has been truthfully stated that a manufacturer can guarantee a car, but that he cannot guarantee the driver of it. We are all very apt to make mistakes, but the expense incident to these errors, can be minimized if the agent from whom you buy your automobile looks over the car at regular intervals, and advises you regarding any acts of omission or commission you may be committing. Those owners who enjoy the greatest satisfaction from their machines are generally men and women who not only take advantage of all the service that is accorded them by the agents from whom they have made purchases, but actually in addition, give to their motors studious and painstaking attention in order to help it and to help the dealer also.

Let us state that you should remember that some of the present grades of gasoline are responsible for many troubles. Some gas has recently been marketed that was distinctly injurious to any internal combustion engine, and even the best available gas contains some small quantities of kerosene. Now it is an accepted fact that kerosene requires more heat for perfect combustion than pure gas, and so the degree of heat must

be increased in direct ratio to the amount of kerosene in your fuel. If you are burning a gas under conditions of complete combustion, a certain quantity of the unconsumed mixture is bound to get into the crank case and have a bad effect upon the lubricating quality of the oil. This, in turn, affects the working parts of any engine. Speaking of oil, it might be well to mention that it is always an excellent idea to drain the crank case and re-fill it with fresh oil every five hundred miles, and the necessity for this operation is greater in the winter than in the summer months. If you constantly keep an excellent grade of clean oil in your crank case, you will find diminution in your troubles over valve grinding, defective piston rings, etc.

The winter weather has a tendency to make an owner run his motor with the water in the radiator and around the jackets at a comparatively low temperature. When the cooling fluid is at too low a temperature it causes condensation on the inner walls of the cylinders. This results in a number of minor troubles, such as, loss of power, worn pistons and rings, loose bearings, and knocks. We would suggest that it might be well for you to provide a curtain for the radiator. Such a contrivance can be installed so that by rolling it up any desired condition of heat may be obtained. These adjustable curtains are offered for sale by a number of different firms, but any handy housewife can very easily make one at small expense. Many cars are today being fitted with thermometers or motor meters attached to the radiator caps. These appliances indicate the temperature being maintained by the cooling system and incidentally give the driver a constant supply of valuable information. When the water is steaming,

immediately you are advised, and when it falls to too low a temperature, accurate data is also at hand. Of course you are cognizant of the fact that compression is produced through the valves on one side and piston rings on the other side of each cylinder. If the valves become leaky, they allow the oil to get past them. We write these introductory remarks because at this season of the year it is well to impress upon car owners and drivers the imperative need of changing their carburetors to provide a rich mixture in order to overcome certain inconveniences in connection with the cooling system falling below normal temperature. When a rich mixture instead of a lean mixture is used, there is bound to be a heavy carbon deposit and this seldom fails to result in sticky and leaky valves. We point this out, not to advise the use of a lean mixture, but rather to definitely acquaint you with the condition which must inevitably obtain when a large percentage of gas is being utilized. The weather often produces circumstances that must be constantly coped with. If your car is being started from a warm garage, it will quickly get underway with a lean mixture, but should you leave it some time in the open under anything like zero conditions, a rich mixture is essential, and then you must make up your mind that carbon is being deposited upon the working parts.

The main purpose of this article is to further familiarize owners and drivers of motor cars with the season's conditions in order that they may be prepared and ready to surmount any difficulties that may arise, and in order also to assist the agents from whom they purchased their machines to give them better service.

Auto.

THE DAIRY.

Points to Consider When Selecting a Heifer.

There are several points which should be taken into consideration when purchasing a heifer or when picking out the heifers in the herd to keep for breeding purposes. The very build of some calves stamps them as undesirable for dairy purposes. They should conform to breed type and conformation. A thicker shoulder is permissible in a heifer than in the mature cow. As the development advances and milk is secreted the shoulder of the dairy-bred animal usually takes on more of the wedge shape. There should also be a wedge form from shoulder to hook bones. Large capacity and strong constitution are desirable. These are denoted by depth and thickness of body. A shallow-ribbed heifer tucked up at the fore flank seldom turns out to be a heavy producer. There must be room for the vital organs to operate properly, and for a storage of large quantities of feed. The heavy, consistent milker is usually a hearty feeder. A heifer lacking in constitution seldom develops into a strong, rugged cow.

It is essential that they have a feminine appearance; heaviness and coarseness are objectionable. The eye indicates a good deal. It should be full, mild but bright, and more or less active. A dullness about the eye denotes a sluggish disposition, which has a tendency to lay on flesh rather than produce a large flow of milk. Large nostrils which permit easy entrance of air to the lungs are usually associated with depth of chest and lung capacity. There should be a correlation of parts, which give symmetry to the body. One part cannot be overdeveloped without detracting somewhat from another. While it is desirable that a cow should have a mild disposition, she should also be alert, sensitive, and active. These qualities should be noticeable in the heifer. The skin and hair denote the quality to a large degree.

Even with the calf the mammary system is an indication of what those organs will develop into in the mature animal, and should receive consideration. Examine the udder carefully and note whether the teats are well placed or not, and that there are indications of the udder being well attached. The milk veins should extend well forward if they are tortuous, branched, and end in deep milk wells so much the better. The points mentioned can be seen with the eye, but there are other things which must be taken into consideration. The quality of blood which flows in the veins is important. The pedigrees and records of the ancestors should be studied, as the characteristics of both sire and dam are inherited by the offspring. It is not enough that the immediate ancestors possess the desired qualities; they should extend back several generations. Some breeders lay a good deal of stress on the outward appearance of an animal, while others claim the quality of blood to be all important. How-

ever, both individuality and pedigree should be considered. No matter how good the pedigree may seem, if the calf is deficient in form it is of little value. On the other hand, a calf which appears almost perfect to the eye may turn out to be a very poor producer of milk and butter-fat.

Proof That Keeping Records Pays.

Further proof that it pays to keep individual milk records was shown at a recent auction sale of grade dairy cattle. As each cow was led into the sale-ring, the owner gave her milk records for the past year and the average test; also the weight of milk for her best day and for certain months after freshening. The records of the dams of heifers not in milk was also given, so that prospective purchasers had a fair idea of the producing value of animals they were bidding on. The result was that grade cows sold as high as \$165 and yearling heifers brought \$110. These prices are above the average for grade stock, and it shows that the public are willing to pay what an animal is worth. Cows without records, but from outward appearance as heavy producers as those of which records have been kept sold around \$100. In this case the records were worth practically \$65 per cow. If a cow has given 10,000 pounds of milk in one lactation period, a man knows that his gross returns will be \$160 for the year, if milk is selling at \$1.60 per cwt., or if the test is 3.5 per cent. he knows that he will have 350 pounds of butter-fat to sell, besides retaining the skim-milk on the farm. On the other hand if no records have been kept, the real value is not known. Buying dairy animals which have no records is a speculation and no one will take too great a risk. It is the owner of the animal that suffers by the failure to keep records.

At a pure-bred stock sale in the same County, choice individuals without records were knocked down at from \$100 to \$150 less than no better looking cows with good breeding but of which records of production had been kept. The pure-bred heifers from untested cows sold at grade prices. It was also noticed that the cows which had been tested were in higher flesh than those which were not, which is an indication that the dairyman who is interested enough in his business to weigh each cow's milk night and morning and to have it tested occasionally, usually pays more careful attention to the housing and feeding of his animals than the man who keeps no records.

The time has passed when the mere statement that such and such a cow in the herd is the heaviest producer, or that she gives about a pailful of milk when fresh, carries much weight. When a man goes to buy a cow he wants to know in pounds, how much milk she is capable of producing in a year, and how much the milk tests. The buyer and seller then both know

what the animal is worth. On the other hand the owner thinks a certain cow will give so much milk, and the buyer, having no proof, will pay a price that will minimize risks and so safeguard him. The individuality and outward indication of milking qualities were all that were required by purchasers a few years ago. Now, they require to be shown the yearly production, and the dairyman who raises cows to be disposed of at auction or private sale, but keeps no records of the production of the same, fails to get full value for all his animals. Of course, his stock may not make very high records, but some cows in most herds are more than average producers. It is well to know definitely which these are. Without the use of the scales it is difficult to estimate the individual milk yield, and without the Babcock test the richness of the milk cannot be determined or the cows ability to profitably convert feed into milk and fat estimated.

The chief objection to weighing and testing milk is that it takes too much time. True, it does take some time every day, but not more than one minute per cow at each milking, or two minutes per day to weigh the milk and mark down the weight. The testing need only be done once a month, and with a four-bottle tester a whole herd can be tested in an hour. It is the extra time required at milking that is most difficult to get around. However, those who do keep records claim that it pays well in more ways than one. The unprofitable as well as the profitable cow is pointed out, feeding can be done more intelligently, and the exact value of each cow from a producing standpoint is known. If the cow milks for 300 days, the time required to weigh the milk will not exceed 600 minutes, or 10 hours for the lactation period. The man who sold the grade cow which had no phenomenal record received approximately \$65 for his 10 hour's labor, provided records had only been kept for the one year. To this must be added the increased value of her calf due to the known production of the cow. The man with pure-bred stock secures even a higher price for his cows. Few men are able to earn so remunerative a wage. The higher the record made the more valuable the cow is to the dairyman. If she only gives 4,000 pounds of milk, she barely pays her way. It is better to keep one cow that gives 8,000 pounds of milk in one lactation period, than two which only give 4,000 pounds. It is not the size of herds which counts so much as the yearly production. Keeping records pays the owner of a grade herd as well as the owner of pure-breds. If not yet convinced, commence this winter to tabulate the daily yield of all milking cows in the herd. A set of spring balances which can be purchased for around a dollar will be satisfactory, and a sheet of paper can easily be ruled to give space for the records of each cow for each day of the month. The total weight can be copied into a book for ready reference. A small Babcock tester is not expensive. Many dairymen who do not care to do their own testing have samples of milk tested at their District Representative's office, where it is done free of charge. The individuality of the animal and its producing powers are inseparable when estimating real value.

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Having of high-test noticeable breeding as the ideal. breeding to suits of this the introductory the quantity by using a b to increase present bee and selected generations. the offspring and fifty per making it a If a register for fifteen Shorthorn. shire blood it is practice the mating fifty per cent twenty-five fourth, 6.25 represent th of the blood per cent. S introduced t number of y type. A br ing from or highest and will be sec has been ke aim in view Shorthorns, milking str milking qua best way to by selecting deviating fr

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Crossing of Breeds not Constructive Breeding.

EDITOR "THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE":

I started about fifteen years ago using a registered Shorthorn bull on Ayrshire grade cows, with the object of producing a dual-purpose herd, and so far I am quite satisfied with results. I now have a herd of twenty-five milk cows, giving a fair quantity of milk which averages at the present time 4.4 per cent. butter-fat. At the same time they produce good feeders. I have lately been considering the use of a Holstein sire to top my present herd for a few years, with the object of increasing the milk flow. I am of the opinion that with careful selection of a good, smooth Holstein bull, from a heavy producing family, that the quantity of milk could be increased without injuring the quality of the present milk, or the beef type. I would like to know, through the columns of your paper, if in your opinion I should make the change, or should I continue as at present? I do not want to get away from the dual-purpose type.

Glengarry County. K. R.

Having built up a herd which produces a good flow of high-testing milk and maintains the beef type to a noticeable degree, we would be inclined to continue breeding as in the past, if the dual-purpose animal is the ideal. It has taken fifteen years of selection and breeding to bring the herd to its present form. The results of this work would be lost to a certain degree by the introduction of an entirely different breed. True, the quantity of milk might be increased in the offspring by using a bull of the dairy breed, but it is hardly possible to increase the milk flow without detracting from the present beef type. The dairy breeds have been bred and selected for milk and butter-fat production for generations. If the blood be crossed on the Shorthorns, the offspring will inherit fifty per cent. of the sire's and fifty per cent. of the dam's qualities, thus possibly making it a better milker but hardly so good a feeder. If a registered Shorthorn sire has been used continually for fifteen years, the herd is pretty near pure-bred Shorthorn. No doubt but that the effect of the Ayrshire blood still exists in the herd, although theoretically it is practically all bred out. The first offspring from the mating of Shorthorn and Ayrshire would contain fifty per cent. of the dam's blood; the next generation twenty-five per cent.; the third, 12.5 per cent.; the fourth, 6.25 per cent., and the fifth, which would nearly represent the present herd, will contain 3.12 per cent. of the blood of the foundation Ayrshire cows, and 96.88 per cent. Shorthorn blood. Now, if another breed is introduced the same thing would happen. It will take a number of years of careful breeding to establish a desired type. A breeder seldom gets anything definite by jumping from one breed to another. It is doubtful if the highest and most profitable type of dual-purpose animal will be secured by crossing the breeds. Each breed has been kept pure for years, and bred with a certain aim in view. Having a good herd of heavy-producing Shorthorns, would it not be preferable to use a sire from a milking strain of the same breed, in order to intensify milking qualities without losing the beef form? The best way to improve milk or butter-fat production is by selecting within the breed. Difficulties arise by deviating from this path.

There are numerous strains, families and blood lines within every breed, and to intensify quality, breeders find that it pays to breed within a certain strain. Using the blood of one family and then another has a tendency to produce a neutral effect so far as improvement is concerned. Of course, there are times when it is advisable to use a sire of another strain to rectify some weakness, but care must be taken that this animal is particularly strong where the dam is weak, and is uniformly good. The sooner stockmen cease crossing the breeds the sooner the average quality of breeding stock will improve. Crossing was necessary when establishing the type of the present breeds, but to cross these breeds now would nullify the work of years of selection. If the dual-purpose type is wanted it can be found within the Shorthorn breed.

Dairy Records and Prices.

From October 9 to December 9, six mature Ayrshire cows, qualified in the Record of Performance, Rosie was the highest, giving 11,620 lbs. of milk testing 3.23 per cent. butter-fat in 363 days. Only two qualified in the four-year-old class; Milkmaid of Orkney produced 14,872 lbs. of 4 per cent. milk. The highest producer of five three-year-olds was Queen Jessie of Brookside. She produced 10,162 lbs. of milk, that tested 4.41 per cent. fat. Ten heifers qualified in the two-year-old class, the leader being Maud of Fernbrook 3rd. Her record was 8,982 lbs. of 4-per-cent. milk.

New records in the production of milk and butter-fat are being made every year. Hester Aaltje Korn-dyke, a Holstein cow kept in South Dakota, has recently produced 618 lbs. of milk, making 46 lbs. of 80-per-cent. butter in seven days. A few years ago 20 lbs. of butter a week was considered a heavy production for any breed of cow, but now the 46-lb. cow has made her appearance.

A large number of dairy animals are changing hands this fall, but the prices are not considered to be phenomenal. At a Holstein sale held in Woodstock, Oxford County, Ontario, 44 females averaged a little over \$183. The highest price was \$375 for a female. At the Western Washington sale, held at Mt. Vernon, 58 Holsteins averaged \$177; the top price being \$500, for Kate Homestead Beauty. At the second sale of the Alleghany-Steuben Holstein Breeders, 116 animals averaged \$124, with the highest price \$260. At the dispersal

sale of E. A. Vandervort, Sydney, N. Y., 61 animals averaged \$217, but as high as \$2,500 was paid for a herd header. In Illinois, 54 Holsteins averaged \$151.

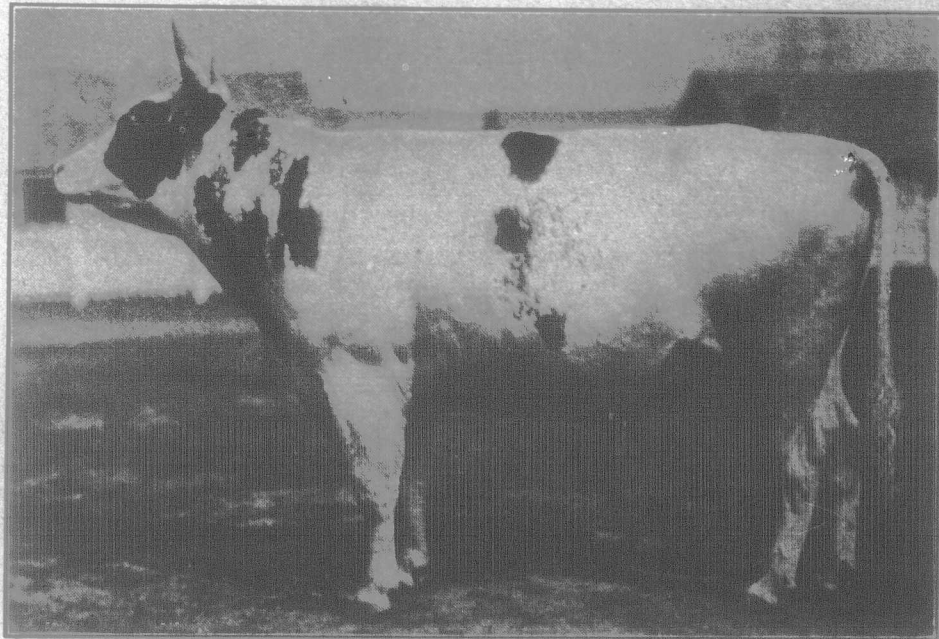
THE APIARY.

The Ontario Beekeepers' Convention.

The Annual Convention of the Ontario Beekeepers' Association was held at the Hotel Carls-Rite, Toronto, on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, December 12th, 13th and 14th. The dates of the meeting were considerably later than in previous years, but were arranged by special request from several of the County Associations in order that the members would find it more convenient to attend after the fall rush was over. The large attendance justified the change and the convention room was crowded at every session. The extensive honey producers were very much in evidence and joined freely in the discussions following the addresses. F. W. Krouse, President of the Association, occupied the chair.

The chief outside speaker was C. P. Dadant, Editor of "The American Bee Journal." Mr. Dadant speaks from his wide, practical experience, being a life-long extensive beekeeper, producing upwards of 100,000 lbs. of honey this season.

In his opening address the President commented on the extremely good crop that had been gathered this past season. In many parts of the province record yields have been taken, and the high average of 89.6 lbs. per colony for the whole province will likely induce many more to start in the business. He sounded a warning to the beginner, to start on a small scale and not get inflated ideas from such record yields, which are much above the average. The importance of the industry was emphasized by the shortage of pails for the extracted honey. The trade in these containers had been handled by two or three manufacturers, and other concerns were amazed to find the production of honey so extensively carried on in this province.



An Ayrshire Bull Making Creditable Wins this Season.

S. B. Bisbee, Beamsville, dealt in detail with his method of producing and marketing comb honey. The market for choice section honey is far from being overcrowded, as most of the extensive beekeepers produce only extracted honey. Swarming and keeping the colonies strong were the two problems.

The evening session was devoted to an address by C. P. Dadant on "The Prevention of Natural Swarming". There has not been much research work along purely scientific lines on this problem. The cause of swarming is still more or less of a mystery, yet by carefully watching the condition of each colony the swarming tendency can be almost eliminated. The bees must be made comfortable, for as soon as the brood-nest becomes overcrowded or the supers filled, a swarm issues. The six points of special interest in swarm prevention were as follows:

1. Room for the queen. In the height of the honey season a good active queen will lay possibly 2,000 eggs daily. If the combs in the brood-nest are largely occupied with honey, there is little space left for the queen to deposit her eggs. Spring and early summer management consists of making the colony strong and ridding the brood-nest of all honey to provide room for the queen.

2. Comb in the super. When bees are storing honey they should not be delayed in the hive, but have comb ready for the nectar as soon as it is brought in. If comb is not available, the next best thing is full sheets of foundation.

3. Ventilation is essential for the comfort of the bee. When the hives are well filled with bees and honey, there must be a constant current of fresh air blown into the hive to replace the foul air. The entrances should be large enough to permit such a current passing freely in and out. In rare cases, in the height of the honey flow, the supers might be blocked up or moved slightly forward to permit greater ventilation. Too

much heat induces the bees to loaf as well as swarm.

4. Shade is frequently provided by nearby trees. If the bees are exposed to the intense noon-day sun they will invariably loiter about the hive which soon becomes overcrowded. A few boards thrown over the cover, not only keeps the hives cool, but also protects the covers and the hive bodies.

5. Young, prolific queens are not so likely to swarm as old queens which are about to be superseded. A two-year-old queen may be just as prolific as a younger one and so long as she remains active should not be replaced. As soon as her egg-laying capacity begins to decrease she should be replaced by a young, vigorous layer.

6. Drones are always present in a swarming colony. They eat an enormous amount of food and are frequently blamed for "travel-staining" the section honey. By loafing about the entrance they may seriously interfere with the ventilation and their presence inside the hive sometimes causes overcrowding. The drones may be reduced in numbers by the use of drone traps, uncapping drone cells, raising drone comb to the supers, or replacing drone comb with worker comb.

To prevent excessive overcrowding and permit sufficient ventilation, the frames in the brood-chamber should be 1 1/4 inches from centre to centre. In his own case with 525 colonies, spring count, he had less than 30 swarms this past season, while a neighbor had 12 swarms from 500 colonies.

The Vice-President, James Armstrong, opened the second day's session by answering a number of questions on practical management. The combless package seemed to be of particular interest to the more advanced beekeepers, as well as the beginners. The packages are made of a light framework, covered with wire gauze. Slats fastened inside the cage provide a place for the bees to hang in a cluster, and a small can of candy supplies the food for the journey. W. D. Achord, an extensive bee breeder from Alabama, was present, and entered into the discussion. The possibilities for the combless packages seem to be very bright and several large orders were placed for spring delivery.

"The Production of Extracted Honey in Several Apiaries under one Management" was Mr. Dadant's second paper. To manage out-yards, a system must be adopted and the work must be thorough. The extracting could be done at each yard, as the extractor and engine are not too cumbersome to be easily moved about.

F. W. L. Sladen, Dominion Apiarist from the Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa, spoke briefly of "The Work of the Bee Division of the Dominion Experimental Farms." These farms are scattered all over the Dominion and conditions varied considerably in the different parts. In the bush district and the clay belt of New Ontario, the possibilities for honey production are very bright. The swarming problem seemed to be the most serious problem in the North. A new Apiary Building has recently been completed at the Central Experimental Farm at Ottawa, and various experiments in wintering and other problems, are being conducted.

"The Production of Beeswax and Some of Its Uses" by W. A. Chrysler, Chatham, brought out some valuable pointers. Mr. Chrysler handles large quantities of wax every year and finds some shipments to be very hard and brittle, while others are flaky or granular. Both the hardness and the granulation are due to over-heating when the wax is being melted and run through the press.

Thursday morning's session was largely devoted to the wintering problems. J. D. Evans, Islington, handled the question box and based his answers on his own practical experience. Although Mr. Dadant comes from the South where the temperature rises and falls very rapidly, he has had some very valuable and interesting experiences with wintering. For successful wintering bees must be protected, supplied with an abundance of good food, and the colony must be strong of young worker bees. E. R. Root, of the extensive firm of A. I. Root & Co., Medina, Ohio, was present and added to the discussion.

W. J. Craig, Manager of the Bee Supply Department of the Ham & Nott Co., Brantford, led the discussion on the appliances that were on exhibition. By the use of the actual appliances he explained their purpose and uses. A honey board made by Mr. Chrysler of Chatham, received many favorable comments. It permitted an extra ventilation to the super and also allowed a young queen hatched in the super to fly out and mate. A new capping melter, being made by the Ham & Nott Co., was also exhibited. It consisted of a galvanized tin box surrounded by a water jacket. The cappings were melted and allowed to strain through a sieve at the bottom, and thence pass out to a separating can. This latter is also enclosed with a hot water jacket and as the melted wax and liquid honey passes into the

separator, the honey passes under a gate into the second compartment while the wax remains on the surface in the first chamber.

"The District Representative and How He can Help the Beekeeper" was handled by H. C. Duff of Markdale, Representative for Grey County. They could assist in advertising demonstrations and act as secretaries for the County Associations, but as they had no special training in beekeeping, they are not qualified to carry out any experiments or give very much information.

G. A. Deadman, Brussels, uses "Shallow Hives in Conjunction With Those of Standard Size" and gave the results of his experience.

"Special Appliances and Motor Transportation for Apiary Work" by E. T. Bainard was very interesting for the extensive producer. Mr. Bainard uses the Heddon hive, and to lift off the supers has invented a hive lifter. He also uses a small iron pincher to move the supers slightly forward so that the burr combs between the supers were broken and the leaking honey might be cleaned up by the bees before the supers were taken off. A four-wheeled trailer behind a motor car was more satisfactory than a truck or two-wheeled trailer. The use of motor transports is annually increasing and before long almost every extensive producer of honey will have one or more.

The social side of the Convention was not overlooked. At a banquet on Wednesday evening, Wm. Couse, Streetsville, a member of the Ontario Association since it was organized, gave an illustrated address on "The Past Presidents of the Ontario Beekeepers' Association." His personal acquaintance enabled him to give at first hand a few of the many interesting incidents in connection with each president. "It is due to the untiring efforts of these men that our Association is so prosperous to-day. Each one did in his way a little to help it along. At no time was the progress very rapid, yet constantly did we advance, and now, with the foundation so firmly built and the material so carefully selected, it rests with us to build for those who are to follow."

The following officers were elected: President, F. W. Krouse; 1st Vice-President, James Armstrong; 2nd Vice-President, W. W. Webster; Secretary-Treasurer, Morley Pettit.

The election of directors resulted as follows: R. E. L. Harkness, Iroquois; A. McTavish, Carleton Place; M. B. Holmes, Athens; John Chisholm, Belleville; W. W. Webster, Little Britain; H. G. Sibbald, Toronto; F. W. Krouse, Guelph; James Armstrong, Selkirk; John Newton, Thamesford; Jacob Harberer, Zurich; C. E. Chrysler, Chatham; R. G. Houghton, Newton; Robinson and Morley Pettit, Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph.

HORTICULTURE.

Robbing the Marshland to Enrich the Orchard.

EDITOR "THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE":

The question has come to my mind as to the wisdom, from an economic viewpoint, of using stable manure in the orchard, and I would like to hear the views of some of our older farmers on this subject.

The district in which I live is in the centre of the Cornwallis Valley. The upland soil for the most part is a sandy loam, well adapted to the growth of apple trees, and in the past year has grown large crops of potatoes. Of late years, however, apples have been the principal crop marketed. A very valuable, natural asset to the agricultural industry is found in the dikes. I do not propose going into a lengthy description. Suffice it to say that the dike soil is a very rich, alluvial deposit, eminently adapted to the growing of hay and oats, and is looked upon as permanent hay land. Much of this dike soil has been continually cropped with hay and grain for over one hundred years without fertilizer, and excellent crops are still grown, although it is now necessary for the ground to be re-seeded every few years. Basic slag or ground bone is generally used when seeding down, to insure a good catch of grass as well as grain.

With such a natural store-house of fertility as the dike lands, why is it that our upland soil is little, if any, richer, and our dike soil is poorer than fifty years ago? There must be something radically wrong with the farming methods in vogue when this is the case on so many farms. It may be said that lack of live stock is the answer to this question, but large numbers of cattle are kept, and practically all of the hay and grain is fed out by the farmers. As a result of observation, I have come to the conclusion that one of the chief causes of the deterioration of the soil is to be found in the very common practice of manuring the orchard. The majority of our farmers having five, ten, fifteen or more acres of orchard to care for, give it a coat of manure as the simplest and cheapest fertilizer available. Usually a small piece of potatoes or turnips is grown which receives a fair amount of manure, but the bulk of the manure goes in the orchard. And anyone would be shocked to see manure being hauled to the dike. This system goes on year after year, taking the crop from the dike and upland, feeding it to stock and returning the manure to the orchard. If humus is as valuable in the land as we are told, and as our up-to-date farmers would have us believe, is it any wonder that there is so much talk of the need of lime in the soil to make legumes grow, while daisies, fall dandelion, etc., are spreading over land which should be growing larger crops of roots, grain, clover and timothy with every year that passes?

I am a believer in the future of the live-stock industry, and I am also a believer in the future of orcharding; but I do not believe in the short-sighted policy of bleeding other parts of the farm for the benefit of the orchard.

King's Co., N. S.

E. L. EATON.

A Six Weeks' Course in Horticulture.

EDITOR "THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE":

The Horticultural Department of the Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph, offers a New Special Six Weeks' Course in General Horticulture, January 8 to February 16, 1917, beginning 10 a.m., January 8. The subjects covered will include: Cultural methods for fruits, vegetables, flowers, ornamental shrubs, trees, etc. One: a full, practical course in the propagation of the same, in which students will perform for themselves all the operations involved. Two: construction and management of green-houses, hot-beds and cold frames. Three: use of fertilizers and manures. Four: soils and soil management. Five: control of insect pests and diseases. Six: preparation and use of sprays. Seven: how to order planting material. Eight: recommended varieties of fruits, vegetables, flowers, shrubs, trees, etc., for various purposes. Nine: planting and transplanting. Ten: burning and training.

Bring your working clothes, also a good pocket knife. A schedule of lectures will be drawn up, giving so many hours per week to fruit growing, so many to floriculture, etc. We cannot tell in advance when specific subjects like "The pruning of fruit trees" or "the growing of lettuce under glass," will be discussed. Students should, therefore, come prepared to take the full course. The practical work of propagation will be commenced early in the course, so be in at the beginning, even if you cannot stay the full time. Instruction will be by demonstration and actual practice whenever possible. Tuition free. Board may be secured near the College or in Guelph at reasonable rates. Apply early and perhaps we can help you. Railway rates—fare and one-third for the round trip, on the standard-certificate plan. Send in your name in advance.

O. A. C., Guelph.

J. W. CROW.

The Western New York Horticultural Convention.

Fruit growers will be interested to learn that the annual convention of The Western New York Horticultural Society will occur on January 24, 25 and 26, in Rochester, N.Y. We are advised that the program will be an unusually attractive one, with speakers of much experience and well-known ability. In addition to the valuable information brought out in addresses and discussion at this convention, there is brought together a very considerable display of fruit-growing implements and apparatus. The secretary of the Society is John Hall, Granite Building, Rochester, N.Y.

POULTRY.

A Little Extra Attention May Mean Increased Egg Production.

With eggs retailing round five cents apiece, the hen is receiving a good deal of publicity. If it holds true that the supply and demand rule the market, it is a safe conclusion that the majority of hens are off duty at this season of the year. It is really unnatural for a hen to lay eggs during the cold winter months. However, by careful selection, breeding, housing and feeding, birds have been produced which lay every month of the year. It is especially desirable that "biddy" be induced to lay when eggs are high in price. To do this it is necessary to start the bird on its journey in life early in the spring. It has been proven that the April-hatched pullet is much more likely to lay during the cold weather than the chick hatched the latter part of May or June. The pullet must be developed before she can turn the feed she receives to the production of eggs. With good feed and attention this development should be reached by the time the bird is six months of age. However, many pullets do not commence laying at this age, for the reason that they have not received the proper amount of the right kinds of feeds. It is too late now to rectify any mistakes made along this line for this year, but an endeavor can be made the coming spring to hatch chicks early and feed them properly. There are certain treatments which are essential for winter egg production, even with the early-hatched pullet. In the first place she requires to be fed feeds which contain the material found in the egg. Wheat and corn make satisfactory grains for winter feeding, but good results follow the feeding of a greater variety. Oats are an excellent grain for poultry; their chief fault being that they contain too much hull. However, we know of poultrymen who feed no other grain through the winter and yet they are able to secure a large percentage of eggs. One of the best ways of feeding this grain is to crush it and keep it before the birds, in a hopper. They will seldom eat too much of this material. It seems strange that two poultrymen can be located side by side, keep the same breed of fowl hatched about the same time, and feed the same varieties of grain in the same proportion, and yet one secures a large percentage of eggs while the other gets hardly any. There is a good deal in how the birds are looked after. It is the little attentions which count a good

deal; for instance, one poultryman will heat the drinking water and give a warm mash every day. Another will sprinkle a little pepper in the mash, and it is possible that this may act as a stimulant to egg production, although one must be careful not to overdo it. There is a difference in the way mashes are prepared, and it is believed to be as essential to make feed appetizing for the hens as it is for other kinds of live stock. Too many neglect to supply meat and green feed during the winter. Without these the bird cannot produce many eggs, even though she is fed an abundance of grain. There are various ways of supplying the meat. Linseed meal, blood meal, or beef scrap, may be fed in the hopper or mixed in the mash. On many farms an animal is slaughtered for meat during the winter and there are certain portions of the carcass not fit for human consumption which may be cooked and hung up in the poultry house for the birds to pick at. Sometimes an animal is accidentally killed and the carcass can be cut up and frozen and fed to the birds during the winter, care being taken that the meat is not diseased. There is usually a supply of green feed about the farm. Mangels, turnips, cabbage, clover leaves, etc. are all good. The ration may be varied by sprouting some oats, which will be much relished by the birds. A little charcoal might profitably be added to the feeds. It is really necessary to the health of the birds. This material may be purchased, or it may be secured from wood ashes from the cook stove. It has often been noticed that where only a few birds are kept, so that the table scraps furnish a considerable portion of the feed, a higher percentage of eggs are produced than in a larger flock. This goes to prove that the proper feed for a laying hen is similar to that on which humans subsist.

A dry, well ventilated pen is essential, and it is advisable to cover the floor with about a foot of chaff or straw. Scatter the grain in this, and the birds get necessary exercise in searching for their feed. If milk is available, by all means let the poultry have a liberal supply, and this will permit of decreasing the amount of meat feeds. A large portion of the egg is water, which points to the fact that the hen requires a constant supply of clean water. Grit, oyster shell and a dust bath are other things which should be found in every poultry house. Poultry requires attention and good care if it is to be a paying proposition.

Dwarf Eggs.

At the Maine Agricultural Experiment Station, considerable investigation work regarding the cause of small, poorly shaped, or dwarf eggs has been made under the direction of Charles D. Wood, and results are published in bulletin form. It was found that these small eggs are occasionally produced by domestic fowls of all breeds. They frequently contain little or no yolk and the albumen is of a thicker consistency than the albumen of a normal egg. Some poultrymen claim that these eggs are produced by birds commencing to lay, while others firmly believe that they indicate that the birds are about to cease laying. The subject was studied in order to find out the frequency of the occurrence of these eggs as compared with the normal eggs, and to find out whether or not certain birds were predisposed to laying abnormal eggs, and whether or not it was hereditary; also in regard to the seasonal distribution of dwarf eggs; their production by birds with normal or abnormal oviducts; the relation of production to the age of the bird, and physiological conditions which might lead to their production. At the Maine Experiment Station the ratio has been about one abnormal egg to 1,158 normal eggs, and it was found that all the birds kept, produced at least one dwarf egg. The production of it, however, is an isolated phenomenon and occurs only once or twice during the life of a bird. They occur less frequently during the winter months than during the summer. The results of the investigation indicate that one of these eggs may be produced whenever, in an actively laying hen with all the egg-producing organs in functional condition, an accident results in some substance or body other than a normal, full-sized yolk getting started down the oviduct or egg tube. They may also be produced as a result of the stimulation of an active duct by some material which is not yolk. In most cases the disturbance which causes the production of the abnormal egg is only of temporary character, and is not associated with any permanent anatomical derangement of the egg-producing organs.

FARM BULLETIN.

We Want the Plan of Your House.

Readers, attention! If you have a good house built on a good plan we would like to publish the plan. We desire also to get good photographs of farm houses. Send us the photograph and plan with a short description. Show the layout and be careful to mark dimensions, size of rooms etc. plainly. Give an approximate idea of stone, cement blocks, bricks and lumber necessary. Draw the plan with lead pencil. Describe it in detail. We'll have it redrawn by an artist and published in the best possible form. You can help our readers, and we will pay for all plans accepted, two dollars, and will allow extra for the description, up to five dollars. Tell us how you made your new home handy or how you improved your old house. A ruler and lead pencil is all you need. Give us the plan with dimensions and we'll work it out to scale in India ink. Do not forget to send photographs, too, if you have them. If not, send the plan anyway. Get the plans in early.

Topics

Each week in this department during the winter months we will publish a manuscript to discuss one of the topics published. Make this the boys' and girls' topics:

1. What is a community? Discuss it. Is it better to live in a city or in a rural life? Is there a lack of atmosphere in the city? What is the remedy? Answer by December 15.

2. What is a better life? Is it better to live in a city or in a rural life? What is the atmosphere in the city? What is the remedy? Answer by December 15.

3. By-product of a community. Give your comparative. Give weights. Have you ever done comparative? Have you ever hauled to school? What value is to hogs? What value is to apples for profitably? office by Jan.

The She

The election of the Breeders' Association counted in the Parliament of Ontario. Breeders' Association follows: M. W. Miller, N. Que.; Prof. Sylvester, English, Har. Alta.; British. The 1917 Association, Maritime Pro. M. W. Miller, Que.; Manit. Saskatchewan. G. H. Hutto Knight, Sard.

Fights

EDITOR "THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE": Your paper and the farmer's paper are the Norfolk Co.

Toro

Owing to no market at West Toronto this week. and prices were absent from the expected effect was a tail the movement hogs for the view was any past week. Stock Yards sale. This number pack

Topics for Discussion for Young Farmers.

Each week we shall announce topics for discussion in this department. Three topics will appear each week during the winter season, with the dates upon which manuscript must be in our hands. Readers are invited to discuss one or more topics as they see fit. All articles published will be paid for in cash at a liberal rate. Make this department the best in the paper. This is the boys' and young man's opportunity. Here are the topics:

1. What is Wrong With the Community?

Discuss social, financial and other problems from a community viewpoint. Why have so many young people left the land? Why does almost every boy tire of his rural surroundings at some time in his early life? Is there a lack of proper social intercourse? Is there a lack of co-operation between the different members of the community? What is wrong? What is the remedy? Articles on this topic should reach this office by December 30.

2. What is Needed to Make the Farm Home More Attractive to Boys and Girls?

Is it conveniences, more attractive surroundings, or better live stock? Does the system of farming in vogue give an opportunity to mix with people in a commercial atmosphere, or must the young man remain too much on the land with production his only aim? What is lacking? Articles should reach us by Jan. 6th.

3. By-products of Production.

Give your experience in feeding, skim-milk, whey and buttermilk to young pigs and shoats. What is their comparative feeding value for pigs of different ages? Give weights of milk and grain fed and gains made. Have you ever used whey for raising calves? If so, how much did you feed per day? How did the calves do compared with skim-milk calves? What results have you had in feeding root tops in the field or when hauled to stable? Give results of feeding bean and clover straw, stating amounts fed and class of stock. What value have small unmarketable potatoes when fed to hogs? Which gives best results, feeding them whole, pulped or cooked? Some years there are many cull apples for which there is no market. Can they be profitably fed to stock? Articles should reach this office by January 13.

The Sheep and Swine Associations' Directors.

The election of directors for the Canadian Sheep Breeders' Association and the Canadian Swine Breeders' Association has been conducted by mailed vote, and counted in the office of the Secretary, R. W. Wade, Parliament Buildings, Toronto, on Monday, December 18, 1916. These are the directors for provinces outside of Ontario. The 1917 directors in the Canadian Sheep Breeders' Association for the different provinces are as follows: Maritime Provinces, Burder Goodwin, Baie Verta, N. B.; Quebec, Jas. Bryson, Brysonville, Que.; Prof. H. Barton, Macdonald College, Que.; V. Sylvestre, Clairvaux de Bagot, Que.; Manitoba, W. H. English, Harding, Man.; Saskatchewan, F. T. Skinner, Indian Head, Sask.; Alberta, H. J. A. Evans, Lacombe, Alta.; British Columbia, J. F. McCutcheon, Sardis, B. C.

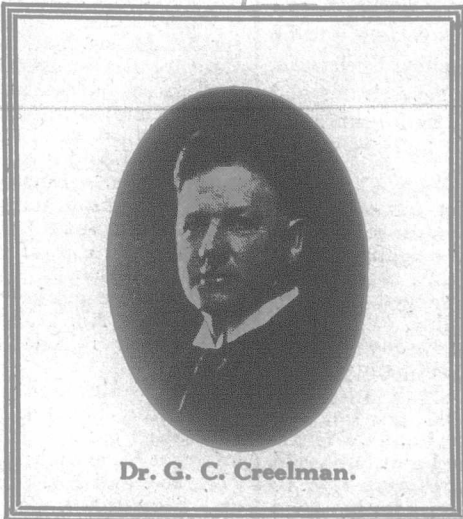
The 1917 directors in the Canadian Swine Breeders' Association, for the different provinces, are as follows: Maritime Provinces, J. F. Roach, Sussex, N. B.; Quebec, M. W. Miller, Brome, Que.; Alfred Gingras, St. Césaire, Que.; Manitoba, W. H. English, Harding, Man.; Saskatchewan, S. V. Tomicko, Lipton, Sask.; Alberta, G. H. Hutton, Lacombe, Alta.; British Columbia, A. Knight, Sardis, B. C.

Fights the Battle of the Farmer.

EDITOR "THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE":
Your paper gives topics in season; fights the battle of the farmer; prints pure, clean-cut articles on splendid paper and is surely the farmer's friend.
Norfolk Co., Ont. S. G. BRIGGS.

Changes in the Ontario Cabinet.

Several changes have been made recently in the personnel of the Ontario Cabinet. Hon. W. J. Hanna, the Provincial Secretary, has resigned, but will remain a member of the Government without portfolio. Hon. W. D. McPherson, K. C., member for Northwest Toronto, becomes the new Provincial Secretary. This Department, under Mr. Hanna, emphasized prison reform and modern ideas in the care of the weak-minded of the Province. This work led to a well-organized system of farms in connection with the Provincial Institutions,



Dr. G. C. Creelman.

but they are now to come under the jurisdiction of the Department of Agriculture. The Premier, Hon. Mr. Hearst, will be Minister of Agriculture, and Dr. G. C. Creelman, President of the Ontario Agricultural College, has been appointed Commissioner, and in his charge will be placed the Department of Agriculture, the Institutional Farms, for which the Provincial Secretary was formerly responsible, and certain phases of agricultural work conducted in the past by the Department of Lands, Forests and Mines. For a time, at least, Dr. Creelman will remain as President of the College at Guelph.

Oleomargarine Not Wanted in Maritime Provinces.

EDITOR "THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE":
This morning I wrote a letter to the Minister of Agriculture, thuswise:

"I understand that the Oleomargarine Interests are endeavoring to have the present law against the production and importation of the above butter substitute repealed. Among the many strong arguments against such action I want to submit, that while butter prices are only temporarily high, the repeal of this law, allowing the unwarranted use of 'oleo,' would probably maintain a degree of permanence that would work a great injury to the dairy interests, long after butter had resumed its normal prices. This matter will be brought before our annual meeting in January, when I hope a strong resolution will go forward to your Department protesting against any loosening of present restrictions. I hope, in the meantime, you will use your influence in this direction."

I am glad to find that you are editorially using your own influence against this threatened evil. We cannot maintain satisfactory production in our dairies without the use of millfeeds. The argument that we should raise our own wheat and its consequent by-products, i. e., millfeeds, fails at the outset, since our eastern farmers work smaller areas not so well adapted for that crop as the large, lower-valued lands in the West, which are suitable for the production of grain in large quantities, and cheapened by the use of machinery which would be very unprofitable if used on our small farms in the East. With the high cost of fertilizer and labor, it is impossible to raise wheat in the Maritime

Provinces at a profit for less than \$2.00 per bushel. Of a necessity, then, a large part of our millfeed must, for a time, at least, come from the West. This winter that millfeed costs us, on an average, over 2 cents per pound, that is our ordinary ration of cotton-seed meal, middlings, cornmeal and bran, an increase of 30 per cent. over the price of ordinary years. Butter has increased in price only in proportion, and if 30 cents per pound represents a normal price in ordinary years, then the present price of 40 cents will yield no greater net returns to the producer than in other years.

Owing to the scarcity and high cost of labor and fertilizers, as well as a bad season, the roughage crops cost more this year than ever before. So, from the farmer's viewpoint, butter cannot be manufactured this year for less than 40 cents per pound.

Again, I have noticed that it is much easier to pass legislation inimical to the farmers' interests than to make laws favoring them. If the "Oleo" Interests get the present law annulled it will be a hard fight to regain these restrictions when butter is again below the cost of profitable production in price.

I should be glad to get the views of other readers of "The Farmer's Advocate." Let us have the question aired, so the representatives at Ottawa cannot say that the farmers are indifferent in the matter.

Annapolis Co., N. S. R. J. MESSENGER,
Pres. N. S. Farmers' Ass'n.

The Farmers' Club a Benefit to a Community.

EDITOR, "THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE":

The Farmers' Club is one of the leading organizations of our community to-day. What are its objects? We have the social side, the educational benefits, and co-operation. Now, in order to get all out of the social side we must have the Farmers' Club and Women's Institute working hand in hand. I am going to picture our own Club to you, and then you will be able to see why. The Farmers' Club and Women's Institute, meet once a month at some member's home, where each hold their separate meeting. The men discuss any topic along agricultural lines and transact any business that may come before the Club. After the two meetings have closed, the ladies pass around a light lunch. After lunch some member with musical talent will preside at the organ or piano and in most cases the wee sma' oors come too soon. Some men won't join our forces because they are afraid that they could not provide stable room for the horses if the meeting came to their place, but this objection can be overcome by arranging for their turn to come in the summer.

There are Clubs not far from us which do not adopt the practice of providing lunch, thinking that it means too much work for the ladies. In our case two ladies provide each night, so you will see that if an Institute had twenty-four members each lady would provide once a year.

Regarding the educational benefit, I do not need to discuss this at any length. A young man or woman taking part in, or leading for the first time in a discussion may feel shy and backward, also nervous. After a little time these feelings are broken down and vanish. The first time a speaker gets on the platform his nerves are the first thing he must overcome before he can collect his thoughts and deliver them in a manner that will hold his audience and drive home the point which he has in mind. There is no better place to start than right in the Club at home, along with the men he is associated with from day to day.

Co-operation is just in its youth. Through our Club we can obtain our feed stuffs, seed grain and many other things at a lower price than if each individual went into a retailer's store to buy the article. If a number of farmers get the same variety of seed potatoes they can fill a car in the fall, which will be an even sample, uniform in appearance. They will find a better market than the farmers filling a car with many varieties, which is the usual custom.

In the near future I hope to see the members of our Club sending their finished stock to the market direct, if we can secure a responsible man to manage the business. This is a large subject, but there is nothing to hinder the farmer from saving the profit of the drover if he will only co-operate along with his neighbors. "In Unity there is Strength."
Simcoe Co., Ont. "MAC."

Toronto, Montreal, Buffalo, and Other Leading Markets.

Toronto.

Owing to the holiday season there was no market at the Union Stock Yards, West Toronto, on Monday or Tuesday of this week. Consequently, the receipts and prices which are usually given here are absent from this issue. Double the number expected arrived last week, and the effect was a draggy market. This, with the influence of the season, tended to curtail the movement of cattle, sheep and hogs for the week now drawing to a close.

Trade in cattle from a seller's point of view was anything but satisfactory this past week. On Monday at the Union Stock Yards there were 4,651 cattle on sale. This was more than double the number packers expected or even wanted,

the result was a very slow, draggy market, and a big drop in prices. Good to choice butcher steers were slow and a good 25c. lower, while common to medium butchers were a big 50c. lower, and half-finished, poor-quality animals 75c. lower. The bulk of steers and heifers were of common to medium quality, and very few loads, during the week brought over \$8.50. A few odd, good steers sold as high as \$9. On Monday cows declined 25c. to 35c. and remained steady at the lower price during the balance of the week. Canners and cutters were slow when the market first opened but quickly recovered, and sold at prices steady with the close of the previous week. Bulls have been fairly steady throughout the week. Stockers and feeders on Monday were slow and at

least 25c. lower, and on Tuesday took another drop of from 15c. to 25c. They remained steady at the reduced prices throughout the week, but trade was very slow. Milkers and springers, in sympathy with cattle of other classes, were slow, and from \$5 to \$10 lower. The Monday lamb market was active and a shade higher. On Tuesday lambs advanced a big 25c. They held strong the balance of the week. Sheep were strong and in good demand at steady prices. Good to choice veal calves were steady to strong throughout the week, but common and grass calves were 25c. lower. Hogs sold on Monday at \$11.85 to \$12 for fed and watered, on Tuesday at \$12 straight. A few choice decks sold at \$12.15 for fed and watered on Wednesday, but the real

price for the week was \$12, fed and watered, and \$12.25, weighed off cars. Live stock quotations.—Heavy steers, choice, \$8.50 to \$9; good, \$7.75 to \$8.25. Butcher steers and heifers, choice, \$8.50 to \$8.75; good, \$7.50 to \$8; medium, \$7 to \$7.35; common, \$6 to \$6.75. Cows, choice, \$7 to \$7.50; good, \$6.25 to \$6.75; medium, \$5.50 to \$6; common, \$4.85 to \$5.25. Canners and cutters, \$4.50 to \$4.75. Bulls, best heavy, \$7.50 to \$8; good, \$7 to \$7.25; medium, \$6 to \$6.50; common, \$5 to \$5.75. Stockers and feeders, \$5.50 to \$7. Milkers and springers, best, \$85 to \$110; medium, \$60 to \$70. Lambs, choice, \$12 to \$13.35; culls, \$8 to \$9.50. Sheep, light, \$8.50 to \$9.75; heavy, \$7.50 to \$8.50. Calves, choice, \$11.50 to \$12.50; medium, \$8.50 to \$10.50;

common, \$5.50 to \$8; heavy fat, \$7 to \$9.50. Hogs, fed and watered, \$12; weighed off cars, \$12.25. Less \$2.50 to \$3.50 per cwt. off sows, \$4 to \$5 per cwt. off stags, \$1 to \$2 per cwt. off light hogs, and \$2 to \$3 per cwt. off thin-feeder pigs, and one-half of one per cent. government condemnation loss.

Breadstuffs.

Wheat.—Ontario, according to freights outside, No. 2 winter, new, in car lots \$1.62 to \$1.64; No. 3 winter, new, \$1.60 to \$1.62. Manitoba wheat (track, bay ports)—No. 1 northern, new, \$1.85½. Old crop trading 4c. above new crop.

Oats.—Manitoba, track, bay ports, No. 2, C. W., 64½c. Ontario oats, according to freights outside, No. 2, white, 59c. to 61c., nominal; No. 3, 58c. to 60c., nominal.

Peas, according to freights outside, No. 2, \$2.40. Barley, according to freights outside, malting, \$1.16 to \$1.18.

Buckwheat, according to freights outside, \$1.25, nominal. Rye, according to freights outside, No. 2, \$1.34 to \$1.35.

American corn (track, Toronto), No. 3, yellow, no sellers owing to embargo. Flour.—Ontario winter wheat, \$6.70 to \$6.80, in bags, track, Toronto. Manitoba flour, first patents, in jute bags, \$9.20; second patents, \$8.80; strong bakers', \$8.50.

Hay and Millfeed.

Hay, No. 1, per ton, car lots, \$12.50 to \$13.50; No. 2, per ton, car lots, \$9.50 to \$10.50.

Straw.—Car lots, per ton, \$9 to \$10. Bran.—Per ton, \$32; shorts, \$37; feed flour, per bag, \$2.70 to \$2.80.

Country Produce.

Butter.—Butter remained stationary on the wholesales during the past week. Creamery, fresh-made pound squares, selling at 48c. to 49c. per lb.; creamery solids, 44c. to 45c. per lb.; dairy, 40c. to 41c. per lb.; separator dairy, 43c. to 44c. per lb.

Eggs.—Eggs also sold at unchanged prices, new-laid in cartons bringing 65c. per dozen; cold-storage, selects, 43c. per dozen; fresh, case lots, 40c. per dozen.

Beans.—Hand-picked, \$6 per bushel; prime white, \$5.40 per bushel; Lima, 10c. per lb.

Cheese, June, per lb., 26c.; twins, 26½c. Honey.—Sixty-lb. tins selling at 12c. per lb.; glass jars, \$1 to \$2 per dozen; combs, \$2.50 to \$3 per dozen.

Poultry.—Live-weight prices—chickens, 14c. per lb.; ducks, 13c. per lb.; turkeys, 25c. per lb.; fowl, 4 lbs. and over, 14c. per lb.; fowl, under 4 lbs., 10c. per lb.; geese, 11c. per lb.; squabs, dressed, \$3.50 to \$4 per dozen.

Hides and Skins.

City hides, flat, 25c.; country hides, cured, 24c.; country hides, part cured, 22c.; country hides, green, 19c.; calf skins, 45c.; kip skins, 37c.; sheep skins, city, \$2.50 to \$3.50; sheep skins, country, \$1.50 to \$3; lamb skins and pelts, \$1.50 to \$2; horse hair, per lb., 38c.; horse hides, No. 1, \$7 to \$9; No. 2, \$7 to \$8; wool, rejections, 35c. to 38c. per lb.; unwashed, 34c. to 37c. per lb.; tallow, No. 1, 9c. to 10c.; solids, 8c. to 9c.

Wholesale Fruits and Vegetables.

Receipts were heavy on the wholesales during the past week, with trade fairly active at practically stationary prices.

Potatoes.—A small quantity of the New Brunswick Delawares were sold at \$2.10 and \$2.15 per bag; a reduction of 10c. and 15c. per bag, but the bulk still sold at \$2.25 per bag, and the New Brunswick Potato Exchange are now asking advanced prices by the car lot, and it looks as if higher prices would soon prevail. The other varieties remained stationary, B. C's. bring \$2.10 per bag; Quebec Reds, \$1.90 per bag; Prince Edward Reds, \$1.85 per bag.

Onions are still scarce and remain high priced. The Americans selling at \$4.25 per cwt.; B. C's. at \$3.50 to \$3.75 per cwt. Ontarios at \$2.75 to \$3 per 75-lb. sack.

Cabbage has been so high in price that some of the wholesales refuse to handle it. It is now selling at \$2.50 to \$3.25 per bbl.

Carrots sold at \$1.25 per bag; parsnips \$1.35 to \$1.50 per bag; beets, \$1.50 per bag.

Both California and Thedford celery have been offered; the California at \$7.50 per case, and Thedford at \$4.25 to \$4.50 per case.

Oranges arrived freely—the Navels

selling at \$3 to \$3.75 per case; Floridas at \$2.75 to \$3.50; while pineapple Floridas brought \$4 per case.

Strawberries arrived on the market early this year, and while the first lot sold at \$1 per box they declined to 75c. and 85c. per box.

Bananas were slightly lower in price, selling at \$2 to \$2.50 per bunch.

Montreal.

Last week saw the most active trade experienced in the cattle market for some time past. This was only to be expected in the week preceding Christmas.

The market was exceedingly strong and prices advanced a good half cent a lb. This advance took place in spite of the increased offerings. Some very choice stock came on the market and sales took place as high as 11c. per lb. for some small lots of choice steers, weighing about 1,400 lbs. each.

From this, the price of choice Christmas stock ranged down to 10c., according to quality. Even the customary grades of steers brought higher figures than of late, choice quality being 9½c. to 9¾c. per lb.

Some very fine bulls brought 8¾c. to 9c. per lb., and some cows as high as 8c. Canners' cattle continued in good demand and bulls sold at 5½c. to 5¾c., while cows were 4½c. to 4¾c. Small meats were fairly good demand also, and the price of sheep and lambs advanced from ½c. to 1c. per lb., according to quality.

Choice Ontario lambs brought as high as 13½c. per lb., while sheep sold up to 9c. per lb., the range being to about a cent below prices quoted, according to quality. Hogs were in good demand and the market for them was firm, with sales at higher prices than a week ago.

Selected hogs sold as high as 13c., while choice hogs brought 12¾c.; sows 11c. to fractionally less, and stags as low as 6¾c. Calves were firm in price and milk-fed stock ranged from 9c. to 11c., while grass-fed sold from 5c. to 7½c. per lb.

Horses.—The market for horses was neglected and prices were steady as follows: Heavy draft, weighing 1,500 to 1,700 lbs., \$200 to \$250 each; light draft horses, weighing 1,400 to 1,500 lbs., \$150 to \$200 each; small horses, \$100 to \$125 each; culls, \$50 to \$75 each and choice saddle and carriage horses, \$200 to \$250 each.

Poultry.—During the past week, turkeys, as is usual in Christmas week, ran to higher prices, and sales of choice stock took place as high as 32 cents per lb. in a wholesale way. Ordinary, sold as low as 27c. Pigeons ranged from 24c. to 27c. for choice and down to 17c. for ordinary. Fowl sold at 14c. to 18c.; geese at 18c. to 20c. and ducks 19c. to 22c.

Dressed Hogs and Provisions.—As a consequence of the strength of the market for live hogs, dressed hogs sold at higher prices, abattoir dressed were as high as 17½c. and from that down to 17¼c. Country dressed ranged generally from 16c. to 17c. Cured meats were unchanged and not very active. Light hams were 25c. per lb.; 12 lb. to 14 lb. hams, 24c. and heavies 23c. per lb. Breakfast bacon 27c.; Windsor selected 29c., and Windsor boneless 30c. Pure leaf lard was 19½c. to 21½c. per lb., and compound 15½c. to 16 ¾c. per lb.

Potatoes.—There still exists a wide division of opinion on the market for potatoes. Some dealers quoted Green Mountains at \$1.75 and others as high as \$2.15 per 80 lbs., ex-store. Quebec varieties were quoted all the way from \$1.65 to \$1.90 and Alberta stock was quoted at \$1.70.

Maple Syrup and Honey.—The market was unchanged with 8-lb. tins of maple syrup quoted at 90c. to 95c. each; 10-lb. tins, \$1.05 to \$1.10 and 13-lb. tins, \$1.25 to \$1.50, with sugar 15c. to 16c. White clover comb honey 15c.; white extracted and brown clover comb, 13c; brown extracted 11c.; buckwheat 9c. to 10c.

Eggs.—Strictly fresh eggs were quoted at 70c., while fresh eggs not quite so strict were quoted at 60c. No. 1 selected were 42c. to 44c.; No. 1 candled 38c. to 40c., and No. 2 candled 34c. to 36c. per doz.

Butter.—The butter market showed a very firm tone but prices did not change during the week. Finest Fall creamery butter was quoted at 43c. to 43½c., while fine quality was about ½c. less. Winter creamery sold at 42c. to 42½c. per lb. and undergrades 40½c. to 41½c. Finest dairy butter was 38½c. to 39c. per lb. and fine dairy 37½c. to 39c.

Cheese.—The market for cheese holds steady. Finest Western was quoted at 25½c. to 25¾c. for colored and ¼c. less for white. Fine Eastern colored 24½c. to 24¾c. and white 24c. to 24¼c.

Grain.—The market for oats was very irregular but prices were lower than the previous week, being 68c. per bushel for No. 1 Canadian Western; 64c. for No. 2; 63c. for No. 3 and 60½c. for No. 2 feed, ex-store. Manitoba feed barley was 4c. cheaper, with car lots quoted at 96c. ex-store, rejected barley being 93c. Some Manitoba tough feed wheat sold at \$1.02½c. per bushel ex-store.

Flour.—The flour market showed a further decline, and first patent Manitobas were quoted at \$9.30; seconds at \$8.80 and strong bakers' at \$8.60 per barrel, in bags. Ontario wheat was \$8.60 to \$8.90 per barrel, in wood for 90% patents and \$4.10 to \$4.25 per bag.

Mill Feed.—Demand continues good and bran was firm at \$32, shorts at \$35, and middlings at \$38 to \$40; mixed mouille \$43 and pure grain mouille \$45 to \$48 per ton, in bags.

Hay.—The market was steady at \$13 per ton for No. 2 and \$11.50 for No. 3, with clover mixed \$10.50 per ton, extra.

Hides.—Although lamb skins were higher at \$3.50, the tone of the market was rather easier. Horse hides were 50c. lower, at \$8.50 each; beef hides unchanged 27c., 26c. and 25c. per lb., calf skins 38c. and 36c.; tallow 3c. to 5c. per lb. for rough and 8c. to 9c. for rendered.

Buffalo.

Cattle.—Good cattle sold full steady at Buffalo the past week, best native steers, out of Ohio, making \$11.25, with best Canadians running from \$9.50 to \$9.75, general range on Canadians being from \$9 to \$10. Best handy steers offered sold steady and ranged from nine to ten cents, yearlings on the good order but not strictly baby heifers nor choice, sold at ten cents.

Fancy heavy heifers sold up to \$9.50, but there were only a small number of these kinds and they were taken by the Jewish demand, who buy freely on the "gobby" cows. Best butchering heifers generally ranged from \$7.75 to \$8; little, stocker, thin kinds selling down to \$5 to \$5.25.

Medium, light and thin butchering stuff sold lower by fifteen cents to a quarter, heifers on the stocker order being especially slow sale. Stockers and feeders of all kinds were shade lower, the demand being very weak. Bulls brought good, strong prices, as did canner cows. Milk cows and springers of all classes were shade lower. After Monday, the trade showed continued weakness, and closed up as much as a quarter to forty cents under the previous week. Offerings for the week totaled 6,275 head, as against 5,500 for the previous week, and 3,200 for the corresponding week last year. Quotations:

Shipping Steers.—Choice to prime natives, \$9.75 to \$10.75; fair to good, \$8.50 to \$9; best heavy Canadians, \$9.75 to \$10.35; fair to good, \$8.25 to \$8.60.

Butchering Steers.—Choice heavy, \$9 to \$9.75; fair to good, \$8.50 to \$8.75; best to handy, \$8.75 to \$9.30; yearlings, prime, \$9.50 to \$10.25; fair to good, \$8.50 to \$9.

Cows and Heifers.—Best heavy heifers, \$8.25 to \$8.75; best butchering heifers, \$7.50 to \$7.75; fair butchering heifers, \$6.50 to \$7.25; good butchering cows, \$6 to \$6.50; medium to fair, \$5 to \$5.50; cutters, \$4.35 to \$4.50; canners, \$3.50 to \$4.25.

Bulls.—Best heavy, \$6.75 to \$7; good butchering, \$6.25 to \$6.50.

Stockers and Feeders.—Best feeders, \$7 to \$7.25; common to fair, \$5.25 to \$5.60; best stockers, \$6.50 to \$7; common to good, \$5 to \$5.50.

Milchers and Springers.—Good to best, in small lots, \$80 to \$100; in carloads, \$70 to \$75; medium to fair, in small lots, \$60 to \$65; in carloads, \$55 to \$60; common, \$40 to \$50.

Hogs.—Buffalo had a good hog market the past week, holding a fifty to sixty-five cent margin above the West. The week started with a \$10.85 top, and, while several decks landed at \$10.70 and \$10.75, bulk sold at \$10.65; Tuesday's trade was steady to a nickel lower; Wednesday values were steady to strong; Thursday's market was a nickel higher, and Friday prices showed a further advance of 15 to 20 cents, top for Friday being \$11, with other sales ranging from \$10.80 to \$10.95,

bulk \$10.85. Pigs and lights sold from \$9.50 to \$10; roughs landed at \$9.50 and \$9.60, and stags from \$8.25 down. For the past week receipts reached 43,100 head, being against 38,738 head for the week before, and 48,500 head for the same week a year ago.

Sheep and Lambs.—Values were on a very high range the past week. Buffalo made a new American record, when, on the closing day of the week previous to this, three loads of top lambs sold up to \$10.10. Monday the feeling was a little weak, but nevertheless the top at Buffalo stood \$1 per cwt. above Chicago, good to choice lambs selling here from \$13.75 to \$14., and culls reached as high as \$13. After Monday, values were from a quarter to fifty cents lower, range on tops the next four days being from \$13.50 to \$13.75, with culls \$12.75 down. Yearlings brought \$11.75, with some small lots reaching up to \$12, wether sheep made \$10, and ewes went from \$9 down. Receipts the past week were 21,400 head, as against 16,923 head for the week previous, and 13,000 head for the same week a year ago.

Calves.—The past week started with top veals selling from \$14 to \$14.50; Tuesday's top was \$14.25; Wednesday and Thursday bulk moved at \$14, and Friday tops landed at \$14.50, with a few reaching \$15. Good handy culls sold as high as \$12 and \$12.50, and fed calves from \$6.50 down. Offerings the past week aggregated 2,350 head, being against 2,134 head for the previous week, and 1,600 head for the same week a year ago.

Chicago.

Cattle.—Beeves, \$7 to \$11.75; western steers, \$7 to \$10; stockers and feeders, \$5 to \$8.10; cows and heifers, \$3.85 to \$10; calves, \$3 to \$11.75.

Hogs.—Light, \$9.35 to \$10.10; mixed, \$9.65 to \$10.30; heavy, \$9.80 to \$10.35; rough, \$9.80 to \$9.90; pigs, \$7.50 to \$9.30; bulk of sales, \$9.85 to \$10.25.

Sheep and lambs.—Lambs, native, \$11.10 to \$13.40.

Gossip.

The four young Hereford bulls advertised for sale by Artemas O'Neil, Denfield, Ontario, in the issue of December 21, were eight months old, instead of eight years old, as inadvertently mentioned in the advertisement.

In J. A. Watt's advertisement, regarding his Shorthorns, in the Christmas Number, as well as in the issue of December 21, the name of the bull Gainford Select was used instead of Gainford Perfection. Gainford Perfection is a son of Gainford Marquis, and was grand champion at the Canadian National, Toronto, in 1914.

Sale Dates.

Jan. 2, 1917, Cecil Nevill, Straffordville, Holsteins.

Jan. 31, Brant District Holstein Consigner's Sale.

Feb. 1-2, Canadian Breeders, Union Stock Yards, Toronto, Ont. R. Miller, Stouffville, Manager.

Coming Events.

Jan. 4 and 5.—Eastern Ontario Dairymen's Association Annual Convention, Napanee.

Jan. 9 and 10.—Annual meeting of the Experimental Union, O.A.C., Guelph.

Jan. 10 and 11.—Western Ontario Dairymen's Association Annual Convention, Woodstock.

Jan. 16 to 19.—Ottawa Winter Fair. Short Courses at Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph. In stock and seed judging, Jan. 9 to 20; poultry raising, Jan. 9 to Feb. 3; bee-keeping, Jan. 9 to 27; dairying, Jan. 2 to March 23; horticulture, Jan. 9 to Feb. 16; business and marketing, Jan. 9 to 20.

Feb. 5 to 9.—Live Stock Meetings, Toronto.

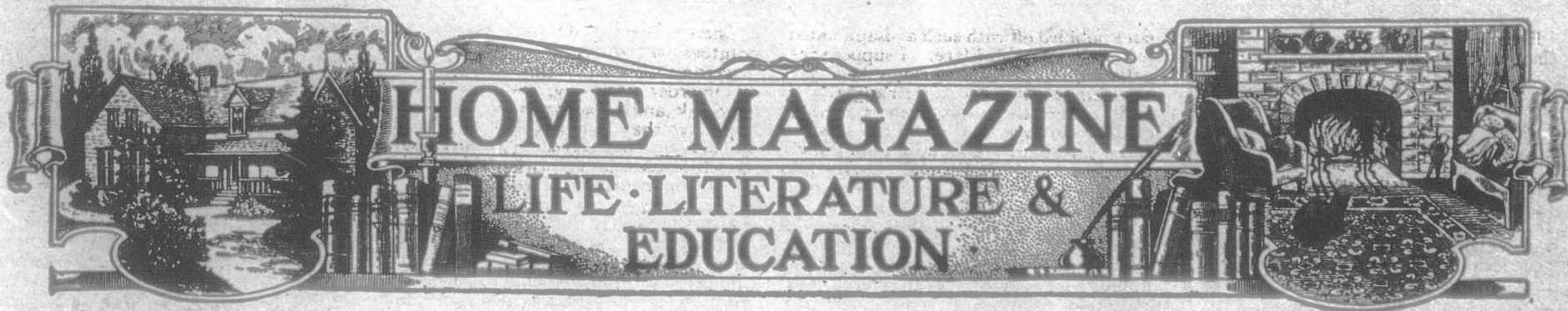
Feb. 6 to 7.—Fairs and Exhibitions Convention, Toronto.

Feb. 13 to 16.—Corn Show and Convention, Kingsville.

Annual Meetings of United Farmers of Ontario and the Dominion Grange—the week of Live Stock Meetings, Toronto.

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Outlook.

BY ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN.

Not to be conquered by these headlong days,
 But to stand free; to keep the mind broad
 On life's deep meaning, nature's altitude
 Of loveliness, and time's mysterious ways:
 At every thought and deed to clear the haze
 Out of our eyes, considering only this:
 What man, what life, what love, what beauty is,
 This is to live and win the final praise.
 Though strife, ill-fortune and harsh human need
 Beat down the soul, at moments blind and dumb,
 With agony; yet, patience—there shall come
 Many great voices from life's outer sea,
 Hours of strange triumph, and, when few men heed,
 Murmurs and glimpses of eternity.

"Wish-bone Pickings."

BY THE SPARTAN.

If the reader cares a snap for an explanation, it was nothing more heroic than a Thanksgiving fowl in the process of dissection that prompted this philosophic ramble. It was really pathetic that one had no O. Henry nor a Mark Twain to elaborate the theme; for the pater-familias that was performing wondrous surgery had really started something when he remarked that he had spoiled the "wish-bone" but that he didn't care, it wasn't as important as the backbone, anyway.

Of the elect who waited in close-belted and undisguised, lofty anticipation, one said the wish-bone looked like the fifth proposition in Euclid to him—had the same luck trying to cross the asses' bridge as he had breaking the wish-bone—always got about a short half. Another said, with more imagination, that the thing really did resemble an isosceles triangle but that the bridge was no "asses' bridge," it was rather a bridge of sentiment joining Thanksgiving to Christmas, as it were from stuffed fowl to stuffed fowl, and spanning a period of fine human hopes and sentiments at that.

A lady, thereupon, remarked that while wish-bones were so easily broken she noticed, too, that the doctor in his carving onslaughts had done the good, solid backbone no damage whatsoever.

I think it was the word "piffle!"—O tempora, O mores!—that finally ended the remarks on that particular theme. I have always wondered what would have happened had someone in the midst of one of Burke's masterpieces risen to shriek that word at him, or whether Cicero in full swing against Cataline would not have been stricken dumb by a well-howled "piffle!" from the historic renegade himself. Speaking of Rome, one is reminded of a certain monastery there with small dimensions but large and memorable records. It has a very small burial plot, and for many centuries the good monks have been interred nowhere else. In the stress of grim events the plot ere long became full, so that now, the monks of the middle ages having yielded their crowded tombs to more modern sleepers, the walls of the courtyard are hung heavy with gruesome decorations. Yards, rods, almost miles of backbone! Skulls shrunken, toes missing but backbone still intact. Fine, substantial old Roman backbone, too, for which we Anglo Saxons, Romans in many ways, can be thankful in these days.

I don't know how far comparisons might be carried. It may be a wish-bone answers for poetry. It is backbone that makes a Lloyd-George oration. One can wrap a wish-bone in tinsel, be-ribbon it

and hang it artistically on one's wall, but any kind of decent backbone will stand by itself.

For it takes stout vertebrae, to make history, to hew out civilization, to trample down tyrannies. One likes to know that the crest of Britain bears a lion rampant, for there is more room for backbone there than in certain shrieking eagles we wot of. And it is in pathetic sublime that, beneath that crest, Britons have led legions of their fellows to every corner of the earth, so that there are whitening British bones in the remote Himalayas, in the wastes of the Soudan, in the deserts of Arabia. Nor has it all been for conquest, but rather because of the untameable impulse to do rather than to wish that springs from an upstanding back-bone.

But it is in the individual that the thing means all. It is only a symbol, my friend, and yet infinitely more than a dinner jest. Have you not seen brilliance go skyrocketing to gaudy flash and instant death? Tap that fellow in the middle of the moral back and he wobbles. And have you ever beheld the unutterable pathos of the near-great? The tragedy of one who almost got there but for the scintillating lure of a tinselled wish-bone diverting him, not happily?

There was genius and philosophy about Byron and Shelley. Yet one contemplates them as pictures with spaces of canvas strangely bare, or as a highly colored Oriental vase in the last touching of which the artist has suddenly lost his sense of proportion. Not that these partial flights are without inspiration—there is insignificance in the sublimest human soul it seems sometimes—but that the uplift of peoples and times is not wrought by such spasmodic brilliance. No, rather by the straight-standing

figures of substantial strength consistently and persistently applied.

The comparison is very clear when one compares the far-flung achievements of a Livingstone, a Roberts, a Kitchener, a Lloyd-George with the insufficient, though at times pleasing, life-expression of a Buckingham, a Marlborough, or a Charles II. In the earlier romantic centuries these picturesque figures constantly crept into the light and dazzled their day there, but they stand out in our fanciful moods only. When we want substance we think of the good, long swords of the barons and Magna Charta, or of Oliver Cromwell and his legions.

No! The age of laced cavaliers has fled, and their snuff-boxes are largely in museums. The twentieth century is well laden with falsities, it is true, but when all is said it is a practical and a very observing century. The chances are you will be judged more by your beefsteak purchasing abilities than by any artistic trait that may be yours. And one finds it hard to decide just which stands higher, the talent that builds a sound bridge or the talent which produces a silvery sonnet. Such judgment seems merciless to many a high-strung soul, but it is inexorable. One has to accept in some measure the tide of his own times and to shape his course thereby.

This trend toward practical work-a-day achievement is significant and commands respect, for its result, in the long run, probably raises the level of living amongst the whole mass of mankind, and in all cases it is at least evident—visible to the eye—a bigger house, a larger car, more snipping of coupons at approved intervals.

Commendable this and eloquent of substantial vertebrae no doubt, in which sense it wins its legion of disciples, and rolls up irresistible forces, sweeping nearly

all with it. But I think the very fact takes us back to the rarer and higher strength, which can march alone, yea, though its valet doesn't exist and its top coat be of last year's pattern. Heavy marching, too,—apt to be solitary throughout life, and only winning followers perhaps of a posthumous sort. Nevertheless high, tragically fine, and soundly upstanding.

So it is that one sometimes recalls the "different" in this strong age, who are also very strong, albeit the force of them radiates towards their fellows, seldom converges towards themselves, and grasps little or nothing.

And when all is said, if one would weigh truly these two strengths in the deepest recess of his heart, he would know with knowledge of high instinct, which he nor none other could explain, that the scale hung never so heavily with gold was yet all too light to balance a single roll of a John Milton manuscript, the bow alone of a Stradivarius, or the smallest canvas of a Rembrandt.

And were the yule-tide log to be aflame,—well, it is a strong thing to rear a pyramid, to dam the Nile, to tunnel the Rockies, to make a million, but I ask, in that soft, mysterious hearth-light, if one were to hear the strains of Gounod's "Ave Maria," would one not forget, or if one were recite "the Cotter's Saturday Night," would one not sense to the full this other—this different strength?

Travel Notes.

(FROM HELEN'S DIARY.)

Berne, Switz., Nov. 8, 1916.

Berne again! All roads in Switzerland lead to Berne. Sooner or later everybody has to come to the Hub of the Republic, for one reason or another. Just now there is a rush for passports, the two-year limit being just about up. At the beginning of the war the English passports were good for five years, but later the time limit has shortened to two. Now, if one wishes to cross the frontier he must do so within three days after the passport has been vised. Moreover, one cannot enter any of the belligerent countries without a good and sufficient reason. This puts a veto on the travelling for pleasure, if there is such a thing nowadays, and in travelling to "see things." Illness is a sufficient excuse for leaving Switzerland for a more salubrious climate, but not unless one has a doctor's certificate stating that it is necessary.

So all our dreams of spending the winter by the blue Mediterranean in Italy or Southern France have vanished. We have to resign ourselves to another season of fog and gloom in Switzerland.

In Berne one is apt to meet any of one's made-in-Switzerland-since-the-war acquaintances. The refugees keep going around and around from one place to another, to the mountain resorts in the summer, to the cities in the winter, to Lugano in the spring and autumn, and between times they come to Berne. Switzerland is so small that wherever we go we keep running up against the same people. We are continually having monologues or dialogues or triologues in our family of this sort:

1. Uncle Ned (at luncheon)—"Say—who is that charmer over there with the golden locks? Haven't we seen her some place before?"
 Aunt Julia (elevating her lorgnette)—"Yes. But where? Her hair seems to be different."
 Helen (turning to look)—"Oh! it's that alleged Austrian widow who sat near us in Geneva. Her hair was brown there. She is the one who was suspected of being a spy."
2. (At the theatre, just before the curtain rises).
 Uncle Ned—"Who's that military swell over there who is bowing to you, Helen?"



War Prisoners Post at Lucerne, Switzerland. Reading from left to right: German, French, English, Swiss.

Helen—"He's a Swiss officer I met at Chateau-d'Oex."
 Uncle Ned—"Smart-looking chap. German-Swiss?"
 Helen—"No. French-Swiss."

3. (In a tea-room.)
 Helen (reflectively)—"I can't place that woman over there with the gray hair—the one sitting alone. There! Now she's getting up. Oh, now I know. She was at Lenk. She's Dutch. Used to be a good deal with two elderly German men there. Some people thought she was a spy."

4. (At a cinema.)—Two ladies are ushered into the seats next us just after the lights are lowered. Pause. Lights go up. Mutual astonishment. New arrivals turn out to be two charming Armenian ladies from Constantinople whom we knew quite well in Lugano.

Berne is so crowded just now, and prices so high, it is difficult to get satisfactory accommodation at average rates. Everything is soaring—except incomes. One elderly American gentleman who has been obliged to economize since the war, told me that he had tramped Berne from one end to the other and "looked at" twenty-seven places before he finally found a room that suited both his taste and his purse. There seem to be people in Berne from every quarter of the globe. It is said to be full of spies and deserters and intriguers. If the lid could be lifted off the city there would doubtless be some startling revelations; and if all the people were suddenly compelled to wear labels stating who and what they were, and why they were here—there would probably be some sensational exposures.

The street life of Berne has taken on quite a different aspect since we were here two years ago. The military element is, of course, very prominent, Berne being the headquarters of the Swiss army, but the appearance of the soldiers has changed. This is due partly to their new uniforms, which are gray-green in color and very smart. In sad contrast to these vigorous sons of the Republic striding along with such a "preparedness" air, one sees also on the streets many of the human wrecks of this terrible war—the wounded internes—hobbling along with bandaged heads. The gray-red uniforms of the French soldiers are the most numerous, but there are also many English and Belgian in khaki. They are all in Berne for special medical treatment.

Another change in the street life is the amusement of the small boys. Two years ago they were all playing soldiers. The fad for drilling and marching seems to have passed. Now they are practicing first-aid to the injured. Perfectly healthy boys suddenly collapse and have to be carried away to temporary hospitals the sidewalk or in doorways. Boy surgeons perform remarkable operations, sometimes cutting off a leg or arm with a wooden club, after which the patient makes a sudden recovery and is able to walk away and be wounded over again.

This year we are stopping at a downtown hotel just opposite the *Bundeshaus* (Government Building). Twice a week a market is held on the *Bundesplatz*, and as our rooms overlook this square we have an excellent view of the market. On a bright, sunny day it is a very lively and interesting scene; but when the skies weep as copiously as they did yesterday, there is nothing to be seen but a wabbling roof of black umbrellas.

Tuesday is the big market day, the day they bring the pigs and chickens and things in. There is considerable wasted energy in the live-stock section on that day, and the air is full of grunts and squeaks, expressive of supreme discontent with existing conditions. I like to go down there and look at the little, white piglets in boxes. Sometimes there are as many as ten in one small box, packed in like sardines, and all in a state of active mutiny and grunting expostulation.

The mushroom corner of the market is also very interesting. Every mushroom sold has to be examined by an expert. If the mushroom is edible the vendor is given a green ticket which is displayed for the benefit of buyers; if the mushrooms are not edible the person to whom they belong is given an illustrated lecture by means of colored cards kept there for that purpose. Most of these mushrooms are gathered in the woods, and the sellers are of all ages from seven to seventy. I saw one bent, old woman come up with a bunch of mushrooms tied up in a bit of cotton. The examiner ran his fingers through them, shook his head, and threw them in the waste heap. The poor, old

dame hobbled off with such a disappointed look on her wrinkled face. I suppose the gathering of those mushrooms had cost her hours of toil—and all for naught.

All around the market there is a fringe of baby carriages and small carts, which come empty and go away full. Sometimes, of course, they come partly full, and go away fuller, as, for instance, one I passed yesterday. Just as I was passing what I supposed was a baby carriage full of cabbages, a human leg was thrust up through the leaves, and, at the same time, wailing sounds of distress arose in agitated crescendo from somewhere underneath. A woman with a proprietary air and a net bag full of apples arrived in breathless

There is also another reason why potatoes are so hard to get; the Swiss Government has set the market price, and in order to get any, one must arise at daybreak and stand in line. Rich and poor have the same chance. It is a case of first come first served. The arrival of a bag of potatoes in the market is an event. It is immediately surrounded by a struggling mob, and a policeman stands guard to see that there is no overcharge. "And after Christmas," said our hotel manager, when we questioned him on the subject, "we won't be able to get any at all." Sugar, he said, was also scarce, and lump sugar not obtainable. Butter costs 45 cents a pound, and eggs five cents apiece.

I wanted to ask him what the coffee we got was made from but I didn't dare. My private opinion is that it is sawdust and burnt bread.

By eleven o'clock the market is over and the cleaning-up process begins. The first step in the performance is the arrival of a little, withered-up old man, carrying on his bent back a huge tank of water, to which is attached a rubber hose. This hose he wiggles from side to side as he walks, and having apparently, in spite of his humble calling, a love for decorative art, he varies the monotony of his job, and, at the same time gives vent to his artistic sense, by spraying the pavement in fantastic designs, finishing off by putting a wet border of figure eights all around the square.

After the dust has been laid in this way—which must surely be a survival of primitive times—a squad of muscular and energetic women with brooms arrive and in an incredibly short time the debris has vanished.

But this is not the end. The centipede has yet to come. It comes about noon, crawling into the square on its 24 legs—wheels, I mean,—hissing like a dragon, and spouting such volumes of water that in a few minutes the place looks like a veritable lake. It takes six or eight stalwart men to manage the centipede.

After this marine visitation the market place of the morning becomes the aristocratic *Bundesplatz* of the afternoon. When the Swiss universities opened last month there were a great many internes enrolled in the lists of students. At the University of Geneva there are nearly three hundred. Most of them are French, some of them Belgian, and one is English.



An Onion Vendor in the Berne Market.

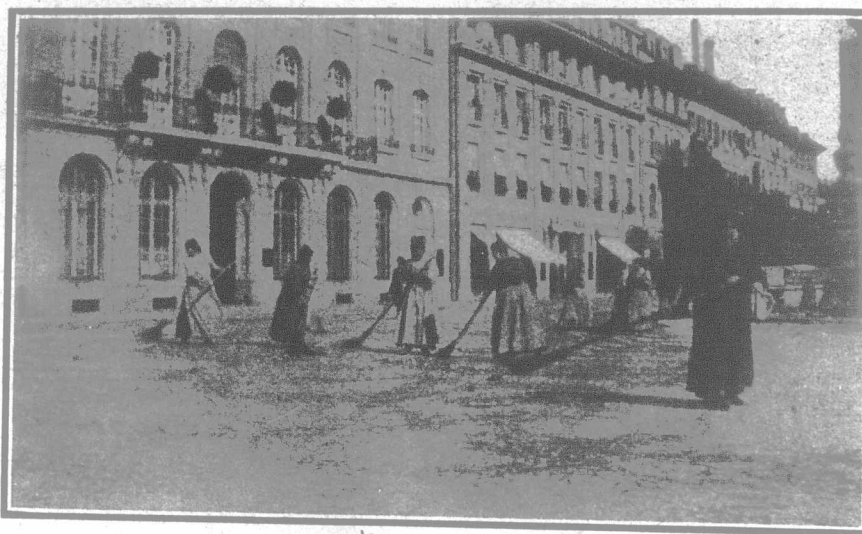
haste, tucked in the leg, cooed soothingly at the vocalist, deposited the apples on top of the cabbages, and wheeled the carriage away.

If I were a vegetable this season, in Switzerland, I would be a potato, and if I were a potato, even a poor, little, shrivelled-up degenerate, I would smile disdainfully at the carrots and the turnips and the beets and the rest of them, and I would look at them scornfully out of my seven or eight black eyes, and I would say

the place looks like a veritable lake. It takes six or eight stalwart men to manage the centipede.

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Women Sweeping the Market-place, Berne, Switzerland.

in biting accents: "I really cannot associate any longer with such an ordinary common-place lot." Yes; this I would do if I were a potato, for the potato this year is the most desired, the most longed-for, and the hardest-to-get vegetable in the Helvetic Republic. This is because, owing to the wet season, the Swiss crop is a failure, and potatoes from the surrounding belligerent countries have been obliged for various reasons to stay at home.

They were given a most enthusiastic welcome by the university authorities and the students. They are allowed to wear their uniforms. In Berne there are a number of English internes working in the various English departments connected with war-prisoners' work. But these men are obliged to wear civilian clothes. This is a Berne law. War prisoners living permanently in Berne cannot wear their uniforms.

Employment agencies have now been

established for the benefit of the internes. There are three centres—one at Lausanne, one at Zurich, and one at Lucerne. Employees who wish to engage an interne must apply to one of these three committees. No interne can be sent to an employer of a nationality which is an enemy, and they are not allowed to be sent to make munitions. There are 2,500 internes looking for work. Employers are advised to treat them with tact and patience and kindness.

Hope's Quiet Hour.

A New Year's Thought.

When the Old Year lies sleeping, weary with toil and sin,
 The young New Year comes peeping, waiting to be let in,
 His face is bright with gladness, straight from the Hand of God;
 His eyes have seen no sadness; no mire his feet have trod.
 O let us rise, my brethren! to greet the fair New Year,
 Resolved that words of evil from us he shall not hear.
 That he shall see no sorrow, which we can help to cure,
 Nor anything defiled which Christians can keep pure,
 So when this year, too, passes, and our own days grow few,
 We may in hope await Him, Who "maketh all things new."
 M. K. W.

The King's Business.

I rose up, and did the king's business.
 —Dan. 8:27.
 Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?—S. Luke 2:49.

"The year is closed, the record made, The last deed done, the last word said: The memory alone remains Of all its joys, its griefs, its gains: And now with purpose full and clear I turn to meet another year."

There was astonishment in the question of the Son of Mary. Even at twelve years old His Father's business was the one thing that demanded His full attention as a matter of course. Why should the mother's heart be anxious and depressed over her missing Son? He was doing His Father's business and was therefore safe under the Father's protecting care—though out of her sight. What a comfort to the many troubled mothers to-day! If their absent sons are doing the business of the Great King, they are in safety under His ceaseless care. If their lives are consecrated to His service, even the mysterious change which we call "death" can only be "great promotion" into His own Body-guard.

We are living in a time of tremendous solemnity, and a trivial aim in life seems impossible. Death stands so near to the young and strong that the ordinary carelessness of youth is crowded out. The last two years have made the most thoughtful thoughtful.

What will the next year bring? The usual greeting, "A Happy New Year!" is no longer an easy wish but rather an earnest prayer. Suddenly we have realised that life here is not to go on indefinitely. The trust committed to us, as stewards of our King, may be recalled any day. Have we been faithful stewards? We look back at the sins, failures and wasted time of the past, and acknowledge that we are unprofitable servants. It is not our own but our Master's time and property that we have recklessly squandered. We know how ready He is to forgive those who are really penitent, we know that He has provided a Fountain for sin and for uncleanness; but we also know that words of penitence are false unless they are backed by an earnest purpose of amendment. Will next year show any real progress in holiness?

What was our business—our great object in life—in the past? If it was to secure money, pleasure, admiration or comfort for ourselves, then we cannot say that the work of our King has been our real business in life. The coming year will be eventful—the war settles that—will it mean progress in the real life, or shall we jog along as if this life were all? The soldier's heroic deeds,

which have proved the saying: "the abundance he possesses ambition self, is awful woe er". Ple counts no if only he and we see understood for he shall lose for My s with rever less hero two and a faced deat "last enem

All of us die splendi not always His servan Our busin for ourselv seems vital our duty in is pleased what duti future. T amazed us hurriedly g and office. were made material. this war h with mank love of Go from the fa ing hero be manhood.

St. Paul soldiers on a race, and with unne don't prese soldier frie asking for necessities, calling the and danger

Some on of prosperi holiday exc with heavy pretty sto with bright They fret o be left beh selves by d treasures, d "finding at spent stren bish after a Meantime spoken; ev cross, and r sky and the and all this to be broug

Perhaps, Father's H find that a tawdry and real treasu business he loving.

Perhaps world's wor for anything might a new

Yesterday by The Car was headed a soldier." "If all the Toronto we to the Rec the Society would brin are valuabl

The Kin whether we washing clo or sweeping This has o making age have dropp and cheerl when their urgent and Many men great missi "I have no

What sha if he must King of Ki possible to and yet b Business of

which have dazzled us with their glory, have proved the deep truth of our Lord's saying: "A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth." A man whose chief ambition is to pile up wealth for himself, is—in the fierce search-light of this awful war—plainly revealed as a "shirker". Place him beside the man who counts not his life dear unto himself, if only he may help and save others, and we see that the Great Leader of men understood our human nature perfectly, for he said: "He that findeth his life shall lose it; and he that loseth his life for My sake shall find it." We look with reverent admiration at the countless heroes, who—even within the last two and a half years—have undauntedly faced death, and we are sure that the "last enemy" did not conquer them.

All of us would like to live nobly and die splendidly; but to "desire" a thing is not always to "will" it. Our King sends His servants here or there as He sees fit. Our business is not to win a great name for ourselves, or to do some work which seems vitally important, it is simply to do our duty in that state of life in which He is pleased to place us. We don't know what duties may lie ahead of us in the future. The British army—which has amazed us all by its efficiency—was hurriedly gathered from farm and shop and office. Soldiers—splendid soldiers—were made out of all kinds of human material. H. G. Wells has declared that this war has caused him to "fall in love with mankind." Perhaps the wonderful love of God for mankind springs partly from the fact that He could see the sleeping hero beneath the disguise of ordinary manhood.

St. Paul reminds us that we are like soldiers on active service, like runners in a race, and must not load ourselves down with unnecessary encumbrances. We don't present elaborate dressing-cases to soldier friends. We know they are not asking for luxuries, but are content with necessities, when the king's business is calling them forward to face hardships and danger.

Some one has remarked that, in times of prosperity, we are like children on a holiday excursion. They load themselves with heavy and cumbersome treasures—pretty stones, shells, branches covered with bright leaves, wild flowers, etc. They fret over the quantities which must be left behind, and they weary themselves by dragging home fading, dragged treasures, dropping many as they go, and "finding at last that what they have spent strength and time on is only rubbish after all, and has to be thrown away. Meantime there have been sharp words spoken; everyone has been tired and cross, and nobody has noticed the sunset sky and the evening light upon the hills; and all this for the sake of things not fit to be brought into the home."

Perhaps, when the door of our Royal Father's Home is opened for us, we may find that the treasures of earth look tawdry and worthless in the Light. The real treasure is Love, and our great business here (our Father's business) is loving.

Perhaps you think your part in the world's work is too unimportant to count for anything. So—if it could speak—might a newspaper say, yet—Listen!

Yesterday I saw a circular, sent out by The Canadian Red Cross Society. It was headed, "Save your waste and save a soldier." One statement was this: "If all the daily papers published in Toronto were, after being read, turned in to the Red Cross Society warehouse, the Society would have 70 tons, which would bring \$700 a day." Newspapers are valuable after all.

The King's Business should be ours, whether we are worshipping on Sunday, washing clothes for His glory on Monday, or sweeping the rooms for him on Friday. This has often been called a money-making age; and yet thousands of men have dropped their lucrative business and cheerily accepted terrible hardships when their earthly king's business was urgent and required their full attention. Many men in these days might echo the great missionary's reasonable statement; "I have no time to make money."

What shall it profit a man to die rich, if he must appear in the Presence of the King of Kings with empty hands? It is possible to be "busy here and there," and yet be completely ignoring the Business of the King.

"We are not here to play, to dream, to drift;
We have hard work to do and loads to lift;
Shun not the struggle, face it:
'Tis God's Gift."
DORA FARNCOMB.

Christmas Gifts for the Needy.

Two old friends have this week sent me Christmas donations "for the needy." Two dollars came from "A Puslinch Friend," and five dollars from "A Country Woman" (whose gift of \$2.00—sent anonymously several years ago started the "Advocate purse.") I have written to thank these kind readers; but my last letter to "Country Woman" was returned to me by the Dead Letter Office,



Britain's Champion Airman.

Flight commander, Albert Hall, D. S. O., M. C., has brought down 29 Hun planes. He is 30 years old. He is seen holding the steel nose-cap for his plane. It is painted red, and when the enemy airmen see it they know what confronts them. The propeller is his favorite souvenir. It belongs to the first machine that he brought down—Underwood & Underwood.

and this one may also fail to reach her, so I wish to express here my gratitude for her continued kindness to my sick and needy friends.
HOPE.

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.—Now that Convention reports are all disposed of there is a chance to have a good old Ingle Nook *seance* again. Indeed I've been "dying" to have a talk with you over those very Conventions, not officially, but in the cozy way in which we have the privilege of doing things in the Ingle Nook.

In the first place, both in London and Toronto, the outstanding impression that one had in regard to the "Institute," was a sense of its *power*. It has assumed momentum. It is *doing* things, and doing them, too, in a quiet unostentatious way, for the most part. I have been at women's meetings where very confident speakers seemed to be, above all things, conscious of themselves, conscious of I-do-not-know-what, — their clothes, social position, their own cleverness? Something of all this, perhaps, little marks revealing that self possibly meant more than the objects in hand. But at the two big Conventions there was almost nothing of this. The women seemed to be filled with the things they were doing, or taking in hand to do; they seemed to be absolutely "out" of themselves, thinking of themselves not at all. And this was surely a guarantee of the bigness of their work.

I was not the only one among "outsiders"—for I suppose that as a mere reporter I must be among the "outsiders"—I was not the only one who thought this. Speaking to me, after the London Convention, Mrs. A. T. Edwards (who, you will remember, spoke to you on the work of the Canadian War Contingent Association) said: "As I listened to those women speaking I thought they were the cream of the earth, and I said so to the Mayor."

Now, I wonder if I am giving you too much praise. There is always a danger that too much praise may make people

smug—and from smugness, as well as from all other sins and foolishness, "Good Lord deliver us!" There are few things more tiresome, and snobbery in the country is just as shortsighted, and ridiculous and silly as snobbery in the town. But, on the other hand, a little deserved praise is by no means to be despised. It puts heart into sensible people, spurs them to further effort, gives them thankfulness and quiet joy. And so I don't think this passing on of praise will harm many of you.

Of course just at present the work is nearly all war-work, and love and gratefulness to the boys out there in the midst of the battle-smoke is being tucked in with every dollar collected for doctors' supplies, every stitch put into gray wool for trench-cold feet. Until the war is over nearly all of the talk at the Conventions will be of this. But there were inklings too, of other things, signs that already the 30,000 women who belong to this organization are looking forward into the future, when the cannons have ceased to boom, seeking what shall be done for the good of the race.

Foremost among these things was Medical Inspection of Schools, so ably presented by Miss Hotson of Parkhill and others,—surely a most important subject now that child-life is the nation's most important asset. It always was that, of course, but it must be recognized as such now, since each lad will soon have to fill the place of someone who sleeps beneath the poppies of Flanders, or of some other who, having given to the Empire his best, physically, has no longer his best, in that way, to give.—Each lass, too, has her part, since the lasses will have to step into many breaches, doing work that, as Dr. Backus said, "We had always been told women could not do."

Another note struck quite frequently was, of course, the High-Cost-of-Living question. Once and again the marvel was expressed that whereas the farmer who lives at any considerable distance from a city gets comparatively little value for his hard work, the consumer in the city has to pay so very much for it. As Mr. Putnam remarked, it seemed unfair that when apples were being sold 20 miles from Toronto for \$2.00 a barrel, they should be retailed in Toronto at \$6.50 or \$7.00 a barrel. Hearing him say that, and thinking of all the other things that, no doubt, are being manipulated in the same way, one wished devoutly that a few of the middlemen would get out and work in other ways for a living.

Of course it's all a dreadful tangle, this



A Bit of Real War.

The photo shows a French armored motor car near Guillaunt on the French front. By the roadside are French and British wounded. Beside the armored car are English officers and a Chaplain. Back of them is an ambulance. The countryside has been torn by shell fire.
International Film Service.

problem of getting supplies direct to the consumer; and cold-storage, so great a blessing in some ways has only added to the difficulty. Probably the most of you read a few weeks ago how in Chicago, before an investigating Committee, a dealer boldly admitted that he had millions of eggs in storage and meant to keep them there until he could get the highest possible price for them, adding, in effect, "What are you going to do about it?"

"What are you going to do about it?"—Yes, what?

In our Christmas Number I could not but bring up my hobby, the wish to see University Extension lectures introduced in the rural districts in Canada—simply because I think these lectures and concerts would make life more interesting, brighter, more fruitful, more worthwhile, for a great many people. I think the Women's Institute can accomplish this if it will, moving steadily and undauntedly. But while the H.-C.-of-L. discussion was going on at the Convention it struck me that there was another thing it could do—when the war is over. Today the Institute is finding out that it can buy motor ambulances and field-kitchens. When the war is over can it not find it possible to buy motor-trucks for peaceful purposes?—establishing through them a system which will benefit both the people of the rural districts who have things to sell and the people in the cities who must buy those things—giving the farmer a little more for what he raises, and charging the consumer a little less.

Perhaps this scheme is chimerical but it does not look so to me, nor to one of our "men editors" with whom I have talked the matter over, and who, we all think, has a level head on his shoulders. In greater detail it is this: Why should not each Institute buy a motor-truck, which costs from \$700 to \$1,500, and have it make daily runs all summer from the heart of the country to the heart of the city, carrying butter, eggs, fresh vegetables, etc. right to the people who need to use these things. A "shop" of some sort would be necessary as a distributing station, and a little dearer rate could be charged those city-folk who insisted on having things delivered, a lower one being maintained for those who do not mind carrying their parcels. Women could handle such a shop very well, and if women can drive motor-cars all over the country for pleasure why should they not run motor-cars to the city for their own profit and the profit of the people who are at present ground down by high prices—as most salaried people in the cities are to-day? It would be easy for the Institute to form a committee to set prices that are reasonable all the way

round—for surely all its members would be too big to demand more than simple fairness to everyone concerned.

Now this was what popped into my head in the middle of the London Convention. And now it is off my mind and I am done with it. If the idea is worth anything and there are women in the Institute with enough business ability to take it up and make it "go," I shall be glad. It is, at least, safe to say that those who may think enough about it to submit it to the Superintendent will meet with his usual wise hearing and advice. If nothing comes of the suggestion, no harm, at least, can be done.

Of course it would be foolish to think that there would be no opposition. I had reason some time ago to read much about some powerful business combinations, and the cleverness of some of their schemes to crush weaker opposition were enough to take one's breath away—there are men who would crush the living from any man, if by so doing they would gain a few thousands, even in blood money, for themselves,—but there is hope in the fact that the Institute is already organized and powerful. Nor would more power, in this way, be likely to be abused; so far as I know, the Institute never yet has done a mean thing.

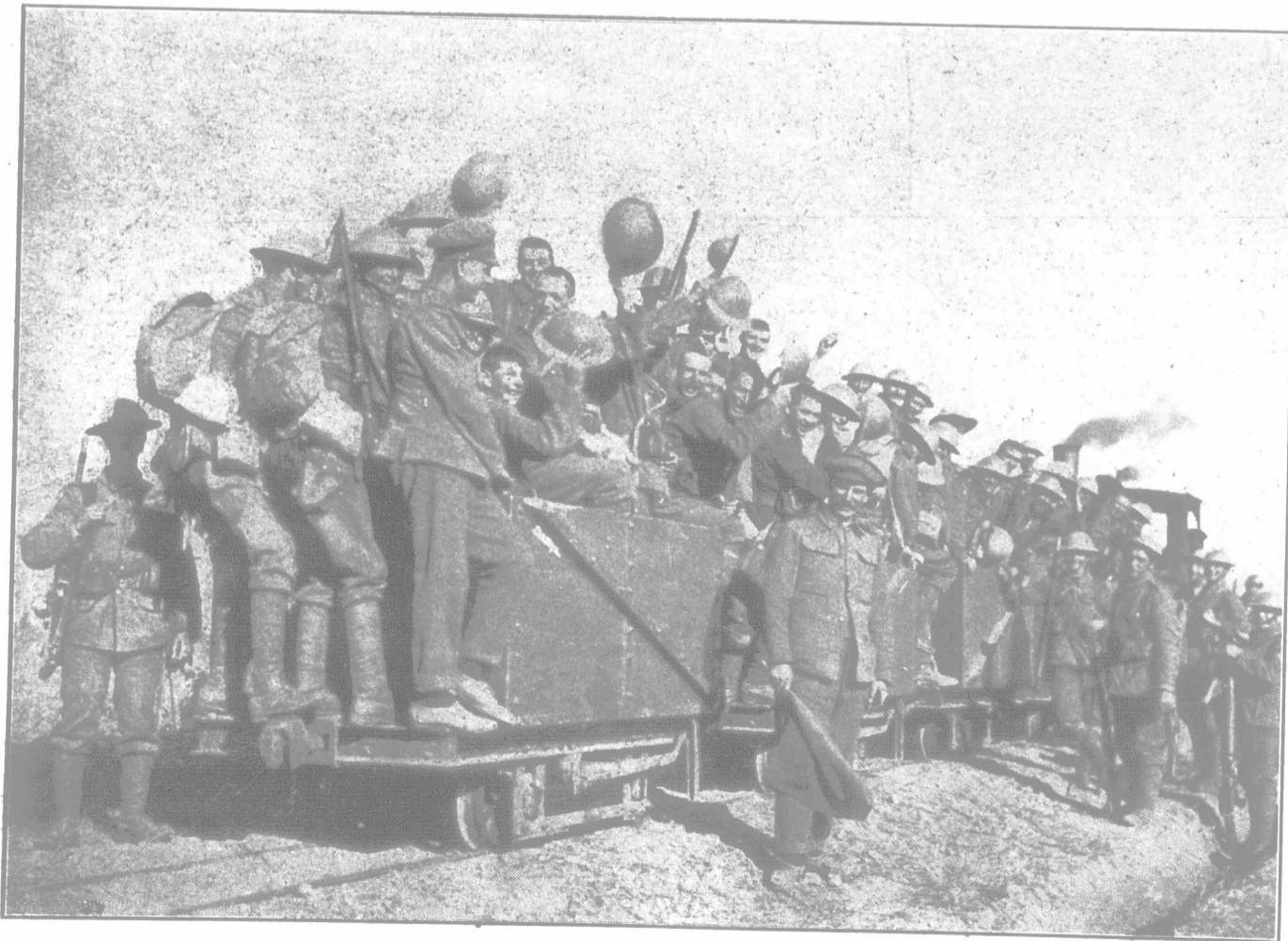
Now good-bye to this subject and—exit Junia.

* * * * *

Another thing struck me, this time in Toronto, where I had to leave the Convention and go to another, the Horticultural, chiefly made up of men. I found that, along with their business the men have much more fun at their meetings. They are more ready to joke at one another, and very often the hearty laugh is general. One liked that. And one wondered the reason of the difference. Have men a stronger sense of humor?—Or is it simply that the women are not quite so used to public life, and so have a tendency to be over-timid in a crowd as yet, and to take things so seriously as to crowd out the possibility of a ripple of jollity now and again? But laughter is good for the soul. Why crowd it out altogether?

The men, too, give rather hard raps at each other now and again. And they don't care a bit. After the one who is rapped at has argued it out, he is in perfect good humor and ready to hobnob with the fellow who rapped him as though nothing had happened. It's perfectly true that men in Parliament who say perfectly dreadful things to each other there on the floor of the house walk off together laughing and quite in harmony. I wonder if women will ever attain that stage. Don't you?

JUNIA.



On Their Way to Monastir.

British troops in the Balkans, on the road that runs from Salonika to Monastir, captured recently by the allies. International Film Service.

Concentration—Canadian Poets.

Dear Junia.—Allow me to say that I appreciate very much your instructive message of November 9th. Your quotation about thinking strongly and not thinking aimlessly was well worth passing on. It was all worth memorizing and laying to heart. How much more we would accomplish and how much more good we could do if we could only learn to concentrate our mental energies. "This one thing I do," would be a good motto for all of us who are seeking in any way to help on the world's work. One sentence, especially, in your quotation appealed to me. It was this: "Cultivate the highest and best, and you will soon realize a life that is never lonely, never alone." Is it not because so many are satisfied with the low and trivial and never cultivate a taste for those things that enrich the mind and ennoble the spirit that they must continually seek company and excitement? The writer put in many months on an Alberta homestead, with few near neighbors, yet many of the hours spent there were among the most pleasant and profitable of his life. Good books and papers and occasional literary work, with a visit now and then with some congenial friend, with the day's work to engage my time and energy, did much to prevent loneliness and depression of spirits. Holding communion with the noblest and best of all ages in the realm of literature may not take the place of human companionship but is certainly more desirable than that which multitudes seek after.

I am glad that you are seeking to develop a taste on the part of your readers for the best in our own Canadian literature. To have a general knowledge of the best in world literature is certainly a commendable ambition, but in striving after this we should not, as I fear many do, neglect our own splendid writers. Then how many there are whose only reading is the daily newspaper, with its sporting page its daily record of the war, crime, tragedy and accident. Surely those who read nothing else must be "cribbed and confined." It may be that the most of our poets have written of nature and not of the human soul, yet they are well worth reading, for do we, we farmers especially, love and appreciate nature as we should? I wonder if, as a people, we are as attached to our own land as we should be? If not, the reading of our Canadian poets will help to make us love her better. How beautifully Lampman, Roberts, Scott and many others not so well known, have sung of "our true north;" yet I venture to say that not one in a hundred is familiar with their writings.

If our public and high school teachers were more loyal to our own literature and if more time was devoted to this important branch of study we would be developing, I think, a stronger and more robust type of patriotism. I remember a well-known teacher in the London Collegiate Institute who on more than one occasion compared English poets with Canadians always to the disparagement of the latter. The comparison was not a fair one and did not give the pupils an increased desire to get better acquainted with our own native writers.

With so many recruiting meetings and other gatherings, and especially with so many of our young men away to the front or in training, it is not easy to start literary societies and perhaps it would not be an easy matter to keep them going if they were organized, but that there is great need for them, especially now that the long winter evenings are upon us, is plainly evident. The benefit of such organizations, if properly conducted, in developing a taste for good reading, public speaking and an enlarged mental outlook cannot be computed. Might we suggest to those already organized that they have a number of nights with the Canadian poets. It would be a welcome antidote to the incessant war talk and might bring the results already outlined. Often when at my work there comes to mind some snatch of song from some of our Canadian singers and this one I pass along. Perhaps there is more than one Ingle Nooker who has in his home "a fat little fellow with merry blue eyes." To such these lines will forcibly appeal as they have to me:

"I rose at midnight and beheld the sky
Sown thick with stars, like grains of
golden sand
Which God had scattered loosely from
his hand
Upon the floorways of his house on high,—
And straight I pictured to my spirit's
eye,
The giant worlds, their course by wisdom
planned,
The weary wastes, the gulfs no eye hath
spanned,
And endless time forever passing by.
Then filled with wonder and a secret
dread
I crept to where my child lay fast asleep,
With chubby arms beneath his little
head;
What cared I then for all the stars above—
One little face shut out the boundless
deep,
One little heart revealed the heaven of
love.
Middlesex Co. M. L. S.

Hoya. Supper Dish.

"Pass It On," Brant Co., Ont., asks how to make a hoya, or wax vine, blossom. In reply to this I quote from Bailey's Cyclopædia of Horticulture:

"Hoyas are summer-blooming plants of comparatively easy culture. They need an intermediate or warm temperature. Let them rest or remain very slow in winter (50 degrees in a dryish place) but start them into growth towards spring. In their growing and blooming season, give plenty of sun and air. . . . For compost use fibrous loam (coarse) in 2 parts to one of leaf mould, using charcoal pounded fine, brick dust, or lime rubble if procurable, instead of sand. But they are often found doing well in loam and sand. When in growth use weak liquid manure."

"Pass-It-On" lives up to her name by sending us a recipe for a supper dish:

"This is nice with either beef, mutton or veal, and pork, if it is not too fat. Take enough small potatoes, peeled, to cover the bottom of a suitable baking dish. Cut the meat in small bits and put on top of the potatoes, then as many small onions as your appetites require on top of all. Add pepper, salt, and, if the meat is very lean, a little butter, enough water to cover the potatoes (sage or savory if you like it). Put a cover on and bake until onions and potatoes are done; we think it excellent."

Cracker Jack.

Dear Junia.—I saw in last week's Advocate an enquiry for a recipe for cracker jack. As we have a good one I am glad to be able to pass it along. It is a good wholesome candy, and the old boys like it as well as the children. It also has the advantage of not being ex-

pensive.
peanuts.
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Boil all
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pensive. We like it as well without the peanuts.

Put into a pan one cupful of molasses, two cupfuls of sugar, one tablespoon of butter and two tablespoons of vinegar. Boil all together till it cracks in cold water, then take from the fire and add a half teaspoonful of soda; beat briskly and pour over popcorn and chopped peanuts. Waterloo, Que. H. MAYNES.

From "Rosebud."

Dear Junia.—As Christmas is now so near I feel tempted to call on you again to wish all of you a—but no one can hardly say a Merry Christmas, but may it be to all a happy and a blessed Christmas, and may the dawning of the New Year be the dawning of new hopes, and new ambitions Oh! may the next New Year dawn on a world in which war can be termed a thing of the past!

How welcome peace would be, but the peace of the conquered? No, not for Britain. England wants the conqueror's peace and she will get it, for is she not on the side of the right? and sooner or later right will conquer wrong, kindness and courage will conquer frightfulness.

When the war is over I wonder if it will not have made Canada a better and a nobler land, wherein people will work more for the good of their country and less for themselves? Was Canada in her hour of prosperity not getting selfish? But Canadians as a rule are a patriotic people, and let us hope that this war has the effect of still further stimulating their efforts.

Like another "Ingle Nook Reader" I cannot concentrate my thoughts on one subject this evening. Like her, my thoughts are inclined to wander to other things. But, Junia, do you not think that the people who concentrate their mind to one fixed purpose in life and always strive to reach that goal are those who make the greatest success in life? Those who are always looking onward and upward to attain something just beyond and when that is reached, grasp the next step in the ladder of fame, never content to stand still or drift back but but ever push forward.

"Onward strive onward and the goal ye will win,

Make onward and upward your aim,
'Tis the surest way to gain what you will,
'Tis the steps on the ladder of fame.

It has been truly said—how vast the propensities of life. To make life most worth the living, what a problem is before us, what a wide scope we have, but for each one of us to follow one thing and make a success of it is so much better than to go where fancy leads us from one thing to another till as the last milestones of life are reached we are not farther on than when we began.

How I have strayed from my subject, but my pen has just followed my wandering thoughts. I shudder to think how long this would look in print, but I have no hopes that it will get part the wastes paper basket. But whether or not it will ever see the light it has been written and must go on its way.

Junia I also thank you for your inspiring articles to take us a little while from the work-a-day world.

Again wishing Junia and the Nookers all that I could wish for myself I will bid adieu.

"ROSEBUD.

Sorry your letter could not appear before Christmas, Rosebud.

Winter Cookery.

Apple Snow.—Take a cupful of apple sauce which has been put through a fine sieve or vegetable ricer. Add the unbeaten whites of 2 eggs and sugar to taste, then beat hard with an egg-beater until light and fluffy. Serve at once. Another way to do is to beat the egg-whites separately then fold into the apple-sauce.

Using up Cold Fowl.—Cut off the meat, free it from skin, bone and sinew, then chop fine, season nicely and put it into a saucepan with enough white sauce to moisten it. Let simmer, without boiling, till quite hot, stirring all the time. Serve on a hot dish with bits of bread, buttered and toasted in the oven, all around.

Sausage Cooked With Apples.—Pare, quarter, and core 5 or 6 tart apples. Cut the quarters in very thin slices into an earthen or granite baking dish. Sprinkle

very lightly with salt, and put 5 or 6 sausage cakes, or a number of small sausages, above the apples. Let cook in the oven until the sausages are browned, then turn them and cook until the other side is browned. Bananas may be used instead of apples.

Fresh Pork Force-meat.—Soak a small loaf of stale bread in cold water until soft, then squeeze as dry as possible. Put on the stove a saucepan containing a large tablespoonful of butter or dripping and 5 tablespoons chopped onion. Stir and cook for 5 minutes, then add the bread, stir and cook 5 minutes longer, then let cool. When cool mix with it 1 pound cold cooked fresh pork, chopped very fine and well seasoned with salt and pepper (also nutmeg and thyme or sage if liked) and the beaten yolks of 2 eggs. Mix all well together and use to "stuff" spare-ribs, or make into a loaf and bake.

New Mince-Meat.—Chop fine, and separately, 3 lbs. cooked lean beef, 2 lbs. suet, 1 peck tart apples. Add 2 lbs. stoned raisins, ½ lb. sliced citron, ¼ lb. candied orange peel, 1 quart canned cherries, 1 pint apple butter, 2 cups cider, 2 lbs. currants, 1 glass orange marmalade, 2 tablespoons salt, 1 quart weak vinegar or grape juice. Mix well and keep in jars, in a cool place, for use during the winter.

Buckwheat Cakes.—One cup lukewarm milk, 1 cup lukewarm water, 1 cake Fleischmann's yeast, 1 tablespoon molasses, ½ teaspoon salt, 1½ cups sifted buckwheat flour, ½ cup white flour. Put the milk in a bowl, add the salt and molasses, then the water in which the yeast has been dissolved. Add the flours gradually and set aside to rise. If set in a warm place, free from draft, they will be ready to fry in 45 minutes. If too stiff add a little lukewarm water or milk. Half a cup of corn meal may be added if liked. Serve with butter and syrup, honey or jam. Any yeast may be used, but may require longer time to rise. Sometimes the cakes are mixed at bed-time, and left, covered warmly, until morning, then cooked for breakfast, but in Canada, they are preferred, as a rule, for tea.

Pot Roast, With Currants.—Purchase at least four pounds of beef in a solid piece from the vein of round. Have ready some hot salt pork fat or fat from the top of a kettle of soup in a frying pan; in this cook and turn the meat until it is seared and browned on all sides. Set the meat into a saucepan or iron kettle (the latter is the most suitable utensil), pour in a cup of boiling water, sprinkle over the top of the meat about two-thirds a cup of dried raisins or currants, cover the kettle close, and let cook where the water will simply simmer very gently; add water as needed, just enough to keep the meat from burning. The cover should fit close to keep in the moisture. Cook until the meat is very tender. Remove the meat to a serving dish; stir into the liquid two level tablespoonfuls of flour and one-fourth teaspoonful of salt, smoothed in about one-fourth a cup of cold water; stir until boiling, let simmer ten minutes, then pour over the meat or serve in a dish apart. The fruit may be omitted if preferred. Serve, at the same time, plain, boiled potatoes, turnips or squash and cabbage.

The Scrap Bag.

Left over Porridge.

It is often a problem to know what to do with left-over porridge. One plan is to make it into griddle cakes. Add to it 1 pint rich sour milk, a little soda, 1 egg, flour enough to make into a batter, and cook on a hot greased griddle.

The New Tea-Kettle.

When you get a new tea-kettle make up your mind that you will not let "lime" accumulate in it. Do not leave it boiling a moment longer than necessary, and wash it out every day or two, using Dutch Cleanser or powdered brick if necessary.

A Good Table Mat.

Buy a sheet of white asbestos, cut it into pieces the right size and slip them into the linen pockets or slips fastened with tiny buttons and loops on the under side. The slips may be embroidered and are very easily laundered. They look well on the table, while the asbestos forms a very efficient protector for even a polished surface.

Stains on Tablecloth.

Soak the portion stained with tea or coffee in luke-warm water, then wring out and apply glycerine. Let stand for a while and finally wash in a cold, soapy lather. If stains still remain add a cupful of Javelle water to the boiler when boiling the linen.

Putting Out Clothes in Winter.

One of the worst "jobs" of the winter is putting out the clothes on wash-day. To lessen its discomforts, wear clean mittens made of old woollen underwear, heat the clothespins in the oven before using, and shake out the clothes before putting them into the basket. Still better, have a pulley clothes-line that will permit you to stand in the porch while pinning the clothes on the line, drawing it in as necessary.

Keeping Feet Warm in Winter.

Wear shoes large enough to permit of wearing good thick stockings and felt or brown paper insoles, and, if there is difficulty in keeping the shoes dry, apply castor oil to them, rubbing in well while the shoes are warm. If troubled with cold feet at night wear long stockings made of flannel or eiderdown, lined with fine flannel if necessary.

Winter Vegetables.

Such winter vegetables as turnips, carrots and parsnips should be well washed, peeled, cut in small pieces and cooked in boiling salted water for sixty minutes, more or less, depending on the age of the vegetables, as the older they are the longer they will take to get tender. When sufficiently cooked they should be drained and may then be mashed, seasoned with pepper and salt and butter and served in a hot covered dish. Or if preferred they can be left in the cubes and served with our little cook's favorite sauce poured over. If mashed, they are to be served on the dinner plate, but if in cream sauce they will have to be put in individual sauce-dishes. Plain boiled parsnips are delicious if cut in slices and fried in butter, as they acquire a sweetness not brought out in any other way of cooking. If the left-over quantity was mashed, it can be made into little flat cakes and browned in butter. Winter squash is good, prepared in the same way as the mashed parsnips—that is, plainly boiled and then mashed, but I prefer the Hubbard variety, cut in large squares and baked in the shell—without being peeled. Season before putting on the oven shelf, spread with a little butter and add a slight sprinkling of granulated sugar. This will take about three-quarters of an hour to bake, and should be a light brown over the top.—Sel.

Help for Northern Ontario.

On account of the fires last summer, and the present high cost of all necessities, there is considerable need of assistance in some parts of New Ontario. Rev. J. McLaughlin, Milberta, Nipissing District, Ont., and Rev. D. L. Gordon, Cobalt, Ont., will be glad to distribute any supplies that may be sent to them. We may have the address of other clergymen in the North in a short time.

Some Famous Dishes.

In a London auction-room some time ago there was sold a service of twenty-two silver-gilt dishes, so beautiful in themselves and so famous historically that they brought fifty-seven thousand five hundred dollars. The romantic story of the Harris Elizabethan banqueting plate, as it is known, is thus told by the *New York Times*:

At the time when the Spanish Armada had set out to conquer England a certain John Harris commanded thirty-five volunteers on a vessel called the *Adwyse*, and a relative, William Harris, paid fifty pounds, a much larger sum than it is now, toward the defense of his country.

The Harrises, as a reward, obtained a considerable share of the loot from the luckless Spanish ships.

In 1581, it is known, the family possessed a few silver-gilt dishes. The spoils from the Armada permitted the making of more. Accordingly, the service was extended to fifteen dishes and seven plates, severally hall-marked for the years 1599, 1600 and 1601, and carrying the maker's mark—three trefoils and monograms. Later on the rim of each was engraved with the coat of arms of Sir Christopher Harris.

Time went on, and the civil war began. Sir Christopher's descendant held a command in the royal forces at Plymouth, and became alarmed for the safety of the heirlooms. Accordingly, he had them hidden away in a cave in the parish of Yealmpton, on Dartmoor, and the secret of their hiding-place died with him.

For nearly two hundred years the Elizabethan banqueting service lay in the ground. Then at Christmas time, 1827, the countryside rang with the story of its discovery by three Dartmoor laborers employed by a Mr. Splat, of Brixham, who wished to enlarge the cave for storing potatoes. Both the Crown and Mr. Splat abandoned their claims in favor of the Harris family, and the John Harris of the day came into his own again.

Subsequently, another descendant of the family, Mrs. Cator, of Trewhbury, Cirencester, purchased the service, and by this lady's orders it was offered for sale at Christie's. When unearthed eighty-four years ago, the local experts judged it to be of Queen Anne design. The judges of to-day know better. For years collectors have been endeavoring to purchase the beautiful pieces privately, but have failed.

School-Gardening in a Suburban Section.

Although once a constant reader of "The Advocate," I have not been for the past few years. However, after attending the summer courses for teachers at Guelph, I felt the need of it, and I am once more a regular subscriber. I have read your recent articles upon School Fairs and various other phases of Elementary Agriculture and Horticulture, and I have thought that our experiences may be of interest to some wishing to begin the work.

Some five years ago, our school section was formed, comprising a block of land about a mile and a half square; it being the remnants of some other sections that had been annexed to a city. The school site had a frontage of two hundred, and depth of one hundred and ninety feet, and upon it was erected a two-roomed, portable school-house. The land cost \$9 a foot and the building \$1,200. A similar building was added the next summer, and additional rooms were rented in neighboring churches or schools, until the permanent school was built.

For two years, we teachers deplored the fact that there wasn't a tree or flower, except weeds, inside of our six-foot, close-board fence, and only a few plants in our windows; of course, there was always the prospect of a new building with the excavating and piles of material in the grounds, and later, over two hundred pupils had to be provided with playground.

However, bulletins upon various subjects continued to come from the Departments at Toronto and Guelph, and after reading them we concluded that our problems were not so serious as we had believed.

Accordingly, in the spring of 1914, we decided to try such home projects as poultry keeping and growing flowers and vegetables, with pupils of the third and fourth classes, and at the first of June, we planted four dozen seedling evergreens in a small plot in the school grounds. Our trustees were heartily in sympathy with the movement, and purchased what tools I asked for, and later donated \$10 for prize material for our own school Fair in September. This latter has become an annual event, and whenever practicable, we have invited the parents in the evening and given a program or had a social time together.

The second spring, we enlarged the school plot somewhat and planted a few vines and small trees, and continued the same home projects. At this time the Board purchased all the adjoining vacant land (prices then from \$25 to \$35 a foot) and commenced building a permanent school of twelve rooms.

This solved two of our problems, and last fall, the larger boys dug up over the minimum six square rods of ground and also made four large beds for tulips on the terrace at the front of our new building.

Thus this past spring found us with the best preparations we had yet been able to make.

But I see I must now choose between making this article too long, or reserving our this season's experiences for a second

letter. I think, as this is one of my first writings, it is safer to take the latter plan. York County. Teacher.

The Scapegoat.

A Story That Ends—or Begins?—With Christmas.

BY AGNES HUNT.

"Can you—help out a famishing *coureur-du-bois*?"

The speaker, a brown, weather-beaten young prospector apparently, stood with uncovered head as he made the request.

Eva Benson, idly day-dreaming in the hammock slung on the wide verandah of the white bungalow, sprang up and regarded him with startled eyes.

His face was not one to inspire fear, but a good face, one you would look at more than once in a crowd. He was quite evidently a gentleman too.

"I'm very sorry I gave you a fright, but really, you've no cause to be afraid." The girl flushed.

"You did frighten me," she acquiesced, then quite re-assured, she smiled.

"Why!" looking at her wrist-watch, "it is nearly dinner-time anyway. You see, the cook is away, but I'll just rummage a bit and see what I can find."

He smiled, then went on in partial explanation: "We've been doing some development work on what promises to be a good mining proposition, another fellow and I, yonder across the river. We ran out of provisions and he set out for Matheson yesterday. He failed to come back, so at last hunger drove me out."

He stood fanning himself with his wide, felt hat. It was very sultry. A pall of smoke hung over everything, obscuring the distant horizon. The wind which had blown all morning was rapidly rising to a gale, but its breath was hot as if blown over a bed of coals. The river at the foot of the bluff had changed. Its tiny, lapping waves were now rolling, angry, white-capped.

"You came across the river?" she asked. "Yes, and it was a stiff pull in face of a wind like that."

She had brought a small table from somewhere inside and he sprang to aid her.

"It is nicer here than inside, and the wind cannot strike us. Now we will just have a picnic dinner and you shall be my guest."

He flushed with pleasure. Over an oil-stove she made coffee. The smell of it was sweet, indeed, to his nostrils. In the refrigerator she found ham, and after rummaging in the kitchen she returned laughing gleefully as any child, with a raspberry pie, some crisp wafers and bread. He stood until she was seated, smiling down at the spread feast. Impulsive Eva, forgetting all her mother's warnings, had flung caution to the winds. It was her nature to take people on trust; provided her own two eyes approved.

"You are an American, aren't you?" she asked. Surprised at her sudden query, he smiled.

"No, a Canadian, and proud of it, too. I came from Montreal."

"Montreal!" in surprise. "Why, that is where we are from. What a coincidence! I wonder if by any chance we know anyone in common?"

Then flushing and twirling a ring on her finger. "Did you know the Bensons there?"

Had she struck him he would not have started more suddenly, but Eva was looking down and did not notice.

"Well, I fancy everyone in Montreal knows the Bensons."

"And Arthur Benson, too?"

"Yes, I went to school with him."

"Did you like him?"

How direct she was in her questioning. He scrutinized her face closely before replying, "Well, I've seen many I liked better."

"I'm answered," laughed the girl.

There was a pause in the conversation, as if by tacit consent the subject was dropped.

Then, quietly inquisitive, he asked, "Why did you think I was an American?"

"Well," with the red now suffusing her face, "we are at war and all patriotic Canadians are in khaki."

A shadow fell over his face as she watched him. A bitter smile curved his lips. He bent forward and again his eyes searched her face. What he saw there satisfied him and he asked, "Would you have a man branded guilty of a crime put on the King's uniform?"

"Why not? He would have a chance to retrieve his good name—to make good."

"But supposing he were not guilty?"

"Then he could bring no dishonor upon it."

He shook his head. "I don't see it in that way."

"You cannot possibly mean—yourself!" Her eyes were wide.

"But I do. You've heard of the scapegoat in those old Bible stories on whose head the people's sins were laid? Well, I am a scapegoat," bitterly, "and as you see, I'm here in these northern wilds because of somebody else's sin."

She was silent a moment, watching him. Great tears of sympathy gathered in her eyes.

"I am so sorry, can't things be set right?"

A lump was in his throat, a mist—not of the smoke—in his eyes. Sympathy was sweet to him to whom it was so rare. He shook his head. "I've elected to suffer for what someone else did—that settles it."

"But could you not prove yourself in the right?"

"No, his word would be as good as mine, and he denied it."

"The coward!" and her eyes flashed.

"Why did you not stay right there and live it down, if not guilty? That would have been the braver way. Instead you ran away from it."

"You can't realize how hard that would be. There—one would be always handicapped. Away—one is on an equal footing with others."

He rose abruptly and looked northward. A great flock of crows filled the air. Their flapping wings and loud cries for a moment riveted his attention. The smoke had grown denser. The opposite bank of the river was scarcely distinct.

"There must be a bad bush fire to the north." He still stood looking about him.

"You have friends, in case of danger?" he questioned, suddenly turning about.

"They all went to Matheson in the launch this morning."

"Then you are alone here?"

For a moment she hesitated, then answered bravely, "yes, all alone. Mother won't be coming back, but father will not stay long. I'd stay by our little house in any case and wait for him." Then proudly, "I can always depend on my father."

He smiled at her tone. She was so much a child, this impulsive girl. Half in doubt he drew a purse from his pocket, then thrust it back again.

"Well, thank you for your hospitality, Miss ———?" There was a question in his voice, in his eyes.

"Eva Benson," she added quickly; then with a mischievous smile—"Arthur's cousin."

He drew in his breath sharply. "You are—George Benson's daughter then?"

She wondered as the color surged into his face, then faded leaving it ashen in hue. Quietly he lifted his hat, and with a short, "good afternoon," was gone.

She watched him curiously as he followed the path to the river, but never once did he lift his eyes toward the girl standing on the bluff, cameo-like in her white dress against the dark background of spruce.

The minutes dragged on. A spirit of unrest possessed the girl. Her thoughts were with the handsome, young prospector who had proved such an enigma to her. The pathos in his dark eyes had told her his sacrifice was tragedy indeed. She went indoors, but always the spirit of unrest sent her outside again. The smoke hung heavy. It came in dense clouds with the wind. Her eyes smarted, her nostrils were filled with it. Then resolutely she decided to go inside. She would sleep if possible and forget it all until her father returned.

2. A family of settlers, clinging to their most valued possessions, passed. Their boat hugged the high shore to avoid the sweep of the wind. They cast anxious glances at the white bungalow far up, but it was apparently deserted. The launch was not riding at anchor as she usually was, and, content that all was well, they passed on. Cinders, burnt leaves, bits of shrivelled bark fluttered down. A great bear shambled down the beaten path and dropped into the water. Rabbits scurried through the dense grove of spruce. A herd of red deer bounded from a near-by thicket, thundered over the hill and sprang into the water. Great flocks of birds filled the air, all southward bound.

Down the river David Jackson paddled

resolutely. It required both strength and skill to guide his frail craft through such a storm. The wind off-shore repeatedly swept him out into the rougher waters. His straight, black hair was tossed back, baring his white forehead. His sleeves were rolled high to allow free play to his splendid muscles. In his heart a tumult raged, caused all by the simple words that had fallen from Eva Benson's pretty lips.

He had heard that a wealthy financier had taken over several mining claims but had not been particularly interested. He hadn't been out of the bush in two months anyway. So far they had hired settlers to bring in all necessary supplies, and no one had ever mentioned this newcomer's name. It had been George Benson then. The man who had caused his downfall, who had demanded his dismissal from the position of trust he had held; the man who had deemed him guilty, though the evidence had not been sufficient to convict him, was here in the north. Where could he go, what could he do? Nemesis was indeed on his track.

So wrapt was he in his own thoughts that he failed to read the signs about him, good woodsman though he was. A punt shot across the river directly in his path and its occupant, a settler well known to him, rested on his oars and called out; "You're wise getting out. Where's Jim?" "Came out yesterday," answered David.

"That's lucky."

"Why, what's wrong?"

"Wrong! The whole country north is on fire. It's sweeping everything before it. Before night there won't be a living thing along this river north or south. I just passed an old man in a 'put-put' back yonder. Engine barked I guess. He says his girl's alone up there, and he's 'most crazy. I got my family out, but I'm goin' across to alarm the settlers to the south. His girl'll have to take chances."

David's heart almost stopped beating.

"Why, what you goin' to do?"—for the canoe was turning about.

"You'll never come back alive."

But David never heard him. Leaving a helpless girl to perish was not a part of his code of honor. Let her father be ten times his enemy, she had no part in that. She had shown him kindness, had believed in him. He remembered the tears of sympathy in her big, blue eyes. He saw again the golden shimmer of her hair with its wind-blown, curling wisps about her face.

He bent to his task now with a will. The canoe shot forward. Once or twice she shipped so much water he had to stop in a sheltered cove and bale it out. Alert now to everything about him, he wondered at his former blindness.

Ah! he was nearing the fire zone; burning cinders were falling. The landing was very near now, but the bungalow was far up on the hill. George Benson had courted privacy, but the spruce grove all about the house had become a grave menace. Tiny puffs of smoke shot up here and there on shore; jets of flame followed. Fanned by the wind these spread and grew, and as David drew the canoe high on the shelving rocks; he knew he was racing with the fire.

Even as he turned, the great trees far up on the hill ignited. A great cloud of black smoke shot heavenward, belching blood-red flames. Tree after tree stood out, every twig and branch distinct, one mass of glowing, golden fire. Only for an instant did its beauty last. It faded to white, crumpled at last to a sere, brown, skeleton of its former self. The resinous, pungent odor pervaded everything.

"It was a glorious sight, an awful sight, and a strange fear clutched at David's heart as he sped up the pathway. Meanwhile all about tiny fires were creeping, smouldering and dying out where fresh fires had started.

The door was closed, locked, but David's battering upon it drew a glad cry from within.

"Oh papa, I thought you were never coming." Then as the door flew open, "Why—it's you!"

"Quick! Get a woollen blanket or shawl—anything!"

Obediently, without question, she brought a steamer rug, and he wrapped it around her, about her soft, shining hair, then picked her up as if she had been a little child.

A gasping cry of horror escaped her as she saw the blazing wall of fire all about them.

"Keep covered and hold tight," he commanded, "I'll try to get you through."

Then did David Jackson's athletic training, his year of hard work with pick and drill in the north, stand him in good stead. His arms, bands of steel though they were, ached under the strain. Many times he tottered and almost fell.

Burning cinders, twigs and branches showered upon him. He ran through burning moss, over smouldering coals and creeping flame. Choking, blinded, half-suffocated, with the girl a limp burden in his arms, he stumbled on, and after what seemed an eternity of agony reached the landing place.

Laying the unconscious girl in the canoe he plunged into the river, for in spots his clothing was burned through. He was frightfully burned he knew. The smarting and burning was almost unbearable, but the water revived him wonderfully. He pushed off at last, once more bound for Matheson.

The river teemed with the wild things of the wood, swimming to safety, seemingly unmindful of the proximity of human beings.

He threw water over the shawl-en-shrouded girl, from time to time mopping both her face and his own with his dripping handkerchief. His strength was oozing from him. He was gasping for breath. Blood trickled down his hands. His bare feet protruded from what remained of a pair of boots. The pain was excruciating and growing worse.

A great, blazing tree-branch fell directly in his path, was caught by a wave and, hissing, swirled away. A burning treetop, broken off and, carried by the wind, just cleared the canoe, but in passing struck him a terrific blow on the head. He lurched forward and the canoe, all unguided, drifted beneath the sheltering bank. A moment later the frail craft with its inanimate, living burden was carried directly into the path of George Benson's launch which, a few minutes later, panted round the bend.

A familiar-looking shawl, flapping in the wind caught his attention, and soon the two unconscious forms were transferred to the launch, which quickly put about and sped down the river.

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Bumping over the rough railway track in a crowded freight car, fleeing with its living freight to safety, Eva Benson regained consciousness.

The doctor declared her to be quite unharmed. As for David Jackson, he knew nothing of the long journey nor of the improvised hospital into which he and many other sufferers were hurried at Haileybury.

Mr. Benson had heard an account of the rescue from his daughter's lips. To him it was a grand deed of heroism. Nothing could be too good for the gallant, young man who had brought his daughter all unscathed through the fire to friends and safety. Expert physicians examined the young man carefully.

An ugly wound on the head had stunned him and caused much loss of blood. His hands, arms and feet were frightfully burned. A delicate operation relieved the brain of the pressure upon it, his burns were dressed, and the doctors hurried to relieve other victims of the fire, bidding Mr. Benson hope for the best. The youth's fine constitution would possibly do much to aid in his recovery. George Benson sat all night by the bed-side of the sufferer, who grew more restless as the night wore on, tossing and muttering incoherently. Time and again he repeated,

"A scapegoat, yes, a scapegoat." Then would follow a mocking laugh.

"Arthur, Arthur Benson," he called, "play the man!"

Mr. Benson stiffened in his chair, alert and wide-awake. Who could this man be who spoke so familiarly of his nephew? Ere morning had dawned he understood many things of which he had been in ignorance.

For days David Jackson was wandering. In the haunts of childhood, through endless forests, searching for gold among the mountains, and at last he became dimly conscious of things about him. Low voices floated to his ears, but he cared not to whom they belonged. They soothed him.

At last the light of reason returned. A sweet-faced, white-haired woman was bending over him and he stared at her wide-eyed.

"Where am I? What has happened?" he demanded.

He tried to rise, but his head ached dully, and moving hurt him.

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Eva fret poured the father's ear Autumn first appro returned to One day corner at h a remark

"You re used to be him leavi Battalion r for oversea Instantly and soon t

"You are with friends," the lady answered softly.

He looked about him, down at his bandaged hands, and then all came back to him in a flood of memory.

"Did I save her?" he questioned. "Was she hurt?"

Tears dropped upon his face, and the lady bent and pressed her lips to his bandaged forehead.

"You saved her and she is quite well." Her voice was trembling. Then with a sigh of utter content he fell asleep.

The days that followed were never-to-be forgotten days for David Jackson. Mr. Benson, his wife and daughter vied with each other in their kind attention to his every wish. Their gratitude was touching. Back of it all remained the thought of the position in which he was placed, but this he tried to banish from his mind.

Jim Bentley, his partner, had not been long in finding him out. He had helped in the long night vigils. Through him Mr. Benson had learned David's name and all he knew concerning him. He had been in the North about three years, was a fine, honest fellow, but very reticent about himself.

David and Eva had become great friends. It was long before he could get about, and she helped him many a day. Often she read to him, but oftener the book lay neglected on her lap and they talked.

He told her of his wonderful widowed mother and her struggle to make a living for her big family of boys and girls, of his boyhood days and his hard work to get an education. She listened until she felt herself to be a great, helpless girl who had never in the world done anything that had cost her an effort.

Mrs. Benson, busying herself in providing clothing for those who had lost everything in the fire, left Eva much alone.

Mr. Benson was re-building suitable quarters for his workmen. Engineers were once more busy sinking shafts and tunneling in search of the hidden gold. He had bought a half interest in David's claim, and Bentley's share he had bought outright. The fire had uncovered much rich quartz, and soon they would develop it further.

The money advanced was sorely needed by David, for his funds had dwindled until but little was left. Suddenly Mr. Benson left for Montreal. His nephew, Arthur Benson, had been left in charge of his interests there, and after the night spent with David in his delirium, Geo. Benson had had grave misgivings. Expert auditors had been hired and he was quite anxious to hear their report.

David was able to be about again, and was sorely perplexed as to what course to pursue. He had grown to love Eva Benson as dearly as his own life, and his high sense of honor told him he must not remain longer in this false position. One day he told Eva of his resolve. The sudden surprise sent the blood from her face, leaving her pale and shaken. She tried to be brave, to hide her feelings, but ended by sobbing out her pitiful story of grief and loneliness, and David, flinging his discretion to the winds, comforted her, and told her all his heart. He would come back to her he promised, when the stain on his name had been wiped out.

Meanwhile the scales had fallen from George Benson's eyes. Arthur, his idol, had fallen from his pedestal. Accounts had been "padded," important vouchers were missing, and funds were short.

On being called to account, he confessed all, confessed that years before when money was missed he had implicated David Jackson, to cover his own guilt.

When Mr. Benson rejoined his family his first inquiry was for David Jackson, and great was his consternation when no one could tell him where he had gone. He inquired and searched, but if the earth had suddenly opened and swallowed him up, the young man could not have vanished more completely.

Eva fretted and grew pale, but at last poured the whole sad, little story into her father's ears.

Autumn came and passed. With the first approach of cold weather the Bensons returned to the city.

One day while reading in a secluded corner at his club, Mr. Benson overheard a remark that gave him his first clue.

"You remember young Jackson who used to be in Benson's office? I just saw him leaving the city. He's in the 10th Battalion now, and will soon be leaving for overseas."

Instantly George Benson was on his feet and soon the long-sought-for information

was his. David Jackson had enlisted in Montreal, was now in training at B—

It was Christmas Day and the Benson home was a scene of life and gaiety. Car after car drew up at the curb. Inside, servants hurried to and fro, caterers gave the finishing touches to the long tables in the dining-room, already a work of art, and laden with every delicacy. Everything was gay with holly, and everywhere were the grouped flags of the Allies. The great parlors were filled with guests, all waiting expectantly.

"Who's to be best man?" queried an old lady of her neighbor.

"Arthur Benson," was the whispered reply.

"Why, I thought he was in disgrace!" in surprise.

"He was, until he enlisted, then his uncle, and Jackson, too, forgave him."

"Well, well! Strange things do happen!"

"That's David Jackson's mother over there. Looks like her son, doesn't she? She has two sons already in the trenches, and one daughter a Red Cross nurse over there somewhere in France or England."

A chaplain, in full uniform, took his place before two great, crossed Union Jacks. Outside the band struck up a stirring military march, and amid the hush that fell over all, David Jackson and Arthur Benson took their places beneath the flags. Khaki clad, shoulder to shoulder they stood as they would one day fight, the strong man and the weak who was trying to be strong.

"See the scar on his forehead," someone whispered. "He got that when he brought Eva through the fire. Distinguished-looking isn't he? No wonder she's proud of him."

An old gentleman tapped his wife on the shoulder, "See," he whispered, "three stripes on his sleeve already! He'll come back with better than that—if he comes back at all."

On the stairs a bevy of bridesmaids waited restlessly.

Mr. Benson tapped at his daughter's door.

"Just a moment," she whispered, and then, in her shimmering satin gown and filmy bridal veil, in all her girlish beauty, Eva Benson dropped on her knees. "Help me be brave in giving him up for his country's sake"—the prayer so often wafted to His throne—"and make me worthy of him."

Yes, the first Christmas message, "Peace on earth, good-will to men," found an echo in the hearts of all assembled there, but over in war-torn, bleeding Europe, Right still struggled with Might, and amid the clash of arms and the roar of artillery, Britain and her Allies prayed for victory and lasting peace.

Why Not Swear on.

Why not swear on? About this time of the year, you hear people saying: "Well, I'm going to swear off—"

What? Mistakes—dishonesty—bad habits—! Spoken however lightly, swearing off is the frank acknowledgment of shame and failure.

You may talk about the honest confession that is good for the soul, but who ever made good in the world by not doing things?

What man has ever left the world better and stronger simply because he has never made a mistake nor a misstep? What counts in history, in business, in the home, in our social relations, in religion, is the thing that is *done!*

Don't waste your time swearing off. Swear on, and the swearing off will take care of itself.

Mistakes cannot be unmade by prayers or tears, by swearing off. So swear on something worth while for 1917.

Swear on strength, power, achievement and success—not just money or lands or trade, but the finest, highest form of success and power achieved by clean bodies, clean minds, clean hearts—the success which stirs not the envy, but the souls of men and women with whom you deal.

Swear on love—for some one.

The man who has no love in his heart will not keep his resolution to swear off. We all need some one to work for.

If you are already working for some one, work not grudgingly, but with love in your heart.

If you swear on the successful spirit you will achieve power.

If you swear on patriotism, you will live a clean, strong life for your country.

If you swear on love, you will be living and working for the most vital thing in life. And you cannot fail.—Sel.

The Beaver Circle

Bad Charley.

There was onc't two 'ittle chil'run,
A 'ittle girl an' boy—
The 'ittle girl was turr'ble good,
She was her muvver's joy;
The 'ittle boy was owful bad—
He'd even—Tell a Lie!
An' tease his sister till she cried,
An' steal the cake an' pie.
His muvver and his nursery maid
'Ey warned him all those days,
'At Santy Klaws was comin' soon,
He'd better 'mend his ways."
But he'd jus' mock, an' say, "Don't care,"
An' frow the puss cat down the stair.

Good Betsy dressed her dollies dear,
'Cause now—it's Chriss-mus Eve;
She knowed 'at Santy'd see 'em here
An' she was kind he'd b'lieve;
But naughty Charley didn't care
An' wouldn't have nurse brush his hair;
He kicked an' 'fused to take his baf—
When Betsy said her p'ayers he'd laff:
"I got no use for pious stuff,"
Bad Charley said; "I'm good enuff!"
Their socks was hang'd up side by side,
Front of the chimney, broad and wide,
Good 'ittle Betsy said "Good night,"
When nursey-dear put out the light,
But naughty Charley jumped in bed
Wif'out no p'ayers nor nuffin' said.

Soon it was Chriss-mus mornin' dark,
Bad Charley woked up—"Lis-sen—
Hark!
While Betsy sleeps I'll steal her toys."
Oh, wasn't he the worst o' boys!
But Santy's fairies was about,
Betsy woke too, an' tumbled out,
'Merry Chriss-mus, muvver dear,
Come quick, and see what we have here!"

Ha! bad Charley's sorry now,
Santy Klaws does sure know how
To punish boys what's bad all year
An' re-ward chil'run kind an' dear.
Good 'ittle Betsy's hang'd-up sock
Was bustin' full—jus' full as "chock"
Wif dollies, candy horns an' sich—
Bad Charley's sock held One Big Swith.
Sent by ANNIE KUNTZ,
St Clements, Ont.

(Age 12 years, St IV class.)
P. S.—What's the difference between a hill and a pill?
How is a colt like an egg?
Guess the answers.

Myra and the Goblins.

(A Story for the Younger Beavers.)
BY C. FINDLATER.

It was Christmas Eve, and little twelve-year-old Myra had just put baby to bed. "Good night baby dear," she said as she kissed him; "I am going to hang up your little blue sock so that Santa Claus can leave you a nice present." "Oh, what's the use of hanging up stockings at Christmas time?" said Polly, "Santa Claus never gives poor children presents." "Perhaps it's 'cause we never hang up our stockings," chimed in Dottie, who was only four, "the village children told me it was." "Well, never mind dears, perhaps Santa Claus will leave us something to-night," said Myra, "so you hurry and do your hair Polly, while I do Dottie's, or else you won't be asleep when he does come. Tell me though, what would you both like for presents?" "I would like a nice, big fairy story book, with pictures of fairyland in it," said Polly. "And I would like a big dolly that goes to sleep," said Dottie, "but what would you like, Myra?" "Oh, I don't know, Dottie," answered Myra, "it doesn't matter about me so long as you get a present and Polly and baby get something." "Oh, but it does matter Myra," broke in Polly sharply, "you said you would like a nice, red cloak to go to church in, like the village girls, didn't you?" "Yes I did, Polly," replied Myra, "but let us wait and see; perhaps Santa Claus will visit us after all, so hurry off to bed, there's good children, and don't forget to hang up your stocking." "All right Myra; good night, and

you hang up your stocking, too." "Yes I will dears, good night," replied Myra, and kissing them both, she undressed and got into bed beside her baby brother.

With a sigh she laid her head upon the pillow, but she could not sleep. She was worried about her little sisters, for although she was so young she had the full care of them; for her mother was dead and her father was a bad man and did not love his children. "I do wish they weren't so certain of getting their toys," she murmured, "for I know they'll be disappointed. They will cry so, and yet I haven't any money to buy them anything, not even—" but she did not finish her sentence, for she was interrupted by a shrill voice saying, "Anybody not in by already, must pack up at once, for it's nearly midnight; Santa Claus' orders."

Sitting up suddenly Myra saw to her surprise a funny, little man covered from head to foot in holly, who seeing her move said, "Hullo little girl, not asleep yet? Now then, I'm doing dustman's duty to-night, so off you go." And throwing some of his magic sleeping dust in Myra's face, this little Christmas goblin quickly had her in dreamland. "There, I'll wager she's as sound asleep as any of them," he said, as he crossed to the side of the bed. Then seeing Myra's up-turned face, he continued, "My, isn't she pretty! Wouldn't I like to kiss her, but I'm such a prickly sort of fellow; I suppose I must leave that to Mistletoe, he gets all the love with the ladies."

Just then in walked two more little men. One was covered from top to toe with mistletoe, while the other seemed to be entirely hidden in flames. "Hullo Mistletoe and Blaze," said Holly, "what have you been up to?" "Well, I've just put a big bunch of me on the dressing table," said Mistletoe. "And I," said Blaze, "have put a big plum pudding in the oven, and a fire in the grate that's warranted to last all Christmas day." "And all that's wanted now is a big bunch of you," said both Mistletoe and Blaze together, pointing to Holly. "All right boys," said Holly, and away he sped, his prickly leaves rustling as he moved.

Barely had he left the room than Mistletoe turned to Blaze and said, "Now, I'm going to kiss this little girl," and he walked toward the sleeping child. Bending over her, he kissed her lightly on the forehead. Then Holly, who had just returned, and had seen the kiss, said, "Oh, so that's what you're up to, is it? Well, I'm going to have one too." Both Mistletoe and Blaze laughed outright at this, but Holly was very serious. Going over to Myra he stooped and kissed her, but he had forgotten his prickly nature, and Myra awoke with a start. Surprised and startled, she gazed around her, but the goblins were more scared, for they knew that the magic sleeping dust would not again send Myra to sleep. "Whatever shall we do?" said Mistletoe, "can't you suggest something, Blaze?" Blaze thoughtfully put his finger to his forehead, and pondered for a moment, then he said, "A lullaby, yes, why not sing her to sleep?" "That's right, you've got the notion," said Mistletoe, "come, you shall beat time, old boy." Then Mistletoe and Holly went over to Myra and taking hold of her shoulders and rocking her to and fro, sang as Blaze beat time:

Go to sleep little girl or your hair won't curl,
For Holly, Mistle and Blaze,
For if at Santa Claus you get a-peeping
We shall weep till the end of our days.

But poor Myra was too surprised to sleep, and the goblins very impatiently began to sing again, when suddenly the finkle of many beautiful bells was heard. With a shrill squeal the goblins stopped their song, and ran to hide crying, "Here comes Santa Claus in his chaise." Hardly had they disappeared when in strode Santa Claus, saying as he came, "What, singing a lullaby? You don't mean to say there is a human child awake at this hour after all my instructions!" For a moment there was silence, then Myra tremblingly said, "Oh please sir it is all my fault, but really I was asleep before I woke up." At the sound of her voice Santa Claus turned to her and said, "So you are the little girl that has always forgotten me." "I thought you had forgotten us," replied Myra. "No," answered Santa Claus, "I had not forgotten you; but not until this year have you attached so much as a sock or a garter to your beds, and I never go where

"I'm not invited." At this Myra began to cry, and Holly running from his hiding place said, "Please sir, it was I who woke this little girl when I tried to kiss her, and she has taken all the blame in a most lady-like manner." "And she's not at all selfish," chimed in Mistletoe, because she gives her baby brother by far the biggest share of the bed. Look at him now, sir." "But I really know her the best," broke in Blaze, "she can't often afford to invite me in, but when she does, I notice that she always lets the other children sit around me, while she herself sits out in the cold." "Well, if this is true," said Santa Claus, "you deserve a merry Christmas, Myra." "Hurrah," shouted the three goblins, "hurrah, give her three wishes!" "Yes, she shall have three wishes," answered Santa Claus, "so come now Myra, first wish." "I would like a nice, big fairytale book for Polly." "Yes," said Santa Claus, "now, second wish." "And I would like a big dolly that goes to sleep, for Dottie," answered Myra. "Yes," said Santa Claus, "now for your last wish." "I would like a nice, red cloak for—no, no—a big, painted ball," sobbed Myra, "and, and it's for baby." "Bravo!" said Santa Claus, "Baby shall have his painted ball; here Holly, take this for baby's stocking." Holly darted away, then Santa Claus turned to Myra again, and throwing some of his magic sleeping powder in her eyes, said, "Good night Myra, and a Merry Christmas." Myra did not answer for she was asleep, neither did she hear the whispered "good nights" of the goblins as they departed. The sleeping dust had done its work well.

Early next morning when most little boys and girls were sleeping, Myra was suddenly awakened by loud shouts of "Myra, oh Myra, a happy Christmas, Myra," and rubbing her sleepy eyes Myra saw her two sisters standing beside her bed. "Look," cried Polly, "look what Santa Claus has left me!" and she showed to the wondering eyes of Myra the fairytale book she had wished for. Then in chimed little Dottie with, "And look at my big doll Myra, and it goes to sleep, too!" Then before Myra could answer both Polly and Dottie cried out together, "Look, Myra dear, what's on the end of your bed?—the red cloak you so wished for." And they handed her a beautiful red cloak, and inside she found this note: "From a very old friend who begs you never to forget him again." Poor Myra was so surprised that for a moment she could not answer. Then kissing her sisters she said, "So he did leave me it after all." Of course, Polly and Dottie didn't know what Myra meant by this, but they knew that she was happy, so they shouted, "Hurrah for Santa Claus, and a merry Christmas, a merry Christmas to everybody."

Down and Out.

BY HELEN M. RICHARDSON.

He is old and bony, feeble and worn,
With a halting gait and a drooping
head;
Day by day from the sunlit morn
Till nightfall his plodding hoof-
beats tread.

His driver a boy with an urging whip,
Thoughtless, unconscious, with youth-
ful zeal,
Holding the reins with a jerking grip
That pulls on the grinding bit of steel.

The crowd goes its idle or busy way;
Who cares for a horse that is lame
and old?
There's never an hour in the busy day
But one is beaten or one is sold.

The proud high-stepper, — ah, mark
him well!
Nor fail to note as you pass him by,
His arching neck and his nostrils' swell,
His pawing hoof and his flashing eye.

It may be the wreck that you see today
Was once in a harness like his as
bright;
He may have stepped in the selfsame
way,
Proudly erect and with footstep light.

Yet someone sold him to be a slave;
To be lashed, ill-treated, ill-fed;—
no doubt
Somebody loved him, sometime, but now
He's just a horse that is down and out.
—Our Dumb Animals.

The Holy Three in Egypt.

BY M. WOELLWARTH.

When in Egypt lived the Three
We call the Holy Family,
All their humble dwelling round
Lay a tiny strip of ground.
Here Mary walked at eventide,
With Child Jesus at her side,
And where her robe's hem touched the
earth

Sprang flowers white and blue to birth:
Eastern poppies glowing shone—
Flower lamps lit by the sun.
'Tixt the low hills and the sky
Snowy birds went fluttering by.
When the last pale rays of light
Were lost within the veil of night,
Then those dear and holy Three
Went to rest all silently—
Mary close beside her sweet,
Gentle Joseph at their feet.

Now the things without a soul
Came gliding out from tree and hole—
Desert eagle, flying bat,
Leopard, lion, mouse, and rat;
Shy wild goat and prancing kid
Between the lynx and vulture slid;
All the things that creep and run—
Lizard, asp, chameleon—
Round the house till break of day
A strange and silent guard they lay.
When morning tossed the gay sun up,
A golden ball in sapphire cup,
Oft Mary saw with wondering eyes
Her little Son awake and rise.
There He stood in short, white gown,
Pink and flushed and golden brown.
She watched Him cross the cottage floor,
She watched Him slip out through the
door;

And when the beasts saw Him advance,
Each made a quaint obeisance.
She saw His tiny hand thrust through
The lion's mane, as though He knew
His power to subjugate
By love divine all fear and hate.
The wild ass and the fox He led:
A white dove fluttered round His head.
The others softly followed Him
Until He reached the desert rim;
For where the desert-line began,
He clasped His hands and off they ran.
When from this entrancing game
Back on dancing feet He came,
Mary ran her Lord to meet,
Kissed His robe, His hands, His feet;
And often, when she sat apart,
Pondered this thing in her heart.
—From Ave Maria.

A Christmas Story..

BY ALICE LYTLER.

"Hark, the herald angels sing," the
choir voices rang out. "Peace on earth
good will to men." The old Christmas
carol died away, the echo sounding
softly as the silvery haired pastor raised
his hands and with voice trembling
with emotion prayed for the struggling
suffering world. With tears in his
eyes he prayed for that lasting peace
when good will would again reign among
the children of men. With the closing
"Amen", the congregation sank to
their knees in silent prayer, and then,
rising, went quietly from the church.

One tall woman dressed in deepest
black walked proudly down the aisle,
bowing coldly to some and passing others
without even a glance.

Outside the snow fell silently, softly
covering everything with a soft downy
mantle. As the woman passed up
the pathway leading to the large stone
house she paused and looking around
drank in the beauty of the scene. Post
and pillar were soft with a clinging
garment of white. Gently the branches
of the old evergreen trees dipped and
swayed with their snowy burden, send-
ing little showers of snow with every
movement. From the windows golden
lights shone, making a ruddy haze through
the falling snow. How quiet and peaceful
it looked.

Mrs. Carlisle sighed heavily as she
went up the broad steps. To-morrow
would be Christmas Eve and she would
spend it alone as she had spent the
past five. Five years! How long ago
it seemed since she and her son Derry
had disagreed and he had gone angrily
away. She had not written him to come
back; at the end of two years she heard
he was married. Through the same
friend she had received the news of
his elisting. Even then she had not
written his wife, not till the deadening

word came that Derry, decorated with
the Victoria Cross, was missing. Then
the proud mother broke down, shutting
herself up in her misery. When she
could bear it she wrote Derry's wife
exploring her to come, only to have the
letter returned. Mrs. Carlisle had gone
many weeks before, leaving no address.

Eagerly the mother scanned the paper,
but months went by bringing no word,
and finally she gave up all thought
that Derry was alive.

No one knew how her heart ached
when the men in khaki marched by,
nor how she longed to take the boys
by the hand and wish them God speed.
The words of the carol still rang in her
ears as she went slowly up the stairs.

Putting aside her wraps she stood long
at the window. The snow had ceased
to fall. Softly the city lights quivered
and gleamed, while on all sides curling
spirals of smoke showed against the
deep blue of the sky. A merry jingle
of bells roused her and she glanced
down as a cutter flew by laden with
parcels. To-morrow would be Christmas
Eve. Why should she spend it alone?
For a moment she stood frowning thought-
fully and then raising her eyes she
looked up smilingly at a splendid silver
star, a twinkling silvery fairy of the sky.
Still smiling she went slowly down the
stairs. To-morrow would be different,
yes, very different.

Calling her old housekeeper she gave that
astonished person an order for the best
Christmas dinner she could prepare.

"Get Sadie to help you Mary, I want
the table arranged for twelve." She
smiled at Mary's evident astonishment.
"Tell John to bring the car round at
seven to-night, I am going down town."
"Yes, Mrs. Carlisle; will you come to
dinner now?" Mary was quite pleased
with the prospect of "company" it
would indeed be a welcome change from
the quietness of the big house.

As the big car went rapidly down the
street Mrs. Carlisle looked about with
a new feeling in her heart. On every
side people hurried by with arms laden
with parcels.

Going from shop to shop she spent
money lavishly. A large box of crimson
roses was despatched to the pastor's
home. A bunch of fragrant violets and
dewy moss went to the old couple, lately
from the country, who sat near her pew
in church. Soft slippers and shawls
went their way bearing good wishes. To
the little woman who did her washing, she
sent an immense goose, gayly decorated
with sprays of holly and mistletoe. A
Christmas tree and a load of glistening
holly and fragrant flowers completed
her purchase. Strangely content she
turned towards home, tired but with a
little smile on her lips.

"If Derry were only here!" the thought
kept beating on her brain. Stifling a
sigh she went into the house, her arms
laden with parcels.

All next day with Mary and Sadie,
she worked till the place was a perfect
bower of loveliness. From the kitchen
came faintly the sound of busy workers.
All the guests had promised to come,
cars calling for them.

Promptly twelve girlish figures were
ushered in; these lonely girls whose
thoughts were with the home folk so far
away. So it was a happy party that sat
around the beautifully arranged table.
Always an ideal hostess, this time Mrs
Carlisle surpassed herself.

Afterwards the laughing girls gathered
about the glittering tree; the tallest one
had been given the honor of taking off
and distributing the parcels. With de-
lighted cries they were opened, disclosing
a box of bon bons and a quaint silver
bracelet.

As the girls were talking and admiring
the peculiar design of the bracelets which
Mrs. Carlisle had explained as some
peculiar Eastern charm of "Good Luck,"
one of them came quietly forward and
laid a huge bunch of golden-hearted
roses in Mrs. Carlisle's arms.

Picking up the card she read, "The
girls to whom you have given such hap-
piness wish you all the peace and joy of
the Christmas and New Year."

The last stroke of the big clock died
away. The girls had gone an hour ago.
Mrs. Carlisle sat looking into the glowing
fire which sent rays of light across the
polished floor. As she looked around her
eyes rested on the glittering tree, now
bright, as the light from the fire flashed
on it, now dark and shadowy. How
often the happy hearted Derry had
danced around such another tree. Mrs.

Carlisle buried her face in her hands and
as quickly raised it and started to her
feet as the door bell rang sharply through
the quiet house. As she stood holding
back the heavy curtain Mary went
quickly to the door but paused as a
strange little sound came to them. Again
the soft knocking as of baby hands
pounding on the big door. "Open it,
Mary,"—Mrs. Carlisle was strangely
excited.

As the heavy door swung back, a tiny
figure all in red, with golden curls, stepped
in and stood blinking in the light. Then
catching sight of the tall woman held up
its little arms and lippled with baby voice
"Merry Tismas Gama."

In a moment Mrs. Carlisle had the
little one in her arms. Mary looked on
in bewilderment but stepped back with a
startled cry as a girlish figure and a tall
one in khaki came softly forward.

"Derry, my son, my son!" again and
again she repeated the words as she held
him in her arms.

Late in the night they sat and talked,
Derry telling over again the story of his
miraculous escape from the enemy, how
he had been wounded and had lain un-
conscious for days and was now home,
honorably discharged.

Little Billy had been carried upstairs
and tucked in his father's little crib.
Mrs. Carlisle would allow no hands but
hers carry the sleepy baby and cover him
softly.

The telephone had been called into
use. She had been fortunate in getting
the big store before it closed and, late as
it was, a load of parcels was delivered.

Derry and Jean had arranged the tree
for its second donation, and had laughed
happily as the beaming grandmother
handed a motley array of childish toys
to be tied on.

As Mrs. Carlisle knelt by her bed
breathing out words of thankfulness, the
chimes from a distant church pealed out
a Christmas carol. In her heart echoed
the sweet refrain, "Peace on earth, good
will to men."

The Windrow

Not only Belgian but also Polish people
are being deported to Germany to work.
For months the *Kurier Lodski* has been
protesting against the deportation.

Most of the great writers of Britain
have seen the war at first hand. H. G.
Wells is now getting a glimpse of it in the
Trentino (Italy); John Masefield saw its
horrors on the Gallipoli Peninsula; Hugh
Walpole has been continuously with the
Russian Red Cross on the eastern battle
line; Conan Doyle has been on "three
fronts."

British nurses, going to Serbia, have cut
off their hair, for greater convenience and
time-saving. The two field hospitals and
transport, now with the Serbians, are
staffed exclusively by women who do
everything, even to the grave-digging.

All bird lovers will rejoice to know that a
treaty has been entered into between the
United States and Great Britain to pro-
tect migratory birds in this country and
Canada. By three great highways the
birds and the waterfowl pass back and
forth between the two countries. One is
along our Eastern Atlantic coast, another
is by way of the land included in the
Mississippi valley, the other is the Pacific
slope west of the Rocky Mountains.

There is also a northern, or breeding zone,
and a southern, or wintering zone. While
in passage, and while in the north or in the
south, our migratory insectivorous birds
will have the protection of both govern-
ments, the game birds also will be pro-
tected under laws and regulations agreed
upon.

The last two or three years have been
wonderful years for the birds in the way of
the legal protection obtained for them. On
the one hand economy, claiming that
toward a billion dollars a year is lost to the
farmers because of insect pests, which the
birds, if not destroyed, might largely have
cared for, and on the other hand the
sportsman, seeking protection for game
birds that he may still have his hunting
season, have joined with the real lovers of
birds to bring this about. Wise men have
long insisted that from the point of view of
economy alone, the protection of our
birds would ultimately arouse, as it has,
the interest of the nations.

—Our Dumb Animals.

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The Military Hospitals Commission at Ottawa informs us that 2,081 soldiers were under its care at the beginning of November. Of these, 426 were at sanatoria for tuberculosis, and 1,616 at convalescent hospitals, 682 of the latter being out-patients—while 39 members of the force were in asylums for the insane. Of the 426 cases of tuberculosis, it may be added, almost exactly half were discovered in time to prevent them from leaving Canada for the seat of war.

According to a statement prepared by the Militia Department, up to October 5, 1916, the number of soldiers sent back to Canada because of medical unfitness was 6,208. Of these, 961 were suffering from wounds, shell-shock, or the effect of gas; 122 were insane; 245 were afflicted with tuberculosis; while the remainder, 4,880, were suffering from other diseases and disabilities.

All Canadians ought to know what is being done by the Military Hospitals Commission, acting on behalf of the whole body of citizens, for the restoration of their wounded defenders to a position of self-support and independence.

Every disabled soldier is medically examined on arriving at Quebec. If he is no longer in need of hospital treatment, he is sent home free of expense and discharged with a pension or gratuity according to the extent of his disability.

If he needs further treatment, he is taken to the hospital or sanatorium where the treatment most suitable to his case is available, and, if possible, to the institution nearest his home. Men who cannot resume their former work on discharge from hospital are advised and enabled to take special training for new occupations. This is provided free of cost; and while the men are being trained the Dominion Government maintains them and their families.

Men needing artificial limbs are taken to Toronto, where these limbs are made and supplied without charge. Men with serious nerve disorders are treated specially in the Ontario Military Hospital at Cobourg.

Each Provincial Government has appointed a Commission to help discharged men in securing steady and remunerative work. The Dominion Government, and other authorities and employers, systematically give preference to returned soldiers, when filling vacant positions.

The public can and should co-operate heartily in this urgently necessary work, by encouraging the men to take fullest advantage of the curative and educational opportunities given them, and afterwards by seeing that they get work. Local committees have been formed for this purpose in many towns, but much more has to be done in this way.

The treatment, most carefully carried out in accordance with the latest discoveries and the proved results of medical experience, includes many forms of strengthening exercises, often requiring special and costly apparatus; the scientific use of electricity, massage, and continuous baths for affected limbs; with wise dieting and fresh air as a matter of course.

Occupation is often as necessary and beneficial as rest itself, in its curative and strengthening effect on body and mind. Classes are therefore held at the hospitals, for instruction and practice in many arts and industries, such as carpentry and wood-carving, metal and leather working, typewriting and bookkeeping, mechanical drawing and elementary engineering, gardening, bee-keeping and poultry raising.

These all help to increase the capacity of the patients, and to lessen the effect of any injury they have received, by getting them into practice for such industries as they can profitably undertake. The medical and educational officers try first to discover what each man is most likely to succeed at, and then to fit him for it as thoroughly as possible.

It has been wisely decided that no man shall forfeit any part of his pension on account of his industry and enterprise in improving his own financial position.

Let our readers write without hesitation to the Secretary of the Military Hospitals Commission at Ottawa, or to the Provincial Commission at the Provincial capital, asking any further information they may desire, or giving practical suggestions resulting from thought or experience.

How the Prussian Guard Came Home.

Hiding the Wounded.

(BY D. THOMAS CURTIN, IN THE "TIMES", LONDON.)

Various circumstances enabled Mr. Curtin to witness a sight strictly forbidden to the German public—the return of the wounded from the front.

The 4th of August is the anniversary of what is known in Germany as "England's treachery"—the day that England entered the war in what the German Government tells the people is "a base and cowardly attempt to try and beat her by starving innocent women and children".

On that sunny and fresh morning I looked out of the railway carriage window some quarter of a mile before we arrived at Potsdam and saw numerous brown trains marked with the Red Cross, trains that usually travel by night in Germany.

There were a couple of officers of the Guard Cavalry in the same carriage with me. They also looked out. "Ach, noch einmal" (What, more of them?) discontentedly remarked the elder. They were a gloomy pair, and they had reason to be. The German public has begun to know a great deal about the wounded. They do not yet know all the facts, because wounded men are, as far as possible hidden in Germany and never sent to Socialist centres unless it is absolutely unavoidable. The official figures, which are increasing in an enormous ratio since the development of England's war machine, are falsified by manipulation.

And if easy proof be needed of the truth of my assertion I point to the monstrous official misstatement involved in the announcement that over 90 per cent. of German wounded return to the firing line! Of the great crush of wounded at Potsdam I doubt whether any appreciable portion of the serious cases will return to anything except permanent invalidism. They are suffering from shell wounds not shrapnel, for the most part, I gathered.

Broken Men.

As our train emptied it was obvious that some great spectacle was in progress. The exit to the station became blocked with staring peasant women returning from the early market in Berlin, their high fruit and vegetable baskets empty on their backs. When I eventually got through the crowd into the outer air and paused at the top of the short flight of steps I beheld a scene that will never pass from my memory. Filmed and circulated in Germany it would evoke inconceivable astonishment to this deluded nation and would swell the malcontents, already a formidable mass, into a united and dangerous army of angry, eye-opened dupes. This is not the mere expression of a neutral view, but is also the opinion of a sober and patriotic German statesman.

I saw the British wounded arrive from Neuve Chapelle at Boulogne; I saw the Russian wounded in the retreat from the Bukovina; I saw the Belgian wounded in the Antwerp retreat and the German wounded in East Prussia, but the wounded of the Prussian Guard at Potsdam surpassed in sadness anything I have witnessed in the last two bloody years.

Your Neuve Chapelle wounded were, if not gay, many of them blithe and smiling—their bodies were hurt but their minds were cheerful; but the wounded of the Prussian Guard—the proudest military force in the world—who had come back to their home town decimated and humbled—these Guards formed the most amazing agglomeration of broken men I have ever encountered. As to the numbers of them, of these five reserve regiments but few are believed to be unhurt. Vast numbers were killed, and most of the rest are back at Potsdam in the ever-growing streets of hospitals that are being built on the Bornstatterfeld.

One of the trains had just stopped. The square was blocked with vehicles of every description. I was surprised to find the great German furniture vans, which by comparison with those used in England and the United States look almost like houses on wheels were drawn up in rows with military precision. As if these were not enough, the whole of the wheeled traffic of Potsdam seemed to be commandeered by the military for the lightly wounded—cabs, tradesmen's wagons, private carriages—everything on wheels except, of course, motor-cars, which

are non-existent owing to the rubber shortage. Endless tiers of stretchers lay along the low embankment sloping up to the line. Doctors, nurses and bearers were waiting in quiet readiness.

The passengers coming out of the station, including the women with the tall baskets, stopped but only for a moment. They did not tarry, for the police, of which there will never be any dearth if the war lasts thirty years, motioned them on, a slight movement of the hand being sufficient.

Move On.

I was so absorbed that I failed to notice the big constable near me until he laid his heavy paw upon my shoulder and told me to move on. A school-master and his wife, his "rucksack" full of lunch, who had taken advantage of the glorious sunshine to get away from Berlin to spend a day amidst the woods along the Havel, asked the policeman what the matter was.

The reply was "Nichts hier zu sehen" ("Nothing to be seen here; get along"). The great "Hush! Hush! Hush!" machinery of Germany was at work.

Determined not to be baffled, I moved out of the square into the shelter of a roadside tree, on the principle that a distant view would be better than none at all, but the police were on the alert, and a police lieutenant tackled me at once. I decided to act on the German military theory that attack is the best defence, and, stepping up to him, I stated that I was a newspaper correspondent. "Might I not see the wounded taken from the train?" I requested. He very courteously replied that I might not, unless I had a special pass for that purpose from the Kriegsministerium in Berlin.

I remembered a large window in the first and second class dining-room in the station, from which a very close view of the tragedy could be gained. I knew that there was no train back to Berlin for an hour and a half. I took a ticket, handed it to the uniformed woman who deals with them as in England, and explained to the soldier and "Unteroffizier" who stood by her that I would like to go into the dining-room to read and get something to eat. I walked to the window of the dining-room and ordered butterless bread and Dutch cheese—the universal and almost standard mid-day diet of Germany to-day—and was glad that my Berlin ticket served. My ruse succeeded. I saw everything and unmolested.

By this time the wounded were being moved from the train. The slightly wounded were drawn up in double ranks, their clean white arm and head bandages gleaming in the noonday light. They stood dazed and dejected, looking on at the real work which was just beginning—the removal of the severely wounded.

Wounded in Furniture Vans.

Then it was that I learned the use of those mammoth furniture vans. Then it was I realized that these vans are part of Germany's plan by which her wounded are carried—I will not say secretly—but as unobtrusively as possible. In some of the mammoths were put 12, into others 14; others held as many as 20.

The Prussian Guard had come home. The steel corps of the army of Germany had met at Contalmaison the light-hearted boys I had seen drilling in Hyde Park last year, and in a furious counter-attack, in which they had attempted to regain the village, had been wiped out.

These were not merely wounded, but dejected wounded. The whole atmosphere of the scene was that of intense surprise and depression. Tradition going back to Frederick the Great, nearly 200 years ago, had been smashed—by amateur soldiers. The callow youth of 16 who served my lunch was muttering something to the barmaid, who replied that he was lucky to be in a class that was not likely to be called up yet.

The extreme cases were carried at a snail's pace by bearers, who put their feet down as carefully as if they were testing very thin ice, and who placed the comfortable spring stretchers in the very few vehicles which had rubber or imitation rubber tires. The work was done with military precision and great celerity. The evacuation of this train was no sooner finished than another took its place, and the same scene was repeated. Presently the great furniture vans returned from having deposited

their terrible loads, and were again filled. One van was reserved for those who had expired in the journey, and it was full.

This, then, was the battered remnant of the five reserve regiments of the Prussian Guard which had charged the British lines at Contalmaison three weeks before, in a desperate German counter-attack to wrest the village from the enemy, who had just occupied it. Each train discharged between six and seven hundred maimed passengers. Nor was this the last day of the influx.

What the Guard Means.

The Guard had its garrisons chiefly in Potsdam, but also partly in Berlin, and represents the physical flower of German manhood. On parade it was inspiring to look at, and no military officer in the world ever doubted its prowess. Nor has it failed in the war to show splendid courage and fighting qualities. English people simply do not understand its prestige at home and among neutrals.

The Guard is sent only where there is supreme work to be done. If you hear that it has been hurled into a charge you may rest assured that it is striving to gain something on which Germany sets the highest price—for the life-blood of the Guard is the dearest that she can pay.

In the battle of the Marne the active regiments of the Guard forming a link between the armies of Bulow and Hausen were dashed like spray on jagged cliffs when they surged in wave after wave against the army of Foch at Sezanne and Fere Champenoise.

Germany was willing to sacrifice those superb troops during the early part of the battle because she knew that von Kluck had only to hold his army together, even though he did not advance, and the overthrow of Foch would mean a Teuton wedge driven between Verdun and Paris.

One year and 10 months later she hurled the Guard Reserve at Contalmaison because she was determined that this important link in the chain of concrete and steel that coiled back and forth before Bapaume-Peronne must remain unbroken. The newly-formed line of Britain's sons bent but did not break under the shock. They were outnumbered, but, like all the rest of the British that the back-from-the-front German soldiers have told me about, these fought on and on, never thinking of surrender.

I know from one of these that in a first onslaught the Guard lost heavily, but was reinforced and again advanced. Another desperate encounter and the men from Potsdam withered in the hand-to-hand carnage. The Germans could not hold what they had won back, and the khaki succeeded the field grey at Contalmaison.

The evacuation of the wounded occupied hours. I purposely missed my train, for I knew that I was probably the only foreign civilian to see the historic picture of the proudest soldiery of Prussia return to its garrison town from the greatest battle in history.

Empty trains were pulled out of the way, to be succeeded by more. Doctors and nurses were attentive and always busy, and the stretcher-bearers moved back and forth until their faces grew red with exertion.

Without Hope.

But it was the visages of the men on the stretchers that riveted my attention. I never saw so many men so completely exhausted. Not one pair of lips relaxed into a smile, and not an eye lit up with the glad recognition of former surroundings.

It was not, however, the lines of suffering in those faces that impressed me, but that uncanny sameness of expression, an expression of hopeless gloom so deep that it made me forget that the sun was shining from an unclouded sky. The dejection of the police, of the soldier onlookers, of the walking wounded, and those upturned faces on the white pillows told as plainly as words could ever tell that the Guard had at last met a force superior to themselves and their war machine. They knew well that they were the idol of their Fatherland, and that they had fought with every ounce of their great physical strength, backed by their long traditions. They had been vanquished by an army of mere sportsmen.

My thoughts went back to Berlin and the uniformed coffins at the British

Army and its futile efforts to push back the troops of Rupprecht on the Somme. Yet here on the actual outskirts of the German capital was a grim tribute to the machine that Great Britain had built up under the protection of her Navy.

In Berlin, at that moment, the afternoon editions were fluttering their daily headlines of victory to the crowds on the Linden and the Friedrichstrasse, but here the mammoth vans were moving slowly through the streets of Potsdam. To the women who stood in the long lines waiting with the potato and butter tickets for food on the other side of the old stone bridge that spans the Havel they were merely ordinary cumbersome furniture wagons.

How were they to know that these tumbrils contained the bloody story of Contalmaison?

The Dollar Chain

Contributions from Dec. 14 to Dec. 22: Mrs. E. E. Townsend, R. 2, Grand Valley, Ont., \$1.00; "U. S.," Alliston, Ont., \$1.50; "A Sympathizer," \$5.00; Geo. R. Mooney, Inverness, Que., \$2.00; "N. A. T.," Wilton Grove, Ont., \$5.00; Mrs. T. P. Westington, Port Hope, Ont., \$2.00; "Christmas Gift," \$10.00; Reader, Mt. Brydges, Ont., \$5.00; "For the Poor" (sent to Belgians) \$1.00; T. L. Lowe, Bear Brook, Ont., \$5.00; "X," \$5.00; Albert Cowan, Courtland, Ont., \$5.00; Mrs. M. Sanders, Courtland, Ont., \$5.00. Previously acknowledged.....\$3,223.75

Total to Dec. 22.....\$3,277.25
Kindly address contributions to The Farmer's Advocate and Home Magazine, London, Ont.

OUR NEW SERIAL STORY

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The Brown Mouse

CHAPTER IX.

JENNIE ARRANGES A CHRISTMAS PARTY.

The great party magnates who made up the tickets from governor down to the lowest county office, doubtless regarded the little political plum shaken off into the apron of Miss Jennie Woodruff of the Woodruff District, as the very smallest and least bloomy of all the plums on the tree; but there is something which tends to puff one up in the mere fact of having received the votes of the people for any office, especially in a region of high average civilization, covering six hundred or seven hundred square miles of good American domain. Jennie was a sensible country girl. Being sensible, she tried to avoid uppishness. But she did feel some little sense of increased importance as she drove her father's little one-cylinder runabout over the smooth earth roads in the crisp December weather, just before Christmas.

The weather itself was stimulating, and she was making rapid progress in the management of the little car which her father had offered to lend her for use in visiting the one hundred or more rural schools soon to come under her supervision. She rather fancied the picture of herself, clothed in more or less authority and queening it over her little army of teachers.

Mr. Haakon Peterson was phlegmatically conscious that she made rather an agreeable picture, as she stopped her car alongside his top buggy to talk with him. She had bright blue eyes, fluffy brown hair, a complexion whipped pink by the breeze, and she smiled at him ingratiatingly.

"Don't you think father is lovely?" said she. "He is going to let me use the runabout when I visit the schools."

"That will be good," said Haakon. "It will save you lots of time. I hope you make the county pay for the gasoline."

"I haven't thought about that," said Jennie. "Everybody's been so nice to me—I want to give as well as receive."

"Why," said Haakon, "you will just begin to receive when your salary begins in January."

"Oh, no!" said Jennie. "I've received much more than that now! You don't know how proud I feel. So many nice men I never knew before, and all my old friends like you working for me in the convention and at the polls, just as if I amounted to something."

"And you don't know how proud I feel," said Haakon, "to have in county office a little girl I used to hold on my lap."

In early times, when Haakon was a flat-capped immigrant boy, he had earned the initial payment on his first eighty acres of prairie land as a hired man on Colonel Woodruff's farm. Now he was a rather richer man than the colonel, and not a little proud of his ascent to affluence. He was a mild-spoken, soft-voiced Scandinavian, quite completely Americanized, and possessed of that aptitude for local politics which makes so good a citizen

of the Norwegian and Swede. His influence was always worth fifty to sixty Scandinavian votes in any county election. He was a good party man and conscious of being entitled to his voice in party matters. This seemed to him an opportunity for exerting a bit of political influence.

Yennie, said he, "this man Yim Irwin needs to be lined up."

"Lined up! What do you mean?"

"The way he is doing in school," said Haakon, "is all wrong. If you can't line him up, he will make you trouble. We must look ahead. Everybody has his friends, and Yim Irwin has his friends. If you have trouble with him, his friends will be against you when we want to nominate you for a second term. The county is getting close. If we go to convention without your home delegation it would weaken you, and if we nominate you, every piece of trouble like this cuts down your vote. You ought to line him up and have him do right."

"But he is so funny," said Jennie.

"He likes you," said Haakon. "You can line him up."

Jennie blushed, and to conceal her slight embarrassment, got out for the purpose of cranking her machine.

"But if I can not line him up?" said she.

"I tank," said Haakon, "if you can't line him up, you will have a chance to rework his certificate when you take office."

So Jim Irwin was to be crushed like an insect. The little local gearing of the big party machine was to crush him. Jennie dimly sensed the tragedy of it, but very dimly. Mainly she thought of Mr. Peterson's suggestion as to "lining up" Jim Irwin as so thoroughly sensible that she gave it a good deal of thought that day. She could not help feeling a little resentment at Jim for following his own fads and fancies so far. We always resent the necessity of crushing any weak creature which must needs be wiped out. The idea that there could be anything fundamentally sane in his over-turning of the old and tried school methods, under which both he and she had been educated, was absurd to Jennie. To be sure, everybody had always favored "more practical education," and Jim's farm arithmetic, farm physiology, farm reading and writing, cow-testing exercises, seed analysis, corn clubs and the tomato, poultry and pig clubs he proposed to have in operation the next summer, seemed highly practical; but to Jennie's mind, the fact that they introduced dissension in the neighborhood and promised to make her official life vexatious, seemed ample proof that Jim's work was visionary and impractical. Poor Jennie was not aware of the fact that new truth always comes bringing, not peace to mankind, but a sword.

"Father," said she that night, "let's have a little Christmas party."

"All right," said the colonel.

"Whom shall we invite?"

"Don't laugh," said she. "I want

to invite Jim Irwin and his mother, and nobody else."

"All right," reiterated the colonel.

"But why?"

"Oh," said Jennie, "I want to see whether I can talk Jim out of some of his foolishness."

"You want to line him up, do you?" said the colonel. "Well, that's good politics, and incidentally, you may get some good ideas out of Jim."

"Rather unlikely," said Jennie.

"I don't know about that," said the colonel, smiling. "I begin to think that Jim's a Brown Mouse. I've told you about the Brown Mouse, haven't I?"

"Yes," said Jennie. "You've told me. But Professor Darbshire's brown mice were simply wild and incorrigible creatures. Just because it happens to emerge suddenly from the forests of heredity, it doesn't prove that the Brown Mouse is any good."

"Justin Morgan was a Brown Mouse," said the colonel. "And he founded the greatest breed of horses in the world."

"You say that," said Jennie, "because you're a lover of the Morgan horse."

"Napoleon Bonaparte was a Brown Mouse," said the colonel. "So was George Washington, and so was Peter the Great. Whenever a Brown Mouse appears he changes things in a little way or a big way."

"For the better, always?" asked Jennie.

"No," said the colonel. "The Brown Mouse may throw back to slant-headed savagery. But Jim . . . sometimes I think Jim is the kind of mendelian segregation out of which we get Franklins and Edisons and their sort. You may get some good ideas out of Jim. Let us have them here for Christmas, by all means."

In due time Jennie's invitation reached Jim and his mother, like an explosive shell fired from a distance into their humble dwelling—quite upsetting things. Twenty-five years constitute rather a long wait for social recognition, and Mrs. Irwin had long since regarded herself quite outside society. To be sure, for something like half of this period, she had been of society if not in it. She had done the family washings, scrubbing and cleanings, had made the family clothes and been a woman of all work, passing from household to household, in an orbit determined by the exigencies of threshing, harvesting, illness and child-bearing. At such times she sat at the family table and participated in the neighborhood gossip, in quite the manner of a visiting aunt or other female relative; but in spite of the democracy of rural life, there is and always has been a social difference between a hired woman and an invited guest. And when Jim, having absorbed everything which the Woodruff school could give him in the way of education, found his first job at "making a hand," Mrs. Irwin, at her son's urgent request, ceased going out to work for a while, until she could get back her strength. This she had never succeeded in doing, and for a dozen years or more had never entered a single one of the houses in which she had formerly served.

"I can't go, James," said she; "I can't possibly go."

"Oh, yes, you can! Why not?" said Jim. "Why not?"

"You know I don't go anywhere," urged Mrs. Irwin.

"That's no reason," said her son. "I haven't a thing to wear," said Mrs. Irwin.

"Nothing to wear!"

I wonder if any ordinary person can understand the shock with which Jim Irwin heard those words from his mother's lips. He was approaching thirty, and the association of the ideas of Mother and Costume was foreign to his mind. Other women had surfaces different from hers, to be sure—but his mother was not as other women. She was just Mother, always at work in the house or in the garden, always doing for him those inevitable things which made up her part in life, always clothed in the browns, grays, gray-blues, neutral stripes and checks which were cheap and common and easily made. Clothes! They were in the Irwin family no more than things by which the rules of decency were complied with and the cold of winter turned back—but as for their appearance! Jim had never given the thing

a thought further than to wear out his Sunday best in the schoolroom, to wonder where the next suit of Sunday best was to come from, and to buy for his mother the cheap and common fabrics which she fashioned into the garments in which alone, it seemed to him, she would seem like Mother. A boy who lives until he is nearly thirty in intimate companionship with Carlyle, Thoreau, Wordsworth, Shakespeare, Emerson, Professor Henry, Liberty H. Bailey, Cyril Hopkins, Dean Davenport and the great obscurities of the experiment stations, may be excused if his views regarding clothes are derived in a transcendental manner from Sartor Resartus and the agricultural college tests as to the relation between Shelter and Feeding.

"Why, mother," said he, "I think it would be pretty hard to explain to the Woodruffs that you stayed away because of clothes. They have seen you in the clothes you wear pretty often for the last thirty years!"

Was a woman ever quite without a costume?

Mrs. Irwin gazed at vacancy for a while, and went to the old bureau. From the bottom drawer she took an old, old black alpaca dress—a dress which Jim had never seen. She spread it out on her bed in the alcove off the combined kitchen, parlor and dining-room in which they lived, and smoothed out the wrinkles. It was almost whole, save for the places where her body, once so much fuller than now, had drawn the threads apart—under the arms, and at some of the seams—and she handled it as one deals with something very precious.

"I never thought I'd wear it again," said she, "but once. I've been saving it for my last dress. But I guess it won't hurt to wear it once for the benefit of the living."

Jim kissed his mother—a rare thing, save as the caress was called for by the established custom between them.

"Don't think of that, mother," said he, "for years and years yet!"

CHAPTER X.

HOW JIM WAS LINED UP.

There is no doubt that Jennie Woodruff was justified in thinking that they were a queer couple. They weren't like the Woodruffs, at all. They weren't of a different pattern. To be sure, Jim's clothes were not especially noteworthy, being just shiny, and frayed at cuffs and instep, and short of sleeve and leg, and ill-fitting and cheap. They betrayed poverty, and the inability of a New York sweat-shop to anticipate the prodigality of Nature in the matter of length of leg and arm, and wealth of bones and joints which she had lavished upon Jim Irwin. But the Woodruff table had often enjoyed Jim's presence, and the standards prevailing there as to clothes were only those of plain people who eat with their hired men, buy their clothes at a county seat town, and live simply and sensibly on the fat of the land. Jim's queer-ness lay not so much in his clothes as in his personality.

On the other hand, Jennie could not help thinking that Mrs. Irwin's queer-ness was to be found almost solely in her clothes. The black alpaca looked undeniably respectable, especially when it was helped out by a curious old brooch of goldstone, bordered with flowers in blue and white and red and green—tiny blossoms of little stones which looked like the flowers which grow at the snow line on Pike's Peak. Jennie felt that it must be a cheap affair, but it was decorative, and she wondered where Mrs. Irwin got it. She guessed it must have a story—a story in which the stooped, rusty, somber old lady looked like a character drawn to harmonize with the period just after the war. For the black alpaca dress looked more like a costume for a masquerade than a present-day garment, and Mrs. Irwin was so oppressed with doubt as to whether she was presentable, with knowledge that her dress didn't fit, and with the difficulty of behaving naturally—like a convict just discharged from prison, after a ten years' term—that she took on a stiffness of deportment quite in keeping with the idea that she was

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a female Rip Van Winkle not yet quite awake. But Jennie had the keenness to see that if Mrs. Irwin could have had an up-to-date costume she would have become a rather ordinary and not bad looking old lady. What Jennie failed to divine was that if Jim could have invested a hundred dollars in the services of tailors, haberdashers, barbers and other specialists in personal appearance, and could for this hour or so have blotted out his record as her father's field-hand, he would have seemed to her a distinguished-looking young man. Not handsome, of course, but the sort people look after—and follow.

"Come to dinner," said Mrs. Woodruff, who at this juncture had a hired girl, but was yoked to the oar nevertheless when it came to turkey and the other fixings of a Christmas dinner. "It's good enough, what there is of it, and there's enough of it such as it is—but the dressing in the turkey would be better for a little more sage!"

The bountiful meal piled mountains high for guest and hired help and family melted away in a manner to delight the hearts of Mrs. Woodruff and Jennie. The colonel, in stiff starched shirt, black tie and frock coat, carved with much empressement, and Jim felt almost for the first time a sense of the value of manner.

"I had bigger turkeys," said Mrs. Woodruff to Mrs. Irwin, "but I thought it would be better to cook two turkeys instead of one great big gobbler with meat as tough as tripe and stuffed full of fat."

"One of the hens would 'a' been plenty," replied Mrs. Irwin. "How much did they weigh?"

"About fifteen pounds apiece," was the answer. "The gobbler would 'a' weighed thirty, I guess. He's pure Mammoth Bronze."

"I wish," said Jim, "that we could get a few breeding birds of the wild bronze turkey from Mexico."

"Why?" asked the colonel.

"They're the original blood of the domestic bronze turkeys," said Jim, "and they're bigger and handsomer than the pure-bred bronzes, even. They're a better stock than the northern wild turkeys from which our common birds originated."

"Where do you learn all these things, Jim?" asked Mrs. Woodruff. "I declare, I often tell Woodruff that it's as good as a lecture to have Jim Irwin at table. My intelligence has fallen since you quit working here, Jim."

There came into Jim's eyes the gleam of the man devoted to a Cause—and the dinner tended to develop into a lecture. Jennie saw a little more plainly wherein his queerness lay.

"There's an education in any meal, if we would just use the things on the table as materials for study, and follow their trails back to their starting-points. This turkey takes us back to the chaparral of Mexico."

"What's chaparral?" asked Jennie, as a diversion. "It's one of the words I have seen so often and know perfectly to speak it and read it—but after all it's just a word, and nothing more."

"Ain't that the trouble with our education, Jim?" queried the colonel, cleverly steering Jim back into the track of his discourse.

"They are not even living words," answered Jim, "unless we have clothed them in flesh and blood through some sort of concrete notion. 'Chaparral' to Jennie is just the ghost of a word. Our civilization is full of inefficiency because we are satisfied to give our children these ghosts and shucks and husks of words instead of the things themselves, that can be seen and hefted and handled and tested and heard."

Jennie looked Jim over carefully. His queerness was taking on a new phase—and she felt a sense of surprise such as one experiences when the conjurer causes a rose to grow into a tree before your very eyes. Jim's development was not so rapid, but Jennie's perception of it was. She began to feel proud of the fact that a man who could make his impractical notions seem so plausible—and who was clearly fired with some sort of evangelistic fervor—had kissed her, once or twice, on bringing her home from the spelling school.

"I think we lose so much time in school," Jim went on, "while the children are eating their dinners."

"Well, Jim," said Mrs. Woodruff, "every one but you is down on the

human level. The poor kids have to eat!"

"But think how much good education there is wrapped up in the school dinner—if we could only get it out."

Jennie grew grave. Here was this Brown Mouse actually introducing the subject of the school—and he ought to suspect that she was planning to line him up on this very thing—if he wasn't a perfect donkey as well as a dreamer. And he was calmly wading into the subject as if she were the ex-farm-hand country teacher, and he was the county superintendent-elect!

"Eating a dinner like this, mother," said the colonel gallantly, "is an education in itself—and eating some others requires one; but just how 'larnin' is wrapped up in the school lunch is a new one on me, Jim."

"Well," said Jim, "in the first place the children ought to cook their meals as a part of the school work. Prior to that they ought to buy the materials. And prior to that they ought to keep the accounts of the school kitchen. They'd like to do these things, and it would help prepare them for life on an intelligent plane, while they prepared the meals."

Isn't that looking rather far ahead?" asked the county superintendent-elect.

"It's like a lot of other things we think far ahead," urged Jim. "The only reason why they're far off is because we think them so. It's a thought—and a thought is as near the moment we think it as it will ever be."

"I guess that's so—to a wild-eyed reformer," said the colonel. "But go on. Develop your thought a little. Have some more dressing."

"Thanks, I believe I will," said Jim. "And a little more of the cranberry sauce. No more turkey, please."

"I'd like to see the school class that could prepare this dinner," said Mrs. Woodruff.

"Why," said Jim, "you'd be there showing them how! They'd get credits in their domestic-economy course for getting the school dinner—and they'd bring their mothers into it to help them stand at the head of their classes. And one detail of girls would cook one week, and another serve. The setting of the table would come in as a study—flowers, linen and all that. And when we get a civilized teacher, table manners!"

"I'd take on that class," said the hired man, winking at Selma Carlson, the maid, from somewhere below the salt. "The way I make my knife feed my face would be a great help to the children."

"And when the food came on the table," Jim went on, with a smile at his former fellow-laborer, who had heard most of this before as a part of the field conversation, "just think of the things we could study while eating it. The literary term for eating a meal is discussing it—well, the discussion of a meal under proper guidance is much more educative than a lecture. This breast-bone," now said he, referring to the remains on his plate. "That's physiology. The cranberry-sauce—that's botany, and commerce, and soil management—do you know, colonel, that the cranberry must have an acid soil—which would kill alfalfa or clover?"

"Read something of it," said the colonel, "but it didn't interest me much."

"And the difference between the types of fowl on the table—that's breeding. And the nutmeg, pepper and coconut—that's geography. And everything on the table runs back to geography, and comes to us linked to our lives by dollars and cents—and they're mathematics."

"We must have something more than dollars and cents in life," said Jennie. "We must have culture."

"Culture," cried Jim, "is the ability to think in terms of life—isn't it?"

"Like Jesse James," suggested the hired man, who was a careful student of the life of that eminent bandit.

There was a storm of laughter at this sally amidst which Jennie wished she had thought of something like that. Jim joined in the laughter at his own expense, but was clearly suffering from argumentative shock.

"That's the best answer I've had on that point, Pete," he said, after the disturbance had subsided. "But if the James boys and the Youngers had had the sort of culture I'm for, they would have been successful stock men and farmers, instead of train-robbers. Take Raymond Simms, for instance. He had

all the qualifications of a member of the James gang when he came here. All he needed was a few exasperated associates of his own sort, and a convenient railway with undefended trains running over it. But after a few weeks of real 'culture' under a mighty poor teacher, he's developing into the most enthusiastic farmer I know. That's real culture."

"It's snowing like everything," said Jennie, who faced the window.

"Don't cut your dinner short," said the colonel to Pete, "but I think you'll find the cattle ready to come in out of the storm when you get good and through."

"I think I'll let 'em in now," said Pete, by way of excusing himself. "I expect to put in the most of the day from now on getting ready to quit eating. Save some of everything for me, Selma—I'll be right back!"

"All right, Pete," said Selma.

CHAPTER XI.

THE MOUSE ESCAPES.

Jennie played the piano and sang. They all joined in some simple Christmas songs. Mrs. Woodruff and Jim's mother went into other parts of the house on research work connected with their converse on domestic economy. The colonel withdrew for an inspection of the live stock on the eve of the threatened blizzard. And Jim was left alone with Jennie in the front parlor. After the buzz of conversation, they seemed to have nothing to say. Jennie played softly, and looked at nothing, but scrutinized Jim by means of the eyes which women have concealed in their back hair. There was something new in the man—she sensed that. He was more confident, more persuasive, more dynamic. She was used to him only as a static force.

And Jim felt something new, too. He had felt it growing in him ever since he began his school work, and knew not the cause of it. The cause, however, would not have been a mystery to a wise old yogi who might discover the same sort of change in one of his young novices. Jim Irwin had been a sort of ascetic since his boyhood. He had mortified the flesh by hard labor in the fields, and by flagellations of the brain to drive off sleep while he pored over his books in the attic—which was often so hot after a day of summer's sun on its low thin roof, that he was forced to do his reading in the midmost night. He had looked long on such women as Helen of Troy, Cleopatra, Isabel, Cressida, Volunnia, Virginia, Evangeline, Agnes Wickfield and Fair Rosamond; but on women in the flesh he had gazed as upon trees walking. The aforesaid spiritual director, had this young ascetic been under one, would have foreseen the effects on the psychology of a stout fellow of twenty-eight of freedom from the toil of the fields, and association with a group of young human beings of both sexes. To the novice, struggling for emancipation from earthly thoughts, he would have recommended fasting and prayer, and perhaps, a hair shirt. Just what his prescription would have been for a man in Jim's position is, of course, a question.

He would no doubt, have considered carefully his patient's symptoms. These were very largely the mental experiences which most boys pass through in their early twenties, save, perhaps that, as in a belated season, the transition from winter to spring was more sudden, and the contrast more violent. Jim was now thrown every day into contact with his fellows. He was no longer a lay monk, but an active member of a very human group. He was becoming more of a boy with the boys, and still more was he developing into a man with the women. The budding womanhood of Calista Simms and the other girls of his school thrilled him as Helen of Troy or Juliet had never done. This will not seem very strange to the experienced reader, but it astonished the unsophisticated young schoolmaster. The floating hair, the heaving bosom, the rosebud mouth, the starry eye, the fragrant breath, the magnetic hand—all these disturbed the hitherto sedate mind, and filled the brief hours he was accustomed to spend in sleep with strange dreams. And now as he gazed at Jennie, he was suddenly aware of the fact that, after all, whenever the thoughts and dreams



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Cook two Cups of Lantic Sugar with half a cup of strong coffee until the syrup forms a soft ball when dropped in cold water. Add a teaspoonful of vanilla extract and beat until cold enough to spread.

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1. What is your full name?	2. How old are you? years
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4. Name of city, town, village or Post Office	
Street Number	6. In what country was your father born?
10. How much time have you lost in last 12 months from sickness?	7. In what country was your mother born?
11. Have you full use of your arms?	8. Were you born a British subject?
12. Of your legs?	9. If not, are you naturalized?
13. Of your sight?	15. Which are you—married, single or a widower?
14. Of your hearing?	
17. What are you working at for a living?	16. How many persons besides yourself do you support?
18. Whom do you work for?	
19. Have you a trade or profession?	20. If so, what?
21. Are you working now?	22. If not, why?
23. Would you be willing to change your present work for other necessary work at the same pay during the war?	
24. Are you willing, if your railway fare is paid, to leave where you now live, and go to some other place in Canada to do such work?	

INSTRUCTIONS FOR FILLING IN THIS CARD ARE ON THE OTHER SIDE. IT ASKS 24 QUESTIONS. COUNT YOUR ANSWERS

Write your Answers on the Card which you will shortly receive and Return Promptly. It is Obligatory!

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took on individuality, they were only persistent and intensified continuations of his old dreams of her. They had always been dormant in him, since the days they both studied from the same book. He was quite sure, now, that he had never forgotten for a moment, that Jennie was the only girl in the world for him. And possibly he was right about this. It is perfectly certain, however that for years he had not consciously been in love-with her.

Now, however, he arose as from some inner compulsion, and went to her side. He wished that he knew enough of music to turn her sheets for her, but, alas! the notes were meaningless, to him. Still scanning him by means of her back hair, Jennie knew that in another moment Jim would lay his hand on her shoulder, or otherwise advance to personal nearness, as he had done the night of his ill-starred speech at the schoolhouse—and she rose in self-defense. Self-defense, however, did not seem to require that he be kept at too great a distance; so she manoeuvred him to the sofa, and seated him beside her. Now was the time to line him up.

"It seems good to have you with us to-day," said she. "We're such old, old friends."

"Yes," repeated Jim, "old friends."

"We are, aren't we, Jennie?"

"And I feel sure," Jennie went on, "that this marks a new era in our friendship."

"Why?" asked Jim, after considering the matter.

"Oh! everything is different, now—and getting more different all the time. My new work, and your new work, you know."

"I should like to think," said Jim, "that we are beginning over again."

"Oh, we are, we are, indeed! I am quite sure of it."

"And yet," said Jim, "there is no such thing as a new beginning. Everything joins itself to something which went before. There isn't any seam."

"No?" said Jennie interrogatively.

"Our regard for each other," Jennie noted most pointedly his word "regard"

—"must be the continuation of the old regard."

"I hardly know what you mean," said Jennie.

Jim reached over and possessed him self of her hand. She pulled it from him

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gently, but he paid no attention to the little muscular protest, and examined the hand critically. On the back of the middle finger he pointed out a scar—a very tiny scar.

"Do you remember how you got that?" he asked.

Because Jim clung to the hand, their heads were very close together as she joined in the examination.

"Why, I don't believe I do," said she.

"I do," he replied. "We—you and I and Mary Forsythe were playing mumble-peg, and you put your hand on the grass just as I threw the knife—it cut you, and left that scar."

"I remember, now!" said she. "How such things come back over the memory. And did it leave a scar when I pushed you toward the red-hot stove in the schoolhouse one blizzard day, like this, and you peeled the skin off your wrist where it struck the stove?"

"Look at it," said he, baring his long and bony wrist. "Right there!"

And they were off on the trail that leads back to childhood. They had talked long, and intimately, when the shadows of the early evening crept into the corners of the room. He had carried her across the flooded sled again after the big rain. They had relived a dozen moving incidents by flood and field. Jennie recalled the time when the tornado narrowly missed the schoolhouse, and frightened everybody in school nearly to death.

"Everybody but you, Jim," Jennie remembered. "You looked out of the window and told the teacher that the twister was going north of us, and would kill somebody else."

"Did I?" asked Jim.

"Yes," said Jennie, "and when the teacher asked us to kneel and thank God, you said, 'Why should we thank God that somebody else is blown away?' She was greatly shocked."

"I don't see to this day," Jim asserted, "what answer there was to my question."

In the gathering darkness Jim again took Jennie's hand, but this time she deprived him of it.

He was trembling like a leaf. Let it be remembered in his favor that this was the only girl's hand he had ever held.

"You can't find any more scars on it," she said soberly.

"Let me see how much it has changed since I stuck the knife in it," begged Jim. Jennie held it up for inspection.

"It's longer, and slenderer, and whiter, and even more beautiful," said he, "than the little hand I cut; but it was then the most beautiful hand in the world to me—and still is."

"I must light the lamps," said the county superintendent-elect, rather flustered, it must be confessed. "Mama! Where are all the matches?"

Mrs. Woodruff and Mrs. Irwin came in, and the lamplight reminded Jim's mother that the cow was still to milk, and that the chickens might need attention. The Woodruff sleigh came to the door to carry them home; but Jim desired to breast the storm. He felt that he needed the conflict. Mrs. Irwin scolded him for his foolishness, but he strode off into the whirling drift, throwing back a good-by for general consumption, and a pathetic smile to Jennie.

"He's as odd as Dick's hatband," said Mrs. Woodruff, "tramping off in a storm like this."

"Did you line him up?" asked the colonel of Jennie.

The young lady started and blushed. She had forgotten all about the politics of the situation.

"I—I'm afraid I didn't, papa," she confessed.

"Those brown mice of Professor Darbishire's," said the colonel, "were the devil and all to control."

Jennie was thinking of this as she dropped asleep.

"Hard to control!" she thought. "I wonder. I wonder, after all, if Jim is not capable of being easily lined up—when he sees how foolish I think he is!"

And Jim? He found himself hard to control that night. So much so that it was after midnight before he had finished work on a plan for a co-operative creamery.

"The boys can be given work in helping to operate it," he wrote on a tablet, "which, in connection with the labor performed by the teacher, will greatly reduce the expense of operation. A skilled buttermaker, with slender white hands"—but he erased this last clause and retired.

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Miscellaneous.

Emigration.

A wants to go the United States to find a job, but B says he cannot enter the United States at the present without a permit from the Government. Will the emigration officer stop A from entering the States if he says he will stay?
 I. P.

Ans.—He has power to do so, but the exercise of such power depends upon the discretion of the particular officer.

Closing a Road.

What authority has a township council to close and keep closed any part of a townline road, and keep adjoining land-owner from using it even if it is not graded? It has been closed for forty years south of concession and open and travelled north for 75 years.

Ontario. SUBSCRIBER.
 Ans.—The Municipal Act, Revised Statutes of Ontario, 1914, chap. 192. See especially sec. 472, also sections 439, 444, 468, 475, 492.

Claim Against Estate.

1. After notice to creditors has been advertised, are any changes acknowledged in any way?

2. A bill was sent in with all items down, including credit. The credit was counted up with the other. Is it possible for the amount credited to be collected, and if so why?

3. After sending in a bill, is it possible to collect what is on books in preference to the bills sent in, after date of notice has expired?

Ans.—1. Yes. 2. No.
 3. Yes, provided the estate assets have not been actually distributed.

Veterinary.

Chronic Cough.

Horse has had a hard, hacking cough since last March.
 C. T.

Ans.—Chronic coughs are very hard to treat. If he has developed heaves he cannot be cured. If heaves has not developed, the following treatment will probably effect a cure, and even if he has heaves the symptoms will be lessened. Give him every morning 1 dram powdered opium, 2 drams solid extract of belladonna, 1 dram gum camphor and 30 grains digitalis. Moisten with oil of tar, wrap in tissue paper and administer as a ball, or mix with a pint of cold water and give as a drench. Feed lightly on hay of first-class quality, and feed more than the usual amount of oats to compensate for the limited quantity of hay. Moisten everything he eats with lime water.
 V.

The Guelph Spring Sale.

The spring sale annually held at Guelph, under the auspices of the Guelph Fat Stock Club, receives mention in the advertising columns of this issue. Entries for the sale close on January 15. Look up the advertisement and make all arrangements early.

The pure-bred stock sale, which is held annually in March, at Guelph, and in which breeders of beef cattle take considerable interest, will be held March 7, 1917. However, entries close on January 15, 1917, so anyone wishing to contribute stock should write soon to the Secretary, J. M. Duff, Guelph, Ontario.

Sale of Twenty-six Holsteins.

Cecil Nevill, Straffordville, Ont., will sell 26 pure-bred Holsteins by auction on January 2, 1917. Twenty-three are females of milking age (fresh milkers and springers). There are three bulls ready for service. The families of King Segis and Idaline's Paul Veeman are well represented. The farm is only 20 rods from the C. P. R. station, and the sale begins at 1 p.m. See the advertisement in this issue and write for a catalogue, mentioning "The Farmer's Advocate."

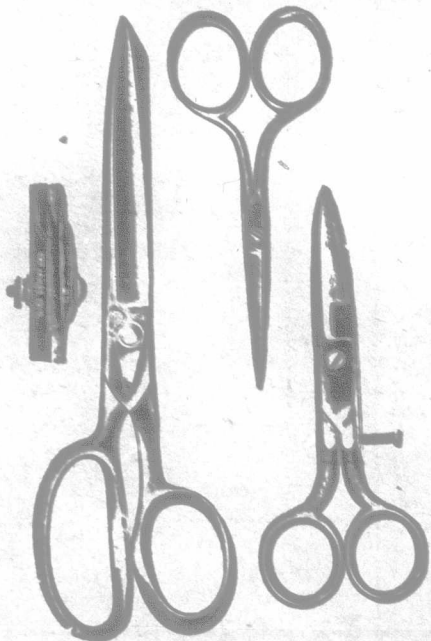
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MORE BREAD AND BETTER BREAD



We make it good—our customers have made it famous.

A Necessity to any Woman—Get Your Set FREE!



To our subscribers we will send this fine scissors set, consisting of one self-sharpening scissors, one embroidery scissors and one button-hole scissors FREE for one new subscriber to The Farmer's Advocate and Home Magazine at \$1.50 a year, paid in advance.

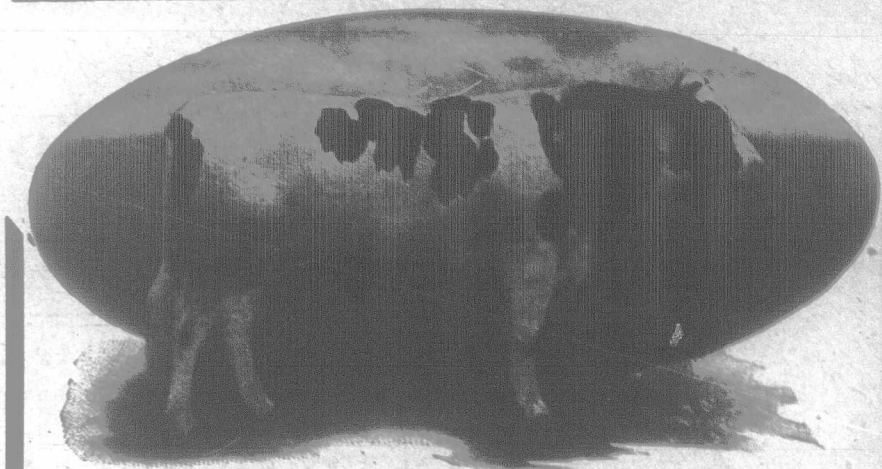
You can earn this handy set in a couple of minutes by speaking to a neighbor farmer or friend. Remit \$1.50 with the new subscriber's name and address carefully written, and we will mail the scissors set to your address the same day.

Other Beautiful Premiums for Subscribers Only

We do not give premiums to any other person except subscribers and members of their households. Many of our subscribers earn several premiums each year. We send out no premiums that we cannot fully recommend.

Other premiums for getting ONE new subscriber are a Complete Set of six Kitchen Utensils, such as emery sharpener, knives, pancake turner, spoons, etc., or a Sanitary Kitchen Set of knives, fork and meat saw with wire rack to hang on wall, Joseph Rodgers & Sons nickel-handle jack-knife, Bibles in different styles. For THREE new subscribers we are giving a beautifully dainty Fine China Tea Set of 21 pieces. Address:

DEPT. S. THE WILLIAM WELD CO., LTD., LONDON, ONT.



KING SEGIS PONTIAC POSCH—Senior Sire in Service at Manor Farm.
 Sire—King Segis Pontiac Alcartra (the \$50,000 sire). Dam—Fairmont Netherland Posch, 32.59 lbs., 4 years old.

Important Announcement!

For the first time since our fire in February, 1915, we are in a position to invite all those interested in the Black and White breed to visit MANOR FARM and inspect our herd of

100 PURE-BRED HOLSTEINS

They are once more in comfortable quarters, and can be seen to advantage. We have a number of young bulls, from the sire shown above, that you will like. These are all from testéd dams, whose records run as high as 30 lbs. We are also offering a number of young cows, some fresh and others freshening soon to King Segis Pontiac Posch. Let us show you how easy you can get a grandson of the \$50,000 sire. Write to-day.

GORDON S. GOODERHAM, MANOR FARM, Clarkson, Ont.

Clydesdales We have still left some exceptionally good, drafty stallions, ranging in age from one to eight years, prizewinners, including champions; also in-foal mares and fillies. There is a horag boom coming. Buy now.
SMITH & RICHARDSON, COLUMBUS, ONT.

Hillsdale Clydesdales

Highest Quality **Richest Breeding**
 I am now offering a number of in-foal young mares from imp. sires and dams, bred from Scotch and Canadian winners and champions for generations. They represent the highest standard of the breed's quality and breeding. B. Rothwell, Ottawa, R.R.1, L.-D. Bell 'phone. Farm, 5 miles from city.

You are Losing More Money on Untapped Maple Trees Than You Make on an Acre of any Other Crop.

Any farmer that has an untapped maple grove is overlooking the biggest opportunity to make money on his farm. Every crop that you plant in the ground requires seed, fertilizing, ploughing, cultivating, cleaning and a number of other operations that take time and money. Too much dry, wet or cold weather may mean little or no crop.

Maple trees always produce a fair crop, and they grow on land that is practically worthless for cultivation. They need no care of any kind, yet each year they produce more, and are tapped at a season when you cannot do any other kind of work.

Maple Syrup and sugar now command the best prices in their history. If you have maple trees, let us tell you how to make the most out of them with little time and effort.

Write us to-day for the fullest information.

Grimm Mfg. Co., Limited.
 40 Wellington St., Montreal.

IMPORTED AND CANADIAN-BRED PERCHERONS

Present Offering—Two imported mares, eight years old, one stallion rising 5, two 1916 colts, about six months old, one filly, and one entire. Write for further particulars. Come and see.

Albert Mittelschidt, Wellandport, Ont.

MESSRS. A. J. HICKMAN & CO., (late Hickman & Scruby), Court Lodge, Egerton, Kent, England. Exporters of PEDIGREED LIVE STOCK

of all descriptions. Specialty made of draft horses, Beef and Dairy breeds of cattle, Show and Field Sheep. Illustrated catalogues and testimonials on application. All inquiries answered with pleasure. Now is the time to import, prospects were never better, and insurance against all war risks can be covered by payment of an extra 1% only.

Please mention "The Advocate"

DANGEROUS

as well as painful

Backache Neuralgia
Lumbago Rheumatism
Stiff Joints Sprains

Combaut's Caustic Balsam
WILL RELIEVE YOU.

Its penetrating, soothing and healing and for all Sores or Wounds, Felons, Exterior Cancers, Burns, Boils, Carbuncles and all Swellings where an outward application is required CAUSTIC BALSAM HAS NO EQUAL. Removes the soreness—strengthens the muscles. Price \$1.00 per bottle. Sold by druggists or sent by us express prepaid. Write for Booklet to The LAWRENCE-WILLIAMS COMPANY, Toronto, Can.

Be Safe!

Don't take too many chances with spavin, splint, curb, ringbone, bony growths, swellings and lameness. Use the old reliable remedy—



KENDALL'S Spavin Cure

In the hands of horse-men, veterinarians and farmers for 35 years it has proved its worth in hundreds of thousands of cases.

St. FERIOLE, Dec. 4th, 1915. Will you please mail to my address a copy of your Treatise on the Horse. I have been using your valuable remedies for some time, and found them safe and reliable.

JOSEPH L. BATZINGER.

\$1 a bottle—6 for \$5, at druggists—or write for copy or our book "Treatise on the Horse" free.

Dr. B. J. KENDALL COMPANY
Enosburg Falls, Vermont, U.S.A. 113

ALLOWAY LODGE STOCK FARM

ANGUS SOUTHDOWNS, COLLIES,
PRIZE BULL CALVES AND
RAMS, COLLIE PUPS.

ROBT. McEWEN, R. R. 4,
London, Ont.

Beaver Hill Aberdeen-Angus

Males and females, all ages, for sale. Prices right.
ALEX. MCKINNEY
Cheltenham, G.T.R. R.R. No. 1, Erin, C.P.R.

ABERDEEN-ANGUS. For Sale—Several choice young bulls, one from imported sire. Present head of herd, "Middlebrook Abbot 2nd, first prize in class, Toronto and Ottawa, 1915. Apply A. Dinsmore, Manager, "Grape Grange" Farm, Clarksburg, Ont., 1 1/4 miles from Thornbury, G. T. R.

BALMEDIE ABERDEEN-ANGUS

Get a high-class Angus bull and breed the champion steers. I have show-ring quality bulls from 10 to 24 months of age; also choice 1 and 3-yr.-old heifers.
T. B. BROADFOOT, FERGUS, ONT.



Given to the pregnant Mare for sixty days before foaling

PREVENTS

Navel Disease and Joint Ill in the Foal

Price \$3.00 Per Bottle
(Delivery Charges Prepaid)

One bottle required for each Mare treated

GUARANTEED EFFECTIVE OR MONEY REFUNDED

Foaline Laboratory of Canada
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ORDER NOW

FOALINE LABORATORY OF CANADA, Winnipeg

Please forward.....bottles of FOALINE, for which I enclose \$.....

Name.....

Post Office.....

Questions and Answers.
Miscellaneous.

Ice in Cellar.

Having an unused part in my cellar, 12 by 12 feet with 8-foot ceiling and stone wall on three sides, I would like to know if it would be advisable to store ice in it?

G. T. C.

Ans.—We would not like to store ice under a dwelling. There would always be a dampness from it, and the sawdust used in packing might have a musty odor where there is lack of ventilation. A corner of the drive-shed or a cheap lean-to on the side of the barn will make a suitable ice storage. It should have a good roof and be protected from the strong rays of the sun. Rails can be laid on the bottom for drainage. A foot of sawdust on the floor and about the same thickness on all sides and on top should be sufficient to keep ice, provided it is properly packed.

Horse-tail Poisoning Horse.

I have a mare 8 years old. About two weeks ago she stiffened up in her hind quarters, first one stifle and then the other. Now it has affected her front quarters. There is no sign of any swelling nor soreness. The local veterinarian says it is caused by eating hay with a weed in it. I am sending sample of weed. Would like to know if this would cause it, and name of weed.

H. B. M.

Ans.—The weed received at this office is known as horse-tail or Equisetum arvense. It is believed to be poisonous. When fresh, animals pass it over, but when mixed with other feed it may be consumed with detrimental results, especially to horses. Treatment recommended is to feed clean, easily digestible feeds, the administration of a sharp purgative followed by two teaspoonfuls of nux vomica in the feed three times a day. If treatment is begun before the horse loses the power to stand its life can usually be saved.

Line Fence Matters.

1. A and B live on adjoining farms. B calls fence viewers, who measure the length of lot. When lot is measured A has built and maintained 8 rods, more or less, than half of the fence. Can A claim and remove that 8 rods, more or less, of fence?

2. A intending to build wire fence on his half, B also having to do same B has piles of stones on A, breaking down old fence, some also rolling through fence on to A. Who has to remove the stones?

3. K. C. told fence viewers that they had nothing to do with said stones.

4. If B refuses to move said stones, can A move them and charge for same against B's property?

Ans.—1. Yes. 2. B.

3. He was quite right.

4. No; but A can notify B to remove the stones, and warn him that unless he does so by a certain date (allowing a reasonable time) A will himself remove them and charge B with the expense of such removal.

Starting Gasoline Engine.

I have two gasoline engines which are placed about 40 feet apart. One is three horse-power, with high tension magneto and is easy to start. The other is an eight horse-power engine, but is very hard to start unless I have batteries attached. Is there any way to connect the wire from the high-tension magneto to the larger engine, which has a make and break igniter to take the place of batteries. When the eight horse-power is once started the magneto on it will do all that is required. Would there be any danger of damaging the high-tension magneto? At present we are using five dry cells and a spool coil to start the large engine.

S. B.

Ans.—It seems your intention is to first start the small engine and then lead wires from it to give current for starting the large engine. This would not be practicable. The heavy engine and the wires to it from the h.-t. magneto would act as a short circuit to the high-tension current and your small engine would stop instantly, even before you had an opportunity to try to start the heavy one. The battery and coil method you are using is the best plan for starting the heavy engine.

W. H. D.

Will You Send Your Boy to College?

Of course you will—if you live.

—But supposing you die, what's to become of the lad? Will he, at fourteen or earlier, be forced out into the world to earn his living?

Or will you give him the chance of his lifetime, anyway?

You can do it, whether you live or die, by means of an Imperial Endowment Policy. Let us tell you more about it.

Our booklet about Imperial Endowments. It's interesting, and may be had for the asking.

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For Sale Two imported Clydesdale Stallions, one French Coach, and two Hackneys, ranging in price from \$500 to \$1,200, on easy terms. All are show horses. Warranted sound and sure, good workers, and quiet to handle.
HENRY M. DOUGLAS, Elmvalle, Ontario.

Pear Lawn Clydesdales, Shorthorns, Improved Yorkshires and B. P. Rocks
Two nice young dual-purpose bull calves from one month to seven from dams testing 4.01; also a choice lot of young sows of breeding age and a fine lot of boars and sows, rising four months; and a handy lot of B. P. Rock Cockerels, all offered at selling prices.
HERBERT J. MILLER, Keene, Ont., R.R. 1

ABERDEEN-ANGUS

We have a number of young bulls to offer at reasonable and attractive prices. At the recent Canadian National Exhibition, with 15 animals shown, we won 24 prizes, among which was Grand Champion and Gold Medal for best female of the breed. To insure prepotency of the right kind in your next herd bull, buy him from

Berkshire Swine, Shropshire and Southdown Sheep **Larkin Farms** Queenston, Ontario

ORCHARD GROVE HEREFORDS

Have several young bulls and heifers for sale. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

L. O. CLIFFORD, Oshawa, Ontario

TWO BULLS---Born April 1916

Either will make show animals. No. 1: two nearest dams average 109 lbs. milk a day, and over 30 lbs. butter a week. No. 2: dam and granddam average 24,000 lbs. milk in the year. Three nearest dams average 109 lbs. milk a day and over 30 lbs. butter a week. Can spare a few females.

D. C. FLATT & SON, R. R. 2, HAMILTON, ONT.

ROYAL BREEDING SCOTCH SHORTHORNS HIGH-CLASS TYPE

of high-class, fashionably bred Scotch Shorthorns in calf to Sittyton Sultan's Dale, a Mina-bred son of Avondale, dam by Whitehall Sultan, is of interest, come and examine my offering.

A. J. HOWDEN, Columbus, Ont. **Myrtle, C.P.R., Brooklin, G.T.R.**

Spruce Glen Shorthorns

When in want of Shorthorns visit our herd. We have 70 head to select from Emils, etc. Many of them one and two-year-old heifers. Also several young bulls of breeding age—level, thick, mellow fellows and bred just right.

James McPherson & Sons, Dundalk, Ont.

Young Bulls

of serviceable age. Young cows with calves by their side and bred. Heifers well on in calf. A few good Shropshire ewes bred to good rams. A nice bunch of ewe lambs.

Myrtle Station—C. P. R. and G. T. R. John Miller, Ashburn, Ontario

Pleasant Valley Herds

—For sale: Several good young bulls, reds and roans, of the very best breeding; also females of all ages; all the leading families represented; 100 head to select from. Inspection invited. Farm 11 miles east of Guelph, C.P.R., 1/2 mile from station.

Geo. Amos & Sons, Moffat, Ont.

Shorthorns, Shrops., Clydes.

If you want a good young bull, a promising Stallion colt, or a young cow or heifer of Scotch breeding and beef type, having dams eligible or good enough for R.O.P. Come, see, and satisfy yourself and please the owner. Prices reasonable, that they may be sold. Visitors welcome.

Wm. D. Dyer, R. No. 3, Oshawa, Ont.
Brooklin, G. T. R., and C. N. R., Myrtle, C. P. R.

Several Choice Shorthorn Bulls

Two are of breeding age while the others are May and June calves. All are sired by the noted Lavender-bred bull, Senator Lavender. We never had a better lot and would like you to see them. Visitors welcome.

JNO. T. GIBSON, DENFIELD, ONT.

Steel

It is fire-
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Mink, Beav
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Muskrat, Fox
Wolf—Biggest
We pay all exp
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Large select
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Stewart M.

1854 Map
SHORTH

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Bulls, cows, he
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DUAL-PUR

Plaster Hill
fifteen months
with high recor
F. Martindale

Shorthorn

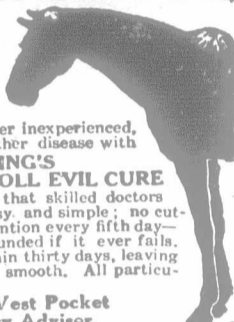
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Mildmay,

**IF YOU HAVE A
Steel Truss Barn**

you won't be afraid of
Lightning
It is fire-proof, durable and roomy.
ASK FOR CATALOGUE

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Any person, however inexperienced, can readily cure either disease with
**FLEMING'S
FISTULA AND POLL EVIL CURE**
—even bad old cases that skilled doctors have abandoned. Easy and simple; no cutting; just a little attention every fifth day—and your money refunded if it ever fails. Cures most cases within thirty days, leaving the horse sound and smooth. All particulars given in
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Write us for a free copy. Ninety-six pages, covering more than a hundred veterinary subjects. Durably bound, indexed and illustrated.
**Fleming Bros. Chemists
75 Church Street, Toronto, Ont.**

**FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE
SHORTHORN BULL**

Royal Warrant Imp. = 86056 = (113205)

Rosebud-bred son of the great
Newton Crystal. Photo and
extended pedigree sent.

H. M. VANDERLIP

Elmhurst Stock Farm Route 1
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IN TRAPPING
FURS**

Mink, Beaver, Skunk, Weasel, Coon, Lynx, Muskrat, Fox or Wolf—Biggest money is made by shipping to us. We pay all express charges, and refund postage on mail shipments. Write for our fur market report and price list, sent FREE.
**CONSOLIDATED FUR CORPORATION
Dept. 35 168 King St. East, TORONTO**

Glenfoyle Shorthorns

Large selections in females, all ages, bred from the best dual-purpose families. One extra choice fifteen-months bull, some younger ones coming on. Priced well worth the money.

Stewart M. Graham, Lindsay, Ont.

**1854 Maple Lodge Stock Farm 1916
SHORTHORNS AND LEICESTERS**

A few sheep left for sale. Also 2 roan bull calves, 12 months. Quality and breeding first-class.
Miss Charlotte Smith. Clondeboye, R.R. 1
The Farm is one mile west of Lucan Crossing, G.T.R.

Scotch Shorthorns & Yorkshire Pigs. We have lately purchased, to head our herd, the promising young bull Escana Star = 103953 = an Orange Blossom-bred scion of Right Sort, Imp. We are offering five choice young bulls, Roan Ladys and Killean Beautys; also Yorkshire sows from four and six months old. Arch'd. McKinnon, R.R. No. 1, Erin, Ont. Hillsburgh or Alton Stations, L-D. Phone.

Brownlee Shorthorns. Offers a choice lot of young bulls ranging in ages up to nine months and sired by the Nonpareil bull, Royal Saxon. See these before buying elsewhere. Could also spare a few females.
Douglas Brown, Bright, R.R. 4, Ayr Sta., G.T.R.

MARDELLA SHORTHORNS

Bulls, cows, heifers. Have size, quality; breeding dual-purpose cattle over 40 years. Have great milkers and beefers. Glad to have you see them, or write—Thomas Graham, Port Perry, R.R. No. 3

DUAL-PURPOSE SHORTHORNS

Plaster Hill Herd—Five young bulls, seven to fifteen months old. A number of cows in our herd with high records. Visitors always welcome.
F. Martindale & Son, Caledonia, Ont.

Shorthorn Bulls for sale, by Mina Boy

18th, sire of first-prize calf at Guelph. Also one imp. Clydesdale stallion.
GEO. B. ARMSTRONG, Teeswater, Ontario
Mildmay, G. T. R. Teeswater, C. P. R.

**Questions and Answers.
Miscellaneous.**

Tonic for Sows.

1. Is there some medicine one can feed to young sows to make them come in season? I have some running with the boar, but they do not mate with him. They are running out, with plenty of exercise and warm sleeping pen, and are fed on a mixed feed of oats and peas chopped.

2. Would this be injurious to sows in pig if they ate with the others at same trough?
A. E. H.

Ans.—1. The system followed cannot be improved on very much. If the sows are healthy they should breed. The following tonic is sometimes given, equal parts sulphate of iron, gentian, ginger and nux vomica; about a tablespoonful per day to each pig. Instead of allowing the young sows to run with the boar separate them and turn together for an hour each day.

2. No.

Coughs.

A number of my young cattle, also a cow or two, have a dry, hacking cough, but they eat well and seem to thrive. Is this anything serious or contagious? If so, please tell me some remedy. J. S.

Ans.—The presence of a cough without constitutional disturbance is always indicative of tuberculosis. However, it may be due to some local cause. Make a liniment of equal parts liquor ammonia, oil of turpentine and raw linseed oil. Rub their throats twice daily until it commences to blister. Give each beast 40 grains chlorate of potash and 6 grains of quinine three times daily. They must be kept dry and comfortable in a well-ventilated stable. If no improvement is noticed in a couple of weeks it is advisable to have your veterinarian to test them with tuberculin. If they do not react there is little cause for alarm. Any that do react should be isolated from the main herd.

Ball—Hard Milker—Feed Values.

1. I have difficulty in giving horses medicine from a bottle. They either spill the medicine, or break the bottle. How is a ball made up, and how is it given to a horse?

2. A heifer of a good milking strain freshened about a month ago but is very hard to milk. Is there anything I can do to make the milk come more freely?

3. What is the food value of the chop which oatmeal mills are selling? How does it compare with bran? I can buy the chop at \$30 per ton and the bran at \$32.

4. Are cows which are barely giving sufficient milk to pay for their grain better to be fed and kept milking, or let go dry? They do not freshen until April.
J. A. McC.

Ans.—1. The materials to be administered as a ball can be made up in a semi-paste form by moistening powders and rolling them up in tissue paper. It requires a little practice to administer a ball to a horse. Holding the ball between two fingers, the hand is thrust into the mouth and the ball dropped as far back as possible.

2. The tight muscle at the teat opening can be partially remedied by inserting a small plug, made of gutta-percha, into the teat and leaving it in between milkings. Care should be taken to prevent the plug working up into the teat. When the cow is dry an incision can be made through the muscle at the opening. This will tend to make the milk come more freely.

3. The by-product of oatmeal mills varies in composition, depending on the amount of hulls present. Oat shorts or middlings compare favorably with wheat bran in composition. If anything, they contain a higher percentage of fat. As far as feed value is concerned the oat shorts might be the better buy, although they will not have quite the same laxative effect on the system as bran. If there is a lot of hulls mixed with the shorts the value will be greatly reduced, as hulls are high in fibre.

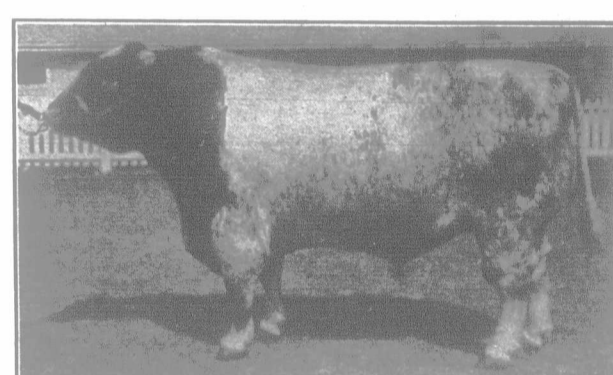
4. If a cow is paying for her feed it might be advisable to milk her a little longer. She should be dried six weeks or longer. She should be dried five weeks or a couple of months before freshening. If she is dried too soon there is sometimes a tendency to dry up about the same time the following lactation period. A dry cow must be well fed if the best results are to be obtained when she freshens.

**AUCTION SALE OF
PURE-BRED STOCK**

The Annual Auction Sale of Pure-bred Stock (Beef Breeds) under the auspices of Ontario Department of Agriculture and management of **THE GUELPH FAT STOCK CLUB**, will be held in
Guelph, Wednesday, March 7, 1917

Entries Close January 15th, 1917
Further particulars apply to:

G. L. NELLES, President **J. M. DUFF, Secretary**
GUELPH **GUELPH**



Salem Shorthorns

We have at present a real Christmas offering in extra well bred young bulls and a few choice females. The bulls are the best lot we ever offered. Several are by our undefeated herd sire, Gainford Marquis, others are by his illustrious son, Gainford Perfection. Two are by the noted champion, Brown-dile, while several others are by the good breeding bull, Oak-land Star. If you are in need of a herd sire we would like to have you see these. Our females, too, are bred along these same lines. They are right individuals; they are bred right and will be sold right. Visitors welcome.
J.A. WATT, Salem Stock Farm
ELORA, ONT.

GAINFORD MARQUIS Imp. Canada's Greatest Shorthorn Sire.

Robert Miller Pays the Freight.—I have now ready for sale, some extra choice young bulls of gilt-edged breeding, some young bulls bred from the best milking Shorthorns known to me, and of good form as well. I have some young cows and a lot of heifers, all that are old enough are in calf to great sires, amongst them some of the best in both breeding and form that I have ever had.

I have several cows that have made wonderful records, others are in the making; will spare a few of them if desired; two cows in the lot are making records of over 13,000 lbs. milk that is rich in butter-fat. These cows are well-bred and they are the ideal dual-purpose type. The bulls are bred from them and their sisters.

Write for what you want and you will get an immediate reply with full particulars. **Stouffville Post Office, Telephone, Telegraph and Station. I live near station. Robert Miller, Stouffville, Ont.**

SHORTHORN BULLS—SHORTHORN FEMALES
A HERD THAT YOU WILL LIKE

You will like our females; you will like the breeding and you will like the sires that have been used on these in the past year. Right Sort (Imp.), Bandsman (Imp.), Newton Friar (Imp.), Lytton Selection, Escana Champion—all these bulls have been used in the past year. We can show you some young bulls by these sires that are show calves. Come and see them or let us send you particulars. We can also spare some females bred to them; heifers, four and six-year-old cows, as well as cows with calves at foot.

WM. GHENT & SONS, FREEMAN P.O., ONT. Farm 300 yds. from Burlington Jct., G.T.R.

Escana Farm Shorthorns

FOR SALE—Two imported bulls, proven valuable sires; 12 bulls, 10 to 20 months old, all by imp. sires and from high-class dams; also for sale 20 heifers and young cows, several with calves at foot, all of very choicest breeding and especially suitable for foundation purposes.
Mail orders a specialty. Satisfaction guaranteed.
BURLINGTON P.O., ONT.
MITCHELL BROS.,
Jos. McCrudden, Manager. Farm 1/4 mile from Burlington Jct.

Imported Shorthorns
40 more imported Shorthorns have arrived home from quarantine. We now have 18 heifers in calf and 19 cows with calves at foot, also a few good imported bulls. They are all good individuals and represent the choicest breeding. We can meet visitors at Burlington Jct. at any time if notified.
J. A. & H. M. Pettit, Freeman, Ont.

SCOTCH SHORTHORNS, YORKSHIRES & OXFORD DOWNS
Our Shorthorns are of the most noted Scotch families and the Scotch (Imp.) bulls, Joy of Morning (Imp.) = 32070 =, Benachie (Imp.) = 69954 =, and Royal Bruce (Imp.) = 80283 = have been used in succession. Two choice bulls of breeding age and heifers for sale. Also sheep and swine.
Erin Station, C.P.R. L.-D. Phone GEO. D. FLETCHER, ERIN, ONT., R.R. 1

GLENGOW SHORTHORNS AND COTSWOLDS
Pure Scotch in breeding, we have an exceptionally choice lot of bulls for this season's trade, ranging in age from 8 to 15 months, big mellow fellows and bred in the purple. Also ram and ewe lambs of first quality.
Wm. Smith & Son, Columbus, Ont. Myrtle, C.P.R., Brooklin, G.T.R., Oshawa, C.N.R.

Oakland Shorthorns
51 to select from. 20 breeding cows and as many choice heifers, many of them bred, also a lot of choice young bulls, all of the dual-purpose strain. All sired by choice bulls and registered and offered at prices to live and let live.
John Elder & Sons, Hensall, Ontario

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.
KYLE BROS., DRUMBO, ONT. Phone and telegraph via Ayr.

SHORTHORNS AND SHROPSHIRE—T. L. Mercer, Markdale, Ont.
Have sold all the Shropshires I can spare this season. Present offering in Shorthorns—ten really choice young bulls, sired by Broadhooks, Golden Fame = 50018 = Imp. and out of such noted families as Campbell-bred Clarets, Nonpareils, Marr Missies, Stamfords, Crimson Flowers, Village Girls and Charming Gems, ranging from 9 to 16 months old. All good reds and roans.

IMPORTED SHORTHORNS
Cows and heifers in calf, or with calf at foot. Yearling bulls and bull calves. One of the best importations of the year. You will be surprised when you see them.
WILL A. DRYDEN, Maple Shade Farm, Brooklin, Ontario

ONLY ONE SON OF KING SEGIS WALKER
left. Born, April 14th, 1916. Dam, sister to Rag Apple Korndyke 8th, the \$25,000 bull. Individuality as good as his pedigree. Photo and pedigree on application.
A. A. FAREWELL, OSHAWA, ONT.

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RIDGEDALE HOLSTEINS offers three young bulls (one ready for service) at special prices. One is by Pontiac Hengerveld Pietertje and the others are by King Segis Pontiac Duplicate. Can also supply a few females. R. W. Walker & Son, Port Perry, R.R.4. Manchester, G.T.R., Myrtle, C.P.R.

Willowlea Holsteins Offers a 20-months son of Sir Natoye Oakland. Others younger by Siepkie of Lakeview 2nd. Ask us also about our females.

A. E. MIGHT, BRAMPTON, R.R. 5, ONT.

Gossip.

Shorthorns in Grey County.

There are but few live stock breeders in Canada who are more widely known than Thos. L. Mercer of Markdale, Ont., breeder of Clydesdale horses, Shorthorn cattle and Yorkshire swine. It would not be fair to say Ontario, for "Tom" Mercer is almost as well known in all of the Western Provinces as he is in his own county of Grey, in Ontario. In fact in the past seven years Mr. Mercer has spent almost as much time between Markdale and Vancouver as he has on his farm, and wherever you see him it is reasonably safe to expect that there is a carload of Shorthorns somewhere near, as well as a few good stallions. He is one of the stockmen of Canada who does things, just as he was the first farmer in the county to install the Hydro and etc. Our visit to the farm a week ago was only one of several visits in as many years and each time there is something new that is well worth while. We would like to mention the Clydesdales and also the Yorkshires as well as the new equipment in the way of Hydro machinery installed since our last visit, but space is limited and a word or two regarding the Shorthorns will no doubt take up all we have. Rosewood Champion is the present sire. His sire was that great breeding bull Nonpareil Archer, and his dam, Collynie Rosewood 3rd, (imp.), has produced many a good one. He has a straight Rosebud pedigree all through, and while at the time of our visit Rosewood Champion was hired out for two months service at Thistle Ha Farm, Claremont, we understand that as an individual he is as good as his pedigree. His calves, all thick, growthy youngsters, that were in the stables were sufficient evidence to us as to his worth as a sire and these, too, were the factors that brought the request for his services at Thistle Ha. The older things for sale in the herd including seven young bulls of serviceable age are mostly sired by the former stock bull, Broadhooks Golden Fame, (imp.), an exceptionally strongly-bred Broadhooks bull that was retained in the herd until he was past his eighth year. Mr. Mercer says that nearly every bull calf he ever sired was good enough for a herd header. The seven offered are truly in this class. The dams, too, are right; mostly all the old foundation cows include, among nearly all of the more noted families, a lot of exceptionally good breeding Clarets. There is plenty of Scotch breeding here and with the exception of the herd sire everything is priced to sell.

Questions and Answers.
Miscellaneous.

Lime in the Stable.

What chemical do you advise using in the stable to prevent odors? I have wooden floors in the stable, and the poultry have free access to all parts.

Ans.—It is difficult to keep the stable fresh and clean if the liquid manure is allowed to accumulate underneath the floors. Slaked lime is sometimes used in the stable as a de-odorizer. Too much lime tends to liberate some of the fertilizing constituents of the manure. Gypsum and ground limestone have also been used in stables.

Concrete Stable Floor.

We have a concrete floor and walk in our cow stable, but the cows slip on it a good deal. How could this be remedied? Would it be advisable to put a rough coat of cement on it; if so, could it be done at this time of year? M. J.

Ans.—The proper time to make the floor rough is when putting in the concrete, as a much better job could be done then than now. However, it is possible to put on a rough coat, although there is danger of it shelling off unless it is put on of fair thickness. This trouble may be partially overcome by breaking through the former floor every few feet. When the fresh cement is put on this will aid in binding the new coat. Concrete does not set properly in frosty weather. In fact, if it freezes before becoming solid there is a danger of spoiling it. There is a possibility that even at this time of year a new floor could be put in the stable, as there may not be enough frost indoors to affect it.

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Any quotation we could make to-day might be too low for to-morrow.

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HOLSTEINS—26 HEAD

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Horses, Hay, Grain and Ensilage. To be held on
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Auctioneers, **LINDSAY & POUND**
CECIL NEVILL, Proprietor

Yearling Heifers for Sale

As our stables are full, and expect several more calves shortly, offer for quick sale 3 yearling daughters of Dutchland Colantha Sir Mona; also 2 beautiful daughters of Pontiac Korndyke Het Loo. The 38-lb. bull is sold. We also have a 17-months' bull by King Pontiac Artis, Canada, and out of a 25-lb. sister of the great May Echo. Another, same age by Dutchland Colantha Sir Mona, and from the noted 25-lb. show cow, Cherry Vale Winner. Come and see these, you will like them.

Gordon H. Manhard, Sup.
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Think this over—we have 175 head of Holsteins, 50 cows milking, 25 heifers due to calve in the fall, and 60 heifers from calves up to 2 years, as well as a dozen yearling bulls, and anything you may select is for sale. Breeding and individuality the very best. S. G. & Erle Kitchin, St. George, Ont.

30-LB. GRANDSON OF KING SEGIS

Two years old. The records of his dam, grandam and her full sister average 30 lbs. Mostly white, long, straight, evenly developed—very smooth and stylish. A real promising individual, weighs over fifteen hundred pounds, price two hundred dollars, on car Toronto.

R. F. HICKS, Newton Brook, York Co., Ont.

Hospital for Insane, Hamilton, Ont.

Holstein bulls only, for sale. One fit for service from a R. of P. dam, testing 4.08 per cent. butter-fat; also four ranging from three to nine months, all from our Korndyke bull. Apply to Superintendent.

Orchard Leigh Holsteins—Special offering, three heifer calves 6 to 11 months, sired by King Veeman Ormsby. Several fine bulls from cows with records of 29.20 lbs., 27.96 lbs., and 20.79 lbs. butter in 7 days, and from a 18.69-lb. junior two-year-old. Write, or better, come and see them.

(Electric car stops at the gate.) **JAS. G. CURRIE & SON, Ingersoll, Ont.**

THREE HOLSTEIN BULL CALVES

Twelve months old, and good individuals. They are all sired by Lynwood Duke, a son of Daisy Posch (29.01 lb., 4 yr. of d) and sweepstakes winner, Ottawa Dairy Test, 1914. We also have others younger and would price a few females, freshening early. Everything offered has official backing. Write **W. J. BAILEY, JARVIS, ONTARIO.**

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ability from 8,600 production appeals and young bulls fo Rockton, Ont.

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Offers two eleven- Prince Fortune a younger stock. **W. H. FURBER,**

JERSEY BULLS,
sire Fairy Glen's R.O.P.; dam Emir 596 lbs. butter; res Raleigh ready f Raleigh, dam Mab 1914, first Junior onto. Milked 38 calf. Ira Nichols,

Scratches and Stocking

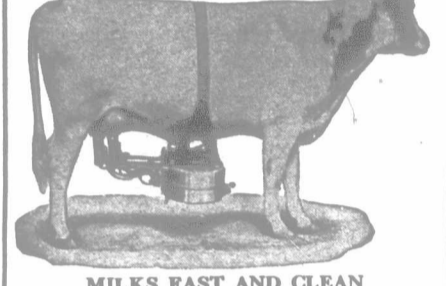
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A few young bulls for sale, from Record of Performance dams, imported and Canadian-bred, sired by Auchenbrain Sea Foam (imp.) 35758, grand-champion at both Quebec and Sherbrooke. Write for catalogue.
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Glencairn Ayrshires Herd established 40 years. Producing ability from 8,600 to 11,022 lbs. If that sort of production appeals to you, we have heifers all ages and young bulls for sale. **Thos. J. McCormick, Rockton, Ont. Copetown Sta., G.T.R.**

Dungannon Farm Ayrshires Offers two eleven-months-old bulls by Humshaugh Prince Fortune and from good dams. Also younger stock.
W. H. FURBER, Mgr., R.R. 6, Cobourg, Ont.

JERSEY BULLS, For sale—Knoolwood's Raleigh, sire Fairy Glen's Raleigh (imp.), 22 daughters R.O.P.; dam Eminent Honeymoon (imp.) R.O.P. 596 lbs. butter; reserve champion on island. Capt. Raleigh ready for service, sire Knoolwood's Raleigh, dam Mabel's Post Snowdrop; first as calf, 1914, first Junior Champion, 1915, 2nd 1916, Toronto. Milked 38 lbs. day, 6 per cent. milk, first calf. **Ira Nichols, Burgessville, Ont. R.R. No. 2.**

Gossip.

Currie's Tamworths and Shorthorns.
Two weeks ago our representative spent a few hours among the herds of Shorthorn cattle and Tamworth swine owned by Chas. Currie, of Morrison, Ont. The Shorthorn herd is as yet, only in its infancy, but the Tamworths, numbering at present over 100 head, have long been recognized as one of Ontario's leading herds of pure-bred swine. During the last twenty years the numbers of Tamworths that have been shipped by Mr. Currie to all parts of the Dominion run well into the thousands, and all have gone out with his guarantee, "Satisfaction, or Money Refunded." The noted stock boar "Perfection" is still the senior sire in service; although Mr. Currie has just recently purchased as the coming sire, the young imported pig, Uplands Haig. He is a 11-months pig, bred by Uplands Farm of Ipswich, Mass., and his sire, General Haig, was first and champion at the Royal Show, England in 1915. Most of the younger sows will be bred to this sire in the future. This new blood will place Mr. Currie in a much better position to furnish breeders with some entirely new blood, than the breeders who curtailed their importations after the beginning of the war. In a very few weeks he will have a special offering of young sows, which will be safely bred to this young, imported sire, for immediate shipment. A special offering in young bulls, ready for service, includes some of the best things that were ever bred on the farm. These are all from litters of from ten to fourteen in number.

The Shorthorn herd has increased considerably since our last visit. There are now over a dozen females and several young bulls by the present herd sire, Isobel's Prince 2nd. He was bred by Sir Geo. Drummond, and is got by the noted bull Gold Cup (imp.), which sold at the Flatt public sale for \$2,000. Nearly everything offered in young bulls at present are by Isobel's Prince 2nd, and are from the good, milking daughters of a former herd sire, Proud Royalist (imp.). Several of these dams have given as high as 60 lbs. of milk per day, which should make their offspring all the more attractive for those who are in need of a sire from a good milking strain. We liked them and so will you. All correspondence regarding the Shorthorns or Tamworths will be gladly and promptly answered at all times. Address Chas. Currie, Morrison P. O., Puslinch Station, C. P. R.

Questions and Answers.

Mare Loses Foal.
Miscellaneous.
I have a three-year-old mare which lost her foal at four months, her first conception. Would you advise breeding again next year? Is she likely to get in foal if she is bred. **W. H. H.**

Ans.—If the abortion was due to an accident there is no reason why a mare should not conceive if bred next spring. If it was contagious abortion it would be advisable to delay breeding for at least one year.

Drain Across Several Farms.
A B C & D own farms adjoining. A waterway starts on A's farm and runs across B's, C's and D's farms, emptying in a drain on D's farm. A, B and C claim that they only have to carry the water from their respective farms, 75 rods past their boundaries. What is the law in a case like this? Which would be the most satisfactory, to call on an engineer or to get a settlement among ourselves? **SUBSCRIBER.**

Ans.—An open or closed ditch must be carried to a proper outlet, and the persons benefitted by the drain pay for the construction and maintenance thereof in proportion to the benefit received. For instance, a much smaller ditch or drain would suffice to carry the water off D's farm than will be required if the water from the three farms above it are run into the drain. Therefore, it would be expected that A, B and C would pay for the cost of putting in a larger drain or ditch across D's farm. If possible, have a settlement among yourselves. Failing to do this, an engineer could be called on, and he would make an award which it would be compulsory to follow.

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LONDON, ONTARIO Present Offering—Some high-class bull calves ready for service, from Record of Performance dams, including grand champion bull at last Western Fair and his full brother; also cows and heifers. State distinctly what is wanted, if writing Jno. Pringle, Prop. We work our show cows and show our work cows.

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Gladden Hill Ayrshires—Headed by Fairvue Milkman, a son of Canada's Champion Ayrshire cow, for milk and butter-fat, Milkmaid 7th. Some choice young bulls from Record of Performance dams for sale, and a few females.
LAURIE BROS., Agincourt, Ont.

City View Ayrshires—Record of Performance blood in everything. Our females run from 4.15 to 5.02% fat, with a herd average of 4.55. Bull calves and bulls fit for service. Stock for sale of either sex. Prices according to merits.
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 Champion Oxford flock of Canada. Choice Oxfords of all ages for sale. Prices reasonable.
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Willowbank Dorsets
 Our present offering, while not large, includes some extra good yearling and ram lambs. All imported sires. Jas. Robertson & Sons, Hornby, Ont.

LINCOLN SHEEP Shearing rams and ram lambs, also a few ewes and ewe lambs; also some registered Shorthorn bulls, reds and roans. Prices reasonable.
 C.J.A. POWELL, R. R. No. 1, Ettrick, Ontario

Sunny Brae Yorkshires
 Keep the boy on the farm by giving him a pure-bred sow. Let us quote you a young sow bred to farrow in April, from Toronto and Guelph winners. Young boars, 5 mos. Satisfaction guaranteed.
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Yorkshires Cows bred and younger; boars 2 and 3 months, sire Our Champion, winner of 12 firsts and 5 championships in 2 years' showing at Toronto and Ottawa.
 Bronze turkeys, from prize-winning stock.
 Wm. Manning & Sons Woodville Ont.

Cloverdale Berkshires and Shropshires—In Berkshires I can furnish boars or sows, all ages, pairs not akin. All breeding stock imp. or from imp stock. In Shropshires can furnish rams or ewes, any age, from imp. stock. Prices reasonable.
 C. J. LANG, R.R. NO. 3, BURKETON, ONT.

TAMWORTHS
 Young sows bred for Nov. and Dec. farrow, and a nice lot of boars ready for service. Write:
 JOHN W. TODD, R. R. No. 1, Corinth, Ont.

Meadow Brook Yorkshires—Am offering sows ready to breed and a few choice boars fit for service; also several litters ready to wean Dec. 1st. All bred from prize-winning stock. Prices reasonable.
 G. W. MINERS, R. R. 3, EXETER, ONT

Duroc Jersey Swine. I have been importing Duroc Jerseys for twenty-five years. Present offering some choice sows, bred; a few sows six months old and a number of pigs two months old.
 Charles Farough R. R. 1, Maidstone, Ont.

Morrison Tamworths and Shorthorns Bred from the prizewinning herds of England Tamworths, both sexes, 140 to choose from. Short-horns, 5 bulls, from 5 to 10 months old, reds and roans, dandies. Females of the best milking strains. Chas. Currie. Morrison, Ont.

Champion Berkshires—When buying, buy the best; our present offering are sons and daughters of the two great champions, Lucky Lad and Baron Compton, and out of winners, including champions. Both sexes.
 W. W. Brownridge, Georgetown, Ont. R. R. 3

Springbank Herd OF CHESTER WHITES. Ancestors bred from the best herd in Canada. Pigs of both sexes.
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 R.R. No. 1, Science Hill, Ont.

Berkshire Pigs Registered stock, choicely bred, young boars, and sows in pig, all ages. Can supply pairs not akin.
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 Meadowvale, Ont.

Swine for Sale Am offering choice stock in Poland-China and Chester White swine of either sex; most any age. First-prize Poland-China herd, London and Toronto, 1915. Prices easy.
 GEO. G. GOULD, R. R. 4, ESSEX, ONT.

Questions and Answers.
 Miscellaneous.

Handling a Cross Horse.

I have a mare, nervous, or rather impulsive and cross to strangers, especially if she takes a dislike to a person. Some time ago I read about a drug which, if given to a horse or at least put on the person, would cause the horse to like him, and make him docile. Would you kindly give me recipe in your next issue?
 A. A. F.

Ans.—The less drugs a horse is given the better. A horse is usually made bad tempered by abuse at some time in its life. Treat the horse kindly, and in the majority of cases there will be no trouble. The horse may be cross with an innocent person, but the cause is usually with the owner.

Sick Chickens in Fattening Crate.

Ans.—1. We have a number of hens in the fattening crate which eat all right but their heads are white and seem to be swollen. We are feeding grain and bran.
 2. What time does the Aviation School open, and what is the address of the school in Toronto? How long does it take to train?
 SUBSCRIBER.

Ans.—1. Several things might be wrong with the birds, but it is difficult to accurately diagnose the case from the description given. The whiteness indicates anaemia, while the swelling points to some form of roup. It may be chicken pox. Isolate affected birds to prevent spread of disease. Wash the head with a solution of 2 per cent. boracic acid in a decoction of chamomile flowers. Grease the head, and it may be advisable to apply iodiform. Chickens confined to a crate require soft feed.
 2. Write Department of Militia and Defence, Ottawa, for full particulars regarding aviation school.

Heifer Failing in Flesh.

Heifer came in from pasture in October in fair condition, due to calve in January, has had extra feed of middlings and turnips but has been steadily getting thinner, and stands with her back arched. Udder seems to have shrunk and skin is tight. Manure and urine is normal. She eats hay sparingly, drinks well. Calf is distinctly felt. Age nearly three years. Is there any likelihood of anything being wrong with her calf? What would it be best to do for her?

Ans.—The heifer's condition may be due to several things. Evidently her system is run down, due possibly to some internal trouble, presence of foreign material in digestive tract, ravages of some disease as tuberculosis, or the calf may be dead and the cow's system become poisoned from the effects. It is advisable to call in a veterinary surgeon to examine the heifer as it is difficult to tell exactly what is wrong from the symptoms given. Keep her in a comfortable stall and furnish nourishing, palatable feed. As the trouble may be due to several things we cannot advise what drugs to give, as what might correct one trouble would be detrimental to another.

Alfalfa Seeding—Plants High in Protein.

1. How should alfalfa be sown? Would it be right to sow it with oats? If sown alone in the spring would it be fit to cut the same season?
 2. Give a list of forage plants containing protein matter and carbohydrates.
 3. Which is preferable in a cold climate, glass or curtain front poultry house?
 L. G. P.

Ans.—1. Alfalfa may be sown with grain, preferably barley, or it does well sown without a nurse crop. Oats usually grow a bulk of straw and have a tendency to smother out tender seedlings. It depends on the season. Sometimes one cutting can be made the same season alfalfa is sown without a nurse crop, but a good top should be left in the fall as a winter protection.
 2. Alfalfa, clover, peas, beans and vetch are all high in protein. The cereals and grasses all contain a higher proportion of carbohydrates.
 3. Poultry houses with at least a third of the front cotton are giving good satisfaction in districts where the temperature drops a good deal below zero. The wind diffuses through the cotton and gives satisfactory ventilation without causing a draft.

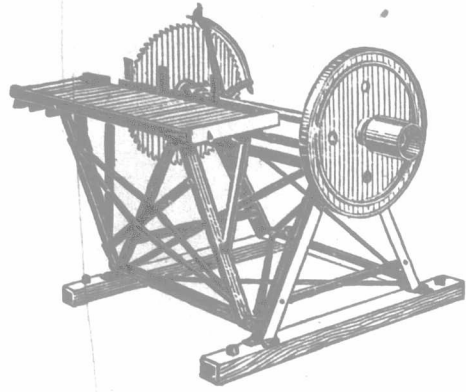
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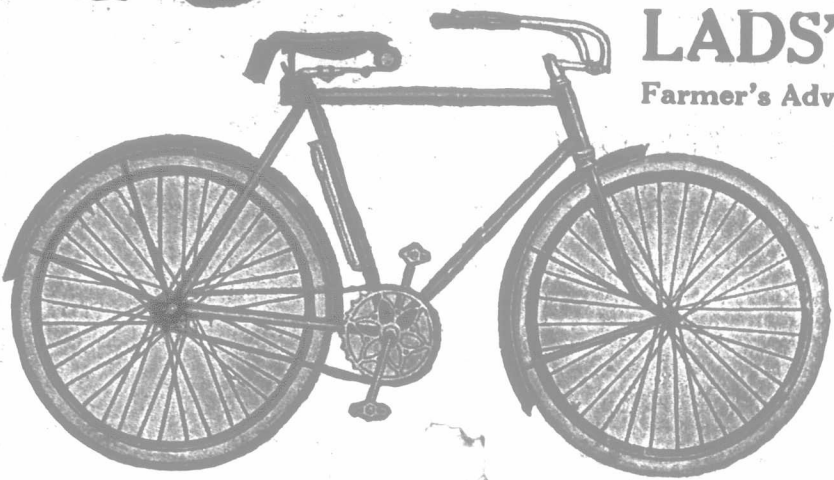
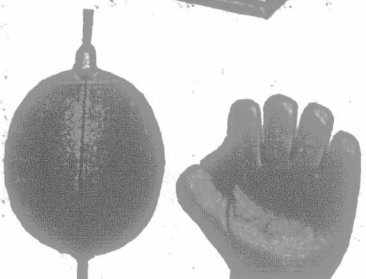
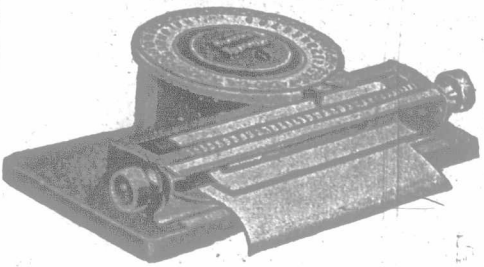
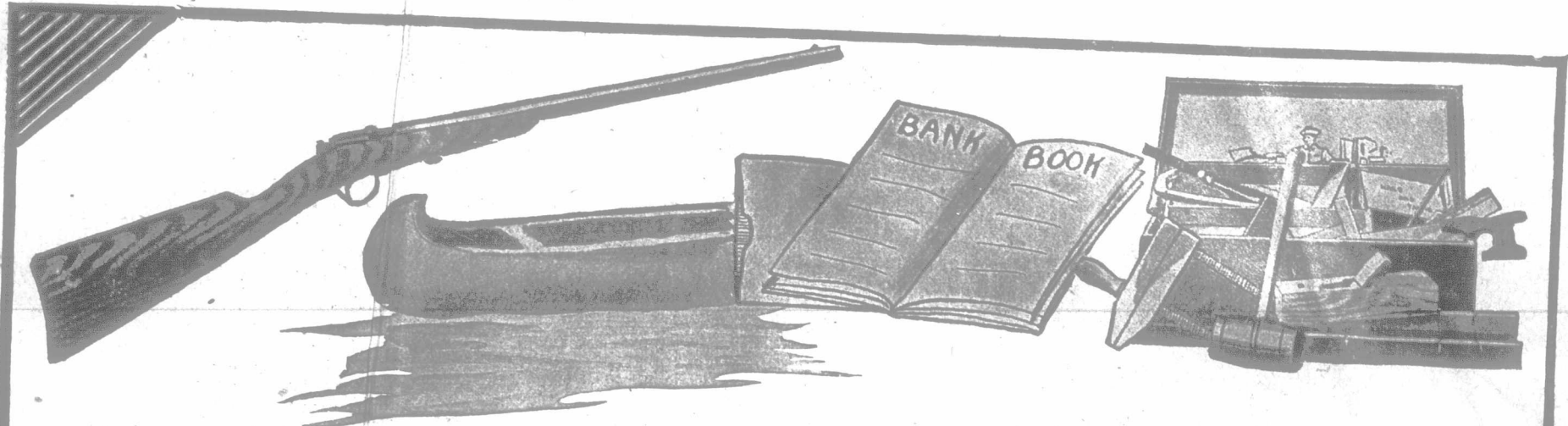
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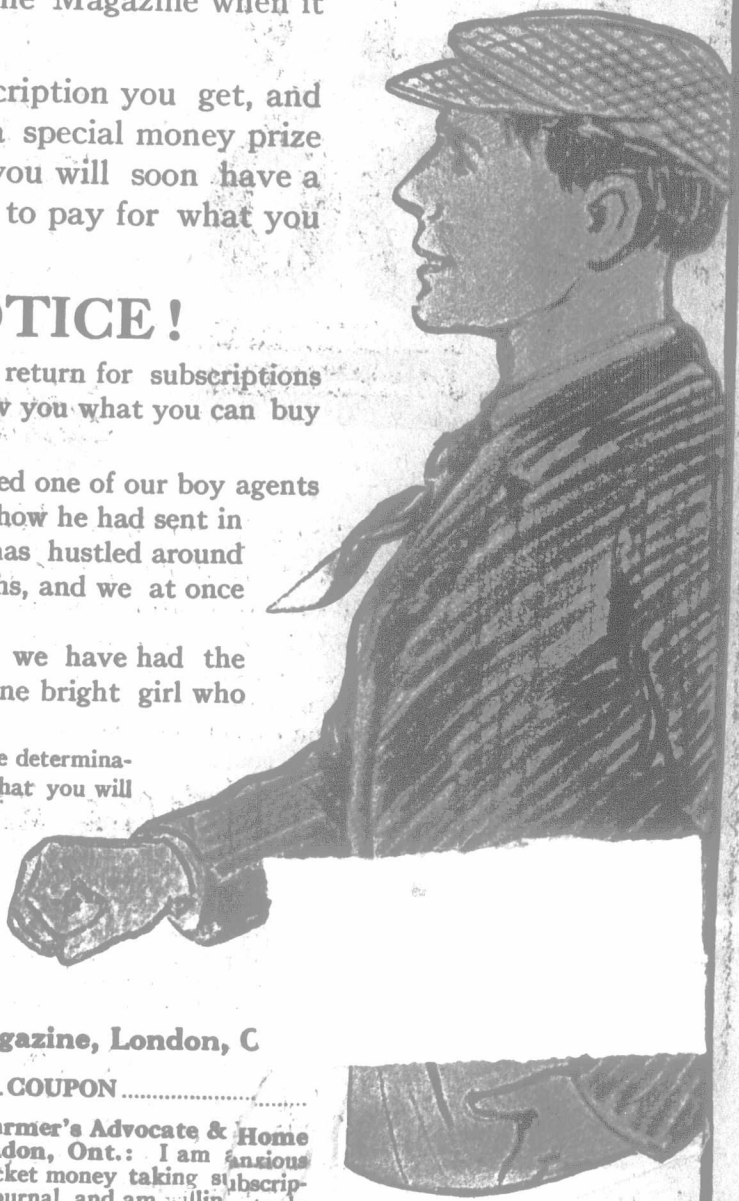
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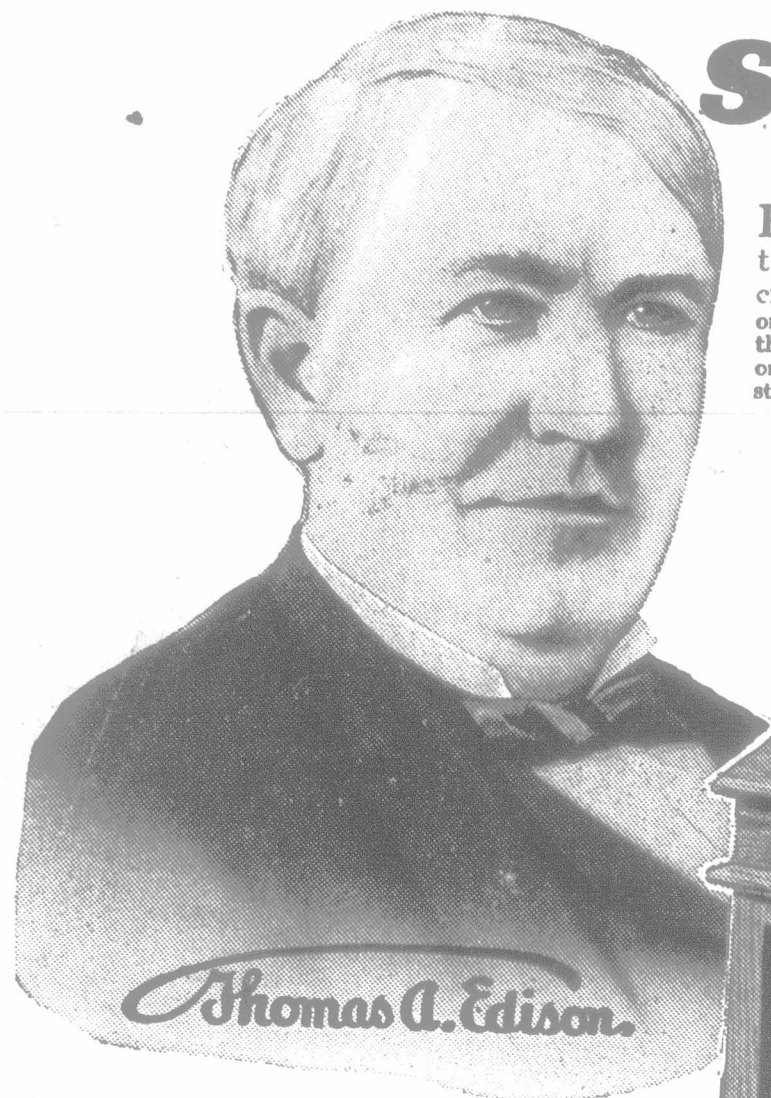
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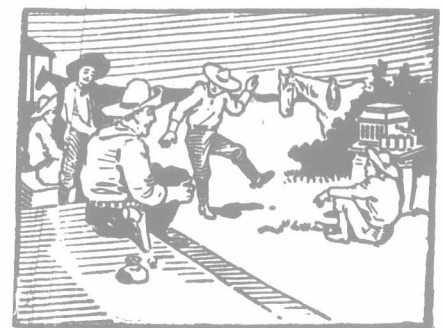
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