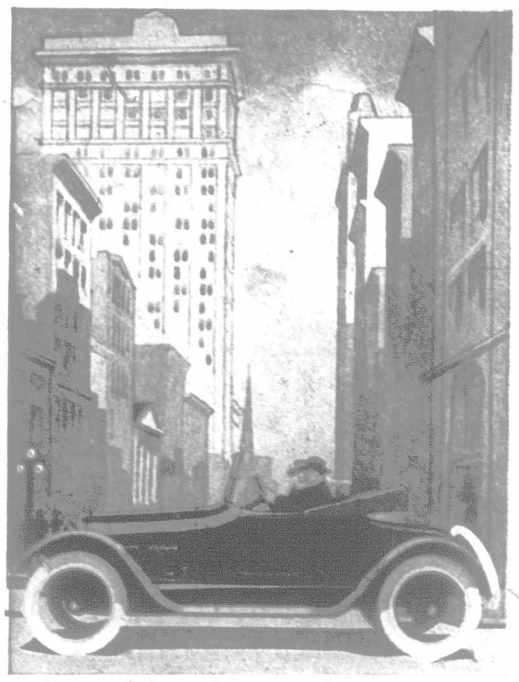
Farmer's Advocate

Christmas Number - 1917

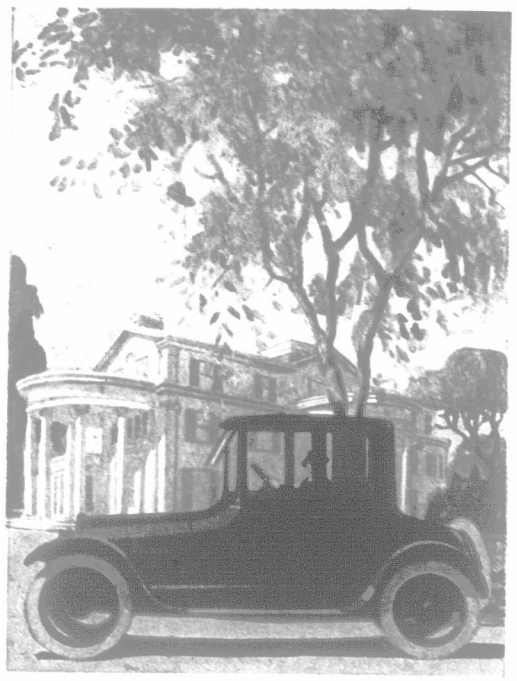
CANADA'S STANDARD CAR

McLAUGHLIN

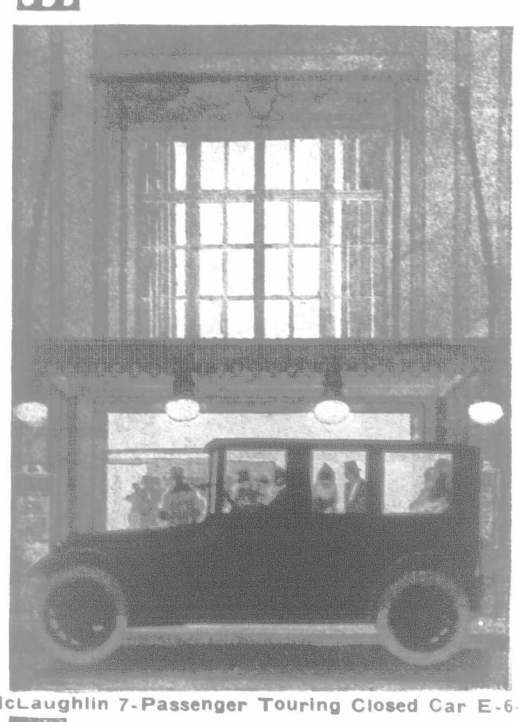


McLaughlin 3-Passenger Roadster E-6-44

McLaughlin E-6-45 Special



McLaughlin Touring Coupe E-6-46



McLaughlin 7-Passenger Touring Closed Car E-6-50

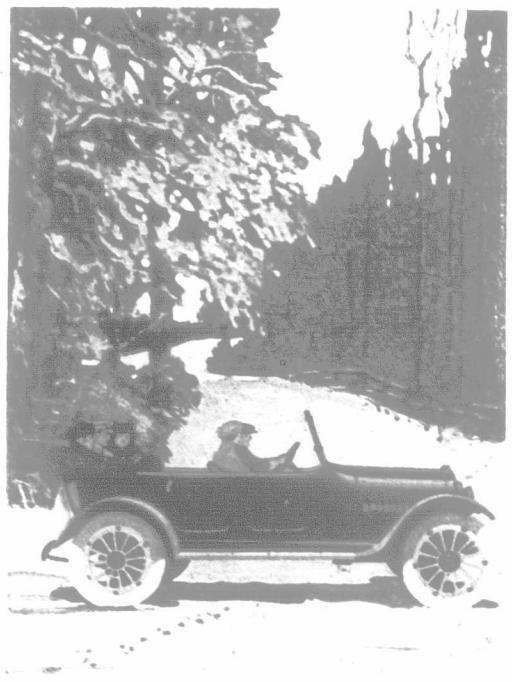
THE nation-wide reputation for the matchless efficiency of McLaughlin motor cars is the result of honest and persistent efforts in perfecting right principles of mechanical construction.

The McLaughlin valve-in-head motors have again been improved and furnish more power from gasoline than any other type of motor.

The art of coach building has been our pride for forty years, and our 1918 models in body design and beauty express our ideals, and anticipate the coming styles.

The quality of McLaughlin cars backed by the excellence of McLaughlin service makes the McLaughlin the best buy for Canadians.

McLaughlin 7-Passenger Touring Car E-6-49



McLaughlin "Light Six" E-6-63

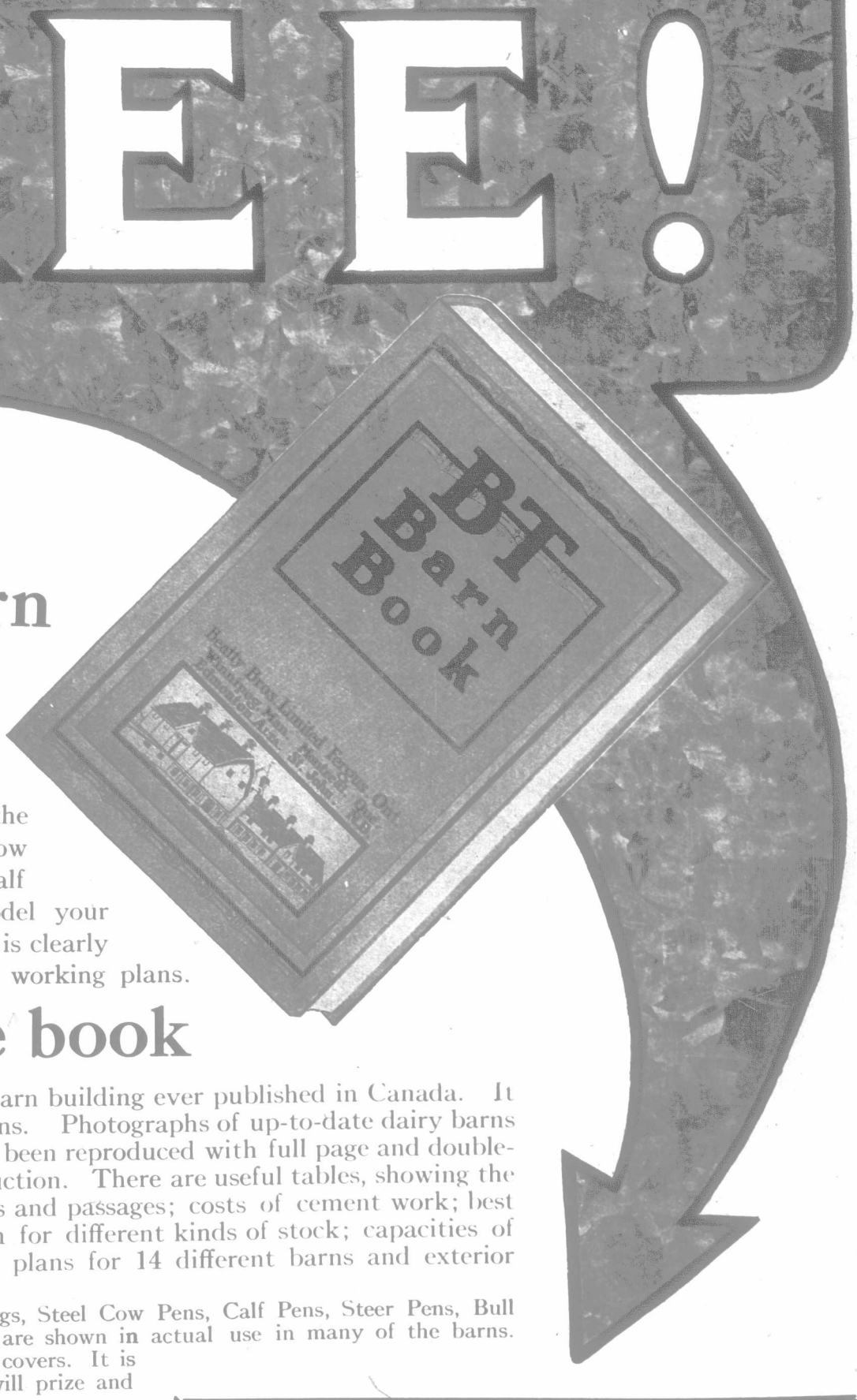
McLaughlin 5-Passenger Touring Car E-4-35

Send for the new 1918 catalogue of Series "E" giving description and prices

The McLAUGHLIN MOTOR CAR CO., Limited, Oshawa, Ont.

12 Branches in leading cities. Dealers everywhere.

FREE!



To every man who is building or remodelling his barn

THIS BT Barn Book shows you how to build your barn from start to finish; tells how to lay the cement floors, foundations, and how to build the walls; shows how to install an effective, inexpensive ventilation system, and build the cupolas for the roof of the barn. It shows you how you can frame your barn by a method that saves half the cost of the old way. You can build or remodel your barn yourself with this book, because every point is clearly illustrated by full-page photographs and blue print working plans.

This new 336-page book

It is the most elaborate and complete book on barn building ever published in Canada. It contains 336 pages and over 75 views of modern barns. Photographs of up-to-date dairy barns were obtained in all parts of this country, and have been reproduced with full page and double-page cuts, which show clearly every detail of construction. There are useful tables, showing the best measurement for mangers, gutters, cattle-stands and passages; costs of cement work; best sizes for doors and windows; amounts of ventilation for different kinds of stock; capacities of silos; capacities of mows. There are also working plans for 14 different barns and exterior views of the completed barns.

BT Galvanized Steel Stalls, Steel Horse Stable Fittings, Steel Cow Pens, Calf Pens, Steer Pens, Bull Pens, Manure, Feed and Hay Carriers, and Water Bowls are shown in actual use in many of the barns.

This book is printed in colours and is bound with hard covers. It is not a mere catalogue. It is a work of reference which you will prize and keep for years.

A copy of it should be in the hands of every man who is thinking of building or remodelling a stable, or who is going to put in sanitary stalls or labor-saving fittings.

Mail Coupon

Thousands of dollars were spent in obtaining information, plans, photographs for this book, and in printing it.

Yet we offer it without charge to any man who will write and state if he is building or remodelling; when he expects to start the work, and the number of head of stock he keeps. Simply fill in the blanks of the coupon, and you will receive the book by first mail. You do not obligate yourself in any way.

The great expense has forced us to limit the first edition to 8,000 copies. Make sure of your copy by sending for it to-day.

Beatty Bros., Limited

K329 Hill Street **FERGUS, ONTARIO**

FREE COUPON

BEATTY BROS., LIMITED, K329 Hill Street, Fergus, Ont.

Gentlemen:—Send me your new 336-page Barn Book, without charge or obligation. I have filled in the blanks below.

Are you thinking of building a barn? .....

If not, are you going to remodel your barn? .....

.....

When will you start? .....

How many cows, horses, or young stock will you keep? .....

.....

Are you thinking of putting in Galvanized Steel Stalls? .....

.....Steel Horse Stable Fittings? .....

Manure Carrier? ..... Hay Carrier? .....

YOUR NAME.....

P. O.....PROV.....

Meat is The Best "Fighting" Food

The fighting forces of the Allies are fed heavily on meat.

There is a reason. The nutrients in meat are more readily and completely digested, and give vim and energy to a greater degree, than nutrients in cereal grains.

Cereal grains supply little fat but a great deal of starch, whereas meat, especially bacon, supplies much fat but very little starch, and fat is worth more than twice as much as starch for producing energy.

In other words, no other food is equal to meat as a producer of driving force and stamina —it is the food with "the punch."

The armies of the Allies must be ensured adequate supplies of this "fighting" food. This means that a great increase in meat production is required by Canada and the United States, because the demand for meat overseas has been so enormous that there are to-day 115,000,000 fewer animals in the herds of Europe than before the war. Great Britain, France and Italy are dependent upon Canadian and American producers to save the day so far as meat is concerned.

There is no time to be lost. The shortage of meat overseas must be relieved as quickly as possible.

Hogs The Solution

The supply of meat can be increased more quickly through hogs than through any other stock animal because hogs are very much more prolific, and they are ready for market at an early age.

The most efficient meat-making machine in existence is the hog:

(1) It produces more meat from a given amount of food than is produced by any other animal.

(2) It gives more dressed carcass in proportion to its live weight.

(3) The carcass of the hog contains more edible meat in proportion to bone than the carcass of any other animal and it is about 50 per cent. fat which is so vitally needed in the rations of our fighting men.

An Urgent Call

Canada has responded nobly to every call that has been made for men, for money and for farm produce. To-day's call for increased hog production is of the utmost urgency.

The Government now controls and restricts the profits of the Packing Houses. The hog producer is assured his fair share of the price paid by the consumer.

The Flour Mills are under a form of license with restrictions on profits. Bran and shorts will be available at reasonable prices.

The huge new corn crop of the United States, estimated at 600,000,000 bushels greater than last year's, will be available to Canadian producers. This crop is under effective United States Government control to prevent speculation.

One Commission representing the Allies will do all the buying of the meat for export overseas. This will be an influence in stabilizing the market and preventing wide fluctuations in price. This fact, considered in association with the great meat shortage in Europe, justifies confidence in the profitable possibilities of hog raising in 1918.

Save the Young Sows

Young sows which are slaughtered now only produce about 150 lbs. of meat per sow. By breeding them, many times that quantity of meat can be produced ready for market in ten to twelve months. Every pound of pork that it is possible to raise will be needed. It will take an enormous quantity to meet even a fraction of the present European shortage of 32,425,000 hogs, which is ten times the number of hogs there are in Canada to-day.

Dominion of Canada Department of Agriculture

LIVE STOCK BRANCH
OTTAWA

16

Equal Honor
Equal Representation
UNDER UNION GOVERNMENT

"I have absolute confidence that the pledge of the Prime Minister will be carried out, and that the Government will be fifty-fifty. Already the War Council is constituted on a fifty-fifty basis."

HON. N. W. ROWELL,
President of the Council.

Our real political leaders of both parties have joined together for the winning of the war. Since Laurier prefers to cast in his lot with Bourassa, the result is upon his own head. Just as in the trenches, Conservative and Liberal fight shoulder to shoulder against the common enemy, so in this election Union Government states its programme and asks your endorsement on the ballot paper.

If you believe Canada should throw her whole weight into the war, and that it will take the very best men she can muster to achieve this,

Support Union Government

Union Government, being composed of the representative men of both political parties, should be an evidence to the electorate that the present is a crisis in which all past party allegiance should be discarded and all patriots should join in endorsing the Union Government by no uncertain vote, stimulating these men still further to carry out the great work for which the Union was formed—to reinforce our soldiers at the front and prosecute Canada's participation in the war.

Don't allow yourself to be fooled with arguments about the sins of the old Conservative Government which is dead

The Union Government is a new deal on a fifty-fifty Liberal and Conservative basis.

To talk about the misdeeds of the old Conservative Government is like threshing dead straw.

You can't quarrel with a dead man.

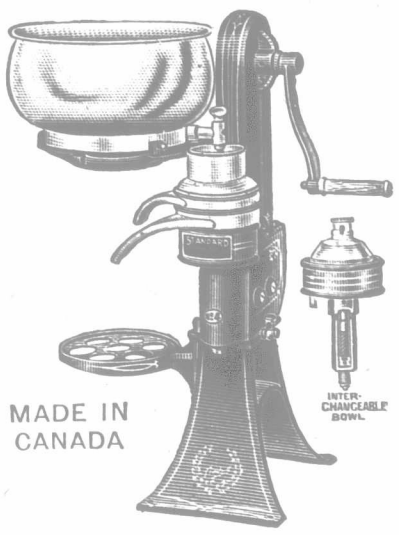
Don't get away from the real issue, which is **whether Canada shall fight or run away.** Whether it shall follow the example of Quebec or whether it shall be true to British traditions.

UNIONIST PARTY PUBLICITY COMMITTEE

How to Get Bigger Profits Next Year

"IT is business suicide," warns an Ontario Department of Agriculture Bulletin, "to send good cream (to the creamery) one day and poor the next. Poor cream, poor butter, poor prices. Good cream, good butter, good prices."

If you want to secure more profitable, higher grade cream next year, so far as a separator can get it for you, will it not be good business for you to look into the patented features invented for that very purpose by us and found only in the

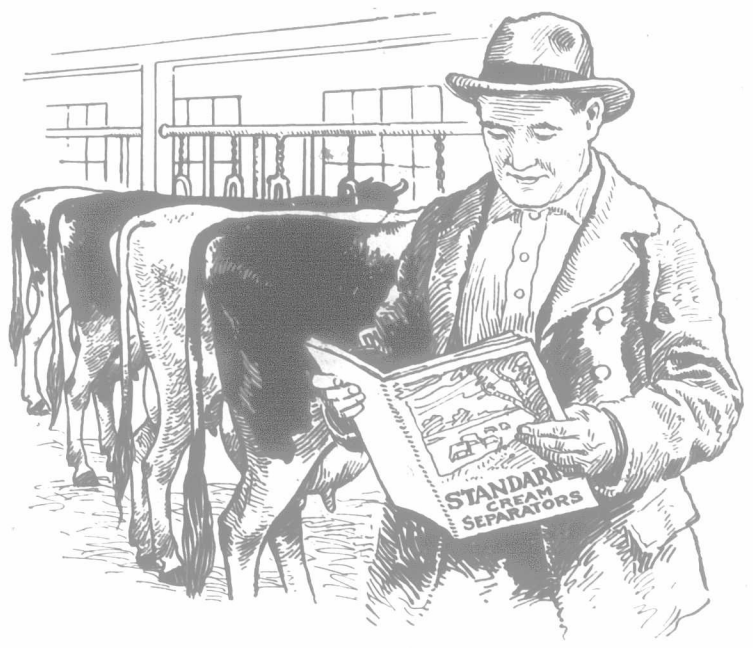


Standard

The Standard is noted for the firm butter made from the cream it skims. The globules of butter-fat in the cream skimmed by the Standard remain unbroken. This is due to the Standard's exclusive curved wing centre piece.

Between the tubular shaft and the discs in the Standard is an extra wide space, in which half of the skimming is done. This wide space prevents clogging of cream and allows correct clearing of the discs. There is ample accommodation for curved wings. These distribute the milk in a thin sheet evenly to each disc without whipping or slapping the milk as straight wings do. The globules of butter-fat remain unbroken. Thus you are assured of high-grade cream that will make good, firm butter—and bring you the best prices for your cream.

These special Standard features—obtainable in no other machine—also help to get the last particle of butter-fat that can be got from the milk. The Standard gets all but 1-10 lb. of butter-fat in 1,000 lbs. of milk skimmed, while other machines lose a whole pound. These figures are endorsed by tests made at Government Dairy Schools.



"This illustrated book shows me how I can increase my profits in 1918. I am glad I wrote for it."

Send for This Valuable Illustrated Book.—Our booklet describes the Standard's special advantages fully, also the Standard's exclusive, interchangeable capacity feature, the self-oiling system, etc. Write for booklet to-day.

Renfrew Truck Scale

Short weights come out of your profits. The Renfrew weighs anything from a pound to a ton. It weighs accurately on even or uneven ground. After weighing you can truck the produce to the wagon. Write for Scale Booklet.

Renfrew Gasoline Engine

Let the Renfrew run your cream separator, pump the water, saw wood, fill the silo and take care of all the power jobs in the barn and tool house. The Renfrew gets full power with less fuel—always dependable. Write for booklet.

Cut out and mail this coupon to-day

The Renfrew Machinery Co., Limited
Renfrew, Ont.

Please send free literature about Standard Cream Separator. Number of cows in our herd is.....

NAME.....

P.O.....

COUNTY.....

The Renfrew Machinery Co., Limited

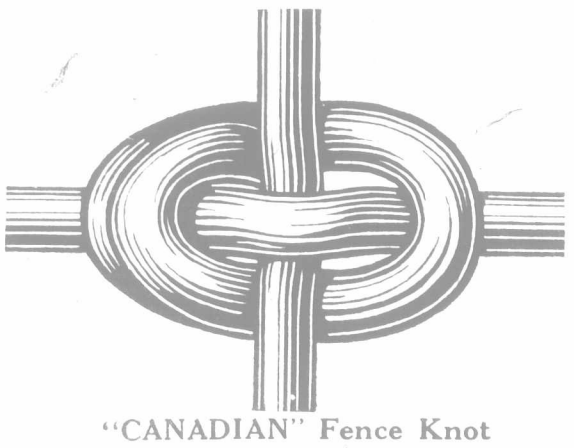
Eastern Branch, Sussex, N. B. Head Office and Works: RENFREW, ONT.

AGENCIES ALMOST EVERYWHERE IN CANADA

MANUFACTURED BY

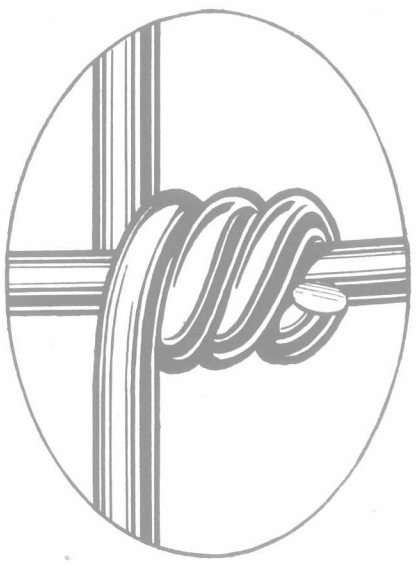
THE CANADIAN STEEL AND WIRE CO., LIMITED

Hamilton, Ontario **Winnipeg, Manitoba**



"CANADIAN" Fence Knot

"CANADIAN" Fence
"AMERICAN" Fence
"ORNAMENTAL" Lawn Fence
Barbed Wire (METAL REELS)
Coiled Wire Plain Wire Staples
Fence Hooks Gates, Lawn and Farm



"AMERICAN" Fence Knot

AGENTS IN EVERY TOWN. IF YOU DON'T KNOW HIM, WRITE US.

Slander!

That man is a slanderer who says that

The Farmers of Ontario

will vote with

Bourassa, Pro-Germans,
Suppressors of Free Speech and Slackers

Never!

They Will Support Union Government

Citizens' Union Committee

Is a United Quebec to Rule All Canada ?

This, the most tremendous question in Canada's history, is to be answered within ten days.

Our answer involves Canada's honour, her freedom and her future. Old-time party questions are being advanced to obscure the gravest issue ever placed before a nation. Canada is in real danger. The clouds that obscure her vision must be brushed aside so that the great issue stands forth clear and distinct.

"Is a United Quebec to Rule All Canada?"

To-day, in our national crisis, Quebec alone among all the provinces stands more united than ever before. She knows what she wants:

(1) Withdrawal from the war.
(2) Bilingual schools everywhere.
(3) Weakening of the ties of British connection.
(4) Political control of Canada.

From the Ottawa River to Labrador and the Gulf, a common purpose actuates Quebec in her determination to profit by the factional divisions of Canada and to impose her will upon all the people of Canada.

Within the last few weeks, Quebec has mobilized all her forces to dominate Canada under the unified leadership of Bourassa and Laurier. Canada knows that these two men in their earlier days were personal friends and political associates. Canada knows how in recent times they gradually drew apart—until in 1911 Bourassa opposed Laurier and helped to bring about his defeat, at the polls. Canada knows that from that time forward, until a few weeks ago, the breach between them steadily widened until envy and hatred each toward the other became the possession of both. Bourassa and his followers were anathema to Laurier.

Should not the people of Canada ask themselves, before it is too late, why these two men have suddenly agreed to bury the past, why this sudden embrace each of the other? If we will but let the scales drop from our eyes the answer is obvious. The all-compelling influences of Quebec have combined to force the union of Laurier and Bourassa in the common purpose of French-Canadian domination.

We concede the right of French-Canadians to make common cause of anything they think it is in their interests so to do. This is a free country. But as the French-Canadians have **already** combined to assert their views, it is the duty of the hour that we English-speaking Canadians get together and present to Quebec a united front in the defence of our rights. This is imperative.

With sixty solid seats Quebec is about to accomplish her designs. Bourassa, the real master and idol of Quebec, is in sight of his goal.

To attain her purpose, Quebec has not scrupled to ignore British traditions and to suppress freedom of speech. So thoroughly organized is her campaign to prevent even the discussion of the war that Unionist candidates are prevented from holding public meetings throughout that Province. The Unionist minority in Quebec are the victims of organized obstruction.

To be successful in her determination to rule all Canada Quebec has but to secure a few seats in each of the other Provinces Quebec leaders now seek to divide the rest of Canada into factions by insidiously bringing into political discussion old-time party questions, to divert the public mind from Quebec, her purpose and her ambitions.

United in her determination to quit the war, Quebec would compel a divided Canada to do likewise. By union only can the English-speaking people prevent this calamity.

However well-meaning Laurier candidates in Ontario may be, they will be helpless against a united Quebec.

Apart from the splendid work of the small English-speaking population, Quebec has failed the Red Cross, has failed the Patriotic Fund, has failed in recruiting and has failed in the Victory Loan. Dare we trust our soldiers, their wives, their children, their pensions and their allowances to Quebec, that will neither give, enlist nor invest, and which will resist taxation for the support of our men and their dependents?

Canada must decide whether she will become a deserter and quit with Russia, or fight to the end for liberty with Belgium. This decision must not be dictated by the only Province which has shirked its obligations throughout the war.

All Canada knows that Germany has been working through agents, spies and bribes in every country in the world. The latest evidences are the revelations recently made to the world by President Wilson. Do we Canadians think the Kaiser has overlooked Canada? If we do, what a fool's paradise!

Germany benefits by division among her enemies. Upon whom would she look in Canada as furthering her designs? Not Sir Robert Borden, Mr. Rowell and their colleagues in the Union Government. That is certain. But can the same be said with respect to the leaders in the Province of Quebec whose attitude in this war is against Canada's continuation in the war. We regret to be compelled to say these things, but we **must not shut our eyes to** facts.

The Citizens' Union Committee, anxious for the maintenance of British ideals and traditions, views with alarm the menace of French-Canadian domination with its inevitable influence upon the home, the school and the state.

We, therefore, call upon all English-speaking men and women to realize that—Canada, divided by political factions and old-time party questions, is at the mercy of a united Quebec. Union Government alone can save Canada from the menace of French-Canadian domination.

The Citizens' Union Committee

A Non-Partisan War-Time Organization to Support Union Government

J. W. LYON, Guelph, Chairman — NORMAN SOMMERVILLE, Toronto, Vice-Chairman

G. A. WARBURTON
Chairman Executive Committee

ALBERT H. ABBOTT, Secretary — Telephone Main 5824 — Headquarters Canada Life Bldg., Toronto

FUJI MICRO SAFETY

The "Decker" Semi-Caterpillar Gas Tractor

Mud, Snow or Sand Does Not Stop It

12 to 22 H.-P.

FOR plowing, discing, seeding, threshing, filling your silos, hauling, or any other kind of work on the farm.

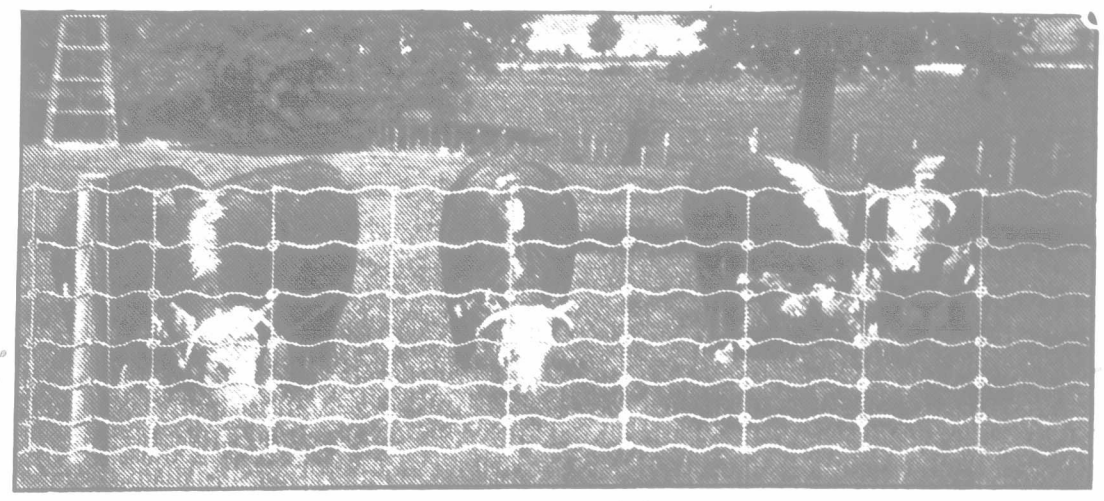
Save labor, double your production. Profitable for you as well as aiding your country.

Write for particulars, prices, etc.

Macdonald Thresher Co., Ltd.
Stratford, Ont.

The Fence That Every Canadian Should Buy

The Fence made entirely in Canada



The Fence made from "Open Hearth" Steel Wire

Invincible "Open Hearth" Steel Fence

Sold by the Best Dealers all over Canada -- Increased Production at Your Service.

The "long life" sterling quality of the high carbon "Open Hearth" Steel Wire in "Invincible" Fence is well known from Coast to Coast. To meet the increased demand for this Fence, due to the immense amount of fresh ground under cultivation and the necessity of fencing it off, we are now arranging to INCREASE OUR OUTPUT DURING 1918, WITH DELIVERIES ASSURED.

The best investment a farmer can make for his money. "Invincible" Fence costs no more than ordinary fence, but you get the only "Open Hearth" Steel Fence in Canada when you insist that your dealer supply it.

Let permanent value be your first consideration with your purchases of Fence.

Catalogue upon request.

THE STEEL COMPANY OF CANADA LIMITED
Montreal

Canadian Farming in 1918

ONTARIO WIND ENGINE & PUMP CO., LIMITED TORONTO DECEMBER, 1917

Replacing Lost Labor

SHORTAGE IS SERIOUS

Few farmers will have all the labor they need for the coming season. And it is a national as well as a personal duty that production should be maintained, and increased as far as is humanly possible. The farmer, brought face to face with a serious problem, will find the solution in modern machinery. At this season of the year it is customary to wish our friends—

"A Merry Christmas and A Prosperous New Year"

We aim to do more than express this wish—we want to help make it come true. Drawing on a wide experience of the actual needs on the farm we have devised and improved a great number of machines that aim to make wood and steel, gasoline and wind take on the burden of the laborer. When help becomes as scarce as it will be in 1918, it is not a matter of choice, but of necessity, that the farmer accept the aid of modern science.

The Farmer's War Problems

On the Western prairies gasoline has replaced horses to an extent that would have been unbelievable ten years ago. This is true in a measure in the Eastern Provinces. Tractors are used for ploughing, and gasoline engines are becoming the common source of power. Once the farmer has had a chance to compare the cost of farming by modern methods he begins to realize he has been losing money he might have saved.

High Prices Assured

The shortage of food supplies throughout the world ensures a continuance of high prices for a year ahead at the very least. Not to recognize this fact and to plan accordingly is to neglect an opportunity that is thrust upon you. If any man is more indispensable to-day than the fighter, it is the man who produces food, and every farmer will be rewarded in proportion to the amount he produces.

Cutting Feed Costs

THE SILO IS A PAYING INVESTMENT

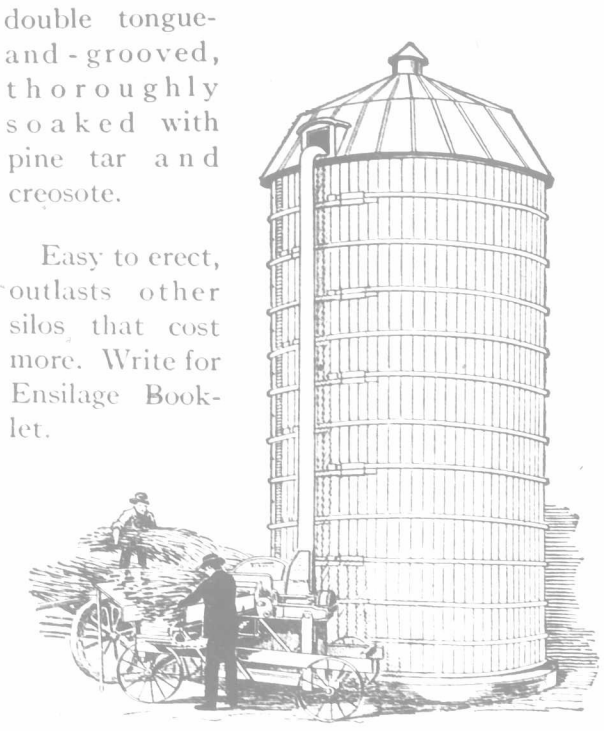
Dairy farmers and stock owners are all faced with one fact—that there is little profit left if you have to BUY feed. Similarly, the feed you grow can be sold for such high prices that it shows little more profit if turned into milk and beef.

But ensilage is different. Good, juicy ensilage shows a big profit every time; it is equal in quality to good summer pasture. The ensilage must not be allowed to dry up, freeze, or get mouldy. Hence the necessity for air-tight, frost-proof construction. A well-built silo that will keep ensilage sweet and juicy all the year round is one of the best investments on the farm to-day.

TORONTO SILOS

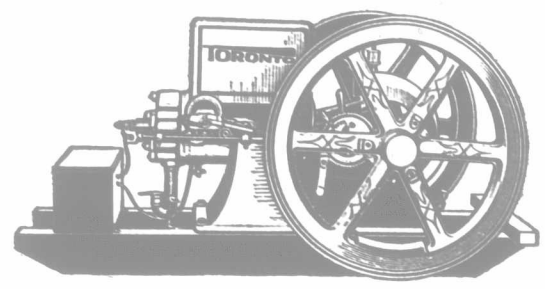
The Toronto Silo offers two immense advantages. First, its extra capacity. The new Hip-Roof makes it possible to pack down the ensilage four or five feet nearer the top, adding tons to the capacity. Second, it is airtight; it is built of 2-inch No. 1 spruce, double tongue-and-grooved, thoroughly soaked with pine tar and creosote.

Easy to erect, outlasts other silos that cost more. Write for Ensilage Booklet.



TORONTO Gas Engines

There a dozen jobs around the farm where one man and a good gas engine can do more work than two men. Right there you save the hire and food of one man.



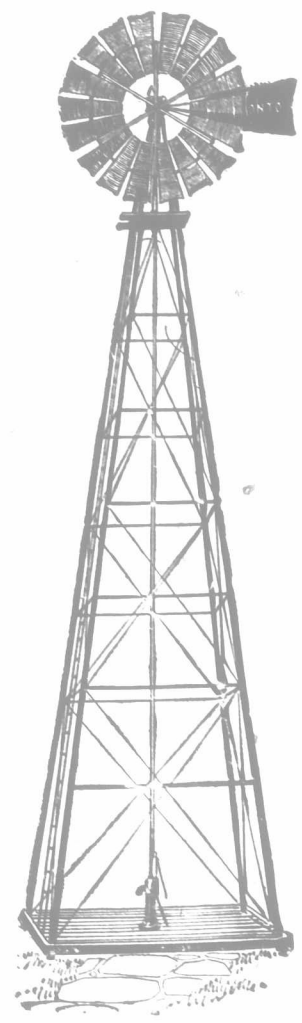
Low Cost— Sure Service

The Toronto Engine runs the ensilage cutter, fills the silo, separates cream, grinds feed, saws wood and runs the root pulper, grindstone, bone cutter, pump, churn, and so on. The Toronto is the lowest-priced engine on the market that is thoroughly reliable and satisfactory in every detail.

Write for Toronto Engine Booklet.

Free Power

Did it ever occur to you that the time you waste on a pump handle amounts to DAYS in the course of a year? And labor so scarce! Let the wind do your pumping—free power. A Toronto Windmill with its double bearings and easy-running will keep you supplied. Runs in the lightest breeze. Practically noise-proof. Send for Windmill Booklet.

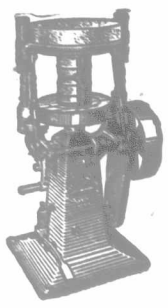


Ontario Wind Engine & Pump Co., Limited

Atlantic Ave., Toronto, Canada

Montreal, Winnipeg, Regina

The Farmers of Canada Will Use 240,000 Cement Drain Tiles



in 1918 if they can get them. Have you a good sand or gravel pit? Then get busy at once. We can start you in a business with big profits, with a small investment—a business that will keep you rushing twelve months in the year to fill your orders. Write us to-day for Catalogue No. 2 on THE DUNN CEMENT DRAIN TILE MACHINE. It makes all sizes of tile.

Build Silos of Concrete

Concrete makes the best possible silo at the lowest possible cost. Over ten thousand concrete silos in Ontario alone, have been built with our LONDON ADJUSTABLE SILO CURBS. Write for Catalogue 1-D.

London Concrete Mixers

London Concrete Mixer No. 4

We make them in all sizes and capacities, from 40 cubic yards to 500 cubic yards a day; suitable for the smallest repair job or the biggest Government contract. Even on a small job, **it doesn't pay to mix concrete by hand labor.** The No. 4, shown here, is one of our smaller size power machines, but will pay for itself in cement and labor in 15 days. Ask for Catalogue 1-K.

London Adjustable Concrete Block Machines

Will make all sizes of blocks, by simple adjustment. A simple, efficient outfit that will earn its cost in a very short time, and prove a money-maker for years after that. Write for Catalogue No. 3.

London Concrete Machinery Co., Ltd.

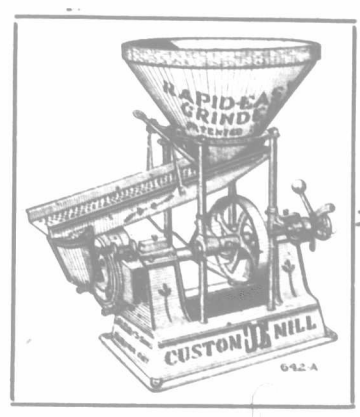
LONDON, ONTARIO

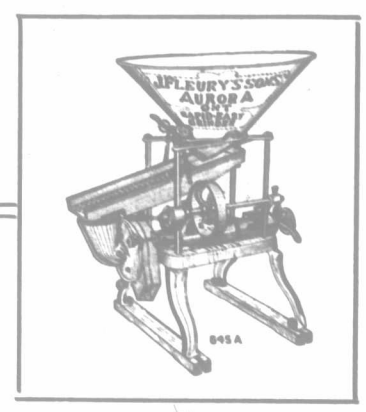
"Canada's Largest Mail-Order Concrete Machinery House"

Rapid-Easy Grain Grinders

THE FAMOUS LINE OF MACHINES

A Size to suit your power — small or large — and more work with same power than others. Quality of work and capacity and durability of Machine and Grinding Plates unequalled.





A FEW STYLES AND SIZES ARE AS FOLLOWS:

No. A.—6-inch Plates (Flat)	2½ to 5 H.-P.
No. A.—7-inch Plates "	3 to 6 H.-P.
No. B.—8¼-inch Plates "	5 to 10 H.-P.
No. B.—10-inch Plates "	6 to 12 H.-P.
No. C.—9¾-inch Plates, Mill Head, Custom Work,	5 to 12 H.-P.

CUSTOM MILLS:

No. D.—10½-inch Plates, (Flat)	8 to 14 H.-P
No. D.—11-inch Plates, (Flat)	8 to 16 H.-P
No. 6.—11-inch Plates	14 to 20 H.-P
No. 7.—13-inch Plates	15 to 25 H.-P

J. FLEURY'S SONS, AURORA, ONT.

Medals and Diplomas—World's Fairs, Chicago and Paris

Western Agents: THE JOHN DEERE PLOW COMPANY, LIMITED

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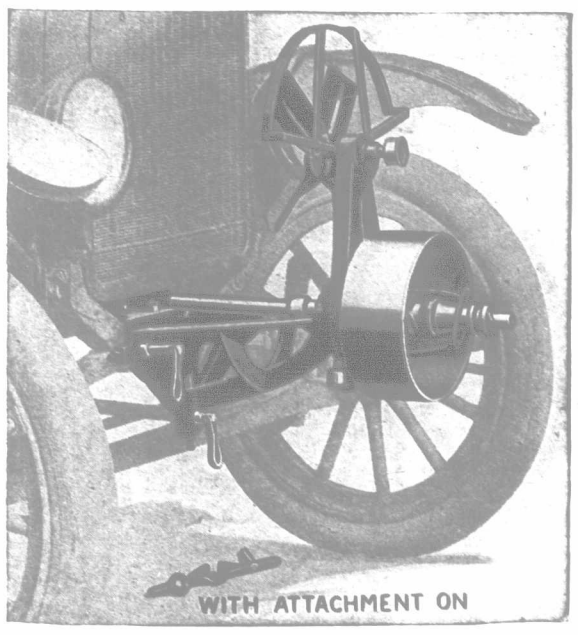
THE IMPROVED

McGill Autopower Attachment

(PATENTED)

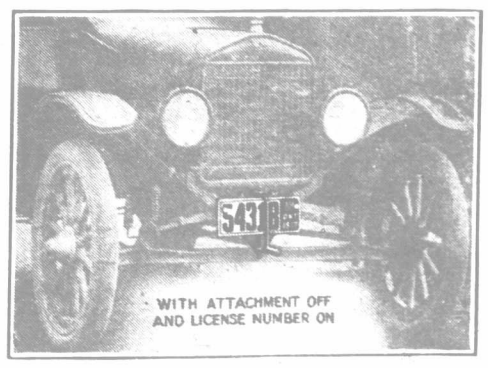


With an AUTOPOWER ATTACHMENT on your FORD CAR, you have the best 14 h.p. Portable Gasoline Engine in the world; absolutely no injury to your car.

This new and improved attachment makes it possible to convert your Ford into a power plant in two minutes, or back to a pleasure car in two minutes. In this new attachment, the casting, which stays on the car, makes an excellent holder for your license number, and at the same time nearly hides from view the casting on the car, as shown in the above cut. In this way it does not mar the appearance of your car in any way.

It has the Power

You know the power of the Ford. It is brought home to you every time you climb a hill, or you see the heavy loads the Ford trucks are hauling, and you ask why cannot I use this power on my farm? Autopower makes this possible. The gasoline consumption alone over the ordinary stationary engine will pay for the attachment in a short time. Just think of having a portable power plant at your control, that you can take to any job with the Attachment on if you wish, and furnish heaps of power to grind as high as 60 bushels of oats per hour; run your Ensilage Cutter to its fullest capacity, runs a wood saw with two notches of gas; runs hay presses, pumps; and in our Canadian west, farmers are running 28-inch Separators with blower attached, threshing as high as 700 bushels of wheat in 10 hours, or 1,000 bushels of oats in 10 hours.



The Attachment has an auxiliary fan which keeps the Engine cool under all conditions. A special clutch pulley makes it possible to start the engine and then pull in the load. The attachment is fully guaranteed, over 1,000 in use and giving entire satisfaction. The Attachment pulley is 10 inches in diameter by 4½-inch face. The engine runs at same speed as running on the road at 20 miles per hour, which is about 1,000 R. P. M.; 40 feet of belt should be used.

Price, $60.00, F. O. B., Toronto.

Order now and get some use out of your car this winter.

A. M. McGILL

203 Lee Avenue., Toronto, Ont.

Wash day no trial with a

PATRIOT

Spiral Cut Gear

Hand-Washing Machine

A CHILD can operate a PATRIOT Washing Machine, even when heavily loaded. This up-to-date hand washer gets its power from a balanced fly-wheel seated on **steel ball bearings** and driven by a lever which acts directly upon **spiral machine cut gears.**

It runs at high speed and does its work most thoroughly, yet with little energy on the part of the person running it.

Three features make the PATRIOT the machine you should buy. They are

High Speed
Ball Bearings
Cut Gears

Its convenience, durability, smoothness in running and first-class finish are other points you will appreciate.

Ask your hardware dealer, or write for illustrated descriptive folder.

Dowswell, Lees & Co., Limited

Hamilton, Canada

ONTARIO

The Land of Unlimited Opportunity

RECENT railroad construction has made accessible a vast region of natural wealth in Northern Ontario. Fortune and health await thousands in this wonderful land. Sustenance will be given to millions, and Ontario faces a glorious future.

This great province presents greater possibilities to the farmer and settler, the workingman and manufacturer than any other portion of Canada.

Natural Wealth

Ontario is rich in timber and water-powers, with its limitless tracts of untouched forest and numerous water-falls and rapids. It contains vast expanses of rich virgin farm lands, only awaiting cultivation to produce abundant crops of every description.

Of Ontario's 230 million acres of land only 13½ million acres are under cultivation. More than 20 million acres of the very finest arable land lie waiting for the plough.

The following statistics will be of interest as showing the enormous possibilities of "Canada's Banner Province":—

Assessed Value	$1,900,000,000
Annual Production	$1,000,000,000
Uncultivated Farm Land	20,000,000 acres
Available Timber	19,000,000,000 feet
Available Pulp Wood	300,000,000 cords
Undeveloped Water Powers	4,000,000 h.-p.

Success is Sure

Tales of individual success in the Province of Ontario sound almost like romance. Not one or two, not a few dozen, but literally hundreds of men have gone on to a farm in this favored country and taken a fortune from the earth as truly as does the miner who makes a "lucky strike".

And why should this not be so? Everything is in favor of the tiller of the soil. The climate is ideal, with beautiful warm summer days and healthful winter weather, neither season being at all extreme. Spring opens fairly early and Autumn is usually protracted until late in the year.

RETURNED SOLDIERS

Settlement on the Land

To all soldiers who have served in the British or Canadian forces in the European war, free instruction will be given at the public institutions of the Province in fruit farming and chicken raising. Any such soldiers may acquire a home in Northern Ontario upon the following terms:—

INSTRUCTION—Free accommodation, board and instruction in agriculture will be provided at the Government experimental farm at Monteith.

FARM COLONY—As soon as the Superintendent at Monteith is satisfied that enough men have acquired sufficient knowledge to succeed as settlers, a farm colony will be established under a competent superintendent, along the line of railway to which these men will be moved.

WORK IN COLONY—Necessary buildings for the central community will be constructed and the land of the colony cleared and prepared for cultivation, a reasonable wage paid for each day's work.

HUNDRED-ACRE FARMS — Farms of 100 acres, with ten acres cleared, will be laid out so as to bring the farm houses as near together as possible, and allotted free to any member of the colony who desires to work for himself. A patent being granted to the settler after 5 years, upon performance of certain conditions

ADVANCE OF $500—Settlers will be provided with necessary machinery, tools, cattle, pigs, poultry, &c., and assistance in building up to $500, which sum will be repayable in 20 years with 6 per cent. interest, but no payment of interest or principal will be required until after 3 years.

COMMUNITY SYSTEM—An ample supply of horses, stock and implements will be kept at headquarters for the use of settlers on generous terms. A schoolhouse and public building for religious and secular gatherings will be provided.

CO-OPERATIVE MARKETING, &c.—Buying and selling will be done on a co-operative basis.

FURTHER INFORMATION—Write to Albert Grigg, Deputy Minister of Lands and Forests, Parliament Buildings, Toronto.

VOCATIONAL RE-EDUCATION.

FREE INSTRUCTION has been provided for the vocational re-education of returned soldiers who have been so disabled as to prevent them from resuming their former occupations.

SUPPORT OF SOLDIERS AND DEPENDANTS has been provided for during the period of training and one month after.

FOR FULL INFORMATION apply to W. W. Nichol, Vocation Officer for Ontario, 116 College Street, Toronto.

Then, the soil is rich, productive, one might term it *responsive*.

The wealth many farmers accumulate is not earned by the sacrifice of health or vigor through excessive overwork. On the contrary, with proper knowledge and care, backed by ordinary industriousness, Ontario farming land will yield a most bountiful return for the time, money and labor invested.

Free Literature

about this splendid agricultural country may be had for the asking. Your every question will receive an authoritative, carefully-considered reply. Address as below for prompt reply.

Northern Ontario

Northern Ontario's Famous Clay Belt Belt stretches west and north from the Ottawa river, along either side of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railroad, right to the Manitoba boundary.

RAILROADS.—A settler can ride from the big cities of Ontario or the West in a Pullman, if he wishes, almost to his own door. This is something new in pioneer life.

Note that this fertile land is one degree *south* of Winnipeg. The climate is ideal for perfect health, warm in summer, cold and invigorating in winter.

The land is well watered with lakes and rivers and covered with merchantable timber.

Agricultural Products

Millions of acres of the finest agricultural land comprise the famous clay belt, and it has been proven that certain sections are already producing wheat equal to the finest Manitoba hard.

It is encouraging to know that a great stretch of uncultivated land lies out invitingly before the prospective farmer, but the encouragement is deeper than that. It may be justly asked, "*Has the soil been practically tested?*" "*If so, what are the results?*" The answer is that settlers have gone into all the districts. To see the crops grown by them is a revelation.

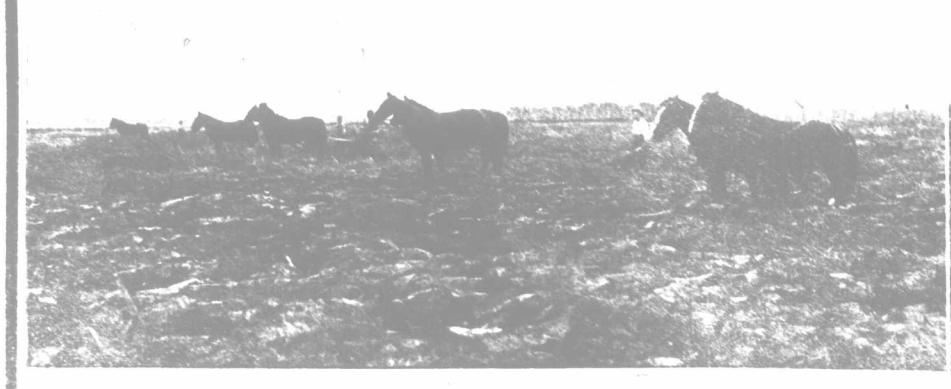
Would You Like Us to Tell You More About Northern Ontario?

Our literature descriptive of this great country may be had free on application.

Improved farms are for sale from $500 to $50,000, while homesteads of 160 to 200 acres are given free or sold for 50 cents an acre, in four annual instalments. The bush farm presents many advantages over the prairie farm, including scenery, shelter, fuel, lumber, pine atmosphere, delightful, shaded walks and profitable winter employment.

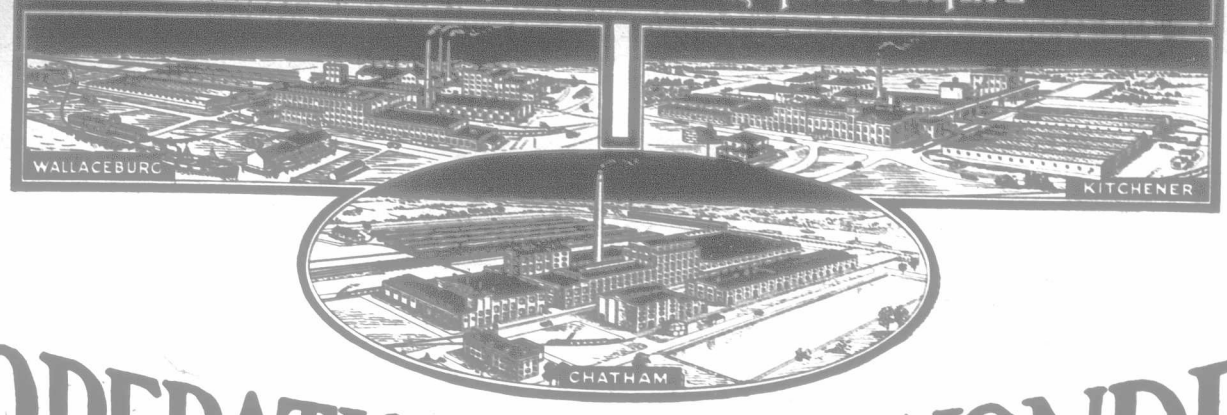
Hon. G. Howard Ferguson
Minister of Lands, Forests and Mines.

Write to **H. A. Macdonell**
Director of Colonization, Parliament Buildings, Toronto, Ont.



Dominion Sugar Company Limited

The Famous Dominion Crystal Sugars



CO-OPERATION WORKS WONDERS

Canada's Beet Crop Plays a Prominent Part in Furnishing Canada's Sugar Supply

Gratitude Due Our Farmers

THE recent threat of a sugar famine gave emphasis to the great importance of the beet crop.

It meant everything to Canada—and a lot to our Company—to have the co-operation this season of the farmers of Ontario. We are grateful for the continued confidence shown in us by our hundreds of farmer friends who grow beets and ship them to the plants at Wallaceburg, Chatham and Kitchener.

We, on our part, have done all we could to assist in the gathering of the crop—with the result that every acre of beets has been taken care of—every beet raised this year has been successfully harvested.

More Beets Needed for 1918

CANADA needs every ounce of energy we can put into the growing of beets and the making of sugar.

Soon our field men will be soliciting acreage for 1918. We bespeak for them your earnest consideration.

To grow beets, is now—more than ever before—a patriotic and a profitable undertaking. If you, the farmers of Ontario, will only plant the beets—we can produce the sugar. In our new Chatham plant alone, we can take care of the product of 20,000 acres.

As in the past, so in 1918, will we endeavor by all means possible to provide the requisite labor. Moreover, we will have an ample supply of finest quality beet seed.

If you have never grown beets, write for the facts and figures which indicate clearly the profit there is for the farmer in a few acres of beets.

DOMINION SUGAR COMPANY, Limited, Chatham, Ont.

"Quality Lines" of Farm Machinery!

JOHN DEERE MANURE SPREADER
"The Spreader with the Beater on the Axle."

DAIN HAY LOADER
"The One-Man Loader."

JOHN DEERE-DAIN SYSTEM SIDE-DELIVERY RAKE
"Makes Better Hay."

VAN BRUNT DRILL
"Uniform Seeding at Proper Depth."

JOHN DEERE CORN PLANTER
"The Planter with the Natural Selection Drop."

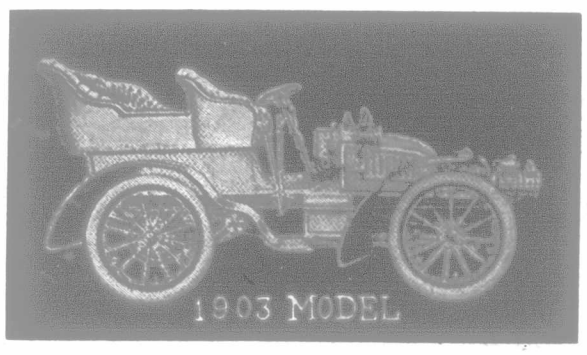
HOOVER POTATO DIGGER
"Gets all the Potatoes and Saves Labor."

JOHN DEERE CORN CULTIVATOR
"Even and Thorough Cultivation."

BEET TOOLS, ETC.

Ask your nearest John Deere dealer for literature on the machines you are interested in, or write direct to

Would you buy an Automobile with a chain drive, NOW?

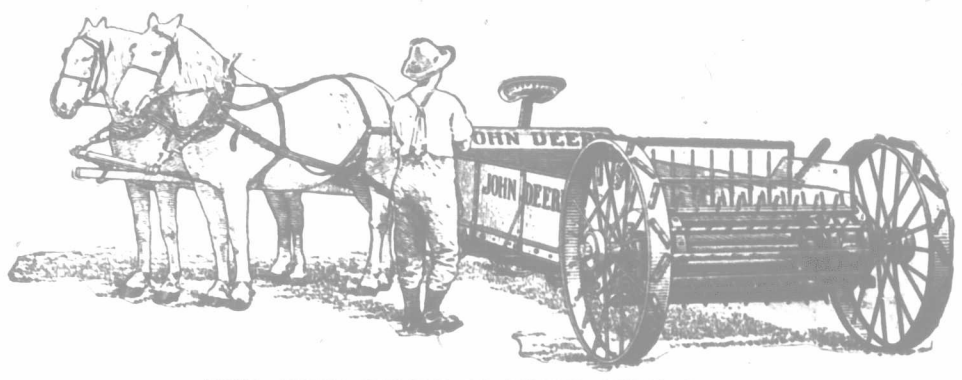


FIFTEEN years ago, nearly every automobile had a CHAIN DRIVE. NOW, nearly every automobile has a GEAR DRIVE.

Would all these automobile manufacturers have changed to GEAR without good reason? What has been proven by test and experience to be the best for SERVICE and DURABILITY in automobile design, is none too good for the up-to-date farmer's manure spreader.

The John Deere Spreader is the manure spreader with the GEAR DRIVE—with the beater mounted on the axle. This improved design is covered by a broad patent.

Mounting the beater on the rear axle and driving with gears, was the greatest step forward in manure spreader design since the first spreader was built.



THE JOHN DEERE MANURE SPREADER
You want the modern Manure Spreader—**"The Spreader with the Beater on the Axle"**

JOHN DEERE PLOW CO.

OF WELLAND, LIMITED

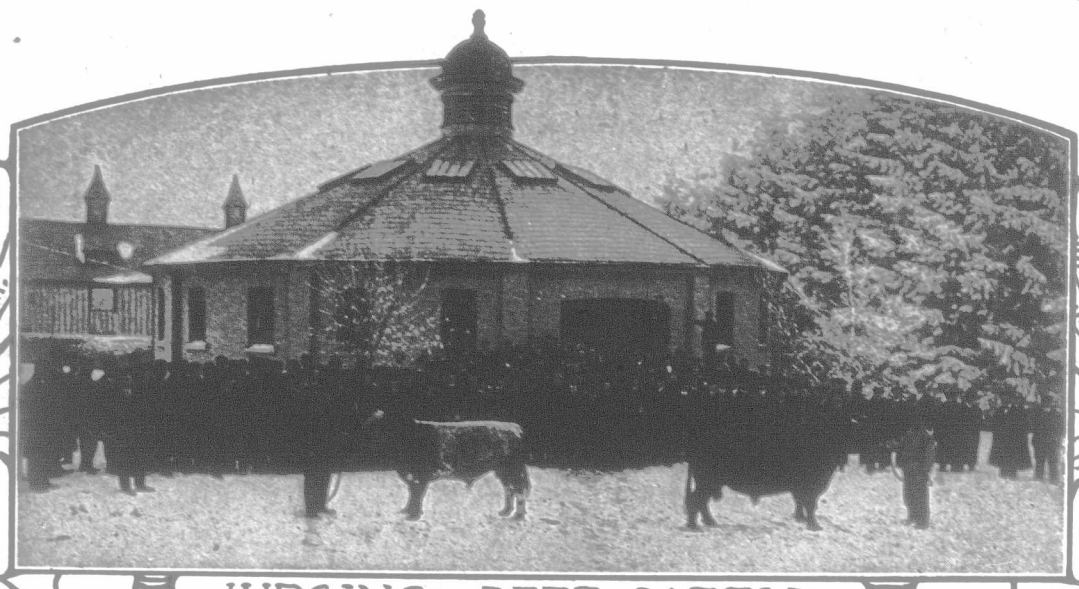
WELLAND ONTARIO CANADA

FREE!

Short Courses at the

Ontario Agricultural College

JANUARY, 1918



JUDGING BEEF CATTLE.

The Short Courses are specially intended for

Farmers and Farmers' Sons

who cannot attend the regular courses.

The only expense is board at reasonable rates and reduced railway fare.

BUTTER-MAKERS.

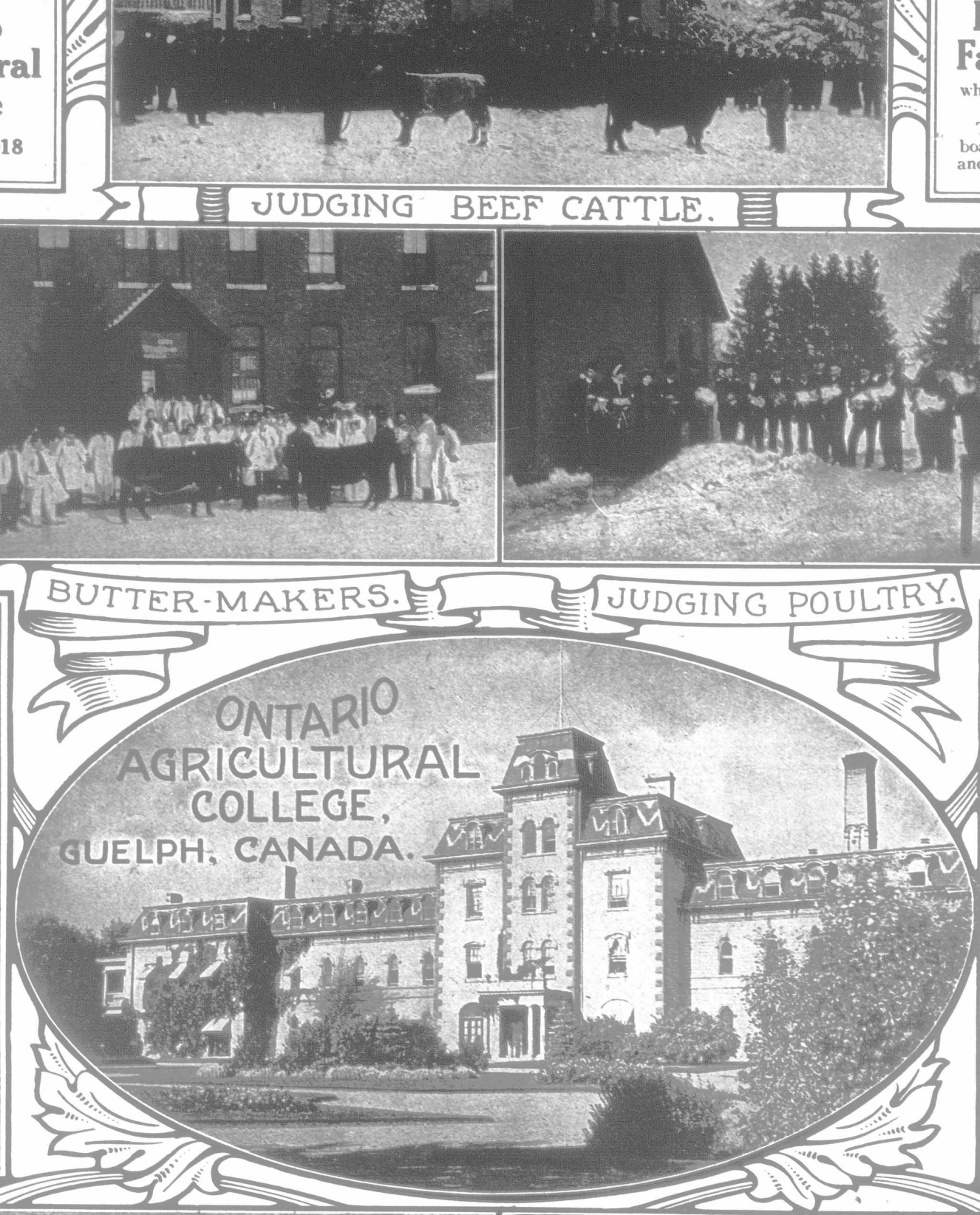
JUDGING POULTRY.

Stock and Seed Judging
(two weeks)
Jan. 8 to 19

Poultry Raising
(4 weeks)
Jan. 8 to Feb. 2

Horticulture
(6 weeks)
Jan.21 to Mar.2

Beekeeping
Jan. 8 to 26



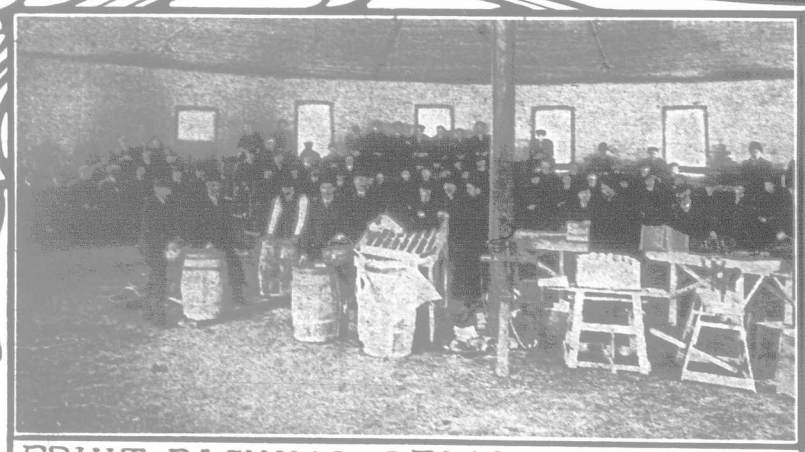
Factory Dairy Course
(3 months)
Jan.2 to Mar.22

Farm Dairying
(4 weeks)
Jan.21 to Feb.16

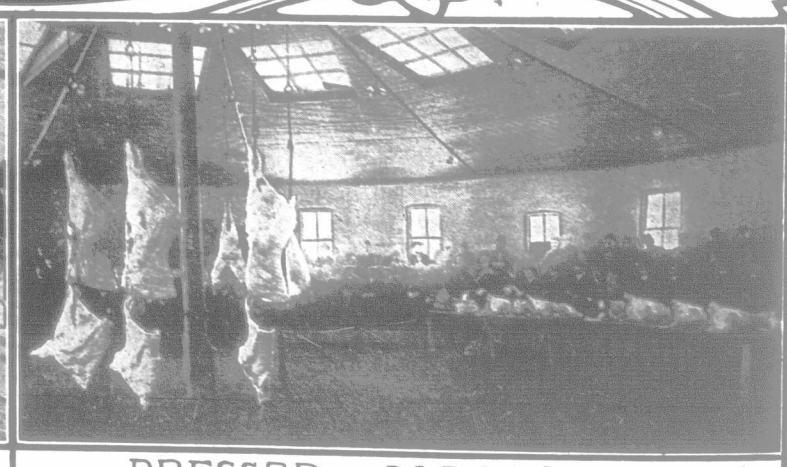
Drainage and Drainage Surveying
(2 weeks)
Jan. 8 to 19

Farm Power
Including farm tractors, gasoline engines, etc.
Jan.21 to Feb. 2

Business and Marketing
Jan. 8 to 19



FRUIT PACKING DEMONSTRATION.



DRESSED CARCASSES.

Illustrated Short-course Calendar mailed upon request. Applications should be made early, as accommodation for some classes is limited.

G. C. CREELMAN, PRESIDENT

The Farmer's Advocate
AND HOME MAGAZINE.
Christmas
REGISTERED IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE COPYRIGHT ACT OF 1875.
1917 LII. LONDON, ONTARIO, DECEMBER 13, 1917. 1316

A Christmas Season in the Service of Mankind.

This is Canada's fourth war-time Christmas in succession and still, as the poet has written,

"O Sword, dread lord, thou speak'st no word,
But dumbly rul'st, king and lord!"

Each of the last three winter festive seasons has been in turn the greatest of all, but this year, sobered by another twelve months of bitter conflict and awful carnage, Canadians will celebrate a Christmas which will surpass all in remembrance of others. It promises to be a sane, helpful and fitting commemoration of the greatest event the world has ever witnessed—the birth of Him who came to save that which was lost. Never did true hearts beat truer than they do in this fair Dominion at the present time. Never was giving promoted by such a spirit as that which prompts a serious-minded and stricken-hearted people to help others over the hard spots which might otherwise make this a dark and dismal December. The real joy of giving was never such a potent factor in any former Canadian Christmas season. Brotherly love was never more manifest as between individuals, even though the nations are still hating and strafing.

"Can I see another's woe
And not be in sorrow too?
Can I see another's grief,
And not seek for kind relief?"

When we stop to consider the events of past years, and the increasing rush for material things—the advance of commercialism—we cannot but think that Wordsworth was right when he wrote:

"The world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers."

And that perhaps the Supreme Command had a definite purpose in precipitating the present world conflict to bring the gold-greedy—the power and pelf seekers—to the proper realization of the main purpose which He, the Creator, had in placing man upon this earth. At any rate we are more thoughtful of others than we were a few years ago, as the spirit of sensible giving now abounding everywhere is ample proof. Perhaps, as a people, we are beginning to learn our lesson. Perhaps "Peace on Earth, Good-Will to Men" means a little more to the great rank and file of the Canadian people than it did before strong arms were called upon to guard our cherished homes, and before this Canada of ours had to be defended by our own life-blood. It may be that we are learning the truth, as Chatterton saw it:

"We are God's stewards all—nought of our own we bear."

Perhaps never before in the history of this old planet has the event, so admirably portrayed on the front cover of this issue, meant so much to the people. It certainly never meant more. The three wise men when they had found the Saviour, in Bethlehem of Judaea, worshipped Him and presented unto Him gifts. The wise men worshipped then and gave gifts. Wise men and women of the present day worship and give. Each kind and generous act is symbolical of that first Christmas ages ago. Give till it hurts, and by giving be made glad! Parcels have been sent to loved ones far away. Send more. In bestowing kindness upon those far off, and God knows they deserve it most, those nearer by will not be forgotten. Good cheer must be made for all. The Master tells us to "Be of Good Cheer," and in Him many have found the strength to say:

"It fortifies my soul to know
That, though I perish, Truth is so;
That, howsoe'er I stray and range,
Whate'er I do, Thou dost not change.
I steadier step when I recall
That, if I slip, Thou dost not fall."

The nations are passing through trying times. They have slipped, and some which lean not upon the Lord for strength and guidance must fall. Every Canadian believes the Allies fight in a right and righteous cause, and that the God of battles will not desert His own if they forget not Him. Let us take Kipling's lines to heart:

"God of our fathers, known of old
Lord of our far-flung battle-line—
Beneath Whose awful Hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!"

The world is being brought to a realization of the folly of forgetting God. It has required a world catastrophe to bring it about. The ambition of one man to dominate the earth in his own right may save the nations from commercialism—from forgetting. At the present moment, to use Coleridge's term, that mad ambition is caressing its own sure fate and in the place of autocratic rule,

"Slowly comes a hungry people as a lion creeping nigher."

The people have fought long for liberty, and the Lord has been on their side. Democracy as a lion in strength is coming nearer and nearer as months pass by. Democracy will never be the true democracy until it means: "On Earth Peace, Good-Will to Men."

The keynote of our very existence is service, and "All service ranks the same with God." He gets most out of life who puts most into it—who gives most. A kind word; a generous act; a sensible gift; there cannot be too many of these at any time, and they are more appreciated now than ever, for the people are giving not because it is customary, or to keep even with their friends, but because the giving means something a great deal deeper and nobler. In their giving they are carried back to that memorable first Christmas morning when the Father in Heaven gave so much to the world that eventually, after centuries of conflict, Peace and Good-will would be possible if the nations believed in Him. The whole Christmas sentiment is give, help, be of service.

The Farmer's Advocate
and Home Magazine.

THE LEADING AGRICULTURAL JOURNAL IN THE DOMINION.

Published weekly by
THE WILLIAM WELD COMPANY (Limited).

JOHN WELD, Manager.

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

1. THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE AND HOME MAGAZINE is published every Thursday. It is impartial and independent of all cliques and parties, nishes the most practical, reliable and profitable information for farmers, dairymen, gardeners, stockmen and homemakers, of any publication in Canada.
2. TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—In Canada, England, Ireland, Scotland, Newfoundland and New Zealand, $1.50 per year, in advance; $2.00 per year when not paid in advance. United States, $2.50 per year; all other countries, 12s., in advance.
3. ADVERTISING RATES.—Single insertion, 25 cents per line. agate. Contract rates furnished on application.
4. THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE is sent to subscribers until an explicit order is received for its discontinuance. All payments of arrearages must be made as required by law.
5. THE LAW IS, that all subscribers to newspapers are held responsible until all arrearages are paid, and their paper ordered to be discontinued.
6. REMITTANCES should be made direct to us, either by Money Order, Postal Note, Express Order or Registered Letter, which will be at our risk. When made otherwise we will not be responsible.
7. THE DATE ON YOUR LABEL shows to what time your subscription is paid.
8. ANONYMOUS communications will receive no attention. In every case the "Full Name and Post-office Address Must be Given."
9. WHEN A REPLY BY MAIL IS REQUIRED to Urgent Veterinary or Legal Enquiries, $1.00 must be enclosed.
10. LETTERS intended for publication should be written on one side of the paper only.
11. CHANGE OF ADDRESS.—Subscribers when ordering a change of address should give the old as well as the new P. O. address.
12. WE INVITE FARMERS to write us on any agricultural topic. We are always pleased to receive practical articles. For such as we consider valuable we will pay ten cents per inch printed matter. Criticisms of Articles, Suggestions How to Improve "The Farmer's Advocate and Home Magazine," Descriptions of New Grains, Roots or Vegetables not generally known, Particulars of Experiments Tried, or Improved Methods of Cultivation, are each and all welcome. Contributions sent us must not be furnished other papers until after they have appeared in our columns.
13. ADDRESSES OF CORRESPONDENTS ARE CONSIDERED AS CONFIDENTIAL and will not be forwarded.
14. ALL COMMUNICATIONS in reference to ahy matter connected with this paper should be addressed as below, and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Address—THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE, or
THE WILLIAM WELD COMPANY (Limited),
London, Canada.

Publisher's Message.

A fourth war-time Christmas season is at hand—"A Christmas season in the Service of Mankind." If it were not for the fact that it renders a service to those who come in contact with it, this, the oldest of all Canadian farm papers, would have no reason for existing, and this special feature issue would be a failure. We believe it will prove of greater service to thousands of readers than any single former issue has done, and fifty-two years of progress and steady growth testify to the value of over a half century of service rendered. We hope and trust that this, our Christmas present to each of our thousands of subscribers, will carry with it bright and happy moments and helpful suggestions. The publishers are pleased that in these strenuous times they are able to "carry on." Greater efforts are necessary year after year, especially in troubled times such as those through which we are now passing. Expenses run higher than ever before, and yet no outlay is too great when the object is service. Our object has been to give readers something that will be a ready help with the work in hand. They must be the judge of the effort. It is, however, gratifying to have the large number of old friends that our mailing lists show "The Farmer's Advocate" has, and at the same time be able to make so many new friends each year as indicated by the annual increase in subscriptions taken.

Christmas issues which surpass all others are more difficult each year, and yet the result we feel justifies the effort. This week we give you something a little different from former Christmas Advocates. There is more story in it, and still we hope enough of a practical nature. In illustration, nothing of its kind has ever been attempted in the annals of agricultural journalism in Canada. In this particular it is the best that is or has been, and our earnest hope is that the whole pleases readers and gives them as much joy in reading as it has the staff in preparation.

In so far as production is concerned, Canada has had a good year. Crops on the whole have yielded fair returns. Prices are fairly high as prices go, and even thoughthe costof production and the cost of living have been higher than ever before, Canadians on the farms and in the cities have a great deal for which to be thankful. Canadian homes have sent more of their best to "carry on" in the armies of the Allies. While they battle abroad for liberty let us not allow disruption and injudicious campaigning at home to threaten that same liberty. A thoughtful Christmas and as merry as possible under the circumstances is in the interests of all the people. We hope this issue inspires deep and wholesome thought.

Any of our readers desiring extra copies to send as gifts to friends, either in Canada or far away, may procure them at the nominal price of 50 cents per copy. Those who subscribe for next year (new) will get this issue free so long as the supply lasts. The Farmer's Advocate wishes all its readers and friends, near and far, a merry and joyful Christmas, and a bright, happy and prosperous year to follow. Let us all try to do our humble part in making the load lighter for our fellowmen.

What is Worth While ?—By W. D. Albright.

"What profit hath a man of all his labor which he taketh under the sun?"—Ecclesiastes 1 : 3.

What is worth while in life? In the answer to that question is wrapped up, it seems to me, the philosophy of existence. A world war is being waged. The forces of Kaiserism are fighting for dominion, aggression, domination. These they would secure by fair means or foul. Opposed are the legions of the Allies, battling for Liberty, Justice, Truth and Good Faith among nations as among men. It is a war of ideals.

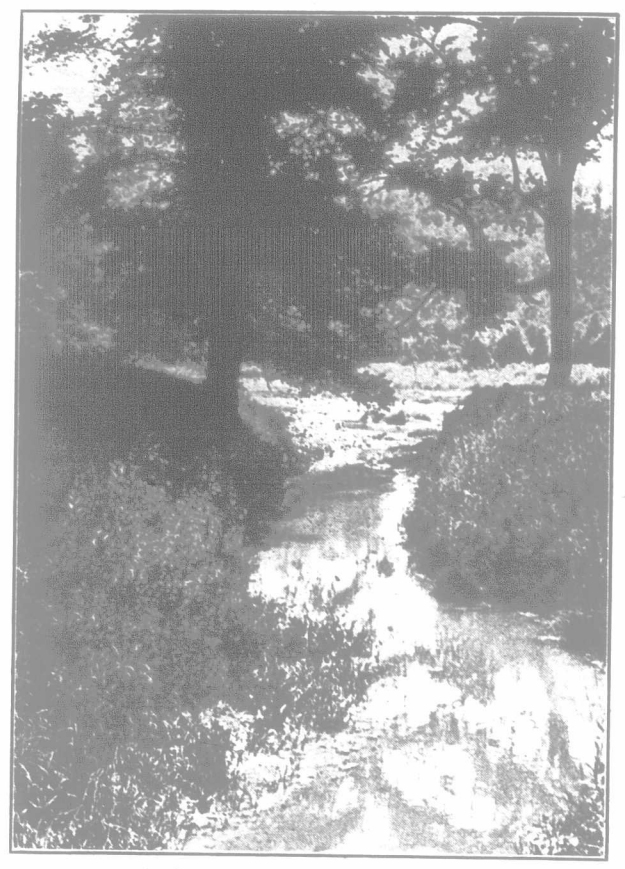
The German Emperor thought that temporal power, expansion and aggrandizement were worth while, prepared a generation and struck a match that set six continents at strife, resulting in millions of murders, millions of gaping wounds, unreckoned millions of financial loss and uncounted horrors of rape, hardship and rapine. Was it worth while? Codes differ. Perhaps the Kaiser still thinks success would justify it. For myself, I would not, for all the War Lord ever hoped to gain, have the agony of one Belgian family or the violation of one pure peasant woman as an indirect responsibility on my head. When the Golden Rule is really sovereign in the world, war will be no more.

Rockefeller thought gain was worth while and fell down to worship at the shrine of business success. Every scruple of compunction he seems to have set at naught. He built a billion-dollar fortune but lost the good will of his fellow men. Was it worth while?

Everywhere in life we see men and women toiling, sweating, weltering for the thing called Success: money, power, fame, social distinction, eminence in this sphere or that. Does it satisfy? Is Rockefeller happy? Do wealth and fame make for true contentment? Study the faces of prominent persons you know and phrase the answer in Solomon's words:

"Vanity of vanities. All is vanity."

Wisdom is a thing of growth—a development of experience. Says Pope:



A Rural Scene Worth While.

"Behold the child, by Nature's kindly law
Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw."

Trifles please a child. Hilarity and shallow amusement appeal to adolescence. Worldly ambition still grips most men and women in the prime of vigor, but as life advances toward the Grand Meridian, the hollowness of mere animal existence and purely materialistic aims dawns gradually upon the philosophic mind, and in his introspective moments one asks himself, "What am I living for? What is worth while in life?"

Epitomizing an answer, I should say the one thing supremely worth while in life was soul rest. The religions of Mankind, perverted though they have been by iron-clad creed and dogma, tinctured often by superstition, intolerance, yes, even at times by cruelty and hatred, have nevertheless been the best force working in human life, expressive as they are of an instinctive aspiration toward harmony with the Divine—a harmony which uplifts character and brings deep Peace into the lives of Men. Thus spoke Christ when he said:

"Seek ye first the Kingdom of God, and His righteousness, and all these things will be added unto you."

His words are seldom accepted at par. Had they been believed, for instance, by the Kaiser and his cult, embattled millions would not now be facing each other from out the thousand-mile trenches of Europe.

Ah, no, despite the adjuration of the founder of Christianity, the world still stresses "all these things," which, being interpreted, means "a place in the sun," money, fame, repute and fleeting pleasures of the moment. The ambitious quest of these breeds callous selfishness, jealousy, cruelty, dishonor, steeping the world in a gross materialism which holds lightly the rights and liberties of fellow beings and even that holiest of all moral qualities, the virtue of manhood and womanhood.

The bright silver lining of the black cloud enveloping Europe is the fact that millions upon millions of men and women yesterday wallowing in the mud of materialism have arisen, girded themselves for the fray, and, inspired by high purpose, are contributing lives, money and effort toward the great cause of Liberty and Civilization. Their sacrifice is their crown of glory. They gain in character a thousand fold more than they lose in comfort. It is worth while to strive for a Great Purpose. The hell of a selfish, sodden materialism is worse than the hell of war.

If the Peace of God is the best thing to seek in life, next to it, or along with it, is the building of character—character based on the Golden Rule, character that emphasizes honor and kindliness and chastity and service.

After character, I should say the next best thing in life was the Home, with all it implies of conjugal felicity, parental and filial devotion. The homes of a nation have been rightly called its strongest forts. They are likewise the altar of our truest happiness. Home life, like religion, is an influence that tends to lift men and women out of themselves into a larger sphere of interest. The abnegation of parenthood is the salvation of self. We lose that we may gain. We forego repose and comfort to gain love and hope, promise and pride, nobility and joy. The finest institution in the world is a well-ordered home where the parents are true to each other and to themselves. It matters little whether the building be brick or logs, one story or four, primitive or modern. It matters everything that the spirit of the home be loyal and warm and true. It is worth while to build such a home, and the woman who helps to make one is rendering a service as noble as any in the world. Bachelorhood and spinsterhood are among the great tragedies of time.

Young man, young woman, it is worth while so to live that when the privilege and joy of parenthood is yours you may look into the innocent eyes of your children with no canker of impurity gnawing at your heart but feel that your family if they knew all your life would find it an example rather than a warning. Then richly will you realize that purity in living brings its own reward.

It will be freely conceded that education is worth seeking, not so much for the material ends it serves—albeit those are important enough in their way and by no means incompatible with culture but rather contributory to it—but the larger benefit is the development of mind and heart and social graces and fitness for good citizenship.

Friendship, sociability, companionship are richly worth while. Likewise honor and pathos. Shelley struck a responsive note when he sang, "Our sweetest joys are those that spring from saddest thought." The mellowing pathos of Dickens has warmed and chastened many a heart.

Progress is a law of our being and progress in all directions—social, civil, educational, material, is abundantly worth the effort it universally enlists.

Even money, maligned as the root of all evil, is a very good thing indeed when wisely employed and not over-rated. Whatever is generally accepted by the world as good is pretty certain to possess a basis of real merit. The fact that money often becomes an object of avarice is no ground on which to condemn it. As well condemn a beautiful woman for her comeliness. There is much that is good in this old world. What is often astray is our estimation of values. We put the wrong things first.

It would not be possible within the limits of an article to enumerate all the worthy purposes in life. Something must be left to the imagination. Let us conclude with a few specific points that should appeal to us as farmers.

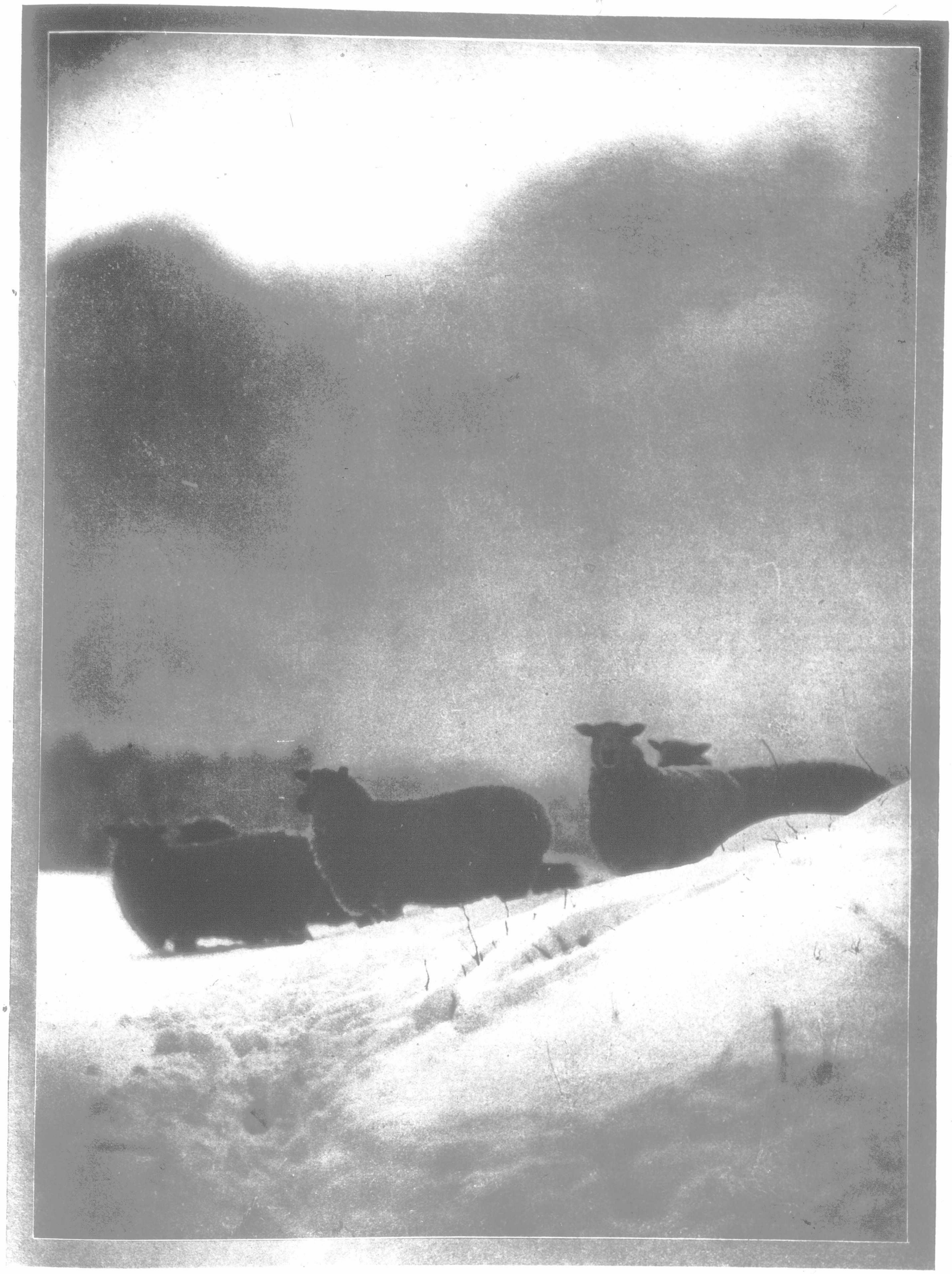
First of all, it is worth while to be a farmer—not as an excuse to escape conscription but for much better reasons. The man behind the plow is the first bulwark of existence. As a recent magazine writer expresses it, "The most civilized and aesthetic of people are tethered by a very short rope to the primal needs of the body." Agriculture is that rope. It is a dignified function.

I have written often on this subject and must be careful not to repeat myself for paraphrasing truisms is a literary crime. Dismissing rhapsody, then, let me simply say:

It is good to blacken prairie land and fit it for the drill.
It is good to found a homestead where the buffalo roamed at will.
It is good to see the cattle graze in herds upon the hill
It is good to watch a sunset when the evening air is still.

Health of body, vigor of intellect, strength of character and devoutness of soul have been the age-long legacy of rural life. Are not these things worth while?

The man who is prepared to live well is ready to die nobly. As the daily-growing casualty lists from the human shambles in Europe bring the war ever closer home to us, one fact gives cause for unspeakable comfort. The record of Canadian soldiers in France is one of unparalleled valor. Life is sweet but he who holds life before duty is not the stamp of man who has won Queenston Heights, Paardeberg and Ypres. The soul of a nation lives in its history, and every man who has given his life, every one who has backed the army with sacrifice, every mother, wife and daughter who has bravely borne the sorrow of mourning is helping to engrave an immortal page in the history of this Dominion and to inculcate a spirit that will live in generations to come. Surely that is worth while.



After the Storm.

The Future of Draft Horse Production.

By Wayne Dinsmore,
Secretary Percheron Horse Society of America.

Thousands of farmers in the United States and Canada have grown somewhat discouraged over horse breeding. Hay, grain, cattle, sheep and hogs have doubled or trebled in price in the last two years, but horses, with the exception of the very best heavy draft animals, have not advanced. Motor trucks and tractors have increased in numbers. Automobiles and light delivery trucks have practically eliminated the market for driving, carriage and delivery horses. All these factors have troubled the minds of men who have been raising heavy horses, and the medium-sized sorts that weigh from 1,250 to 1,500 pounds. They have been uncertain of the future and have slowed up in their breeding operations. It is desirable, therefore, to analyze carefully the present situation, and to consider future demands.

The very rapid increase in the use of automobiles and light-delivery cars between 1904 and 1914, had so far curtailed the market for horses weighing under 1,300 pounds that a vast surplus had accumulated in both Canada and the United States at the time war started. The horses ranging from 1,150 to 1,500 pounds were precisely the sort most needed for army use. The price paid for these from the beginning of the war was equal to or slightly in excess of what they would bring for any commercial use, and the demand proved to be practically unlimited. The United States had approximately 21 million horses on farms and ranches in 1914, and Canada had three million. The exportation of 1,263,325 head of horses and mules during the 36 months ending August, 1917, merely took the surplus. No increase in price could be looked for because the supply exceeded the demand. It was not until the fall of 1917 that the supply of artillery horses seemed to be falling short, and then only because of the age limit of five to ten years. There are millions more horses suitable for artillery purposes that are two, three and four years of age, not yet available. Approximately one and a half million horses will reach five years of age each year for the next three years, and at least one-third of these will do for artillery work. Inasmuch as exports have never yet reached half a million per year, it is evident that we will have enough horses reaching maturity each year for the next three years to supply our artillery needs, and that no marked increase in price on these sorts can be looked for in that time.

During the last three years the small stuff—not large enough for army needs—and the unsound horses which would not pass inspection, have been steadily accumulating. They are to-day a drug on the market at prices ranging from $50 to $125 per head. Many have gone for the Southern trade, but this is not broad enough to take any considerable proportion of such horses The result is that there are three or four million horses in the United States alone which are of no special commercial value and which serve only to retard horse breeding operations. Fortunately the breeding of these small horses has practically ceased so that they will eventually be eliminated from consideration.

Draft horses, weighing over 1,600 pounds at maturity, are limited in number. The most experienced and best-informed horsemen in the United States are agreed in declaring that of the 21 million in the United States, less than one million are of draft standard—or about four and one-half per cent. It appears probable that the same ratio holds good in Canada as well. Prices for draft horses range from $230 to $400 per head, averaging from $250 to $275, and the demand is far in excess of the supply. These prices are profitable. The practical farmer merely asks: "Will they continue?" The answer is "Yes." Draft horses have held their own in cities. Exhaustive investigations made by the Percheron Society of America revealed a remarkable unanimity of opinion among truck and transfer companies, and other city users. Horses are decidedly efficient in short haul work, even with feed stuffs at hitherto unheard-of prices. Auto trucks have taken over the longer hauls—mainly over five miles. Confining horses to short hauls and slow, heavy work has increased their length of usefulness. Ten to fifteen years' service is now looked for. Depreciation is small. As an instance of this we may cite the case of the Chase Rolling Mills at Waterbury, Conn. They employ 12,000 men, and use 360 heavy grade Percheron geldings, besides some forty auto trucks. Each horse is branded and a record kept of his cost, service, and selling price. In February, 1917, 63 horses were cut out and sold. They averaged a little over four years' service each, and sold for more than they cost by eleven dollars per head. The depreciation in auto trucks in four years is large.

A Draft Team Harvesting Twenty Acres per Day.

The greatest use of draft horses, however, is on our farms. There their efficiency is steadily growing more manifest.

Four well-informed farmers in New England recently told the writer that one acre per day was a good average for a man in plowing there. A ten-inch walking plow and two horses weighing 1,100 or 1,200 pounds is the usual equipment. Thousands of farmers in New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio, use three horses averaging around 1,400 pounds each, on a single sulky plow with 16-inch bottom, and turn two and a half to three acres per day. They laugh at the New England farmer, yet they themselves are objects of ridicule to Mississippi Valley farmers who put five draft horses, all over 1,600 pounds, on a gang plow of two 14-inch bottoms, plow five and a half acres per day, and accomplish other farm work in like proportion. In the wheat fields of the extreme West a still higher efficiency is reached. One man driving 10 draft horses on a gang plow of three 14-inch bottoms, turns eight to nine acres per day; discs 45 to 50 acres per day; summer-fallows 75 acres per day; seeds, with 6 horses, 25 acres daily; and five men on a combined harvester-thresher, with one driver handling 32 horses, cut, thresh and sack 35 to 40 acres per day, saving practically four bushels more per acre than can be harvested with the old binder and stationary separator.

A noted student of agricultural economics recently remarked that information he had received from abroad indicated that their system of agriculture was breaking down under the strain of war. They have used much hand labor, and have not learned how to get maximum returns per man employed by the use of labor-saving machinery and plenty of horse-power. Our system of farming in both the United States and Canada has been built on that principle and is increasing in efficiency under the shortage of labor incident to war.

Men who formerly plowed three acres per day have bought more heavy mares and will use gang plows next spring, plowing five and a half to eight acres per man per day instead of three. They have traded their old disc harrows in on new ones of larger size, and will disc from 20 to 40 acres per day instead of 10 to 12. They have sold their old 12-hole seeders and put in 20-hole disc drills with which they can seed daily from 20 to 25 acres. They are selling mowers of 5-foot cut and putting in machines with eight-foot sickles instead. They are buying side-delivery rakes and hay loaders, to reduce hand labor to a minimum. They are buying corn harvesters with loading elevators so that the heavy bundles of corn can be loaded directly on to the wagon from the corn harvester in silo filling, thus eliminating two laborers formerly required to hoist the bundles of corn to the wagon. All these changes reduce labor requirements, and make the work that must be done much lighter; and all this is made possible through the use of much more powerful horses and more of them.

Aside from all this, the yield per acre is being increased. Men with insufficient horse-power prepare the land in a superficial manner. They do not realize their loss till it is driven home to them by the greater success of their neighbors.

As an illustration, the following concrete case came under the notice of the writer. A farmer in Northwest Canada disked his summer-fallow ground as soon as he could in 1915. After completing his seeding on other ground, he plowed the summer-fallow eight inches deep and did it well without any cut and cover work. Subsequently he worked it thoroughly and frequently with surface cultivating summer-fallow implements. He conserved the moisture, and cleared his land from weeds. His neighbor, with insufficient horse-power, thought four inches was deep enough to plow; did not disk before plowing, and gave only about half as much tillage to the land after it was plowed. He ridiculed the man who put so much thorough work on the summer-fallow; but in 1916, the man who had horse-power enough to prepare the land well, harvested from 46 to 50 bushels of wheat, while the neighbor threshed but 26 bushels per acre. Wheat sold for $1.85 per bushel and up. The man who thought he had done enough learned his lesson. This instance is but one out of hundreds of thousands. The trouble is that the man who does superficial work because of lack of horse-power does not realize his loss until it is brought forcibly to his attention by a more successful neighbor. The loss in total production of foodstuffs, due to just such factors, is appalling, and seldom realized.

Draft horses are essential to this more effective work. Any competent teamster can handle five to ten horses weighing from 1,600 to 1,800 pounds; but not one teamster in a hundred can handle the number of smaller horses which would be required to deliver the same power units. Aside from this, draft mares can be used, and the colts produced constitute an important source of revenue because they are readily sold at profitable prices, while there is no outlet for surplus small horses if any should be produced.

The one remaining question is the tractor. What effect will it have on the need for heavy horses on our farms? Will it eliminate or materially reduce the number of horses in farm use? Time alone can answer this question exactly. Developments to date, however, indicate that the tractor may supplement, but not displace, heavy-draft horses. In fall plowing, when horses are needed in the harvest field, the tractor can be used to advantage; and where there is enough need for belt power to make the tractor pay interest and depreciation charges for the balance of the year it may be well to buy one. The fact remains, however, that the horse is a self-repairing, self-reproducing motive power, and the tractor is not. The horse utilizes roughage, such as corn fodder, straw and pasturage, produced on the farm, as a considerable share of his fuel, and all fuel for the tractor must be bought. Aside from this, naval and military needs promise to drive internal combustion oils to prices ranging from 90 cents to $1.25 per gallon, with most stringent regulation regarding its use. Horses can be produced where needed. Tractors require much steel, coal and labor in their production, and tax our transportation systems heavily, both in the shipment of raw material and the finished engines, supplies therefor, and repair parts.

There are thousands of men who can use tractors to advantage on farms, but the majority cannot, and the comment of a widely travelled and shrewd observer still holds true: "that the tractor will not pay generally

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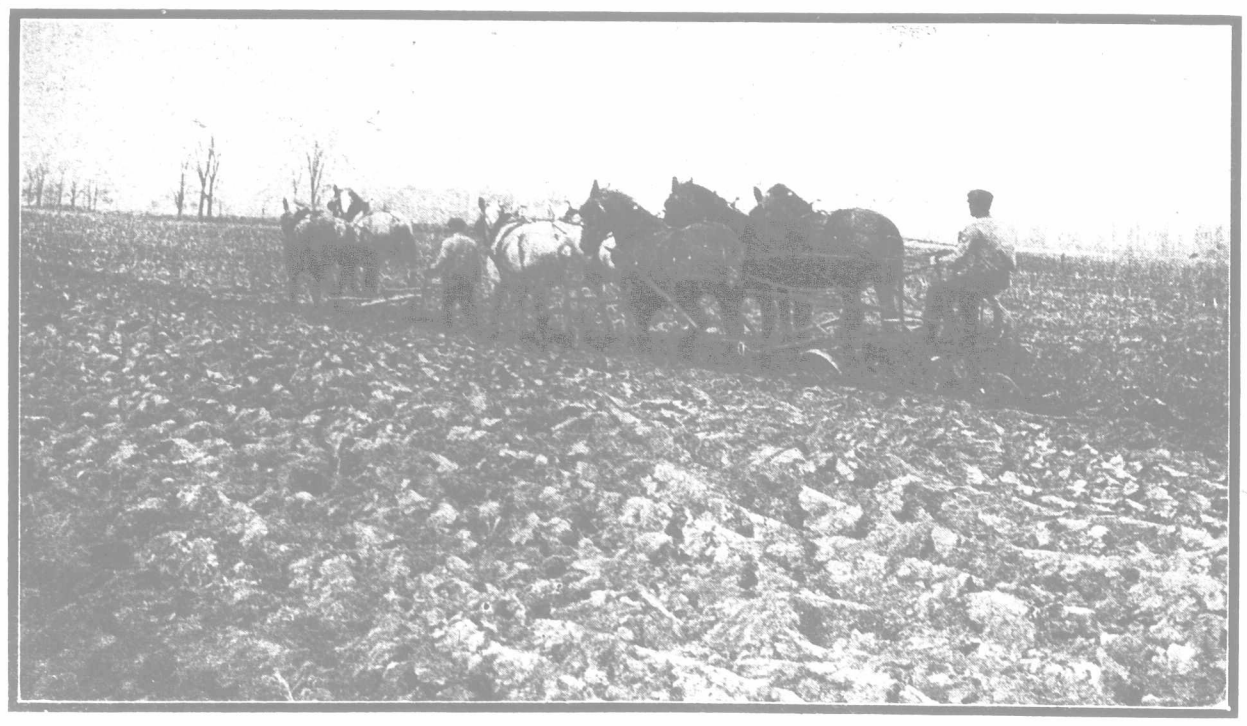


The Old and the New Systems.

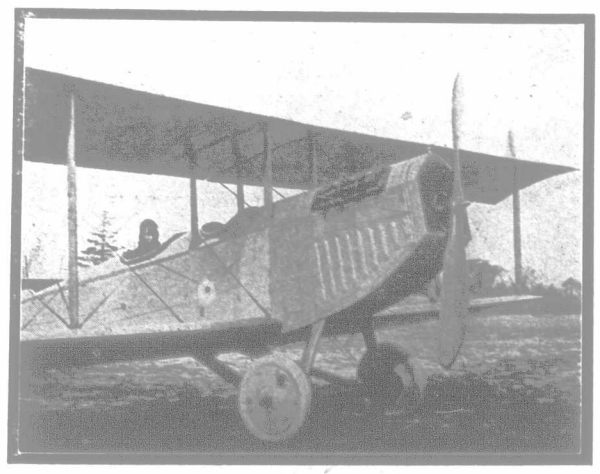
Two horses, two acres per day; five horses, five acres per day.

War and the Wheel. — By Walter E. Gunn.

It is comforting and worthy of note in these vital hours of international conflict that the Allies should emphasize their confidence of ultimate victory by planning to coin the experience of war into new benefits for all humanity, and no field for such laudable effort is offering better opportunities than transportation. Necessity has been aptly called the mother of invention, and it is this very necessity made insistent, bitter and compelling through the great clashing of human and mechanical arms, that shall yet send sweeping changes over every mode of travel. Peace allows inventive genius to make its own pace, but war drives it relentlessly to new goals and greater ambitions. Let us look back into history and trace the life of the wheel, the first and last fundamental of transportation, and see how man, battling for territorial advancement or crusading for right, has worked wonders in its development.

The first wheel was undoubtedly nothing more nor less than a log. It was observed to roll down hill with an easy motion, and so primitive man, who had been accustomed in the first instance to carry loads, and in the second one to drag them, now progressed to the third stage of transportation, that of rolling. For centuries he never moved beyond this system, although he steadily eliminated imperfections and added refinements. It remained for recent years to bring along the airplane, the world's marvel, but yet a mechanism dependent upon wheels for standing, rising and alighting. The first pair of wheels revolved together because they were integral with the axles. Then a master mind of the far distant past evolved the fixed axle, and following in fairly rapid succession came such startling innovations for those days as rims and spokes. The bodies were of many different designs, but when the war lords of almost pre-historic times caught the value of wheels for campaigns they developed the chariot, and with it pushed forward the development of the wheel. We are told that about 1500 B.C.Thutmose III went forth in a "glittering chariot of electrum!" A century later the Hittites could put 2,500 chariots into the field. When the old Romans were on their renowned career of conquest they sought ideas from far and near and used the best of them to make their chariots as formidable as possible. What they did then the warring nations of to-day are doing now—the perfecting of instruments on wheels for death and destruction—and later on for arts and crafts of peace. The step from chariots to coaches was a gigantic though tedious stride, but when in 1804 a man named Elliott invented elliptic springs, people stood aghast. It was not long until the cumbersome conveyance gave way to the light vehicle, and until civilization was making fair progress toward the easy, comfortable equipages of our own times. About 1827 Sir Goldsmith Gurney experimented with a steam carriage, but its weakness for blowing up at inconvenient periods along the road didn't tend toward establishing it in the affections of the English people. In passing one should mention the railway wheel. Everyone is familiar with the manner in which war has utilized it, not only for conquest but for the retention of conquered territory. We do not dwell upon it at length because the wheel we are following is not the one confined but the one free to go whither and whence it pleases.

About 1880 a patent for a gasoline motor to be used in a road vehicle was applied for by George B. Selden, Rochester, N.Y. He nearly drove his friends crazy soliciting stock subscriptions for a company to make the device, but all efforts toward financing the invention failed until 1900, when a New Jersey concern purchased the rights of manufacture. Then followed a stream of power-propelled vehicles that was simply amazing. They were not taken seriously at first, but the enthusiasm behind their production compelled public attention and, later on, general approval. Duryea turned out his first car in 1892, Ford his initial machine in 1893, and Haynes built his in 1894. Their subsequent success had the major part of its foundation upon the perfecting of the rubber tire. Without a resilient wheel the internal combustion engine could not have become a genuine commercial factor. It is difficult to believe that only twenty-nine years have elapsed since the first gasoline automobile made on this continent was disposed of. Road steamers and electrics had been sold previously, but only to a very limited extent. At the present time the United States leads the world in motor-car manufacture, but it is to the English and French that the most credit must be given for those early developments which removed the automobile from the experimental field. Cugnot, Trevithick, James, Pecqueur, Hancock and Gurney are names never to be forgotten by those who treasure the lore of steam, electric or gasoline travel. The spring of 1914 found the automobile piling up staggering figures of legitimate production. At first the industry suffered because it attracted too much attention from the idle rich, the indolent faddist and the ne'er-do-well. These people used the motor car for unbridled extravagance and wild ostentation, but the spring before the war, and some similar seasons preceding it, the auto had come into its own as a great system of cheap, sane, safe and democratic transportation. Then, too, the truck, with its inflated or hard



The Vehicle of the Air.

tires, solved so many hauling problems that businessmen from coast to coast voted it indispensable in the reduction of overhead charges.

When Hunnish ambition threw a great flame over Europe, the contending armies leaned heavily upon touring cars and trucks for the execution of their campaigns. Inventive genius spurted ahead in the rejection of improper equipment and the substitution of vastly improved mechanisms. Every part of every machine was subjected to gruelling tests such as peace had never dreamed of. Standardization came into its own, and it is safe to say that since August, 1914, more progress has been made toward effecting the efficiency of the motor car than would have been accomplished in ten peaceful years. Do you know that gasoline-propelled vehicles of all kinds, sorts and descriptions ran to and from Verdun in great snake-like formations for days, and weeks, and months, and saved the fortress by bringing up munitions at a time when the railways were shot to pieces and unfit for transportation? To-day, behind every sector of the front, trucks are doing a work that cannot be over-estimated, and touring cars are giving to staff officers a range of vision and fund of first-hand information incalculable by the average mind. The wheel developed from a log to a marvelous mechanism with ball races, mathematically correct hubs and spokes, true felloes, demountable rims and resilient tires of composite materials, is rolling along from victory unto victory, and the end is not yet.

It seems only yesterday that we heard of flying machines—and smiled broadly. No, they were just a phantasm, they would never amount to anything, the experimenters must be mentally deficient. This is what most people thought. Then, one day, a flight was made, but still there was unbelief. The ever-ready pessimist accused spectators of witnessing an optical illusion, when as a matter of fact they had seen the birth of a new era in transportation. At first the airplane gained impetus for rising by running down a sort of toboggan slide, but it was not long until the wheel was adopted. To-day the monoplane, the biplane and the triplane all use wheels. They greatly resemble those made for bicycles. By their aid a machine can run along the ground until sufficient power has been developed for flight, and, by the same token, skim over the landing stage until, with the engine shut off, the momentum dies down. This tremendous international struggle between the Central and Entente powers has worked wonders for communication in the air. Before the war started airplanes were far from the realm of certainty. Now they are well within the zone. Great stability has been secured, terrific speed, capabilities for sustained flight and ease of manoeuvring. Science is not going to lose track of the progress made, but is even to-day preparing for every step necessary to remove the fruits of military flying to the field of commercial practice. There isn't a shadow of a doubt but that the early years after the war will see regular air routes for passengers, and perhaps for mail and freight. Great Britain, as usual, is in the forefront. Plans are already in preparation for the establishment of fixed air lines covering enormous distances. Many obstacles must be overcome, but what great movement ever reached fruition without first surmounting big difficulties? Sailing vessels of the old days followed as far as possible any ocean currents that might lend assistance, and, of course, they figured out the most advantageous winds. It will be for the champions of commercial airplaning to determine the very important question of just where the favorable breezes blow. A well-known authority, Lord Montagu, writes:

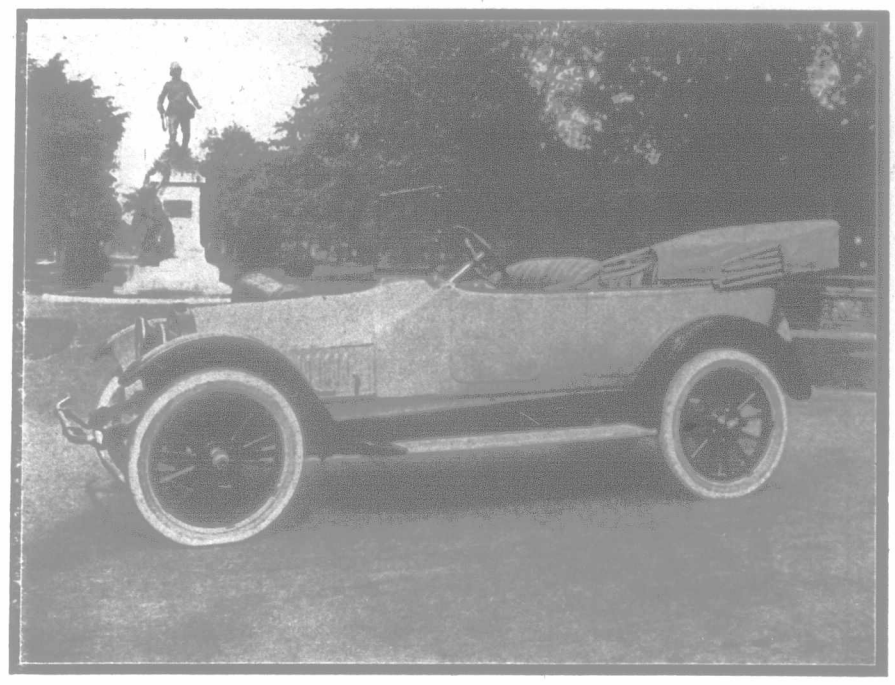
"In the case of flying, even a favorable 30-mile wind would add 720 miles to the day's run, while a head wind of a like speed would take 720 miles off the distance covered. In other words, there would be 1,440 miles difference in every 24 hours between a 30-mile wind favorable to the course of the airplane and a 30-mile wind against it—a difference so great as to make longer mileage a matter of comparative indifference.

"What this may mean I have only to state that it is about 1,800 miles from a point in County Kerry in Ireland to St. John's, Newfoundland. Assuming that an airplane started from St. John's with a 30-mile westerly wind behind it and was capable itself of a speed of 80 m.p.h., the combined speed of 110 m.p.h. over the surface of the globe would mean that in about 16½ hours after leaving St. John's the seaplane or airplane could alight on the coast of Ireland.

"With a contrary wind of 30 m.p.h. the speed of the seaplane would be reduced to 50 m.p.h. over the earth's surface, and the journey would take 36 hours instead of 16½, or nearly 20 hours longer."

When the war is over and the flyers can use all their carrying capacity for fuel there is hardly going to be any limit, except human endurance, to the hours an avaitor can remain in the air. Rules and regulations will of necessity have to be made for the protection of property and the comfort of people, but these are only minor matters. We presume that airplanes will not be allowed to sail closer than two thousand feet to any building in order that the privacy of the occupants may be maintained, but above two thousand feet the world should be theirs. It does not now seem a far cry to the time when we shall see the little wheels of the airplane carried over us on regular routes of travel—those little wheels for which primitive man got his idea from a log rolling down a hill!

Then.



Now.

Post-War Agriculture.

By Prof. J. B. Reynolds,
President Manitoba Agricultural College.

What will happen to any particular industry in Canada when peace is concluded, war industries cease, and the soldiers begin to return and look for employment—is beyond the power of any person to foresee.

One thing is clear, however. Necessity will force the nations of the world to turn to the more essential industries, and of these, agriculture is the chief, for upon agriculture we depend largely for our supplies of food and clothing.

Agriculture, then, must continue. In view of the facts, the question is, what phase of agriculture in Canada should be emphasized—grain-growing or stock-raising?

There is no doubt that the raising of grain for human food is vastly more economical than the raising of grain to be fed to cattle, sheep or swine, these in turn to be consumed as human food. A steer converts into meat only three per cent. of the food he consumes. Ninety-seven per cent. is used in maintaining the heat of the body, in furnishing energy for the animal activities, or passes off as excrement. A hog converts into meat twenty-four per cent. of the food it consumes. If we used directly as human food the wheat, the oats, the rye, the barley, the turnips, even the alfalfa that we raise, many times the number of people could be supported on an acre of land as could be supported by the beef or the pork fed on that acre.

That is the way in which the Chinese have solved the problem of food production—a dense population forced to subsist on a vegetable diet.

But for us and for the peoples of Europe the question is not so simple. Wool must be raised somewhere, somehow, to make clothing. Hides are needed for leather. Grain and vegetables do not furnish all the essential qualities of food to which we have been accustomed—we have been used to animal fats to balance our food. The British are a meat-eating people. Our system of agriculture requires the excrement of animals to fertilize the land, and in our rotation of crops clovers and grasses enter, that are serviceable only as animal foods.

Whether grain is raised to be sold directly off the farm, or to be fed to live stock, has depended and will depend upon the relative prices of grain and of live stock or live stock products. The deciding factor is not the law of supply and demand primarily, but the cost of production in relation to the price obtainable by the producer. If the law of supply and demand were the deciding factor farmers would not need to be urged, as they are now vainly urged, to raise more live stock. The demand for live-stock products—meat, wool, leather—has increased, and the prices for these products have increased in even greater proportion. But the supply has been steadily diminishing, not only in Europe but in Canada. It must not be supposed that farmers are blind to their own interests, or deaf to the calls of duty. The facts are, the cost of raising live stock has kept pace or even outstripped the prices obtained for their products, while the difficulty also has increased from the scarcity and poor quality of labor.

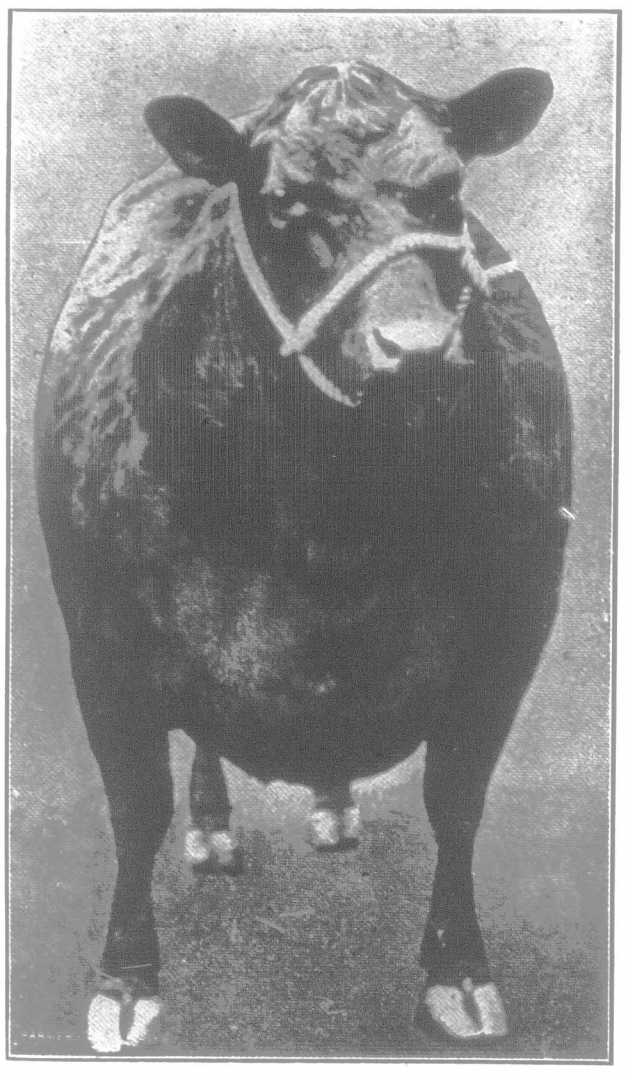
Nevertheless, though the farmers of Canada are neither blind to their own advantage nor unpatriotic, they may fail to look far enough ahead, or may fail to inform themselves sufficiently of present tendencies. Immediate advantage may point one way, while future advantage may point another way.

What of the grain markets after the war? When we speak of markets and prices, it is understood that associated factors are also in our thoughts—namely, the demand which helps to determine prices, and the cost of production, which, in relation to the price, encourages or discourages production. It is not certain that grain prices will remain high for long after peace is concluded. It is probable that grain prices will drop back to normal soon after. It is more than possible they may drop below normal. The factors determining post-war prices will be: 1, the poverty of the peoples of Europe and their inability to buy anything that is high priced; 2, the releasing, upon the markets of the world, of supplies that have been unable to find an outlet during the war; 3, the quickness with which the normal world-supply may be restored.

All of these three factors must operate after the war, in some degree, and will tend to lower the prices of grain. There will be no doubt of the poverty of the peoples of Europe. There is pretty good evidence of a heavy storage of wheat. It is said that 300,000,000 bushels of wheat are stored in Australia, and one good crop may restore a normal supply of the grains of the world.

It is different with live stock. Of course, the first factor, the inability to buy, will operate equally here. But the supply of live stock has been very seriously diminished by the war. There has been no hoarding of live stock, voluntary or involuntary, and while the numbers of live stock are easily and quickly depleted, the re-establishment of herds and flocks is a matter of years.

The depleting of live stock.—It is estimated that, since 1915, there has been a decrease in the world's supply of meat-producing animals of 115,005,000, as follows:



Cattle	28,080,000
Sheep	54,500,000
Swine	32,425,000

Since 1914 our Canadian herds have been diminishing. There has been a decrease of 31,000 milch cows, 38,000 other cattle, 49,000 sheep, and 921,000 swine.

At the same time the United States increased their supply of cattle over 7,000,000, and of swine by over 6,000,000.

Canada is a light exporter of live stock and live-stock products.—In 1912 Mexico exported 4½ times as many cattle as Canada, Argentina 5 times as many sheep, and nearly 400 times as much beef as Canada; Denmark exported over 4 times as much pork and pork products, and Australia 3,000 times and New Zealand 4,000 times as much mutton.

Canada's population, compared with that of the United States, is about 1 to 13. In 1912, Canada's exports of beef and beef products, compared with those of the United States, were 1 to 90; of pork and pork products, 1 to 160 and of mutton, 1 to 70.

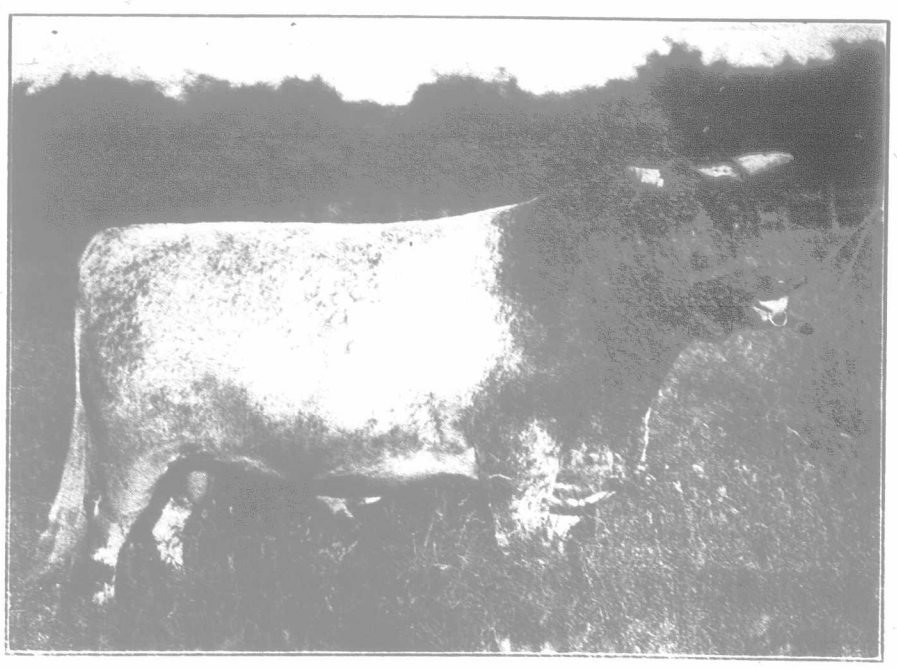
Compared with the United States, then, before the war we had not measured up to our possibilities in live-stock production, and since the war we have allowed our supplies to diminish, while those of the United States have increased.

It is estimated that after the war Europe will require 16,000,000 to 20,000,000 head of live stock. How much of that will Canada be able to supply?

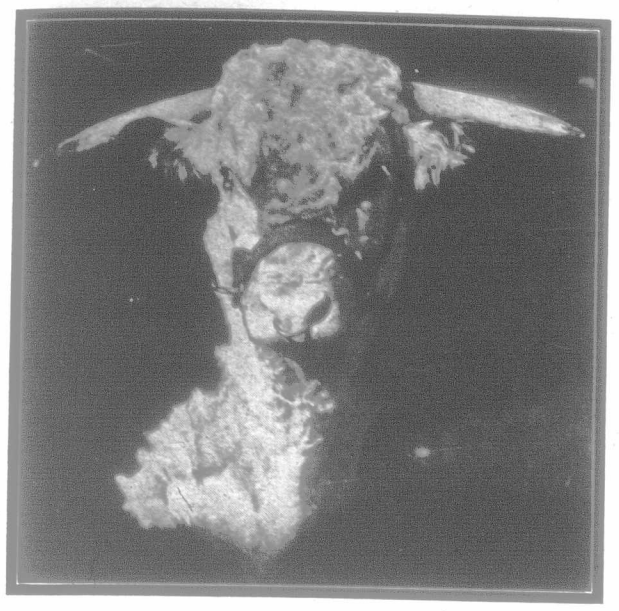
There will apparently be a greater relative demand for live stock than for grain for some time after the war. The price of grain may fall without a corresponding fall in the cost of production. But if the price of grain falls the cost of producing live stock will fall likewise. A double argument then would seem to favor increased live-stock production in preparation for post-war conditions—the argument based on demand, and the argument from cost of production. I do not wish to be understood as saying that grain prices will fall to a discouraging level after the war. I do not know. I do not think anybody knows. But a comparison of prospects for grain-growing and for stock-raising seems reasonably to point to a better prospect for stock-raising for those who have the means, the courage and the foresight to prepare. There are many Western farmers in localities where stock cannot profitably be raised, from lack of water or pasturage. Grain-growing is the established practice in Western Canada, it is more generally feasible and, perhaps to most Western farmers, more attractive than stock-raising. But for those who can and will make the venture, stock-raising offers attractive prospects.

Some objections, from the farmer's point of view, will stand. He has not the capital necessary for establishing herds and flocks, and if he had, he cannot find sufficient trustworthy help to feed and care for the stock.

Since this is a national question, since the prosperity of Canada as a nation will depend upon her agriculture being able to meet demands, the nation must help to overcome the difficulties, which, after all, are not of the farmer's creating. Capital must be found willing to embark on this enterprise, on reasonable terms of interest and re-payment. Labor must be organized now and if necessary conscripted. It is a sorry comment on our national economic and fiscal policies that for the last thirty years the farm has found it increasingly difficult to compete in the labor market with other industries. We have had numberless promises from the political parties that this shall be reformed, more or less indifferently, but the only thing to do in the present juncture is to reform it altogether. If the Parliament of Canada is to do justice to agriculture, it must enable agriculture to enter the labor market, the money market, and the implement market on equal terms with other established industries.



Important Factors in Agriculture in War and Peace.



What Britain Has Done in the Live-Stock World.

By Our English Correspondent.

You ask me "What has Britain done for the live stock world?" The reply which leaps to my lips, (or, is it not, to my pen?), is that she has given to the universe three breeds of heavy horses; sixteen breeds of light horses and ponies; twenty-one breeds of beef, milk and dual-purpose cattle; nine breeds of long-wooled sheep; eleven breeds of Down, or short-wooled sheep; fifteen mountain breeds of sheep, and eleven breeds of pigs. Now, all these breeds are provided with a Breed Society and a "Book", in which pedigree stock are only registered and line breeding followed as truly as a well-laid railroad. We have other breeds of sheep, utility sheep, but they are crosses, recognized crosses it is true and almost as good (if not better) sheep than the foundation stock used. For instance, stock of the Suffolk or Cheviot cross and the Border-Leicester and Cheviot cross are raised in thousands. But one need not worry about them; they have no Flock Book and so do not count in the category of stud stock.

Britain's Ancient Horses.

Tracing the story of the development of breeds historically, and dealing with horses first, the Shire and the Clydesdale have many ancestors and characteristics in common. The Shire had his share in the toil and turmoil brought about by the Roman invasion. The aboriginal horses of England had great strength and activity; other invaders brought other horses but the heavy horse, the old-time tournament and battle horse, was here all the time, albeit he got in such low numbers that we had to get drafts from the Flemish countries to infuse some ginger into our own stocks. When firearms came into military operations, the heavy horse, i. e., the "Great Horse" and "War Horse"—as the late Sir Walter Gilbey called him—went out to agricultural and draft usages. The word "Shire" was coined because the type was raised in the Shires that lie between the Humber and the Cam, and the Midland counties of Leicester, Notts, Derby and Northampton. Started as the "English Cart Horse Society," the ruling body of the breed changed the title in 1884 to the "Shire Horse Society," just about the time that the Clydesdale Society got busy. America was one of the first countries abroad to buy the Shire. The trade has not been good with U. S. A., because the earliest Shires sent out there were poor stock. They were "soft"; they were also cheap and nothing that is cheap is lasting, most particularly in horse flesh. To-day America is getting better types of Shires. I read the names of winners at her State Fairs as I write this. They all represent good lines of robust, hard-wearing Shires. America could do with more "Eatons", more "Boros", but there—I'm giving someone a free boost! Canada, I am sorry to say, is not getting very good Shires unless she is getting them over the line. The reports of the Shire classes at Canada's Live Stock Expositions make dismal reading to us over here. I know medals have but little fascination in these days, but our Shire Horse Society is still open to dole more out if Canadians would get the right stock to compete for them.

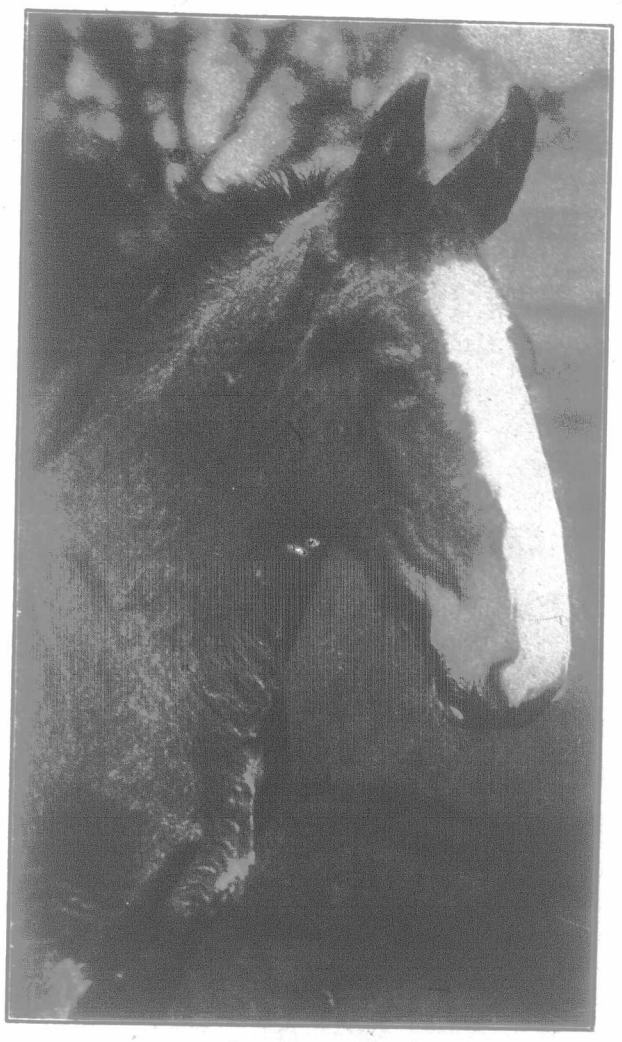
Argentina has bought a lot of Shires in the last fifteen years and is now returning to Britain grade-bred geldings which we are buying for street work. Australia, Russia, South Africa, and a certain uncivilized country in Mid-Europe, have also bought Shires. The record price for the breed is 4,100 guineas for a stallion.

The Clydesdale horse emanates fundamentally from the upper area of the Valley of the Clyde. Flemish and English crosses helped to make the breed, but for forty years the blood has been pure and it doesn't want any outside help in that regard now, thank you! Over forty years ago Australasia asked for the "Clyde" and got some good samples. In 1880, Canada and the United States bought large numbers and after a lapse or lull the business has revived and each year now sees some of the very cream of the breed going to Canada, and the States, but one wishes the real identity of Scot's-bred stock was not so easily lost by the change of nomenclature which seems so unduly quick on your side.

The Suffolk horse has been what he is "time out of mind." He has not had the blendings necessary to manufacture the Shire and the Clydesdale. He is the plow horse of East Anglia and he can work the average drafter to a standstill. They were a breed in 1506, the year Columbus died. They were advertised in the local papers at stud in 1764, and they shared with the Hackney the "stud ads" of the wily old far-seeing farmers who made a bit out of their stallions. This breed has lately made new friends in Canada, U. S. A., South Africa and Australasia. They are not big eaters; they lie out in the winter at home and the East winds do blow in Britain. I like 'em. I've just left one old stallion, Sudbourne Bellman. He is twenty-one, is as active as a pony, and is populating the neighborhood with smart cart foals out of grade mares. There's a beautiful "blood-look" about their heads and necks and they have very little hair on their heels.

Light Horses and Ponies.

The Thoroughbred race horse I need not tell you much about. He isn't an agriculturist; he's the gentleman of the family, albeit his ancestors are at the tap root of all our light horse breeds. The Arabian horses



Intelligence.

which helped to make our Thoroughbred race horse also assisted in the manufacture of the Hackney, the Cleveland Bay, the Yorkshire Coach Horse, the Hunter (of course), and all our pony stocks. Indeed they all helped each other in the evolution of breeds. The Arabians and our original cart mares, intermixed with native pony blood, gave us our Thoroughbred race horse. The sons and daughters of the Arabians, crossed on to our trotting or roadster horses—the Shales of George Borrow's writings, and others—gave us the Hackney; the Arabian horses turned into our forests and on to our commons (where ponies are still wild, or very nearly so,) gave us various types of "blood-like" ponies and to-day we are evolving a superfine breed of ponies, the world's most classical thing in equine flesh and blood—to wit, the polo or riding pony.

You really want to study the conformation of an English-bred polo pony. It is the beau ideal miniature Thoroughbred, but with the deep barrel, the great heart room, the short, sturdy back of the hunter, and the fine round bone, as hard as steel and as straight and true as a gun barrel. That is the stamp of pony now being evolved from back breeding carried through the years, spreading over from 1689 when the first Turk(or Arabian) horse was imported, to this moment, by the aid of the blending of blood of our old cart mares, our pony mares, our racing mares, and the Lord knows what else, but a breed now as well defined as the sun or the moon.

Pioneer Cattle Men.

I jump from horses and ponies now to cattle. Shorthorn breeders were keeping their private pedigree records as far back as 1737, the year the Studley bull was calved. His great grandson, Hubback, calved in 1777, is one of the foundation stones of the Shorthorn Book. Charles and Robert Colling, about 1780, started to improve the breed and by in-breeding carried on among very strong and robust cattle which could stand it, they distributed the offspring and established the breed on "national" lines rather than purely local or "Durham" lines. To a British Shorthorn breeder the use of the word "Durham" is distinctly distasteful to-day; he snorts and blows and would like to charge at the user with his head down.

Britain's greatest bit of monumental work in cattle raising has given to the world the breed called "Shorthorns". She has distributed to the universe an ideal beef breed and now she is quietly manufacturing, for

In the Home of the Breed.

future distribution, a dual-purpose offshoot, to wit, a reliable, deep-milking Shorthorn. This year of 1917 has made one tired of "records", tired of high-altitude figures paid for bull and heifer calves of the beef type, but as I write I've just been told that a dairy Shorthorn bull has made the round £1,000, and so the boost in that line, I opine, is coming along. Inside four days, however, in Scotland, this autumn, 473 head of beef Shorthorns were sold for £79,726 0s. 6d., or a general average of £168 11s. 1d. apiece, and a record price of 1,500 guineas was paid for a yearling heifer of the Clipper family, eight of which averaged $757 apiece. The Shorthorn is to be found all over the globe; from Texas to New Zealand; from Russia to the wilds of lower South America. Its world-wide distribution is carried on year by year with consistency. The export trade grows, despite wartime conditions, and the value of pedigree stock sent abroad in 1916 was just double that sent away in 1914. The beef cattle pouring out to Argentina are all first quality stock. The dairy Shorthorn types now being sent to U. S. A. are, for the most part very poor stuff. They are cheap cattle mainly bought in northern areas and are selling at prices in America that are causing Englishmen to blink with astonishment. When the right stuff comes along I am afraid that American and Canadian lovers of the dual-purpose Shorthorn will be sick of the game and will chuck the whole thing up unless some strong men can get together on your side and reach out a connecting link with reliable men on this side. I write all this as a word of warning because I feel strongly that the dairy or dual-purpose Shorthorns leaving these shores just now *are not good cattle.* I say that and nothing more.

You do not want to be told of the history of the Hereford. "Pedigree" came into fashion in that breed in Britain about 1748, and it is to-day a great, strong, virulent breed, with lovers all over the world. America now says she has better cattle than we have. Let America think so. South Africa is to be the future country for buying Herefords. Perhaps America will jump that claim. Live stock (pedigree) can be shipped free to South Africa by one certain line of boats, the owners of which are encouraging the export trade by this magnanimous offer. Devon cattle are also going out there in great numbers.

Making friends everywhere, and nowadays particularly in Argentina, is the Aberdeen-Angus breed of cattle. A new Breed Society has been established out there and another in South Africa, where the beefing qualities of the Blackskin are much appreciated. The first improver of the Angus was one Hugh Watson, of Keillor, Forfarshire, but William McCombie, of Tillyfour, was the man who did the real spade work and gave the breed its world wide reputation. Exporting is still a profitable business and many English herds have experienced good business in 1917. The breed is growing in popularity in England, particularly in Southern counties.

There are other breeds of British cattle you ought to have in Canada—to wit, the Welsh, which are quite one hundred years old. They milk well and yield a fine carcass. They come to London Metropolitan market week after week, "killing" well and yielding a higher percentage of carcass than might be expected from their unsymmetrical appearance. Then there is the Longhorn, the most picturesque breed in the world and it has two hundred years of certain ancestry behind it.

Most of the world's leading dairy breeds originated in the British Isles. The island of Jersey 28,717 acres in extent is the home of the breed of that name. The islands of Guernsey and Alderney gave the world the Guernsey breed and Southwestern Scotland produced the Ayrshire famed at home and abroad. Ireland is the native home of the Kerry and England of the Red Polled breed.

Thirty-five Breeds of Sheep.

As to our thirty-five breeds of sheep, the Leicester —not the Border Leicester—was the first British breed improved by proper selection and in-breeding. Bakewell was the prime mover in 1755 and his efforts were of course aided by the more extensive cultivation of the turnip as a field crop. Bakewell started the wheeze of ram-letting. He got 10 guineas a ram. British breeders of Hampshires and others, are getting 120 guineas to-day for letting their stock rams!

The Lincoln ram is now sailing out to Argentina in thousands; the Romney-Marsh is going to Patagonia and the Falkland Islands; the Shropshire, the Suffolk, and the Southdowns and Hampshire-Downs have gone to U. S. A., Canada and Australia, and made countless friends, and there are also signs of progress in the world's demand for the Dorsets and Oxfords.

Our pig breeds have given America and Canada many foundation stocks. We have completely lost the Hampshire hog. I do not suppose there is a belted pig in Britain to-day and we could do with him back again. Outdoor grazing of pigs is coming in fashion once more in Britain and our breeds will be all the better for it. Sty-feeding has caused the death of thousands of pigs a year. The world owes a debt to British breeders for producing the Berkshire, the Yorkshire, the Essex, the English Suffolk and the Tamworth.

Our pedigree stocks, generally speaking, are well maintained in numbers. We have cut into some of our commercial live stock but our pedigree herds and flocks are still "carrying on" and preparing for the forthcoming demand that will emanate from the countries which have lost their stocks in consequence of the ravages of Armageddon. We are well prepared. Our Breed Societies, however, are lacking in enterprise not getting a hustle on to tell the world of our preparedness. But then, that is not my business.

Fishing for Food and for Fun.

By A. B. Klugh, M. A.

The fish-life of Canada has always been, since the earliest times, one of our great national assets, and at the present time the fisheries are far more vital to the country than they have ever been before. On both coasts and in inland waters vast quantities of food fishes are taken and this supply relieves the strain on the stock of beef and bacon which it is necessary to conserve. Owing to the recent improvements in shipping facilities, so that fish now reaches the inland consumer in good condition, and the growth of the canning and curing industries, fish is now available to a far larger proportion of the population than formerly.

A Trio of Good Ones.
Pickerel—Lake Trout—White Fish.

The game fishes, while they are not in any degree as important as the commercial fishes, are nevertheless a very considerable asset to many localities since they attract anglers and thus bring money into the locality. Further than this, the fish caught for sport are eaten, and thus aid in a minor degree in the conservation of other foods. For instance, a friend of mine and his family lived during July, August and part of September of this year on Bass and Lake Trout which he caught, not consuming a pound of meat in this time.

Some idea of the value of the commercial fisheries of Canada may be obtained from the fact that in 1913 the total catch was valued at over thirty-three million dollars, in 1914 at over thirty million, in 1915 at over thirty-one million, and in 1916 at over thirty-five million dollars.

To show the value of the fisheries of the different provinces we can take the figures for 1914, which expressed in round numbers are as follows: British Columbia, $13,800,000; Nova Scotia, $8,200,000; New Brunswick, $4,000,000; Ontario, $2,600,000; Quebec, $1,800,000; Prince Edward Island, $1,200,000; Manitoba, $600,000; Saskatchewan, $140,000; Alberta, $81,000.

The most important of our Canadian fisheries is the Salmon fishery of British Columbia, an industry which yields a revenue of from eight to over eleven million dollars per year.

The Salmon caught on our western coast are of five species, Sockeye, Coho, Chinook, Humpback and Dog. Some quantities of all these species are canned, but the main pack is of Sockeye, while the Coho and Chinook are the species mostly shipped fresh.

The Sockeyes are caught with gill-nets off the mouths of the larger rivers of our Pacific coast, the most important fishery being at the mouth of the Fraser. Two kinds of nets are used, set nets and drift nets, the former being fixed in a definite location by means of anchors or stakes, while in the case of drift nets one end is fastened to a buoy, the net payed out across the tide or current, and the other end made fast to the boat which is allowed to drift. Drifting is carried on largely at night when darkness hides the mesh from the sight of the fish.

After the nets are hauled the fish are taken to the cannery, either by the fishermen themselves or by a collecting boat from the cannery, and arriving there they are fed into one of the most ingenious machines used in any canning industry—the Iron Chink. This machine, which does the work of many Chinamen and thus comes by its name, cuts off the heads, fins and tails, removes the scales, splits the fish and removes the entrails. From the Chink the fish goes to the cutter, which divides it into pieces to fit the cans, after which it is placed in the cans, the cans soldered up, and then placed in a retort and the fish cooked at a high temperature.

The Chinooks and Cohos are taken by trolling from a slow-moving boat with spoon and hook in the manner so familiar in fishing for Trout and Bass in our lakes. The Chinook is taken from early in the spring until well into the fall, and the Coho late in the fall. One of the best fishing grounds for Chinooks is off the northern end of the Queen Charlotte Islands.

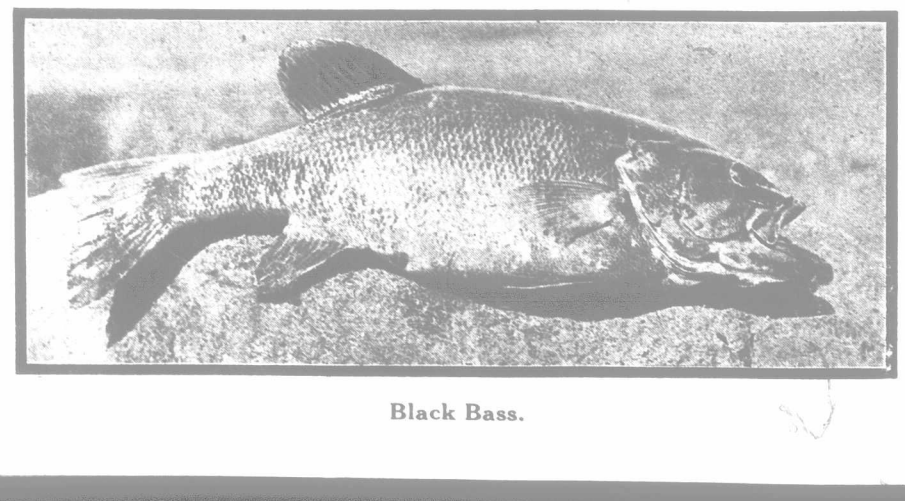
Pacific Salmon are also caught by seining and by the Indians with gaffs, dip-nets and fish-wheels. This latter device is an Indian invention, and is a large wheel, equipped with two or more scoops, which is turned by the current, the fish being thrown form the scoops into a net placed in the right position to receive them. A bizarre method of capturing Salmon which would fit better into a comic opera than into real life is on record. A G. T. P. passerger train was stalled on the banks of the Skeena, and a keen angler on board noticing the fish heading up stream near the bank took a window pole and a clothes-net from his sleeping berth and landed four fish which were served later in the dining-car.

Second in importance is the Cod fishery, the catch for last year being valued at $4,489,496. This fishery is intimately associated with the early history of the country, for in the seventeenth century French fishermen from Normandy and Brittany came to our Atlantic coast to fish for Cod on the Banks.

The Cod fishery is of two kinds—the in-shore and the deep-sea, the former being the more important since it employs eight times the number of men engaged in the deep-sea fishery. The in-shore fishery is carried on at from one to five miles from shore by small boats with two or three men, and on the nearer banks lying from ten to fifteen miles out by small vessels carrying a crew of from four to seven men. The deep-sea fishery is carried on by sailing vessels of from sixty to one hundred tons, carrying crews of from twelve to twenty men, and they remain at sea until the hold is full of salted Cod.

The best Cod grounds in Canada are those of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, around the Magdalen Islands, on the north and east coasts of Prince Edward Island, the north coast of Cape Breton and in Chaleur Bay.

The great bulk of the Cod is split, salted and dried. Drying used to be done entirely in the open air, and required three weeks, but because of the frequent fogs which descend



Black Bass.

with their dampness upon our eastern coast, artificial means are now often employed. The brined fish are placed on trays over steam pipes, submitted to a temperature of 95 degrees for a few hours, and then alternate currents of cool and warm air are passed over them, drying them in forty-eight hours.

Next in importance comes the Herring fishery, which in 1916 yielded a revenue of $2,906,887. This fishery is conducted on both coasts, but that of the Atlantic is the more important. On the Atlantic it is prosecuted with fixed gill-nets and trap-nets set close to shore, while on the Pacific, where the centre of the Herring industry is at Nanaimo, the fish are taken in purse-seines, that is in seines in which the lower part of the net can be drawn in so as to make a pocket in which the fish can be lifted from the water. Investigations are at present being conducted by the Biological Board of Canada with the object of establishing a drift-net Herring fishery, similar to that of Scotland and Norway, on our Atlantic coast, as it is believed that in this way large quantities of the famous "fat-herrings," which have previously been imported in cans from Norway, can be obtained. These "fat-herrings" are young fish in their third year, and at this time, before the development of the roe and milt, have an abundance of fat. They are not secured by present methods of fishing because they do not come in-shore at this time.

The catch of Herring is utilized in three ways, pickled, smoked and as bait, and on account of this latter use alone it is a very important industry, because upon it depends very largely the success or failure of the Cod and Haddock fisheries in which the main bait is Herring.

The Halibut fishery ranks fourth among our Canadian fisheries, and while some Halibut are taken in Atlantic waters the great bulk are caught in the Pacific. The vessels employed in this industry range from small gasoline boats carrying four to ten men to large auxiliary schooners (that is vessels with both sails and power) and steamers, with crews of from twenty to thirty-five. Two methods are employed, dory fishing and long-lining. In the former the vessels carry dories (heavily built boats shaped much like a sharp-bowed punt), and when the fishing-grounds are reached the dories, each with two men, are launched, and the men proceed to set the trawls. A trawl consists of a series of lengths of heavy line with short lines, with a hook at the end of each, attached at intervals of from eight to twelve feet, and having a buoy and anchor at each end. The trawl, as used in the Halibut fishery, consists of several "skates" (lengths of line) each skate carrying about two hundred and fifty hooks. After being on the bottom for an hour or so the trawl is hauled, the fish removed as they come over the side, and the dory rowed back to the parent vessel. The bait used is either Herring or pieces of dog-fish, Cod, etc. In long-lining the trawl is set directly from the large vessel while she is going dead-slow ahead. Another method, a common one in British waters but up to the present little used in the Canadian fisheries, is the otter trawl. An otter trawl consists of a huge, cone-shaped, bag-net, which is dragged, with its mouth held open, over the bottom. Some Halibut, as well as many other species of bottom inhabiting fish, are caught by the otter trawler now operating out of Prince Rupert.

Halibut is used in the fresh state, and because of improved refrigeration and shipping facilities it now reaches the inland markets in excellent condition.

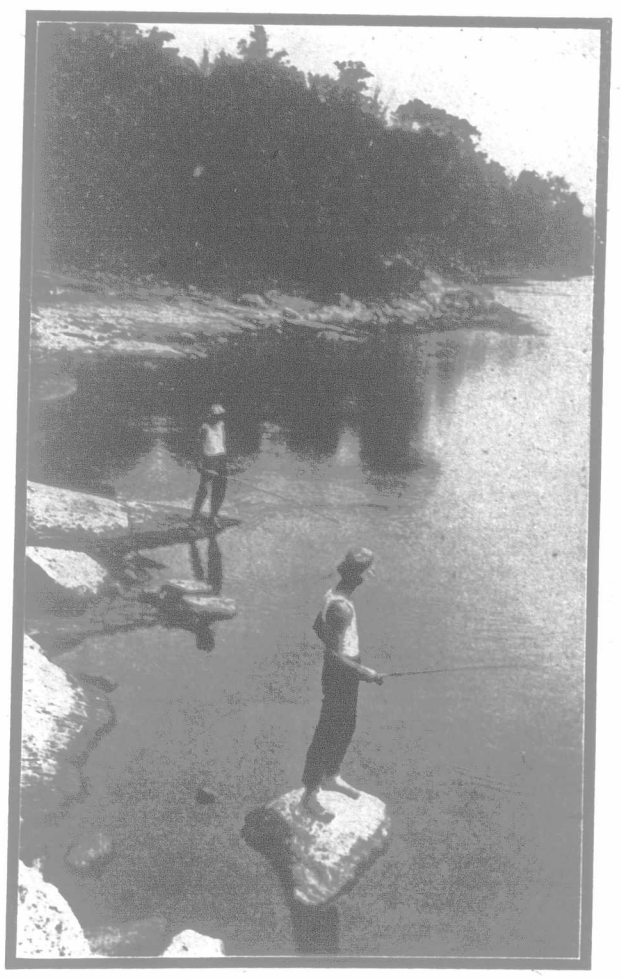
The Haddock ranks next in importance, the catch for 1916 being valued at $1,232,022. The main Haddock fisheries are located in the Bay of Fundy, along the outer coast of Nova Scotia and in the southern portion of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. These fish are caught by trawling, mainly nowadays from small gasoline boats carrying two men, and they are taken mostly in the fall and early winter, though some are taken during the summer. Those taken in summer are split and dried and shipped to the West Indies, while those caught later are either shipped fresh or made into finnan haddies. There is a good deal of art in making a really first-class finnan haddie, as it has to be brined just enough, and smoked just enough. If brined insufficiently it will not keep, if too strongly brined the flavor is spoiled by its saltiness, if smoked too little it lacks flavor, and if too much it is dry and harsh. A good deal of finnan haddie is now put up in cans.

Another fishery which yields a large revenue—$1,229,006 in 1916—is the Sardine industry. The Sardine caught in Canadian waters, like those of Great Britain and Norway, are really the young of the Herring, and are from five to seven inches in length. The French Sardine is the young of the Pilchard. This fishery is confined to the Bay of Fundy, and here these young fish come in on the coast in immense schools from June to October. They are caught in weirs, which are large, hoop-shaped enclosures of stakes, brush and net. The weirs are constructed far enough out from the shore so that at low tide there will be from four to ten feet of water in them. A fence of stakes and brush, known as the "lead," runs out from the shore to the gate of the weir. The young herring, coming in from the sea, keep close to the shore, and when they strike the lead they will not swim between the brush of which it is composed but swim along it into the mouth of the weir. The man running a weir lives close to it during the season, and as the fish fill into a weir on the flood tide he inspects his weir each high tide. If he finds fish in it he drops a net which is suspended over the gate. At low tide the weir is seined, The seine used is long enough to reach round the inner circumference of the weir and deep enough to reach to the bottom. The seine is stretched round the inside of the weir by a man in a dinghy, then gradually drawn in until the fish are gathered into a practically solid mass. Then the fish are dipped out with a huge dip-net having a long bag. The hoop of the net is placed in the boat and the bag pulled in, hand over hand, thus loading the fish into the boat. Some idea of the immense numbers of Sardines which sometimes run into a weir may be obtained from the fact that three hundred hogsheads have been taken at one time. This year, in July, one weir caught a hundred and sixty hogsheads in two successive nights, and as they sold at $40 per hogshead this netted the owners $6,400. Usual catches run from fifteen to thirty hogsheads.

The fish are collected from the weirs by vessels which carry them to the factory, and arriving there they are hoisted to the dock, sent down a sluice and deposited on the brine tanks. From there they go through the

The Skipper.

flaking machine, which raises them to the next floor and arranges them in a layer over large trays known as "flakes." These flakes are placed in a large rack on wheels and wheeled into the steam-chest, where they are steamed for ten minutes. From the steam-chest they are wheeled into the drying-room where they are dried in a hot-air blast, and when dry the flakes are removed from the rack and carried to the packing tables, where girls are at work packing them into tins. As soon as a tray full of tins is packed it goes to the oiling-machine, and the pressure of a lever drops the right quantity of oil into all the tins at once. The low-



Fishing for Fun.

priced Sardines are packed in cotton-seed oil, the better grade in olive oil. The tins are then fed into a machine which holds a supply of covers, and as each tin passes through the machine a cover is clamped upon it, this machine clamping on the covers, hermetically tight, at the rate of thirty-five tins per minute. The tins are next placed in a huge vat and boiled for two hours, then taken out, dried in sawdust, labelled and packed in cases.

The Whitefish stands seventh in importance among our Canadian commercial fishes, and last year's catch of Whitefish was valued at $1,048,641. These fish are taken in the Great Lakes, in Lake Winnipeg, and in other smaller lakes, the most highly esteemed being those from Lake Erie. The Whitefish is used in the fresh condition.

The fisheries which I have mentioned above are the most important, and are the only ones which yield a revenue of over a million dollars. But we have in addition many other very valuable commercial fishes, such as the Mackerel, Lake Trout, Smelt, Hake and Pollock.

The way in which an angler appraises a fish is very different from the point of view of the commercial fisherman, he does not demand quantity and ease of capture but gaminess—the quality of putting up a stiff fight before it is landed. The true sportsman does not take a pride in the catching of as many fish as possible—this is the joy only of the game-hog—but he does take immense pride in landing a big fellow with the lightest tackle. In our countless thousands of lakes of all sizes and in our rivers we have many species of game fish which will show fight enough to warm the heart of the most ardent angler, and in this connection there is one point which is not appreciated as much as it should be—the fact that these waters are not owned by private individuals or by clubs, as is the case with most of the waters of the older countries, but are free to you and to me to go and angle in at our pleasure.

The sportsman may take the greatest delight in his elaborate paraphanalia and the use of it, but for fun, pure fun, I doubt if there is any better combination than a small boy, a bent pin, a piece of line, a sapling and a Bullpout.

One last word, and an important one, in closing this brief survey of our fisheries. We have in Canada very many species of fish which occur in great abundance and are easily caught but which are not brought to market because of the strong prejudice of the public against new and untried things in the way of food. Some of these fish are at present wasted, enormous numbers of them. Such is the case with the Red Cod which are caught in fishing for Halibut and which are thrown overboard, dead or dying, because there is no market for them. Many of these fish I have tried myself and found them equal in flavor and texture to the best of our commercial fishes, and I would urge everyone, particularly at this present time, to throw aside all prejudices and be ready to try any fish which may be placed upon the market.

Out Fishin'

A feller isn't thinkin' mean,
  Out fishin';
His thoughts are mostly good and clean
  Out fishin';
He doesn't knock his fellow men,
Or harbor any grudges then,
A feller's at his finest, when
  Out fishin'.

The rich are comrades to the poor
  Out fishin';
All brothers of a common lure,
  Out fishin';
The urchin with the pin and string
Can chin with millionaire and king,
Vain pride is a forgotten thing
  Out fishin'.

A feller gets a chance to dream,
  Out fishin';
He learns the beauties of a stream
  Out fishin';
And he can wash his soul in air,
That isn't foul with selfish care,
An' relish plain and simple fare
  Out fishin'.

Sophie 19th of Hood Farm, a thirteen-year-old Jersey cow is not only a show animal, but a heavy producer of milk and fat, and also is capable of transmitting her good qualities to her progeny. That she has a strong constitution is indicated by her cumulative record which is 91,869 pounds of milk and 5,280.8 pounds fat in seven lactations. As a seven-year-old she gave 17,557 pounds of milk and 999.1 pounds of fat. In her thirteenth year her record was 15.948 pounds of milk and 847.8 pounds fat. Not only has she been a champion herself, but she has produced a number of champions and her sons have left a long list of tested daughters. Sohie 19th is a direct descendant of "Tormentor" on both her sire's and dam's side, thus she demonstrates the value of good blood. This cow is still in good condition and compared favorably with other Jersey matrons in a long line-up at the National Dairy show this year. This is but another example of what good blood and proper attention will do.

Anyone interested in keeping orchards and vineyards clean and free from insects should, during the winter months read Bulletin 250, of the Ontario Department of Agriculture, compiled by Lawson Caesar, the Provincial Entomologist.

Elevating and Instructive.

We find your paper both elevating and instructive, and would find it hard to get along without it.

P. Q. S. W. ST. JAMES.

A Little Homily on the Weather.

By John M. Gunn.

At Christmas time we are all greatly concerned about the weather. For several days—or even weeks—the young people talk about it and canvass the prospects. They want plenty of snow for sleighing and plenty of ice for skating and plenty of bright sunshine by day and clear, frosty skies by night for their out-of-door sports. And the old folk, too, have their preference for "Christmassy" weather on Christmas day, and they call to mind the ancient saws about a green Christmas leading on to a white Easter and a fat churchyard. But our interest in the weather is not confined to the Christmas season. It is perennial and it is universal. Every morning, our first waking thought is of the weather as we look out of the bedroom window; and every night we look up into the sky to learn, if haply we may, what the morrow has in store. Nothing else touches us so closely. Nothing else provides such an unfailing source of conversation—of speculation—of imprecation. Here is something that affects us all, without a moment's intermission. The weather has been with us and with all men from the dawn of creation. It will be with us and with all men to the crack of doom.

"The weather happens every day,
And every night, too, as to that,
You might get up and hie away
As far as Banff or Barnegat,
Or to some distant, unknown clime;
No matter where,
When you get there
You will find weather all the time.

And yet folk seem to think it is
A subject that should be discussed,
When skies are blue or blizzards bliz,
Or drought in summer brings us dust;
When rain is threatened or is not;
If people meet
In house or street,
They mention if it's cold or hot.

Sage, slave, philosopher and king;
The pauper and the millionaire;
The pagan with his big nose ring,
The pirate in his hidden lair;
The prisoner—the gaoler too—
They all and each
Make weather speech
As though the topic were quite new.

So, Romeo and Juliet,
And Cleopatra and her Marc;
And Louis and his Antoinette;
And good old Noah in the Ark;
And Father Adam had his say;
And I believe
When he met Eve
He said, 'This is a pleasant day."

And yet our familiarity with the weather for uncounted years has given us but little real understanding of its vagaries. True, we have a science of Meteorology, but how far has it been able to help us? The astronomer can tell us the precise second when Halley's comet will swing into view thousands of years hence. He can tell us the exact relation of the planets at any moment of time. The Meteorologist cannot tell us the weather we will have day after to-morrow. With all his barometers and thermometers, and hygrometers and anemometers and ozonometers, and far-flung observation towers, he makes no pretence of foretelling the conditions for more than twenty-four hours, and even these short-range forecasts he terms "probabilities," with becoming modesty, knowing full well how often they are nothing more. I have been reading a treatise on "The Weather", by a Fellow of the Royal Astronomical Society. This learned Professor is very interesting, but he is never sure. Here are some of his sapient observations: "A turning point in the winter season often occurs about January 18, cold weather either setting in or ceasing, more or less." "Thunderstorms at the beginning of August will probably be followed by frequent thunderstorms during the month," and this gem, "When July, August and September are unusually hot the following January will be cold."

Now, when Science fails us thus, what are we to do? Fortunately we are not left entirely without resource. There is always at hand the almanac, which is left on our doorsteps at this season by the benevolent vendors of patent medicines. Its primary purpose is to announce the weather for each separate week of 1918, and its incidental object is to set forth the extraordinary virtues of "Muldoon's Marvelous Miracle Workers," or "Dr. Peters' Pleasant Pellets for Pale People." Here we learn that the weather for the second week in February will be cold with occasional snow flurries, and for the end of July will be hot and dry with showers and thunderstorms in some localities. If the almanac is not handy when we need advice, we may consult the weather prophet, well-known in every town, village and hamlet. He bases his predictions on the wind and rain of St. Johns' Day, or St. Martin's Day, or St. Swithin's Day. He observes the appearance of the fur-bearing animals and the amount of nuts the squirrels have put away for the winter—poking his nose into domestic arrangements which are none of his business—and he is shrewd enough to forecast the weather as it will be three or four months hence, giving everyone ample time to forget his prediction in the interval. It is always dangerous to make short-date prophecies. Those who have read Jerome's charming story, "Three Men in a Boat," will recall the incident of the merry crowd of youthful picnickers starting out in the morning to spend the day in the woods. It was one of those uncertain mornings when anything might happen. Some of the party were perturbed and decided to ask an old man, whom they overtook, for his opinion. He looked all over the sky and said "I think we are going to have a rainy day." As they drove along, they said to one another: "These old fellows think they know a lot about the weather. They don't know any more than we do." Shortly after, they met another old man and they asked him also. He said it was sure to clear up and be a warm, bright day. They thanked him cordially and said laughingly: "Isn't it wonderful, the wisdom that old men show in foretelling the weather so accurately!"

Some few things we do know about the weather but they are only the things that men have known for ages. In the Book of Job, the oldest book of the Bible, we read that "Fair weather cometh out of the North", and that "Out of the South cometh the whirlwind." Over and over again in the Old Testament we find reference to the blighting, blasting influence of the East wind in contrast with the bracing and exhilarating character of the West wind. It is all condensed in the old proverb:

"When the wind is in the East
It's neither good for man nor beast."

I have often thought that old Eliphaz the Temanite must have been thinking with prophetic insight of the antics of our modern politicians when he said to Job: "Should a wise man utter vain knowledge, and fill his belly with the East wind? Should he reason with unprofitable talk? or with speeches wherewith he can do no good?"

We are all depressed by the East wind; but of course the great classical example is John Jarndyce in Dickens' "Bleak House"—that story which is enshrouded in mist and fog from beginning to end as Mr. Chesterton has pointed out, the better to satirize the Court of Chancery of an earlier day where poor Miss Flite and the "Man from Shropshire" lost their minds in a vain endeavor to get light and leading and a settlement of their difficulties. When John Jarndyce heard bad news, he knew the East wind was blowing and his rheumatic pains became severe. When his spirits were brighter, he knew that the wind had changed and then his aching joints were relieved.

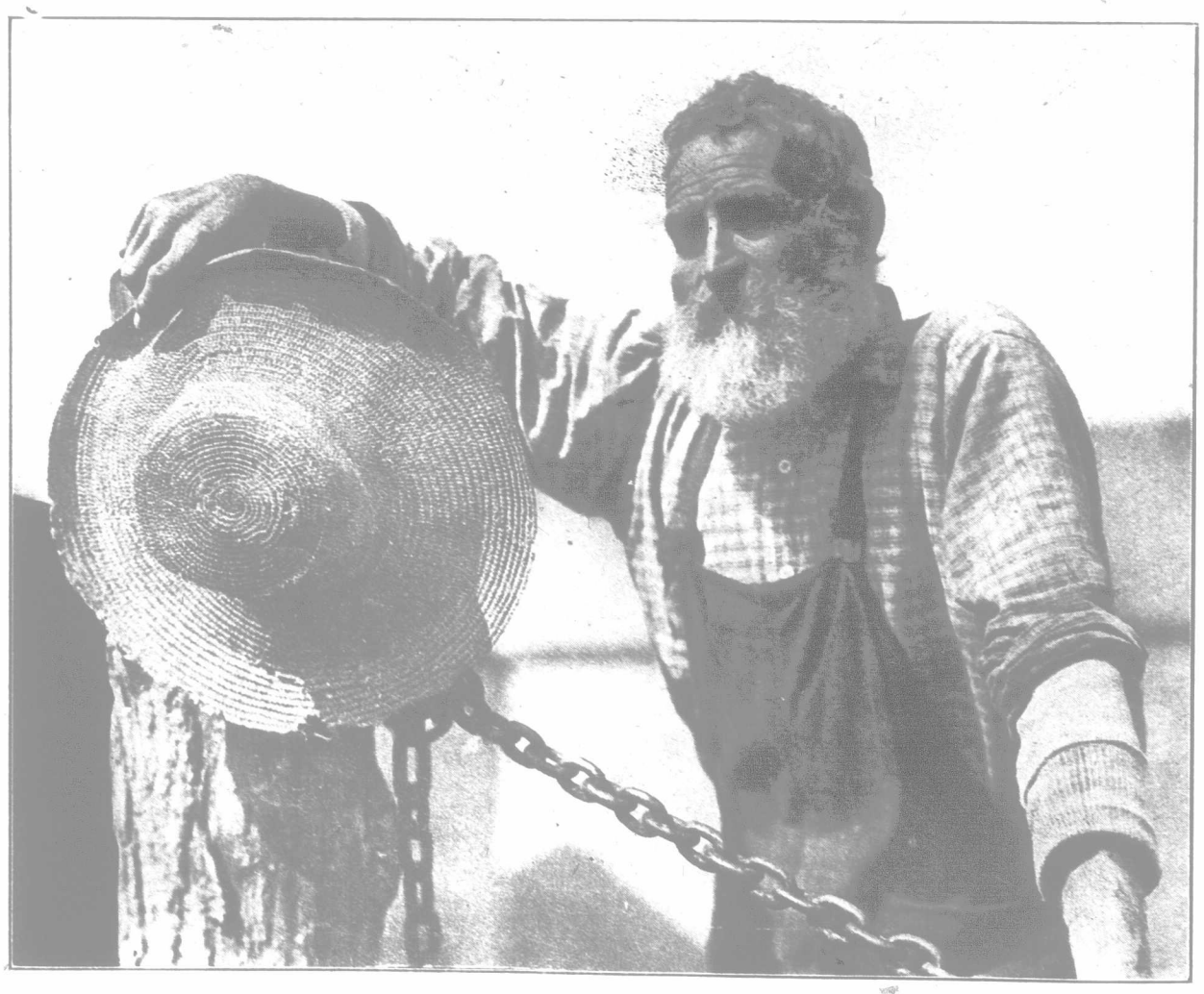
Some people claim to be absolutely unaffected by the weather. Dr. Samuel Johnson, the old literary autocrat of the eighteenth century, was such an one. He thundered his contempt of anyone who admitted the weakness of being "under the weather." But he was all wrong. It is proved by statistics that the output of great industrial establishments is appreciably greater on bright days than on dark days—such is the influence of the weather on the vast majority of men. They are happy souls, indeed, who have such abounding health and spirits that all kinds of weather are alike to them, who can even see beauty in a "dirty" day, who can look out upon a dull, drab, drizzling afternoon and sing with Robert Loveman:

"It isn't raining rain to me,
It's raining daffodils;
In every dimpling drop I see
Wild flowers on the hills;
A cloud of grey engulfs the day
And overwhelms the town,
It isn't raining rain to me,
It's raining roses down.

It isn't raining rain to me
But fields of clover bloom,
Where any buccaneering bee
May find a bed and room.
A health then to the happy!
A fig for him who frets!
It isn't raining rain to me,
It's raining violets.' "

That little song is all right for a mild, gentle rain in midsummer; but there are times when the weather gets up on its hind legs, so to speak, and cuts loose with lightning and thunder and wind and hail. Then the nervous ones are panic stricken and seek shelter under the bed or in the clothes closet. And if the storm is out on the North Atlantic, new terrors are added. There is an old story of a preacher (How we love to get one on the preacher!) who was crossing the ocean for the first time. When the waves began to rise a little, he became much alarmed and asked the Captain if there were any great danger. The skipper led him to the forecastle where the men, not on duty, were gathered, and told him to listen at the hatchway. The parson looked up horrified and said, "Captain, I am astonished you would bring me here. The language of those men is shocking. I never heard such profanity before." "Well", said the Captain, "as long as they talk like that, there's no danger." A few hours later the preacher became sure the storm was much worse, and he made his own way along to the forecastle. Putting his ear to the hatchway for a few minutes, he rose with a sigh of great relief and said, "Thank God, they're swearing yet!" Which tale, whether true or false, has its own moral which he who runs may read.

There is another story—a true story—of a storm at sea in which a great preacher was concerned and which will come at once to every reader's mind. When John Wesley came to America in 1735, as a missionary to the Indians of Georgia, the ship on which he was sailing encountered a violent storm. Wesley and nearly all on board were badly frightened for they believed that all would surely be lost. But there was a little band of Moravian Christians on the vessel and when the storm was at its worst, the waves rolling over the deck, and the masts split into kindling wood, they



"Say, Aint It Fine To-day?"

*William D. Nesbit.

met as usual for their daily worship. They sang their hymns and offered their prayers without a tremor of fear, as though nothing untoward was going on. Wesley was so deeply impressed by this incident, by the faith and piety of these men which gave them such composure of spirit in the face of death—that it never left his mind. It was one of the influences that led to his conversion in 1738 and the real beginning of his marvelous career.

Some parts of the world are intensely hot. Some other parts are bitterly cold. Some are wet and some are dry. But for infinite variety, there is probably no spot on earth which you can call so supremely blessed (if you are an optimist), or so malignly cursed (if you are a pessimist), as our own Western Ontario. A range from twenty below zero in January to a hundred in the shade in July is ample to satisfy all tastes in temperature. There is no kind of weather produced anywhere that we cannot duplicate. Like the little girl in the nursery rhyme our Canadian weather—when it is good—is very, very good, but when it is bad, it is horrid. And how many perfect days we enjoy in the course of a single year—not only the rare days of June which Lowell thought, with good reason, the most glorious of all—not only when we walk knee deep in June with Riley—but in all the changing seasons of our ever-changing year! Even the long winter of our discontent has its compensations. Are there not many bright, clear, frosty days, when the snow crackles beneath our feet and the air is a tonic in our blood and it is good to be alive? Are we not ready to forget all about the sleet and the slush and to forgive all the unpleasantness of Old Winter when we wake on a February morning and look out upon the ice storm? "The leafless tree is clothed with ice from the bottom to the top" (I am quoting, of course, the inimitable description of Mark Twain)—"ice that is as bright and clear as crystal; every bough and twig is strung with ice-beads, frozen dew drops, and the whole tree sparkles, cold and white, like the Shah of Persia's diamond plume. When the wind waves the branches and the sun comes out and turns all those myriads of beads and drops to prisms, that glow and burn and flash with all manner of colored fires which change and change again, with inconceivable rapidity, from blue to red, from red to green, and green to gold; the tree becomes a sparkling fountain, a very explosion of dazzling jewels; and it stands there the acme, the climax, the supremest possibility in art or nature of bewildering, intoxicating, intolerable magnificence."

Our enjoyment of the weather will depend largely on the spirit we cultivate. Some are so obsessed with dire forebodings that they cannot enjoy any good thing. We have all met the man who says, "Yes, this is a lovely day, but, mark my words, we'll pay up for this. We'll have bad weather soon." Let us put away such childish talk! Let us rather adopt the splendid, robust philosophy of Douglas Malloch, expressed in those cheery lines which come back to one again and again:

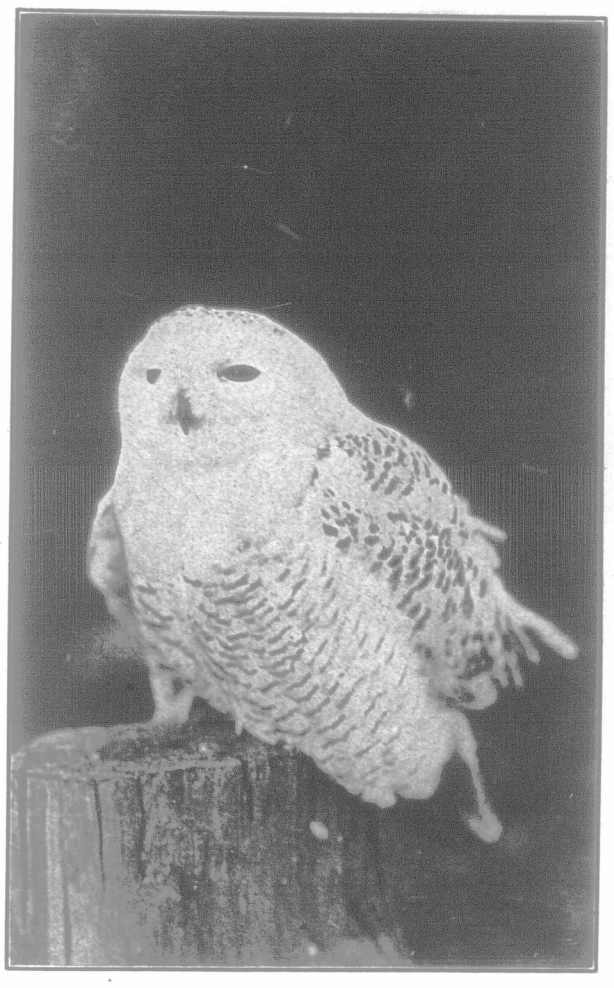
"Sure, the world is full of trouble!
I ain't said it ain't;
Lord, I've had my share—and double
Reason for complaint:
Rain and storm have come to fret me;
Skies were often grey;
Thorns and brambles have beset me
On the road, but say,
Ain't it fine to-day?

What's the use of always weeping—
Making trouble last?
What's the use of always keeping
Thinking of the past?
Each must have some tribulation—
Water with his wine—
Life ain't no big celebration;
Trouble? I've had mine;
But to-day is fine!

It's to-day that I am living—
Not a month ago—
Having, losing, taking, giving—
As God wills it so;
Yesterday, a cloud of sorrow
Fell across my way;
It may rain again to-morrow;
It may rain, but say,
Ain't it fine to-day?"

The Census and Statistics Office has just issued a preliminary estimate of the total value of the field crops of Canada for the year 1917, as compared with the finally revised estimates of 1916 and 1915. The estimated values for 1917 represent the prices received by farmers, and are calculated from current market quotations; they are subject to revision after the compilation of returns from correspondents in December. According to the preliminary estimate the total value of all field crops for 1917 is $1,089,687,000, as compared with $886,494,900 in 1916 and $825,370,600 in 1915. This is the first time that the estimated value of the field crops of Canada has reached one billion dollars, this large figure being due to the high prices now ruling. The total of $1,089,687,000 is made up of $451,874,000 for wheat, as compared with $344,096,400 in 1916, of $236,142,000 for oats, as compared with $210,957,500, of $145,361,600 for hay, clover and alfalfa, as compared with $171,613,900 and of $81,355,000 for potatoes, as compared with $50,982,300. The aggregate value of other grain crops is $134,006,700, as compared with $84,679,800 and of other root and fodder crops $40,974,700, as compared with $84,165,000. The final estimates of value for 1917 will be published as usual in January.

Walt Mason.



Weather-wise.

Old Farm Days.

By Walt Mason.

In long-gone days I used to toil on good, old, rich East Whitby soil. I fed the calves their sparkling milk, until they looked as fine as silk; I milked the cows and fed the sheep and rocked the setting hens to sleep, and did about a million chores that kept me hustling out of doors.

And thus I gained an appetite that was an everlasting fright. Now that I'm old and fat and gray I look back to that vanished day, and wish that I could eat once more as I could eat in days of yore. Alas, there's nothing tempts me now! They broil a section of a cow, and hand it to me on a plate, with other dishes six or eight, and I just nibble in despair, and wish the blamed grub wasn't there. And if I eat a pound or two, and drink the coffee that they brew, my works inside begin to squeak, and I lie down and roll and shriek. Dyspepsia has me for its own, and I just sit around and groan.

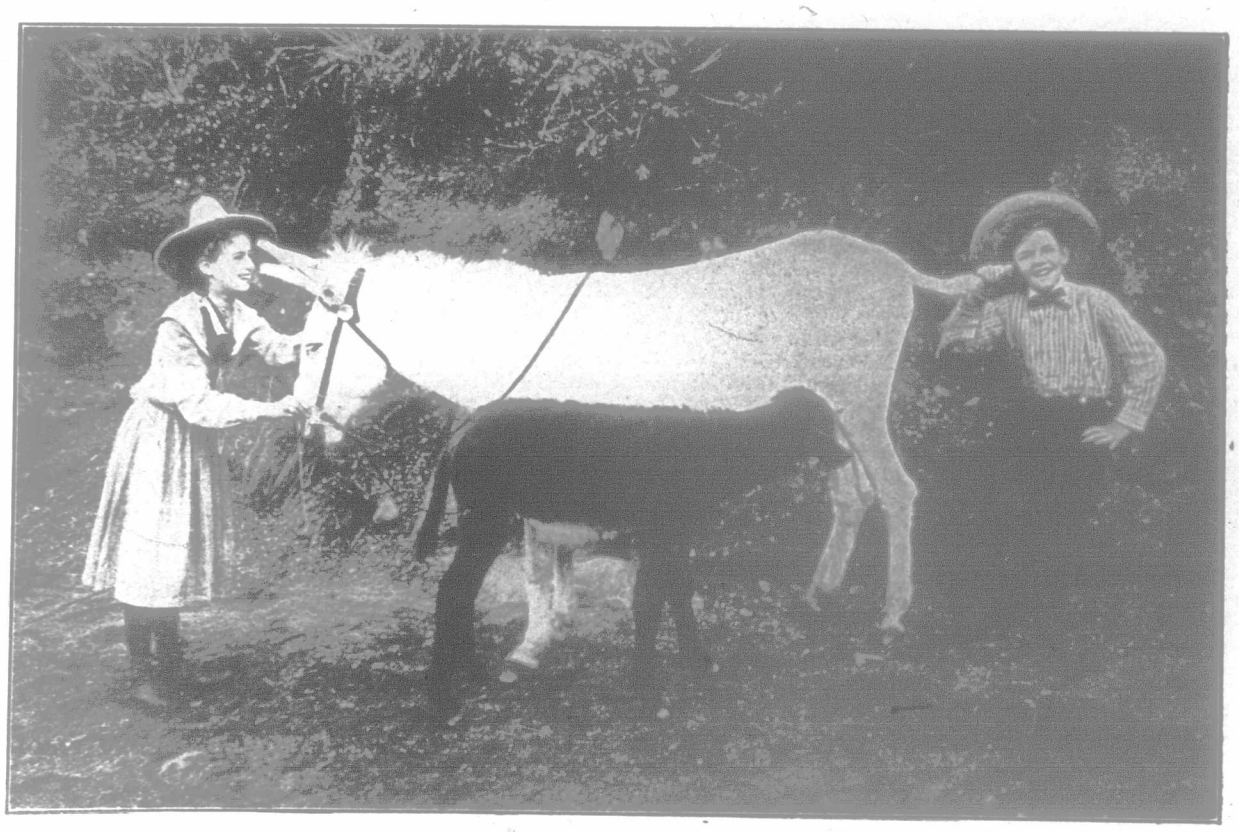
And so I look back in my woe to those glad days of long ago when I held plow and harrow down, not far away from Brooklin town!

The farmers said it was a treat to stand around and watch me eat. The women cooked all kinds of grub, and brought it to me by the tub, and I just threw the viands in until I couldn't wag my chin, and then my heart was sad and sore because I couldn't eat some more.

No inward qualms kept me awake; I had no colic and no ache; when next the dinner whistle blew they found me there as good as new.

Now I must feed on malted milk and other fluids of that ilk; if I get rash and eat a tart the doctors take me all apart, and slice my system with a saw, and charge for every breath they draw.

What wonder, then, that I look back along the past years' winding track, to brave, glad days when I was young, before my knees were badly sprung? What wonder if I weep tonight for that long-vanished appetite, the appetite I used to know when I was wielding fork and hoe?



"What's the Probs?" "Line Busy."

A Niagara of Milk—Its Source and Outlet.

Canada is a land flowing with milk and honey, as truly as was the Canaan of prophetic times. However, the men who first viewed the new land could not return a very favorable report. Instead of a friendly people, level tracts of waving grain, cattle grazing in the valleys and on the hillsides, or luscious fruits growing on vine and bush, the founders of our land met a peculiar people friendly, yet enemies—true, yet treacherous; a vast forest in place of growing crops; packs of wolves instead of herds of cattle were encountered, and frost cruelly held the land and streams in its icy grip for one-half the year. Nothing daunted, stout hearts came, saw and conquered, and left a beautiful heritage for us; a land capable of supplying our every need. Vast changes have taken place since the pioneer laid his axe at the root of the trees. Among other notable achievements large herds of high-quality dairy cattle have been built up, the product of which has aided materially in the development of the country.

The lactic fluid does not literally form a stream as it comes down the slopes and along valleys on its way to the metropolis or ocean ports, and yet there is a "milky way" now stretching from ocean to ocean and from the northern points of the country to the Great Lakes. The forests which once nursed our streams into being and started them on their frolicking journey across country to the rivers and lakes, and finally to the sea, have largely disappeared and the fountains which fed the streams have, in many cases, dried up, but, in their place luxuriant crops of grasses, clovers, cereals, corn and roots are growing and are being transformed into those life-giving fluids known as milk and cream by efficient machines known as dairy cows. In place of the sombre forests with their myriads of wild animals are comfortable homes, well-ordered stables and yards, neatly fenced fields, growing crops and grazing herds. The millions of pounds of milk which are consumed locally, or made into cheese, butter, ice cream, or condensed products would make a river of no mean proportions—a veritable Niagara furnishing energy to millions of human beings upon whose shoulders rest the burdens of the country. As with all streams there must needs be a beginning. The start of dairying in Canada was vastly different from the industry as it is known to-day. From a tiny rivulet it has grown to a bounding river, bringing more than $200,000,000 yearly to the dairymen of Canada.

The first domestic cattle are believed to have been landed on Sable Island, off the coast of Nova Scotia, in the year 1518. Cartier brought cattle with him in 1541, but the history of dairy cattle in Canada really dates from 1608, when cows were landed by Champlain at Quebec. The herds in Acadia, now Nova Scotia, increased at a fair rate, as in 1671 there were reported to be 866 head. Immigrants from different countries were finding their way to the New World and brought cattle with them, but settlements were chiefly made in Quebec and the Maritime Provinces. It was around 1783 that herds were permanently established in Upper Canada. It was about 1830 that cows found their way to the northerly counties of Ontario; counties destined to add materially to the milk stream. Settlers were gradually pushing westward, and it may be interesting to note that a cow and a bull were shipped to the prairies in 1813, but it was 1823 when the first herd reached the Red River colonists. The population must have been small because an over-production of dairy products was reported in that settlement in 1831. In 1837 cows were located in British Columbia, the most westerly part of the country. By 1871 there were 1,251,209 milk cows in Canada, and the following two decades saw an increase of nearly 600,000 head. The next ten years witnessed rapid advancement in the dairy industry, as in 1901 the census showed that 2,408,677 cows were kept in the country. Fifteen years later the number had increased to two and a half million.

According to reports of J. A. Ruddick, Dairy Commissioner, a small quantity of dairy butter was exported as early as 1800. It must be remembered that creameries and cheese factories were unknown at that date; nor were cream separators or even the shot-gun can thought of. Milk was set in the shallow pan, the cream skimmed off in due time and placed in stone jars to ripen, after which the fat globules were separated from the other milk constituents by use of a dash churn, then the butter was worked by hand and made into rolls, or packed in tubs or crocks. From the date mentioned the exportation of butter gradually increased until in 1850 the amount was 1,319,920 pounds, and 1860 it was 7,275,426 pounds, besides supplying an ever-increasing demand for milk products at home. The new settlers brought the art of cheese-making with them, and in 1801 there was a surplus of cheese as well as butter at Kingston. In 1822 cheese prices varied from fifteen to thirty cents per pound. About the middle of the 1st century one dairyman in Oxford County milked from 88 to 100 cows and made the milk into cheese on the farm. Large herds were to be found in various parts of the Province, and in Quebec, but it was not until 1864 that a cheese factory was started, and the venture proved a success not only in Western Ontario where the first factory was located but also in Quebec where one was opened a year later. In 1875 the first creamery was opened and 1882 was the year the first centrifugal cream separator was operated in Canada. These things gave an impetus to the dairy industry and tended to the production of a more uniform quality of goods. The factories gave a market for milk, practically at the dairyman's door, resulting in a great saving of labor in the home. The local demand for dairy products steadily increased but the increased number of herds and the improvement in quality of the stock enabled Canada to continue exporting butter and cheese. The cheese business later grew by leaps and bounds and at times overshadowed the butter output. In 1868 the exports of butter rose to 10,000,000 pounds, and to 18,535,362 pounds in 1880, in which year the export of cheese amounted to 40,368,678 pounds. If eleven pounds of milk are required for one pound of cheese, and one hundred pounds of milk make four pounds of butter, some idea of the milk yield in Canada in the early eighties can be ascertained. By 1890 the output of butter for export had dropped to the two-million-pound mark, but cheese had risen to 94,260,187 pounds. The price for cheese was fairly remunerative to dairymen, while the inferior quality of butter which was going into the market brought it into ill repute among exporters, thus causing a glut on the home market with a subsequent lowering of prices. The Western country was beginning to be settled, and it increased the demand for the Ontario product. Between 1890 and 1895 there was a considerable fluctuation in the amount of butter for export; at the latter date it was 3,650,258 pounds. Cheese exports were also lower that year than the preceding year. Dry weather and shortage of feed dries up the milk stream, as a summer drouth causes rivers of water to recede to a narrow channel. Cold storage space was provided on ocean-going ships, and mechanical cold storages were erected in 1895, which tended to aid the dairy industry. This gave a new impetus to butter making in particular, as by 1900 the export of butter had risen to 25,259,737 pounds, with cheese around 186,000,000 pounds. By this time the work at the farm dairy was becoming lighter, due to the operation of creameries which purchased cream, leaving skim-milk for stock feeding. The banner year, so far as exportation of butter was concerned, was in 1903, when the amount swelled to 34,128,944 pounds and remained in that vicinity for two or three years. It was in 1901 that cheese exports reached their maximum, but from that date down to 1915 there was a gradual decrease, although not a lessening of production. The population of Canada increased more rapidly than the milk flow, and other markets for milk opened up, so that each year saw less butter and cheese for export. Nineteen hundred and nine was an off-year for both butter and cheese, but the latter rallied in 1910 and 1911. Butter shipments rose from 1,250,000 pounds in 1909 to nearly 9,000,000 pounds in 1912. While there was a small export of butter in 1913, it was necessary to import that product to meet the home demand. Two years later, while supplying a population of about 8,000,000 people, Canada was able to export 137,601,661 pounds of cheese and 2,724,913 pounds of butter. The milk flow, while influenced by feed conditions, was by this time fairly constant, consequently an increase in cheese results in a decrease of one or more of the other products of the dairy, and vice versa. This is clearly shown in the output of butter and cheese in Western Ontario. In 1910 there were 33,617,847 pounds of cheese and 11,310,000 pounds of butter; in 1915, cheese had dropped to 32,249,561 pounds, while butter had risen to 21,022,761 pounds. The one increases at the expense of the other.

Let us follow the "milky way" to the Western Provinces, where the dairy cow did not at first receive such a kindly reception as in the East. However, the foster mother of the world proved her efficiency and gradually won recognition. Cheese factories and creameries sprang up. in 1900 butter production amounted to 2,699,802 pounds. This was not sufficient to meet local demands, and Ontario butter was shipped westward. By 1907 production had doubled, and in 1915 it had increased to 18,326,885 pounds. Profiting by the experience of the older-settled Provinces, every precaution was taken to guard the quality of the product turned out, and so we find the average quality of Western butter somewhat superior to what had been moving oceanward from Ontario.

Butter, cheese and milk for home consumption are by no means the only tributaries of this industry which are increasing in volume. In 1883 a milk-condensing factory was started in Canada, and the number has increased with the demand for the product. This naturally caused a slight lowering of the quantity of milk flowing to factories and creameries, but on the other hand it created a new, and at times very profitable, market. Considerable of the condensed product is consumed in this country, and by 1911 the export trade was around 6,000,000 pounds, but in 1913 it fell below the million mark. The war has created a big demand for tinned milk, as is indicated by the exports of 1915, which were 18,355,975 pounds. In 1916 it was around 15,000,000 pounds, and a like mark was reached for the first five months of 1917. The census office estimates that over 120,000,000 pounds of milk were used for condensed milk and powder last year, and yet there was a heavy export of butter and cheese.

In 1915, 1,895,575 gallons of cream; 477,692 gallons of fresh milk, and 230,045 pounds of casein were exported, besides the cheese, butter and condensed products. Add to these exports a half pint of milk per day, three pounds of cheese and thirty pounds of butter per year for each person in Canada, and some idea will be formed of the magnitude of the different branches of the milk stream in Canada alone. It keeps the wheels of numerous manufacturing establishments in motion, and furnishes employment for thousands of people. Behind it all are now about 2,500,000 cows with an average production of a little over 4,000 pounds of milk, making a grand total of over one billion gallons of the lactic fluid to be consumed whole, or else manufactured into a concentrate food for home or foreign use.

There has been a vast change on the dairy farms during the past century, otherwise the demand for butter-fat and milk in its many forms could not be met as well as it is. The log barns have, in many cases, been displaced by elaborate structures equipped to give the cow every comfort so that she in turn can produce to the maximum. There has been a change in the form of feeding. More legume roughages are grown, pastures are supplemented, corn silage is an important component of the ration, protein-rich concentrates—as cotton-seed meal, oil cake, bran, etc.—are purchased in large quantities. There is an effort made to furnish the living machine with the products, which enter into milk, in definite proportions. The cream separator is in general use, and milking machines are becoming common. Greater pains are taken to keep the milk and cream clean and of high quality than was the case in the early days of dairying. The kind and quality of cows have changed; good grades and pure-breds take the place of the brindle or cross-bred animals. The introduction of pure-bred dairy cattle resulted in a greater interest being taken in the industry, with the result that the milk flow has been considerably increased. Grades have been bred up by the infusion of high-quality blood so that representatives of grade herds make creditable records, but, for highest yield of milk and fat and the transmission of producing qualities, registered stock stand supreme.

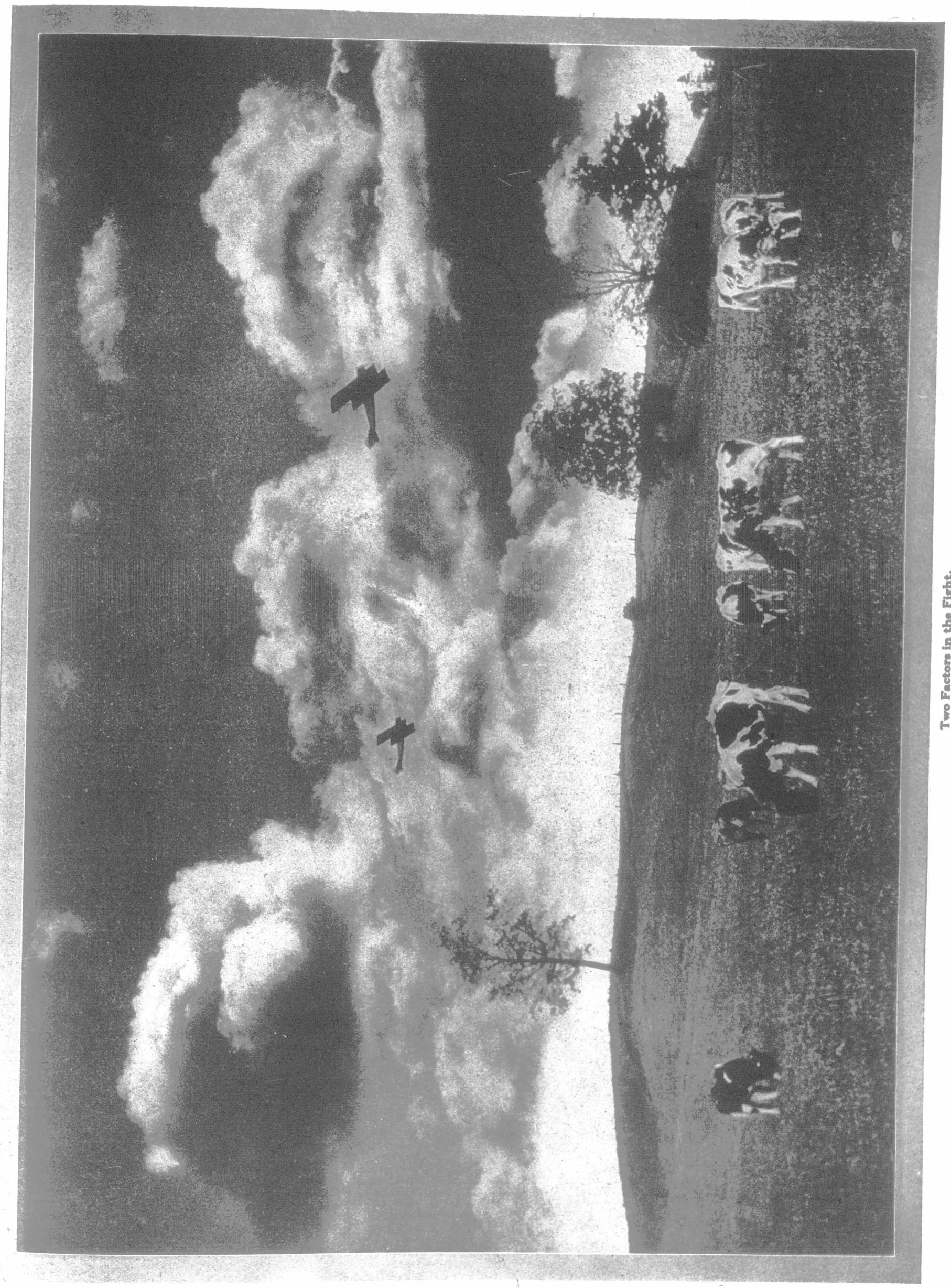
Herds of French-Canadian cattle were kept fairly pure from the time of the first French settlement, but it was on in the eighties before they were really recognized as a pure breed. Ayrshire blood was brought to Nova Scotia in 1821 for the purpose of improving the herds. In 1845 an importation was made to Ontario. The first Jerseys are reported to have landed in the New World in 1868. Guernseys made their appearance as early as 1878 in the easterly portion of the country. The last dairy breed to appear to help swell the milk stream of Canada was the Holstein, representatives of which were imported from United States in 1882-3, and a couple of years later Black and Whites were received direct from Holland. Shorthorns, while not a strictly dairy breed, contributed more to the lactic stream than any other one breed up to a quarter of a century ago, and even since then they have been no mean factor in keeping up the supply of milk in numerous localities.

Students of dairy cattle soon observed that some individuals were much more profitable than others, and that they transmitted these qualities fairly regularly to their progeny. Careful selection, followed on the basis of type, conformation, milk and fat yield, has led up to twenty, twenty-five and thirty-thousand-pound cows of to-day, with their thousand and more pounds of butter. These individuals show the possibility and while their contribution materially aids in swelling the stream, it is the many herds averaging from six to ten thousand pounds of milk that keep it up to high-water mark.

The introduction of mechanical milkers, cream separators, and other labor-saving devices, together with creameries and cheese factories, relieved the farm dairy of a great deal of work and permitted the increasing of the herds, even though there has been a lessening of available help on the farms of late years. So the stream continues unabated, except when the elements and the decrees of men interfere with the production or purchase of certain essential foodstuffs.

Great Britain has always been the chief market for Canadian butter and cheese in times of peace, be the amount for export large or small. Lumber camps, homesteaders, tourists, etc., have furnished a fairly good demand for condensed milk. The world war has created an unprecedented demand for condensed milk, milk powder and cheese, which contain the constituents of whole milk in concentrated form, that can be shipped long distances or held under varying climatic conditions. Milk in one form or another is in demand practically the world over, and as its value becomes more fully appreciated the demand for it will increase. A good deal of milk which ordinarily would find its way to creamery or cheese factory has lately been diverted to the condenseries. Undoubtedly the pendulum will swing back and the demand for condensed products will be lessened to the benefit of the other dairy industries.

One billion gallons of milk, or one hundred and seventy-five thousand tons of fat and thousands of tons of a by-product containing the nutrients essential to the growth and repair of the body is what the dairy cows of Canada contribute yearly to the upkeep of the race. This is not all. They reproduce themselves and repeat the performance again and again, and, when their usefulness as milk producers is finally at an end, the framework supporting the milk-producing machinery has a fairly high value as a food. We boast about our mighty Niagara, which develops power to run numerous factories, and we are proud of our great mercantile establishments but they are as naught when compared to this river of milk which provides life, health and energy to millions of people. May the fount of supply continue to increase as in the past, so that the generations yet unborn may drink deep from the lactic stream.



Two Factors in the Fight.
Aviators from a Toronto camp, floating among the clouds over an Ontario dairy herd.

Traits and Stories of Irish Life. — By James H. Boyd.

Departing Impressions.

Standing one day on the polished deck of a well appointed ocean-liner belonging to the C. P. R. Company, as she plowed her way through the sometimes turbulent waters of the Irish Sea, as she skirted the rock-bound coast of County Antrim and looking out over those emerald fields that stretched far into the hinterland dotted here and there with neat, trim, white-washed farm houses, and fisher folks' cottages that stood out bolder and whiter because of the clear green background, I thought the land to which I was saying farewell, was surely one of the fairest spots on this old Earth of ours. There I had spent almost the whole of my forty odd years of existence, and had seen during that time nearly all sorts and conditions of Irish life. Why is Irish grass much greener than that found in America? is a question sometimes asked by the visitor from this side. Because it is watered by the heavy mists which float in from the Gulf stream.

Ireland an Agricultural Country.

Ireland is essentially an agricultural country, and, as William O'Brien recently said, "Must always remain an agricultural country as it has few minerals that can be dug out in paying quantities." Nevertheless it possesses large, prosperous industries which, while they are at present almost entirely confined to the province of Ulster have largely benefited the whole country.

An interesting feature of Irish life is the large horse and cattle fairs which are held annually, semi-annually, or monthly over the whole country. While living in the south of Ireland I had ample opportunity to visit these and see much of the real life of our country. I remember once visiting "Abbeyleix Pig Fair" and witnessing a very amusing scene. There were a large number of pigs for sale, some in carts and some in pens, while others were allowed to wander at will. A buyer had bought a big porker and wanted to lift it into a cart he had backed in against the curbstone for the purpose. Calling to a neighbor for assistance, they seized the pig by the "lugs" and the tail and attempted to lift it into the cart, the pig resisted and broke loose, and, as it dashed away it brushed up against a large woman that was standing close by with her back towards it, and who was holding aloft a large umbrella to shelter herself from the hot sun. The part it appeared to brush against was the backs of her knees and instantly she sat down with a flop on the footpath, holding aloft the large gingham. It would be difficult to describe the effect upon the bystanders, but suffice it to say they made the most of it. By the time she had recovered somewhat from the shock her assailant was, of course, nowhere in sight. The great annual horse fair at Athlone, in the County of West Meath, which runs daily for about one week, gathers to itself some of the finest animals that ever wore a shoe, while not many miles east of Athlone there is a beautiful strip of country known as the "Golden Vale", on which grows some of the richest pasture in Europe, and where there are raised horses and cattle second to none in any country.

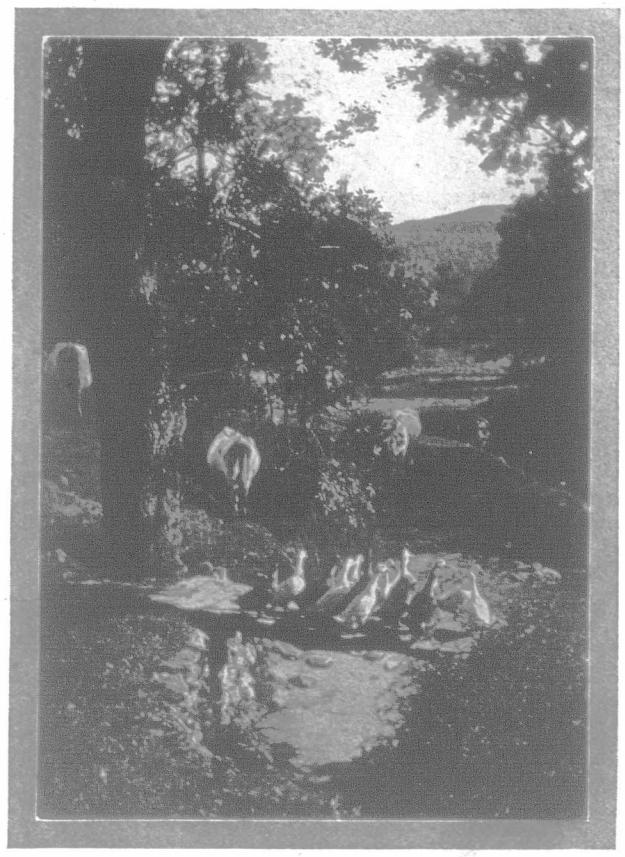
Ireland's Condition Greatly Improved.

For many years Ireland has been considered one of the poorest countries in Europe. There was, I suppose a time when that was true, but during the last twenty-five or thirty years conditions in the beautiful island have greatly changed for the better. The land Act of 1903 which made the tenant proprietor of his farm has wrought wonders. Old dilapidated hovels unfit for human habitation have given place to neat new buildings of brick or stone with slated roofs, and proper outhouses for cattle, hogs and poultry. The government has done much to help the farmers improve their land and the breeds of horses, cattle, etc., with the result that the old conditions are rapidly passing away.

The imports and exports of any country together with its Bank deposits may be said to be a fair test of its financial strength, and progress. A recent Government return shows the following interesting statistics: Between 1904 and 1914 Ireland's trade increased 44.09% while the trade of England and Wales increased only 32.05%. Between 1901 and 1915 Ireland's bank deposists increased 60.04%, England and Wales 56.04%. During 1914 Ireland's imports per capita were £16 4s. 11d.; England and Wales £12 9s. 1d. Ireland's exports in the same year were £17 1s. 6d. per capita, England and Wales £9 5s. 8d. This gives some idea of the growing prosperity of the "distressful country."

Religion and Politics.

All the world knows that there are two subjects of unceasing interest to every "true bred" Irishman: subjects that are nearly always uppermost in his mind, viz., Religion and Politics. At almost any hour of the twenty-four he is ready to discuss one or both in the most earnest fashion. The discussion of these has often led to outbursts of bitter feeling and copious blood shedding. One of my earliest recollections is of one of those periodic outbreaks which have so often stained the fair fame of the City of Belfast. We had just moved into the city, and being ignorant of its ways had selected a house on the border between two districts of different religious persuasions, and, as the inhabitants disliked, not to say hated one another, they manufactured an excuse for assaulting and burning each others' property, with a freedom that was astonishing. When the disturbance was at its height a number of small houses near to where we lived were assailed, their contents carried forth and piled up in the centre of the roadway and having been



A Sylvan Scene.

saturated with coal oil were set fire to and burned up. This wanton destruction made a deep impression upon my young mind and made me wonder how a religion that was propagated by fire and destruction could possibly be the religion of Him, who came to proclaim "Peace on earth to men of good will?" Among the articles carried forth for destruction was a beautiful Irish harp some four or five feet high and about to be committed to the flames, when my mother, who was greatly distressed by the wanton destruction going on in the district, pleaded for its salvation. Her plea was acceded to and the harp was carried off in triumph. For about a week the beautiful stringed instrument was nightly brought forth from its hiding place to a field where a large crowd had gathered, and thrummed by someone who could play it. All went well until the police made a sudden descent upon the crowd, seized the harp and all who failed to make good their escape, and after a summary trial they were sent to jail for varying periods up to six months.

Easter Monday in the North.

Easter Monday is an annual gala day all over the North of Ireland. All business is suspended over the week-end and everybody who can possibly afford it makes the most of the brief holiday. It is a great time for the country cousin to visit the city and see the sights, and for the young sparks of the city to show off their best girls and their best clothes. Arrayed in a new spring suit they sally forth to Bangor, Newcastle, Carrickfergus, Whitehead, Larne, Glenarm or some other of the many watering places that abound all over the Imperial Province and which are usually crowded with visitors on that day. I had begun to pay attention to a certain lady and arranged to spend the day with her at Larne and Glenarm, two of the most popular of these seaside resorts. The former was the scene of the recent big gun running expedition, when the followers of Sir Edward Carson successfully ran a ship-load of arms up to the wharf, cut all communications with the outer world, gathered together hundreds of autos and auto-trucks, and all through the night and early morning loaded and dispatched the cases of arms to all parts of the province, and in a few hours time had securely hidden them from the authorities. We started early in the morning from the Northern Counties Railway Station, Belfast, and in due course pulled into Larne. We walked down the Main Street together to the well known hostelry of Henry McNeil, better known as "Knock-em-down" on account of the strength of his whiskey. I had taken the precaution to write a few days before (knowing there would be a big run on horses, carriages and other vehicles of which the proprietor had several hundreds) and engage a horse and "trap", a little square shaped carriage with seats for two or four passengers. After breakfast we hung around the hotel watching the dispatch of other parties and waiting for our vehicle to be brought to the front door. In due course it arrived. Never shall I forget the sick feeling that crept over me as I beheld the outfit! The "trap" was fairly respectable looking, but the horse, save the mark. I had seldom looked upon such a scare-crow! So far over in the knees was he that I thought he was going to get down to pray, while his ears appeared to be long enough for a covering to his eyes while he carried on his devotions. The 'Ostler must have read my feelings in my face for as he held him by the bridle to keep him on his feet—or was it to keep him from running away? said, "He's all right sorr". I looked at my friend, she looked at me while all the company standing around modestly smiled. Mustering up all the courage at her command she climbed in and I followed: seizing the reins I turned him around and drove down the street in the direction of Glenarm, eleven miles away, amid an outburst of what sounded like ironical cheering. The day was beautifully fine, one of those Irish spring days, when one feels it is good to be alive. Our route lay along the splendid coast that follows the sea for many miles with the hills of Antrim rising on one side, and the blue waters of the Irish sea stretching away to the Scotch coast on the other. We jogged along at a very slow pace for a properly trained Irish horse, and after bearing with it for sometime I ventured to fleck him gently across the shoulders with the whip, to intimate that I wished him to quicken his pace. At first he did not seem to notice the intimation, but when I repeated it several times, becoming bolder with each stroke, he suddenly stopped, turned around as well as the harness would permit and looked at me as though he would say, "What's the matter with you?" I confess I felt a bit scared and thereafter allowed him to go his own gait. In due course we arrived at our destination and pulled up at the Antrim Arms Hotel out from which came an Ostler who took the uncanny beast by the bridle, and led him away, enquiring as he went when we would require him again? Having answered his question we entered the hotel where dinner was just being served and after a very appetizing meal we sauntered forth for a stroll through the glen, and a climb over the limestone rocks until late in the afternoon. At the appointed time we returned to the hotel and in a few minutes the horse and trap were at the door. As I tipped the 'Ostler before getting in, he said to me "Now don't be afraid to drive him sir, for he's a good un to go, he's a half Spanish", and sure enough we soon found that out. We drove slowly down the village street, out on to the coast road and were proceeding leisurely along it when the sound of fast driving fell upon our ears, and looking back, we saw approaching us a fine, high stepping, sixteen hands, bay colored horse between the shafts of a jaunting car carrying six passengers (three on each side) and the jarvey in the dickie driving. He soon overhauled us and as he passed by we saw that most of the passengers were friends who smiled upon us as they quickly left us behind. "Oh what would I not give" thought I, "to be able to pursue and overtake them", when suddenly as if my thought had penetrated the brain of the strange beast in front of me, he lifted up his head, pricked up his ears until they stood straight out in front of him, gazed in astonishment after the fast disappearing car and suddenly broke into a gallop. I quickly tightened the reins, promptly planted my foot against the dashboard, and let him go. Away he went racing like the wind, up hill and down brae until he overtook his brother horse, then planting his nose almost on the back bar of the car he defied him to out-run him: mile after mile was covered in quick succession, until at last, tired out, the driver of the car pulled up at the roadside and requested me to go ahead for, said he, "You're only killing me horse". The moment I pulled out from behind, my scarecrow fell into his own jog trot again and no amount of persuasion could force him to go faster. I have driven other horses since then, but for downright knowledge of what was required of a horse on a special occasion like the foregoing he excelled them all. In due course we reached Larne, and McNeil's hotel, where we handed over our charge, and entering the dining room sat down to a welcome supper.

The Irish Potheen Seller.

Potheen, as every Irishman knows is whiskey manufactured in secret upon which no excise duty has been paid. It can be obtained in many parts of Ireland, but chiefly in the counties of Donegal and Londonderry. I recollect an amusing incident which took place at our door in County Derry. We were living at the time some three or four miles from the historic city of Derry with its high, unbroken walls and venerable Cathedral. The house next door to ours was being reconstructed and prepared for a new tenant. The property belonged to the firm where my father was a departmental superintendent, the head of which was a young, aggressive, and heady magistrate who constantly acted as if he were Monarch of all he surveyed. A potheen man had called at our house with his little keg of whiskey which he carried in a potato sack upon his back. He had failed to make a sale, and was proceeding up the hilly road above our house when the young magistrate suddenly appeared around the corner and espying the man disappearing over the hill and suspecting what was in the sack he dashed up after him and seizing it, pulled it off his back, shaking out the little blue keg with its brass bands and tap he rolled it with the aid of his foot down the hill to where the building was going on. The seller finding the bag seized from behind, let go without parley, and fled. When the keg arrived, work instantly ceased; calling the foreman to him the magistrate said, "Here John, drive your hammer through this", and the workman promptly replied—"Shure I will yer honor, just wait till I get a cup", and dashing into our house he picked a cup off the "dresser" and running out drove his hammer through the head of the keg and filling the cup with the sparkling fire-water handed it to his mates who drained it dry; filling it again he handed it around once more, and this he continued to do until all was consumed. Needless to add *all* work was completely suspended until

Continued on page 1978.

The Origin of Scottish Thrift. — By Sandy Fraser.

Auld Duncan McGregor wis in again last night entertainin' me an' the auld wumman wi' some mair o' his stories that he keeps ready-made for ony an' ilka occasion. It wis unco' weet last night, an' Duncan wis showin' the effects o' the weather when he cam' in an' hung his hat on the back of the stove tae gie the water a chance tae rin oot o' it.

"Weel Sandy," says he tae me, after he had said guid-evenin' tae Jean an' got himsel' comfortably settled on a chair beside the stove, "weel Sandy, it threatens tae be weet the nicht, I'm thinkin'."

"By the looks o' yer hat an' coat ye're no' far wrang, Duncan," I replied. "Gin ye hae ony yarns tae tell us the night it's tae be hoped they will be dry enough tae coonteract the tendancy o' the weather," says I.

"Weel," said Duncan, takin' oot his pipe an' strikin' a match on the auld wumman's new kitchen cabinet, "the dryest story I ever heard wis aboot an Englishman an' a Scotchman that went intae a bar tae get a drink, an' after they had got in the Englishman found that he had forgotten his money."

"There wis naething wet aboot that, sure enough," says I, "gin Scotchmen deserve all that's said aboot them. They're a tight bunch, no mistak'." Jean couldna' see the point o' the joke, but I tauld her tae wait a day or twa an' I wad explain it tae her. "What dae ye think is the reason," says I, turnin' to Duncan again, "for this tendancy amang the Scotch tae be what ye might call a wee bit thrifty in their ways?"

"Oh, it's hard tae tell," replied Duncan, "Money didna' come vera easy in the early days, either in the auld land or in this country, an' as ye might expect when they got a few bawbees, they wanted tae hang on to them. There wis an auld sayin' that I used tae hear my faither come oot wi' sometimes. 'Pit twa pennies in a purse an' they'll creep thegither.' That wis the idea, tae gie coppers a chance an' they'd soon pile up. Why they wanted them to pile up I dinna ken, but it's human nature tae be tryin' tae get onything that's scarce. An' the scarcer it is the mair they want it. I suppose it's better tae be a wee bit tight wi' the siller than tae be ower free, an' tae be spendin' it on the drink an' a' that sort o' thing," says Duncan.

"That puts me in mind o' one time I wis doon in Montreal wi' some o' the boys, a guid mony years back," says I. "We used tae drive doon wi' oor teams an' sleighs, takin' whatever pork an' wheat we had tae sell, an' bringin' back whatever wis needed for the hoose an' family. We had tae gang tae the hotel for the night, an' it wis the custom in those days, of coorse, for some one in the crowd tae treat the rest tae the best that wis tae be had. There wis an auld chap wi' us this time, by the name o' Archie McDonald, a pretty close goin' lad in his way, an' when one o' the boys called for drinks, he says tae Archie, 'come on Mr. McDonald, what will ye be takin'?' 'Well,' says Archie, hauldin' oot his hand, 'gin it's a' the same tae you I'll tak' the five cents.' An' he got it."

"Guid for him," says Duncan, "he must hae been some relation tae the lady I warked for when I wis a stone-mason in the auld land. I wis takin' doon an' auld chimney for her, an' it wis unco' dusty an' hard on the throat, as ye might weel think. I gied her a couple or three hints aboot what a dry job it wis, an' at last she brocht oot the bottle an' a wee glass, which she filled na mair than half full; ye can believe me or no, just as ye like. Aifter I'd taken the drappie she says tae me, says she, 'Ye'll no' be muckle the worse o' that, I'm thinkin', Duncan.' 'Aweel no ma'am,' says I, takin' anither look at the wee glass, 'not even although it had been Paris green.' Wumman an' all though she wis, she had naething tae say. It's terrible when the savin' habit gets sic a hauld on ye as that," says Duncan, shakin' his heid.

"I heard o' anither wumman," he went on aifter a meenute, "that wis no far behind the one I hae been tellin' ye aboot. Her man, Geordie by name, wis in his last sickness, but he wis in no muckle o' a hurry aboot takin' himsel' off, for a' that. At last the auld wumman couldna' stand it ony langer, an' she says tae him, 'ye'd better be goin', Geordie, ye'd better be goin'. Ye ken the candle's wastin' an' the folks wearyin'. Be goin', Geordie, my man."

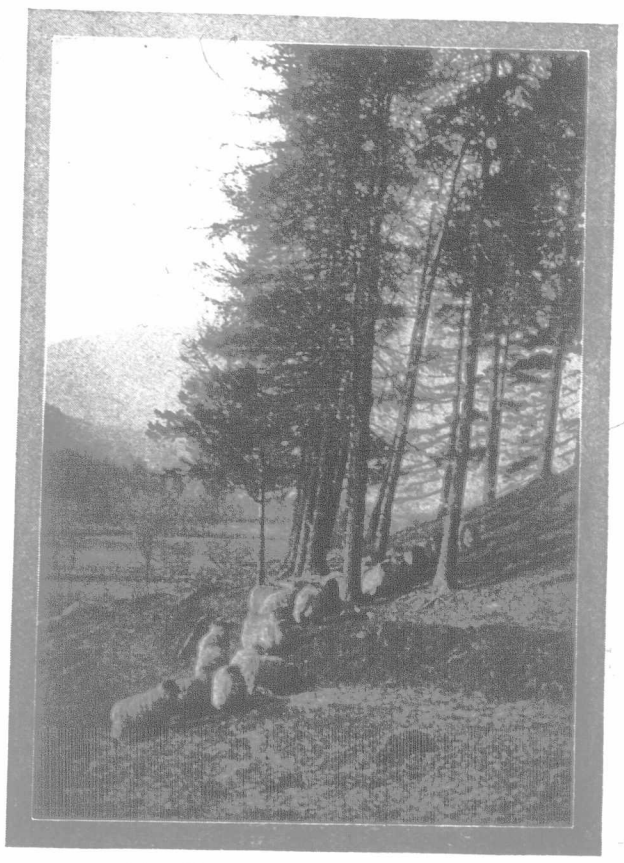
"Noo Mr. McGregor," says Jean, gettin' up tae pit anither stick in the stove, "I think ye're comin' doon pretty hard on the women. Yer stories dinna' show them tae vera guid advantage. I'd like tae hear ye get one off on the men, for Sandy's benefit," says she.

"Oh, I can dae that a'richt, Mrs. Fraser," said Duncan. "I mind o' a story aboot a farmer doon in Aberdeenshire whose wife had been a lang time sick in bed, an' he wis o' sic a mean disposeetion that he wouldna' let her hae candles by her bed, even when the time came for her tae die. One night when she wis in this dark condeetion she says, 'Oh, isna' this an unco' thing, that a puir body can get nae licht tae see tae die wi'.' The auld man, who wis sleepin' near by, jumped up an' lit a candle an' brought it tae the side o' the bed. 'There,' says he, 'dee noo'."

"But talkin' aboot candles," Duncan went on, "reminds me o' what anither wumman said tae me once in Greenock. She wanted me tae tell her the reason candles were sae dear. There wis a war gaein' on at that time, an' I says tae her, 'It's the war that has pit up the price o' candles.' 'The war!' says she, holdin' up her hands, 'gracious me! are they goin' tae fight by cannel licht'."

"D'ye mind Wattie Morrison, Duncan?" says I, "Ye might tell Jean what he tauld the minister aboot family worship." "Yes," said Duncan, "the meenister wis makin' his rounds one day, an' he says tae Wattie, says he, 'I hope Wattie you hae family worship ilka day.' 'Oh aye,' says Wattie, 'in the richt time o' the year for it.' 'What dae ye mean,' says the meenister, 'by the richt time o' the year?' 'Weel, ye ken, sir, we canna see in the winter.' 'But, Wattie, ye should buy candles.' 'Na doot sir,' replied Wattie, 'but in that case I'm afeart the cost might owergang the profit'."

"Weel, Mr. McGregor," says Jean, when Duncan had finished, "If one can judge by yer stories, the Scotch are a pretty close-fisted nation, a'richt. I've heard them say that there wis only one Jew in Glasgow



The Haunts of the Blackfaces.

an' he wis in the poorhouse, sae, gin that's the case there may be something in what ye say. I mind, a guid mony years back, hearin' a servant girl I had, tellin' aboot the last place she had warked in. The owner o' the farm wis a Scotchman, a'richt, an' she warked ootside as weel as in, an' her wages were three dollars a month. When she left there wis six dollars an' fifteen cents comin' tae her, an' the auld chap sent her over tae the neighbors tae change a quarter, sae that he wouldna' hae to pay her ten cents mair than wis comin' tae her. But I dinna' think there's mony like that nooadays, Mr. McGregor," says Jean. "Where ye find it, it's juist a case o' the over-development o' the auld instinct, I'm thinkin'. It's a'richt tae be thrifty, especially in these war-times. Gin some o' the people o' this country had a wee bit mair Scotch in them, sae far as economy goes, it wouldna' be daein' them ony harm."

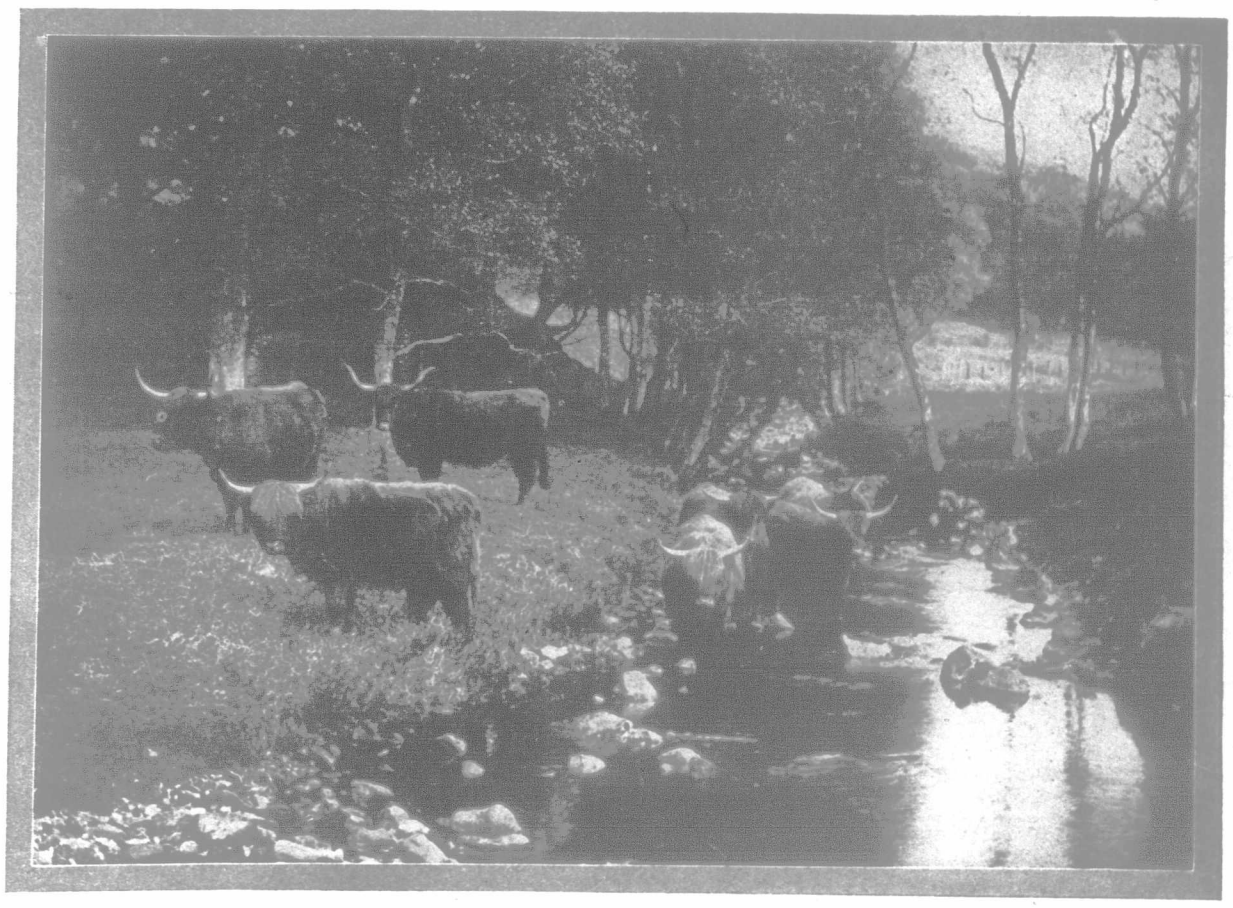
"Sure, that's right," replied Duncan, gettin' up off his chair an' walkin' up an' doon the floor. "Scotland has given the warld some o' the best men that ever stood in shoe-leather, an' the fact that some o' them are mair economical than the occasion calls for is naething against the nation as a whole. They cam' through some hard experiences in the auld days, an' ye canna' blame them for showing the effects o' it tae this day. Wars wi' ootside nations an' wars amang themselves took up the biggest share o' their lives, an' we should be able to understand to-day what that meant tae them in the way o' hardship an' poverty. War is responsible for a guid mony things in the Scotchman's character, an' be it for better or worse, it's responsible for the habit o' thriftiness that there is na doot he is blessed wi'. Like some o' his ither vices, it's one that aye 'leans tae virtue's side,' as I heard a chap say once. There's sic a thing as gettin' ower muckle hardship, but there's a worse thing, an' that is tae not ken what hardship is at all. There are twa things I'm prood tae think aboot," says Duncan, stoppin' in the middle o' the floor an' standin' up straight, "the first is what my ancestors did, an' the second is what they did without. An' this last took juist as muckle grit as did the first. I'd like tae see their descendents o' the present generation developing a wee bit mair backbone than they hae at present, in the same way. That's what I'd like tae see," says Duncan.

"Amen," says I.

The gentleman who has been rendered famous by the pen of Burns, under the epithet of Rumble John, was one Sunday invited to preach in a parish church in the Carse of Stirling, where, as there had been a long course of dry weather, the farmers were beginning to wish for a gentle shower, for the sake of their crops then on the eve of being ripe. Aware of this Mr. Russell introduced a petition, according to custom, into his last prayer, for a change of weather. He prayed, it is said, that the windows of heaven might be opened, and a flood fall to fatten the ground and fulfil the hopes of the husbandmen. This was asking too much; for, in reality, nothing was wanting but a series of very gentle showers. As if to show how bad a farmer he was, a thunderstorm immediately came on, of so severe a character, that before the congregation was dismissed, there was not an upright bean-stalk in the whole of the Carse. The farmers, on seeing their crops so much injured, and that apparently by the ignorance of the clergyman, shook their heads to one another as they afterwards clustered about the churchyard, and one old man was heard to remark to his wife as he trudged indignantly out, "That lad may be very gude for the town, as they say he is, but I'm clear that he disna' understan' the kintra."

"Fat's this I hear ye're gaun to dae, Jeannie," said an Aberdeen lass to another young woman.

"Weel, Maggie, lass, I'm just gaun to marry that farm ower there, and live wi' the bit mannie on't."



In the Scottish Hills.

Agriculture is British Columbia's Greatest Industry.

By Prof. J A. McLean,
Agricultural College, University of British Columbia.

British Columbia is a land of surprises. She is a land of rugged mountains and gentle valleys. The sturdy ranges of her western coast, with their innumerable fingers jutting into the sea and ending in myriads of alluring islands, form the safe defenders of the continent against the ravaging sea. Upon the shoulders of her mighty Rockies hangs the weight of the great central plains. Between these peaks are swung innumerable valleys and broad grazing grounds. Coming from the plains one will travel all day amongst these defiant mountain tops of the world, threading one's way along the precipitous sides of crumbling steeps, through tunnels and across canyons but seldom losing sight of the snow-capped peaks or the eternal fields of ice, often none too far away. As the day wanes the mountains still are with one, but the rushing streams have grown broader, deeper and a little less tumultuous; the valleys begin to appear with fields where may be seen cattle and homes. And yet the traveller will retire wondering just a little if there is really anything more to British Columbia than these eternal mountains. If he is fortunate to wake early in the morning he will find himself in a new world. On every hand are the unmistakable signs of a profligate Nature. In the forests are the wonder trees of America; all foliage and herbage is most luxuriant; the grasses and the very weeds are irrepressible. The air is soft and one feels that the sea is near.

To be true to such conditions British Columbia must be a land of surprises—and she is true. In Vancouver roses bloom quite freely and without care frequently into November; yet from these very gardens one can see perpetual snow. Though north of the forty-ninth parallel a considerable part of the Province has a milder winter than Southern Tennessee. The total precipitation of the different parts of the Province varies almost as much as the altitudes; there are sections that have considerably over fifty-five inches and sections that have less than ten. Though bananas and oranges have not yet been attempted, in the Province there are grown successfully commercially, crops which are usually associated with more southerly climes. British Columbia has her very successful peach areas, prune areas, tender apple areas and other fruit areas, and the limits of these are clearly defined. All of which simply shows that in many ways British Columbia is unique, is the land of surprises.

Because of these very divergent conditions of climate, altitude, rainfall and soil, one must discuss the agriculture of British Columbia not provincially but sectionally, except in so far as totals are concerned. Agricultural development and evolution has not differed essentially in British Columbia from other sections. In the coastal regions, where the clearing has been heavy and where the rainfall is sufficient, general intensive, diversified farming prevails. In the unirrigated upper country stock-raising has been the first type of industry and as sections have developed irrigation, intensive specialized types have sprung up.

The soil varies greatly from section to section, from field to field, from furrow to furrow. The delta area, which comprises in the vicinity of 40,000 acres of dyked land at the mouth of the Fraser River, posessses a soil which in rich productiveness has nowhere a superior. This area is as flat as a floor and so low-lying that the tides of the sea and river mouth must be dyked out. It is a deep, rich, black soil, in some places with the clay coming close to the top, in other places having too deep a top layer of pure vegetable matter, and in other places having considerable intermixture of silty sand. Its lowness makes it a very moist land. When one holds in mind the mild winters and the long growing season the prodigal production of all crops here needs no elaboration. It is a wonderful grazing land destined to be a renowned live-stock area. Along the river from the delta area to the Chilliwack area stretches a large valley of rich land, shading from rich bottom land to sharper upland loams, but largely very rich and very productive. These areas and the islands are all well supplied with an abundant moisture. This, however, must be said that the greater part of the moisture falls in the winter season, so that care has to be exercised in these areas to conserve the moisture for the growing

Light Clearing in B. C.

period, and the market gardeners practice irrigation during July and August.

From Kamloops stretches north, south, east and west most interesting agriculture. This is dry territory. Rugged, rolling hills, sunny skies and from ten to fifteen inches of rainfall determine the practices of the country. Down the river to Wallachene and Ashcroft are splendid irrigational developments; along the smaller streams pre-emptors have led the water over their land, but back from the streams and far out over the hills is found the bunch-grass, the Shorthorns and the Herefords. Fifty miles south of Kamloops one comes into the Douglas Lake and Nicola country, where the provincial government has excluded many thousands of acres from pre-emption, where the stock go through the winter with little hay feeding, where cattle are fat for market on grass by the end of June! Out from Wallachene and Ashcroft run a good many cattle, but the former has developed more largely in fruit, while the latter has established a wide reputation by successfully growing potatoes. Ashcroft is a town of history. There is a glory that has fled with the advent of the modernizing influence of railroads, irrigation, farming and settlement. It is the gateway to the Cariboo and Chilcotin. The Chilcotin is the other great grazing area of British Columbia. Its upper reaches extend well north and west reaching to the Blackwater country, the Francois-Ootsa country and the sections contiguous to the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway. The larger grazing areas, however, are from Clinton north along the Chilcotin River and its tributaries. There is much open grazing land, but not in such large areas, around Francois and Ootsa Lakes. From these grazing areas comes most of the British Columbia beef, and all of it is grass fat.

At Sicamous one is in the Shuswap Lake region, and going south the rails follow a beautiful, though not broad, valley and bring one to Vernon, the Okanagan Lake and its bordering fruitful stretches. One cannot help but feel that as the years pass and the peoples come, as they are bound to do, that these lakes with their mountains and fertile borders will be loved and famed as the lake region of England or of Scotland. Nature is still profligate here; not in trees or rainfall, but in sunshine, rich soil, lakes, streams and mountains. This, too, was a grazing country, but the cow and her kindred were given speedy exit by the developer of five to fifty-acre irrigated tracts planted to apples, peaches or pears, and to allure investment. Much of the Okanagan Valley is excellently adapted to certain fruits. Much undoubtedly could have been more wisely planted and much more could have been most wisely unplanted. But time and bitter experience correct the errors of zeal and haste. Alfalfa is being grown very successfully; silos are multiplying; successful creameries are increasing; family cows continue to multiply and grow into profitable dairy herds. A few wise men maintain flocks of sheep, others beef cattle, and thereby make best use of the hinterland. Legumes and the dairy cow were never more appreciated as an essential factor in successful farming than they are coming to be in the heart of British Columbia's orchard areas.

Still farther east, south of Revelstoke, are the Arrow Lakes in the Slocan and Kootenay territory. The hills are much more abrupt, the altitudes greater, the valleys shorter and narrower, the winters colder and the agriculture rather more restricted. But the soil is rich and the growth luxuriant, though the varieties may be a bit more restricted.

And yet one has scarcely touched only Southern British Columbia! What of the central and great northern areas?

Through the centre of the Province, from Prince Rupert to Prince George and on to Tête Jaune Câche, the Grand Trunk traverses the great middle belt of British Columbia. The whole country is new—all but the hills, the forests and the streams. The same eccentricities of soil prevail throughout much of this territory, and one must always study the surface and subsurface carefully. Terrace, roughly a hundred miles from the coast, has plenty of rainfall and so favorable a climate that she began life with peach ambitions. The name arose from the terracing contour of the surface, due to the action of the river in eons long gone by. The soil varies from gravel banks of rare quality to fairly deep, rich loam. The clovers, alfalfa, native peavine, lupines and vetches grow exceedingly well, not only at Terrace but all through this central country. At Terrace much of the timber is heavy, but as one goes east the timber becomes light and clearing easy. From Hazelton the old telegraph trail to the Klondyke strikes north, and if one will follow it, one will pass through the interesting village of Kispiox, past several farm homes established by men who "went no farther," or, if they did, came thus far back. Many of these farmers all along the Grand Trunk Railway from Hazelton to Fort Fraser are miners, for this is also along the old telegraph trail to the Klondyke. The mining possibilities of that part of British Columbia, or of the Klondyke, brought them in. They farm somewhat, but not to the possibilities of themselves or the country. The influx of agricultural men to this section has not yet occurred. But it will. All along the Bulkley to Burns Lake is a splendid grass and hay country. The moisture is not very great but it is enough. There is trouble with summer frosts, but there used to be that same trouble in the Prairie Provinces, and even in Ontario and Quebec. Settlement and tillage will largely correct this fault. Timothy, legumes, oats, clover need only encouragement. The surface soil is fairly dark, but not as deep nor as full of humus as many areas. Apparently many years ago forest fires swept most of this part of the country, destroying much of the vegetable mold. East from Fort Fraser to Prince George, through what is called the Nechako Valley, is a great stretch of flat land, lightly wooded with poplar, with many open areas and stretching from the Blackwater Mountains on the south to Stuart Lake and beyond. This country is lightly settled, though one will find quarter and half sections of well-farmed land. This summer the writer met in Vanderhoof a woman who walked from Ashcroft to Prince George—220 miles—leading her Jersey

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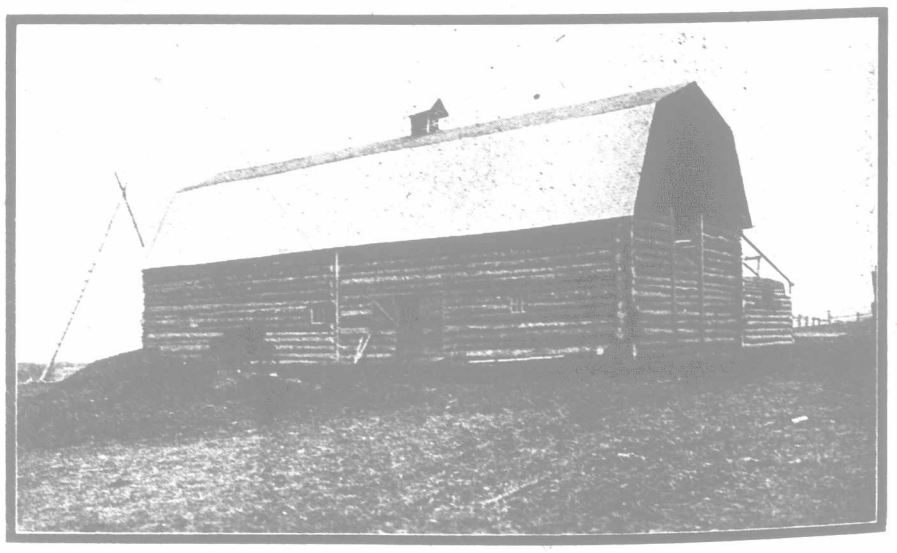
A Pre-emptor's Home in B. C.



A Pre-emptor's Barn in B. C.

Big Things in Maritime Agriculture.

By M. Cumming,
President N. S. Agricultural College.

Whether the reader will think the title at the head of this article summarizes its contents is a matter of some interest to the writer. When you get into it, you will find it deals mainly with pastures and live stock; the rest of the big things are little more than chronicled. After you have read it, the writer would like to learn if you know of a bigger thing in Maritime Province agriculture than improved pastures and their associated live stock. With this introductory note, we will plunge into our subject.

"Our business follows your creameries," said the general manager of one of the largest agricultural implement firms operating in Eastern Canada, to the writer on a recent occasion, in saying which this manager indicated the phase of farming which, in our judgment, stands pre-eminently first in the three Maritime Provinces, not only as a means of earning immediate revenue but also as a means of permanently building up the agriculture of the country.

Were it necessary to confirm this opinion, we might add that trying to get a comprehensive view of the agricultural development of the East for purposes of this article, the writer recently addressed communications to the Departments of Agriculture in New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island, asking the most important lines of present growth and future development in these provinces, the replies to which were in accord with our views for Nova Scotia for they placed easily first—dairying. It is but natural, therefore, that in setting forth the present status and probable future development of agriculture in Eastern Canada, we should, to be concrete and exact, deal first with dairying.

In essaying this task, the writer must not be thought as advertising Nova Scotia to the exclusion of the other Maritime Provinces if, in the main, he bases his story on facts gleaned in Nova Scotia. All the Maritime Provinces have made signal progress in dairying as well as other lines during the past decade, but we are quoting Nova Scotia figures because they are the only definite ones we have to hand. We have no doubt, however, that like figures might have been secured from New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island.

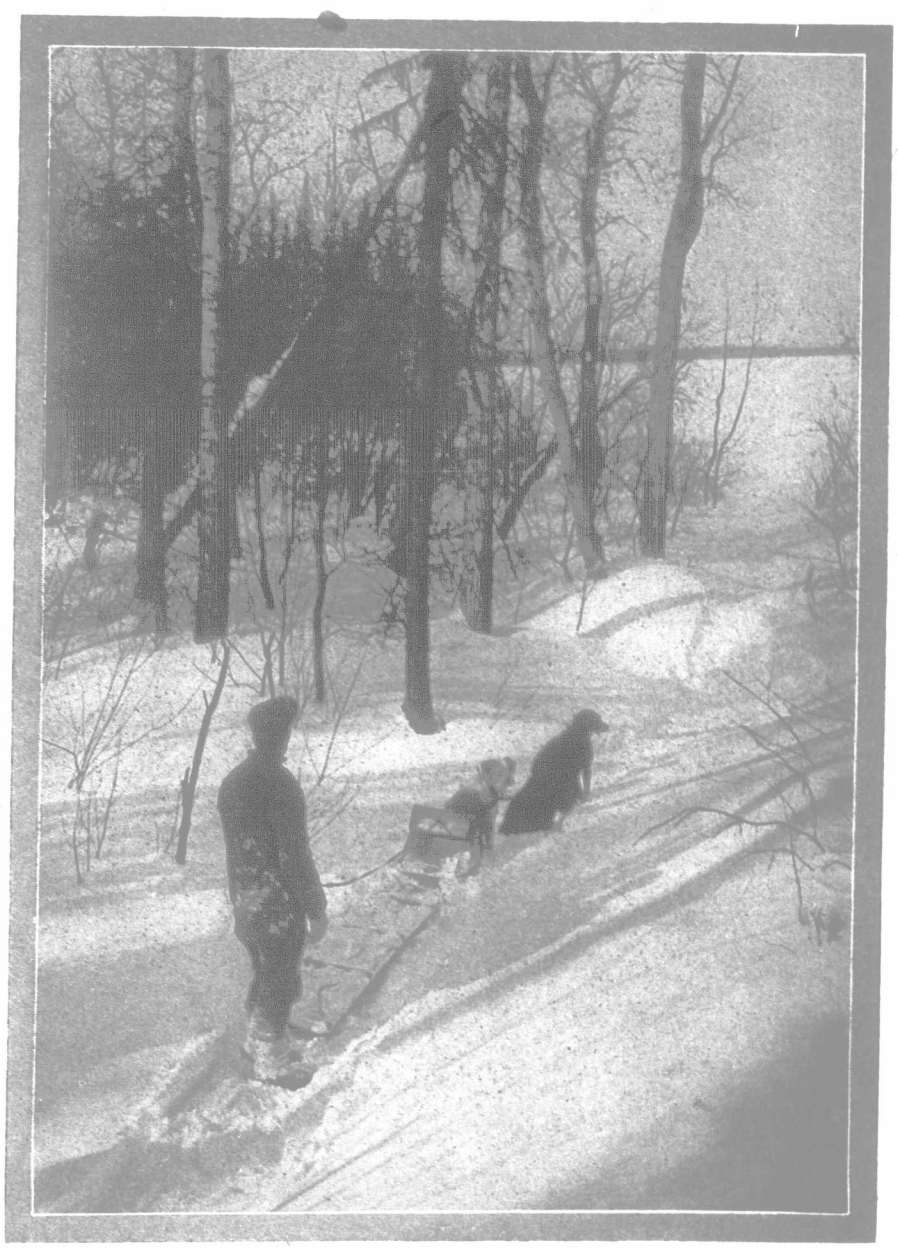
Ten years ago, the largest creamery in Nova Scotia made 60,000 lbs., and the next one to it 33,402 lbs. of butter in one year. Scotsburn, the now premier creamery of the Province, then manufactured 10,054 lbs. This year, 1917, Scotsburn, N.S., will make over 350,000 lbs. of butter, Bridgewater, N. S., about 300,000 lbs. and numerous other provincial creameries will make from 100,000 up to over 200,000 lbs. The net percentage increase in the output of all the creameries of the Province over ten years ago is nearly 2,000 per cent.

These are striking figures and indicate a degree of progress which one does not usually expect when inquiring into eastern agriculture. However, an analysis is necessary in order to set them in their proper light.

Not all of this increase in factory production is net increase to the dairy production of the Province. Part of it is simply a transference from home to factory dairying, but that is not all—not by a good deal. Figures obtained from factory managers and through cow-testing associations show that, during the past few years, many farmers in the Maritime Provinces have doubled and more than doubled the production of their individual cows, and not a few have also increased the number of their cows. These considerations have entered largely into the increasing outputs of the creameries so that there has been a substantial net increase in the dairy production of the Province—not as large as the increase in the output of the factories, but none the less substantial. True, this progress is not universal. It is confined mainly to the creamery centres, but fortunately these are being extended every year, the result of which is that the dairy movement is gaining a momentum which promises to culminate in a degree of agricultural prosperity in the Maritime Provinces which even the most sanguine would hardly have dreamed of in years gone by.

Thus far the story of dairying in the East sounds bright. Unfortunately, a study of the gross returns from every section of the Maritime Provinces does not give one such a big idea of the industry as has been set forth in the foregoing paragraphs. The facts are that in comparison with the arable area, the returns from dairying in Maritime Canada are still very much below similar returns from like areas in other parts of the world. There is a long way to go before the summit is reached, as the following figures will indicate.

In the three Maritime Provinces, farmers own 11,000,808 acres of land, of which 3,471,156 are under the plow, the balance being in pasture lands and more or less wooded lands. On these acres there were kept according to the 1915 census estimates, 577,920 head of cattle of all kinds. This works out at one head to every six acres under the plow, and one head to every 19 acres owned by farmers. In comparison, leading stock countries of the world support at least twice as large a bovine population. Associated with this consideration is the fact that the average Maritime Province dairy cow is not producing more than an average of 3,500 lbs. of milk per year. There are 277,522 milch cows in Maritime Canada, whose product, at 3,500 lbs. each, amounts in round figures to 1,000,000,000 lbs. of milk, which at $2.00 per hundred is worth $20,000,000.00. Now, if things were as they should be, or in other words, if every locality were doing as well as some localities, the cow population would be doubled and each cow would be producing at least double her present yield of milk. In other words, the possibility of quadrupling the present returns from the dairy cow and thereby adding upwards of $60,000,000.00 to our wealth, seems reasonable, and even at that no consideration has been given to the thousands of acres of land that still remains to be tilled.



Christmas Sport in Canada.

If this vision is realizable at all, and one has only to read the history of Denmark to learn that it is, it would seem well worth one's time to inquire into those factors which stand in the way of its realization. This we can best do by first setting forth the principal factors of successful dairying, and then discussing those which can be most readily improved and developed.

Successful dairying requires the proper breeds of cattle, adequate feed and sufficient labor. Barring the immediate war issue one may pass over the last of these by stating that, if the first two are provided, the business will become sufficiently remunerative to attract the necessary labor. The breeding of the cattle we cannot so easily pass over. Nevertheless, we know that there have been distributed throughout Maritime Canada a very fair proportion of high-bred dairy stock. But while there is need of more improved stock, careful observation has convinced the writer and many of his colleagues that future progress depends more upon feed than upon any other single factor, and to this question we purpose addressing some attention.

To begin with, dairy farmers of the East for the most part, grow sufficient hay for their needs; a fair proportion grow sufficient roots, and a few in the warmer sections grow some silage. Hardly any grow enough grain. The shortage in grains is either made up by the buying of millfeeds and the like or by the semi-starving of the cattle. Under these conditions the cost of production of milk and its products is relatively higher than it should be.

Cheapest of all farm-grown feeds and capable of yielding immeasurably greater returns than at present is pasture. More moisture falls in the Maritime Provinces than in the inland parts of Canada and, provided the land is in good condition and properly seeded, it will produce large yields of grass. The common practice on the mainland farms and to some extent on Prince Edward Island is to pasture the cattle in fields at the rear of the farms, which fields are permanently devoted to pasture and rarely, if ever, plowed. In Prince Edward Island to some extent and to a small extent on the mainland, the pasturing of the arable fields is practiced. But in general, the pastures of the Maritime Provinces are permanent pastures, if that word can be properly applied to pastures where cattle do their best to eke out an existence and a little more. In general, these pastures are by far the most neglected portions of the farm, and that neglect is accountable for much reduced returns from the whole live-stock business. This we can best indicate by quoting some results from a pasturing experience at the College Farm at Truro.

During the past two years we have kept a record at Truro of the cost of producing a pound of gain on young cattle and dry cows on pasture in comparison with the corresponding cost of putting on a pound of gain in the stable with hay, roots, silage and a small allowance of grain. The pasture in question has been well cared for by the addition of some five hundred pounds of fertilizer per acre (mainly basic slag) once every two or three years—in fact, the system very commonly adopted on the live-stock farms of Great Britain. Figuring in everything, cost of application of fertilizer, interest on land and fencing, etc., a pound of gain live weight was put on under pasture feeding for a little less than five cents, in comparison with twelve cents to sixteen cents under stable conditions; and it must be noted that this was for five full months of pasture feeding. No doubt June gains were made much cheaper than five cents and August gains higher, but the figure submitted is the actual cost for the whole summer feeding season. We have not similar figures relative to milk production, but we have enough information to indicate that the relative cost of producing winter and summer milk, provided the pastures were as good as in the foregoing, would be somewhat in the same ratio as for flesh production.

The logical argument deducible from these considerations is that in this country, where the climate is so favorable to grass growing, more care should be taken to give the pastures a chance to do their maximum amount of work. If it is possible to produce flesh and milk for less than half the cost on pasture than in the stables, it would seem to be the worst kind of management not to work the pastures for all they are worth.

The ordinary Maritime Province pasture gives from fair to good returns in June and early July, after which period the returns gradually diminish until the latter part of the season, when they improve a little. The pasture which we have referred to at the Agricultural College Farm had a somewhat similar history, but, owing to the added fertility, produced nearly as much grass in August as the average pasture produces in June. No other investment in live stock feeding has paid better than this improvement of the pasture at Truro by means of the application, for the most part in the fall, of commercial fertilizer as already described.

It is important at this point to caution our readers that this system was followed only on that pasture which was in fairly good condition when the first application of fertilizer was made. Similar applications of fertilizer to pasture land on which the growth was sparse did not pay for itself. But we are now dealing with some of that poor kind of land, and our practice to date has been to plow it, fertilize it (we would have used barnyard manure if available but had to use commercial fertilizer) and sow it to oats and seed it down with clover, timothy and red top. Perhaps we should have used other pasture grasses, but our experience on equally poor land indicated the doubtful returns to be received from high-priced seed on land of this kind. We certainly would have used other grasses such as the fescues, blue grasses, etc., had the land been in better condition. No hay was cut off this field. It was pastured from the first, and our plan from now on is to make light applications of commercial fertilizer to this field in the fall every second or third year. Our past experience leads us to expect successful results

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Extending the Fruit Area Northward.

By W. T. Macoun,
Dominion Horticulturist.

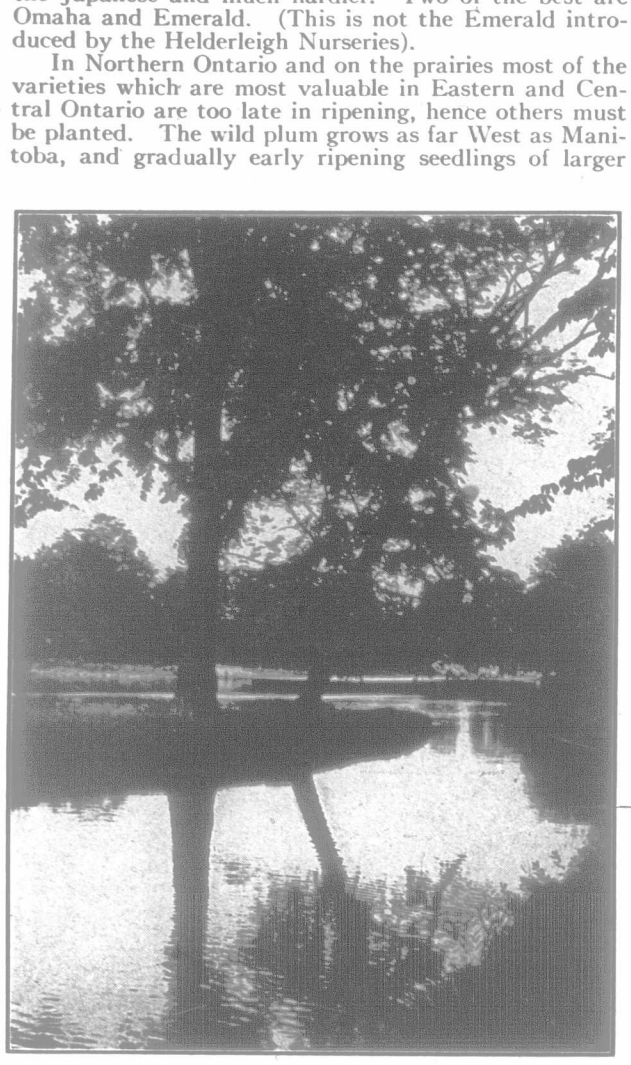
When Canada was settled by the English and French in the seventeenth century they brought with them seeds and trees of the varieties of fruits they had been accustomed to at home. In that part of the country now known as Nova Scotia or in the southern part of it, many of these fruits succeeded well, whereas a large proportion of those tested along the St. Lawrence River failed. In the former case, the fruits had been transplanted to a part of the country where the climate, while somewhat more severe than that experienced at home, was a fairly temperate one, while in the other the winters were very severe. Later in the eighteenth century when what is now the province of Ontario, began to be settled in its warmest parts, it was found that the fruits which had been found to succeed a little further south, where the climate was not very unlike that in Southwestern Ontario, did very well, whereas, when similar fruits were tried in Eastern Ontario, or where the winters were very severe, most of them did not succeed.

Apples.—Gradually by the sowing of many seeds a few varieties of fruits, such as the Fameuse apple, were obtained which would withstand the average winter in the Province of Quebec, but even this variety is injured or killed in test winters and is not one of the hardiest apples. What was needed to extend the territory over which tree fruits could be grown successfully was the introduction of varieties from countries where the climate was as cold as it was in the colder parts of Canada, and where through many generations the hardiest sorts had gradually come to the front. Russia is such a country, and in the nineteenth century the Russian varieties began to be introduced, the Red Astrachan, Yellow Transparent and Duchess of Oldenburg being three of the best known of the early importations. The Duchess of Oldenburg is now the most reliable summer apple for all parts of Canada where apples are grown. The Alexander is another Russian variety which succeeds well in certain of the colder parts of Canada. The introduction of American-grown seedlings of Russian and American parentage followed, and we have the Wealthy, Wolf River, McMahan White, Pewaukee, Dudley, Milwaukee and others which, with the McIntosh, supposed to be a seedling of Fameuse, but hardier, ensure the growing of good varieties covering the season from early summer to winter, up to latitude 46 degrees in Ontario and to parts of the other provinces where the winters are not more severe. Above this latitude, however, the temperature of the winter is frequently below 40 degrees F. below zero, and it is in such places where still hardier varieties must be grown. There is a difference in the hardiness of the different varieties of Russian apples, those coming from the coldest parts of Russia being usually the hardiest and those from the milder parts less hardy. Among the hardiest are Duchess, Charlamoff, Blushed Calville, Antonovka, and Hibernal, and these and others can be fruited quite successfully in Southern Manitoba and, doubtless, also in some of the wooded parts of Saskatchewan and Alberta. On the open prairies, however, when grown without shelter, even these varieties succumb although they will live for several years and bear fruit in Southern Alberta with comparatively little shelter. Is there, then, no apple which will withstand the trying conditions of the open prairies? None that is known to the writer. But there are crab apples which will do so, but not the crab apples usually grown, although some of these are hardier than most apples.

In the year 1877 seed of the wild crab apple *Pyrus baccata* was imported by the Central Experimental Farm from Petrograd, Russia. Seedlings were raised and sent to the Prairie Provinces where the trees proved entirely hardy and fruited abundantly, but the fruit is only about the size of a sour cherry or smaller These were crossed by the late Dr. Wm. Saunders with varieties of apples, and among several hundred seedlings a few were obtained which bore fruit of an inch and a half in diameter or more. Many of these have been tested on the prairie farms, but the majority of them have not proved perfectly hardy when grown in the open without protection. A few, however, have proved quite hardy under most conditions, and these are Columbia, Osman, Jewel, Pioneer and Tony, and Silvia is almost as hardy. Some of the first crosses have been re-crossed with the apple resulting in fruits two and a half inches in diameter, and it is hoped that some of these will prove hardy on the open prairie. Thus the area over which the apple can be grown in Canada continues to extend, and who will say where the limit will be? Crab apples have fruited at the Sub-Station at Fort Vermilion, Peace River, where the temperature frequently goes down in winter to between 50 degrees and 60 degrees below zero.

Plums.—There is an immense territory over which the best varieties of native and American plums will succeed, but where the European sorts are too tender or are unreliable, such, for instance, as the Province of Quebec, south of the St. Lawrence River except close to it for a long distance below Quebec, where, owing to the moderation of the winter due to the river, the European plums succeed very well A large part of Ontario is not suited to the European plums as the winters are too severe, but native and American varieties do very well and have proven quite profitable where grown for sale. Some of the best varieties of these for the Province of Ontario are Cheney, Brackett, Terry, Admiral Schley, and others better known are Wolf, Hawkeye, Stoddard and De Soto. Some of these varieties are of large size, the Terry, for instance, being nearly two inches in diameter. Hybrids of these and the Japanese plums give varieties as good as or better than the Japanese and much hardier. Two of the best are Omaha and Emerald. (This is not the Emerald introduced by the Helderleigh Nurseries).

In Northern Ontario and on the prairies most of the varieties which are most valuable in Eastern and Central Ontario are too late in ripening, hence others must be planted. The wild plum grows as far West as Manitoba, and gradually early ripening seedlings of larger



Still Waters.

size and better quality than the average are being brought to light. The Mammoth plum originated by A. P. Stevenson, Morden, Man., is one of these, and the Assiniboine originated by Prof. Hansen, of South Dakota, is another. The Major is an early variety brought to notice by the Experimental Farm, Brandon, Man. The Cheney, which does well in Central Ontario, also ripens on the prairies. With these early sorts and with others which, no doubt, will soon be available it is possible to grow plums in many parts of the Prairie Provinces.

Pears.—No pears have fruited on the prairies, so far as we are aware, but wild pears have been found in very cold parts of Asia, and from these may yet be developed good, hardy varieties for the Canadian prairies.

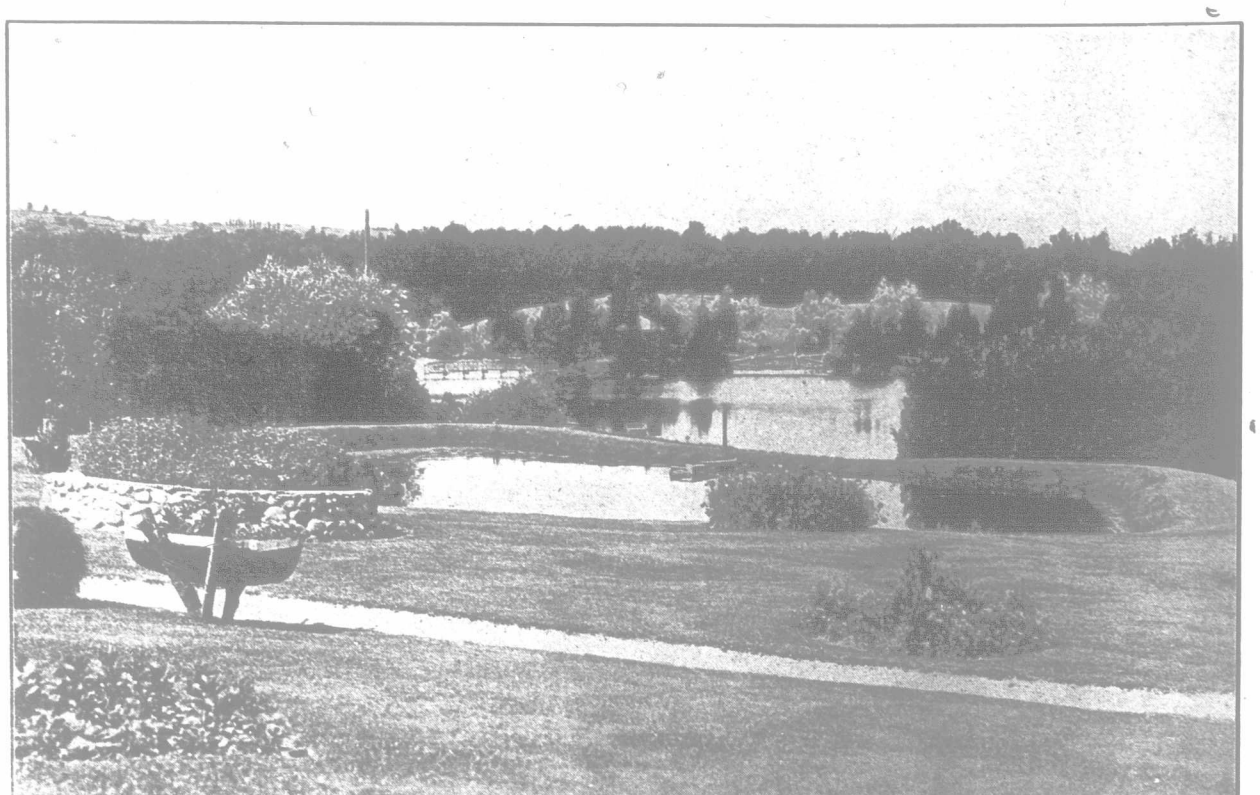
Cherries.—Some dwarf cherries of Russian or North Asiatic origin have fruited in Manitoba and, no doubt, the time will come when hardy and reliable sorts will be grown there. The native pin and bird cherry and the choke cherry which do so well on the prairies may be used in the development of new and improved sorts. Only this year our attention was called to a choke cherry free from astringency which had been found in Manitoba.

Grapes.—It is not so many years since it was thought that the only place in Ontario where cultivated varieties of grapes could be ripened was in the Southwestern part of the Province, but in recent years as many as one hundred varieties were ripened in one season at Ottawa. Those of the well-known sorts which ripen in most seasons there are, Red: Moyer, Delaware, Brighton and Lindley. Black: Moore's Early, Merrimac and Wilder. White: Winchell (Green Mountain). But where the seasons are a little cooler or shorter or farther north the Delaware, Lindley, Brighton and Wilder would not be included, and the following black varieties should be tried where others do not ripen: Early Daisy, Beta, Brant, Canada and Peabody. Most of these are strongly suggestive of the wild Frost grape, which is found well even into Manitoba and will ripen in much lower temperatures than other sorts. From this northern form of the Frost grape crossed with some of the earliest cultivated varieties will, no doubt, be developed new sorts which can be grown successfully on the Canadian prairies. Grapes grown in the colder districts must be covered with soil in the winter to ensure success. The covering is left on until well on into May so as to escape danger from spring frosts. Some of the European or Vinifera grapes will ripen in as cool weather as the natives, and a few of the early varieties are very promising. One of the best of these is the Pearl of Csaba, which ripened at Ottawa this year before any other variety of grape.

Peaches.—There has been little extension of the peach area yet, alhough it is not so long ago that it was thought that the Niagara peninsula was the only place where peaches could be grown, but now they are grown commercially in Essex and Lambton Counties and along the Georgian Bay, and in some other districts in Ontario they are grown to a limited extent. A hardy, wild peach from China, *Prunus Davidiana* introduced a few years ago, will, it is thought, make a good parent to cross with the varieties in cultivation for the purpose of obtaining hardier sorts to extend the peach area northward.

Raspberry.—The raspberry grows wild very far north in Canada, almost or quite to the Arctic circle, but the fruit does not compare favorably with the best-cultivated varieties in size, but by bending down and covering the canes of the best varieties with soil they do well on the prairies. But most farmers prefer a variety which they do not have to cover, and in the Sunbeam raspberry, which is the best of many thousand native seedlings grown by Prof. Hansen, of the South Dakota Station, is one which needs little or no protection in many parts of the Canadian prairies, but the fruit is not as good as most other sorts. The King has better fruit but is not quite so hardy. Herbert, a variety originated by R. B. Whyte, Ottawa, is of large size and good quality, much hardier than Cuthbert, and is

Continued on page 1975.



On the Caledon Mountain.

The Truth About the Hen.

On many farms the poultry is not given a square deal, as in the eyes of some farmers the hen is but a necessary evil, tolerated for the sake of having fresh eggs for breakfast in the spring and early summer, for paying some of the grocery bills, and possibly for furnishing a pot-pie when the chill October an November days arrive. It may chance that a few eggs are gathered through the winter months, but it is the exception not the rule. She is forever scratching up the freshly-planted seeds in the spring, tramping down the ripening grain, or roosting on the horse or cow manger. That she eats her head off is a foregone conclusion, although no accounts of feed and production are kept. Some men have a dislike for poultry and they seem unable to get rid of this prejudice. They are reluctant to allow the women folk or boys and girls a free hand at the grain bin, in order that a productive ration may be fed the flock. That there is far more money in a bunch of pigs or a dairy cow than in 100 hens, and that they give a good deal less bother, is the opinion of some who have not taken the trouble to compare poultry, hogs and cattle on an equal basis. The town man and poultry enthusiast, however, are able to advance numerous arguments to justify the keeping of a large flock on every farm or lot.

True, a hen is an insignificant member of the live stock family. To own her the investment is light, interest and depreciation are not great, and should accident overtake the bird the loss is not seriously felt; not so with hogs and cattle. However, "many a mickle makes a muckle" and the flock of fifty to one hundred birds kept on Canada's hundreds of thousands of farms brings the hen population up into the millions. It takes at least 85 pounds of grain to feed a hen a year. On this basis it requires in the neighborhood of 1,190,000 tons of grain to feed the estimated number of 28,000,000 hens kept in Canada. This is a vast amount of feed and on first thought one might say that it didn't pay to feed it to hens, but, if each bird laid 100 eggs and they brought 36 cents per dozen, the returns would amount to the stupendous sum of $84,000,000—all from the oft-despised flocks of this country. This is more than the returns from some classes of live stock. Every hen or pullet should lay at least 100 eggs in a year, although many do not. In fact, it is doubtful if the average hen does, but then some have exceeded the 200-egg mark. Three cents per egg is not excessive when the past year's prices are averaged, so it will be seen that the fowl which are frequently left to shift for themselves return a vast revenue to the farmers and poultrymen of this country.

On the open market, $150 will purchase 100 average hens, three young sows, 25 pigs ready to wean, or one cow newly freshened. These will be of medium quality and will be expected to give fair returns. Mediocre hens or animals will not cost as much, but 100 record-making hens cannot be bought for the figure named any more than three registered, high-quality sows, or a pedigreed, heavy-producing cow can be secured for $150. We will deal in averages when comparing the cost of raising and returns from the different classes of live stock, because on the majority of farms only average-quality stock is reared. Few farmers keep a cost system. The market price may not be the cost price to the feeder; a little profit must be made in order to enable a man to stay in business, therefore a comparison of cost of raising and feeding during a definite period is as necessary when making deductions as to which is the most profitable, as is the market price.

If you purchase day-old chicks as the foundation on which to build a flock, they will cost anywhere from $15 to $30 per hundred. If you hatch them in an incubator, the price of eggs per dozen plus the fuel to run the machine, interest, depreciation, and value, would have to be reckoned. To get 100 pullets fit for the laying pen by fall, practically 400 eggs would have to be set, and at store prices last spring would have cost $12. Infertile eggs, dead germs, mortality during the growing season, and weak birds that must of necessity be culled out and marketed, have to be considered, besides the fact that a flock of chickens runs about fifty-fifty regarding males and females. If incubation by the natural method is followed the expense would be scarcely as high. The feed for the hen during the sitting period would cost from fifteen to eighteen cents. The average cost of hatching by machine is around five cents per chick. The quality of eggs used greatly influences the price of the chick at the time it is placed in the brooder. Some poultrymen have better "luck" hatching and rearing chicks than others, but the cost for feed alone comes within a narrow range when a number of flocks are considered. It is customary to feed bread crumbs and hard-boiled eggs for a few days, then commercial chick feed or small wheat, gradually working whole grains into the ration. Wheat, corn and oats, or their products, comprise the bulk of chick rations. Some poultrymen may work in other material, but at most it would be but a small portion. At Macdonald College, Quebec, Prof. Jull found that with wheat at $3, corn, $3.50, and oats, $2.50 per hundred pounds, it cost 64 cents to raise a pullet to six months of age, or to the time when it should commence laying, exclusive of labor, equipment, interest and depreciation. At this age a bird will weigh about four pounds. The owner of a small flock in town kept account of all feed used in rearing twenty chicks to six months of age. Thirteen pounds of chick feed were used to start the chicks, after which 45 pounds of corn, 125 pounds wheat, 110 pounds oats, 100 pounds bran and shorts, and 10 pounds of meat food were consumed, or 19 pounds of grain, three-fifths pounds of chick feed, and one-half pound of meat food per bird. At market price this cost 67 cents. It should be possible to raise chickens a little cheaper on free range. For feed alone 100 six-months-old pullets will cost close to $65, no matter how economically they are fed. If rations are short the commencement of laying is delayed.

Let us see how the cost of feed for raising a heifer to the age of freshening compares with the bringing of pullets to the stage of development when they should return a revenue. Various records have been kept and the cost differs according to the amount of whole milk and expensive concentrates entering into the rations. The average consumption of 30 heifers up to two years of age was 500 pounds whole milk, 2,960 pounds skim-milk, 1,526 pounds grain, 3,000 pounds silage, 2,187 pounds hay, and 279 days on pasture. At the prevailing prices of these commodities the cost would be $88. There are yet six months at least that the heifer must be fed before she should freshen. During this period the ration consists mainly of roughages or pasture, with the addition of a little grain. Summer feeding is less expensive than winter feeding, but taking one season with another the cost was $20, thus bringing the total cost for feed alone up to $108. As yet it has been all outlay; there have been no returns, although the heifer had a certain face value all the time.

The pullets have the advantage, so far as outlay for feed is concerned, but will they be able to hold it? It has been fairly well established that a hen requires at least 85 pounds of grain a year which would cost in the neighborhood of 2½ cents per pound, or a total of $2.12. Skim-milk or meat food, shell, etc., would bring the feed cost up to $2.50 per year, or $250 for the flock. If an average of 100 eggs were laid, the returns at 36 cents a dozen would be $300; a surplus of $50 over the cost of feed. The heifer that would yield 6,000 pounds of milk during the first lactation should be considered in the same class as the 100-egg hen, so far as quality is concerned. The price of whole milk depends on the market on which it is placed. Figuring on a 3½ per cent. basis, with fat at 45 cents per pound and skim-milk at 40 cents per hundred pounds, the returns from the heifer in question would be $117.50. The 100 hens with practically the same investment in buildings, return considerably more net revenue than the heifer. All bovines even of like weight and breed do not have the same appetites. Some consume a good deal more feed than others and yet fail to respond any more liberally at the pail. The average feed consumption of 1,124 cows under investigation in Ohio which produced approximately 6,000 pounds of milk will give some idea of the feed required by a cow for a year. The menu was 1,752 pounds of grain, 4,971 pounds silage, 1,462 pounds hay, 918 pounds stover, and six months' pasture. At the present price of feed, which was used when figuring cost of feeding poultry, it would cost $84. This leaves a profit of $33.50 over the cost of feed. The labor bill interest on plant, etc., would be practically the same in both cases. Thus, on approximately the same investment and involving the same amount of labor, the despised hen returns a product of greater net value than the cow. However, the cow returns for human use a little higher percentage of the digestible protein and energy contained in the raw material consumed. It has been figured that one quart of milk contains as much nutriment as nine eggs. Be that as it may, nine eggs command a higher price than a quart of milk.

The hen and the hog can more easily be compared, as they require about the same class of feed. Both do well on oats, corn, barley, wheat or its products, and skim-milk or buttermilk. Both give returns at an early age. The capital required to buy 100 hens would purchase 25 very good pigs ready to wean. For the first month or so shorts, finely-ground oats, and skim-milk would make an ideal ration; later on corn or barley should be added. Experiments have shown that it averages from four to four and a half pounds of grain to produce a pound of gain in bringing a hog to marketable weight. Estimating the pigs to weigh 35 pounds at time of weaning, it would require 742 pounds of grain per pig to bring them to the 200-pound mark, which, at 2½ cents per pound, would cost $463.75 for the 25 hogs. A good deal more money is required to buy feed for hogs than for hens or cows in proportion to the original capital invested. The hog, like the hen, requires good-quality grain; very little roughage enters into the ration. When the average price of feed was 2½ cents per pound, hogs brought $17.50 per hundredweight on the market, so that the hog gives higher returns for feed than either hens or cows. In either case the returns are by no means net profit. When original investment is deducted, besides interest and depreciation on buildings and equipment, there is only a fair profit left, when a reasonable sum is allowed for wages.

The hog dresses out a high proportion of meat for human food. The bone is small and there is little waste. When it comes to percentage of digestible protein in the feed eaten returned for human consumption, the hog is surpassed by both hen and cow, but in case of energy of the digestible food returned for human use, the hog excels.

Many specialize in cows; others in hogs, and some in poultry. They do not pretend to grow all the feed but rely on buying it, with the expectation that the stock to which it is fed will turn it into human food at a profit. On the farm there is room for all classes of stock—the hen included. It takes all kinds of people to make up a world, so it takes all classes of stock to utilize to greatest advantage the products of the soil. There must be a reasonable balance else there may be waste of certain products. Bovines consume a large bulk of roughage; hogs are more or less scavengers; hens pick up grain at certain seasons which would otherwise be wasted, and all three require feed from the granary. The by-product of the dairy is a valuable feed for hogs and hens, consequently, it requires a combination of stock to economically use the farm crops.

A one-hundred-acre farm could quite profitably accommodate one hundred hens. A good laying hen will not only pay for her keep in the year, but will also pay for the investment. What other class of stock can be gone into with so little outlay for buildings and equipment, or that will glean in the fields and utilize grain that would otherwise be practically wasted about the buildings? The hen, if she be bred right and given proper attention, will yield from two to four times her own weight in eggs—a food of high nutritive value and one which is

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Conditions Under Which the Ayrshire Breed Has Been Developed.

Peace and War.
Aeroplanes from an aviation camp near Toronto soaring over a peaceful Ontario farming district.

The Fourth War-Year Winter Fair a Big Success.

The Ontario Provincial Winter Fair has passed the thirty-fourth anniversary of its inception and has reached a stage of development which stamps it as the greatest rendezvous for high-quality stock of all breeds in the Dominion, and it is also a potent factor in educating the people of this country along the lines of improved live stock and poultry and better farm crops. It is truly fulfilling the mission for which it was created. Canada as well as the whole world is passing through trying times; the war cloud has hung heavily over the nations for nearly three and one-half years. The fourth war-time Winter Fair has been held and its success under existing conditions speaks volumes for the stability of agriculture, and points conclusively to the fact that live stock men in particular purpose "carrying on" to the utmost of their ability in order that famine may not stalk through the land and that when this carnage ceases they will be prepared to furnish the right quality of breeding stock to replenish and build up herds which will give maximum returns for feed and labor. Without live stock the fertility of our farms will wane; without fertility production will fall, and decreased returns means scant flour bins some place. Good live stock is the keystone, and the quality of the entries in the majority of the classes was superior to what has graced the ring in the past. Clydesdales and sheep were particularly strong, with other classes up to normal. There were record entries with some breeds, and practically all were brought out in the pink of condition. Of course there were a few which lacked in finish, but this was not to be wondered at when shortage of labor on the farms and the high price of feeds for fitting stock are considered. To bring stock to Guelph this year meant a sacrifice on the part of some exhibitors, but they were loyal to the live-stock industry. Many new exhibitors were out with entries which were able to nose their way to the top in more than one class. Guelph is the farmer's rather than the professional man's show, and it was gratifying to see the amateur exhibitors making such a good showing.

More room had to be furnished the poultry department in order to house the increased number of entries. Sixty-two hundred entries made the Guelph poultry show the largest in the world this year. Not only did it exceed in numbers but the quality of the exhibits was of the best. A Laying Competition was an innovation this year, and the interest taken in this class would warrant its continuance.

The grain department was not so well filled as usual, but the exhibits gathered from one end of the Province to the other were of uniformly high quality. Moving pictures drew large crowds twice each day. The films were on agricultural subjects and of an educational nature. Among the films were scenes on stock judging, canning fruit, vegetables, chickens, etc.

A musical ride, put on by soldiers as part of the evening performance, was deserving of great credit. While the attendance was not large the first day of the fair, record crowds turned out on Wednesday and Thursday. It was ideal Winter-Fair weather and the sho was on the whole well patronized by the public. The program of judging was well arranged and was carried out according to schedule. R. W. Wade, the capable and energetic Secretary of the fair, kept everything running harmoniously during the entire week. The 1917 Winter Fair was a big success from every viewpoint.

Heavy Horses.

Anyone surmising that the heavy horses were about to be entirely displaced by tractors had their fears dispelled at the Guelph Winter Fair, where the equines were out in large numbers. It was a great horse show. Not only were entries more numerous than usual, but the quality and uniformity of conformation were superior to what has been seen in the show-ring in the past. Several breeders had risked the perils of the deep and brought out a few exceptionally fine Clydesdales from the Old Land. Horses which had appeared in Canadian show-rings on former occasions were again in fine mettle, and greatly pleased their admirers by their trappy action. The classes for Canadian-bred horses were strong. On more than one occasion the arena was occupied from one end to he other by a single class—every one of high quality. The inferior horse was left at home this year. A number of high-quality Percherons and a few Shires were shown. The Clydesdales were judged by William McKirdy, Napinka, Man., and Andrew Dollar, High River, Alta. J. White, of Ashburn, made the awards in the Percheron classes.

Clydesdales.—The ring-side was crowded when the Clydesdales were being judged, which is ample proof that this particular breed as yet enjoys the greatest popularity of the equines. Many of the spectators had their favorites in the ring, consequently they closely followed the work of the judges and voiced approval as their favorite moved up the line. The quality of Clydesdales on the whole is apparently improving from year to year as they were superior this year to what has been brought out in the past. So uniformly good were the entries that the judges had an unenviable task. Many new exhibitors were out which aided in strengthening the competition. The grand championships were found in the open classes. Royal Favor won the honor in the male classes for Smith and Richardson, and Miss Hazel secured the female grand championship for J. A. Boag & Son.

There were fifteen in the aged-stallion class and they were a particularly fine lot, all possessing great substance and exceptionally fine quality. Five of the entries were the get of Baron's Pride, and three the get of Baron of Buchlyvie. Both of these sires have left a lot of show stock. Royal Favor, sired by Royal Favorite, stood at the head of the line-up when the final decision was made, and was good enough to win the grand championship. Last year this horse stood fourth. He was a thick, strongly-coupled, heavily-muscled individual, with excellent crest and shoulder which gave him an aristocratic bearing. He was a good mover, and while an attractive horse his position was strongly contested. Next to him stood The Count of Hillcrest, a horse which headed the three-year-old class in 1916. He had a masculine appearance, strong loin, great substance, and moved with free, elastic step. Baron's Court, a horse which could not be faulted very much, stood third. He had a beautiful appearance and carried himself well. A somewhat rangier horse, with excellent feet, stood fourth, in the person of Dunure Captain, while Baron Arthur, a son of Baron's Pride, stood fifth. He was a well-proportioned horse, a free walker, and his large frame was supported on deep, broad feet. Practically all entries were in excellent bloom and high fit.

There were only three entries in the three-year-old class and Green's Favorite, exhibited by J. Torrance, stood first. He was a well-coupled horse of fine quality. Loyal Design was second.

In the two-year-old class were several newly-imported horses and they were able to forge their way to the top of the list. They were well built and had substance, and above all the quality of under-pinning could not be faulted. The first and third winners were sired by Signet. Hartington was first in the class of seven. He was a beautiful horse of nice quality with silky feathering. When he fully develops he will make an exceptionally big horse. Black Gregory looked very well in second place. He was heavily muscled and had an exceptionally good set of pasterns. A right good colt was Signet Stone. He was well put together and rightly deserved the third place. Below him were four colts of quality. The entire line-up showed quality to possibly a higher degree than any other class in the show.

There was not a particularly large class of aged mares, but in the line-up were several right good matrons, which not only had type and quality themselves but had proven capable of transmitting their good characteristics to their offspring. Maria of Springvale, a particularly sweet mare, with a strong loin, nicely-turned croup and splendid under-pinning, was first. When travelling she picked herself up nicely. Brampton Ethel Laurie, a mare with barely as fine bone or as trappy action, went second, with Royalette, a thirteen-year-old mare with quality and substance, in third place. This mare has headed many a class but she now has to give place to mares showing a little higher bloom. The grand champion mare of the show was found in the two-year-old class in Miss Hazel, from the stable of J. A. Boag & Son. She was not as deep-bodied a colt as some of the others in the ring, but she showed particularly good action and ent true. She had clean-cut, angular hocks, flat legs, and deep, broad feet. Mendel Princess, a little deeper-bodied mare, and possibly a little thicker, stood second, While her quality could not be faulted she might have travelled a little better.

There were six yearling colts in the ring and they made an attractive showing. Miss Ian was first, although there were other entries with more capacity. However, she was a neatly-turned filly, with springy pasterns which gave her freedom of carriage. Eva Lamont, a well-ribbed-up mare but not of as high quality, was second. In the class for get of sire there were only three entries and the progeny of Baron Ian were the inners. The progeny of Royalette won in the class for mare and two of her progeny.

Exhibitors of Clydesdales: Moses Forsyth, Mitchell; W. T. Colville, Centralia; Jas. Torrance, Markham; Hugh McLean, Wyoming; Hugh Colquhoun, Mitchell; Jno. A. Boag & Son, Queensville; A. R. Murphy, Everett; Jas. Leonard, Schomberg; A. G. Gormley, Unionville; Smith & Richardson, Columbus; T. H. Hassard, Markham; Jas. Bowman, Guelph; Brandon Bros., Forest; Bender & Walter, Gowanstown; J. Miller, Hay; John Pendergast, Mona Road; W. W. Hogg, Thamesford; Fred J. Wilson, Rothsay; G. B. Armstrong, Teeswater; R. W. Thomson, Mona Road; Robt. Duff & Son, Myrtle; A. Baldock, Malton; H. I. Barnhardt, Oro Station; Alex. Farr, Wallenstein; T. Scott, Sutton West; J. F. Husband, Eden Mills; J. H. Patterson, Summerville; W. G. Bailey, Campbell Cross; C. W. Donavan, Moffat; Thos. McMichael & Sons, Seaforth; S. Kissock, Oro Station; R. C. Rogerson, Fergus; G. R. Cowie, Milliken; W. L. Elliott, Kelso; M. Shellard, Galt; Geo. Crawford, Oro Station; G. A. Cox, Milliken; H. A. Mason, Scarboro; A. Stevenson, Atwood; Webster Bros., Glencoe; J. Telfer, Milton West; G. T. Castator, Weston; H. B. Kirkby, Blyth; W. J. Monkman & Son, Rockwood; W. J. Taylor; Grand Valley; . McCort & Son, Bolton; P. Herold, Tavistock; G. M. Anderson, Guelph; R. Tuck & Son, Eden Mills; Peter Grubber, Glenallen; J. A. Brander, Elora; R. C. Grandy, Ida; W. R. Beatty, Elora; R. A. Reeve, Hespeler; J. McArthur, Oro Station; J. H. Earle, Ida; Fred Garbutt, Malton; Kemptville Agricultural School, Kemptville; G. Barbour & Son, Crosshill; A. Allan, Ancaster; G. McMichael, Seaforth; Wm. Johnston, Bradford; J. Stiles & Son, Sutton West; T. A. King, Milton; A. Hewson, Malton.

Awards.—Stallion, aged, (15): 1 and 5, Smith & Richardson, on Royal Favor and Baron Arthur; 3, Torrance, on Baron's Court; 4, Gormley, on Dunure Captain; 6, Boag, on Clarion; 7, Bender & Walter, on Dunure Lucky Star. Stallion, three years, (3): 1, Torrance, on Green's Favorite; 2, Smith & Richardson, on Royal Design; 3, Brandon Bros., on Rosyth. Stallion, two years, (7): 1, Torrance, on Hartington; 2 and 3, Boag, on Black Gregory and Signet Stone; 4, Hassard, on Pride of Dunedin; 5, Hogg, on Denholmhill David; 6, Pendergast, on Master Hillcrest; 7, Colville, on Prince of Carrick. Stallion, one year, (3): 1, Boag, on Concrete; 2, Hassard, on Gay Marathon; 3, Hogg, on Royal of Denholmhill. Foal, (2): 1, Hassard, on Count of York; 2, Wilson, on Clark Ronald. Mare, aged, (5): 1, Hassard, on Maria of Springvale; 2, Gormley, on Brampton Ethel Laurie; 3, Hogg, on Royalette; 4, Wilson, on Fanny Clark; 5, Armstrong, on Belle of Mosshead. Mare, three years, (3): 1, Hogg, on Denholmhill Blossom; 2, Hassard, on Belle Baron; 3, Thomson, on Horse Haven Model. Mare, two years, (4): 1, Boag, on Miss Hazel; 2, Duff, on Mendel Princess; 3, Hassard, on Handsome Belle; 4, Baldock, on Poll of Grahamsville. Mare, yearling, (6): 1, Boag, on Miss Ian; 2, Scott, on Eva Lamont; 3, Barnhardt, on Hillside Lucy; 4, Hassard on Maid of Larkin Farm; 5, Farr, on Lady Cavell; 6, Husband, on Queen of Craigton. Get of sire: 1, Boag; 2, Hewson; 3, Scott. Mare and two of her progeny: 1, Hogg; 2, Wilson.

Canadian-bred Clydesdales.—There were around eighty Canadian-bred Clydesdales brought into the ring. This was practically the same number as that shown last year. The high quality and finish of the entries was proof that Canadian breeders can produce horses of merit. Some classes of Canadian-breds were superior to the entries of similar ages in the open classes. Apparently a little more size is being added to the Clydesdale, without in any way detracting from the quality of underpinning. In several classes there were twelve and thirteen entries which made very strong competition. In some of the classes we could not agree with the way the judges left the horses standing in their final analysis. What appeared to be winners were left a distance down in the line in several cases.

There were eight entries in the aged-stallion class. One or two of them were a little under-sized and plain looking, but the majority had substance and masculine appearance. Colonel Bowers, a large, heavily-muscled horse, with a nicely-turned croup, flinty legs and springy pasterns, went to the top. He travelled straight and picked his hocks up very well. Gay Ronald was a tidy mover and had good pasterns and feet, but was scarcely in the same bloom as the winner. A stylish horse with excellent under-pinning was third in Glenavon's Chancellor. The horse standing fourth was a little coarser than those above him.

It took a long time for the judges to decide on the winner in the two-year-old class. There were nine to chose from, and it was a uniformly good class with high quality. Finally Dunure Victor, a big, thick horse, with splendid feet and legs and excellent quarters, was brought to the top and held that place. He certainly was an attractive animal and carried himself nicely. Cairndale Stamp, a little rangier horse and inclined to be a little coarse and narrow, but an exceptionally good mover, was placed second. From the ring-side the line-up would have looked better if he had been placed three or four places lower down. Royal Whitson would have fitted better in second place. He was a large-bodied horse, heavily-muscled, and travelled straight and snappy. There wasn't very much fault to be found with any of the entries. A breeder would not go far wrong in purchasing any one of them.

The yearling class also gave the judges a good deal of work. There were twelve animals for six placings. Royal Duke, a horse with a beautiful head and neck and a well-turned body, supported on the kind of feet and legs which Clydesdale men like, won first, although he was not as good a mover as some of the others. Orla's Laddie, a horse of somewhat the same build but with barely the bloom, was second. Some of the entries that did not get in the money picked themselves up more nicely than some of the winners, but they were deficient in other points.

There were only eight aged mares in their class, but it was not an easy class to place. Heather Belle, a matronly mare, with strong loin, good front, and fairly snappy action, was the winner. Next to her stood Molly of Burreldells, a mare with hardly as attractive lines.

Six high-quality mares answered the call for the three-year-olds. Ivory's Margaret, last year's champion, was soon picked for winner. She is a mare that has developed wonderfully since last year and it is doubtful if the equal of her feet and legs could be found. She had a splendid body, and along with her other good qualities carried herself attractively. Heather Moon, a mare with possibly a little more substance, was second. There was a smoothness about her that attracted attention and few mares pick their hocks up so well. The winner of this class was again made Canadian champion.

A splendid lot of mares was brought out in the two-year-old class. When the judges had finished their work, Sadie Rojburgh stood at the top. She was of high quality but had hardly the depth of body of some of the others. Susie of Riches, a beautiful mare stood second. Another year, if nothing happens, this mare will make the most elite step for first place. One or two of the fillies in this class were a little out of condition and others had not as good feet and legs as breeders like to see.

A baker's dozen of yearlings turned out, and as a class they were all well ribbed-up, of high quality, and were good movers. Topsy of Fairacres, while not as snappy a mover as some, had the substance and quality

Peace and War.
Aeroplanes from an aviation camp near Toronto soaring over a peaceful Ontario farming district.

to place her at the top. An attractive filly, with barely the depth of body of the winner, went second, with Lady McKay, a neatly-turned mare that filled the eye, in third.

Awards.—Stallion, aged, (8): 1 and 4, McMichael & Son, on Colonel Bowers and Lord Ronald: 2, Patterson, on Gay Ronald; 3, Smith & Richardson, on Glenavon's Chancellor; 5, Kissock, on Baron Mack; 6, Bailey, on Gartley Favorite. Stallion, three year, (3): 1, Elliott, on Tipperary of Kelso; 2, Cowie, on Golden Hero Lad; 3, Rogerson, on Prince's Dandy. Stallion two years, (9): 1, Cox, on Dunure Victor; 2 and 3, Hassard, on Cairndale Stamp and Royal Whitson; 4, Mason, on Colonel of Hillcrest; 5, Telfer, on Royal Marathon; 6, Crawford, on Buchlyvie Mack. Stallion, yearling, (12): 1, Hassard, on Royal Duke; 2, Rogerson, on Orla's Laddie; 3, Mason, on Admiral of Hillcrest; 4, Brandon Bros., on Gulf Stream Heir; 5, Kirkby, on Sandy McCammon; 6, Forsyth, on Mucius Mellinside. Foal, (6): 1, Smith & Richardson, on Lord Maryfield; 2, Hogg, on Denholm Gleniffer; 3, Wilson on Orla's Montrave; 4, Anderson, on Craigador; 5, Tuck, on Prince Seal. Mare, aged (8): 1, Grandy, on Heather Belle; 2, Brander, on Molly of Burreldells; 3, Tuck, on Queen Maud; 4, Anderson, on Dorothy Pride of Newmills; 5, Grubber, on Nellie Favorite; 6, Wilson, on Bertha Orla. Mare, three years (6): 1, Smith & Richardson, on Ivory's Margaret; 2, Mason, on Heather Moon; 3, Hogg, on Jean Armour; 4, McMichael, on Flora Dora: 5, Elliott, on Black Beauty of Kelso; 6, Tuck, on Coral Maud. Filly, two years, (10): 1, Duff, on Sadie Rojburgh; 2, Kemptville Agricultural School, on Susie of Riches; 3, Scott, on Silver Maid; 4, Garbutt, on Greenhall Duchess; 5, McArthur, on Lady Viscount; 6, Earle, on Princess Palatine Filly, yearling, (13): 1, Smith & Richardson, on Topsy of Fairacres; 2 and 5, Boag, on Syringa 2nd, and Bessie Baroness; 3, Johnston, on Lady McKay; 4, Duff, on Prairie Belle; 6, Wilson, on Starena. Foal, (4): 1, King, on Heather Bloom; 2, Stiles, on Lady Stanton; 3, Webster Bros., on Walnut Hill Nancy; 4, Brander, on Burreldell's Beauty. Get of sire: 1 and 2, McMichael & Son. Mare and two of her progeny: 1, Wilson; 2, Tuck; Champion Canadian-bred stallion: McMichael & Son, on Colonel Bowers. Champion Canadian-bred mare: Smith & Richardson, on Ivory's Margaret.

Heavy Draft Horses.—There were five classes allotted for the heavy draft horses and a number of big, drafty geldings and mares were shown. The class for geldings or mares foaled previous to 1914 made a grand showing. There were ten entries and not only did they have the size and style but they possessed quality to a marked degree.

Exhibitors.—Thos. McMichael & Sons, Seaforth; J. M. Ovans, Atwood; J. Lerch, Preston; B. Bender, Gowanstown; A. Hewson, Malton; Neil McIntosh, Embro; Robt. Duff & Sons, Myrtle; E. Wray, Schomberg; A. Agar & Son, Nashville; Smith & Richardson, Columbus; Geo. Overland, Orton; A. McLachlan, Inwood.

Awards.—Gelding or mare foaled in 1915: 1, Hewson; 2 an 6, McMichael; 3, Ovans; 4, Bender; 5, Lerch. Gelding or mare foaled in 1914: 1, Duff; 2 and 3, McIntosh; Gelding or mare foaled previous to 1914: 1, Duff; 2, Wray; 3, Smith & Richardson; 4 and 5, McLachlan; 6 and 7, Overland. Heavy draft team in harness, 1,600 pounds or under: 1, Duff; 2, McIntosh; 3, Overland. Team in harness, over 1,600 pounds: 1, 1, McLachlan; 2, Smith & Richardson.

Percherons.—With the exception of the aged-stallion class the entries were lower than they had been in the past, and the quality of some of the entries was not up to specifications. However, there were a number of exceptionally fine representatives of the breed and favorable comment was heard as the different classes were exhibited in the ring. Undoubtedly, Percherons as a breed, are gaining in favor. Large well-turned bodies, supported on clean, flinty-boned legs make them useful draft horses. They have substance to stand heavy pulls, and yet they appear to carry themselves with comparative ease. Of the twenty-three entries at Guelph, ten were in the aged-stallion class. They made an attractive showing. All were big, masculine horses, grey, black or dappled in color and well fitted. Irade, a past champion was in the line-up. He did not have as fine-quality legs as some of his competitors, but he could show the others how to move. Sooner or later a younger and superior animal comes to the front and the older ones must give way. Irade was forced down to third place. Lassis a younger horse that stood second last year moved to the top and secured the championship. He had substance and whether walking or trotting he picked himself up nicely and went straight and true. His pasterns and shoulders were quite oblique which aided in giving elasticity to his step. Some of the entries had larger, but few had deeper or better-quality feet. In second place was Isly, a thick, heavily-muscled, strong-topped horse with fine-quality and fairly good action. He was barely as free at the hocks as the winner, but like the winner he was well-ribbed up. One or two of the entries looked a little plain, and lacked freedom of action, but, on the whole it was an excellent class and a number of valuable sires went to the stable without a ribbon. The other stallion classes were not extra strong either in numbers or individuality.

There were only three in the aged-mare class with Leste an outstanding winner. She was a strong-coupled, heavily-muscled mare closely ribbed up. She had a well-turned body with flinty legs and was a free mover. A well-made colt that was trained in show-ring etiquette appeared in the class for mares foaled after Jan. 1, 1915, and made a favorable impression. She had quality right to the ground.

Exhibitors.—T. D. Elliott, Bolton; N. Vermilyea & Sons, Belleville; Shantz & Markham, Kitchener; Levi Good, Greenock; Hodgkinson & Tisdale, Beaverton; Herold & Ratz, Tavistock; F. J. Hassard, Weston; D. Fountain, Weston; N. Dyment & Sons, Brantford; R. H. Livingstone, Woodbridge; A Yeager, Simcoe; Alex McCoy, Madoc; W. E. Morden, Oakville; T. S. Shantz, Kitchener.

Awards.—Aged stallion, (10): 1. Herold & Ratz, on Lassis; 2 and 3, Elliott, on Isly and Irade; 4, Vermilyea, on Klinis; 5, Shantz & Markham, on Investere. Stallion, foaled 1914, (5): 1, Livingstone, on Dandy; 2 and 3, Hassard, on Benjamin and Andy; 4, Yeager, on Julien. Stallion, foaled after Jan. 1, 1915, (2): 1, McCoy, on General Sir Sam; 2, Morden, on Haricot. Aged Mare, (3): 1, Shantz, on Leste; 2, Morden, on Juvenile; 3, Hassard, on Kaffa. Mare, foaled after Jan. 1, 1915, (3): 1 and 3, Morden, on Lady Juvenile and Lady Hocarde; 2, Vermilyea, on Aurelia Farley. Get of sire: 1, Vermilyea; 2, Dyment. Mare and two of her progeny: Morden. Champion stallion: Herold & Ratz on Lassis. Champion mare: Shantz, on Leste.

Shires.—Five Shires were brought out by Messrs. Amos Ayar & Son, Nashville; John Gardhouse & Son, Weston, and G. E. Morden & Son, Oakville. There was but one entry in each of five classes, consequently there was lack of competition. However, they were typy individuals and would have competed favorably in larger classes.

Light Horses.

Visitors at the Guelph Winter Fair this year saw some of the largest and best classes of light horses that have ever appeared before a Guelph crowd. The light horses were judged in the evenings and attracted many people to the show, as most people like to watch the high-stepping Hackneys being put through their paces in the ring, or to see the Standard-breds and Thoroughbreds perform. The classes were well filled and an excellent exhibition was put on each night of the fair. The Standard-bred aged-stallion class was the largest, there being thirteen animals shown. Some of these horses have been making the rounds of the show for a number of years. Spartan is known to all lovers of the Hackneys, and although he is a twelve-year-old he was again able to carry off the championship prize. The champion Hackney mare was Model's Queen. Peter Wilton, another twelve-year-old, was outstanding in a class of thirteen Standard-breds and was able to secure the championship. Juliette McKinney was the champion mare. The awards were placed by J. W. Stark, Edmonton, and J. Boag, Queensville.

Hackneys.—Exhibitors: J. Tilt, Brampton; H. J. Miller, Keene; H. A. Mason, Scarboro; A. Yeager, Simcoe; Wm. Carnegie, Paris; J. Telfer, Milton West; R. C. Rogerson, Fergus· Geo. Coker, Guelph; N. H. Wilson, Rockwood: G. M. Anderson, Guelph; N. Ward, Atwood; G. W. Bayne, Guelph; Y. B. McCauley, Quebec; N. Wigglesworth, Georgetown; J. F. Husband, Eden Mills; A. Shields & Son, Canfield.

Awards.—Stallion, aged: 1, Tilt, on Spartan; 2, Mason, on De Wilton; 3, Yeager, on King Chocolate; 4, Miller, on Coveney Marmion. Stallion, two years: 1, Carnegie, on Adbolton Premier. Stallion, yearling: 1, Telfer, on Waverley King; 2, Tilt, on King Spartan. Brood mare: 1 and 2, Tilt, on Miss Derwent and Minnie Derwent; 3, Telfer, on Lady Paragon. Yeld mare: 1, Shields & Son, on Model Queen; 2, Telfer, on Princess Eudora; 3, Rogerson, on Dante Model. Mare, three years: 1, Ward, on Brookfield Princess; 2, Tilt, on Miss Spartan; 3, Coker, on Dorothy K. Mare, two years: 1, Bayne, on Brookfield Nellie; 2, Tilt, on Dainty Spartan; 3, McCauley, on Juliett of Mount Victoria. Mare, yearling: 1, Husband, on Brookfield Belle; 2, Wigglesworth, on Silver Belle; 3, Rogerson, on Beauty Model. Foal: 1, Rogerson, on Rena Model; 2, Tilt, on Diana. Get of sire: 1, Husband; 2, Rogerson; 3, Tilt. Mare and two of her progeny; 1, Tilt; 2, Rogerson.

Standard-Breds.—Exhibitors: N. S. Goodison, Lambton Mills; T. D. Elliott, Bolton; R. M. Pinkney, Seaforth; J. A. Crowston, Markdale; I. A. Mabee, Aylmer F. E. Hedden, Erin; F. J. Hassard, Weston; Chas. Sewers, Greenock; T. H. Hassard, Markham; Chas. Finnegan, Stratford; Ashley Stock Farm, Foxborough; Fred Garbutt, Malton; D. Douglas & Sons, Mitchell; D. W. Hobbs, Corbyville; S. Hastings, Schomberg.

Awards.—Stallion, aged: 1, T. H. Hassard, on Peter Wilton; 2, Elliott, on Eastwood Todd; 3, Finnegan, on Bryson McKinney; 4, Crowston, on Cup Bearer; 5, Mabee, on Black Joe. Stallion, young: 1, and 2, Ashley Stock Farm, on Jack Raynor and General Botha; 3, and 4, Douglas, on Flashlight, and Sphinxwood Chimes. Mare aged: 1, Hastings, on Juliett McKinney; 2 and 4, Ashley Stock Farm, on Ella Bleecker and Emma Frasier; 3, Mabee, on Lollee. Mare, young: 1, 2 and 3, Ashley Stock Farm, on Cynthia of McMartin, Clara Gay, and Winkle Girl. Get of sire: Ashley Stock Farm. Progeny of mare: Ashley Stock Farm.

Thoroughbreds.—Exhibitors: R. Thayer, Aylmer; J. Bovaird & Sons, Brampton; E. B. Clancey, Guelph; J. B. Cowieson & Son, Queensville; F. B. Parsons, Guelph.

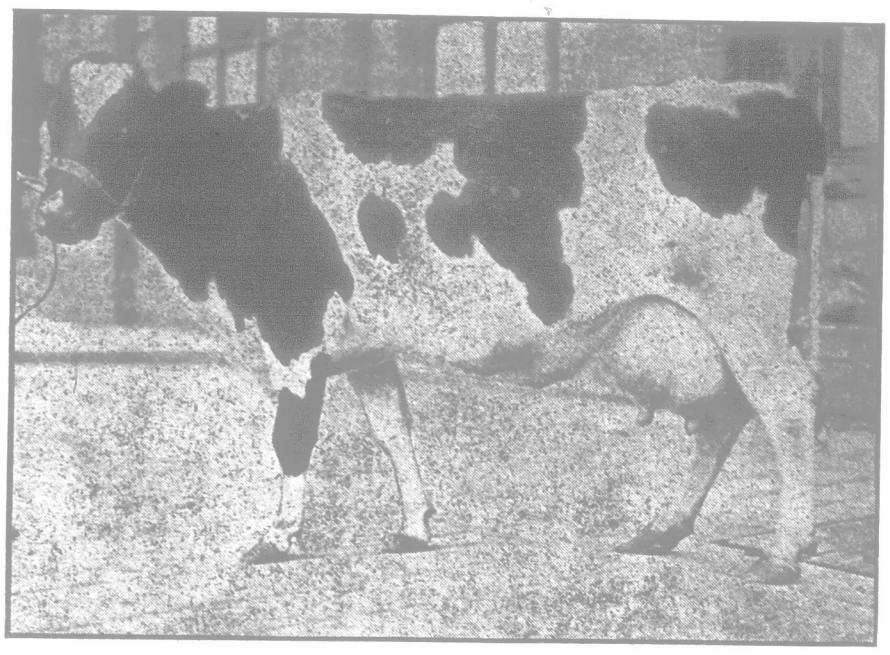
Awards.—Stallion, aged: 1, Clancey, on Charlie Gilbert; 2, Bovaird, on Rosturtium; 3, Parsons, on Yoritomo; 4, Thayer, on Nasbaden. Stallion, young, 1 and 2, Clancey, on Master Fox and King's Gift. Mare, aged: 1, 3 and 4, Clancey, on Queen Sain, Orion, and Miss Morgan; 2, Bovaird, on Diffident. Mare, young: 1, Clancey, on Latest News. Get of sire and progeny of mare: Clancey.

Ponies.—Exhibitors.—J. F. Husband, Eden Mills; A. Yeager, Simcoe; Hastings Bros., Crosshill; R. Ballagh & Son, Guelph; J. Lloyd-Jones & Son, Burford.

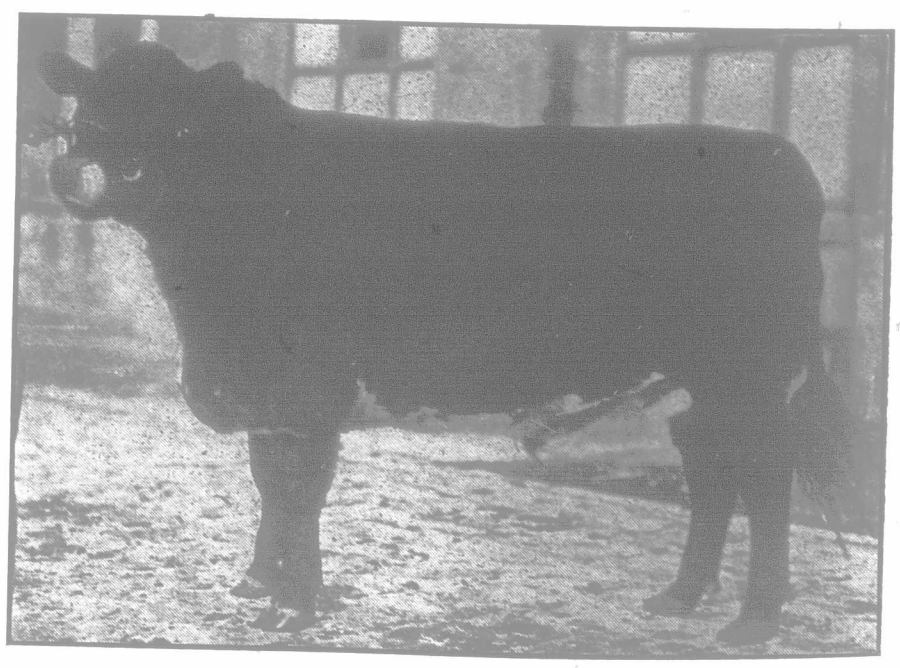
Awards.—Hackney stallion: 1, Husband, on Whitegate Pimple; 2, Yeager, on Overton Prince. Shetland stallion: 1, Ballagh, on Shadeland Royal; 2, Hastings Bros., on Rattler. Shetland mare: 1 and 2, Ballagh, on Lady Jane, and Veira; 3, Hastings Bros., on Pretty Flossie. Welsh stallion: 1 and 2, Lloyd-Jones, on Moonlight and Daylight 2nd. Welsh mare: 1 and 2, Lloyd-Jones, on Dolly and Polly Perkins; 3, Hastings Bros., on Forest Wee Rennie. Get of sire: 1, Lloyd-Jones; 2, Ballagh. Progeny of mare: 1, Lloyd-Jones; 2, Ballagh.

Beef Cattle.

The beef-cattle department was weaker than usual. Not only was there a falling off in the number of entries, but the quality on the whole was not quite up to the mark. True, there were a number of prime individuals but there was also a number of tail-enders. There were a few representatives of the different breeds nearing perfection in conformation, quality and finish. As



Lilly.
Highest-scoring cow in the dairy test at Guelph. Exhibited by Earl Grier, Woodstock.



Black George.
Grand champion steer at Guelph Winter Fair. Bred and exhibited by Jas. Leask & Sons, Seagrave.

it was a fat-stock show, it was natural that a person would look for deep-fleshed animals which would indicate their readiness for the block. However, at the Winter Fair there were classes for breeding stock as well as for butchers. There were a number of males and females of the different breeds which would make good foundation stock. While they had the type, they also had the characteristics of breeding animals, and many of them carried a fair depth of firm flesh. The champion female of the beef breeds was found in Elliott's Rosa Hope 21st, a particularly sweet heifer. She was the champion of the Shorthorns. A senior calf, exhibited by O'Neil Bros., was champion of the Herefords, and E. P. Keepsake 18th secured like honors allotted to the Angus breed. Important as were the breeding classes, a good deal of attention centred in the classes for grades and crosses which were supposed to be ready for the block. The classes were not nearly so well filled as last year, there being only thirty entries. The grand champion steer of the show was winner of the junior yearling grade classes. He was winner of his class last year, and it was then predicted that he would come back strong a year hence, and he did. He was a particularly smooth animal, with a deep layer of flesh evenly spread over the body. Viewing the judging of all the beef classes from the ring-side, it looked as though some of the entries did not get all that was coming to them. This was rather unfortunate as it tends to discourage exhibitors. There was considerable competition for the Prince of Wales' prize, which finally went to the entry of J. Gardhouse & Son, with J. Leask & Son second. Specials for Aberdeen-Angus grades were won by J. Leask, on Black George and Darky. J. Lerch secured the third prize, and I. McMahon the fourth. The Shorthorn Special was awarded to Elliott, on Rosa Hope 21st. The awards in all beef classes were made by Jas. Smith, of Rockland.

Shorthorns.—The judging of the Shorthorn classes was closely followed by numerous breeders of this favorite beef breed. While the classes were not as well filled as on former occasions, there were a number of individuals brought out which were near perfection in conformation, finish and quality. But there were also several entries which lacked in finish. In the breeding classes there was keen competition for top places. The bulk of the highest honors went to the progeny of Lavender Sultan and Gainford Marquis, two well known show bulls which have stamped their good qualities on their offspring, another proof that "like tends to beget like". The class for three animals, get of one sire made a particularly strong line-up as there were six entries. First and second places went to the get of Lavender Sultan. Both trios were uniform in comformation and type and carried an even layer of flesh. This class in itself was well worth a trip to Guelph as it showed the benefits of using the right type of sire when building up a herd. The other entries were by no means inferior individuals. In order to get quality and finish in mature animals it is essential that they have the breeding.

A breedy pair of heifers were brought out in the two-year-old class. The red ribbon was placed on Spring Valley Goldie, a deep-fleshed, low-set, thick heifer with plenty of spread, but a tendency towards roughness. However, she was heavier fleshed than her competitor. Rosa Hope 21st, a particularly smooth, well-finished heifer with a breedy appearance and a great front, headed the senior-yearling class and was declared the champion Shorthorn of the show. Roan Beauty in second place was no mean individual, but she had not as breedy a head as the heifer placed over her. Five junior yearling heifers made an excellent class and one in which the task of placing the awards was not easy. There wasn't a cull in the lot; none could be seriously faulted. Roan Lady 10th, a sweet heifer in the pink of condition finally secured the red ribbon. A deep layer of mellow flesh covered a deep, thick body. Her top and underlines were straight, in fact she filled the eye in practically every detail. Following close was Queen Emmeline, a heifer which could not be faulted much in form, but if anything the flesh was harsher than that carried by the winner. A baker's dozen competed in the senior calf class and a right good showing they made. It was between the progeny of the two show bulls, previously mentioned for first place. Finally, Sultan Lady, a daughter of Lavender Sultan won out. She was a straight, strong, smooth heifer with a beautiful front and hide of kid-glove quality, but in the ring she appeared to have gone off her feet a little. Gainford Princess, a right-good calf with well-proportioned body and deep fleshing was second. A daughter of Sea Gem's Pride was first in the calf class. She was a breedy heifer with great quality. The senior and junior bull classes brought out eight and eleven entries, respectively. Gainford Matchless, a deep, thick, low-set calf was first of the seniors. He was an attractive calf with a masculine bearing. His nearest competitor was Gainford Supreme, a calf with plenty of spread and excellent quality, but barely as smooth. Below him were several choice individuals. Sultan Royal the junior winner was a smooth, sappy individual with that depth, thickness and straightness so much desired by breeders of beef cattle. Challenger, a straight, evenly-fleshed calf and a good handler was second. One or two of the entries were a trifle shallow or were not as straight as they might be in the lines.

Exhibitors.—John Brown & Sons, Galt; J. Barr, Blyth; A. Barber, Guelph; Kyle Bros., Drumbo; Geo. B. Armstrong, Teeswater; J. J. Elliott, Guelph; John Gardhouse & Sons, Weston; Geo. Amos & Sons, Moffat; Gerrie Bros., Elora; W. E. Robertson, Guelph; G. E. Morden & Son, Oakville; John Currie, Rockwood; E. Brien & Sons, Ridgetown; T. W. Foran, St. George; R. A. Lehmann, Orillia; J. K. Campbell & Son, Palmerston; W. R. Elliott & Sons, Guelph; J. Lerch, Preston; H. McGee, Islington; Geo. Ferguson, Salem.

Awards.—Steer, Senior yearling, (2): 1, Brown; 2, Barr. Steer, junior yearling, (3): 1, Barber; 2, Barr; 3, Brown. Steer, under one year, (2): 1, Brown; 2, Barr. Heifer, two years, (2): 1, Kyle Bros.; 2, Armstrong. Heifer, senior yearling, (4): 1, Elliott; 2, Amos; 3, Gardhouse; 4, Gerrie Bros. Heifer, junior yearling, (5): 1, Gardhouse; 2, Elliott; 3, Amos; 4 and 5, Kyle Bros. Heifer, senior calf, (13): 1, Gardhouse; 2 and 7, Gerrie Bros; 3, Amos; 4, Robertson; 5, Elliott; 6, Brien. Heifer, junior calf, (8): 1, Kyle Bros.; 2, Gardhouse; 3, Morden; 4, Lerch; 5, Barr; 6, Kyle Bros.; 7, Armstrong. Senior bull calf, (8): 1, Gerrie Bros.; 2, McGee; 3, Gardhouse; 4, Elliott; 5 and 6, Amos; 7, Barr. Junior bull calf, (11): 1, Gardhouse; 2, Elliott; 3, Kyle Bros.; 4, Lerch; 5, W. R. Elliott; 6, Amos; 7, Kyle Bros. Get of sire: 1 and 2, Gardhouse; 3, Kyle Bros.; 4, Elliott; 5, Campbell. Breeders' herd: 1, Gardhouse; 2, Kyle Bros. Champion, steer or heifer: Elliott, on Rosa Hope 21st.

Aberdeen-Angus.—Twenty-three representatives of the Angus breed graced the ring in the different classes, and in all but one class there was keen competition. The "Doddies" are essentially a beef breed of excellent form and quality. The flesh is usually laid on evenly, which gives them a particularly smooth appearance. They are capable of carrying a deep layer of flesh without showing any roughness. The major portion of the honors went to J. Bowman's herd, although J. Lowe's entries were strong runners-up. In a class or two Lowe's entries would not have looked out of place at the top. E. P. Keepsake 18th, a two-year-old heifer was first in her class, and also was made champion. She was a heifer of great scale, low-set and evenly-fleshed. Her competitor was not so deeply-fleshed, nor was the fleshing quite as firm. There were six well developed individuals in the yearling class. Middlebrook Pride 20th, a deep, evenly-fleshed heifer of fine quality headed the line-up with E. P. Rosebud, a deeper-bodied, low-set heifer, but lacking a little in quality in second. A firm-fleshed, smooth steer was third. His lines were scarcely as straight as the heifers. Bowman had two tidy, high-quality heifers in the calf class, which took the top prizes from Lowe's growthier youngsters. There were several typey heifers which did not get in the money, that would make splendid foundation stock. They were not in as high fit as the winners.

In each of the bull classes were four entries. They were all of the type and build desired by breeders of Angus cattle. Bowman won in each class with fine-quality bulls and Lowe was second with deep, thick, low-set, thrifty youngsters. The former possibly had the superiority in quality.

Exhibitors.—J. W. Burt & Son, Hillsburgh; J. Bowman, Guelph; J. Lowe, Elora; J. D. Maitland, Elora; Robt. McEwen, London.

Awards.—Heifer, two years, (2): 1, Bowman; 2, Burt. Heifer, one year, (6): 1, Lowe; 2, 3 and 4, Bowman. Heifer calf, (7): 1 and 2, Bowman; 3 and 4, Lowe. Senior bull calf, (4): 1, Bowman; 2, Lowe; 3 and 4, Burt. Junior bull calf, (4): 1, Bowman; 2, Lowe; 3, McEwen; 4, Maitland. Get of sire: 1, Lowe; 2, Burt. Breeders' herd: 1, Bowman; 2, Lowe. Champion steer or heifer: Bowman, on E. P. Keepsake 18th.

Herefords.—The entries of White-faces were not numerous, nor was the quality on the whole what might have been expected, judging from the showing made on the fall circuit. In all, twenty-five animals were brought into the ring. In most classes there was an outstanding winner. O'Neil Bros. had several typey individuals in show form, and their trio in the class for get of sire showed marked uniformity of type, quality, size and finish. It was not so pronounced in the other entries. J. Black & Son had a straight, smooth, deep, thick, evenly-fleshed entry at the top of the yearling class but O'Neil's senior calf, Donald's Dolly, a smooth, sweet youngster, secured the championship of the breed. She was an outstanding heifer. W. Readhead won the red ribbon in the senior-bull class on Max of Brookdale, although O'Neil's Bonnie Lad gave him a run for the money. The winner was a trifle larger and was superior in the hams, although the other one had a smoother shoulder which blended nicely into the body. There were several very good bull calves in the competition.

Exhibitors.—W. H. & J. S. Hunter, Orangeville; W. Readhead, Milton; G. E. Reynolds, Elora; J. Black & Son, Amaranth; O'Neil Bros., Denfield; J. W. Cust, Milton.

Awards.—Heifer, two years and under three (2): 1, Readhead; 2, Reynolds. Heifer, yearling (5): 1, Black; 2 and 4, Reynolds; 3, Readhead. Heifer calf (7): 1 and 3, O'Neil Bros.; 2, Black; 4, Readhead. Senior bull calf (4): 1, Readhead; 2, O'Neil Bros.; 3 and 4, Reynolds. Junior bull calf (7): 1, O'Neil Bros.; 2, Hunter; 3, Cust; 4, Reynolds. Get of sire: 1, O'Neil Bros.; 2, Hunter; 3, Reynolds. Breeder's herd: 1, Readhead; 2, Reynolds. Champion: O'Neil Bros., on Donald's Dolly.

Grades and Crosses.—In the senior yearling class for grades and crosses appeared Proud Lucifer, a steer bred by the O. A. C., of Guelph, and exhibited by A. Barber. He was a magnificent looking animal, and was an outstanding winner in his class. He was straight, deep, thick, low-set and smooth, and had a deep layer of flesh which was fairly firm. He appeared to be ripe for the block. There was no discounting the quality and conformation of Black George in the junior yearling class. He may not have been quite as sappy as the winner of the previous class, but he was a finished steer, and if anything was a little firmer fleshed than the other one. He was so broad and deep that if his legs and head were cut off one would pretty nearly have a square block. It was between Black George and Proud Lucifer for the grand championship, and the former won only on a close margin. John Dickieson had two beautiful steers in the junior-yearling class. They were of Shorthorn breeding and were low-set, thick, deep and evenly fleshed. There were three or four very good steers in the senior-calf class, and Leask & Sons were able to secure first on a smooth, firm youngster. R. D. Hunter had a very nice calf in second place. It was not over-fitted but just in good thrifty condition. The third and fourth placings were not as fleshy nor of as good form as some of the entries that were placed low in the line. G. A. Guthrie & Son had as fat a steer as there was in the ring, and it was unfortunate that the flesh was a shade soft, although we do not think it was deficient enough in this point to warrant it being placed seventh. Alex. White had a junior calf with a very broad, thick loin. The entire body was covered with firm, deep flesh. Second to him was a calf which was possibly a little straighter, but with barely as deep flesh.

Exhibitors.—J. Leask & Son, Seagrave; Jno. Brown & Sons, Galt; A. Barber, Guelph; J. Dickieson, Rockwood; Mundle Bros., Owen Sound; F. I. Wilson, Kitchener; J. P. Henderson, Guelph; G. A. Guthrie & Son, New Dundee; R. D. Hunter, Exeter; Alex. Hall, Ayr; J. Lerch, Preston; Alex. White, Guelph; I. McMahon, Hawkestone; G. Wood, Rockwood; S. G. Stewart, Clifford.

Awards.—Steer, senior yearling (4): 1, Barber; 2, Leask; 3 and 4, Brown. Steer, junior yearling (6): 1, Leask; 2 and 3, Dickieson; 4, Mundle; 5, Brown; 6, Wilson. Steer, senior calf (8): 1, Leask; 2, Hunter; 3 and 6, Brown; 4 and 5, Henderson; 7 and 8, Guthrie. Steer, junior calf (10): 1 and 7, White; 2, Henderson; 3, Lerch; 4 and 9, Hall; 5, Dickieson; 6, Leask; 8, Wood; 10, McMahon. Heifer, barren (2): 1, Stewart; 2, Brown.

Baby-Beef Contest.—While there was a class for Inter-County Baby Beef Contest, with nine good prizes offered, there were only two entries. This classification is made especially to permit the young men throughout the Province to exhibit animals which they have raised and kept track of the cost. It is unfortunate that more do not take advantage of this opportunity. F. I. Wilson, of Kitchener, secured first place, and I. McMahon, Hawkestone, second. The prize-winning calf was considerably older than the other.

Sheep.

With the entries in the sheep division running well up to 500 in number, one may very well be excused for using the much over-worked phrase that the 1917 sheep exhibit at the Guelph Winter Fair was by far "the best ever". Every pen was full to overflowing, and corners that in previous years were used only for storing the sheepman's favorite cabbages were this year housing a couple or more shearlings. To say that the long-wools had anything over the short-wools or vice versa would hardly be fair to either. The Cotswolds or rather a Cotswold-cross produced the champion wether, but there was plenty of competition and in no class in the show was there a lone exhibitor. Dorsets were the lightest of all breeds, with only two exhibitors showing but they made a very creditable exhibit. The judges were: Oxfords, Southdowns, Hampshires and Suffolks—W. H. Beattie, Wilton Grove; Shropshires, F. W. Gurney, Paris; Dorsets and Short-wool Grades, R. H. Harding, Thorndale.

Cotswolds.—Exhibitors: Wm. Boynton, Dollar; E. Brien & Sons, Ridgetown; Jas. A. Campbell, Thedford; G. H. Mark & Son, Little Britain; Samuel Dolson, Norval.

Awards.—Ewe lamb: 1, 4 and 6, Brien; 2 and 8, Dolson; 3, Campbell; 5, Mark; 7, Boynton. Three ewe lambs: 1, Brien; 2, Dolson; 3, Mark; 4, Campbell. Wether, under 1 year: 1 and 3, Brien; 2, Dolson; 4, Mark; 5, Campbell. Three wethers under 1 year: 1, Brien; 2, Campbell; 3, Mark. Ram under 1 year: 1 and 2, Brien; 3, Mark; 4, Campbell. Special pen: 1 and 2, Brien; 3, Mark; 4, Dolson.

Lincolns.—Exhibitors: Jos. Linden, Denfield; R. S. Robson & Son, Denfield; D. A. Campbell, Appin; Jno. S. Gosnell, Highgate.

Awards.—Ewe lamb: 1 and 2, Gosnell; 3 and 4, Campbell; 5, 6 and 8, Robson; 7, Linden. Three ewes under 1 year: 1, Gosnell; 2, Robson; 3, Campbell; 4, Linden. Wether under 1 year: 1, 2 and 3, Brien; 4 and 5, Linden. Three wethers under 1 year: 1, Brien; 2, Linden. Ram under 1 year: 1 and 3, Robson; 2, Gosnell; 4, Campbell. Special pen: 1, Gosnell; 2 and 4, Robson; 3, Campbell.

Leicesters.—Exhibitors: David McTavish, Shakespeare; A. & W. Whitelaw, Guelph; Thos. Duff, Chatsworth.

Awards.—Ewe under 1 year: 1, 3, 4 and 6, Whitelaw; 2 and 5, McTavish; 7 and 8, Duff. Three ewes under 1 year: 1 and 4, Whitelaw; 2, McTavish; 3, Duff. Wether under 1 year: 1 and 2, McTavish; 3, 4 and 5, Whitelaw. Three wethers under 1 year: 1, McTavish; 2 and 3, Whitelaw. Ram under 1 year: 1, 2 and 4, Whitelaw; 3, McTavish. Special pen: 1 and 3, Whitelaw; 2, McTavish.

Oxfords.—Exhibitors: Adam A. Armstrong, Fergus; Johnson Bros., Appin; E. Barbour & Sons, Hillsburg; Peter Arkell & Sons, Teeswater.

Awards.—Ewe under 1 year: 1, 4 and 5, Arkell; 2 and 8, Barbour; 3, 6 and 7, Johnson. Three ewes under 1 year: 1, Arkell; 2, Johnson; 3 and 4, Barbour. Wether under 1 year: 1, Barbour; 2 and 4, Johnson; 3, Armstrong; 5, Arkell. Three wethers under 1 year: 1, Johnson; 2, Barbour; 3, Arkell. Ram under 1 year: 1, Arkell; 2, Barbour; 3, Johnson; 4, Armstrong. Special pen: 1, Arkell; 2 and 4, Barbour; 3, Johnson.

Shropshires.—Exhibitors: W. H. Beattie, Wilton Grove; Jno. R. Kelsey, Woodville; Adam A. Armstrong, Fergus; J. Lloyd-Jones, Burford; Geo. D. Betzner,

Copetown; T. M. Blackburn & Son, Kettleby; Jno. D. Larkin, Queenston; Hampton Bros., Fergus; W. E. Wright & Son, Glanworth.

Awards.—Ewe under 1 year: 1, 6 and 7, Betzner; 2 and 5, Kelsey; 3, Larkin; 4, Lloyd-Jones; 8, Beattie. Three ewes under one year: 1, Betzner; 2, Kelsey; 3, Larkin, 4, Beattie. Wether under 1 year: 1, 2 and 5, Kelsey; 3, Wright; 4, Hampton Bros. Three wethers under 1 year: 1, Kelsey; 2, Wright; 3, Larkin. Ram under 1 year: 1 and 3, Kelsey; 2 and 4, Betzner. Special pen: 1, Kelsey; 2, Betzner; 3, Lloyd-Jones; 4, Larkin.

Southdowns.—Exhibitors: J. Lloyd-Jones, Burford; Hampton Bros., Fergus; Robert McEwen, London; J. D. Larkin, Queenston; Peter Arkell & Son, Teeswater.

Awards.—Ewe under 1 year: 1, 2 and 5, Hampton; 3 and 4, Larkin; 6, Lloyd-Jones; 8, McEwen. Three ewes under 1 year: 1, Hampton; 2, Larkin; 3, McEwen; 4, Lloyd-Jones. Wether under 1 year: 1, Larkin; 2 and 4, Hampton; 3 and 5, Arkell. Three wethers under 1 year: 1, Hampton; 2, Arkell; 3, Larkin. Ram under 1 year: 1, Larkin; 2 and 3, McEwen; 4, Hampton. Special pen: 1, Larkin; 2, Hampton; 3, McEwen; 4, Lloyd-Jones.

Dorset Horned.—With the exception of three entries in the class for wethers under 1 year from the flocks of Arthur S. Wilson of Milton; W. E. Wright & Son of Glanworth, made up the entire exhibit of Dorsets. First in the class mentioned was taken by Wilson. Wright had all sections well filled.

Hampshires and Suffolks.—Exhibitors: Arthur S. Wilson, Milton; Hampton Bros., Fergus; Jas. Bowman, Guelph; Telfer Bros., Paris; Geo. Henderson, Guelph.

Awards.—Ewe under 1 year: 1, 2 and 5, Telfer; 3 and 4, Hampton. Three ewes under 1 year: 1, Telfer; 2, Hampton; 3, Wilson. Wether under 1 year: 1, 2 and 3, Henderson; 4, Wilson. Three wethers under 1 year: 1, Henderson; 2, Wilson; 3, Telfer. Ram under 1 year: 1, Telfer; 2 and 3, Wilson; 4, Hampton.

Grades or Crosses.—Longwooled shearling wether 1 and 4, Brien; 2 and 3, Linden; 5, Whitelaw. Wether under 1 year: 1, S. Dolson & Son, Norval; 2 and 3, Whitelaw; 4 and 5, Brien. Three wethers: 1, Whitelaw; 2, Brien; 3, Linden. Shortwooled shearling wethers: 1, Lloyd-Jones; 2, Hampton; 3, Kelsey; 4 and 5, Arkell. Wether under 1 year: 1 and 5, Kelsey; 2, 3 and 4, Hampton. Three wethers under 1 year: 1, Hampton; 2, Kelsey; 3, Wright; 4, Lloyd-Jones; 5, Barbour. Champion wether of the show: Brien & Sons, shearling Cotswold-Cross. Champion short-wooled pen: Hampton Bros., Southdowns. Champion Long-wooled pen, Brien & Sons, Cotswolds.

Swine.

In the swine section there was not noticeable advancement in numbers, but, taken all through, Ontario swine breeders should feel that their exhibit this year was in many ways one of the best balanced shows ever held within the walls of the Winter Fair building. No one section, unless it was the Export Bacon class was far above normal, but breeding hogs, so scarce last year, were the strong feature of the show this year, and both sows and young boars for breeding purposes were not only present in good numbers but were selling readily to visitors from every part of the Province, which promises well for the breeders themselves as well as for Great Britain and her Allies. As usual Berkshires considerably outnumbered the other breeds, but Yorkshires, and Tamworths, as well as Chesters all had an even quality show of select stuff and despite the high prices of feeds, none were shown that were not in the best of fit.

Yorkshires.—Exhibitors: John Duck, Port Credit; Jacob Lerch, Preston; J. K. Featherston, Streetsville; A. Stevenson, Atwood; Wm. Murdock, Palmerston; J. F. Brethour & Nephews, Burford.

Award.—Boar, under 6 months: 1, Lerch, 2, and 6, Brethour; 3 and 5, Duck; 4, Stevenson. Sow; under 15 months: 1, Duck; 2 and 3, Brethour; 4, Stevenson; 5, Lerch; 6, Featherston. Sow, 6 months and under 9: 1 and 3, Duck; 2, 4 and 6, Brethour; 5, Featherston. Sow, under 6 months: 1 and 2, Brethour; 3, Duck; 4, Stevenson; 5 and 6, Featherston. Champion sow: Duck. Three pigs, one litter: 1, Duck; 2, Brethour, 3, Stevenson; 4, Lerch; 5, Featherston. Barrow, under 6 months: 1, Brethour; 2 and 4, Duck; 3, Featherston.

Berkshires.—Exhibitors: Adam Thomson, Stratford; W. W. Brownridge, Georgetown; John D. Larkin, Queenstown; E. Brien & Sons, Ridgetown; John S. Cowan, Atwood; P. J. McEwen, Wyoming; Wm. Boynton, Dollar; S. Dolson & Son, Norval Station; H. A. Dolson, Cheltenham.

Awards.—Boar, under 6 months: 1, McEwen; 2, Thomson; 3 and 4, Brownridge; 5, Cowan; 6, Dolson & Son. Sow, under 15 months: 1 and 4, Thomson; 2 and 3, Brownridge; 5, Larkin; 6, Brien & Sons. Sows, 6 months and under 9: 1 and 5 Brownridge 2, 3 and 4, Thomson; 6, Brien & Sons. Sow, under 6 months: 1, McEwen; 2, Brownridge; 3 and 4, Brien & Sons; 5, Thomson; 6, Dolson. Champion sow: Thomson. Three pigs, one litter: 1, McEwen; 2, Thomson; 3, Brien & Sons; 4 and 5, Brownridge; 6, Dolson. Barrow, under 6 months: 1, Brownridge; 2, McEwen; 3 and 4, Brien & Sons.

Tamworths.—Exhibitors: Chas. Boynton, Dollar; D. Douglas & Sons, Mitchell; A. C. Hallman, Breslau; S. Dolson & Son, Norval Station; James Stark, Georgetown.

Awards.—Boar, under 6 months: 1, Boynton; 2, Hallman; 3 and 4, Douglas. Sow, under 15 months: 1, 2 and 3, Douglas; 4, Dolson & Son. Sow, 6 months and under 9: 1 and 3, Douglas; 2, Dolson & Son; 4 and 5, Stark. Sow, under 6 months: 1 and 4, Hallman; 2 and 3, Douglas; 5, Dolson & Son. Champion Sow: Douglas. Three pigs, one litter: 1 and 3, Douglas; 2, Boynton; 4, Hallman; 5, Stark. Barrow, under 6 months: 1, Boynton; 2 and 3, Douglas; 4, Dolson & son.

Chester Whites.—Exhibitors: W. E. Wright & Son, Glanworth; Henry Capes, Wyoming; D. De Coursey, Mitchell; Wm. L. Hills, Wheatley.

Awards.—Boar, under 6 months: 1 and 4, Wright; 2 and 5, Capes: 3, De Coursey. Sow, under 15 months: 1, De Coursey; 2 and 3, Wright. Sow, 6 months and under 9: 1, 4 and 5, Wright; 2 and 3, De Coursey. Sow, under 6 months: 1, De Coursey; 2 and 3, Wright; 4, Capes. Champion sow: De Coursey. Three pigs, one litter: 1 and 3, Wright; 2 and 4, De Coursey; 5, Capes. Barrow, under 6 months: 1 and 2, De Coursey; 3, Wright; 4, Capes.

Any Other Pure Breed.—Exhibitors: Byron Wheatly; Hastings Bros., Crosshill.

Awards.—Boar, under 6 months: 1 and 2, Robinson. Sow, under 15 months: 1, Hastings Bros.; 2, Robinson. Sow, 6 months and under 9: 1 and 2, Robinson. Sow, under 6 months: 2 and 3, Robinson. Champion sow: Hastings Bros. Three pigs, one litter: 1 and 2, Robinson. Barrow, under 6 months: 1, 2 and 3, Robinson.

Export Bacon Hogs.—Awards.—1 and 13, Brethour & Nephews; 2 and 3, J. Duck; 4, O. Lerch; 5 and 11, Boynton; 6, Cowan; 7 and 9, Featherston; 8, Stevenson; 10, Templar; 12, Brownridge.

Butcher Hogs.—Awards: 1 and 3, McEwen; 2, Brien & Sons; 4, Wright & Son; 5, Brownridge; 6, Dolson; 7, Robinson.

Special For Farmers' Sons: 1, O. Lerch; 2 and 4, Boynton; 3 and 6, Templar; 5, Becker. Swift Trophy: 1, O. Lerch; 2, Boynton.

The Dairy Test.

Dairymen's attention was centred around the section of the Winter Fair Building allotted to the producers of the lactic fluid. There were stabled about 70 choice representatives of the recognized dairy breeds which were on trial for production. When the points were finally totalled, Lilly, an unregistered Holstein cow exhibited by Earl Grier of Woodstock, was highest in pounds of fat and total solids, thus winning the championship over all entries. Her test was 4.3 per cent. and total points were 304.425, which was barely up to last year's score. Fourth and sixth in general standing were two grades from the same stable as the winner, while a grade owned by C. N. Hilliker of Burgessville was third. Lady Jane, an Ayrshire cow of beautiful type and conformation with a large well-balanced udder and pronounced veining was first in pounds of milk, but second in general standing. She was exhibited by A. S. Turner & Son, Ryckman's Corners. In the 72 hours she gave 250.6 pounds of milk, testing 3.45 per cent. fat.

The grade cows which were so well up in general standing were strong-framed, capacious cows, and all carried the blood of sires which were bred for milking qualities. It was an indication of the value of using a sire with good backing.

Resume of Dairy Test.

	Lbs. milk	Per cent. fat	Per cent. s. n. f.	Days in milk	Total points
SHORTHORNS.					
Cow, 48 months and over:					
1. Royal Mysie's Girl, J. Brown, Galt	177.9	3.5	9.62	25	206.992
2, Fancy Rose, S. W. Jackson, Woodstock	122.8	4.35	10.087	17	170.66
Heifer, under 36 months:					
1, Butterfly Beauty, S. W. Jackson	87.5	3.8	9.7	11	108.587
AYRSHIRES.					
Cow, 48 months and over:					
1, Lady Jane, A. S. Turner & Son, Ryckman's Corners	250.6	3.45	8.86	27	282.725
2, Queen of Springbank, H. C. Hamill, Markham	171.7	4.35	9.09	29	233.58
3, Pearl of Balquido, Harmon McPherson, Copetown	176.5	4.1	9.025	29	228.79
4, Craigielea Nina, H. C. Hamill	172.4	4.1	9.75	22	227.18
5, Humeshaugh Lassie, A. Hume & Co. Campbellford	150.3	4.85	8.96	28	222.66
6, Scottie's Nancy 2nd, John McKee & Son, Norwich	162.2	3.9	9.1	43	203.705
7, Blossom of Hickory Hill, N. Dyment & Son, Brantford	128.9	5.0	9.5	13	197.86
8, Dewdrop of Menie, Wm. Stewart & Sons, Campbellford	115.4	4.6	9.15	16	164.43
Cow, 36 months and under 48:					
1, Brookside Lady, John McKee & Son	147.1	4.55	9.35	44	210.077
2, Lolo of Springbank, A. S. Turner & Son	146.0	3.9	9.225	11	182.754
3, Beauty's First of Hillhouse, F. H. Harris, Mt. Elgin	145.2	3.8	9.575	11	179.631
4, Brookside Jessie, John McKee & Son	134.0	4.1	9.275	39	175.535
5, Lassie of Hickory Hill, H. Dyment & Son	109.4	4.5	9.497	12	164.154
6, Phyllis of Craigielea, H. C. Hamill	140.3	3.35	9.212	59	159.172
Heifer, under 36 months:					
1, Scottish Victoria 2nd, John McKee & Son	130.2	4.25	9.312	35	175.122
2 Rose of Montrose, H. C. Hamill	130.4	3.7	8.925	60	155.539
3, Rose of Craigielea, H. C. Hamill	104.1	4.2	9.8	26	139.910
HOLSTEINS.					
Cow, 48 months and over:					
1, Rolo Mercena De Kol, H. C. Hanmer, Norwich	218.1	3.5	9.625	30	253.814
2, Queen Butter Baroness, M. H. Haley, Springford	217.7	3.4	9.275	19	245.299
3, Dixie Rose, T. W. McQueen, Tillsonburg	191.2	3.9	9.475	13	240.774
4, Grace Colantha Posch, M. H. Haley	193.5	3.3	9.45	12	214.395
5, Rose Teake Alberta, H. D. Hilliker, Burgessville	190.2	2.95	9.488	24	194.414
6, Roberta Stamboul Morine, Henry Welsh, Weston	154.5	3.7	9.925	22	185.911
Cow, 36 months and under 48 months:					
1, Duchess of Norfolk, A. E. Hulet, Norwich	195.7	3.55	9.26	11	228.041
2, Royalton Korndyke Jewel, C. N. Hilliker, Burgessville	175.3	3.25	8.44	17	186.81
3, Marjorie Pasma, Henry Welsh	143.7	3.45	9.737	52	168.140
Heifer, under 36 months:					
1, Pontiac Abbekerk Beets, Hiram Dyment, Dundas	172.7	3.6	9.4	40	205.127
2, Lady Tensen Abbekerk, A. E. Hulet	163.7	3.7	8.675	26	194.028
3, Pauline Posch Mercena, E. D. Hilliker	175.3	3.2	9.55	10	190.463
4, Pontiac Posch, Hiram Dyment	147.8	4.0	9.0	45	189.206
5, W. S Prouse, Tillsonburg	149.5	3.5	9.37	24	172.824
6, Ada Medeire Hartog, T. W. McQueen	146.2	3.55	9.26	41	171.464
7, Ladoga Idaline Abbekerk, A. E. Hulet	136.3	3.7	9.67	19	165.619
8, Belle Hartog Colantha, T. W. McQueen	124.1	3.1	9.28	11	130.723
JERSEYS.					
Cow, 48 months and over:					
1, Mabel of Edgeley, Jas. Bagg & Sons, Edgeley	158.4	4.8	9.825	55	239.261
2, Topsy May, Jas. Bagg & Sons	126.4	5.5	10.0	61	214.82
3, Foxy's Queen, E. E. Craddock, Hagersville	132.1	4.65	10.287	11	194.342
Cow, 36 months and under 48 months:					
1, Queen Greta, Jas. Bagg & Sons	115.9	5.5	10.375	52	197.622
2, Polo's Rosaline, E. E. Craddock	125.2	4.8	9.95	25	187.622
Heifer, under 36 months:					
1, Edgeley Queen 2nd, Alfred Bagg, Edgeley	108.0	4.7	9.925	59	162.057
2, Saddie's Buttercup, H. H. Gee, Hagersville	107.0	4.75	9.812	28	158.547
3, Edgeley Daisy Queen, Jas. Bagg & Sons	85.3	5.4	10.1	56	143.695
4, Lady Rosemount, E. E. Craddock	84.2	4.35	10.087	29	117.059
5, Edgeley Orange Lily, Alfred Bagg	69.0	5.0	10.125	41	108.32
GRADES.					
Cow, 48 months and over:					
1, Lilly, E. Grier, Woodstock	219.1	4.3	9.95	65	304.425
2, Patsy, C. N. Hilliker	222.3	5.8	9.575	24	275.030
3, Freckles, E. Grier	211.7	3.9	9.35	21	265.782
4, Blossom, E. Grier	172.2	4.6	10.025	11	249.789
5, Queen, J. B. Hanmer	181.8	3.65	9.91	15	219.952

The 1917 International Live Stock Exposition.

It seems almost paradoxical that coincident with a world-wide shortage of meat animals the International Live Stock Exposition could call together the greatest exhibit of fat and breeding stock ever seen in America, but that is exactly what happened last week at Chicago. The high values placed on feed and labor, the remarkable demand for breeding stock, and the somewhat depressing effect of the war in some lines, were not sufficient to squelch the enthusiastic breeders of meat animals, or to prevent them proclaiming, through an unprecedented demonstration of numbers and excellence, that this continent will be second to none in regard to that industry upon which all others must depend. The spacious Amphitheatre at the Stock Yards, which, when built, was considered extravagantly large, proved inadequate to accommodate the exhibit and the visitors who came to see it. The classes of cattle and horses have grown to such dimensions that ring space was at a premium, making it difficult for both the exhibitors and judges. Enormous responsibilities were imposed on the judges for they were obliged to make awards in classes where very high-priced animals appeared. In one instance a $17,000 bull was placed second in his class because a better one was found for the premier position, in spite of the fact that the purchaser had declared his favorite the best bull on three continents. The Aberdeen-Angus breeders put up an exhibit of cattle which has never been equalled at Chicago, while the Herefords and Shorthorns were a surprise to even the most optimistic patrons of these breeds. Ten prizes were usually awarded in these classes, and after the ribbons had been dispensed the winners could have gone to the stables leaving a class that would not dishonor any show-ring. All the way down the line of thirty and forty entries in the young Shorthorn and Hereford classes were individuals that deserved recognition, but did not receive it on account of some minor inferiorities which only by comparison would become apparent. Outside in the yards were to be seen carloads of finished cattle from many States of the Union, and for numbers and excellence this department of the great Exposition has never been surpassed. In keeping with the ever-expanding magnitude of the event and rising market values, prices took another soar upward at the bull sales and for the finished steers. The grand champion bullock realized $2.10 per pound on foot, and the champion car load went to the packers at $42.50 per cwt. Records were smashed with impunity at the pure-bred sales where $1,000 bids were not uncommon and a Shorthorn bull that stood fourth in his class was appraised at $9,000. A second-prize ram lamb sold for $300, and other transactions, almost as striking, were common in the sheep pens. Canadian entries were not so numerous nor found in such honorable positions as last year, but our sheep in some breeds came to the front, and one Canadian exhibitor did very well in the fat steer classes against exceedingly keen competition.

Merry Monarch.

The grand champion fat bullock of the International.

Fat Cattle.

A striking feature of the fat cattle division was the persistent success of the entries from Purdue University. In Shorthorns they won every class with the get of Lavender Sultan, a great-grandson of Whitehall Sultan. This College was similarly successful in the senior yearling Angus class, with a steer that got into the finals but lost the highest honor to Merry Monarch, the champion two-year-old from Purdue. The United States Colleges monopolize the fat cattle classes at the International to an extent that seems to stifle competition amongst private feeders, but it must be said that they are able to show excellent stuff and demonstrate the good points of a well-finished bullock. At this Exposition there are separate classes for all the pure-breeds, as well as for grade and cross-bred steers, and a champion ribbon for each breed is awarded. Then come the championships by ages, where the winners of the different breeds, alike in age, come together. The grand champion is then chosen from these winners which represent the best of the two-year-old, the yearling and the calf classes. Final honors ultimately went to Merry Monarch, a pure-bred Shorthorn of the Cruickshank-Secret family and sired by Lavender Sultan previously mentioned. Needless to say, the Shorthorn fraternity were well pleased, for such a decision is a striking endorsation for any beef breed of cattle.

The pure-bred Shorthorn steer classes contained a number of entries from the Canadian exhibitor, T. A. Russell, Downsview, Ont. In the senior yearling steer class, Russell's entry, Clear the Way, which was champion at Toronto last September, had to take second place to the Purdue steer, Sultan Selim. Clear the Way had thickened up considerably since shown at the Canadian National, and he was a good steer indeed, but he found himself competing against what was later made the champion Shorthorn steer. In the junior yearling class, Warden was first for Purdue and Gulnare Dale was second for Kansas State College. In senior calves, Purdue's winner was Good Sort; Day & Rathrock, Spokane, Wash., were second with Hercules, a calf by Gainford Perfection, a son of Gainford Marquis, and Russell was third with Shorty. Purdue also had the winning junior calf. When awarding the championship in Shorthorn steers the judge, W. A. Dryden, of Brooklin, Ont., preferred the senior yearling, Sultan Selim, which was typically Shorthorn and a first-rate butcher's steer. Good Sort, the senior calf, was made reserve. In the line-up of herds consisting of three head each (a two-year-old, yearling and calf) Purdue was first and second, and Russell third.

The pure-bred Angus fat classes were strong in entry numbers as well as quality and fit. In the two-year-old class, L. R. Kershaw, of Oklahoma, was first with Muskogee, and Ohio State College was second. Purdue came to the head in the senior yearling class with Fyvie Prince, a beautifully finished steer. In junior yearlings, C. D. and E. F Caldwell, Burlington Junction, Mo, were first with a steer named Luckily. The senior and junior calf classes were won by Hobart Ames, of Tennessee, and the Oklahoma College, respectively. Muskogee, the winning two-year-old steer, was awarded the championship for the breed.

The fat Herefords were not so numerous as were the Shorthorns and Angus, but they were well fitted. Kansas State College had the first-prize two-year-old in Fancy Perfection. The University of Minnesota had the first-prize senior yearling steer in Standard Lad 4th, which was later proclaimed the champion for the breed. Kansas State College showed the winning junior yearling steer and the senior calf steer, while Iowa State College came in for the honors in the junior calf class.

Heavy classes prevailed in the grades and cross-breds department, which were judged by Captain T. E. Robson, of London, Ont. In some instances there were as many as thirty in a class and while the majority of them were good, a number did not show up well against such strong competition. Kansas and Iowa State Colleges won the two-year and senior yearling classes, respectively, while Minnesota University Farm scored in junior yearling. In this latter class of 30 candidates Russell's entry stood second till near the finish when two others were slipped in giving the Canadian entry fourth place. W. L. Yost of Missouri won the senior calf class with Liberty Bond, a cross-bred Hereford steer which later was awarded the championship of all the winning calves. T. A. Russell came to the fore in the junior calf class and won with New Year's Gift, which at 11 months weighed 820 lbs. Liberty Bond secured the championship of the grades and cross-breds.

Then came the championships by ages where all breeds met for the final test. The first round favored the Shorthorns, for Merry Monarch, the winning two-year Shorthorn claimed the ribbon and stood supreme. A black cloud, however, loomed over the horizon in the Shorthorn camp when their champion steer, Sultan Selim, lost to Fyvie Prince a pure-bred Angus with all the outward manifestations of champion, so far as one could see from the ringside. In calves, Liberty Bond, the Cross-bred Hereford won out, making the grand championship class representative of the three great rival breeds. To be brief, the roan, Merry Monarch, was considered the most typical butcher's bullock, and won for the Shorthorns the most coveted honor of the great Exposition. At auction he was first purchased by the Shorthorn Association at $2.05 per pound but he was immediately resold and the proceeds donated to the Red Cross. The final bid of $2.10 per pound is a record for Chicago and meant $3,381 for the animal, as he weighed 1,610 pounds.

It was a wonderful spectacle in the Yards where the car lots were quartered. E. P. Hall, Merchanicsburg, Ill., secured the grand championship on a load of Angus yearlings whose average weight was 1,090 pounds, and which sold to Armour & Co., for $42.50 per cwt. Hall likewise had the reserve championship load and another bunch of good ones for third place if needed. In all he exhibited seven car lots or 130 animals.

Breeding Cattle.

Shorthorns. — Never did the Shorthorn exhibit appeal so strongly as it did last week. For numbers and quality it outstripped all previous efforts and established a new record for America. Followers of the show-ring declared that never had they seen its equal, and for numbers it is doubtful if it was ever surpassed except at the Argentine Show which is essentially a Shorthorn exhibition. W. A. Dryden, Brooklin, Ont., made the awards and was assisted by Robt. Miller, Stouffville, Ont., who judged the milking Shorthorns. Ten aged bulls were forward and it was no surprise to see Maxwalton Commander moved into first place. He is by the great breeding bull, Avondale. F. A. Gillespie of Oklahoma purchased him from Carpenter & Ross in 1916 with the expectation that he would win the two-year-old class last year and perhaps the championship. The results only exemplified the uncertainties of the show-ring for he lost first place in his class by a narrow margin and went back to Oklahoma to fit up for his triumph this year which amounted to nothing less than the grand championship of the breed. He is a well-turned bull and carried a great depth of fleshing, but perhaps his outstanding qualification is his conformance to type and breedy appearance. Lespadeza Sultan was second for the Farms the name of which he bears, and Carpenter & Ross' well-known bull, Revolution, was third. King Cumberland 3rd came next for Powell & Sons of Iowa; Frank Toyne of Iowa stood fifth with Eastlawn's champion, while W. C. Rosenberger of Ohio came sixth with Maxwalton Pride. It was not so large a class as the nineteen which were out last year but it was even. Another ten were in the ring in response to the call for two year olds. Lespadeza Farms of Tennessee scored here with Imperial Mistletoe and second came the Canadian-bred bull, Field Marshal by Bandsman Commander and bred by A. F. & G. Auld. The senior yearling bulls also stood ten in number and at the head of all was Villager's Coronet by Villager, and shown the property of Uppermill Farm, Iowa. The fourth-prize bull in this class, Mount Victoria Stamp, topped the Shorthorn sale going at $9,000. He was owned by Robt. Crain of Maryland. Nonpareil Scott by King of Scots, and bred by Herb Lee of Highgate, Ont., secured seventh place in keen competition. Lespadeza Farm met with success again in the junior yearlings where 21 were forward. This winner was Sultan's Beau by Lespadeza Sultan.

Keen interest was manifest when the class of 31 senior bull calves was being worked on by the judge and the question on every lip was "what will he do with the $17,000 bull? At the Anoka Farms sale on Saturday, Dec. 1, B. F. Hales, Ill., paid $17,000 for Anoka Champion which carried a double cross of the great Whitehall Sultan and was declared by some to be the best bull on three continents. The boast was proved rather extravagant when Mr. Drdyen discovered Sunrise well down the line and placed him above the bull, the auction price of which is a record for Scotch Shorthorns in America. The decision was a popular one in spite of the interests at stake, and while Anoka Champion was defeated in the ring he should, with the ancestry which is his, accomplish even a greater triumph at the head of a herd than was awarded his victor at Chicago. Sunrise is by Cornerstone and was exhibited by S. G. Eliason of Minnesota. He was one of the best fitted young bulls in the show and won the junior championship.

The aged-cow class included an even dozen and each one, in conformance with the rules, had a nursing calf at foot. Maxwalton Queen, newly freshened and in splendid condition won the class for B. F. Hales. Lavina Cumberland 3rd and Max Mina 8th were second and third for Gillespie and Carpenter & Ross, respectively. Queen of the females was Lady Dorothy which won the two-year heifer class for Carpenter & Ross and later was awarded the senior and grand championships. She captured the premier honors last year in junior form and is a remarkable heifer for substance, type and quality. W. C. Rosenberger's winning heifer, Viola, was second in the two-year class. Lady Clara 9th, another one by Cornerstone, was the best of 19 senior yearlings. She, too, was the property of S. G. Eliason. Bellows Bros.' heifer, Parkdale Victoria 8th, which won the junior-calf class last year, came back again as a winner in the midst of 24 junior yearlings. Second to her stood Duchess of Gloster 80th, a promising heifer by Gainford Marquis. The winner in this class was awarded the junior championship. Forty-two senior heifer calves and thirty-three juniors made two wonderfully strong classes the like of which is seldom seen.

A stronger showing of milking Shorthorns was made than is customary at Chicago. J. E. & C. B. Wade, Orangeville, Ohio, had the senior and grand champion bull in Queenston Duke, by Duke of Edgewood, and Finlay McMartin, of Minnesota, had the junior winner in Welfare Champion. Ten aged cows were forward, and among them were several which showed good breed type and evidence of heavy milking proclivities. Fenstanton Lady Anna, the property of A. T. Cole, Wheaton, Ill., was the best of this class, and later the senior and grand champion. The Otis herd from Ohio contained

the junior champion female, Lady of the Glen, a senior yearling.

Herefords.—The Herefords at the recent International put up one of the greatest exhibitions in the history of the breed in America. Exceedingly large classes were forward, and so uniformly good were the candidates that many a worthy entry went back to the stables unrewarded. Throughout they were fitted to the extreme and demonstrated the wonderful possibilities of the breed as producers of meat. W. L. Yost, Kansas City, Mo., won the aged-bull class with Ardmore and secured with him the grand championship of the breed. Second in this class was Prime Brummell, by Prime Lad 9th, being the property of E. H. Taylor, of Kentucky. In two-year-olds, Crouch & Sons, of Indiana, came to the front with Golden Lad 9th; Yost was second with Woodford 1st, and the Curtice Cattle Co., of Calgary, Alta., were third with Beau Perfection 48th, which won the championship for them at Calgary last summer. The Canadian bull was not in such high flesh as his competitors but, considering his moderate conditioning, showed up well in his class. Van Netta won the class of 21 senior yearlings with Tippecanoe Ideal; E. H. Taylor won again in the class of junior yearlings with Woodford 9th, while the two calf classes, numbering 32 each, were won by E. F. Swinney, Kansas City, Mo. The junior champion honors went to Woodford 9th which, incidentally, is by Woodford, the sire of last year's junior champion, appraised in an actual transaction at $15,000.

A strong class of aged females were forward numbering thirteen. Clive Iris 3rd, a wonderfully deep and thickly fleshed cow, was first for Taylor, while Bonnie Dee was second for J. C. Robinson & Son, of Wisconsin. The senior champion female was found in the two-year class, where Taylor was showing Woodford Lady 9th. In the final reckoning, however, this winner had to give way to the junior champoin, Yerba Santa, with which Robt. H. Hazlett, of Kansas, won the junior-yearling class of 25 candidates. Some idea regarding the strength of the Hereford exhibit can be gathered from the fact that in the young-herd and calf-herd classes 20 entries or more were forward to compete. It was a remarkable showing, and one of which the Hereford fraternity may well feel proud.

The annual sale was nothing short of a sensation, for the 56 head made the general average of $1,773. Ardmore, Yost's champion bull made $31,000, coming from the Pickerings of Kansas City, and Yost then purchased Maple's Lad 61st, third in his class, at $10,000.

Aberdeen-Angus.—Patrons of the Aberdeen-Angus breed were very much elated over the quality of their exhibit. In numbers it did not compare any too favorably with the Shorthorn or Hereford effort, but the uniformity and good quality throughout were very noticeable features. Three were forward in the aged-bull class, where Arthur S. Cecil & Sons, of Indiana, won with their successful show bull, Broadus Norwood 3rd. He has three championships to his credit this year and defeated at this time the well-known Blackcap Bertram, which suffered his first defeat this year at the International. Broadus Norwood 3rd went on to the senior championship, but lost the highest honors to the winning junior yearling. C. W. Eckardt, of New York, went to the top of the two-year-olds with an imported bull, Evenest of Bleaton. In senior yearlings Hobart Ames, of Tennessee, won with Empson, by Black Bannock. The winning junior yearling, Ames' Plantation Beau, brought forward by Hobart Ames, was a model of Angus type and quality. Not only did he defeat the remaining junior bulls, but he went up for the grand championship over the aged bull Broadus Norwood 3rd. Congdon and Battles, of Washington, came second in the junior-yearling class with Quality Lad of Rosemere 3rd. The senior bull calf class numbered thirteen, and here is where Escher and Ryan, of Iowa, came first with Bar Marshall. Dwight Cutler, of Michigan, followed closely with Black Watch of Woodcote. It was C. D. and E. F. Caldwell's turn in the junior bull-calf class. Here they led Entian by Blackcap Star, and secured first place. Escher and Ryan were second with Black Irwin E. The female department of the Angus exhibit was much stronger in numbers than was the male. Eleven aged cows were forward and made a splendid showing. Cecil won here again with Hillside Pride, and Caldwells followed with Queen Molly of Sun Dance 3rd. Congdon and Battles were third with Quissy of Meadowbrook. The winning cow in this class went through for the senior and grand championship. There were eleven two-year-olds forward, and here Blackbird Velvet, Caldwell's entry, went to the top, being followed by Erica Roberts 10th, for F. J. Roberts, Iowa. In a class of ten senior yearling heifers, Escher and Ryan came first, with Blackbird Gift 13th, and Congdon and Battles achieved the same distinction in the class of twelve junior yearlings with Queen of Rosemere 5th. This promising young Doddie was declared the junior champion. J. S. Caldwell, of Ohio, won the senior heifer-calf class of twenty-two, while honors in the class of fifteen junior calves went to C. D. and E. F. Caldwell, of Missouri.

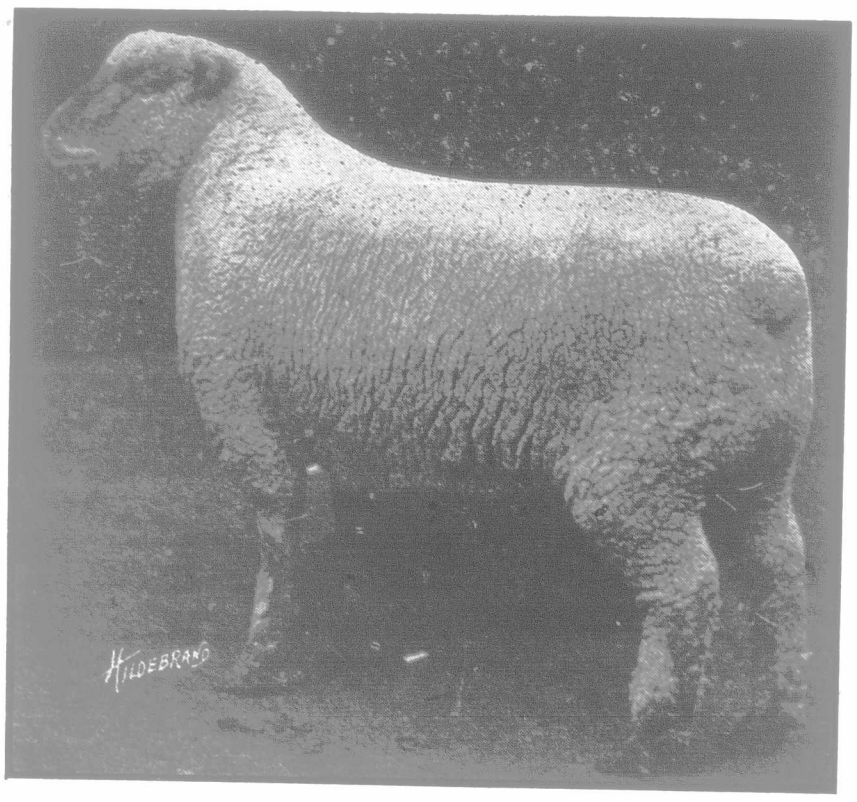
Sheep.

A number of Canadian breeders exhibited in the sheep department with a very fair measure of success. The competition in the majority of classes was strong, and any prize won was an honor. No Canadians were forward in the Shropshire classes, where Broughton and Sons, Albany, Wis., were first in all the single classes, except that for ram two years or over, which went to H. L. Wardwell, Springfield Centre, N.Y. Broughton won both championships and several of the flock and pen prizes.

Champion Fat Wether at Guelph.
Exhibited by E. Brien & Sons, Ridgetown, Ont.

The leading honors in Southdowns went to Robert McEwen, of London, Ont. He was first in the class for ram two years or over, first in the class for yearling ram, and first in the class for ram lamb. The latter entry won him the championship in the male classes. In the female sections he was first and third on yearling ewe, but second and third on ewe lamb, the first place going to the University of Illinois, which entry won the ewe championship. McEwen also won the flock prize, but was second in the class for pen of four lambs, where Illinois won again.

H. M. Lee, Highgate, Ont., had everything practically his own way among the Lincolns. Exhibiting against him were A. W. Arnold, of Wisconsin, and Heart's Delight Farm, Chazy, N.Y. Lee was first in the class for aged ram and in the class for yearling, but was second on ram lambs where Heart's Delight Farm was first.



The Champion Fat Wether.
The grand champion fat wether at the International. A pure-bred Southdown.

In yearling ewes Lee won all three prizes and repeated the same achievement in the ewe-lamb class. Both championships and both flock prizes went to Lee.

In Leicesters, Jas. Snell, Clinton, Ont., was the only exhibitor. He filled the classes and received the prizes as indicated in the prize-list. In fat Southdowns, Jess C. Andrew, of West Point, Ind., won the yearling-wether class, where twenty-four were shown. The University of Wisconsin was first in the class for wether lambs and pen of three wether lambs. Andrew's yearling wether was later declared grand champion fat wether of the entire Exposition.

In fat Lincolns, the majority of the prizes went to H. M. Lee, of Highgate. There were two third prizes which did not go to that exhibitor.

E. Brien and Sons, Ridgetown, Ont., were remarkably successful in the fat-Cotswold division. They won first on yearling wether, second place going to H. M. Lee. Brien and Sons also won first, second and third on wether lamb, and first on pen of three wether lambs.

Jas. Snell, Clinton, Ont., and H. M. Lee, divided the honors on fat Leicesters.

The fat grades and cross breeds of the medium-wool or Down types made remarkably strong classes. There were forty shown in the class for yearling wethers, and forty-six in the class for wether lambs. Kansas State Agricultural College won the former class, and Heart's Delight Farm the latter. In the long-wool types of fat grades and cross breeds, H. M. Lee was supreme. He won first and second on yearling wether; first, second and third on wether lambs, and first on pen of three wether lambs.

Horses.

Clydesdales.—The horse exhibit at the International Live Stock Exposition is a show in itself. All the leading draft breeds in America were well represented, but the Percheron breeders put up the greatest effort.

Owing to the failure of Graham Bros., Claremont, Ont., and Fairholme Farms, New Market, N.J., to appear with their entries, the Clydesdale exhibit was not so strong as it was expected to be. However, the classes were fairly large and contained good animals. Diamond, entered by Geo. A. Cluett, Williamstown, Mass., won the aged-stallion class. The same horse was first in Toronto in its class in 1916, and second at the International last year. Second to him in this instance was Mikado by Marcellus. In stallions three years old, Bedminster Farm, Far Hills, N.J., was first on Woodburn King of Bedminster, and in two-year-olds, Solid Silver by Signet, and owned by Edellyn Farms, Waukegan, Ill., was similarly successful. In yearlings, H. Harris Ford, of Iowa, came first with Proud Archer. Diamond was declared the senior and grand champion stallion. The reserve senior champion was Woodburn King of Bedminster, and the junior champion stallion was Solid Silver. Six aged mares were forward and first place was given to Buchlyvie Lady, owned by McLay Bros., Janesville, Wis. Lady Lister, Cluett's entry in this case, stood second, and the decision from all appearances could have been reversed without making any grave error. Followers of the Clydesdale ring in Canada will remember Lady Lister as champion at Toronto last year, as well as winner of her class and reserve champion of the International in 1916. Eleven three-year-old mares were shown, with first place going to Madam Butterfly from the Edellyn Farms' stables. Cluett was second in this case on Osceola Queen. One of the best things in Clydesdale females was forward in the two-year class, this was Osceola Duchess, by Evader, and owned by Geo. A. Cluett. Flora of Claremont by Lord Malcolm, was second in the same class. In the class for three, get of one sire, Cluett was first on the get of Evade.; Bedminster Farms were second on the get of King of All, and Conyngham Bros., of Pennsylvania, were third on the get of Golden Knight. Osceola Duchess was declared the champion mare.

Shires.—The Shire exhibit at Chicago was an impetus to the interests of the breed, many high-class drafty horses and mares competing. Boro Blue Sterer, shown by Hawthorn Farm, Ill., went to the top in the aged class of stallions, and remained at the top throughout the contest. Royal Edward Albert, shown by McCray & Fowler, in the yearling class afforded keen competition for the final honors, but was obliged to remain as junior champion. Eureka Pearl, a three-year-old mare, also shown by Hawthorn Farm, secured the female championship.

Belgians.—The sensation of the Belgian exhibit was Irvinedale Rowdy, the four-year-old stallion which won the senior and grand championship for Chas. Irvine, of Iowa. He was reported sold by private treaty for the enormous sum of $25,000. H. Lefebure & Sons, of Iowa, had the junior champion stallion in Duke of Elmwood, a two-year-old. Irvine also had the senior and grand champion mare in Lista, the winning three-year-old.

Percherons.—Imported Percherons were fewer in number at the 1917 International than is the custom, but the exhibit lost very little by way of comparison with past shows. Some of the older firms, like Crouch & Sons, of Indiana; Bell Bros., of Ohio; J. L. Singmaster & Sons, of Iowa; The Dunhams, of Illinois, and Metz & Sons, of Illinois, were present with long strings of horses, but half the show was made up by breeders operating on a less extensive scale and bringing only a few entries. Phelix, an American-bred horse, black in color, and shown by Singmaster, won the aged-stallion class. Dunhams' Lycee, an imported animal, was a strong competitor. An imported horse went to the top of the four-year-olds; this was Negro, shown by Crouch & Sons, and he was crowded closely for the position by a home-bred entry from the Singmaster stables. In a strong line of aged mares, Vance & Krepps, of Iowa, came to the top with Magicienne, an imported animal. Singmaster got in second with Keota Hyacinthe, a home-bred, while third place went to Kasbah, from the Hudcroft Farm, of Minnesota. In four-year-olds, Dunhams' champion mare, Trinquante, topped the list. She is home-bred and one of the best specimens of the breed in America at the present time. Dunhams scored again in three-year-olds with Turquoise, with Singmaster second and third.

"If only we could carry on the spirit of Christmas to the rest of the year, how much juster, more considerate, more sympathetic we should be to the world, and especially to those in it who have a right to ask for justice, for consideration and for sympathy. This is the real miracle, this is Christ really walking in the waters and diffusing the light of His beautiful nature of pity, mercy and love on the whole world."—T. P. O'Connor.

The Home Magazine

Life, Literature and Education

Christmas, 1917

Babe, so long ago enshrined
In a stable bare and gray,
Something of Thy sweeter mind,
Of Thy love for all Thy kind,
Rules us on Thy natal day.
And because a shepherd band—
Sages, too, with gifts in train—
Knelt and kissed a baby hand,
Yearning for some wee command,
So to-day a child shall reign.

What I Think About Psychical Research.

BY ALBERT DURRANT WATSON.

[For some reason, ever since the beginning of the war, interest in psychical research and whatever has been called the "supernatural" has been greatly quickened. From the trenches have come repeatedly rumours of "the White Comrade"; there has been talk—and disputation —about the "angels at Mons"; magazines have been filled with articles and stories on weird topics; books have been published which purported to have been dictated from outside forces; and —of much greater importance than all this—great psychical scientists everywhere have redoubled their efforts to pierce the veil which separates us from the unseen realm in which, if we believe in immortality at all, we must believe that our friends and relations who are no longer with us, still live and move and think and talk. Less than a year ago appeared Sir Oliver Lodge's evidently sincere, yet much-discussed volume *Raymond*.

Whatever be the value of all this—perhaps nothing, perhaps much—it has become generally sensed, except among very prejudiced or illiterate people, that such investigation, at least, is not "*wicked*"; that the world is moving forward along many lines; that it is quite as justifiable to-day for scientists to try to probe the realms of the unseen, as it was for those other scientists, half a century ago, to try to pierce the secrets of the wizard electricity; and that, because of such genuine research, marvellous revelations may possibly follow. Unquestionably, the era into which we are entering will be that of the mind and the spirit. The one which we are leaving—which so persistently enthroned materialism, to the suffocation of the Higher Self—is already drifting into the past with the ashes of a shameful discredit on its head. Materialism has *failed*. The War proves that. Let us look to the future.

In consideration of all this, in preparing our Christmas number, it occurred to us than an article on Psychical Research would be interesting to our readers. Then what more natural than that we should apply to the President of the Canadian Society of Psychical Research for it?—assigning him as his title the one given at the head of this column. Very graciously he consented to write something on the subject for us and for you, hence the following bit of experience.

Whether you agree or not (and no one asks you to) we are assured that you will at least read the article with interest, and appreciation to the writer who has taken so much trouble and been so frank in his story.

Incidentally it may please you to know what Dr. Watson, besides being a physician, is the well-known poet, author of *The Wing of the Wild Bird* and *Love and the Universe* and a work in prose, *Sovereignty of Character*; also that he is President of the Royal Astronomical Society of Canada. A new volume of poems from his pen, *Heart of the Hills*, is just off the press.—EDITOR].

SITTING one summer afternoon many years ago with my wife and a neighbor, a carpenter with whom we were intimately acquainted, and unquestionably a single-minded and honest man, I was somewhat startled to find that our caller had suddenly become unconscious to his part in the conversation. I had seen this take place before in his case, though not without warning, so I knew that we might expect to have some psychical experience. We did not have long to wait; almost immediately he began to speak, and this is the substance of what he said to me as we sat here, at three o'clock in broad day-light on Sunday afternoon, in the same room in which I am now writing. His voice seemed to me to be foreign in quality to its own proper tone-quality:

"There's a young woman standing behind you, Doctor. She has a sheet of music in her hand and wears a calico dress with a printed flower pattern on a light background. One of her hands, the right, is on your shoulder."

Already I seemed to know that my young cousin S. was the personality whom the description was to fit. Why or how I knew I cannot say except as may appear from what follows. I had loved her very dearly, but all that was mortal of her was asleep in the cemetery in my old county town. I am an imaginative person only in the sense of having a vivid imagination well under the direction of my will. I am almost faultily sceptical in all matters of scientific interest. He proceeded. I shall call him D. for the sake of brevity:

"She is fair. Remarkably so, her face being of typical Anglo-Saxon mould. Her nose is large, particularly so, and her hair of that color known as flaxen. She passed to this side of life six years ago. She is evidently much with you, being deeply interested in you; is, in fact, what might be described as a guardian angel to you. I judge she is very fond of music."

My cousin S. had been the most loved of all my youthful friends. She had been a pupil of mine in a country school, and I had visited her frequently. Once, while I was her teacher, I punished her. I feel like a monster now when I think of it. Exasperated at the disorder and talkativeness of the class, and driven to desperation (it did not require much in those days to do that) I had said that I would punish the first person I saw talking. She was the first. My sense of justice was more upright than a Roman's, so careful not to bend to leniency that it fell backwards to overseverity. Not that I was angry—I was deeply grieved. But I felt my duty to the class. I could not let the school see me fail in any particular where right was involved. I could have asked her to remain at four o'clock, then kissed her for punishment, but I realized that every scholar knew if they were not there she would not have been punished. So I struck those dear hands, was true to my foolish course, and hurt the one who was even then, dearer than any other in the world outside of my own household. Tears came to her eyes, not, I am persuaded, because it hurt her, but because *I* hurt her.

I've often thought Judge Jepthah was a fool. Now I felt like two judges—Jepthah and Jeffries—both acting through a miserable little runt of a school-master. One feels small, even physically, when one plays the fool, and this fact also is psychically interesting, I had set the cruel trap of my ipse dixit and it caught in its teeth this lovely songster.

And now, heart of my reader, you know why I linger on these details. It's because I still love to think of her, and I fancy I hear you add: "and talk about yourself." But that isn't fair for I'm going to talk about myself anyway. A few years afterwards, in my sister's house, when I was told that Cousin S. was dead and buried, having been away from home meanwhile a great deal, I kept an orderly, though, I fancy, not a serene countenance, and soon went upstairs threw my body on a bed and sobbed till I was exhausted. I then bathed my face and left the house without being seen. But the world was different.

I said nothing of this, or of her, to anyone for years, fearing to touch on a subject where emotions were so strong. D. could never have heard of her. A singular fact is that neither D. nor any other psychic has ever since referred to her as being with me. On this occasion which, by the way, occurred just six years after her death, I saw nothing myself, and heard nothing but what I have recorded here.

On many other occasions similar information was given to friends. Peculiarities known only to these friends were described as existing in the presences seen by the psychic to whom these shadow-people were in every case utterly unknown, their very existence unknown. I could multiply the cases of a similar nature, but have here space for only one of each type.

D. often came in the evening and sat with my wife and me together with his brother J., Rev. J. V., Dr. G. and sometimes another friend. On most of these occasions the lights were turned low, as D. said it was more restful for his eyes. We usually sang a hymn at his request and during the singing, with a sort of shudder, he became apparently a new personality, speaking in the first person as a stranger who had come in just then, and was using the physical body of D. as an instrument of expression, while D. himself was quite oblivious to all that was going on.

He (the personality) bade us good evening and discoursed to us upon any theme of which we wished him to speak. After speaking usually for 45 minutes, he invited questions which he answered often with great cleverness and brilliancy. We often asked him who he was and he was always ready to tell us, giving his name, where and when he had lived and died, etc. The scene of life named was in nearly every case, Ireland. D. was an Irishman.

D. never received from any of us any financial consideration for the exercise of his psychical functions. We all felt that he was one of ourselves. He had, in the first place, asked me as his physician to look into the facts of his case professionally, but I never thought of remuneration for my services. Indeed, they were nil. I was as much baffled as he appeared to be.

I found that when the group was limited in personnel to those already named, we invariably had inspiring results. On more than one occasion when a few very good friends and acquaintances were admitted by their own request, being, I think, actuated chiefly by mere curiosity, the results were quite disappointing. The time was wasted. This is to me a very significant fact. The spirit and motive of all things counts, —another important psychical fact.

D. has long since ceased to act as a psychic. I think he felt that there was no likelihood that in the long run there would be any uplift to his life from the exercise of these psychic functions and I commend him for his good judgment. His discourses were fine and noble both in matter and diction. They were or seemed to be limited not so much by D's own personal knowledge as by the attainments of the alleged control who used his articulating organs as his instrument. We got well acquainted with those who spoke most frequently. Probably the controls numbered about a dozen in all.

There was no difficulty for any of us —educated to an extent, as we were,— to find limitations of practically all of the speakers who used this instrument. Their voices were all different, and we knew each so well at length by their voices that we hardly ever thought of asking who they were. The meetings were all interesting and often profitable. A specimen question may be given from our actual conversation on one or two occasions:

Dr. G.: "You speak of spirits. What is a spirit?"
D.: "What is a spirit! You are a spirit. I am a spirit; only you are a spirit in a physical body, and I am a spirit without a physical body."
A. D. W.: "You speak of progress a good deal. Do we not sometimes lose ground and fall backwards?"
D.: "That is only apparent or temporary. We stumble. We slip. Our progress is retarded, but on the whole, we get on, we go forward. There is no continuous retrogression. Progress is a law of eternity."

With due appreciation of D's. natural gifts and acquirements, I venture to think that the language of this answer was both in vocabulary and even in style, foreign to his attainment. The last clause, "Progress is a law of eternity" seemed to me to be almost a classic, and I fear I have often found it convenient to use it since, when it was inconvenient to tell of its source. And even now, what do I know of its source? All I know, I have told here.

I have before me now the photograph of a slate. It shows three messages all signed. I had hoped to be able to reproduce the photograph for this article, but the necessary permission to use it has not been obtained. The reluctance to submit to publicity in such cases is easily understood. The slate contains also a sketch drawn in a very original and striking style.

It will be sufficient to say that two slates are fastened together by any means chosen by the person interested in making

the test. A tiny piece of pencil or crayon is left between the slates. In the case before me both crayon and pencil are used and the difference is plainly seen in the photograph. You hold your own slates in your hands, the psychic also taking hold of the opposite ends. You can hear the noise of the writing between the slates, can tell when it is concluded by the cessation of the sound. Then the slates are parted at your leisure and the writing is seen. Mr. Keeler is one of the best slate-writing psychics.

Among those who have devoted much time to these investigations, these inscriptions and similar ones are commonplaces. Anyone may see them for himself who will take the trouble to interview a good psychic of this order and pay his fee. For these people are not different from other people in one respect: they must eat food and wear clothes, live under shelter in cold weather and, like ourselves, they are sensitive to the h. c. l.

If I pass to the experience of other men, the thoughful reader will not feel that the evidence is weakened. I know how common a thing it is to say: "Well, I'd want to see that myself before I'd believe it." The late Dr. George Sexton told in our home of an armful of roses thrown on to the table in mid-winter from an unseen source, and a young lady with lots of spooky experiences to her own credit, being present, said "I'd have to see that with my own eyes before I'd believe it." The Doctor replied without hesitation or irritation: "I've heard many a one with no more brains than a cock-sparrow say that." We all laughed and enjoyed the sally, particularly the victim, who was a good sport and realized how just had been the retort.

The same Dr. Sexton, who, by the way, was the best informed man I ever knew, told me that his daughter, who could write or read no German in her ordinary state of consciousness, was accustomed, under psychic conditions, to write letters in that language quite fluently. I had a friend some years ago, who used to speak to me in a language which he said was Japanese. It might have been Choctaw for all I knew, but he broke into Italian when he found I could not understand Japanese, and now, while I did not follow him very well, I knew at least that it was Italian and that his accent was beautiful. He told me that he at times spoke in three other languages, knowing, however, only English. To say one does not believe it, is futile. This shows only only an ignorant skepticism. All who manifest such negative dogmatism are usually most credulous in other fields.

As to materialism, read Sir Wm. Crooks' book "Spiritualism" and you will find that he lifted a young woman weighing considerably over one hundred pounds from the floor in his own house, and that the same young woman conversed with him intelligently for some minutes on various occasions. The same person always formed out of thin air and after the interview was over, melted again into thin air. You do not believe it? Well, remember the cock-sparrow people. If you must see things for yourself, then go and see Mr. Keeler.

Of trumpet psychics, perhaps Mrs. Wreidt is best known. Mr. Burrows, too, is thoroughly honest and capable. I have seen his trumpet, unsupported by visible hands or other sustaining force, floating in the air and moving with its message to one and another, tapping them gently on the knee, apparently to draw their attention, in the dim light, to the fact that the message was to them. I have felt the trumpet tap on my own knee, the gentlest tap imaginable, and no one could be seen holding it.

I've seen the mildest radiance in a spherical form floating in a room darkened for the purpose, and the psychic, in this case, alleged that it was produced by the presence of a friend of mine whom he named, though he knew neither my friend nor myself nor either of our names. But these details are wearisome to me. I am sure they must be to my reader.

I am not a psychic. I am just a plain, blunt man. And yet, a few years ago, as I lay in the night (2.30 a. m.), I heard a step on the stairs of our home just outside the bedroom where I was sleeping. It was noisy, loud, clumsy, the boot kicking the edge of the tread of each step as the visitor ascended the hardwood steps, and then the walking continued along the oak floor. The noise had wakened me and I immediately rose, slipped my feet into soft-gear and as I glided out into the hall drew on a dressing-gown and turned on a blaze of electricity. The sound ceased as I approached the hall, but had there been a person there in the physical body I must have seen it for I was just where the sound ceased when I turned on the light and there had been no time for anyone to escape me.

I searched the house; the windows and doors were all locked, from cellar to attic; no one was in the house save its ordinary occupants. All were fast asleep except in my own room. When I came back, Mrs. W. greeted a much-puzzled doctor, wide awake, clear and alert as now. Mrs. W. spoke and in her first sentence showed that she had heard what I had. "Who was walking in the hall?" she asked. I answered that I had supposed she was asleep and I let her tell me what she had heard, which corresponded with my own report of it as given here.

We do not know yet what the noise was that we heard on that occasion. The fact is significant that almost if not every first-rate investigator who has entered carefully and resolutely into the psychic field, has been impressed by the phenomena, and if not convinced as to the correctness of this or that theory, has at least realized that there is a whole world of reality which our experience only touches, if it even does that, in our ordinary life, experience which has yet to be explained scientifically.

I am not a spiritualist. And yet, I feel that one-tenth of the evidence that I have had in support of the supposition that spirits from another plane of experience can, under suitable conditions, communicate with us, would convince me of the truth of any ordinary proposition. Every well-informed person knows of the reality of the hypnotic phenomena. Then if A can hypnotize B with B's consent while A is in the physical body, why cannot A still hypnotize ("control") B with B's consent when A is no longer in the physical? We believe in the continuance of life. Then why may not hypnotism be possible between the planes of life under suitable conditions?

I find that if those who, through the invasion of death, have been parted from a loved one, visit a medium of the proper order three or four times, almost invariably they become convinced that the intercourse between the different planes of being is a reality. I believe such communion is possible. The Jewish Scriptures, as well as the Christian, support the theory. I feel that expereince has established it. And yet, I am not a spiritualist.

I am not a spiritualist despite the fact that many of the phenomena of spiritualism are genuine. Some of my friends have said that I utter excellent messages of truth inspired by friends on the other planes of life, but fail to give them credit for their messages. My answer is: I shall be delighted to give credit and genuine gratitude to any one on this or any other plane who establishes his claim to such gratitude. I do. But before I go into particulars about it, the friend must establish his claim with reasonable assurance that I am not hoaxed.

It is just because it seems to be so difficult to establish anything definite in a particular case that I feel that time spent in the pursuit of influences from particular personalities on the other planes is often wasted. The cumulative evidence of intercommunion between the

The Child Jesus in the Manger.

This photograph shows one of the wonderful pieces of sculpture by the French sculptor D. Mastroianni. The work was modelled entirely in clay. Photo by Kadel & Herbert, N. Y.

Melchior, Jasper, Balthasar,
These were the men who followed the star;

These were the men who came of old
Bearing frankincense, myrrh and gold;

Grant to the world from its woe release;
Bring to the Christ the gift of peace.—Clinton Scollard.

Unto Him, on that far-off morn,
Christ, the babe in the manger born.

Melchior, Jasper, Balthasar,
Come again and follow the star;

various planes is sufficiently supported for acceptance by those who know that evidence. But when a medium tells me that my dear friend A has a message for me and gives me the message and it is just such a message as I could have given myself, I am not greatly edified. Sometimes a vital message is given, but that the cost of the net that catches this pearl-fish is greater than the value of the pearl itself, is my conviction. But this conviction relates to my own experience chiefly. I do not think that every other man will feel as I do about it.

The difficulty in detecting fraud on the other plane is obviously far greater than any that could trouble us in the physical, and yet my friend, Mr. Carter "the magician" pours cold water, boiling coffee, sherry wine,—anything you like in drinks—successively out of the same practically empty bottle, then smashes the bottle and removes from it a living guinea-pig which he immediately turns into a bunch of roses, and we are all mystified. How then shall we fail to be mystified by any attempt at fraud on the other more subtle planes of life?

I believe that our dear ones who have put off this mortal are still living and under favorable conditions can tell us so. So much has been established. We are living on the physical plane and should make the most of it. This will involve the recognition of other planes, their investigation by scientific methods; in some cases we shall be led to commune with the voices and presences of those who are on the other planes. I feel that when these are most sacred they will be thoroughly private. It will be a love-recognition of a dear friend who has for us a thrilling presence and a beautiful inspiring influence from day to day. I do not think it will often bring in a third person as a medium. Immediate communion is better; two's company.

I feel, moreover, that there is danger in the pursuit of psychic phenomena without the proper safeguards. I believe that these matters, when not sacredly private, where they no doubt often have a desirable place in many an individual experience, should be undertaken only under the auspices of careful psychics who thoroughly understand at least some of the laws invoked. It is intended that the Association for Psychical Research, which proceeds under charter, shall surround such investigations with these safeguards.

Finally, is not the highest inspiration derived from the highest sources? If I be not inspired by the divine forces at work in my soul and directly flowing from the infinite Fountain of truth and love, I am but an echo and nothing more. I would grieve to ignore any inspiring agency seen or unseen. But do we fully realize what inspiration is? The artist needs only a hint. His artistic susceptibility runs like a flame from the one small spark that fell from the skies or from a friend's lips into the inflammable area of his vision and emotion and lo, a picture, a story, a statue, a poem! The great artist is he who makes his appeal to the Infinite. The Eternal in his habitation. He walks with God. He loves man for the very reason that the Lord is the strength of his life.

I have not solved the psychic problem. But then, as Professor Soddy of Glasgow says: "A problem solved is dead."

Christmas Decorations for the Making.

It is not necessary to spend money for holly and poinsettia to make the house look festive for Christmas, neither is it necessary, even, to buy Christmas bells and other ornaments, for, in any rural home so many beautiful things may be secured by a trip to the woods.

It should be remembered, too, that even at Christmas time, great loads of decoration are not necessary. A few pieces effectively placed are much more attractive than over-loading can ever be. Indeed, in all of our decoration, we may very well take a lesson from the Japanese who, long ago, perceived the truth that too much of anything anywhere, is *never* in good taste.

Of course holly and mistletoe are the very nicest things for Christmas decoration, but they cost good money which, this year, would do more good among the soldiers and war-sufferers in Europe, so a substitute must be secured. Just here, every farm home should have, somewhere about the borders of the lawn, a few bushes of American holly; the shrub itself is beautiful, summer and winter, and may be drawn upon for Christmas greenery if it is inconvenient to make a visit to the woods.

However, it is with the latter that we have here to do.

In the woods, at Christmas time, may be found the armful of things that will be sufficient—a few branches of pine, balsam, tamarac or even cedar, with cones, and, in the swampy places, some willow twigs gay in red and yellow, that look, when mingled with the dark green of pine or balsam, like daring branches of coral from the sea. If the snow is not deep one may find also, perhaps, on a bare bank, a few sprays of pigeon-vine, with its little red berries bright as those of the holly. Some bits of moss may be found, too, growing on the bank, and may help to give a touch of vivid green to the centerpiece for the dining-table, while brown grasses from the marsh and heads of sturdy teazel from the wayside make winter bouquets that are not to be despised.

Make a Christmas wreath or two of balsam twigs, and cover a bell with cedar, which may be made to lie flat and so bring out the outline of the foundation which must first be made of heavy brown paper. The clapper of the bell may be a ball of cotton covered with red, and the wreath may be tied with a gay red bow. Red, of course, has become the color that must be used with Christmas greenery, and it may be enlisted in a variety of ways. Red barberries and sweet briar hips may be made to do duty for the holly berries which must be done without this year, while, if a few extra notes of color be needed, a few red candles may be depended upon to supply it, and, perhaps, a growing pot-plant of red begonia or the gay little "Jerusalem Cherry", which is quite easily grown. Next summer plant it out in the garden, and it will produce a supply of red fruit for next winter's windows.

A Wreath of Evergreens.

Two or three sheets of red tissue paper, too, will supply an extra glow of color for Christmas night, if drawn over the lamp shades.

Perhaps, this year, a little extra pains should be taken with the Christmas decorations; we seem to need, during these strenuous months, all the brightness we can draw about us. We must not let gloom settle over our land, but must "keep the home fires burning" and look forward to a brighter day.

Christmas in the Heart.

It is Christmas in the Mansion
Yule-log fires and silken frocks;
It is Christmas in the Cottage,
Mothers filling little socks;
It is Christmas on the Highway,
In the thronging busy mart;
But the dearest, truest Christmas
Is the Christmas in the Heart.

—Dora H. Stockman.

Mrs. Exe.—"You always have such wonderful success in getting people to come to your parties." Mrs. Wye.—"Oh, I always tell the men that it's not to be a dress-up affair, and the women that it is."—Boston Transcript.

Bethlehem of Judea.

The war now rages not far from this town famed as the birthplace of Jesus. Photo by Underwood & Underwood.

Those Boys of Ours.

BY A. M. B.

[Never in the history of the world were boys and girls so precious as now. They must rebuild the world of to-morrow. "A. M. B." both as mother and class worker with them, speaks from the heart. —Ed.]

DOWN the lane the maples proudly stand like sentinels arrayed in gorgeous uniforms of scarlet and gold; an occasional bird flits by; above all, soft billowy clouds float lazily across the blue sky; far away comes the drowsy tinkle of the cow-bells, and as we stand gazing our eye rests on a sturdy little figure coming along. Boy has just taken the cows out. Lovingly we watch the little lad as he strides manfully on, hands in pockets, hat well back and rosy lips puckered in a shrill boyish whistle. Now he stops and all is silence while he stealthily reaches for a stone, one eye on the fence where a chattering squirrel flashes by. With a whoop Boy is after him, stone after stone rattling harmlessly against the fence rails. Could a real, live boy miss the chance of chasing a squirrel? Never. Even little Brownie seems to enjoy the fun as he whisks up to safety among the branches of a tall tree where he chatters back tauntingly. He knows he can take a safe chance where Boy's aim is concerned, and that he is not hiding from a real enemy but from a little animal who is doing what other such little animals have done all down the ages. Boy must expend that surplus energy, and this presents itself as a jolly good chance. The object of pursuit having disappeared he resumes his merry whistle as he saunters leisurely home, stopping long enough at the barn to admire his new chocolate tumblers or have a chat with Tommy, his fighting bantam. We have recently found out that Tommy had been secretly smuggled under Boy's coat to a nearby hen yard, and there let loose to show his prowessin fighting. As his worthy opponent was of milder and less aristocratic breed the affair ended rather tamely and Tommy was carried home in disgust.

Little gamesters, these lads. Often, when looking at them, we think of Whittier's old poem, "The Barefoot Boy." How truly he speaks in these lines:

"Knowledge, never learned in schools,
Of the wild bees' morning chase,
Of the wild flowers' time and place,
Flight of fowl and habitude
Of the tenants of the wood;

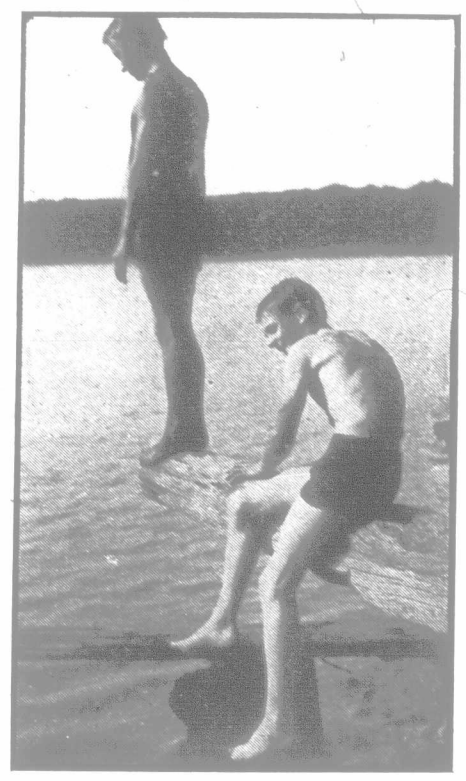
"For, eschewing books and tasks,
Nature answers all he asks;
Hand in hand with her he walks,
Face to face with her he talks,
Part and parcel of her joy—
Blessings on the barefoot boy."

What a wonderful opportunity is before the country boy! All nature is at his door, days in the woods or beside the river where, even unconsciously, he is gathering a fund of knowledge.

Of what fun you are told as you sit mending a ragged tear in Boy's trousers, caught on a nail as he was "shinning over the fence." What a glorious time was had at the "deep hole" where a "bunch of fellows were pitching mud at each other!"—a fact you have discovered by unmistakable evidence. But Boy blissfully follows the rule of "I should worry." Somehow at a certain stage dirt and he seem to agree beautifully.

I remember the rebellion of one little lad in learning the necessity of cleanliness. He would twist in every conceivable shape to avoid having his ears washed, declaring they were clean, "didn't need to be washed," though how he could see was a mystery. One day his mother, becoming desperate, told him of the many little microbes which gathered where the dirt was. His eyes fairly popped out. Next thing he took water and soap and proceeded to scrub vigorously, coming forth in triumph, shining and carrying the wash-bowl containing a compound blacker than ever was dipped from the Black Sea. With the voice of a conquering hero he explained, "Look how black the water is! I'll bet there are no dirty little micworms on me now, mamma." The dislike of "micworms" had a lasting effect. When putting in an order for Christmas presents one went to Auntie May for a box of bugs, "but don't let them put any micworms in it."

HOW we hate to think the day is coming when our little boy will be a man! How empty will seem the arms where he used to cuddle and tell wonderful tales of his day's exploits, revealing little traits of character which made one smile with happy anticipation, and sometimes startling one with a seemingly too mature wisdom.



Those Boys of Ours.

I remember many years ago having the opportunity of seeing a quite noted hypnotist exercise his skill. I'll confess we hoped to sneak quietly into a back seat, rather ashamed to be seen at such a show, but much to our disgust and amusement we were pompously ushered to a prominent seat "well forward." Being there and being young we proceeded to get all the fun going. The "Professor" called up six young men about sixteen or seventeen years old, and much to our amusement one of them happened to be a brother of a girl in our party. She was terribly ashamed and disgusted, which only made it more funny for us. The boys themselves looked rather foolish. In a remarkably short time the Professor had them completely in his power, then he told them, "Now you are in a beautiful strawberry patch; help yourselves." It was very funny but, as I remember it now, a startling revelation of each boy's character was vividly portrayed. There was the one too lazy to work himself, content to get what he could with the least possible exertion; then the greedy boy was in evidence, grabbing his own share and trying to get his neighbor's; on the other side his business-like friend worked away carefully and methodically. The Professor said that each was acting precisely as he would do under similar circumstances were he in full consciousness, and one knew, on thinking it over, how prominently these characteristics would follow these lads through life.

DID you ever watch a lot of little lads play base-ball? How they ape their ideal catcher or pitcher, giving all the scientific curves as the ball is thrown to the batter, who pounds the ground in a proud, masterful manner. All the professional touches are there, even to the latest in "rooting," but through it all there is unmistakably the evidence of fair play. It's but a few short years since you watched some of the lads play their boyish games on the village green, sometimes quietly and unobtrusively helping a crippled companion who could not join their sport—learning to play the game of life kindly and with dignity and confidence. To-day these boys are facing life in a strange land among strange people with strange customs. They have measured up to the full. A great game is on where, it seemed, on the other side fair play has been cast aside ruthlessly. This the Canadian boys could not stand. In the face of all the awfulness of a war such as has never been known they bravely threw aside good positions, future plans, home ties, to join in the struggle for democracy. It required wonderful will

The Country.

The City.

The Torn Hat.

From a painting by Thomas Sully, in the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston.

power to face the day of leave-taking from loved ones at home, and yet they waited in great crowds for the train to bear them off, waited, white-faced but smiling, brave! They were wonderful and so were the parents. To some who went away that day it was a final farewell; they will not come back. They all knew they were facing this chance, but Canadian boys do not hesitate when duty calls. The boys who are returning are making light of their wounds and of the sacrifice they have made. Heroes? Yes, every one, and deserving the highest honor we can give them. On many boys this war will have a wonderful effect. I could quote a particular case of one young man who used to spend short holidays in a small town. He always arrived laden with suit cases. He was especially fond of fancy silk socks and ties to match. Behind his back we meanly called him "a pretty little thing." He was really a handsome boy but his conceit was unbearable; and yet he was hardly to blame—merely a nice youth spoiled by wealthy parents who made money their god. When war broke out he showed what he was really made of. He went off in officer's uniform, and he has been there from the first, has proved himself a man of cool bravery, winning honorable mention in his general's despatches.

Our boys are returning to us men who will not be content with the old narrowness of life. They will preach a broader religion, will want to live a bigger, broader life and will expect the same from others. Our future nation is bound to be a more democratic one. These men will be the living examples for their younger brothers; may they prove themselves worthy ones with noble, high ideals.

DAILY we watch the doings of the little lads at home and find them full of the same mischief, the same desires and the same impulses every healthy boy should have with, we often think, some more tacked on, for, for pranks and fun commend me to a small boy every time. As I write we are being warned not to expect them in at the usual hour on "Hallowe'en."

Last year one small boy helped carry off an "Ade his father's gate, and when questioned with a wondering comment, returned the withering rebuke:

"Couldn't expect me to kick at a trick on ourselves when I was playing them on others, could you?" These harmless pranks should be indulgently overlooked. Remember the fun we used to have. "Boys will be boys," and we would not want them otherwise. Too soon they will be gone and, for us, no others will ever take their place. They will be compelled all too soon to bear responsibilities and cares. Let them laugh and shout, these boys of ours. To-day they are care-free, to-morrow they will be compelled to take their place as nation-builders, and builders of such a nation as we have not yet known. Be your boy's chum and inspire his confidence. You will crave it some day. Show him that if a thing is worth doing at all it's worth doing well, that a life worth living is worth living well, and that the only road to happiness is the unselfish one, the one lived for others, which acts like a boomerang, coming home and bringing with it the satisfaction of having tried to do right.

* * * *

The sun falls in a chequered pattern of black and gold as the rays drift through the fluttering leaves. Boy's clear, whistled notes come to us as he nears the house: "Keep the home fires burning." Is he, too, thinking of the lads so far away? Or does he realize the wonderful share he has in keeping "the cloud turned inside out till the boys come home?"

Seed-Time.

BY JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY.

Woman of the field,—by the sunset furrow,
Lone-faring woman, woman at the plough,
What of the harrow? there so near their foreheads.
Can there be harvest, now?

"My one Beloved sowed here his body;
Under the furrows that open so red.
All that come home now, have we for our children
They will be wanting bread."
—In Harvest Moon.

What I Know About Girls.

BY M. CLEVERDEW.

[The writer of the following article is especially qualified to write about girls. Not only has she daughters of her own; she has spent years working among other girls, "mothering" them in Young Women's Christian Association Homes, and meeting them in other capacities. . . . At this time in the world's history, when it seems apparent that, for some years at least, the work of the world must fall to a large extent on its women, anything that concerns girls is of especial importance. Who can say what the larger duties and responsibilities that are being thrust upon them may not lead to in the evolution of the world? —Editor.]

WHEN given girls as a subject for this article I fairly gasped. Where would I begin? Where end? If I went on writing for the rest of my life, "the half would not be told." It is a subject one would never do justice to, but well worth trouble and time. If I can help any girl or mother I shall be glad, but feel that the subject is worthy of a greater pen than mine.

The arrival of a girl baby in a family, where she was very much desired, called forth the remark from a woman who was a grandmother, that she was always sorry to see a girl brought into the world. As I was the mother of the baby, and little more than a girl myself, a feeling of resentment grew in my mind towards the woman who had expressed this thought. However, in after years, as I grew to know her better and found that it was not dislike of girls, but a knowledge of what they must suffer and sacrifice that called forth the remark, I understood her point of view, although I could not quite agree with it.

As I think of her now I wonder what she would think of our Canadian girls, taking their place in the world beside men, facing temptation, sacrifice and danger, in munition factory, on farm and in office and store. With brother and lover fighting and dying on the fields of France and Flanders, they take up their day's work with brave and even smiling faces, financially helping and wisely comforting home people, "doing their bit," not in the same glorious and conspicuous way as nurse, V. A. D. or soldier, but still "paying the price," perhaps doubly hard from having to stay behind at the eternal grind.

Speaking of nurses reminds me of a story I heard from one in the West and although it has nothing to do with wars, in fact, happened before this war was thought of by any except the Germans, as a sample of what a girl who is what the boys would call "a good sport" could do, I think it is worth telling.

I met her when she had just returned from a case and as she seated herself, with the wearied but satisfied air of one who has just completed someting worth while, I thought there is something behind that happy, though tired, look.

Knowing that she, like many others of her profession, was "seeing Canada" and perhaps more of the world, by practicing her profession as she went from one town to another, staying long enough in each to see it thoroughly and earn enough to go on further, I remarked that she must see many phases of life, going about as she did, and with a little laugh she said, "I am going to tell you something about my latest experience, which, I think, is too good to keep and I think you will understand."

She had just arrived in Calgary after having been on what she called a "glorious case" in Winnipeg, that is a case in a wealthy home where the patient was not ill enough to cause anxiety and where each member of the family vied with the other in trying to make her life, while with them, as easy and pleasant as possible. There were motor trips, nights at the theatre and, on her departure, almost double pay and many lovely gifts.

Calling on a doctor in Calgary to announce that she would be glad to do some work for him, he said he had a case just at the moment which he would be pleased to have someone take, but he could not promise much in the way of remuneration and the work would certainly be hard, as it was a confinement case on a ranch where no help was kept.

I think sometimes the physicians in the West, perhaps all over, try out the unknown nurses by giving them their worst cases.

However, our nurse was "game" and said she was willing, and they started right away. After driving what seemed to her an interminal distance over prairie trails they arrived at what was little more than a shack divided into three rooms. Making mother and babe comfortable, our nurse began to "get her bearings," and found that besides taking care of her patient and the infant, she was expected to look after three other small children, do the cooking for the husband and the hired man, bake the

From a painting by Funk. **Little Ann Seton.**

bread and even do the washing with the help of the hired man. Not in the least dismayed, she kept at it for two weeks until the woman was strong enough to leave, and keeping at it in a place of that kind, where there are no conveniences whatever, meant two weeks with "hard labor."

As she made herself ready for her departure the mother asked, "How much am I to pay you for your work?" and our nurse, understanding the struggle for even bare necessities and knowing that an Indian woman had been the nurse before and would not receive very large returns for services, said, "Just what you have given others who have cared for you with your other children." The woman answered, "I just gave them a loaf of bread."

The nurse stopped here, but I persisted, "What did you do?"

"Why, took the loaf of bread, of course."

I tell this story often and while I laugh with those who laugh, I always have a glow around my heart when I think of that girl taking gratefully the loaf of bread she had made with her own hands and leaving the woman with the feeling that she had been paid.

It is just such girls that our boys in France and England need in their hours of suffering and I hope she is there, but wherever she is someone is better for her presence.

THE business girl seems to be with us for good, and as our girls of the future are to have a say in the Government of our country, at least in the electing of that Government, it will be well for mother and daughter to prepare both mind and body to meet the demands on them. As I grow older I am more thankful every day for a father who insisted on reading the news of the day aloud to his family in the evenings, and who talked politics and business incessantly at meal time. It was a terrible bore at the time, but enough of it soaked into my unwilling mind to help my future in many ways. So if any father of today thinks he would rather keep his little girl free from such sordid things, let him remember that he cannot control the future, and that any day she may have to face these things, and without any knowledge at all is helpless.

Now that almost every profession and business has opened its doors to girls, although it has not loosened its purse strings to the extent of paying them the same proportion of salary as boys, a girl has many avenues to choose from, and father and mother should try to help her to choose wisely and intelligently. But first of all and above everything else try to make her physically "fit." We all know that mentally our girl, given the same chance, is just as alert as her brother, and that she is much more patient under pain or illness. But for steady grind, day in and day out, she does not seem to have the same strength, perhaps because nature has so decreed; or it may be that as a little girl she was in a close kitchen helping mother with the dishes while brother in the open air was building up health and strength on the football field, or while he was swimming she was learning to sew or sitting up straight at the piano using one set of muscles when all should be equally at work.

When we see how "fit" "physical jerks," as the boys call them, have made our soldiers, why not our girls, under exercises made to suit their frames and needs?

Why should our girls come home from a day at school or in office or factory and help with sewing or housework while our boys go to the baseball field? Each, in my opinion, should share alike in household and outdoor life.

A Cosy Corner.

From a painting by Francis Davis Millet, N. A., in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, Detroit.

WHEN girls first begin to earn money, never having handled any before, many of them seem to have perfect orgies of spending. I do not think that, as a rule, the girl spends as selfishly as the boy, yet to bring her to a sane view of the best uses to which money can be put is one of the problems a mother must handle with care.

An English woman once said to me that only those who have always handled money know how to use it wisely. She was comparing the newly rich Canadian with the English aristocrat, and there is much truth in what she said, although she was thinking only of the suddenly-acquired riches of the few who spend it foolishly and mostly for show, while we know that there are many who go on accumulating for years and spending wisely for the best interests of themselves and others. Our girl is, too often, like the newly rich. Not having handled money of her own before, her first few weeks' salary seems riches to her, and she begins by spending it on all sorts of things that perhaps she has longed for all her life, finding soon that she has nothing left for necessities. One thing all girls have in common: a desire to be beautiful and well dressed. It is something few of us can conquer in our youth; even the frumps are frumpish because they think it suits their peculiar style.

Some of us concede the right to boys to sow a few wild oats. It seems to me that the wild oats our girls sow are these desires for finery, foolish and flimsy, and what innocent wild oats they are, scarcely affecting anyone but themselves and soon teaching their own lesson, the fact that only the suitable is beautiful. In the meantime, how they do enjoy that orgy of spending.

IN talking with other women over a vacancy as head of a college girls' residence, one remarked that she would much rather take that position than one as head of a home for factory girls. This set me wondering if there was so much difference after all. I had heard a worker among girls, who knew all classes and was herself young enough to remember that she had once been a girl, say that she found them all very much alike underneath, certain types running through all classes. I found myself—comparing the society bud with the capable girl from the farm, the crisp, business-like office girl with the tired, little domestic, and the college girl with the factory girl—that underneath the outside polish or lack of it, they are all just girls facing their problems (and they all have many), day by day, with a courage that I marvel at. For the last two years the factory girl and the society girl have been rubbing shoulders in our munition plants. Surely it is bringing them to a better insight into the minds and aims of each other! Will the girl who has leisure for education and culture not see that many of her companions in factory or work-shop are just as sweet and perhaps more ambitious for the real things of life than the ones she met in the ball-room?

One can't help wondering what will be the outcome in our sex of this work among machinery. Will some of our girls find themselves and know that here is the work they would like to do? One

The Writer and Some of Her Girls.

little girl of seventeen whom I know came from one of our best Ontario farms and went into a shell factory, not from necessity but because she wanted to. Given the lighter tasks at first, she was not satisfied, kept asking for a machine to work at, and after working at several lighter ones got to the profile machine. I never knew before that shells had profiles, but she was evidently putting them on and made a record at it for that factory. To hear her talk one would know that her whole heart was in her work, and we felt sure that in time she would take her place with any boy. But here is where the handicap of sex came: The long hours, not even Sunday being a holiday, the wet floors on which she had to stand, and the constant use of water in working brought on a serious illness, and the doctor's verdict was "No more factory work!" When you are sending your girl out into the world, find out the conditions under which she will have to work and make sure your former training has fitted her to stand them. Everyone who knew this girl regretted that she had to give up her work among machinery, as her quickness and efficiency were proofs of her adaptability to the work; but then, a girl with all that push and ambition must make a success of anything she undertakes.

WHEN a girl enters business life she certainly has harder things to face than a boy. In stores and large offices where other girls are employed she is comparativelysafe; it is in the one-man office that the danger lies. The "lure of sex" is always there, shut our eyes to it as we will; it crops up and confronts us when we least expect it, and it is hard to tell who will be proof against it. One of the first things a girl should learn is to keep on a purely business basis with her employer and never encourage confidences about home affairs. A man comes to business in the morning at times wholly disgruntled with things in general and someone at home in particular. If his confidences are received coolly and without comment he will probably have forgotten them in a few hours, but if he is given encouragement and his troubles taken seriously, he will begin to think he is a martyr to wife and family, and a bond established between a girl and a man will lead, one knows not where, in all probability to much unhappiness. The wisest course is always with the "strictly business" one.

FOR the girl who has to leave home to earn her living the hardest thing of all is the long, lonely evenings and holidays. Girls do not make friends as easily as boys, because they have to be more careful in their friendships, and so few women open their homes to girls who are earning their living, or if they do, it is in a patronizing way that is galling to the girl. Y. W. C. A.'s and clubs have done much to help along this line, but even these are a poor substitute for a happy home and a loving mother. The only real panacea that I know of for loneliness, is doing something for someone worse off than oneself. I have a vivid recollection of a girl I knew, far away from home, working hard, and not having much strength to spare. Her mother had been able to be with her for one Christmas and now that she had gone back home, and the war had taken many of her friends from the city, the coming Christmas was going to be the loneliest day one could possibly imagine. She lived in a tiny apartment with another girl who was to be out all day, and although she was invited for evening dinner where I was to meet her, when I thought of that long, lonely day in an apartment I rather dreaded the meeting. However, she came rushing in her face beaming, the happiest girl I had seen in a long time, bubbling over with good wishes and good will to everyone. Why? Because she had made that Christmas a record day for someone. Having made friends with a worker among the poor, she had asked her to hunt up a soldier's family who would have little or no Christmas festivity, and had invited them all to dinner in her own tiny apartment. She had decorated the rooms, cooked the dinner and arranged the table for this mother and three "kiddies" as daintily as for the wealthiest of her friends and had enjoyed their wonder and appreciation of her gifts as much as they had enjoyed the tempting dinner. She had forgotten to be lonely and I am sure there is a very warm corner in her memory for that Christmas day. After all, the greatest pleasure in life is in doing for others.

What's the Joke?

THE first days in an office or store are not the hardest. Then everyone is interested in the new-comer, and everything is done to make her feel at ease and help her understand her work. She goes home enthusiastic and quite elated. But after a few days she is taken more as a matter of course and expected to do her work and look out for herself, and the eternal grind begins to tell on her spirits, as she has probably never had anything quite like it before. This is when what is in a girl begins to show. If girls are to take men's places they must learn to face facts and criticisms and eliminate the personal element. When she can do these, there is no reason why the girl should not be a success as well as her brother.

Employers tell us that they cannot advance their girls or take the interest in them that they do in boys, because at any time they may marry and leave them, but that is only a man's excuse. At any time a boy may find a better position and leave, and, at any rate, men are not going to have that excuse in the near future; the war is going to have such a surplus of girls that their thoughts will have to turn to other ways and means than matrimony.

Our girls, as a rule, take home affairs more seriously than their brothers and are anxious to help when they can, often more ambitious for their brothers than the brothers are for themselves, more willing to give up their own aims to help a brother through college or into business—the mother in them coming out in self-sacrifice. I have known girls who, after helping to educate brothers, have been the mainstay of the family of widowed sisters. One frail little girl I knew well who worked for months in an office, going home at night to nurse and care for a dying sister and invalid father, doing all the housework herself and keeping up appearance of cheerfulness while denying herself necessary food. Two brothers were "foot free" in the West. And yet men do not seem to realize that some girls must work and need salaries equal to, if not larger, than those given men!

IN writing so far it seems as if we were thinking only of the girls who come to the city to work and forgetting that there might be those who go from the city to the country. This last summer has seen many of our girls out on the farms "helping out." They have gone from all classes and many have returned enthusiastic and willing to go again, having gained in health, strength and experience, while others have said, "Never again"—just as some farmers have been delighted with their help while others found the girls a trial.

I have seen them work on city plots that were nothing but hard clay, and, working only in the evenings and on holidays, raise crops of vegetables that no one need be ashamed of. I am sure they never tasted sweeter peas or beans than those raised by their own labor. They have a better idea of how hard the farmer works for his money, but they also have formed the idea that his is a much more independent and free life than that of the city dweller and worker. Perhaps after all it will be through our girls that there will come the "back-to-the-land" rush that has been talked of for so long.

The Christmas Tree.

Now the world's a Christmas Tree
For the starry stranger;
Guest of ass and ox is He,
Cradled in a manger.
Guards in golden mail shall be
Guarding Him from danger,
Two by two on bended knee,
From King Herod's anger.

For the Child of Heaven, the Son,
Build the Tree of Holly.
Berried bright, nor hang thereon
Amaranth or moly,
Deck it for the Baby One
With a tender folly.
Frosty silver, gold o' the sun
Make it beauteous wholly.

Light His Christmas Tree so fine,
Stars in pleasant mazes
In and out shall move, entwine,
Like a chain of daisies.
Bring Him little sheep and kine,
Birds to sing His praises,
Toys to please Him, lest He pine
For His heavenly places.

Let no evil thing draw near!
Pards nor snakes come hither!
Only harmless things and dear
In the Wintry weather,
Lest the precious Baby fear
Aught in fur or feather.
Lambs and robins enter here,
Doves and children gather.

Now the world, His Christmas Tree,
Rarest fruit encloses;
In a golden bush is He,
Like the bush of Moses.
He, the Babe on Mary's knee,
Sees the night grow roses,
And the light flood like the sea
Round His starry closes.

Kings in purple kneel with awe,
Jewelled caskets bearing,
Shepherds bring their pipes of straw,
Balls and kites for fairing.
Roses deck the snow-flecked shaw
For the Rose of Sharon,
Buds a Rose without a flaw
On the staff of Aaron.

KATHARINE TYNAN, in "Nation".

The Angels' Anthem.

BY HARRY KEMP.

There was music on the hillside and singing in the glen
And anthems heard in meadows when Christ was born to men;
The King slept on in blindness, though troubled in his sleep;
The High Priest's ancient wisdom held no such lore in keep;
The Trader and the Merchant so bound by gain and rule
And all the learned Scholars who founded school on school,
The Consul and the Soldiers, their eyes were sealed, that night,
And only on the Shepherds there burst the wondrous sight;
The Shepherds heard the singing that charmed the listening air;
The Shepherds saw the glory; the Shepherds were aware:
There was music on the hillside and singing in the glen
And anthems heard in meadows when Christ was born to men!

—The Independent.

An Ontario Girl Helping in the Production Campaign.

The Parkhill Community Canning Centre, Women's Institute and Red Cross.

By M. C. Dawson.

[Next year these canning centers are likely to be established in every part of Canada. Parkhill, a little town near London, Ont., has been the pioneer in the work. What has been accomplished there will be eagerly read by the many people who contemplate setting a similar movement afoot in their own localities.—Editor.]

IN July we said that the Community Canning Centre was a wild-goose scheme. Even the Mayor said it was and so we lesser lights might be excused. We had gone in for back-yard gardening and for community gardens. It looked as if each and all would reap a bountiful crop, and the Department of Agriculture had offered a Community Canning Centre to such places as could fulfil the conditions. But we were quite sure it could not be done. Some of us even took it as a personal affront, and informed the promoters that we would do our own canning as usual. We said it with a good deal of dignity, which we hoped would impress them with our status in the realms of good housekeepers. Community Canning Centre indeed! Well, what next?

So we were quite sure that it could not and would not be done, at least, not in Parkhill. Besides, we all do our own housework, and we all have our families and our men folk whose meals must be ready, and then there are Red Cross work and church work and many other things. Merely to think of the extra work and worry which a canning centre would entail caused our busy, crowded days to weigh on us more heavily, and we said we could never think of doing it. And why should we carry our work down there and then home again, and give one-tenth of all we canned to Red Cross work for the hospitals? We could give our tenth and stay at home. It never dawned on us that the canning centre would, in a very short time, give all its product to the Red Cross Society. The centre was to be for our own benefit largely. We were to save every thing that we could grow by canning it at the centre, and the winter would find us independent of our grocer and with shelves fairly groaning with rows of tempting edibles done up in glass jars.—Nine-tenths for ourselves and one-tenth for the lads who had faced death for us! Just think of it! And even then we rebelled at taking up the work.

But over against the selfishness of those first days we can set a picture of later days, when women scrubbed the floors of the armories because the vats leaked; when women rose at an early hour to light the fire in the boiler, women who seldom lighted a fire in their own homes; when a man, with a boy at the front, offered his skill and his time to the cause and kept at it, day after day and week after week; when the workers worked far into the night without complaint; when pecks of onions were peeled and chopped with all the physical discomfort which onions can inflict; when *ten-tenths* went to Red Cross homes and hospitals, and everyone said that it was the only thing to do. Yes, these later days have been filled with self-sacrifice, the mother love of the women going out through the work of their hands to these broken and bruised children of our race who lie on beds of pain in hospitals beyond the sea and in our own land.

There was one among us who shamed our selfishness. She had visited military hospitals in old London, and she told about the long rows of beds in each of which lay somebody's boy. She told of the rows of mattresses on the floors of these hospitals where pain racked bodies lay; where far from home and mother the lads suffered that we might go free. She told of the eager, happy faces with which they received her little gifts. Something choked her as she told us that it must be done. With that faith which overcomes mountains she led the way, and, somehow, the work is an accomplished fact.

How It Was Done.

THE Women's Institutes Branch of the Department of Agriculture, Toronto, installed vats, plumbing and the necessary equipment of pans, spoons, weigh scales and wire baskets in the armories which the military authorities kindly loaned. Through Mr. Culverhouse, of Vineland Experimental Station, a boiler which will generate 100 lbs. of steam was secured. Then the plumber was called in and did his worst. He placed steam coils in the vats, he ran pipes in the most unlikely places. As a masterpiece in plumbing his finished work was a marvel. A small tank for hot water placed in one corner of the room has been dubbed "a plumber's delight and a woman's folly." The women gave him an indefinite order to put the tank there, but there was nothing indefinite about the bill for the said tank. The figures were quite definite, painfully brief and definite. But, mistakes and all, the equipment is good, so good that the most strenuous objector to the community-canning-centre idea is being rapidly converted. That equipment is doing splendid missionary work, and is giving women a healthy discontent which will result in better-equipped kitchens in the near future.

Raw material is washed in the sink, which has both hot and cold water taps. Then the women sit in the pretty living-room, from which the winding stair ascends and where the open grate makes a cheerful glow, and prepare the material for cooking. If jam, jelly or pickles are under way, the cooking is done in a large, brass kettle which reminds one of grandma's treasured possessions. This kettle comes to a boil in two minutes by means of steam coils placed between the inner and outer layers. If the material is to be canned it is placed in glass jars which have been sterilized in the sterilizing vat by steam—the kind of steam that you see rushing from the exhaust on a railway engine, not the mild kind which makes the lid of the tea-kettle dance occasionally. Then the jars, fifty at a time, are placed in the cooking vat and are cooked by more of the same kind of steam as long as required. They are then removed, lids tightened up and the jars inverted. Next day they are placed in the lockers which formerly held soldiers' equipment. These are also soldiers' equipment, but, as one boy wounded at the Somme remarked when they were shown him, "They are the finest thing I ever saw in an armories."

We intended to can 1,000 lbs. of peas. We would have done it, too, if our equipment had been ready, but while the equipment lingered the peas passed on. However, we canned a few peas, and nothing which we have done since looks nicer. We have also canned carrots, beets, Swiss chard, corn, pickles of many varieties, strawberries, raspberries, blueberries, peaches, celery relish and, last of all, chicken.

You enter the armories to-day and white-aproned, voluntary workers move like well-regulated machines, each at her task. Day after day and week after week these voluntary workers have come, and their service of love has shown ever-increasing results. They have made seven hundred quarts of tomato soup. They can repeat the recipe for that delicious compound frontwards, backwards and in their sleep. They made 300 quarts of peach jam, and several hundred quarts of peaches canned. They have used over $100 worth of sugar alone. Their first shipment to the military homes in London, Ontario, was 800 quarts of fruit and pickles, and 1,000 quarts of soup and fruit are on their way overseas. There are still hundreds of quarts waiting in the lockers. This must soon be cleaned out to make room for their thousand jars of chicken with its accompanying thousand quarts of chicken soup, for one chicken makes a quart of meat and a quart of soup. Their aim is 1,000 quarts of each, and they have their first 200 already. Judging by past results they will go away beyond the goal which they have set. Each quart of chicken is valued at $2.00, so that in this one product alone the Institutes Branch is being well repaid for the initial outlay.

The Material.

WHERE did they get the chicken and the fruit and the other material? Every farmer and chicken owner in North Middlesex has been asked to bring his chicken, and the response promises well. Voluntary donations of fruit, vegetables, celery tomatoes, onions, sealers and money have been generous, and when the material has not been forthcoming voluntarily they have bought what they required. Money donations have been received from private individuals; from girls and boys' clubs; from collections taken when returned soldiers were entertained; from a play put on under the auspices of the Canning Committee and from many other sources. One gift which touched the heart was a gift of money made by the school children who had earned it by selling the potatoes raised in their school gardens.

* * * *

We have had community canning days occasionally, and on those days groups of women took charge of the centre and canned their own goods for themselves. The centre was also loaned to the High School girls to make tomato soup from the famous recipe for their sports' day. The pupils from three different High Schools ate of it and pronounced it good.

As long as the war lasts, as long as there is a sick lad, the glass sealers filled with home-like delicacies will go on their way, and the women will wish them God speed. After the war, after the need is over, will the women be content to let the canning centre go? We think not.

Movies of the women at work were taken recently by order of the Government. Mr. McBeth, of the Hamilton Kitchen, who has given his services there free for three years, has visited us frequently. He gave us 2,000 sealers and rings and Red Cross boxes to ship our goods. Much of our success is due to his kindly interest.

Prospice.

By Alan Sullivan.

The ancient and the lonely land
  Is sown with death; across the plain
Ungarnered now the orchards stand,
  The maxim nestles in the grain.
The shrapnel spreads a stinging flail
  Where pallid nuns the cloister trod,
The air-ship spills her leaden hail;
  But—after all the battles—God.

Althwart the vineyard's ordered banks
  Silent the red-rent forms recline,
And from their stark and speechless ranks
  There flows a richer ruddier wine;
While down the lane and through the wall
  The victors writhe upon the sod,
Nor heed the onward bugle-call;
  But—after all the bugles—God.

By night the blazing cities flare
  Like mushroom torches in the sky;
The rocking ramparts tremble ere
  The sullen cannon boom reply,
And shattered is the temple-spire,
  The vestment trampled on the clod,
And every altar black with fire;
  But—After all the altars—God.

And all the prizes we have won
  Are buried in a deadly dust;
The things we set our hearts upon
  Beneath the stricken earth are thrust;
Again the savage greets the sun,
  Again his feet, with fury shod,
Across a world in anguish, run;
  But—after all the anguish—God.

The grim campaign, the gun, the sword,
  The quick volcano from the sea,
The honor that reveres the word,
  The sacrifice, the agony—
These be our heritage and pride,
  Till the last despot kiss the rod,
And, with man's freedom purified,
  We mark—behind our triumph—God.

Houses and Homes.

[It may seem strange to write about houses in this war time. But the war cannot go on forever. Some day it must stop, and the work of the world must go on again. New homes must be founded and new houses built. It takes long to plan a new house, but the planning is pleasant, and so, even though war still rages, we may work out the bright dream that may one day take form and substance.—Ed.]

THE other day one of our editors was away out Yonge St., north of Toronto, with a man who is fast becoming noted as one of the best out-of-door photographers in Canada. They had left the city far behind and had reached a point some miles beyond the historic spot upon which Montgomery's Tavern of "1837" fame, once stood, when suddenly our editor exclaimed:

"There's a house over which someone I know would rave!"

"Well", said the photographer, very practically, "we'll take a picture of it for her."

And eventually the picture found its way to the "Advocate Office", and so, to the very next page from this.—A little dream-house, is it not? a cozy bungalow with hills behind, a woods just elbowing, a big old tree near the front, and grass and more grass everywhere, promising millions of dandelions in the spring. Don't you love dandelions? I, the writer of this, do. I know just how Lowell felt about them when he wrote.

"Dear common flower that grow'st beside the way,
Fringing the dusty path with harmless gold,
First pledge of blithesome May.
'Tis the spring's largess which she scatters now
To rich and poor alike with lavish hand;
Though most hearts never understand
To take it at God's value, but pass by
The offered wealth with unrewarded eye."

And I quite agree with someone who remarked that God must have loved them, as well as the "common people", because he made so many of them.

Yes the little house is a veritable house of dream—for a small family—and one is glad it is Canadian; as yet so much of Canadian architecture is so sadly lacking, running lamentably to sameness, putting city houses in the country, and committing so many other architectural blunders. If one could add to the little place at all, one would put a wide piazza with a sleeping-porch above it at the end next the big tree, and, if there were a genius to accomplish miracles, in the dip of land at the other side, either a running stream or a pond with water-lilies. . A fig for the mosquitoes!. . If one were very partial to stucco the house itself might be of that. Stucco is very artistic, but rather expensive as yet since, in order to be very permanent, it should be spread over metal laths.

But of course every house cannot be a bungalow, a type which is suitable only for certain situations, and for people who are "built that way"—people of a bungalow-mind. Bungalows express coziness (not "dinkiness"—a cottage suggests that), hominess, and moderate means—although they give opportunity for as much of the artistic as one chooses, and may be made appallingly expensive. They are essentially small-family houses. They never carry the idea of great dignity or the need of much room for the family or for entertaining.

If these must be considered, one of the most attractive types among houses, and one of those most favored by the best architects to-day, is the Colonial, or a modified Colonial. Don't you know it?—the plain, oblong house with its broad, inviting doorway, its double row of windows, and its fine porch with pillars, which last must be well-proportioned and graceful, ideally harmonious as the Doric pillars of a Greek temple. Often in modern building, however, the great pillars are left off, the porch is simplified, and at one end of the house is placed a very broad piazza—a real out-door living-room— with a sleeping porch above.

There are modernized versions of the "Elizabethan" and "Queen Anne" types, too, that are very attractive, as also are some of the low, spacious "Dutch" models.

LEAVING all particular models aside, however, the prospective builder can make few mistakes if he keeps to some broad, general principles:

1. The house should be suited to the needs of the people who are to occupy it, neither inadequate in size nor yet pretentious—an overstepping that must only make it ridiculous.

2. The site should be very carefully chosen, on a well-drained spot, with especial attention to the view from the windows. In the country every window should be the frame for a landscape.

3. Everything about the house should be well-proportioned; the roof neither too shallow nor yet too deep; the doors, windows, etc., neither too small nor too large; the veranda pillars neither too heavy nor too spindling. This matter of proportion is very important.

4. Protuberances, such as "bay" windows, round towers, and turrets, should be ventured upon with discretion. Too often they are positive disfigurements.

5. There should be plenty of light. The modern fashion of grouping windows is very commendable.

6. Attention should be paid to the form and size of the chimney-stacks. They should be in right proportion to the size of the house, and may add very much to its picturesqueness. A mistake here may make the whole house look ridiculous, utterly destroying its dignity.

7. Verandas, or living-porches should be spacious enough for the grouping of chairs not mere shelves along which they have to be placed in long rows. They should never interfere with sunsunshine entering the house. For this reason because sunshine is the best disinfectant in the world and one of the best distributors of good cheer—the old-style all-round veranda is no longer favored. Better have a broad, roomy porch, at one end, or at the north side.

8. Ceilings should not be too high. It is impossible to make a room with very high walls look cozy and home-like. Besides too high ceilings are a useless waste of heat. Ventilation does not depend on the amount of air a room contains but on the fact of its being kept moving. High walls are suitable only for very large halls or rooms and public buildings.

9. Have as many fire-places as can be afforded. They are excellent ventilators, the cheeriest things in the world, and very useful in fall and spring before the furnace is started.

10. Above all things avoid fussy "trimming" anywhere about the house, outside or in,—fancy woodwork, jig-saw "lace" effects, elaborate grills, and bizarre painting. The simpler the details the better. Beauty should depend upon lines and proportion; "trimming" can never provide it. Save money on frills and put the extra into better material.

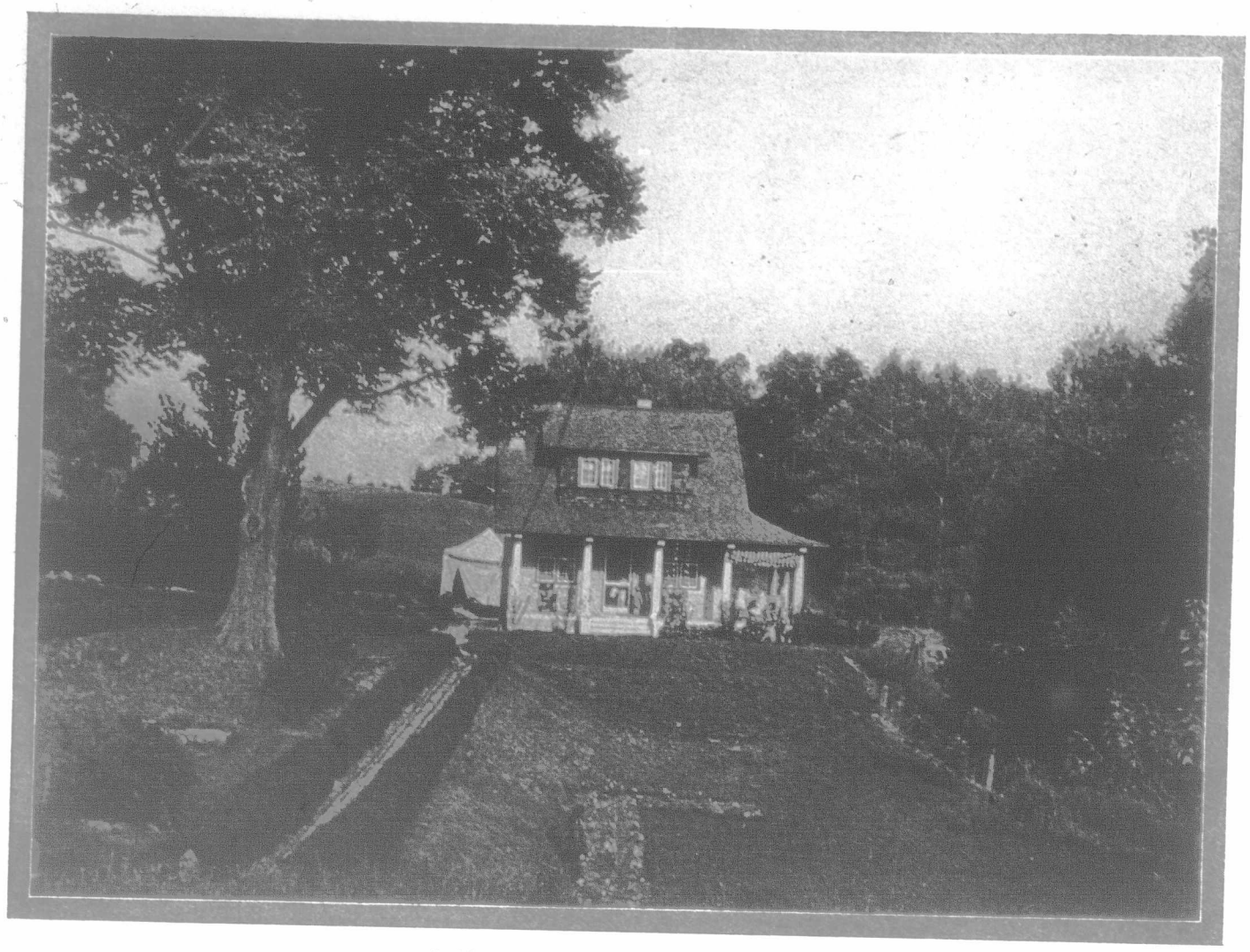
And then there are the practical details to be considered: convenience in the placing of rooms so that work may be accomplished with the fewest possible steps; plenty of clothes-closets and built-in cupboards; an attic if possible; a light and airy cellar, with dark yet ventilated compartments for vegetables and fruits; a good furnace placed in the very spot in which it will throw the heat most equally to all the rooms. This is accomplished by putting it near the center of the house, a little towards the side on which the winds most frequently blow in winter.

WHEN all has been said, the house is but the setting for the home. It is well to have that setting as beautiful as can be reasonably afforded. Yet the home should receive more attention than the house. It is quite possible to think of a small, inexpensive and almost bare house which enfolds a very delightful home, and a large, beautiful and expensive one in which is a very wretched and unbeautiful home.

Love, fairness, honor, interesting pursuits, progress—these are the sign-manuals of the real home. And these things must depend upon you, and you, and you.

Our houses *may* express us; our homes

A Bright, Cheery House.



A Charming Bungalow in Ontario. Photo by Boyd.

are *sure to*. For after all, in the words of Edgar A. Guest (in *A Heap o' Livin'*), "It takes a heap o' livin' in a house t' make it home."

"It takes a heap o' livin' in a house to make it home,
A heap o' sun an' shadder, an' ye sometimes have t' roam
Afore ye really 'preciate the things ye lef' behind,
An' hunger for 'em somehow, with 'em allus on yer mind,
It don't make any difference how rich ye get t' be,
How much yer chairs an' tables cost, how great yer luxury;
It ain't home t' ye, though it be the palace of a king,
Until somehow yer soul is sort o' wrapped round everything."

Getting Ready For To-morrow.

By "The Owl."

PAPER I.

I was afraid to put the real word that was in my mind at the head of this column. People might have shied away from it, thought it indicated something dry, refused to read it.

In reality I think it stands for something very important. But the title I have chosen is a quite good substitute. Perhaps you, too, will think of the word before you have read very far, and I am hopeful enough to think that you will be good enough to read on.

* * * *

There is a story told of a New England school board that was discussing a change of school-books, and had almost decided upon the change when one old fellow got up and voiced his opinion:

"I don't see no sense in spendin' all this money for new books when the old ones ain't wore out. Ain't spellin' and long division the same in one book as another? In my opinion, there's altogether too much book l'arnin' these days, anyway. I never could see that book l'arnin' ever did anybody no good. I knowed a feller once who spent all his spare time on books. If I went by his house at night I'd see a light in his winder, and I knowed Dan Webster was studyin' his books. He got all chock full o'book l'arnin', Dan did, and what good did it ever do him? He went away from here, and we never heard of him agin!"

Thank heaven the number of people who can see no farther than that old objector lessens every year.

—Now, I am afraid that last sentence looks rather murderous in sentiment, but I do not intend it that way. I refer, merely, to the persistent growth or extension of the true idea of education. It is more common, every year, to hear people say: "I am determined that my boys and girls will have a better chance at school than I had." The other day a washerwoman—yes, a washerwoman—said, "My boy is going to High School if I have to wash half the night to get him there." Men and women are beginning to see what the real meaning of education is, as applied to *life*, and so when the old man who doesn't even know that "Dan Webster" is likely to become the famous "Daniel Webster" stumbles to his feet and decries "book-larnin'" nobody listens. People know that to-day the tendency of education is to *show young people what they are good for;* that if Dan Webster is a "born" farmer, through and through, it will make him go on the farm just as soon as he is mentally ready for it, but that if he is not a "born" farmer, but a "born" educationist, or statesman, or something else, it will show him that, and so drive him off to fill his proper place, as went the great Daniel Webster of long ago.

IT is all unthinking nonsense to talk about "keeping" the boys and girls on the farm, or "keeping" them any where, for that matter. Each was sent into the world to *fill the place for which he or she is best fitted*. The office of real education is to find out just what that is. After that no effort should be spared that can advance the young student in his chosen field. So will work become a joy to him, and life full of usefulness and color. Thwarted, he will always be a square peg in a round hole, doing his work conscientiously, perhaps, but with an incalculable lack in vim, and happiness, and real efficiency.

We believe to-day that everybody —*everybody*—is especially fitted for some work. That work may be one that calls for manual genius, or it may be for the exercise of purely intellectual powers, and it is a crime against Nature to try to make a farmer of a lawyer, or a preacher of a farmer; a doctor of a carpenter, or a carpenter of an electrician. . .

Thank the Powers that bring Light for this new vision! What it means to the future of the world and the happiness of its people!

Thank the Powers, too, for the vision that Education means more than this—that it means something that must go on and on *as long as life itself*—that its pre-eminent object and result is two-fold:

First: To make (and keep) *good men.*
Second: To make (and keep) *good workmen.* And so, from stem to stern, Education means a training for citizenship, and that means, does it not? a training for democracy.

Democracy?—Why, that is what our boys are fighting for in the big war over-overseas!

Grant that the Education of to-day and To-morrow may finish the work they are beginning at such sacrifice, finish it so completely that the long, red way of blood may end in a blaze of glory, so clear and sweet and strong that no other way of blood will be needed again forever and ever!

* * * *

ARE our schools of to-day, then, al perfect?

Oh, that is an awkward question friend.

I am afraid I have been talking of ideals. But the ideals are being worked out slowly, and they are those that many clear-sighted people are seeing, and talking, and feeling, even as I write.

It is the object of this little series of articles to add to the numbers of these folk, and so, perhaps directly, to the great work itself. . More anon.

In the meantime a sweet and tender Christmas to you.

When William Evarts retired from the bar to accept the position of Secretary of State, a farewell dinner was given him in New York, with appointments in the most approved style. In the course of it at one time a magnificent goose, suitably dished, was placed before the guest of honor. When speaking began, the toast was proposed, "The Sage of the Bar." Mr. Evarts rose slowly and began: "What a wonderful transition! An hour ago you beheld a goose stuffed with sage: you now behold a sage stuffed with goose!"

A Delightful Living Room.

The "living room" in many homes has supplanted the "drawing room." This one is furnished with excellent taste.

Some Outstanding Poetry of the Great War.

The Soldier.

BY RUPERT BROOKE.

Rupert Brooke died on ship-board near the Dardanelles in 1915, and was buried on Lemnos Island. *The Soldier* seemed prophetic of his death.

If I should die, think only this of me:
That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is forever England. There shall be
In that rich earth a richer dust concealed;
A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,
Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam,
A body of England's, breathing English air,
Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home.

And think, this heart, all evil shed away,
A pulse in the eternal mind, no less,
Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England given;
Her sights and sounds; dreams happy as the day;
And laughter, learnt of friends; and gentleness,
In hearts at peace, under an English heaven.

I Have a Rendezvous with Death.

BY ALAN SEEGER.

Alan Seeger, a young Californian, enlisted with the Foreign Legion in France early in the war. This was probably the last poem he wrote. He was killed at Belloy-en-Santerre.

I have a rendezvous with Death
At some disputed barricade,
When Spring comes round with rustling shade
And apple-blossoms fill the air.
I have a rendezvous with Death
When Spring brings back blue days and fair.

It may be he shall take my hand
And lead me into this dark land
And close my eyes and quench my breath;
It may be I shall pass him; still
I have a rendezvous with Death
On some scarred slope of battered hill,
When Spring comes round again this year
And the first meadow flowers appear.

God knows 'twere better to be deep
Pillowed in silk and scented down,
Where love throbs out in blissful sleep,
Pulse nigh to pulse, and breath to breath,
Where hushed awakenings are dear.
But, I've a rendezvous with Death
At midnight in some flaming town,
When Spring trips north again this year,
And I to my pledged word am true,
I shall not fail that rendezvous.

German Prisoners.

BY JOSEPH LEE, A SERGEANT IN THE BLACK WATCH.

When first I saw you in the curious street,
Like some platoon of soldier ghosts in grey,
My mad impulse was all to smite and slay,
To spit upon you—tread you 'neath my feet.
But when I saw how each sad soul did greet
My gaze with no sign of defiant frown,
How from tired eyes looked spirits broken down,
How each face showed the pale flag of defeat,
And doubt, despair, and disillusionment,
And how were grievous wounds on many a head,
And on your garb red-faced was other, red;
And how you stooped as men whose strength was spent,
I knew that we had suffered each as other
And could have grasped your hand and cried, "My brother!"

Christ in Flanders.

BY L. W., (A SOLDIER).

We had forgotten You, or very nearly—
You did not seem to touch us very nearly—
Of course we thought about You now and then;
Especially in any time of trouble—
We knew that You were good in time of trouble
But we are very ordinary men.

And there were always other things to think of—
There's lots of things a man has got to think of—
His work, his home, his pleasure and his wife;
And so we only thought of You on Sunday—
Sometimes, perhaps not even on a Sunday—
Because there's always lots to fill one's life.

And, all the while, in street or lane or by-way—
In country lane, in city street or by-way—
You walked among us and we did not see.
Your feet were bleeding as You walked our pavements—
How did we miss Your footprints on our pavements?—
Can there be other folk as blind as we?

Now we remember; over here in Flanders—
(It isn't strange to think of You in Flanders)—
This hideous warfare seems to make things clear.
We never thought about You much in England—
But now that we are far away from England—
We have no doubts, we know that You are here.

You helped us pass the jest along the trenches—
Where, in cold blood, we waited in the trenches—
You touched its ribaldry and made it fine.
You stood beside us in our pain and weakness—
Somehow it seems to help us not to whine.

We think about You kneeling in the Garden—
Ah, God! the agony of that dread Garden—
We know You prayed for us upon the Cross.
If anything could make us glad to bear it—
'Twould be the knowledge that You willed to bear it—
Pain—death—the uttermost of human loss.

Though we forgot You—You will not forget us—
We feel so sure that You will not forget us—
But stay with us until this dream is past.
And so we ask for courage, strength and pardon—
Especially, I think, we ask for pardon—
And that You'll stand beside us to the last.

—In The Spectator.

Battle.

BY WILFRID WILSON GIBSON.

Hill-born.

I sometimes wonder if it's really true
I ever knew
Another life
Than this unending strife
With unseen enemies in lowland mud,
And wonder if my blood
Thrilled ever to the tune
Of clean winds blowing through an April noon
Mile after sunny mile
On the green ridges of the Windy Gile.

Back.

They ask me where I've been,
And what I've done and seen;
But what can I reply
Who know it wasn't I,
But just someone like me,
Who went across the sea,
And with my head and hands
Killed men in foreign lands, . . .
Though I must bear the blame
Because he bore my name?

Hit.

Out of the sparkling sea
I drew my tingling body clear, and lay
On a low ledge the live long summer day,
Basking, and watching lazily
White sails in Falmouth Bay.

My body seemed to burn
Salt in the sun that drenched it through and through
Till every particle glowed clean and new,
And slowly seemed to turn
To lucent amber in a world of blue. . .

I felt a sudden wrench—
A trickle of warm blood—
And found that I was sprawling in the mud
Among the dead men in the trench.

In the Ambulance.

"Two rows of cabbages,
Two of curly-greens,
Two rows of early peas,
Two of kidney-beans."
That's what he is muttering
Making such a song.

Keeping other chaps awake
The whole night long.

Both his legs are shot away,
And his head is light;
So he keeps on muttering
All the blessed night—

"Two rows of cabbages,
Two of curly greens,
Two rows of early peas,
Two of kidney-beans."

—In The Nation.

Forward.

BY ALFRED NOYER.

A thousand creeds and battle-cries,
A thousand warring social schemes,
A thousand new moralities,
And twenty thousand thousand dreams.

Each on his own anarchic way,
From the old order breaking free—
Our ruined world desires, you say,
License, once more, not Liberty.

But ah, beneath the struggling foam,
When storm and change are on the deep,
How quietly the tides come home,
And how the depths of sea-shine sleep;

And we who march toward a goal,
Destroying only to fulfil
The law, the law of that great soul
Which moves beneath your alien will;

We, that like foemen meet the past
Because we bring the future, know
We only fight to achieve at last
A great reunion with our foe;

Reunion in the truths that stand
When all our wars are rolled away,
Reunion of the heart and hand
And of the prayers wherewith we pray;

Reunion in the common needs,
The common strivings of mankind;
Reunion of our warring creeds
In the one God that dwells behind.

Forward!—What use in idle words?
Forward, O warriors of the soul!
There will be breaking up of swords
When that new morning makes us whole.

The Blind Soldier.

BY KATHERINE MANN.

"Will ye answer a question, mother, say,
Is it morn or early night?
It's funny just at first, you know,
Not having your own sight.
If I'm botherin', tell me outright."

"Dearie boy, it's the mornin' now;
Don't you be 'shamed to ask.
Of course, I'll answer a hundred an' more,
An' never think it a task."

"Then tell me, d'ye see in the distance there
A misty haze o' blue,
That hangs like a bunch o' grapes untouched
When the purple land's ploughed new?
Mother, d'ye see the view?"

"I see it, dearie, now you've spoke,
My, how your eyes do see!
I've thought I've saw all that was there
Since iver I was three."

"Look ye again; don't a red blush creep
Through the pines where the field dips low?
It used to mind me o' man an' maid
A-kissin' with cheeks aglow,
Mother, d'ye see the show?"

"Did iver! It's jist like that, dearie,
As like as life, an' fine;
But it's queer I never saw before
The look o' the bearded pine!"

"And close by, d'ye see the willows wavin'?
Jist watch them, in the breeze.
They're whisperin', noddin', blinkin', I bet ye,
Like gossips at their teas,
Mother, d'ye see the trees?"

"I do, an' it's smilin' (an' cryin') I am,
At the lot you've made me find;
For to think it's you that's seein',
An' me the wan that's blind!"

—In The Sphere.

The Young Knights.

BY VIRNA SHEARD.

Now they remain to us forever young
Who with such splendor gave their youth away;
Perpetual Spring is their inheritance,
Though they have lived in Flanders and in France
A round of years, in one remembered day.

They drained life's goblet as a joyous draught,
And left within the cup no bitter lees
Sweetly they answered to the King's behest,
And gallantly fared forth upon a quest,
Beset by foes on land and on the seas.

So in the ancient world hath bloomed again
The rose of old romance—red as of yore;
The flower of high emprise hath whitely blown
Above the graves of those we call our own,
And we will know its fragrance evermore.

Now if their deeds were written with the stars,
In golden letters on the midnight sky,
They would not care. They were so young, and dear,
They loved the best the things that were most near,
And gave no thought to glory far and high.

They need no shafts of marble pure and cold—
No painted windows radiantly bright;
Across our hearts their names are carven deep—
In waking dreams, and in the dreams of sleep,
They bring us still ineffable delight.

Methinks heaven's gates swing open very wide
To welcome in a host so fair and strong;
Perchance the unharmed angels as they sing
May envy these the battle-scars they bring,
And sigh e'er they take up the triumph song!

The Beaver Circle.

A Merry Christmas to Our Beavers.

Old Santa Claus.

Who is it keeps you thinking fast
For quite ten days or twenty past
While one month seems to two to last?
'Tis Santa Claus.

Who is it that on Christmas Eve
Quite spoils your sleep, I do believe,
While golden dreams you weave and weave?
'Tis Santa Claus.

Who, when you try to hear him scratch
Adown the chimney, proves a match,
For you, so him you never catch?
'Tis Santa Claus.

Because he sends you fast asleep
Before you ever get a peep,
And plunges you in darkness deep.
Oh Santa Claus!

And then he quickly works, I think,
Nor ever makes a tell-tale clink,
And laughs, with many a sly old wink.
Oh Santa Claus!

For when in morning up you go
You find your stockings full, I know,
For Santa Claus has not been slow,
Old Santa Claus!

Ah yes, he is a jolly sprite,
I'd hate to do without him quite,
Although he comes quite out of sight,
Old Santa Claus.

So here's a hip, hip, hip-hooray!
To greet this merry Christmas day,
With love and joy along its way,
And Santa Claus.

A Christmas Picnic.

When Christmas came there was scarcely a bit of snow on the ground, just a little here and there in the fence corners, and over the dead leaves in the hollows in the woods.

Helen's cousin Mary was staying with her through the holidays, so when Christmas morning was over, and all the "Oh's" and "Ah's" had been said, over the Christmas presents, the usual question came up, "What are we going to do, today?"

"Let's do something different," said Helen.

"Different?" queried Mary.

"Yes, something different from anything we've ever done on Christmas. I know"—clasping her hands—"let's have a mid-winter picnic."

"But how could we ever sit about upon the ground when it's so cold?" said Mary.

"Well, we'll have our thick coats on, and anyhow how much do 'chiluns' like us sit on the ground at any picnic?"

"All right," said Mary, "I'm in for it. What's the plan?"

And then the girls had a long talk about everything that should be done.

The first thing, of course, was to consult mother and invite the guests, and so, before long, the telephone was very busy.

Sharply at three o'clock a very gay little party was assembled near the gate on the side-road—Helen, Mary, Pearl Baxter, Olive Howell, Fred. Baxter, Ted Johnson and Helen's brother Reginald—and soon all were on the way to the woods. A beautiful winding road ran from the side-road quite into the heart of it, ending in a small, cleared hill, with a gravel pit in the south side of it, a very large gravel pit from which much gravel had been hauled, and along this road the little party went. In one place a chipmonk chattered at them, quite as though it had been summer, and in another they stopped to examine some tracks on a little patch of snow in a hollow. There were two kinds of tracks, and Fred said one of them were those of a rabbit, while the other had been left by a bird. "Look," he said, "this one ends here, and there are two marks at each side. That is where the bird began to fly leaving the marks of its wings."

"What sort of bird do you think it was?" asked Mary.

"Oh a crow, maybe, or a bluejay. They both stay around in the winter when the other birds have gone south."

"How odd it is," remarked Helen, "to find stories written in the snow!"

On reaching the gravel pit the baskets were put down and games began. What fun they had playing "I spy," for there are so many splendid places for hiding in the woods. Once the boys went off by themselves and came creeping back, a group of Red Indians with green boughs on their heads, to the top of the gravel pit, where they made themselves known by whoops and shrieks, ending up with a war-dance on top of the "cliff."

"I declare," said Pearl, "it makes one think of the cliff away down the Ohio was it?—where La Salle kept his men for so long."

"Only his men were on top of the cliff, while here it is the Indians who are on top," said Olive.

"Well, the Indians got it at last, didn't they?" retorted Pearl.

The screeching and war-whoops ended in a battle of leaves—for dry leaves never hurt anyone—and at last when all were tired out Helen brought on her big surprise.

"Now go, all you boys," she said, "and gather nice dry branches for a fire."

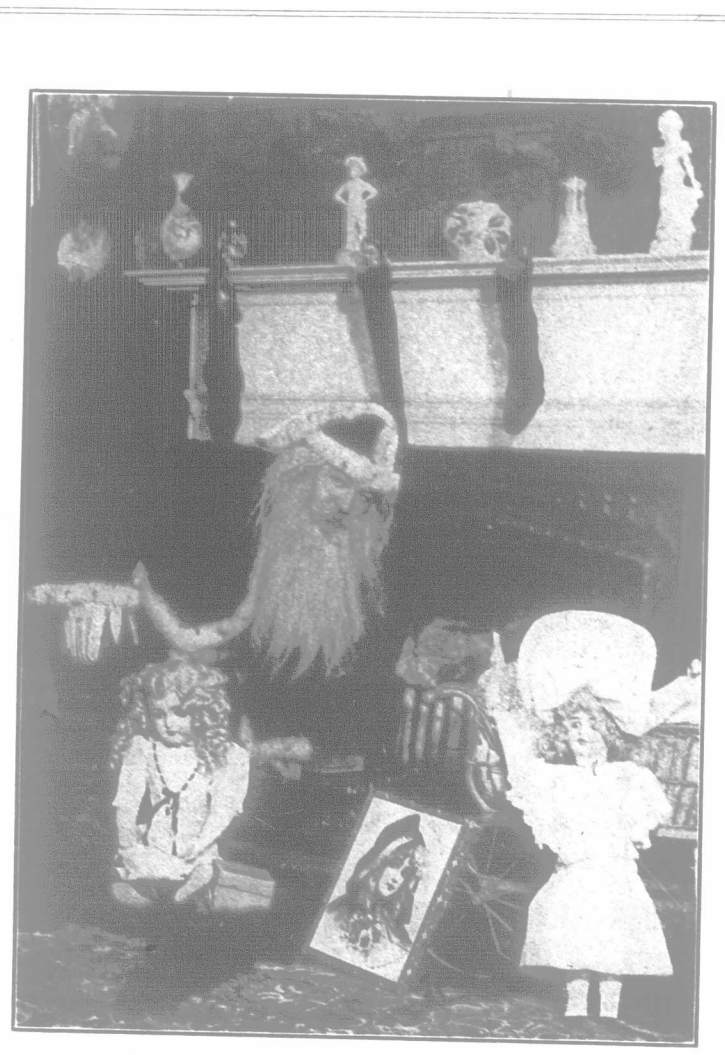
While they were gone the girls unpacked the baskets. There was some cold goose, plenty of bread, a piece of butter, cake, candy, cups and spoons, a big sealer of soup, a small tea-kettle, some tea and a little jar of cream, then, last of all, carefully wrapped up in paper, some uncooked sausages, for it would be no fun at all to have supper in the woods unless one had something to cook.

Soon the boys came back and built the fire on a piece of gravel, where it could not spread. The flames blazed and the wood crackled, sending a rosy glow all round and making the sheltered gravel pit quite warm. When there were some coals the boys scraped out a few and put them in a little spot with three stones about it on which to set the kettle, which was now filled with water from the brook. Another little "stove" was made for the soup, which was put on to heat in a tin pail. Then all the boys and girls sat about the bon-fire, toasting bread and roasting sausages at the end of long "gads." Sometimes the sausage would fall off, when there would be a great time getting it on again. But everyone was very careful not to go too close to the fire, or to get his or her clothes afire from sparks.

What a supper that was! For hunger is the best sauce. All said they had never tasted anything quite so good as the hot soup, and hot toast and sausage.

Afterwards Mary told a story about two little boys and Santa Claus, and Ted played a piece on the fine new mouth-organ that had come in his stocking.

When they went home they all declared they had never had so nice a time on Christmas before.



Who Is He?

Games For Christmas Night.

"What's My Thought?"

TENNYSON speaks of "What's My Thought" as an old Christmas game. It is played this way. Someone begins the game by thinking of something, then asking everyone in turn, "What's my thought like?" Each tells him. When he has gone all round he tells his thought, then asks each one why he or she thought his "thought" was like whatever had been said, and then the fun begins.

For example, to the question "What is my thought like?" the first says "a clock," the second says "ice-cream," and so on. On the second round, the questioner says, "My thought was of Mary. Why do you think her like a clock?" To this the answer may be, "Because she has hands and face and goes all the time." And so the game goes on. "Why is Mary like ice-cream?" "Because everyone likes her."

Christmas Candles.

A lighted candle is placed on the table. Each player in turn, is blindfolded, placed with his back to the candle, about a foot from it, then told to take three steps forward, turn around three times, then walk towards the candle and blow it out. Everyone who fails to blow it out must pay a forfeit, such as having his face washed, carrying in wood, dusting the room, creeping up the room and down again, picking up 6 clothespins with his teeth while someone counts ten, reciting a poem, or telling a story.

The Wider Vision.

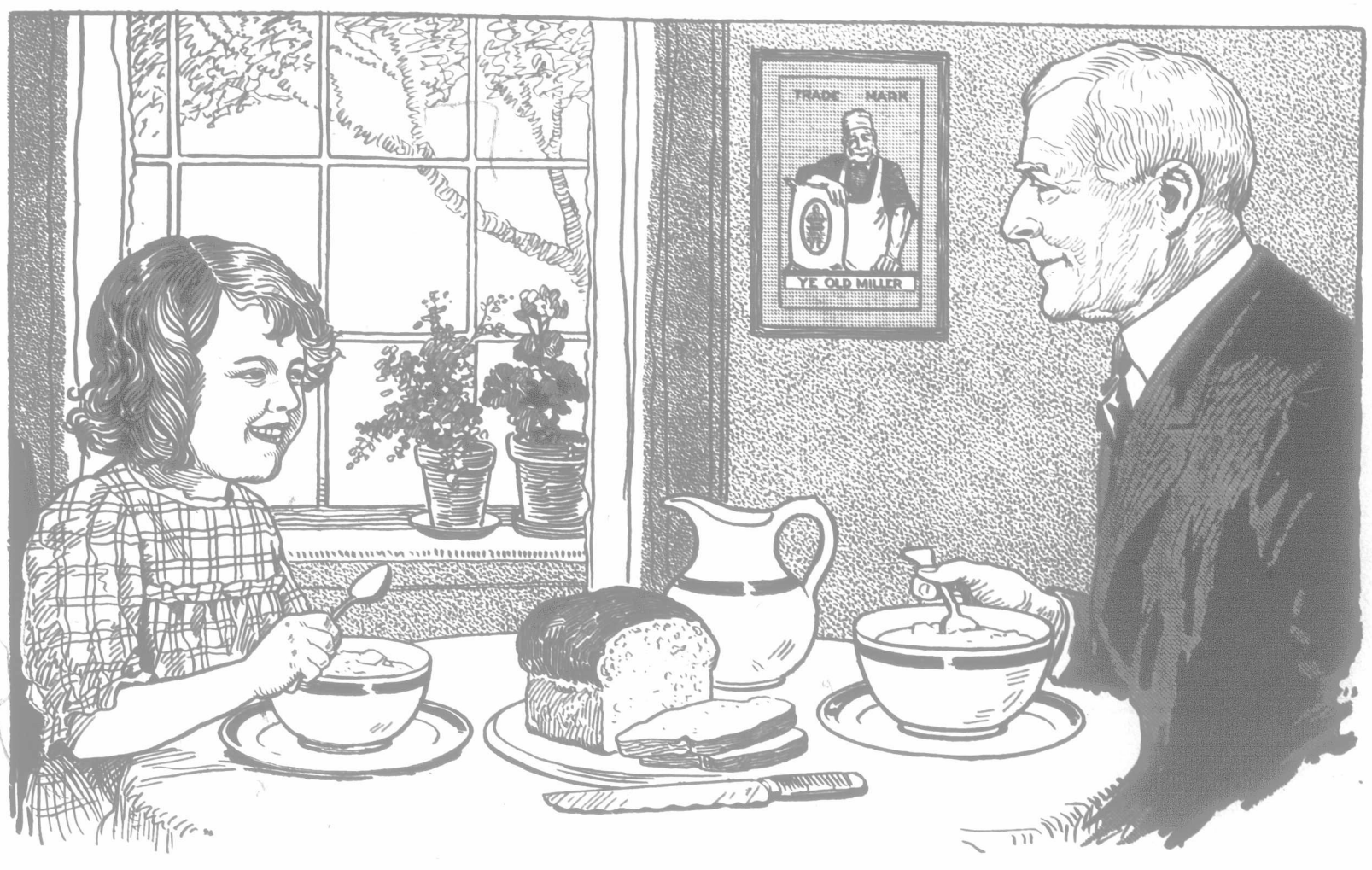
BY ELLA A. FANNING, IN THE "TIMES," NEW YORK.

In former times, as Christmas neared,
I was content with gifts that cheered
The little few I called my friends,
Whose thought to life its sweetness lends,
Or those who nearest, dearest are,
Beneath the glowing, mild Home Star.
For these I planned, provincial fond,
Kin-bound, nor ever looked beyond.

My household circle, narrow street,
My native town, it seemed but meet
In these should centre Yuletide joys
Far from the wider world of noise.
Each year like other years before,
The circle narrowing, narrowing more—
Gift-giving, dull, perfunctory, slow,
A habit listless, a mere show.

Now I look out across the world,
My snail-soul from its shell uncurled!
The limitations of my purse
I mourn, as sadly I rehearse
The needs of friends I long to cheer—
New kin of mine, this Christmas year!
And I would own the fabled gold
That Midas stored in days of old!

What matters race or skin or creed?
Suffice it, comfort millions need!
The barriers are broken down;
No more I count my street, my town,
But of my scanty means I give
That unknown kin of mine may live,
And earn my cheer on Christmas Day,
By gifts sent to the Far-Away!



Bread and Milk is a Balanced Ration

Any food or combination of foods that supplies all requirements of nutrition is called a "balanced ration." Food experts point to bread and milk as a splendid example.

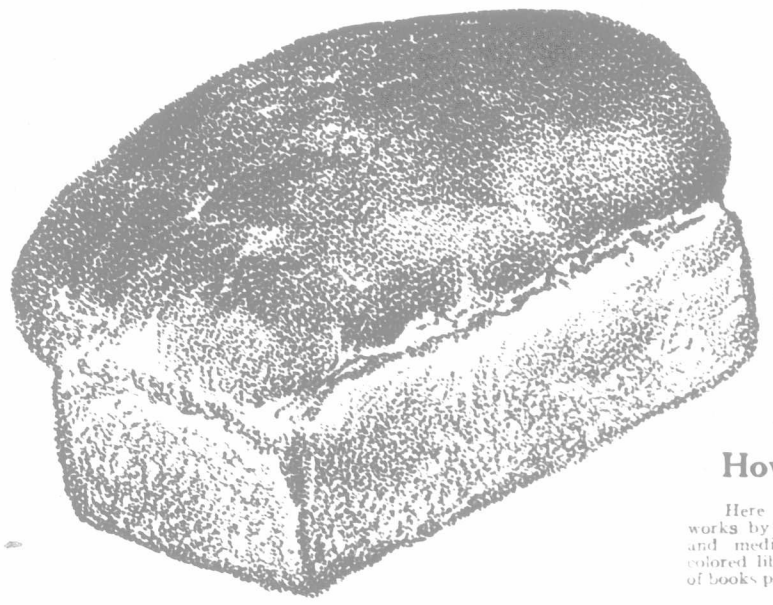
When baking bread you surely owe it to yourself to select with care the flour that will provide the most nutrition and energy-producing power.

Dr. Wiley, the famous food expert, a former chief of the Department of Chemistry at Washington, states that there is more energy in a pound of bread than in a pound of meat.

You can always depend upon the fullest nutrition value and rising quality of Canada's best hard wheat when you use

Cream of the West Flour

the hard wheat flour that is guaranteed for bread



You can afford to try our flour because it is made by one of the best equipped mills in all Canada, with every facility for maintaining its splendid reputation for nourishing quality. How everyone does enjoy the delicious bread Cream of the West Flour makes. And what genuine satisfaction to have those great big loaves rise right up out of the pans, with crumb so white and even and the rich golden crust, crisp and sweet. Because it is made from Western Canada hard wheat, Cream of the West Flour is rich in gluten: this is not only a highly nourishing substance, but to it is due the rising quality of bread. Decidedly you should give Cream of the West the good trial it deserves.

How to Build up your Library—Save Library Cards.

Here is the opportunity of a lifetime to have on your shelves the world's best novels, including works by famous authors, also "Ye Old Miller's Household Book" containing 1000 reliable recipes and medical department. In each barrel, half-barrel, or sack of Campbell's flour you will find a colored library card. Save it. When you send us the required number of cards we send you your choice of books promptly. Full directions and list of books are printed on each card. Try our flour and get a card.

The Campbell Flour Mills Co., Limited, West Toronto, Ontario

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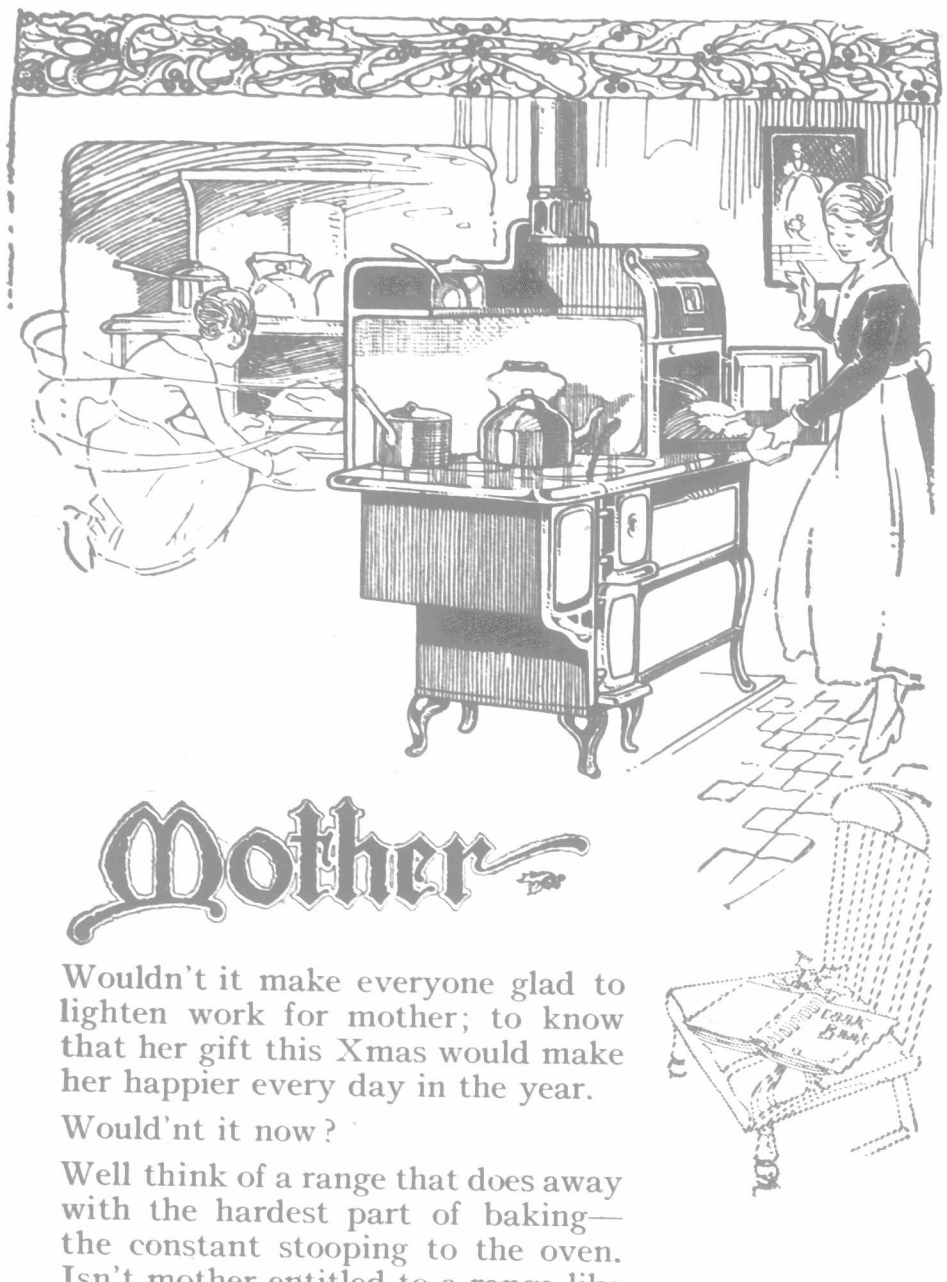


Mother

Wouldn't it make everyone glad to lighten work for mother; to know that her gift this Xmas would make her happier every day in the year.

Would'nt it now?

Well think of a range that does away with the hardest part of baking—the constant stooping to the oven. Isn't mother entitled to a range like this? Shouldn't she have the most modern equipment to save her back, to lighten her day's work?

Because the Lighter Day Range has lightened work in many thousand homes, we suggest it this year, in all earnestness, as a most thoughtful gift for mother. And we believe that nothing could make Mother's Christmas merrier than to have her Lighter Day in time to cook the Christmas Dinner.

new LIGHTER DAY range for coal or wood

Your local dealer is probably showing this beautiful range already in his Christmas display. If not, you can see for yourself what it looks like, what convenience it brings, from a booklet which we will be glad to send you free. Write at once so that you may get your order in in good time for Xmas delivery.

CLARE BROS. & CO.
Limited
PRESTON, Winnipeg, Vancouver

Hope's Quiet Hour.

Good Tidings.

And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. —S. Luke 2 : 10.

Joy to the world! The LORD is come:
Let earth receive her King,
Let every heart prepare Him room,
And heaven and nature sing.
—REV. ISAAC WATTS, 1719.

NEARLY two thousand years have passed since the Christmas angel proclaimed his tidings of great joy to all people. Two hundred years ago that hymn, beginning "Joy to the world", was written. The hymn is still a great favorite, but it is not easy to reconcile it with the world-sadness of to-day. We sing the words with our lips; can we sing them in our hearts?

This morning a friend said to me: "Wouldn't it be splendid if we picked up the paper and found that the war was over?" Splendid, indeed! and yet how sad the aftermath of war must be. Think of the millions of tortured, heartbroken men, women and children. Think of the desolated cities. Think of the blazing fury of hatred which has been lighted in men's hearts, and which must long be a curtain of fire separating the nations.

How can we expect good tidings of great joy to come to "all" people? The joyful tidings of victory to one people will be like the crash of awful doom to another.

And yet the Christmas message lifts our hearts with a surge of fresh hope. Joy and Peace are so lovely in our eyes that we feel more sure we shall find them some day. "Where there's a will there's a way;" and, when all the world makes the discovery that peace and goodwill are infinitely better than war and hatred, the nations will swiftly build the highway which Isaiah saw in vision—The King's highway, where every wayfaring man shall walk in safety.—Isa. 35.

When Christ was born the angels might well rejoice, for that was the beginning of a new era for mankind. We date everything from that wondrous Birth in Bethlehem, because then our race made a new start. As Gerald Stanley Lee expresses it, Christmas was "that stern, imperious moment in the world when, with a child's cry and a woman's smile, God turned the world over and began in a moment a new human race."

Before that first Christmas men were of small account—except as they might act as cogs in the great machine of the Roman state. Babies were so plentiful and so helpless that, individually, they had no rights. Herod might murder the little children of Bethlehem if he chose. Were they not his subjects? Christ has taught us that each child is one of God's treasures, and one who dares to misuse a child of God might better have a great millstone fastened to his neck and be drowned in the depths of the sea.

Christ has taught us that each outcast sinner is as precious as is a wandering sheep to an Eastern shepherd, as a lost coin to a poor woman, as a prodical son to a loving father.

The ideals of Christ are slowly but surely leavening and uplifting mankind. In spite of the awfulness of this war, there never was a time when the suffering and the helpless were cared for so tenderly. The Red Cross—with its millions of willing workers—makes no distinction between friend and foe. Those who cannot volunteer to join its ranks pour their money in a steady and increasing flood into its treasury. Who but Christ has taught men the glory and beauty of self-forgetting service, rendered without thought of return, to the wounded stranger by the wayside—be he friend or foe?

Christ has balanced His great ideal of "value of the individual" by another astonishing truth, that a man can only realize his highest self by sacrificing self for others. Those who lose their life for others shall find life in glorious measure. Those who selfishly seek advancement, and sacrifice others in order to climb over them, are going straight to a terrible downfall. The only road to real greatness is unselfish service. Christ has taught us this, both by word and example.

Slowly but surely His way of helping people to help themselves—of giving a chance to the poor, the lame and the blind—is commending itself to the ever-increasing army of social workers. "They know it is only a mockery of the Christmas spirit to make a great fuss about charity on one day in the year, spending the other 364 days in selfishness. They know it is only scratching the surface of philanthropic work to give dolls to children who ought to have playgrounds, caramels when they need air, cards with 'JESUS' on them when they need milk, beef, schools, and religion—something happy and real and serious to believe" —as G. S. Lee says.

The living Presence of Christ in our midst has power to spoil our satisfaction in our own selfish comforts. We have been forced to look where His finger points, and to acknowledge that all men are our neighbors. In these days, when we find the sorrows of the world close beside us, we can't say it is no affair of ours. Neither a millionaire nor a newsboy is willing to stand aside when a great Red Cross campaign is on. There is a chance for everybody to "do his bit", and everybody wants to help. Selfishness has to hide its ugly head, for it is out of fashion in these strenuous days. Of course it is not killed—far from it! —but at least we see the beauty of Christlikeness, and are honestly trying to gain some of that beauty ourselves. If we are not yet living like Christ, we have at least the grace to be ashamed of our selfishness.

And so the Christmas promise is slowly but surely being fulfilled. Pleasure may be found in selfishness, but not joy. Through this horror of great darkness we shall at last struggle into the sunshine of love—and, out of love, joy will be born. Little by little we are discovering that all men are brothers. Long ago men were bound together in families, and all outside the family were foes or strangers. Then the family was merged in the tribe, and tribal wars were the natural result. Then various tribes were linked together and formed a nation, while other nations were distrusted as "foreigners." Now we proudly wave the flags of "the Allies" —how many nations have joined us?—and too many of us forget that our Master insists that we must pray also for our enemies and do them good.

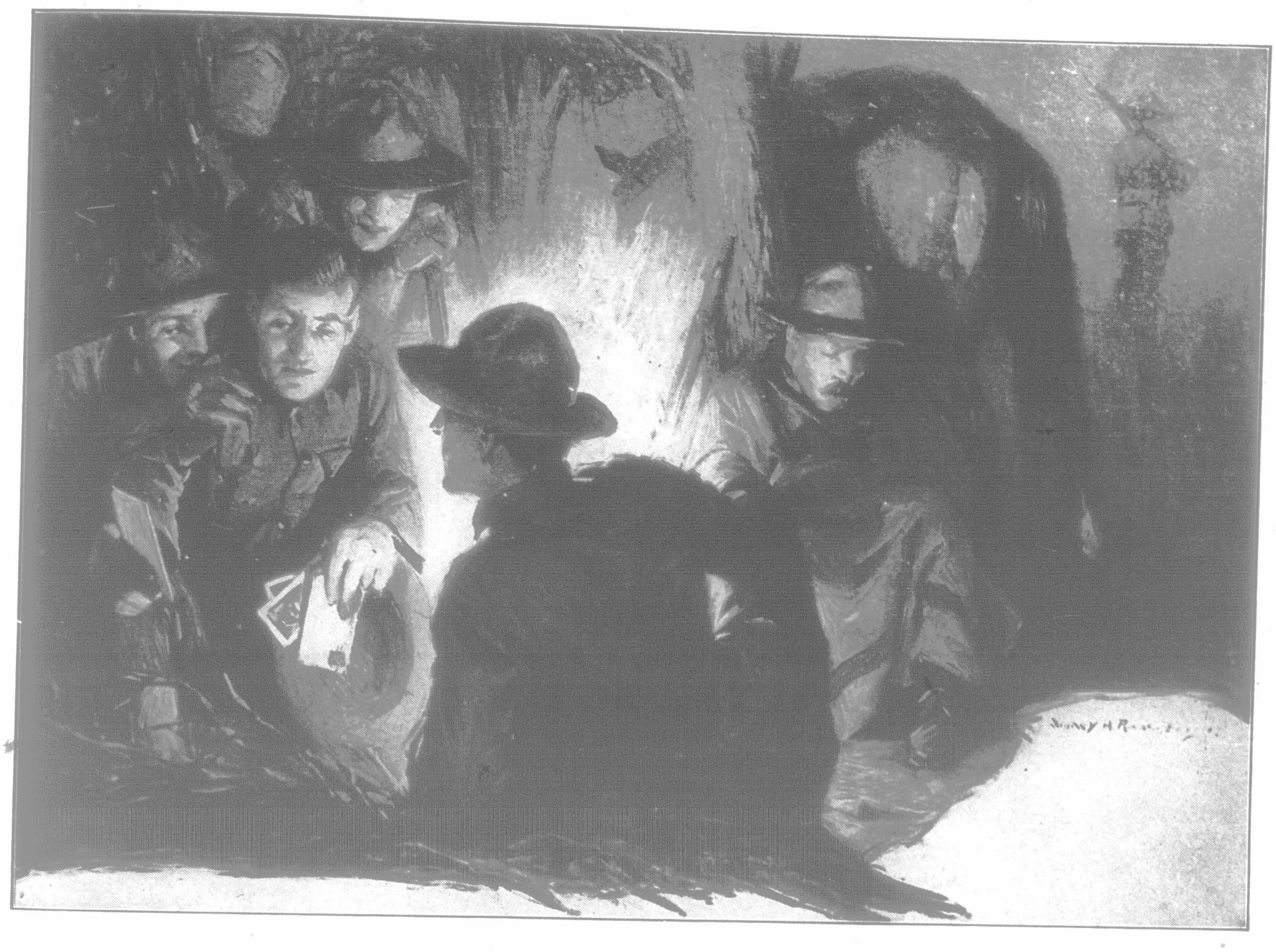
We look in pity, contempt or indignation at the nations outside our ranks—the "neutrals" and our determined foes—and yet the world is moving in the direction of universal brotherhood. We are beginning to learn that we belong to a greater kingdom than the British Empire—the kingdom of God. Hate is destructive, while Love has power to build up a grander and more lasting civilization than the boasted culture which has proved such a broken reed to lean on.

Let us help forward the Kingdom of God by cultivating love in our own hearts. Love is an individual thing—we don't love in crowds—and it is even more infectious than hate.

God's promised peace and joy will not be forced upon us. They are for men "in whom He is well pleased."—S. Luke 2 : 14, R. V. Peace and joy can never grow from the root of hate. God hasshown us the spirit which pleases Him. We hear the wild demand for "reprisals", the cry, "kill German women and children, as ours have been killed!" and, through the savage cry of hate, rises the music of that matchless prayer: "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do." When our Leader's heart was so full of love—even love for His relentless foes—it was natural that He found joy even in the midst of sorrow. Read St. John's account of that last Passover on the eve of the Crucifixion, and see how constantly the word "joy" recurs.

Though this Christmas must be a sad one for many, yet God is able and willing to give wonderful joy even in the midst of sadness.

This was the experience of one heart-sick mother. She wrote to a friend: "I had promised my dear son to go to the Communion at 9 o'clock, at the hour that he could receive it in his regiment. . . and I went out in stillness and silence to meet the soul of my dear son waiting to find mine. . . Need I tell you more of my Christmas? I forgot that I was old and alone, and only remembered that it was the feast-day of our Lord, who had come here to protect us all." That was in 1914, and He is with us still—our Joy and our Peace. DORA FARNCOMB.



Pictures from Home

Over there, with thousands of miles of sea and land between them and home, are Our Boys, smiling and fighting—fighting with bullets, against a dogged foe; with smiles, fighting homesickness and dread monotony.

It's a part of the nation's job to-day to keep those boys cheerful, to hold fast the bonds between camp and home, to make light hearts and smiling faces—and these things pictures can help to do—pictures of the home folks and the home doings, pictures of the neighbors, pictures that will enliven their memories of the days before the war—simple Kodak pictures, such as you can make. These can help.

Kodak catalogue, free at your dealer's or by mail

CANADIAN KODAK CO., Limited, Toronto, Canada

CROWN BRAND CORN PURE SYRUP

The most delicious of table syrups for Griddle Cakes and Hot Biscuits. Excellent for home made candy.

In 2, 5, 10 and 20 pound tins—
3 lb. "Perfect Seal" Glass Jars.

Write for free Cook Book.

THE CANADA STARCH CO. LIMITED,
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Your Christmas Guests

—And What Their Presence Means In Your Home

WHAT a glorious Christmas it would be, if you could have Anna Case and Marie Rappold, Thomas Chalmers and Arthur Middleton, as your Yuletide guests—to spend the holiday season right in your own home—and sing for you, whenever you wish.

Thanks to the genius of Thomas A. Edison, you can have the enjoyment of their voices, not only for Christmas but for all the days to come.

The NEW EDISON

"The Phonograph with a Soul"

reproduces the human voice with such fidelity and accuracy that no human ear can detect a shade of difference between the living artists and the New Edison Re-Creation of their voices.

Before hundreds of audiences, has been conducted the famous "tone test," in which the artist sings alone, then suddenly stops, leaving The New Edison to continue the song. Thirty different artists have made the test, before more than a million people, and not one of this vast audience has been able to tell, except by watching the singer's lips, when the voice stopped and The New Edison began.

As a Christmas gift, what could equal this wonderful instrument? It means a richer, fuller life—a permanent pass to theatre and opera house—an introduction to all the music of all the world.

There is an Edison dealer in your vicinity.

Write for the elegant brochure, "Music's Re-Creation," and the convincing booklet, "What the Critics Say." 124

THOS. A. EDISON, INC.,
Orange, N. J.

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.—While trying to find something about which to write you at this Christmastide, I have written two "Ingle Nooks"—and thrown them away. I wanted to make our little corner this time just the bright, cozy, chat tering spot of our Christmases of long ago, of the long, long years—it is beginning to seem hundreds of them—before the war. But I found it impossible. The chatter would not come; everything I wrote seemed vapid, and so I threw it in the waste-paper basket.

Thus it is that, in spite of determination to the contrary, I find myself writing once more to those upon whom the burden of the war lies heavy. And these are not altogether just the folk upon whose homes the shadow of the war lies blackest, for there are many who have lost no immediate relative because of the great world-upheaval, yet who, because of a great sympathy and vision and power of understanding and feeling, realize the war almost as do those who have directly suffered. So after all perhaps my audience is a large one. If one has not lost a relative one has lost a friend or an acquaintance, or one has looked, with dimming eyes and a lump in one's throat, at other folk's boys and friends as they marched away, and one has thought of all the lads, in all the countries, thus marching off into the dim unknown, and wondered what must be the result of all this on the future of the world.

But I do not come to mourn with you to-day, but rather to help you, and let you help me, in grasping a larger vision of things. For if we do not find, somehow, the larger vision, despair must indeed loom large.

The other day I came upon a poem. Perhaps it is not really *great* poetry, from the standpoint of the critics, but it is worth reading and it contains a message. Here it is:

"Even This Shall Pass Away."

BY THEODORE TILTON.

Once in Persia reigned a King,
Who upon his signet ring
'Graved a maxim true and wise,
Which, if held before the eyes,
Gave him counsel at a glance,
Fit for every change and chance.
Solemn words, and these are they:
"Even this shall pass away."

Trains of camels through the sand
Brought him gems from Samarcand;
Fleets of galleys through the seas
Brought him pearls to match with these.
But he counted not his gain
Treasures of the mine or main;
"What is wealth?" the King would say;
"Even this shall pass away."

In the revels of his court
At the zenith of the sport,
When the palms of all his guests
Burned with clapping at his jests,
He, amid his figs and wine,
Cried: "Oh, loving friends of mine!
Pleasure comes, but not to stay;
Even this shall pass away."

Fighting on a furious field,
Once a javelin pierced his shield;
Soldiers with a loud lament
Bore him bleeding to his tent;
Groaning from his tortured side,
"Pain is hard to bear," he cried,
"But with patience, day by day—
Even this shall pass away."

Towering in the public square,
Twenty cubits in the air,
Rose his statue, carved in stone.
Then the King, disguised, unknown,
Stood before his sculptured name,
Musing meekly, "What is fame?
Fame is but a slow decay—
Even this shall pass away."

Struck with palsy, sere and old,
Waiting at the gates of gold,
Said he, with his dying breath:
"Life is done, but what is death?"
Then, in answer to the King,
Fell a sunbeam on his ring,
Showing by a heavenly ray—
"Even this shall pass away."

Yes things shall pass away, even this war—and, more than that, every single grief and catastrophe connected with it. And not by mere forgetfulness—oblivion. For, no matter how long the process, things *must* be righted, for us individually and for this world. These soldiers who have been killed—they are not dead. These others who have been mained—some day they will be whole again. And we ourselves—some day we shall understand. And this old world—some day it will be the great, just, sane commonwealth that it is possible for it to be, international, humanitarian, filled with diversities but not with disagreements, the variety that stimulates with the agreement that soothes.

"Ah, but these things can never be."

But they can be, and they must be, else all creation will have been a devil's dance—which is unthinkable.

We, in spite of all the deviltries in the world to-day, have progressed immeasurably after all. Compare us of to-day wit the cave man—read *Caliban Upon Setebos* to realize the difference—then say have we not, on the whole, gone forward? This war may set things back, in some ways, for a time, but it must advance them—it *is* advancing them—in others, as we see. And in the long run progress must win. It always does. As has been said in these columns, over and over, "The whole urge of the Universe is forward."

And so it remains for us just to have patience, infinite patience, and to look forward with faith, and to keep before us *always* the light of vision. The waiting may seem long, but we are even now in the midst of eternity, and some day we shall look back on all these things that are happening now and say, "They were milestones. Forever those dark days are left behind!"

For our personality must persist—else creation has been a mockery—and with it shall be memory. We must be always just ourselves, going ahead, learning, seeing more and more, making new friends and drawing about us the old ones who will be just *themselves*, only finer and better than before. We don't know how or where all these things shall be, but we must realize that they shall be, sometime and somewhere. And not unnaturally either.

Don't you see that the old idea of heaven as a city, as long as broad and as broad as high with walls all about and gates of pearl and streets of gold, is absolutely unthinkable? Don't you see that to go about always dressed in white and playing on harps would be before long—detestable? True, John spoke of these things in the Revelation. But don't you see that he spoke *figuratively*, as a poet speaks? That his strange, cubic city meant just a state of perfect proportions, perfect balance, in justice and truth? That his white robes simply signified purity, and his gates of pearl and streets of gold preciousness and beauty?—That eventually everything shall be right, and that some day people shall go about with a song on their lips and in their hearts, and music at their finger-tips because of realizing themselves, and God, and friends, and all good?—But in just the sort of heaven plane that suits.

I remember wishing, when I was very little, that my heaven might be woods, with mossy logs, and small "wade-able" streams and changing skies. The hard, ugly streets of gold didn't appeal at all. And I wished, too, that one didn't have to go "up" to heaven.

Well, perhaps we'll not have to go "up." But if we do—to other planets—it will be accomplished quite naturally, of that we may be sure. And we need have no more dread of hard, gold streets. For we know now what poets mean—and John was a poet—when they talk in allegorical language; and we may be very sure that as we go on through the ages, we shall busy ourselves at the things we like best to do, for which we were made; and that things will grow more and more interesting as we become more ready for them.

And so we must just do the best we can, each day as it comes,—looking forward with hope and a great vision.

For there is *no end to our possibilities*. As Mortimer Clarke has said, "Finite folk are we, with infinite possibilities." I do not quote from the Bible, for you can find the on-looking bits there for yourselves.

I think the soldier boys who have stepped out of our sight for a while, are sometimes surprised at how natural and

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Here is an easy way to prove that Gold Dust saves housekeeping time.

The next time you wash dishes try Gold Dust. See if it doesn't dissolve the grease quicker than soap. When you get through, see if you can't honestly say to yourself, "I've saved some *real* time."

But don't let Gold Dust stop at dish-washing. Use Gold Dust in all kinds of household cleaning—such as scrubbing the kitchen floor, washing woodwork or cleaning the bath-room.

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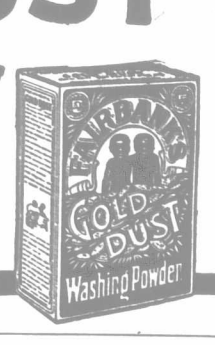
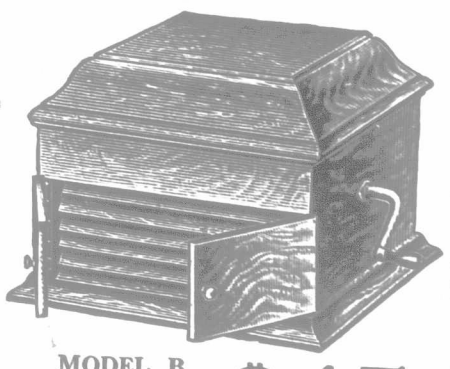


Every Family Can Afford a Phonola



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This is not a toy, but a good size machine—17¼ inches wide, 18¾ inches deep and 12⅞ inches high.

It has a surprising volume of tone and plays all makes of disc records full and clear. Compare this Model B "Phonola" with other makes selling at $10 higher and we are sure you will prefer the "Phonola." The beautiful cabinet of this

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was made in our own special cabinet factory. We have another factory in which we make our own reproducers, tone arms and motors. Making these Phonolas complete we are able to offer exceptional values.

Other Phonolas from $18 to $250

DEALERS The "Phonola" agency is becoming more valuable every day. Has anyone the agency in your locality?

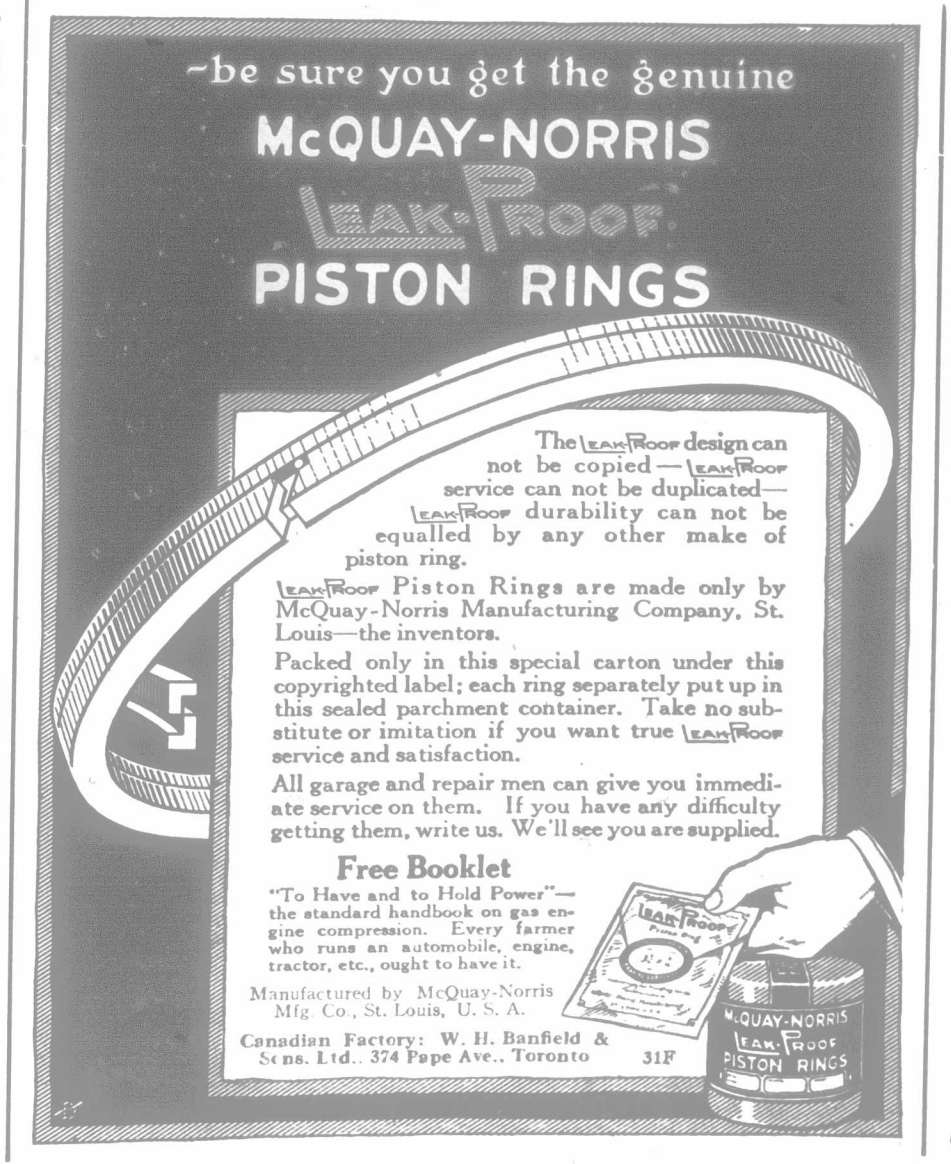
The Pollock Manufacturing Co., Limited, Kitchener, Canada 32

yet how interesting the new life is to which they have gone. As Odelon Redon, a great French painter, has said, death is only "a chance to explore the infinite." Perhaps they come to see us, and help us, often—those soldier boys. Why not? The greatest minds in the world to-day think the thing not impossible. Why should it be, if God is good?

So to-day, thinking of all these things, I hope you will be happier, as I am happier, for thinking of them, and that you will realize that life may be worth living for the interesting things that must come all along the way, things not tied up with mere possessions. Indeed, I fancy that, as the years go on we shall care less and less for personal possessions and more for the things that may be shared with all.

PERHAPS it seems strange to talk so much about death on this, the anniversary of the birth of the greatest One who ever walked about on this earth. But may not death itself be only a birth to larger things? The world is very full of death, we think, these days. May it not be that if we could see clearly enough we would see that it is only filled, vastly, with Birth?—And so I make no apology for my little talk. Merely I would take you from the local to the Cosmic; try to help myself as well as you to look "not down but up;" try to help us both to look away from the muck of things to the infinite far spaces; try to help us both to realize that all will be well.

. . . "We will grieve not, rather find
Strength in what remains behind;
In the primal sympathy
Which having been must ever be;
In the soothing thoughts that spring
Out of human suffering;
In the faith that looks through death
In years that bring the philosophic mind."



Having read that stanza, read the whole poem, Wordsworth's famous Ode, *Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood*. Then read Browning's *Rabbi Ben Ezra*. You cannot spend better one spare hour of this busy Christmas day.

I wonder if I have made some of you feel a bit restless, by all the above talk—unsettled, as though you had caught a half glimpse of something but not enough light to be satisfying—a sort of feeling that things are not definite enough, that you are reaching forth without exactly grasping.

If so, I want to quote to you what another painter, but an American this time, Albert Ryder (called a "painter of mystery") said upon one occasion: "Have you ever seen an inchworm crawl up a leaf or a twig, and then, clinging to the very end, revolve in the air, feeling to reach something? That's like me. I am trying to find something out there, beyond the place on which I have a footing."

It's a healthy attitude, that—reaching out beyond. For though the inchworm may have to come back we shall not. We shall eventually reach somewhere if we keep on trying and hold an open mind.

One more quotation, this time from Victor Hugo:

"Be like the bird that, halting in her flight
Awhile, on boughs too slight,
Feels them give way beneath her, and yet sings,
Knowing that she hath wings."

And now I wish you a good Christmas.

JUNIA.

The Scrap Bag.

Christmas Cake Decoration.

A pretty decoration for a Christmas Cake is made in this way: Ice the cake

Rooms that induce Repose

AFTER the bustling grind of the day and you come home to seek repose, why deprive yourself of the quiet restfulness of rooms beautified with

PEDLAR'S
PERFECT METAL
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Start first with your own room. Transform its deadening dreariness to walls whose pleasant restfulness call you to leave care and the world behind. A room you'll become even more attached to as years go by. Pedlar's Ceilings and Wallsare easily put on over plaster or wood; the joints cannot show. Can be painted any tint; always clean and sanitary. Over 2,000 styles and period designs. Write for the new Ceiling Catalogue L. F.

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Mail this to MOORE HAVEN TIMES, Dep't 110
Moore Haven, Fla.
As per your offer, you may send me your weekly newspaper for 10 weeks, and sample package of your soil. I enclose 10c in cash (or stamps). If I do not think the soil and the newspapers are worth a whole dollar to me, you are to refund my dime.

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Address _____

A girl was asked to parse the word "kiss", and this was her result: This word is a noun, but it is usually used as as a conjunction. It is never declined and is more common than proper. It is not very singular, in that it is generally used in the plural. It agrees with me.

nicely, then, while the icing is still a little soft, arrange a "holly wreath" about it, made of preserved green citron rind (which may be bought) cut in slices and then in the shape of leaves. The holly "berries" may consist of tiny red candies.

Lighting the Christmas Tree.

Do not have candles lighted when the children come to the tree, but, instead, let each child choose a tiny candle from a group on the table. The smallest child gets a "light" from father, and the rest light their candles from it, then each, in turn, lights the candles on the tree as far up as he or she can reach. This adds greatly to the delight of the occasion.

An Emergency Centerpiece.

When company comes unexpectedly, make an emergency centerpiece of green, if you have no other, by breaking off several sprays of "Wandering Jew," which you are almost sure to have, and putting them in a clear glass vase of water. They will grow nicely in the water.

To String Beads.

When stringing beads dip the needle in water frequently. The moisture will make the beads stick together and the work may be done twice as quickly.

Salting Nuts.

When salting nuts try dipping them in white of egg instead of oil or butter. Beat the egg just enough to break it up, stir the nuts in this, then take out and sprinkle with fine salt.

Digestibility of Baked and Boiled Potatoes.

"Before assimilation in the body can take place starchy foods must be changed to sugar. This change can be partially brought about in cooking and, to a certain extent, the higher the degree of heat to which an article is subjected the greater the change; that is, potatoes baked in a hot oven (400° Fahr.) would be in a more fit condition for assimilation than a potato cooked in boiling water (212° Fahr.) —Boston Cooking School.—All of which means that baked potatoes are more digestible than boiled ones, — but do not eat the skins.

Music.

Music is a part of the Universe. The brooks make it as they ripple on their way; the trees as they murmur in the breeze; the waves as they plash on the shore. Naturally people, like the birds, sing, when they are happy or when they are sad. There is no tribe so savage that it has not contrived some sort of musical instrument.

These are sad days that have fallen on the world, but let not music be lacking in the home this Christmastide. Let the daughter go to the piano, and if songs of mirth cannot be sung. let the hymn of hope be raised. Perhaps you have a piano-player or an "Edison" or Victrola in your house. Then, indeed, are you favored, for the world's best musicians wait on you. Waste no money on cheap and common records. Half a dozen of the best will provide an uplift in your home that can never be afforded by a ton of vulgar songs or unmeaning ragtime. Perhaps, too, you have a friend who has an "Edison" or a "player". Send him or her a good record for Christmas. So will you provide joy that will last throughout the year.

The Price of Christmas Number.

Lest misunderstanding should occur in regard to the statement in last week's Institute Report, that the price of the Christmas Number of this paper is 50 cents, it may be explained that this is only to non-subscribers. Subscribers always get this number free.

Jones had just purchased a fine old vase, and was endeavoring to impress his visitors with its antiquity.
"Ah it's a beauty!" he exclaimed, with enthusiasm. "A rare gem! It belonged to General—er—General—er—what's his name?"

"Oh, ah, yes," said a sarcastic friend, coming to his aid, "General Dealer, wasn't it?"

A Happy Christmas Morning

Give Your Family New Joy and Life This Christmas

CHRISTMAS with its radiance of good cheer and rejoicing will soon be here. You can give to every member of your family a Christmas gift that will add joy, love and life to your home; that will brighten the lives of the little ones and cultivate their finer qualities. Give your children an opportunity to study music properly. They cannot get the proper touch on an organ. There is no home music like a piano.

Make this Christmas Children's day. Their happiness depends upon you.

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Please send to the address below full particulars of your Christmas Offer and the portfolio entitled "Art and the Critic".

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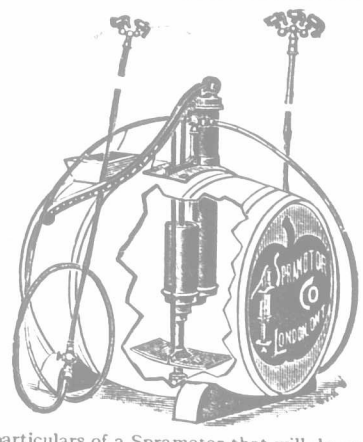

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AND STOP THIS WASTE

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Head Office: 57 Queen St. West, Toronto

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CALDWELL'S

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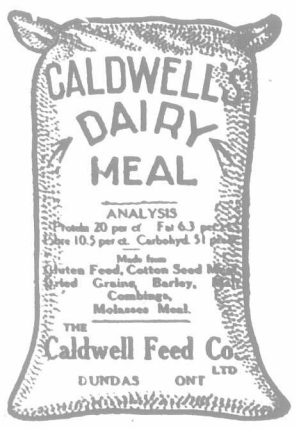

You are the backbone of this country—upon what you produce, the rest of the nation lives. Stock, grain and **dairy products** are needed in larger quantities. It's simply a case of intensive production of food stuffs, and elimination of waste. A maximum milk yield can only come from feeding a balanced ration, such as

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Our Dairy Meal is balanced in its food content. It is prepared from select, clean materials, which are easily digested and rich in protein. Your cows will give all the milk they are capable of producing if fed our Dairy Meal according to the instructions on the tag attached to each bag. Order a supply from your feedman at once.

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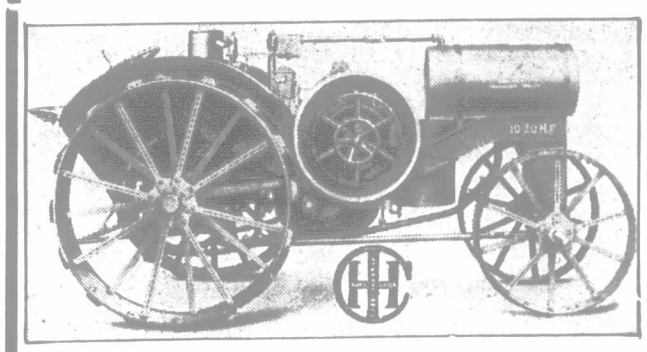

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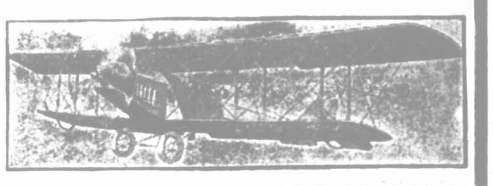

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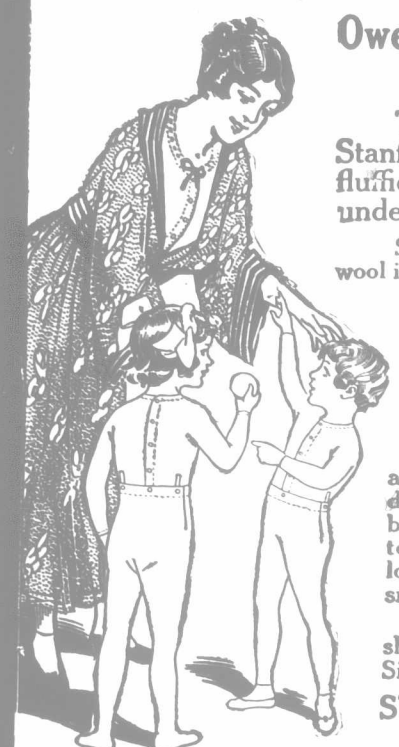

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"Mortar covers up a lot of mistakes, doesn't it?"

"Yes", replied the man, "and so does the spade."

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Serial Story.

An Alabaster Box.

BY MARY E. WILKINS FREEMAN AND FLORENCE MORSE KINGSLEY.

By arrangement with McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart, Publishers, Toronto, Ont.

Chapter VI.—Concluded.

"If we weren't so poor—" she began.

"Well?"

"Oh—lots of things. . . . They say that Orr girl has heaps of money."

"Who says so?" demanded her brother roughly.

"Why, everybody. Joyce Fulsom told me her father said so; and he ought to know. Do you suppose—?"

"Do I suppose what?"

Jim's tone was almost savage.

"What's the matter with you, Jim?"

Fanny's sweet voice conveyed impatience, almost reproach. It was if she had said to her brother, "You know how I must feel, and yet you are cross with me."

Jim glanced down at her, sudden relenting in his heart.

"I was just thinking it's pretty hard lines for both of us", said he. "If we were rich and could come speeding into town in a snappy auto, our clothes in the latest style, I guess things would be different. There's no use talking, Fan; there's mighty little chance for our sort. And if there's one thing I hate more than another it's what folks call sympathy."

"So do I!" cried Fanny. "I simply can't bear it to know that people are saying behind my back. 'There's *poor* Fanny Dodge; I wonder—' Then they squeeze your hand, and gaze at you and sigh. Even mother—I want you to tell mother I'm not—that it isn't true— I can't talk to her Jim."

"I'll put her wise," said Jim gruffly.

After a pause, during which both walked faster than before, he said hurriedly, as if the words broke loose:

"Don't you give that fellow another thought, Fan. He isn't worth it!"

The girl started like a blooded horse under the whip. She did not pretend to misunderstand.

"I know you never liked him Jim", she said after a short silence.

"You bet I didn't! Forget him, Fan. That's all I have to say."

"But —if I only knew what it was—I must have done something—said something—I keep wondering and wondering. I can't help it, Jim."

There was an irrepressible sob in the girl's voice.

"Come, Fan, pull yourself together," he urged. "Here's Ellen waiting for us by the gate. Don't for heaven's sake give yourself away Keep a stiff upper lip, oldgirl!"

"Well, I thought you two were never coming!" Ellen's full rich voice floated out to them, as they came abreast of the Dix homestead nestled back among tall locust trees.

The girl herself daintly picked her way toward them among the weeds by the roadside. She uttered a little cry of dismay as a stray branch caught in her muslin skirts.

"That's the sign of a beau, Ellen," laughed Fanny, with extravagant gayety. "The bigger the stick the handsomer and richer the beau."

"What made you so late?" inquired Ellen, as all three proceeded on their way, the two girls linked affectionately arm in arm; Jim Dodge striding in the middle of the road a little apart from his companions.

"Oh, I don't know," fibbed Fanny. "I guess I was slow starting to dress. The days are so long now I didn't realize how late it was getting."

Ellen glanced sympathizingly at her friend.

"I was afraid you wouldn't want to come, Fanny," she murmured, "seeing the social is at Mrs. Solomon Black's house."

"Why shouldn't I want to come?" demanded Fanny aggressively.

"Well, I didn't know," replied Ellen.

After a pause she said:

"That Orr girl has really bought the Bolton house; I suppose you heard? It's all settled; and she's going to begin fixing up the place right off. Don't you think it's funny for a girl like her to want a house all to herself. I should

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We can take your measure by mail for a suit or overcoat with our patented self-measurement form, and guarantee as perfect satisfaction as if you came to our store in person. We only have the one price $16.00. All you have to do is to write to_us, stating as nearly as possible the kind of suit or overcoat you would like, and we will send you samples and theself-measuring form. Return us the samples, stating the one you like, and enclose your measurement. When your suit is finished we will express to you prepaid, C.O.D. If you do not like the clothes you do not need to take them. We take all the risk.

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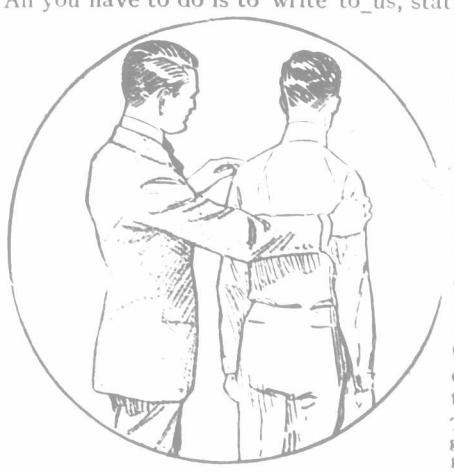

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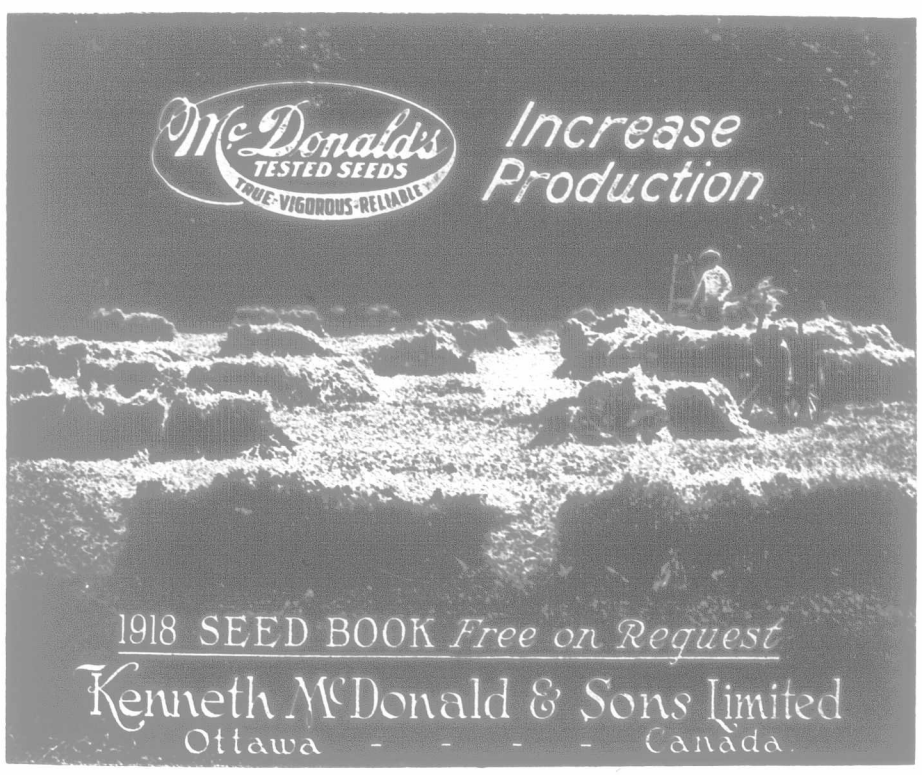

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think she'd rather board, as long as she's single.'"

"Oh, I don't know about that," said said Jim Dodge coolly.

"You folks'll get money out of it; so shall we," Ellen went on. "Everybody's so excited! I went down for the mail this afternoon and seemed to me 'most everybody was out in the street talking it over. My! I'd hate to be her to-night."

"Why?" asked Fanny shortly.

"Oh, I don't know. Everybody will be crowding around, asking questions and saying things. . . Do you think she's pretty, Jim?"

"Pretty?" echoed the young man.

He shot a keen glance at Ellen Dix from under half-closed lids. The girl's big, black eyes were fixed full upon him; she was leaning forward, a suggestion of timid defiance in the poise of her head.

"Well, that depends," he said slowly. "No, I don't think she's *pretty*."

Ellen burst into a sudden trill of laughter.

"Well, I never!" she exclaimed. "I suppose all the men—"

"But I do think she's beautiful," he finished calmly "There's a difference, you know."

Ellen Dix tossed her head.

"Oh, is there?" she said airily. "Well, I don't even think she's pretty; do you, Fan? With all that light hair, drawn back plain from her forehead, and those big, sad-looking eyes. But I guess she thinks she's pretty, all right."

"She doesn't think anything about herself," said Jim doggedly. "She isn't that kind of a girl."

When you consider purchasing

COTTON SEED MEAL

Established 1875 **Think of us and come to Headquarters** Incorporated 1915

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43% Protein	41% Protein	38½% Protein	36% Protein	20% Protein

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common coal oil, no odor, smoke or noise, simple, no pumping up, no pressure, won't explode. Used by Government and thirty-five leading universities show the Aladdin gives **three times as much light** as best round wick flame lamps. **Won Gold Medal** at Panama Exposition. Over three million people now enjoying this powerful white, steady light, nearest to sunlight. Guaranteed. Think of it—you can get it **without paying out a cent.** All charges prepaid. Ask for our 10-day Free Trial Offer and learn how to get **one Free.**

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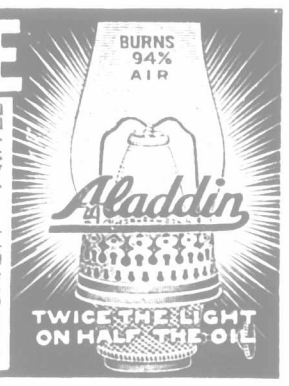

Ellen Dix bit a vexed exclamation short.

"I don't believe any of us know her very well," she said, after a pause. "You know what a gossip Lois Daggett is? Well, I met her and Mrs. Fulsom and Mrs. Whittle coming out of the Daggett's house. They'd been talking it over; when they saw me they stopped me to ask if I'd been to see Miss Orr, and when I said no, not yet, but I was going, Lois Dagget said, 'Well, I do hope she won't be quite so close-mouthed with you girls. When I asked her, real sympathizing, who she was wearing black for, she said she had lost a dear friend and never even told who it was!'"

Jim Dodge threw back his head and burst into a laugh.

"Served her right," he said.

"You mean Lois?"

"You didn't suppose I meant Miss Orr; did you?"

Jim's voice held a disdainful note which brought the hot color to Ellen's cheeks.

"I'm not so stupid as you seem to think, Jim Dodge," she said, with spirit.

"I never thought you were stupid, Ellen", he returned quickly. "Don't make a mistake and be so now."

Ellen gazed at him in hurt silence. She guessed at his meaning and it humiliated her girlish pride.

It was Fanny who said somewhat impatiently: "I'm sure I can't think what you mean, Jim."

"Well, in my humble opinion, it would be downright stupid for you two girls to fool yourselves into disliking Lydia Orr. She'd like to be friends with everybody; why not give her a chance?"

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FOR SALE—A FEW SPECIAL BRED-TO-LAY S. C. White Leghorn Cockerels. C. E. Farm stock; price $2.00. Order immediately. Eldon Beach, Oxford Mills, Ont.

COCKERELS—SILVER-LACED WYANdottes; fine large birds, three dollars each. Jacob H. Willert, R. R. No 2, Dashwood, Ont.

EXTRA-FINE EMBDEN GEESE—SIZE AND quality. Also Utility Barred Rock Cockerels. Stuart Hastings, Flattsville, Ont.

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HEAVYWEIGHT, PURE-BRED M. B. TURkeys, bred from prize stock. R. G. Rose, Glanworth Ont.

WHITE WYANDOTTES—FIRST PRIZE cockerel or pullet, Kingston Fair, five dollars. Any of the rest, three dollars. W. F. Read, Sydenham, Ont.

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FOR SALE—FARM 290 ACRES, FIRST-CLASS Buildings and stabling. Brick house, slate roof, modern conveniences. Land all under-tiled; lots of water, good orchard and hardwood bush; also house for hired man. Apply Box 142, Springfield, Ont.

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NO WAR PRICES ON THIS CLOTHES WASHER

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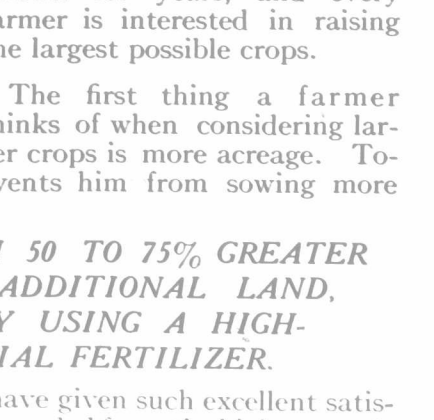

Washes anything from finest laces to heaviest blankets or overalls equally well and without wear or tear—saves rubbing and washboard drudgery—can be used for rinsing, bluing or dry cleaning.

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Grant & McMillan Co.
box 353 TORONTO

Again Ellen did not reply; and again it was Fanny who spoke the words that rose to her friend's lips unuttered:

"I can't see how you should know so much about Miss Orr, Jim."

"I don't myself," he returned good-humoredly. "But sometimes a man can see through a woman better—or at least more fair-mindedly than another woman. You see," he added, "there's no sex jealousy in the way."

Both girls cried out in protest against this.

It wasn't so, they declared. He ought to be ashamed of himself! As for being *jealous* of any one—Fanny haughtily disclaimed the suggestion, with a bitterness which astonished her friend.

It was something of a relief to all three when the brilliantly illuminated house and grounds belonging to Mrs. Solomon Black came in view. Japanese lanterns in lavish abundance had been strung from tree to tree and outlined the piazza and the walk leading to the house.

"Doesn't it look lovely!" cried Ellen, scattering her vexation to the winds. "I never saw anything so pretty!"

Inside the house further surprises awaited them; the music of harp and violins stole pleasantly through the flower-scented rooms, which were softly lighted with shaded lamps the like of which Brookville had never seen before.

Mrs. Solomon Black, arrayed in a crisp blue taffeta, came bustling to meet them. But not before Fanny's swift gaze had penetrated the assembled guests. Yes! there was Wesley Elliot's tall figure. He was talking to Mrs. Henry Daggett at the far end of the double parlors.

"Go right up stairs and lay off your things," urged their hostess hospitably. "Ladies to the right; gents to the left. I'm so glad you came, Fanny. I'd begun to wonder—"

The girl's lip curled haughtily. The slight emphasis on the personal pronoun and the fervid squeeze of Mrs. Black's fat hand hurt her sore heart. But she smiled brilliantly.

"Thank you, Mrs. Black, I wouldn't have missed it for worlds!" she said coldly.

(To be continued.)

The Truth about the Hen.

Continued from page 1939.

relished and furnishes strength to the sick and the well, the weak and the strong, the day laborer and the professional man. After manufacturing this large amount of food, the machine is still in order for at least one more year's work, or the framework can be sold at from fifteen to twenty cents per pound and is in demand by rich and poor. Of no other animal or fowl can as much be said.

Two thousand pounds of a mixture of wheat, corn, barley, and oats or their products, will be used in growing 100 pullets to six months of age, when they should weigh 400 pounds and be worth in the neighborhood of $80 for meat, if of the calibre for breeding purposes, $150. The same amount of feed would be consumed by 24 hens in a year, in which time at least 2,400 eggs should be laid. At 36 cents a dozen they would be worth $72. The same weight of the same kinds of feed would produce 440 pounds of pork, which, at the time of writing would be worth $77. At present prices the pullets would furnish slightly the best market for grain. A like weight of concentrates would probably be fed in producing 6,000 pounds of milk, which, at $2.50 per cwt. would bring in $150. However, in the production of this amount of milk approximately three and a half tons of silage, two tons of roots, one ton of hay, and five months of pasture would be required, besides the grain, so that it is difficult to state just how much of the milk yield was due to the grain alone.

The hen has a place on the farm, even if she must be fed entirely on marketable grain, but when she secures a portion of her living by gleaning in the fields and picking up waste material, her right to recognition is doubly justified.

Chicago Markets.

Cattle.—Market steady; beeves, $7.35 to $16.25; western steers, $6.30 to $13.70; stockers and feeders, $6.10 to $11; cows and heifers, $5.10 to $11.10; calves, $8 to $15.

Hogs.—Market slow; light, $16.40 to $17.20; mixed, $16.65 to $17.35; heavy, $16.70 to $17.35; rough, $16.70 to $16.85; pigs, $12.75 to $16; bulk of sales, $16.85 to $17.50.

Sheep.—Market weak; lambs, native, $12.40 to $16.

Get More Milk

and keep cows in healthy condition by using

Lactoline

a cow tonic — a superior and perfectly safe preparation, increasing the quantity and richness of the milk—is also recommended for **Mares, Ewes and Sows.**

The steady use of **Lactoline** produces a marvellous change in purifying the blood, in aiding digestion, and saves feed by perfect assimilation. Price 50c. per package.

Try a 15-lb. pail of **Cerealine,** best all-round tonic; also **Vitula,** a special **Calf Meal.**

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NO INCREASE

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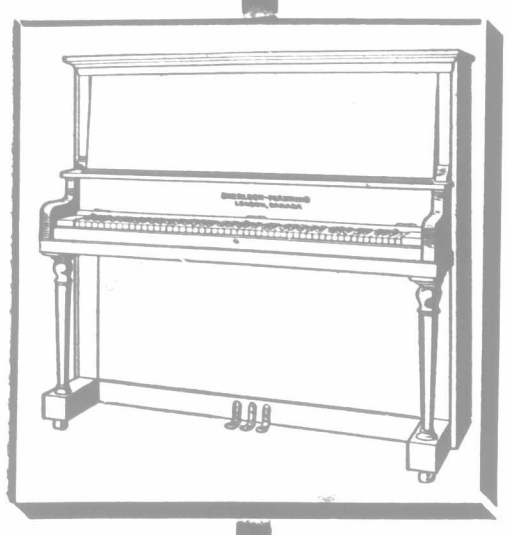
Prof. Fardulli, of Montreal, says:

"Sherlock-Manning Pianos are among the best instruments ever built in any country, and surely at the very head of those of Canadian make."

Mrs. J. E. Irwin, of Cobalt, Ont., says:

"The Sherlock-Manning Piano is all that could be desired. It is beautiful in tone and entirely free from the harsh metallic sound I so dislike."



John Robertson, of Toronto, says:

"We are well satisfied with the Sherlock-Manning Piano, and everyone who sees it says it is splendid in tone and looks."

A. D. Sword, of Clarkson, Ont. says:

"We could not be better pleased. The Sherlock-Manning piano suits our tastes exactly in both appearance and tone."

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Disinterested testimony, such as is shown in the accompanying excerpts from actual letters, means more to you than anything we could possibly tell you about the quality of our instruments.

Not what *we* say, but what the *owners* say —that's the kind of evidence you want. Profit by their experience and wise counsel and let your choice also be a Sherlock-Manning.

Sherlock-Manning
Pianos and Reproducing Pianos

have earned a well deserved crown of leadership, and are known everywhere as *"Canada's Biggest Piano Values"*. Made in a great variety of styles and finishes.

No matter who you are, or what you have to pay, we have the right instrument at the right price.

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Send for our handsome Art Catalogue "T", which illustrates and describes our complete lines of Pianos and Reproducing Pianos. Write to-day. A post card will do. Address Dept. 18.

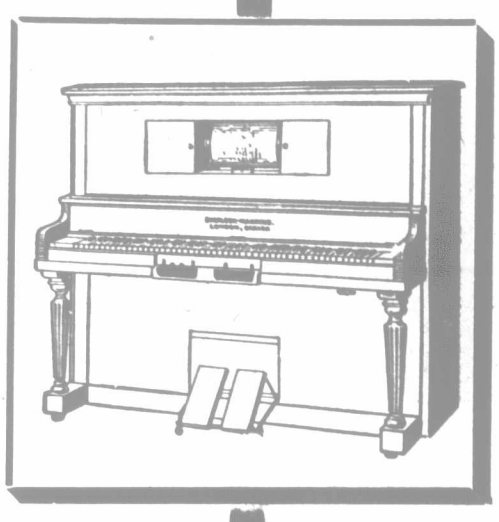
The Sherlock-Manning Piano Co.
London, Canada

Rev. H. Wilding, of Radville, Sask., says:

"I am particularly well pleased with the Sherlock-Manning instrument. It more than meets my anticipations, and it has been greatly admired."

R. Maloney, of Grand Falls, Nfld., says:

"The Sherlock-Manning piano you shipped me a year ago has even a richer and better tone now than when first received. Am thoroughly pleased with it."



Mrs. Wm. White, of Penfield, N.B., says:

"The instrument arrived in perfect condition and is highly satisfactory. We are satisfied that we received excellent value for the money."

Mrs. E. Greenough, of Five Islands, N.S. says:

"Players who have tested our Sherlock-Manning piano tell us we have the nicest-toned piano in the place, and I think so myself."

Markets.

Buffalo.

Cattle.—Cattle trade, regardless of the fact that supply was liberal last week and that the week following Thanksgiving is usually a bad one, was very satisfactory at Buffalo, shipping steers generally selling full steady, while a full strong to shade higher market was had on practically all classes of butchering cattle. Canners ruled about steady. Best steers offered last week in the shipping line averaged less than twelve hundred pounds and sold at $12.75. There were not enough of the good shipping kinds of steers to meet the demand. In the handy butchering steer line, best here ranged from $11.50 to $11.85. Some light steers, with heifers in sold up to $11.50. Best butchering heifers generally ranged from $9 to $9.75, toppy kinds being out of Canada. A few heavy heifers reached $10.50, with a load of 1,180 lb. fat cows bringing $9.25. Feeder trade was strong, but the market was slow and weak on the light, thin, common stocker stuff. Good, heavy milk cows and springers sold firm, medium and common kinds selling for beef. Offerings for the week totaled 7,200 head, as against 6,750 head for the preceding week and 5,075 head for the corresponding week a year ago. Quotations:

Shipping Steers—Natives.— Choice to prime, $13 to $13.50; fair to good, $11.25 $12; plain, $10 to $10.75; very coarse and common, $9 to $9.75.

Shipping Steers— Canadians— Best grass, $12 to $12.50; fair to good, $11.50 to $11.75; common and plain, $9.50 to $10.25.

Butchering Steers.—Choice heavy, $11 to $11.50; fair to good, $10.50 to $10.75; best handy, $11 to $11.50; fair to good, $10 to $10.50; light and common, $8 to $9; yearlings, choice to prime, $12 to $12.50; fair to good, $10.50 to $11.25.

Cows and Heifers.—Best heavy heifers, $10 to $10.50; good butchering heifers, $8.25 to $9; fair butchering heifers, $7.75 to $8.50; common to fair, $5.50 $7.50; very fancy fat cows, $9.25 to $9.50; best heavy fat cows, $8.25 to $9; good butchering cows, $7.50 to $8; medium to fair, $6.75 to $7.25; cutters, $5.75 to $6.25; canners, $4 to $5.

Bulls.—Best heavy, $9 to $9.50; good butchering, $6.50 to $7.50.

Stockers and feeders.—Best feeders, $9 to $9.75; common, $5 to $5.75.

Milchers and Springers.—Good to best, in small lots, $100 to $140; in car loads, $85 to $100.

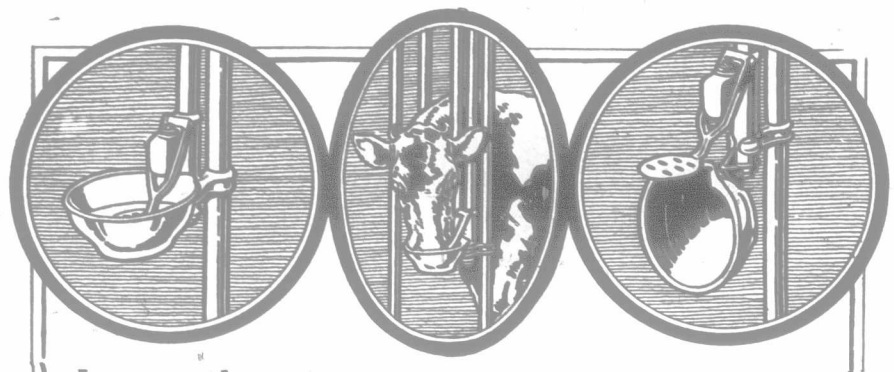
Hogs.—Buyers were unable to lower prices any last week, in fact values if anything, were a little strong as the week advanced. Monday top was $17.65, with bulk selling from $17.25 to $17.40, Tuesday top was $17.75, with not many falling below $17.30, Wednesday and Thursday the range on better weight grades was from $17.50 to $17.85 and Friday the spread was from $17.50 to $17.90. General range all week on lights and pigs was from $15.75 to $16, roughs sold from $16 to $16.25, with some up to $16.50 and stags $15 down. For the week receipts were 29,000 head, as against 41,028 head for the week before and 43,400 head for the same week a year ago.

Sheep and Lambs.—Trade was quite active last week and prices showed a narrow range. Top lambs sold from $17.50 to $17.75 and the throwouts went from $16.50 down. Sheep were a quarter to fifty cents higher than the week before. Top wethers were quoted up to $12, good ewes sold mostly at $11, few desirable ones $11.25 and cull sheep went from $9 down. Receipts last week were 16,400 head, being against 15,270 head for the week previous and 16,500 head for the corresponding week a year ago.

Calves.—The first four days of last week top veals sold generally at $16 and Friday the trade was high, bulk going at $16.50. Culls under-sold the tops by from $1.50 to $2 per cwt., heavy fat calves were quoted from $9 to $12.50 and grassers from $7.50 down. Receipts last week aggregated 2,100 head, as compared with 1,829 for head the week before and 2,250 head for the same week a year ago.

Montreal Markets.

Choice steers seem to grow scarcer on the local market all the time. Last week the offerings were extremely light, and prices ranged from 10½c. to 10¾c. From this the price ranged down to 8c. for ordinary quality. Butchers' bulls sold at 7½c. to 9¼c. per lb., and butchers'



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WINTER MILK PRODUCTION
by one-fifth

You should, and you can, take steps to increase the quantity of milk your cattle produce in the winter months, instead of having to face a "falling off".

This "falling off" is caused by the cattle not being able to get as much clear, fresh water as when they are in the pasture in summer.

They will not drink enough water from the tank in winter as this water is too cold, and when you consider that every 100 pounds of milk contains 87 pounds of water, the cows should always have water at their convenience in order that they may produce their maximum amount of milk.

THE SIMPLEX WATER BOWL SYSTEM

provides a bowl for every cow, or every two cows, as desired.

And these bowls place clean, fresh water—water from which the chill has been taken—always before the cows.

The owner of the famous North Star Herd of Holsteins writes:—"I am delighted with the results of Simplex Water Bowls. They are, in my estimation, the best I have ever seen.

The Simplex Water Bowl is the cheapest one on the market, when you consider what it is and what it does. It is absolutely sanitary—being easily cleaned because it is the *hinged* bowl, and the only one. (See illustration.)

Simplex Water Bowl System will increase the milk production from your cows—so much so, that it will pay for itself many times over during the winter.

To Farmers:

The Simplex Water Bowl System, by actual figures, will pay for itself in 10 months' time. Send for one Bowl to-day for a try-out. We know you will realize the value of the Simplex System and want to install a Bowl for every cow. It is one of the best farm investments you can make to-day. No regulating tank is needed with this system.

To Agents:

Simplex Water Bowls are a line it will pay you to handle. All dairymen who have used them state wonderful increase in milk supply, and general health of stock better. Write us for particulars. There's good money in it for you.

DILLON MANUFACTURING CO., Oshawa, Ont.

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WE WANT TO MAKE OUR FIRST
HOLSTEIN SALE A SUCCESS.

Forty-Eight Head

Six Young Bulls **Forty-Two Females**

ON THESE WE ARE STAKING OUR REPUTATION

Come to Welland, Tuesday, December 18th

Mr. Cabana of Pine Grove Farm, N.Y. is consigning a
32.24-lb. son of Rag Apple Korndyke 8th, the Greatest Bull in the World.

Also Lilith De Kol Clyde, a 28-lb. 4-year-old, bred to Korndyke Abbekerk Netherland; two others bred to King Pontiac Fayne Segis and one two-year-old heifer in calf to Rag Apple Korndyke 8th.

Llenroc Farms are consigning among others, a 20-lb. 4-year-old granddaughter of Sir Admiral Ormsby, and his full sister (a 2-year-old) the latter being in calf to Superba King Rag Apple, the great, young 38.71-lb. son of Rag Apple Korndyke 8th, who now heads Mr. Houck's herd. C. W. Hager, secretary of the club, is putting in several good R. O. P. matrons, and C. V. Robbins, and F. Hamilton, both have consignments whose records are well worth remembering; while Ridley College, J. W. and P. S. Moote, W. Stringer, C. P. Claus & Son, McLeod Bros., Jas. Dyer, P. Merrit, and Dr. Hutton are all strengthening the sale with strong consignments. Sale will be held at the Fair Grounds, in comfortable quarters.

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W. L. Houck, Sec. of Sale, Black Creek, Ont.

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cows were to be had at about ½c. under these figures. Canning stock was, as usual, in active demand. Supplies were fairly large, and a brisk trade was done. Range of prices showed little change, being from 6¼c. to 6½c. for bulls, and ½c. to 1c. under these quotations for cows. Supplies of sheep and lambs were very light, and as demand keeps up fairly well, the tone of the market was firm, and in some quarters higher prices are looked for. Ontario lambs changed hands at 16¾c. to 17c., while Quebec stock ranged from 15¾c. to 16c. American buyers have been in the market recently and have been taking all the good lambs available for shipment to the U. S. Sheep range in price from 11½c. to 13c. per lb. The demand for calves was good, and sales of milk-fed stock took place at 11c. to 14c. per lb., according to quality, while ordinary calves ranged down to about 8c. per lb. Little change took place in the market for hogs, and selects continued to change hands at 17¼c. to 17½c. per lb., weighed off cars.

Horses.—Trade in horses was quite dull during the past week. Prices show no change, the range being generally as follows: Heavy draft horses, weighing 1,500 to 1,700 lbs., $225 to $275 each; light draft, 1,400 to 1.500 lbs., $175 to $225 each; small horses, $150 to $200 each; culls, $75 to $125 each; good saddle and carraige horses, $200 to $250 each.

Poultry. Farmers are now shipping in larger supplies of poultry of all kinds, and as the weather is favorable the tendency of prices is firm, more especially as the holiday season is approaching, and poultry is at a very reasonable price by comparison with meat. Turkeys ranged from 30c. to 31c., wholesale (dressed); chickens, 20c. to 25½c.; fowl, 19c. to 23c.; ducks, 24c. to 26c.; geese, 19c. to 20c.

Dressed Hogs.—In a general way the market for dressed hogs showed an easier tone. Receipts of country-dressed were somewhat larger, and in consequence of this, prices were lower both on these and on abattoir-dressed. The latter were quoted at 24½c. to 25c., and country-dressed at 1c. to 1½c. under.

Potatoes.—Supplies showed an increase and, as a consequence, offerings were made at lower prices. Green Mountains in car lots were quoted at $1.05 for 90 lbs., ex-track, while at 80 lbs., in a smaller way, the quotation is $2.30. Retailers were still asking around $2.50

Honey and Maple Syrup.—The market for honey was unchanged at 19c. to 22c. for white clover comb, according to quality, and 17c. to 19c. for white extracted, or for brown comb, according to quality. Syrup was steady at $1.40 to $1.80 per gallon of 13 lbs. in tins, while sugar continued at 15c. per lb.

Eggs.—The market for eggs continued rather heavy, so far as the storage stock was concerned, but fresh-gathered eggs were very scarce and dear. They were quoted at 60c. to 65c., wholesale. So-called fresh eggs were 54c. to 55c.; and fall eggs 50c. to 52c. Cold-storage selects were 44c. to 45c., while others ranged down to 38c. per doz.

Butter.—Whatever may be the reason—whether due to margarine admission or not—the price of butter has been declining slightly from week to week. Last week finest Sept. and Oct. creamery was quoted at 42c. to 43½c., and fine 1c. under. This will not be profitable to holders, the cost last fall having been higher. Current receipts were obtainable at 40c. to 41c., and dairies at 35c. to 38c., according to quality.

Cheese.—Commission prices were as follows: No. 1, 21¾c.; No. 2 cheese, 21¼c.; No. 3, cheese, 20¾c.

Grain.—The tone of the grain market was generally firm. Oats have had a sharp advance, and No. 3 Canadian Western were quoted at 90½c., with extra No. 1 feed at the same price. No. 1 feed at 86c., and No. 2 feed at 84c. Ontario No. 2 whites were 85c., and No. 3, 84c., ex-store. Manitoba rejected and feed barley was $1.24 per bushel, ex-store. Beans were steady, at $8 to $8.25 for Canadian 3-lb. pickers; $7.50 to $7.75 for 5-lb.; and $7 to $7.25 per bushel for yellow eyes.

Flour.—In spite of the advance in the price of sacks, millers still quoted flour unchanged. Manitoba first patents were $11.60; seconds, $11.10, and strong bakers', $10.90 per barrel, in bags; Ontario 90 per cent. patents were quoted at $10.70 to $11 per barrel, in wood, and at $5.20 to $5.35 in bags.

Millfeed.—The demand for bran was quite active, and millers were dealing it out in as small lots as possible. Mixed cars were $35 to $37 per ton, in bags; shorts, $40 to $42; middlings, $48 to $50; mixed mouille, $55 to $56; and pure grain mouille, $60 to $61.

Baled Hay.—The market for hay was quite firm, and prices higher than they have been for more than a year past. No. 2 baled hay in car lots, was $15.50 per ton; No. 3, $14; and clover mixed, $11 to $12.

Hides.—The only change was an advance of 50c. in horse hides, at $8.50 each; lamb skins were $4.50 each; beef hides, 23c., 24c. and 25c. per lb. for Montreal inspections. Calf skins, 22c. to 23c. per lb. for grassers, and 32c. for veal skins.

Gossip.

Romney Marsh Sheep for Canada.

Regarding an importation of Romney sheep recently made by J. H. Patrick & Son, Ilderton, an English authority has the following to say:

"On November 1 there were despatched from Kent to Canada one of the most valuable consignments of Kent or Romney Marsh ewes that has ever been sent to that country. The ewes in question were picked yearlings, specially selected by Robert Wright, of Beckton, Heighington, Lincoln, for J. H. Patrick & Son, Ilderton, Ontario. The ewes numbered twenty-five and were bought at the dispersal sale of J. Rayner Betts' Otham flock, on September 26 last, since which date they have been kept at Leeds Abbey and there mated with two rams owned by Nelson Farmer, and selected by W. W. Chapman as being most suitable for mating with these ewes. It will be of interest to note that nine of them are sired by Tongswood No. 13 of 1913, third-prize winner at the Royal Show at Shrewsbury, second at the Mid Kent, and fourth at the East Kent show in 1914. Eight others are sired by sons of the above-mentioned ram, bred out of specially selected stud ewes. Five others are sired by Tongswood No. 30, own brother of Tongswood No. 13 of 1913, mentioned above. The other three are sired by Tongswood No. 21 of 1911, which traces back to lot 4 of Powell's 1894 sale. On the dam's side these ewes are specially well bred, many of them being out of Tongswood ewes, and New Shelve ewes, the merit and quality of which are beyond dispute, The two rams to which they were mated. Farmer's No. 2 of 1916, and Farmer's No. 76 of 1916, are remarkably well bred. The former was the son of a third-prize winner at the Royal, Tunbridge Wells, Mid Kent and East Kent shows, and traces directly back through the Macknade flock, and A. Amos' to T. Powell's flock. The latter was sired by one of R. S. Strouts' rams, whose sire was an Elham ram bred by the late Charles File. Accompanying these ewes is sent out an especially good ram lamb, Quested's No. 58 of 1917, 42350 vol. 24, which has been selected by reason fo its beautifully even fleece, strong, masculine character and choice breeding. His sire was Westwood No. 57 of 1908, bred by Messrs. L. H. & G. W. Finn, a ram descended through the Westbroke flock, owned by Arthur Finn, from that noted champion ram of the late Charles File's, Windsor 1st, 6869 vol. 5."

Sale Dates.

Dec. 18.—Niagara Peninsula Holstein Breeders' Club, Welland, Ont., Holsteins.

Dec. 18.—Elgin Pure-bred Holstein-Friesian Breeders' Assoc'n., St. Thomas.

Dec. 19.—Southern Counties Ayrshire Breeders' Club Consignment Sale, at Woodstock, Ont. John McKee, Norwich, secretary.

Dec. 19.—Brant District Holstein Breeders' Sale, Brantford, Ont.; Holsteins.

Dec. 21.—Jas. R. Fallis, Brampton, Ont.; Shorthorns.

Feb. 23, 1918.—W. A. Dryden, Brooklin, Ont.; Shorthorns.

The date of the Dryden Shorthorn sale at Brooklin has been postponed from February 6 to February 23. In part of this issue the date is correct but a number of copies were off the press before instructions were received to make the change.

Toronto Markets.

At the Union Stock Yards on Monday there were 4,100 cattle of all classes on sale. For choice heavy steers and choice butcher steers and heifers the market was firm at the previous week's quotations. Common butchers were inclined to be slow but prices held steady. The percentage of good to choice cattle was much the same as the week previous, the bulk being of common to medium grades. A few steers of the best cattle on the market were as follows: E. J. Henderson of Thorndale had 12 choice heifers, average weight 1,000 lbs., which sold at $11 per cwt.; 22 steers, 1,125 lbs. at $11.60; 22 steers, 1,030 lbs. at $10.60; 3 steers, 1,200 lbs. at $11.25; 13, 1,000 lbs. at $11; 10, 1,033 lbs. at $10.75; 14, 1,010 lbs. at $11; 20, 1,165 lbs. at $10.80; 22, 980 lbs. at $10.75; 20, 1,050 lbs. at $10.25; 10, 930 lbs. at $10, and 1, 900 lbs. at $10.60.

Cows were also firm at the previous week's prices. Choice selling at $8.75 to $9.50; good cows at $8 to $8.50, and common to medium at $6 to $7.75. Canners sold at from $5.25 to $5.65 per cwt, a few extra choice cows sold as follows: 12, 1,190 lbs. at $10.75; 1, 1,170 lbs at $10; 2, 1,250 lbs. at $9.60; 1, 1,550 lbs. at $11.50; 1, 1,470 lbs. at $10.25, and 1, 1,520 lbs. at $14.00 per cwt. Bulls were in strong demand, choice selling $9 to $10 per cwt., and 1, 1,720 lbs. at $11 per cwt.; good bulls sold at $8 to $8.50, and common to medium at $6 to $7.50.

Stockers and Feeders.—Trade was not nearly so brisk, principally on account of distillery feeder cattle buyers being off the market. Prices, however, held steady. Feeder steers, 900 to 975 lbs. sold at $9 to $10.25; steers, 725 to 850 lbs. at $8 to $8.75; yearlings, 600 to 700 lbs. $7.75 to $8.25 and common light steers and heifers at $6 to $7.50.

Milkers and Springers.—Few good cows were on the market; choice cows being in good demand, while common cows were slow. Prices were as quoted below.

Calves were a strong trade, especially choice veal, which sold at 15½c. to 16c. per lb.; medium calves, 13½c. to 14½c. per lb.; grass and common calves at 6c. to 8½c. per lb.; heavy fat calves sold at 8½c. to 11c. per lb.

Lambs on Monday sold at $16.50 to $17.25 per cwt. Dan Egan of Cobden, Ont. selling 253 choice Blackfaces at that price; they weighed 86 lbs each. The market closed on Thursday with choice lambs selling at fro n $17.50 to $18.25 per cwt.

Sheep were also a strong trade, choice light butchers selling at 12½c. to 13½c. nd heav y fat at 10c. to 12c. per lb.

Breeding ewes weighing around 130 lbs. sold at 14½c. to 15½c. and choice ewe lambs for breeding purposes sold at 17c. to 18c. per lb.

Hogs.—Fed and watered hogs on Monday sold at from $16.50 to $17 per cwt., on Wednesday at $17.25, a few at $17.50, and on Thursday the majority of choice fed and watered hogs sold at $18 per cwt., weighed-off-car hogs at $18.25 per cwt. Quotations as follows:

Heavy Steers.—Choice, $11 to $12; good, $10.50 to $11.

Butchers' Steers and Heifers.—Choice, $10.50 to $11; good, $9.75 to $10.25; medium, $9 to $9.50; common, $7.75 to $8.50.

THE IMPERIAL LIFE
ASSURANCE CO. OF CANADA

WE have come to Christmas after a year of trial, of sacrifice and of delayed realization of our hopes. More than ever before is it a time for a setting behind us of past difficulties and a turning towards the future with renewed confidence and hope for the dawning of brighter days.

This is the thought that must dominate this Holiday Season. Having it constantly in mind, each of us will best do his share towards making for all a Happy Christmas and a Brighter New Year.

That happiness may be your lot with the dawn of an early and victorious peace is our heartfelt and confident wish.

J. F. Weston
Managing Director.

Toronto, December, 1917.

Any farmer or dairyman ought to just about double his profits, by carrying out the hints given in our book about

EDWARDSBURG GLUTEN FEED

Edwardsburg Oil Cake is better than Corn for fattening Hogs

23% PROTEIN GUARANTEED

It tells how others are getting more milk from their cows—more profit from their feeding—and at the same time, are reducing their feed bills.

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We want, and will pay highest prices for all kinds of RAW

FURS

Ship your skins to us at once.
We pay Express Charges, or Postage.

Price list and shipping tags sent on request.

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Eggs are selling at way-up prices. This is your egg harvest time. Put your hens in laying trim by feeding

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Feed your hens and pullets Pan-a-ce-a to help them turn the greatest possible amount of their feed into eggs. Feed Pan-a-ce-a to liven up the dormant egg organs and make them active. Feed Pan-a-ce-a to all your poultry to improve the appetite and digestion, to enrich the blood, to make them healthy.

There is a dealer in your town that will supply you with Dr. Hess Poultry Pan-a-ce-a. If it does not make your hens lay, he will refund your money. Packages, 35c, 85c and $1.75; 25-lb. pail, $3.50.

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A Conditioner and Worm Expeller

Dr. Hess Instant Louse Killer Kills Lice

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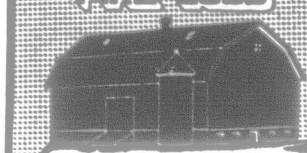

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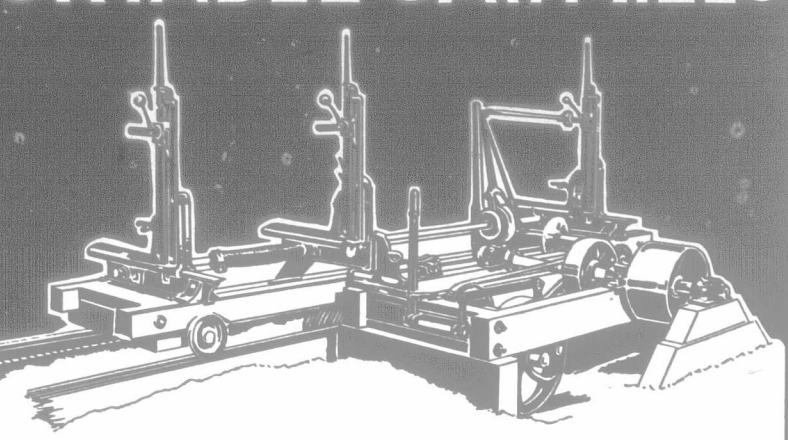


IF the trees on your farm are first quality timber, why cut them on a mill that will lower their market value?

The Waterous Portable Outfit will cut your trees into lumber that is as fine as that turned out by any custom mill. Hundreds of users, who didn't know any more about timber sawing than you do, are proving that every season.

The secret is that the Waterous Portable Mill is built just a little better than is necessary to do portable work—it has special fittings found only on higher priced mills, that help you cut your logs as they should be. What is more, the Waterous Portable is dead easy to set up, simple to operate, and is built so strong that it will keep on cutting first-class lumber year after year without trouble.

The profit in your trees, and in your neighbors' is worth your investment in this reasonably priced, high-grade mill. Quality counts every time—and especially in lumber making, with prices as high as they are now.

Send us a card to-day for our Portable Sawmill Catalogue

The Waterous Engine Works Co., Ltd., Brantford, Canada

Cows.—Choice, $8.75 to $9.50; good, $8 to $8.50; medium, $7.50 to $7.75; common, $6 to $6.75; canners, $5.35 to $5.65.

Bulls.—Choice, $9 to $10; good, $8 to $8.50; medium, $7 to $7.50; common, $6 to $6.75.

Stockers and Feeders.—Choice, $9.25 to $10.25; medium, $8.50 to $9.15; common, $6.75 to $7.50.

Milkers and Springers.—Choice, $100 to $145; medium, $85 to $95; common, $65 to $75.

Spring Lambs.— Choice $17.50 to $18.25; culls, $13 to $14.

Sheep.—Light, $12.50 to $13.50; heavy, $10 to $12.

Calves.— Choice, $15.50 to $16; medium, $13.50 to $14.50; common, $6 to $9; Heavy, fat, $8.50 to $11.

Hogs.—Fed and watered, $17.75 to $18; weighed off cars, $18.25.

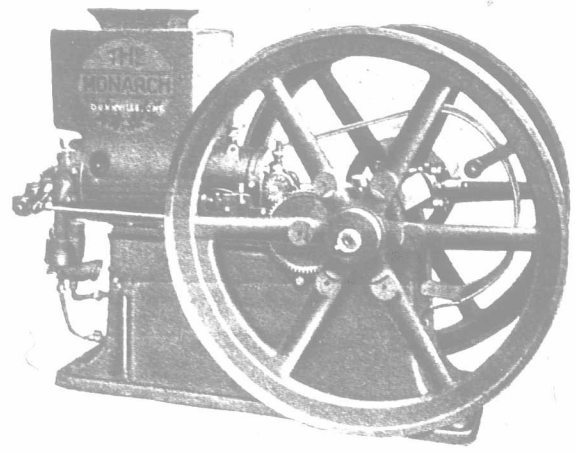
Breadstuffs.

Wheat.—Ontario, (basis, in store, Montreal.) No. 2, winter, per car lot, $2.22. Manitoba (in store, Fort William, including 2½c. tax.) No. 1 northern, $2.23½; No. 2, northern, $2.20½; No. 3 northern, $2.17½; No. 4 wheat, $2.10½.

Oats.—Ontario, according to freights outside, No. 2 white, 75c. to 76c., nominal; No. 3 white, 74c. to 75c., nominal; Manitoba oats (in store, Fort William—No. 2 C. W., 83½c.; No. 3 C. W., 80½c.; extra No. 1 feed, 80½c.; No. 1 feed, 76c.

Barley.—According to freights outside, malting, $1.23 to $1.24.

Peas.—According to freights outside) No. 2, $3.70 to $3.80.



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You have bought your "VICTORY BONDS" for the GOOD of our country, now do not over-look the purchase of a "MONARCH ENGINE" for the GOOD of the FARM. These engines are made in all sizes from 1½ H.P. to 30 H.P., making them suitable for Pumping, Grinding, Wood Sawing, Corn Cutting, Straw Cutting, in fact, everywhere that POWER is needed, the "MONARCH ENGINE needs no coaxing but is always ready for the job required. Our catalogues are free for the asking. DO NOT DELAY! Send a post card TO-DAY. The FIVE POINTS OF SUPERIORITY WILL INTEREST YOU.

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Millions of acres of virgin soil, obtainable at 50c. an acre in some districts in addition, have to be settled for cultivation.

Thousands of farmers have responded to the call of this fertile country and have found it comfortable and rich. Here, right at the door of Old Ontario, is room for you.

For literature, information regarding routes and settlers' rates, write to:

H. A. MACDONELL, Director of Colonization, Parliament Buildings, Toronto, Ont.
Hon. G. H. Ferguson, Minister of Lands, Forests and Mines.

Rye.—(According to freights outside) No. 2, $1.75.

Flour.—Manitoba first patients in jute bags, $11.50; second patents, in jute bags, $11; strong bakers', $10.60; Ontario winter wheat flour, according to sample in bags, $9.95; Montreal, $9.75; Toronto, $9.70, bulk seaboard.

Hay and Millfeeds.

Hay.—Track, Toronto, No. 1, new per ton, $16 to $17; mixed, per ton, $13 to $15.

Straw.—Car lots, per ton, $9 to $9.50.

Bran.—Per ton, $37.

Shorts.—Per ton, $43; middlings, per ton, $47 to $48. Good feed flour, per bag, $3.25.

Hides and Wool.

City Hides.—City butcher hides, green, flat, 20c.; calf skins, green, flat, 23c.; veal kip, 20c.; horse hides, city take-off, $5 to $6; city lamb skins, shearings and pelts, $1.50 to $2.25; sheep, $2.50 to $4.

Country Markets.—Beef hides, flat, cured, 18c. to 19c.; deacons or bob calf, $1.50 to $1.75 each; horse hides, country take-off, No. 1, $5.50 to $6; No. 2, $5 to $6. No. 1 sheep skins, $2.50 to $3.50. Horse hair, farmers' stock, $25.

Tallow.—City rendered, solids, in barrels, 13c. to 14c.; country solids, in barrels, No. 1, 12c. to 13c.; cakes, No. 1, 14c. to 16c.

Wool.—Unwashed fleece wool, as to quality, fine, 60c.; coarse, 58c.; washed wool, fine, 70c.; coarse, 65c.

Country Produce.

Butter.—With the exception of fresh-made creamery which showed a firmer tendency, butter kept stationary in

price, selling as follows, wholesale: Creamery fresh-made pound squares, 47c. to 49c. per lb.; cut creamery, 46c. per lb.; creamery solids at 44c. to 46c. per lb; separator dairy 44c. to 45c. per lb., and dairy, 37c. to 38c. per lb.

Eggs.—Both new laids and storage sold at unchanged prices during the past week: Cold storage, No. 1's, 43c. to 44c. per dozen; selects, 47c. to 48c. per dozen; new laids at 65c. per dozen.

Cheese.—New, large, 24c.; twins, 24½c.; old, 30c. to 31c.; twins, 31c.

Poultry.—Prices did not vary much in poultry. (Live weight), chickens, milk-fed, 21c. per lb.; chickens, ordinary fed, 19c. per lb.; fowl, 3½ lbs. and under, 13c. per lb.; fowl, 3½ to 5 lbs., 18c. per lb.; fo l, 5 lbs. and over, 20c. per lb.; ducklings, 17c. per lb.; geese, 14c. per lb.; turkeys, young, 25c. per lb.; turkeys, old, 22c. per lb.

Beans.—The bean market kept firm at stationary prices. Hand-picked selling at $8 per bushel, and prime whites at $7.50 per bushel, the India hand-picked bringing $6.60 per bushel.

Wholesale Fruits and Vegetables.

Apples continued to come in freely during the week. The British Columbia boxed selling at $2.25 to $2.75 per box; Washington boxed at $2.50 to $3; Ontarios at $4.50 to $8 per bbl, and Nova Scotias at $3.50 to $7 per bbl.

Potatoes.—Ontarios slow sale at $2.10 per bag, and New Brunswick Delawares at $2.30 to $2.40 per bag.

Questions and Answers.

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

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

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

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

Miscellaneous.

Abortion in Mares.

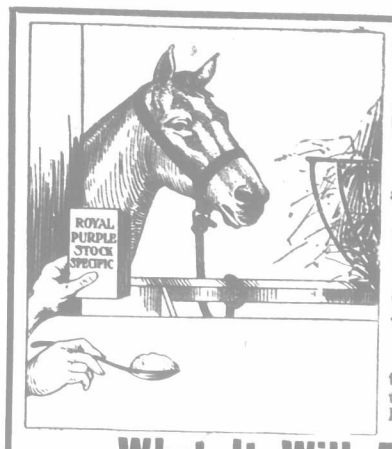
What causes abortion in mares? I have two cases. The mares are fed on timothy hay and oats in the sheaf. They are kept in a stable which was built in a hurry last fall. Under the conditions the cause is a mystery to me. J. A. M.

Ans.—Abortions are frequently caused by kicks, strains, slipping, squeezing through a narrow doorway or partly closed gates, excessive driving or pulling, improper or mouldy feed. From these causes it would be termed accidental abortion. Then there is contagious-abortion which may spread from one animal to another in sheds, stables or pastures. If the mares have been carefully handled, we would be inclined to think that in your case where two of them were affected within a short time that in all probability they have come in contact with the contagious germ. The unfortunate part is that there is very often difficulty in getting a mare so affected to breed.

Size of Pulley.

I have a 3½ H. P. gasoline engine. The pulley that came with the engine is 9 inches in diameter and the pulley on saw is 5½ inches, making the saw turn only about 1¾ turns to one of the engine. Would you kindly let me know through your magazine the size of pulley required on engine to get the best results. L.G.M.

Ans.—There is not enough data given in the query to enable one to answer the question definitely. J. P. does not give either the speed of the engine or the size of the saw. Consequently we shall have to assume these and answer in such a way that if our assumptions are wrong then J. P. may be able to apply the method to suit his engine speed and diameter of saw. A 10-inch saw should run at 3,600 r. p. m., a 12-inch at 3,000, a 14-inch at 2,585, a 16-inch at 2,222, an 18-inch at 2,000, and a 24-inch at 1,500. Suppose the engine runs at 500 r. p. m. Then for a 12-inch saw the pulley on the engine should be 3,000÷500=6 times as large as on the saw. But for an 18-inch saw the ratio should be 2,000÷500=4, that is, the engine pulley should be four times as large in diameter as the saw pulley. Similarly for a 24-inch saw the ratio of the pulleys should be 3 to 1. If 500 is wrong then J. P. should determine the speed of his engine and divide by that instead of by 500. The best results will probably be secured by increasing the size of the engine pulley, as the saw pulley is fairly small as it is.



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Keeps your farm stock in the pink of condition and free from disease.

Royal Purple Stock Specific

Is purely a tonic, to drive all impurities out of the blood, give the bowels better action and tones up the stomach and digestive organs. Good for horses, cattle, swine and all farm animals.

What It Will Do For Your Animals

Will build up almost like magic any poor miserable, rundown, hide-bound horse.
Will increase the flow of milk from your cows from three to five pounds per day.
Will enable you to fatten your steers and hogs a month earlier thereby saving a month's feed and labor.
Those are all proven facts, don't experiment, use the best.
For sale by best dealers everywhers. In small and large packages. Also:

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FREE BOOK
Write for 80 page booklet describing all common diseases in Stock and Poultry. It tells how to build hen houses and how to raise calves without milk.

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Farmers are welcome

Local Managers are instructed to consult with them, and by every legitimate means assist in securing the utmost development of our farms.

Savings Department at all Branches Interest at Highest Current Rate.

"1900" Gravity Washer
Sent free for one month's trial.
Write for particulars.
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The Modern Farm Uses Modern Equipment

Pails, Tubs, etc., made of Eddy's Fibreware are non-porous, cannot get watersoaked or warped, are brine-proof, will not transmit taste, keep contents perfect, are easily cleaned, sanitary, and of lightest weight.

Read what one big Dairy Company writes about Butter Tubs or Pails made of this Ware.

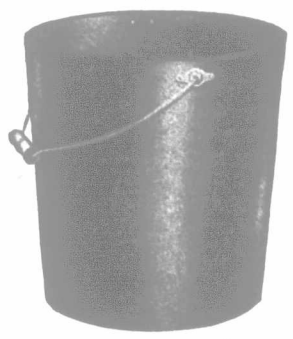
This Will Be Your Experience

"We have packed our butter in them in preference to the ordinary export boxes, and it has always turned out sweet as a nut when brought out of cold storage.

"Further than this, we might also say that there is practically no shrinkage whatever in the butter packed in these Tubs, while there is a certain amount of shrinkage from the wooden Tub.

"We have had quite an extended experience with this Tub, and it is beyond doubt unexcelled for packing butter, and particularly so if the butter is to be used for local consumption, or at near enough points for the Tub to be returned; because it can then be scalded and be as good as ever, while the wooden tub invariably shows the brine coming through, which rusts and spoils the appearance of the Tub so that it cannot be used again.

General Utility Pail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Butter Tub or Spice Pail

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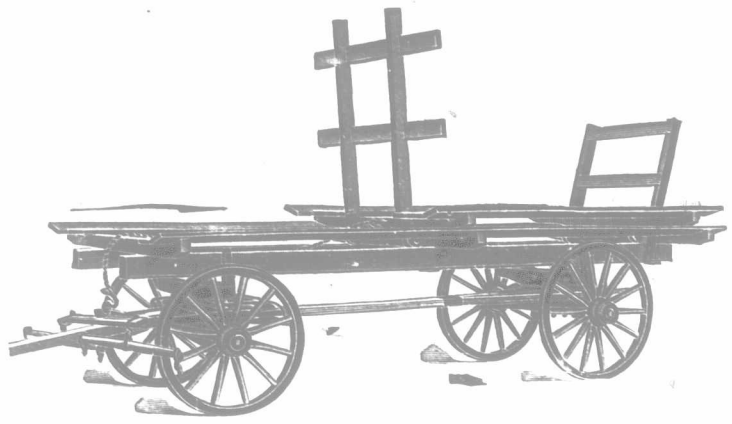
HULL, CANADA

MAKE HAY THE MAGIC WAY



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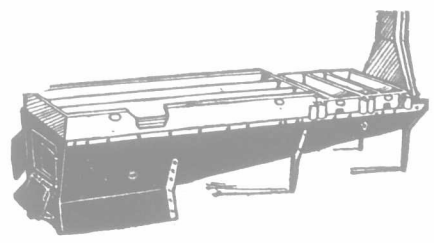
Above is a cut of a Hay Rack which will revolutionize hay-making methods. With it a boy can do the work of two men and do it easier and quicker. In loading from the Hay Loader, hay is first built to the full height of load on the movable half rack. This is then run to the front of the rack and the remaining half built on the bed rack One person can thus put on the full load by merely tramping the hay, because the builder has always a ladder, or hay, in front and rear, to build by. THE COMPLETE DIVISION in centre saves time and trouble when unloading with the hay fork.

This rack saves one man in haying, saves tons of hay from spoiling, and permits the farmer to spend valuable time on other work. The labor situation is critical and is bound to become worse. You, Mr. Farmer, owe it to yourself and your country to use this great LABOR SAVER next season. Order now and be sure of delivery. Send post card for full descriptive matter and prices.

The Magic Rack Co., Woodburn, Ont.

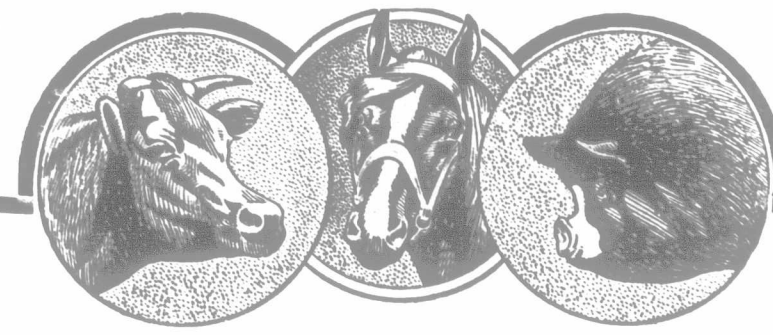
AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE

TAP EVERY TREE



MAPLE Syrup and Sugar is a food, a necessity. Make preparations now to save this valuable crop, and double or treble the production. Every pound of sugar, every gallon of syrup helps food conservation, and the market gives a price unthought-of before the war. With a Grimm Champion Outfit, you can make more syrup with less help and in less time and at less cost than any other way. Put your maple bush in working order and get in touch with us on the question of outfit.

The Grimm Mfg. Co.
LIMITED
58 Wellington Street, Montreal, Que.



Now That Your Stock Is Tied Up for the Winter

they are deprived of the exercise, green grass, and the various roots and herbs they obtained when on free range, which had a tonic effect on the digestive organs. Stall feeding is an entirely different proposition, and Winter feed, no matter how good, should have mixed with it something to take the place of and do the work of those valuable herbs.

International Stock Food Tonic

solves the problem of winter feeding. It contains such ingredients as nature provided for stock when given free range on pasture, and which are absolutely necessary to promote health and vigor to animals in stables.

INTERNATIONAL STOCK FOOD TONIC is just the thing for young stock, and at this season of the year no farm should be without it. This preparation is for sale by dealers everywhere in convenient size packages, 50 cents and $1.00, and $1.50 lithographed tins, also 25 pounds selling at $3.75 each. The cost is small—"3 feeds for 1 cent"—and the return is inestimable.

For Your Horses.

Keep your horses thrifty and healthy with nice glossy coats. If you have a horse that is hide-bound, rough, off its feed or in a run-down or over-worked condition, use INTERNATIONAL STOCK FOOD TONIC. The remarkably quick results obtained will be evident in the improved, all-round condition and appearance of the animal.

For Your Cows.

INTERNATIONAL STOCK FOOD TONIC tones up the sluggish digestive organs of your milch cows, assisting them to extract all the milk producing substances from the food. The cows thus give a larger flow of richer milk.

For Your Hogs.

INTERNATIONAL STOCK FOOD TONIC increases your hog profits by giving quick growth and by keeping hogs healthy. It is not what a hog eats, but what is digested and assimilated that means rapid growth and profitable feeding.

Read These Letters.

Aneroid, Sask.

"I have used International Stock Food Tonic for five years now, and it is a fine preparation for over-worked horses—to build them up again, besides which, it is so reasonable to purchase."

(Signed) E. COTTERELL.

Markham, Ont.

"I have been using your INTERNATIONAL STOCK FOOD TONIC now for four years on all my stock—especially horses and cattle. I find it pays me well to use it as it keeps them healthy and thriving, improves the appetite, and increases the quantity of milk. It certainly keeps stock in fine shape, and I would not want to be without it."

(Signed) JOHN S. HOLDON,
President of the Markham Producers' Association.

R. F. D. No. 1, Mull, Ont.

"In regard to your International Stock Food Tonic, would like to say that I have used it for a number of years and it certainly does all that you claim for it, especially for small pigs. I always feel safe in recommending it to anyone. Am feeding it now with good results, for with pork at the present prices we like to hurry the pigs along, and your tonic certainly does it. I remain,"

(Signed) JOHN D. NEWCOMBE.

Waterville, Que.

"I have always found your International Stock Food Tonic to be a valuable preparation on my farm, and I have now used it for the past five years and have not had a sick horse or cow for one single day in that time. My six cows are as fat and healthy now as at any time in the summer and are always ready for their feed, and am certain they are giving more milk than other folks' cows who don't feed INTERNATIONAL STOCK FOOD TONIC, as it keeps the animals healthy and in good shape, whether horses or cows or pigs."

(Signed) WM. H. DAY.

Paisley, Ont., R. R. No. 3.

"Kindly ship me at once by freight twelve pails of International Stock Food Tonic. You will note this is the second twelve-pail order I have bought this season. I have used a lot of International Stock Food Tonic, as you can see by your records, and find its use very profitable to me."

(Signed) J. H. TURNER.

INTERNATIONAL STOCK FOOD CO.
Limited
TORONTO, CANADA

Also manufacturers and sole proprietors of International Poultry Food Tonic, Grofast Calf Meal, International Louse Killer, Silver Pine Healing Oil, International Worm Powder, Dan Patch White Liniment, International Colic Remedy, International Heave Remedy, International Distemper Remedy, etc., etc.

Extending the Fruit Area Northward.

Continued from page 1938.

succeeding well on the prairies, but must be protected in winter there to be certain of escaping injury. It will probably not be long before improved sorts will be obtained from the northern type of the wild raspberry which will compare favorably with the best-named varieties and will be grown without protection.

Currant.—The currant is a hardy fruit succeeding well very far north, but it has been found by experiments at the Experimental Farms that there is a difference in the hardiness of varieties. For instance, the Fay Prolific and Cherry red currants which are such favorites in the warmer parts of Ontario, are too tender and are of little value on the prairies where the Red Dutch, Raby Castle, Long Bunched Holland, Red Grape, and a variety called Stewarts are much hardier. These have not as large fruit as the Fay Prolific but they are very productive and, doubtless, it will not be long before hardy sorts with the largest sized fruit will be grown very far north. The native black currant of the north country is an excellent fruit and, doubtless, there will, in time, be many good named varieties of it. In the meantime, some of the new varieties originated on the Experimental Farms, such as Climax, Beauty, Magnus, Kerry and Saunders are proving hardier than the old commercial varieties.

Gooseberry.—The cultivated varieties of gooseberries are not quite so hardy as the cultivated currants, and there is room for the introduction of some hardier sorts than those available at present, and, doubtless, these will come from the wild gooseberry of the north, crossed with some larger-fruited sort. At present the Houghton is the most reliable for the prairies, but even this needs to be covered with soil in the winter to be assured of a good crop.

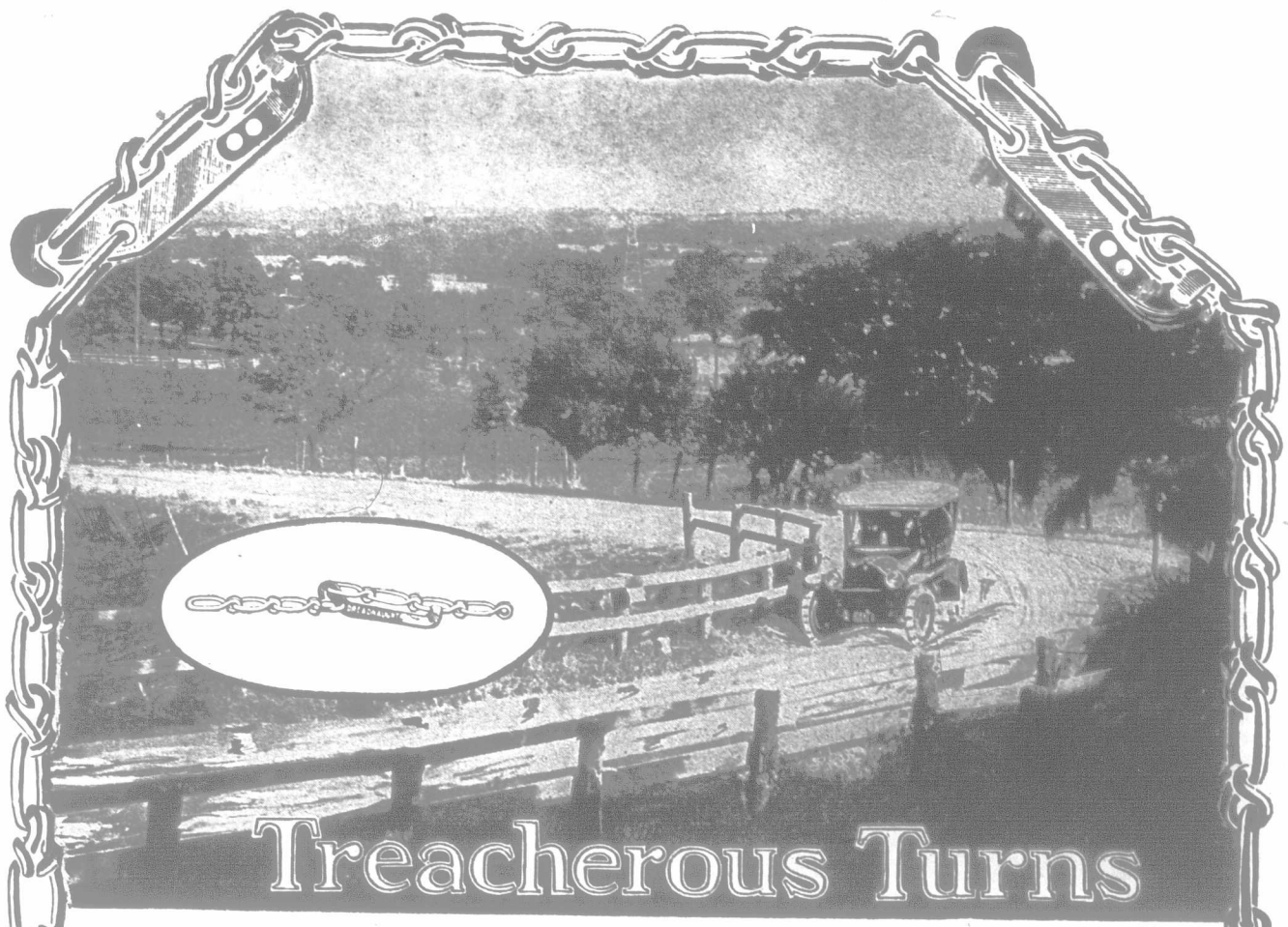
Strawberry.—The last fruit which space will permit mentioning is the strawberry. Strawberries are grown very successfully in most places in Canada. The most difficult place to grow them is on the prairies, and until recent years it was thought the cultivated varieties would not succeed there, but by leaving a heavy mulch of straw over the plants in the spring as late as possible, without the plants suffering from the shade, and by growing the hardiest sorts, the danger from spring frost will be avoided and a crop, as a rule, be secured. The Senator Dunlap is an outstanding hardy variety from the Atlantic to the Pacific in Canada, and is one of the best sorts to grow even where hardiness is not the chief requisite. Promising hybrids between the wild species and the cultivated varieties have been originated at the Experimental Farm, Ottawa, which, it is hoped, will be useful for the prairies.

The development of fruits which will extend the area of their successful cultivation is relatively slow, but from the good results which have been obtained since there has been systematic effort made to obtain new and hardier varieties for Canada by testing the varieties available and originating new ones, one would hesitate to prophecy where the limit of cultivation of each particular fruit will be.

"Don't yez know yit how t' drive a nail widout mashin' yer t'umb?" gleefully inquired the hod carrier of the injured carpenter.

"No," retorted the carpenter hotly, "an' neither do you."

"Shure Oi do," returned the hod carrier. "Hould th' hammer wid both hands."



HOW frequently we come upon them unawares, with scarcely time to shut off the "gas" and jam on the brakes. They're bad enough on dry days, but the danger is redoubled on muddy roads or wet pavements.

FATAL ACCIDENTS

THE turn illustrated above was the scene of several fatal accidents last year. We can all recall a number of similar disasters. Most of us have narrowly missed nasty smash-ups ourselves. Yet, despite these repeated warnings, how often we take chances.

ONLY SURE PROTECTION

ON slippery roads, the most careful driving and the most efficient brakes are not sufficient to ensure safety. Dreadnaught chains should always be used. They are the only sure protection.

DREADNAUGHT TIRE CHAINS

WEAR LIKE GRANITE

TREMENDOUS strength and service are built into these chains. The specially hardened surface of the cross chains resists tenaciously the grind of pavements and the jags of rocky roads. A tough inner core prevents breaks.

EASILY PUT ON

THE long lever Rim-Chain Connector is an original feature of the "Dreadnaught." It is so handy—the only fastener that secures the chains against loss. The word "Dreadnaught" on the lever is your protection.

COST YOU LESS

THE greater value obtained in Dreadnaught Chains makes them worth more than other kinds, yet they actually cost you less. You save $1 to $3 a set, depending on the size, because of our superior manufacturing facilities. Order through your dealer or direct.

McKINNON CHAIN COMPANY, ST. CATHARINES ONTARIO

Imported and Canadian-Bred Clydesdales

I am offering a number of imported in-foal mares by such sires as Baron's Pride, Everlasting, Pride of Blacon, etc. Our six Canadian-bred mares are from one to four years, and all have been prominent winners at Toronto and elsewhere. These are by Marathon imp., Lord Scott imp., etc. We also have one two-year-old stallion by Gallant Carruchan, and one yearling by Lord Scott imp. Prices right.

L. J. C. BULL, BRAMPTON, ONTARIO

FARMERS!

Increase Your Knowledge About Your Poultry

My valuable illustrated book tells how to raise, manage, mate and judge pure-bred fowls. Few copies left. Don't miss this opportunity. One dollar, postpaid.

BRYCE HUNTER, West End, Y.M.C.A. Toronto

PERCHERONS AND CLYDESDALES

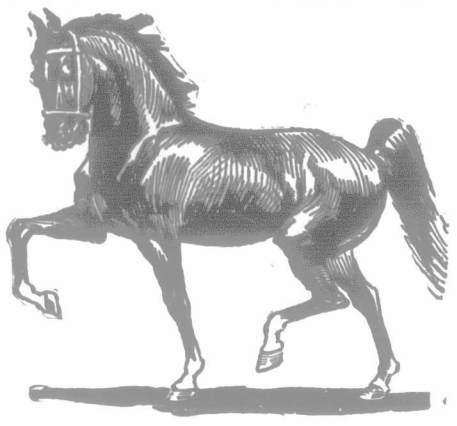
We have a good stock of Percheron Stallions, from two to eight years of age, both blacks and greys; all imported and none second hand. Our Percheron mares are all sold.

In Clydesdales, we have both stallions and mares, imported and Canadian-bred. Let us know your wants.

HODGKINSON & TISDALE, Importers, BEAVERTON, ONT.

ESTABLISHED 1876 **Long-Distance Phone 18**

Horses Needed for the Army



Top Prices Paid—but the Animals MUST BE SOUND

You are truly doing National Service, when you sell to the Government, horses sound in limb and body.

Every branch of the Service needs our sturdy mounts.

But inspectors are not interested in lame or blemished horses—they must be sound.

ABSORBINE

Puts your Horses in condition to command top prices

Have you a horse which might be rejected because of a Spavin, Thoroughpin, Bursal Enlargment, Shoe Boil, Capped Hock, Swollen Gland, Thickened Tissue, Enlarged Veins, Rheumatic Deposit, or any Puff or Swelling?

ABSORBINE will remove the blemish—stop the lameness—strengthen the weak part—make the horse sound.

ABSORBINE does not blister or remove the hair; absolutely safe; and the animal can be worked while being treated.

ABSORBINE is economical, because only a few drops are required for each application.

$2 a bottle—at druggists or sent post paid on receipt of price. Book "A" free.

W. F. YOUNG, P. D. F., 258 LYMANS BUILDING, MONTREAL, CANADA

A "365" Day Liniment

YOU ARE SAYING TO YOURSELF—"If I only knew of something to stop that Backache—help my Rheumatism—cure my Neuralgia, I would send and get it at once."

Get It. Gombault's Caustic Balsam will give you immediate *Relief.* A Marvelous Human Flesh Healer and a never failing remedy for every known pain that can be relieved or cured by external applications. Thousands testify to the wonderful healing and curing powers of this great French Remedy. A Liniment that will soothe, heal and cure your every day pains, wounds and bruises.

Gombault's Caustic Balsam
The Great French Remedy Will Do It

It Helps Nature to Heal and Cure. Penetrates, acts quickly, yet is perfectly harmless. Kills all Germs and prevents Blood Poison. Nothing so good known as an application for Sores, Wounds, Felons, Exterior Cancers, Burns, Carbuncles and Swellings.

"I had a bad hand with four running sores on it. The more I doctored the worse it got. I used Caustic Balsam and never needed a doctor after that." —Ed. Rosenburg, St. Ansgat, Ia.

Mrs. James McKenzie, Edina, Mo., says: "Just ten applications of Caustic Balsam relieved me of goitre. My husband also cured eczema with it, and we use it for corns, bunions, colds, sore throat and pain in the chest."

A Safe, Reliable Remedy for Sore Throat, Chest Cold, Backache, Neuralgia, Sprains, Rheumatism and Stiff Joints. Whenever and wherever a Liniment is needed Caustic Balsam has no Equal.

Dr. Higley, Whitewater, Wis., writes: "I have been using Caustic Balsam for ten years for different ailments. It has never failed me yet."

A liniment that not only heals and cures Human Flesh, but for years the accepted Standard veterinary remedy of the world.

Price, $1.50 per bottle at all Druggists or sent by us express prepaid. Write for Free Booklet and read what others say.

Cleveland, O. THE LAWRENCE-WILLIAMS CO. Toronto, Ont.

When writing advertisers will you kindly mention The Farmer's Advocate.

Agriculture is British Columbia's Greatest Industry.

Continued from page 1936.

cow, the first cow in Prince George. She sold milk at 50 cents a quart, but, unfortunately, after three months the cow got water-parsnip and died. But the dairy possibilities are still there.

The soil through most of this area is quite characteristic, being a very fine unctuous silt of light gray color. It is free from stone, runs together very easily getting as hard as a floor, and in plowing breaks into large lumps. But these lumps crush very easily and reduce to the silty condition. All through this country clover does exceptionally well.

I have tried to say some things indicative of the factors and conditions affecting British Columbia agriculture. Few people realize that agriculture is British Columbia's greatest industry and asset. More money is spent on the development and preservation of her forests and mines, but a really greater income to the Province arises in her agriculture as shown by statistics. For the three years, beginning with 1914, the average income from lumber was $31,119,333; from minerals $32,935,629, and from agriculture $31,164,938, and agriculture was least benefited by war prices. The total live stock produced in British Columbia in 1916 is valued at $8,703,136, the total meats at $1,405,872, of which $1,263,600 was beef or veal. The total poultry products were valued at $2,324,597, the total dairy products at $3,251,856, and the total fruits output at $2,176,662. This briefly do we get the true perspective of the industries of the Province.

There will undoubtedly be quite a large increase in the fruit crop, especially apples, for the next two or three years, as young orchards become mature, though there has been practically no planting done for the last three or four years. The [illegible] at export prices. The large markets to the Prairie Provinces, into which market Pacific States also unload their surplus, and where Ontario finds an outlet for her overrun of medium grades.

The live-stock industries in British Columbia are largely in their infancy. Beef production on the open range is developed to a fair maximum. Free grass and a mild climate under the British flag never went long after its discovery without Herefords and Shorthorns. But the production of live stock under intensive conditions has scarcely yet begun. Practically the whole Province is unstocked, so far as dairy cattle, sheep and hogs are concerned.

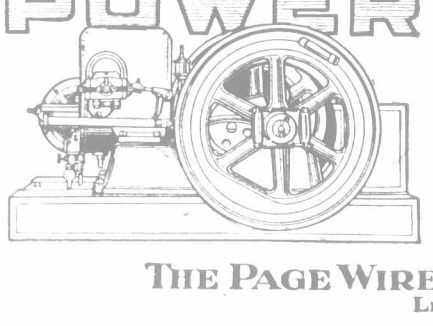
There is much land in the many sections I have briefly indicated where there is a fertile soil, a luxuriant growth and a mild climate. There are markets. British Columbia as a province is a large importer. In 1916 seventeen times as much pork, five times as much butter and one hundred times as much cheese was brought into the Province as was produced in it. One need never fear that he will not find a market in British Columbia for all that his farm can produce of pork, eggs, chickens, cattle or butter. What is most needed is more men to produce more of these products. And after the home markets are satisfied, which will not be at once, the Province has a fair chance for the world's markets. When Canada as a whole begins to fully appreciate the value of healthy live stock, British Columbia will stand foremost as the province in which exists a very large number of pure-bred herds of the various breeds that have always been maintained with a clean bill of health. Purity of breeding combined with excellence are the factors which are being insisted upon by dairy cattlemen, horsemen, all live-stock men, seed growers and fruit producers. Natural conditions encourage and the producers themselves insist that the agricultural products of the "Sunset Province" shall grade excellent in the eyes of the world. Statistically this lusty, youthful province cannot make a very great showing to-day, but no country nor section of country with so much essentially good in its favor can be slow in its development nor constricted in its attainments.

A Big Help to Your Wife and You

NOT only around the farm—but around the house too—there are many jobs for the Page Farm Engine.

It will pump water for the stock; hoist hay and grain into the mow, and ensilage into the silo; saw wood, run the separator, and turn the churn. It costs less to "keep" than a hired man and will do much more work. It is simple to operate. It is always ready. With ordinary care, the Page will last a lifetime.

Better - Cheaper POWER



The Page Line is complete. 2 types to choose from — one burning gasolene, and another burning gasolene or coal oil.

The Page Farm Engine is sold from the factory to you. This gives you a better engine for your money as no agent's profits enter into the transaction.

Send for a catalogue to-day. It will help you to choose an engine of the horse-power and type best suited to your needs.

THE PAGE WIRE FENCE COMPANY LIMITED.

WALKERVILLE, ONTARIO

For Quick Growth and Early Maturity, Feed

GARDINER'S CALF MEAL

¶ It replaces perfectly the cream in skim milk, and provides the nourishment necessary for quick, vigorous growth. It is rich in protein, and several points higher in fat than any other meal on the market.

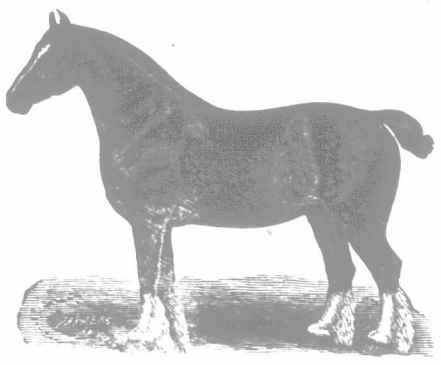
¶ Feed Gardiner's Calf Meal first with skim milk, then with milk-and-water, and finally with water only, and your breeding calves will mature earlier and your young steers will be ready for market sooner. It is equally good for colts, lambs and little pigs.

¶ Put up in 25, 50 and 100-lb. bags. If your dealer doesn't handle it, write us for prices, and for information about Gardiner's other products—Ovatum, Pig Meal, Sac-a-fat and Cotton Seed Meal.

GARDINER BROS., Feed Specialists, SARNIA, Ont. 15

DUNDRUM CLYDESDALES

Several choice imported and Canadian-bred mares, safe in foal.



Also several prize-winning fillies and stallions, and a few show geldings, 2 and 3 years of age.

W. A. McNiven
R. R. 4
Hamilton, Ontario

AT THE CHRISTMAS SEASON

—the "home time"—what could be more appropriate than to discuss the idea that lies at the root of all home feeling—the protection of that home by Life Insurance?

Life Insurance is no heavy burden. Under the Great-West Policies it is remarkably inexpensive. For example, the Automatic Endowment Policy gives $1,000 Insurance at age 30 for $23.70 a year. This is protection at Straight Life rates, but the Endowment feature avoids life-long premiums and provides for the requirements of later years.

Take advantage of the quiet leisure of Christmas-time to inform yourself on this vital matter of Life Insurance, so essential to the welfare of your home.

ASK FOR RATES. THERE WILL BE NO OBLIGATION.

The Great-West Life Assurance Co., Dept. "Z", Head Office, Winnipeg.

"This is the Kind of Horse the Government wants"

No horse with a Spavin, Splint, Ringbone, Curb, Bony Growth, Capped Hock, Wind Puff, Strained Tendon or Sweeney can now pass the keen-eyed Inspectors of the Government Remount Stations.

Splendid-looking Horses—otherwise sound—are being turned down because of some blemish that could be quickly cured with

Gombault's Caustic Balsam

Here is your chance to make money for yourself and at the same time to help in the Government's great Thrift and Production movement.

Put your horse into condition with Gombault's Caustic Balsam. A safe and reliable remedy.

Gombault's Caustic Balsam if applied immediately after burns, bruises or cuts, is a perfect antiseptic—soothing and healing. An absolutely safe, external remedy for man or beast.

Every bottle of **Caustic Balsam** sold will surely give satisfaction. Price $1.50 per bottle. Sold by druggists, or sent by parcel post with full directions for its use. Send for descriptive circulars, testimonials, etc.

THE LAWRENCE-WILLIAMS COMPANY
TORONTO, ONT. 20

Big Things in Maritime Agriculture.

Continued from page 1937.

from this procedure, but it will be another year or two before we will know.

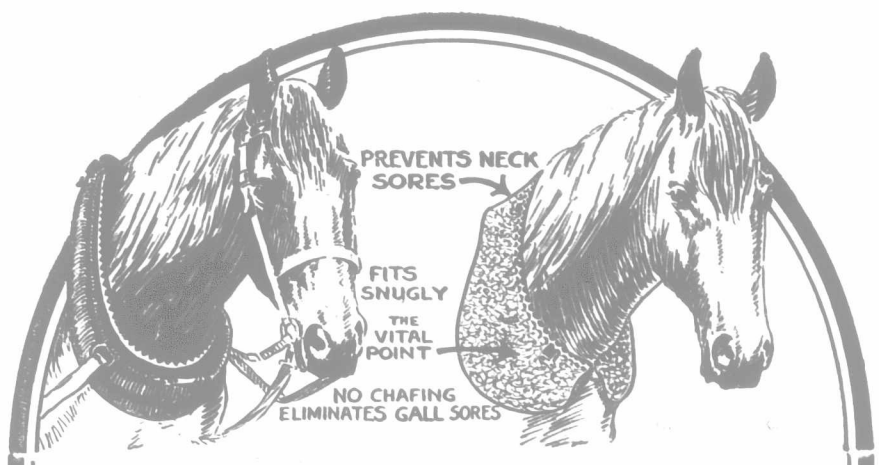
In all this work we are not ignoring the value of growing such soiling crops as peas and oats, rape, corn, fall turnips, etc. These are all extremely important. But we are compelled to confess that the use of these soiling crops is not increasing to the extent one could hope for, due largely to the labor involved, which in itself is an additional reason why care should be taken to put the pasture in the highest possible condition.

Those who have visited the big stock farms of Great Britain, the homes of Shorthorns and Ayrshires and others of the world's great cattle, must have carried away with them an impression of cows in grass knee deep, a factor which, we believe, has entered more largely into the wonderful live stock of that country than any other single factor. Gradually, we must try to offer our cattle in Eastern Canada like conditions to those which have developed those magnificent cattle for which Great Britain is so justly famed. We must speed up our pasture.

Relative to winter feeding, there is no doubt that more grain could be grown and more roots and silage too. None the loss, farmers have already devoted more effort along these lines than along the pasture line, so that although it is right to counsel an increased acreage of grain and roots, one must have regard to labor conditions and to the fact that this phase of providing winter feed for live stock has already been fully appreciated and fairly well attended to. However, more cheaply grown flesh or milk on productive pasture would result in larger revenues, which in turn would encourage farmers to cultivate more land, buy more fertilizer when it could be judiciously used, and so gradually increase the production of these feeds and save the heavy expenditure now made for bran, middlings and other millfeeds.

However this may be, we will conclude this part of our article by re-stating that the pasture problem is the greatest problem with which live-stock farmers in Eastern Canada are confronted. It can be solved along lines we have described, and its solution will do more to advance dairying and live-stock farming of all kinds in Eastern Canada than any other single measure.

Now, Mr. Reader, this article was headed "Big Things in Maritime Agriculture," and we have consumed all the space we were allowed on dairying and pasture. Our scope was bigger. We might have written on potato growing, which has been brought to its highest perfection in New Brunswick, the growing of grain and especially seed oats, one of the premier lines of Prince Edward Island agriculture. We should have narrated the wonderful success of co-operative egg marketing in Prince Edward Island, and of the similar marketing of wool in all of the Provinces. And then there was the apple industry which has made the Annapolis Valley of Nova Scotia so justly famous, and many other things. Any of these were worth an article in themselves, and yet we have merely chronicled them. Why? Because we believe, as we stated at first and now reiterate, that dairying is the primal industry to which we must look for the successful and permanent building up of Maritime Province agriculture.



If you love your horses, save them the torture of gall sores.
If you love your business, get more work from each ho se.
If you love a good investme t, pay a few dollars for Ventiplex pads and you will be repaid many times their cost.

TRADE MARK
Ventiplex
PADS

Made of fine wool felt; sanitary, hygienic, and warranted to make the collar fit. Sold at all dealer's everywhere.
Write for booklet to:

BURLINGTON-WINDSOR BLANKET CO.
TORONTO, CANADA

Clydesdales and Shorthorns

I have on hand a number of real choice young mares and fillies. Eight excellent young bulls, from nine to twelve months of Right Sort and Royal Blood breeding; also a number of females. Inspection invited.

J. B. CALDER, R. R. 3, GLANFORD STATION, ONT.

I've beamed when you hollered, "Oh, Girlie!"
I've hopped when you bellowed, "Oh, say!"
I've fallen for "Dearie" and "Missus",
And everything else till to-day.
But there's one thing that's got to be different,
From now till the Great War is done—
Unless you're prepared for a riot,
You've got to quit calling me "Hun!"

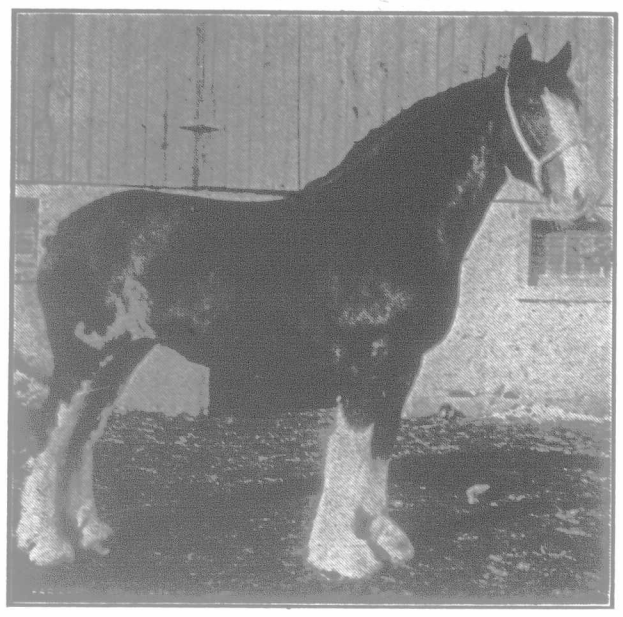
The new waiter (strictly unfit) was being installed into the mysteries of his calling by the buxom and businesslike manageress.

"Now, suppose a lady came into the restaurant an' ordered peaches, what would you give her?"

"A finger bowl," said the waiter.

"That's right. An' suppose she ordered watermelon?"

"A bath tub."



"MANILLA"
1st-Prize Clydesdale Brood Mare and Grand Champion at Ottawa, 1917.

Prizewinning Fillies

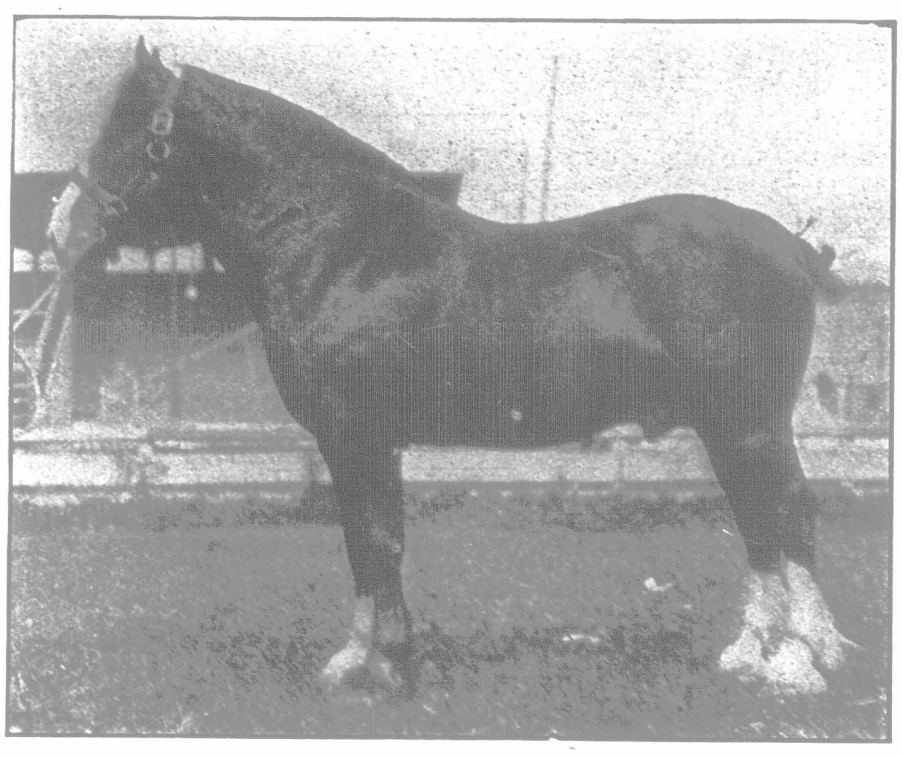
Coming champions by Dunnottar, and out of such mares as Seaham Bonnie and Manilla by Bonnie Buchlyvie, Marchioness by Marcellus, Mimosa and Lady Nell by Silver Cup, Sweet Mary by Squire Ronald, out of Baroness of Dalsraith by Baron of Buchlyvie.

HIGH-CLASS CLYDESDALES

With our best foals left at home with malignant distemper, the others, notwithstanding lack of condition, won 1st, 2nd and 3rd in the open class at Ottawa.

Dunnottar quality of bones and underpinning with straight, close, true action put them at the top.

Write for prices on champion mares.



DUNNOTTAR (Imp.)
Champion Clydesdale Stallion at Ottawa for B. Rothwell, Ottawa, Ont.

HILLSDALE FARM B. ROTHWELL, R. R. No. 1, OTTAWA, ONT.

McCormick's
JERSEY CREAM
Sodas
Contain all the elements of a pure wholesome food at an economical price.

EARN $10 A WEEK AT HOME
The Hosiery trade is booming
Help to meet the huge demand
Auto-Knitter Hosiery (Can.) Co., Ltd
Dept. 802 R, 257 College St., Toronto

WANTED
White Blossom Sweet Clover
POLLARD & COOK
Stouffville Ont.

NEVER SLIP
RED TIP
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RED TIP CALKS
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OUR LATEST IMPORTATION OF CLYDESDALES
arrived at our barns late in November. A number of them since have been prominent winners at both Guelph and Ottawa. But we have others (both stallions and mares) that were never out. The majority of the stallions weigh around the ton, and better quality and breeding were never in the stables. Come and see them. We like to show them. SMITH & RICHARDSON, COLUMBUS, ONT.

Traits and Stories of Irish Life.

Continued from page 1934

the next day. When the brother of the potheen seller learned what had taken place he vowed vengeance on the magistrate, and some time later two shots were fired at him as he returned home late one night from the city, but fortunately without fatal effect.

Dublin.

Ireland is justly proud of its capital city—in some respects a beautiful city, with perhaps here and there dark spots which mar somewhat its beauty and health. Many of its streets are broad and clean, fringed by palatial homes owned and lived in by some of Ireland's purest and best families. There is an air of culture and refinement about many of its citizens not to be found in other parts of Great Britain. It has the reputation of speaking the purest and sweetest English in the whole United Kingdom. Its renowned University, founded by Queen Elizabeth, occupies a prominent place in the life of the city, and has sent forth from its halls to all parts of the earth men of the greatest learning and culture, and, if I mistake not, was the first British University to open its doors to women without distinction of creed. On the opposite side of the street stands the famous House of Parliament, now the Bank of Ireland. Both of these ancient institutions were preserved from destruction in the recent rebellion by the prompt action of the University students. One of the city's institutions is its far-famed jaunting car, with its swift little horse, and good natured jarvey with his quick native wit. During the season thousands of tourists cross over from England, Scotland and the Continent and few return home again without a ride on a jaunting car. There is a story told of a certain English tourist who arrived in the city one day and engaged a jarvey to drive him around to see the sights. Having visited the famous (though tragic) Phoenix Park, he was returning by the south side of the Liffey and approaching the well-known Guinness brewery, over whose main entrance appeared the name of the firm—"A. Guinness & Son, Limited," he slowed down, and addressing his fare said: "That's a fine, scriptural name, sor." The tourist looked across and read the sign, and after a moment's pause he replied: "I don't see any scripture in that name." "Shure, yer honor," said the jarvey, "I don't know meself, but I'm told that in the Good Book it is written, "He that is not for us is Ah-Gin-Us." And that reminds me of an incident that took place a few years ago on the occasion of a big function at the Castle. A policeman had been placed on duty outside of a certain entrance with instructions not to allow any person to enter the castle by that gate. Presently a fine carriage, with a pair of spanking horses and a swellishly dressed coachman, with a footman by his side, and carrying a solitary lady inside, drove up. The policeman lifted his hand, stopped the carriage and directed the coachman to enter by the proper entrance, but John refused to go and insisted upon entering the castle by that gate, but the policeman was obdurate. After considerable parleying and delay, the lady thrust her fair head out of the open window and said to the coachman, in a highly-pitched voice, "John, tell him I'm a Cabinet Minister's wife!" The policeman, overhearing her, replied in a deep, sonorous bass: "Begorra mam, I don't care you were a Presbyterian minister's wife, you can't get through this way." That settled it. John drove off with ruffled feathers to the proper entrance.

Cannot Forget the Homeland.

Very few Irishmen are ever able to forget the sod upon which they were raised; there is a fascination about the Old Land, with its weeping skies, its misty mountains, and its dark, mysterious loughs, that never fades. No matter how successful they may become in a foreign land, the heart turns back and yearns for other days when life was hard, when fare was frugal, when home was small and crowded, but where there was love and sympathy and devotion scarcely equalled in any other land.

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The Hired Man's Story.

By R. SCAIFE.

"To plow and to sow, to reap and to mow
And to be a farmer's boy."

A good many years have elapsed since I, a callow youth, entered the farmer's world as a bold hired man. Many ups, and many downs have I experienced. Bosses have come, and Bosses have gone but I serenely follow my own sweet way towards the hoped-for time when I shall call, and my farmer's boy will answer, "Here am I".

And yet, after all, despite those years behind me, it doesn't seem long since I, with a little round cap surmounting a don't-care-where-I-go expression on my face, sat waiting with a few suitcases, and a trunk like a small cook house, for the lucky farmer who hired me to come along with his shaggy team and hayrack to transport me bag and baggage, along dusty roads, between shady maple trees to where I was to play the role of a chief cow milker and head pig feeder.

That farmer never knew that in that trunk of mine there was a pistol like a young cannon, or he never would have had the nerve to tell his neighbors that I was about the greenest thing that ever crossed the herring pond, but a wise Providence cared for him for which I am now thankful for he gave me wagon loads of advice, much of which was useful, and so, I think our accounts were balanced, for I'm willing to admit that I *was* green, and that I needed advice, two things that worried me not at all in those days. I'll never admit, however, that I liked that half pitying, half humorous smile which seemed to have direct connection with the query: "Been out long?"

Though it is rather trying to put up with the superior manners exhibited towards anyone in a state of greenness, it is nothing to the ordeal of getting rid of that verdancy through the medium of that arbitrary teacher, experience.

I found this out in my first experience with a plough. I was advised on how to steer it, and how to "handle" my horses, but never a word on how to "handle" things when my piece of machinery butted into a rock with the horses going at a six mile an hour clip. To tell the truth, that plough was the most ignorant thing I ever came across. It didn't seem to know anything at all. The way it kept popping in, and popping out like some jack-in-a-box, was wondrous to behold. Sometimes it sidled eastward, sometimes westward, and though, with might and main, I tried to steer it in the general direction of north or south my mind was in a state of constant surmise as to where it would go next. However, if that field wasn't satisfied with what I did to it, I was; in fact, I was proud of the job, and I'm pretty sure the Boss was too, for he chuckled with delight when he surveyed the beautiful curves, and occasional sharp angles with which I had decorated that particular piece of Canada.

After the ploughing I was introduced to the harrows. Oh, memories, harrowing memories of dirt in my eyes, dirt in my boots, clouds of dust in the air, a scorching sun, and no relief in sight! No one knows how I suffered, especially when the cantankerous things upset themselves. The boss said I turned the horses too short, but it seems to me that it was the harrows that did the short act. However, I lived through it, and was next put in charge of a cultivator.

And how I did cultivate. I never knew a machine that suited me better, for besides being of a quiet, law-abiding disposition, it was equipped with a seat, and my heart was filled with content. How I did sail up and down that field! The echoing morn was filled with the sound of laboring horses, squeaking wheels, and inspiriting "Gees", "Haws" and "Gitaps". Overhead, wondering crows paused on the wing for a while, and then flew home to tell of the happy farmer's boy they'd seen, and of the great work he was doing. But my happiness

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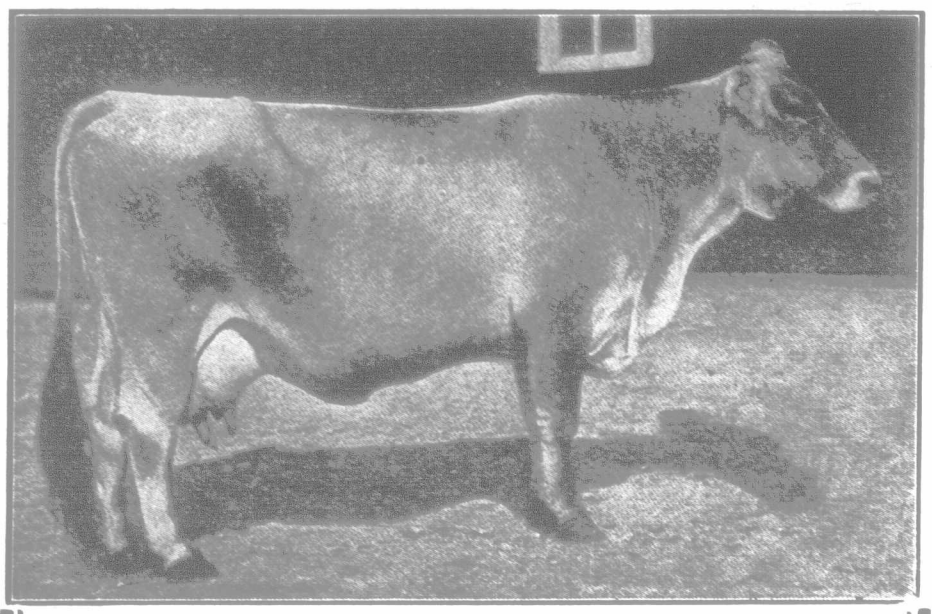

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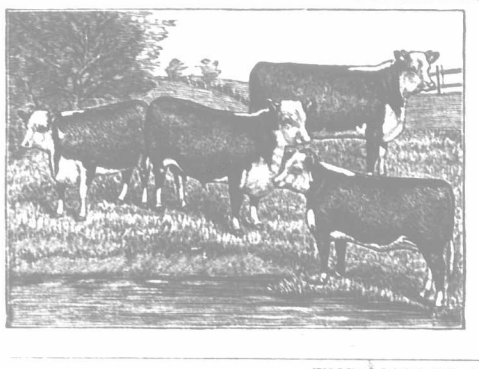

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Herd headed by Bonnie Ingleside 7th, the Canadian-bred champion bull at Toronto, 1914-1915. We are offering several young bulls that were Toronto and Ottawa winners this year, all sired by the herd bull, as well as a few females in calf to him. Come and see our herd or write us for anything in Herefords.

W. READHEAD, BROOKDALE FARM, MILTON, ONT.

didn't last. There is always a fly lurking somewhere, in the best of soup. A stone all unexpectedly, rose up, and smashed a tooth clean off my poor, old machine. The Boss, who always seemed to look on the dark side of things, said I ought to have "lifted her", but, as I pointed out to him, I was no Samson, and anyway how was I to know "she" couldn't climb over a stone without help.

It always seemed strange to me that, when anything went wrong or misbehaved itself in any way, the Boss worried about it far more than I did.

I well remember the morning I was told to cultivate the corn "patch". I hitched my team to an ancient and weird looking contrivance upon which the Boss climbed, seated himself, and gave a short demonstration, from which I gathered that the art of steering the thing lay in judiciously applying suitable push to the foot rests which projected inwardly from the hub of each wheel—"you've got to watch her," was the parting injunction I received.

As I went down the lane I practised. I steered "her" here, I steered "her" there until I became confident that the corn cultivator that could get the upper hand of me hadn't been made yet. I wheeled into the field, and swung in amongst the beautiful rows of young corn, let the points down and started. For about two rods "she" went fine, and then "she" made a ferocious swoop at the right row. With an "Ah, would you!" I promptly checked her. "She" lunged at the left row, and in so doing scooped a piece out of the centre row. Things began to grow interesting. My feet grew confused, and I caught the foot applying pressure when it had no business doing so, and vice versa. While trying to get those feet working properly my arms foolishly began to see-saw in sympathy with them, and I suddenly became aware that the horses were heading diagonally across the rows, which drew from me a wild yell of "Whoa! Whoa!" I looked back, and a queer feeling gripped me as I saw the Boss with red face and flying feet coming up over the path of desolation and ruin: "What the —"! "How the—!" "In the name of—"! he spluttered. "Couldn't you see what you were doing", and would you believe it—some Bosses are so peculiar— I lost my job, and spent the rest of the day murdering weeds with a hoe.

Its queer how a fellow will do something that proves not exactly right, even when he has done exactly as he was told. I know that I strictly obeyed orders when, one rainy day, I was told to clean up the poultry house and put clean straw in the nest boxes. It's possible, that I made a mistake when I summarily ejected from their nests four cranky old hens, and piled all their eggs on the floor; but anybody will agree that I had to do this to get the clean straw in the boxes. At one time I thought I'd better take the eggs to the house, and have done with them, but on noting the terrible fuss the hens were kicking up I decided to replace them, and maybe that's where I blundered, for a day or two afterwards I heard the Missus telling the Boss in a wondering voice that she couldn't understand how it was those old Biddies had each hatched a chicken or chickens and one of them had been "set" only a week.

Ah well, the man who never made a mistake, they say, never made anything; but when I come to think things over, it seems quite possible that I was a source of real anxiety to my worthy master. For me, however, those were happy days: The birds sang, the sun shone, and the little breezes blew all for me. True, the sun shone rather ardently sometimes, and the little breezes often swelled into gales, but what of that, in those days of my novitiate I was as care-free and joyous as a lark.

To-day, however, I am burdened with the task of showing my successive Bosses that I know as much, or more, than they do, and in consequence lines of care are beginning to furrow my countenance, and there are silver threads among the gold, for it is a grievous and heart-breaking job.

It is almost inconceivable how stubborn a Boss can be; it seems as if he simply cannot see anything advantageous in any advice his hired man sees fit to give him. For my part I have reached the stage where I absolutely refuse to see the distress signals of a Boss in need of advice. My lofty position admits of no intercourse with those who cannot heave a cock of hay on a wagon at one "lick", nor pitch sheaves at such a rate that the

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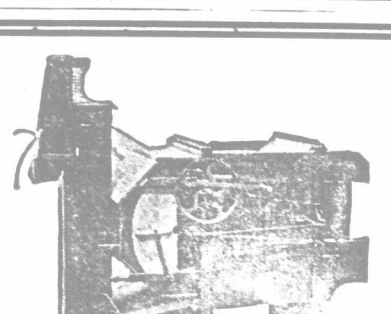

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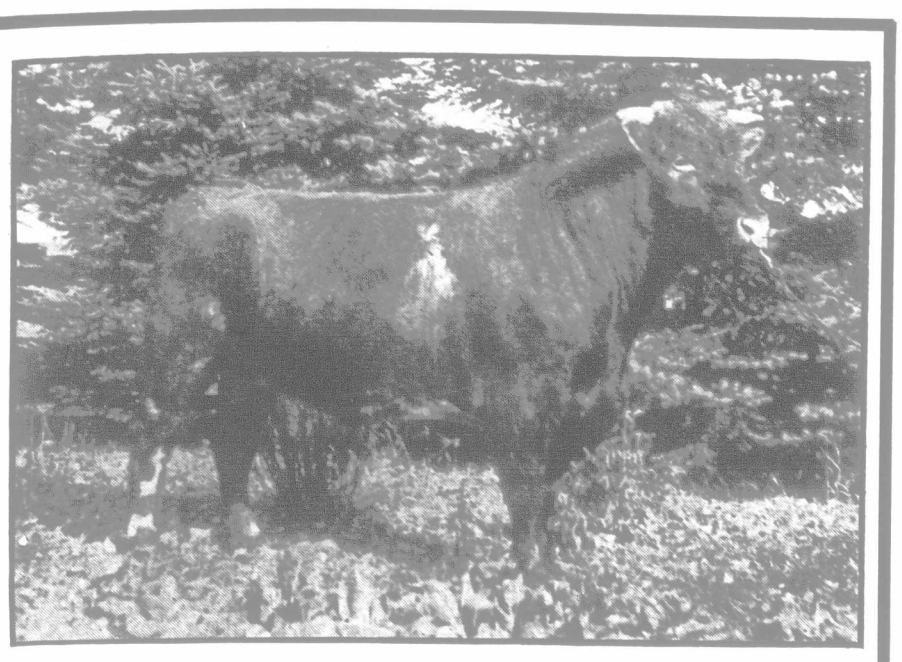

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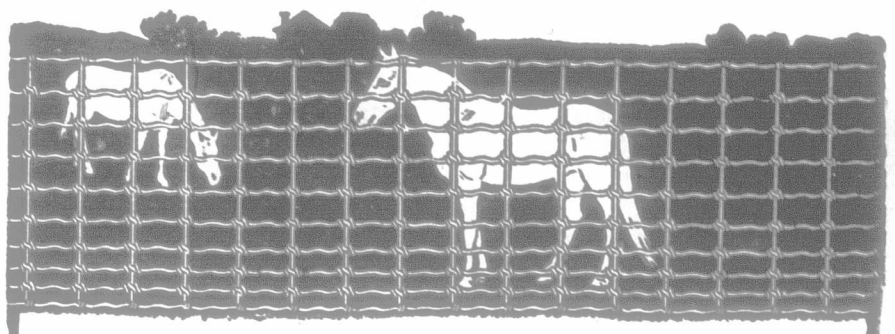

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poor loader begs for mercy at the second round. No need to tell me I am the wildest and wooliest hired man that ever picked potatoes. I know all about it. I can out-plough, out-hoe, out-eat, out-sleep any farmer in Canada. At wood bees, threshings, barn raisings I am the guiding spirit, the cynosure of all eyes. I trust, however, no inquisitive person will ever attempt to find out where I live in order to put my words to the proof, for, being of a shy nature, I am somewhat averse to showing off, and—suppose I may as well confess—I don't, never did, love that stuff called work.

Farming Opportunities in the Peace River District.

I was much interested in an article which appeared in "The Farmer's Advocate", May 17,1917, written by a farmer from Peace River Country. I have a son who is anxious to take up some land, and has been looking around Saskatchewan during harvest season, there seems to be little opening for homesteaders which is desirable. I would esteem it a great favor if you would inform me of the prospects in the Peace River District. I presume that desirable land suitable for wheat is yet obtainable within reasonable distance of prospective railways. What should a young man's equipment for that section consist of for a modest beginning? Would a medium sized tractor be desirable, or could it be made profitable? I am an architect by profession but might consider joining my son. I presume there would not be much in my line for some time, but possibly my knowledge of building might be useful to help fill in. I am a native of New Brunswick and should you furnish some information, which I feel sure I could rely upon—it would be very much appreciated. W. E. R.

Ans.—Let me emphasize first that this is pre-eminently a mixed-farming country at present, and probably always will be on account of the danger of frost, though we grow the very best of wheat in perhaps two years out of five and find it a profitable crop on most of our higher lands when not relied upon too heavily. For cattle, hogs and poultry this region is superexcellent and no doubt will be for sheep in time when pioneer conditions are past.

The land is mixed prairie and scrub (poplar, willow, spruce and other species). Most of the choicest quarters in Grande Prairie have already been taken, but in the outlying areas on the fringe of present settlement, many newcomers are finding satisfactory locations, fifty or sixty miles from present steel head, though there is no doubt that within a few years, if war conditions permit financing, this whole fine prairie and also the greater area north of the Peace will be girded with rails. With its good land, pleasant, healthful climate, timber, wood and coal fuel, waterways and water powers and prospective access to the B. C. Coast by steel, the Peace River Country has a magnificent future before it.

A young man starting here should go slow at first and feel his way, as it were. There are tractors in the country now, but I would strongly recommend starting with oxen or horses. Three oxen make a good breaking team or four good horses. A wagon, brush-breaker plow, disk, harrow, mower, rake and a sleigh are the more important implements. Drilling and reaping may be hired done for a year or two till one has enough land under crop to make it worth while to own a drill and binder. In addition to the above implements one should, if possible, bring along a thousand dollars in cash and put half of it in such form that he cannot draw on it for two years but retain it as a reserve fund for emergencies such as sickness, crop failure or the like. Go slow on the start.

Your profession would not be of unlimited adaptability here just now, though, as you say, it might be useful, especially in one of our growing young towns. W. D. A.

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Write for anything in Shorthorns and Shropshires. One hour from Toronto.

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I can spare a couple of cows, imported or Canadian-bred, with calves at foot and in calf again to Imp. Dalesman. I can also give one the choice of fifteen bulls, from five months to two years old. About half are imp. They are priced to sell. Write, or come and see me. **A. G. Farrow, Oakville, Ont.**

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Herd headed by Escana Ringleader, one of the great sons of Right Sort, Imp. We are offering right good bulls of extra quality, ready for immediate service, and others coming on. Write your wants or come and see them. Intending purchasers will be met at Elora any time
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THE MANOR STOCK FARM---SHORTHORNS

Present Offering—A choice young red bull, fit for service in any herd. Write or come and see.
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NICHOLSON'S SHORTHORNS

Herd headed by "Best Boy" =85552=, and "Browndale Winner" =106217=. Bulls and females for sale. Visitors always welcome to this herd of long-established reputation.
R. & S. NICHOLSON, **PARKHILL, R. NO. 2, ONTARIO.**

THE HAWTHORNE SHORTHORNS

5 young bulls, and several females bred to the herd sire, Royal Choice "79864," a Toronto winner. Both milk and beef strains. A few Leicester rams and Yorkshire sows. Everything priced to sell.
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WELLAND DISTRICT SHORTHORN BREEDERS' CLUB

are still offering young bulls of serviceable age, and a few breeding females.
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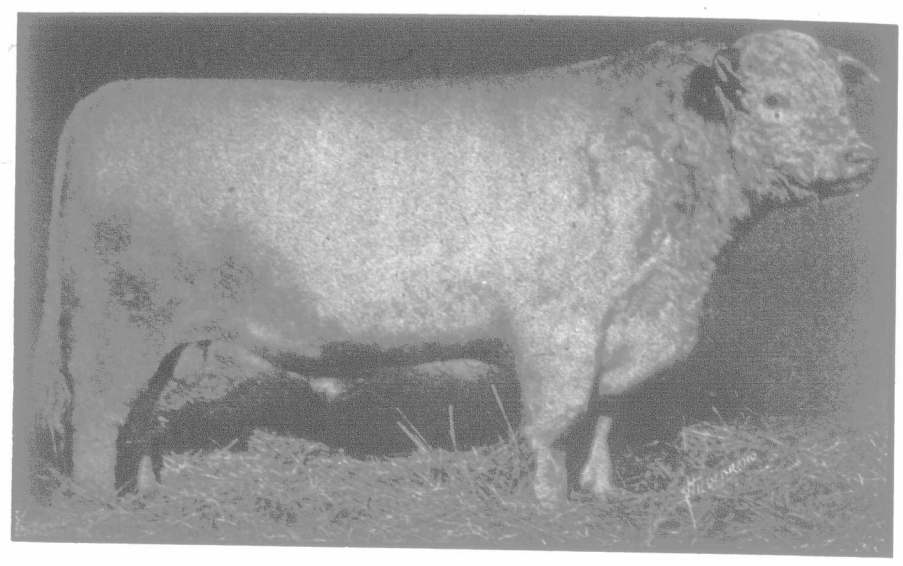
SPRING VALLEY SHORTHORNS

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**

"Dinah," inquired the mistress suspiciously, "did you wash this fish carefully before you baked it?"

"Law, ma'am!" said Dinah. "Wot's de use ob washin' er fish dat's lived all his life in de watah?"

GREAT AUCTION SALE OF



ARCHER'S HOPE =80017= at the head of the herd, and one of the sensations of the Show Circuits in 1914.

Imp. Scotch Shorthorns

Wednesday, February 6th, 1918

John Miller, Jr., Ashburn, Ontario, will contribute several head.

W. A. DRYDEN, Brooklin, Ontario

The Brain Power of the Horse.

The views of men who have closely studied, and had ample opportunities for studying, the horse, differ as to the mind and brain power of the horse, but the consensus of opinion seems to agree that he is capable of considerable affection, that he has the power of conceiving and acting upon ideas and deductions, and that, therefore, he thinks and is influenced by his thoughts as distinct from mere natural instinct. It is always difficult when dealing with the sagacity of the animal world to discover the line of demarcation between instinct and reason. For instance, when a rider falls, is it reason which makes the horse do all in his power to prevent treading on him, and which actuates other horses behind to similar care? Is it reason, or some mesmeric power, which makes a horse a runaway brute with one man and a lamb with others? There must, one imagines, be some working of the brain, which results in a horse deciding that he is master of one man whilst another is master of him.

Equally there must be memory and brain working which enables a horse to connect and deduce from a train of events. One finds this in connection with Hunters and race horses. They gather from home preparations, from a railway journey, and a strange box at inn or race course, what is in store for them. Most of us have had "funky" horses which worked themselves in a black sweat with nervous anticipation of forthcoming events, and which we have preferred to leave at home for the night in their own stable and acted even a long journey to hunt or race on the following morning. This is not instinct; it is memory, plus a reasoned connection of ideas and experiences.

It is sometimes argued that the better bred a horse is, the more intelligence he has. This I do not think follows, nor is it borne out by experience. A Thoroughbred is often but a bundle of nerves that may or may not gallop. It cannot be claimed that intelligence in these walks sedately along a road or street, apparently unconcerned, bringing calm confidence to slave, that it is to be gifted with brains, the power of thought, or the creation of ideas than the half or clean-bred animal wihch "sees" everything, shies first at one object, then another, watches every moving thing, and keeps eyes and ears in continual alert motion. The latter may be more "nervy," may be suffering from some ophthalmic ailment, or be less experienced with the sights and sounds of the highway, but this is no sign of intelligence—sometimes rather the reverse.

Neither is it intelligence if a horse shows signs of fear and increases its speed at a railway tunnel over which a railway train once passed whilst it was underneath. It may have been some months or years before and the horse may have always behaved the same on nearing the place. That proves memory and the law of self-preservation, which narrows down to instinct. The horse was afraid of bodily hurt, but it is under human subjection and compulsion, so it endeavors to get past the danger as quickly as possible, as pass it must.

It is the same law, rather than the intelligence so often imputed, which has saved so many men's lives when riding and driving in darkness or strange places. Horses have some strange power other than sight in the dark which enables them to be conscious of unseen precipice, or open drain, or other danger over which their riders or drivers have possibly endeavored to urge them. It is the law of self-preservation and instinctive fear which makes them pull up dead and refuse to proceed. I am afraid that it is investing the horse with powers he does not possess to imagine it was the safety of his master which influenced him in his conduct.

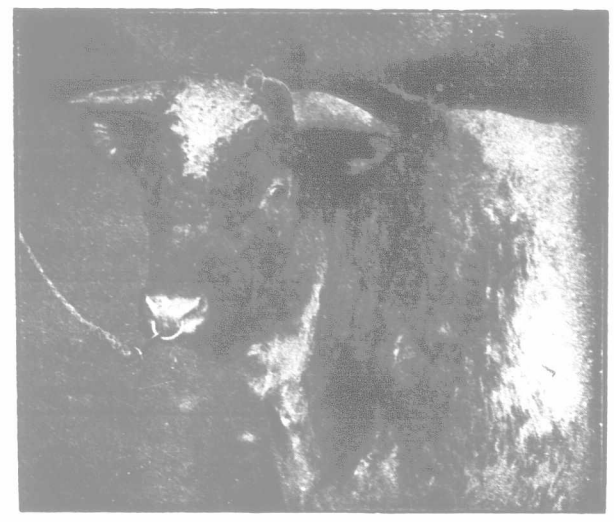
I should be doing man's noblest friend an injustice were I to deny that there are many indisputable cases on record of horses having by their intelligence, quite apart from instinctive preservation of their own safety, saved their masters' lives. Still, one continually hears mere instinct confused with reason and horses written down as possessing powers which do not really belong to them. There is no real "cuteness" in a horse which is a slug on the outward journey, going well

CLOSING-OUT SALE

50 Pure Scotch and Dual-purpose **Shorthorns**

The entire herd of **JAS. R. FALLIS** to be sold at the farm, **Brampton, Ont.,**

Friday, December 21st, 1917



The lot comprises forty females and ten young bulls, and has long been one of the most popular small herds in Central Ontario. Many of the more fashionable straight Scotch families, such as Marrs Floras, Jilts, Clarets, Lavenders, etc., are represented. Among the mature cows are a lot of big, **deep show cows** that have an abundance of thick, even fleshing, and still have produced from 40 to 60 lbs. of milk per day. These are all young cows, **and have always been hand milked.** Nearly every female of breeding age will be well along in calf at sale time. A number are due in December.

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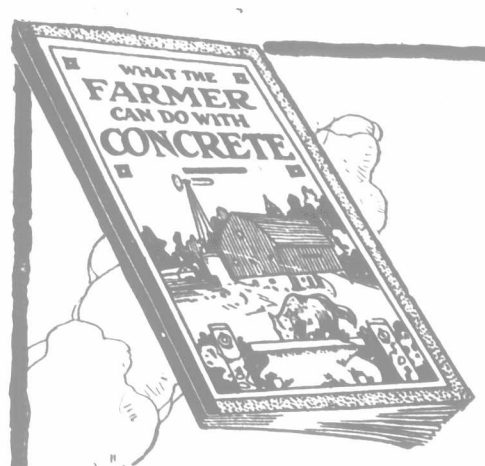
Mention The Advocate

into his bridle and trotting out freely when his head is turned, any more than one horse in a stable, which has found how to slip its halter, and, finding the corn bin, continues the practice, should be considered more gifted than its stable companions. One accident has followed upon another, and the animal having found food or release from boredom, repeats the accident just as sheep having found a weak place in a fence, or a place they can jump into better pasture, will repeat the conduct. One does not describe this as intelligence but the natural instinct of the sheep to wander.

There is probably, however, a power in the equine race to so link together inherent instinctive knowledge that it is raised to the realms of reasoning. A story is told of a lunatic who wheeled a barrow upside down "because," he said, "if he pushed it the other way they'd put something in it." That showed a certain amount of reasoning. "Breaking horses" (an unfortunate term withal) is to a certain extent only subduing the reason of the horse to the will of the man—the power of man's psychological power over that of the horse. The instinct of the horse, even after all these centuries, is not to be a beast of burden, and even after a system of training, of "mouthing," and so on, there are many horses which, from instinct or nervousness, object to be ridden, saddled or yoked. The objection is often called vice, when it is only either nerves, or instinct and reason working in unison. The will-power of some horses is much stronger than that of others. sometimes it is vice, sometimes mere obtuseness; but why in other cases should it not be a working of the brain, like the barrow-wheeling lunatic? There are some perfect fencers which will refuse to jump a made-up jump in the open when they see an open way on each side of it. Add wings, and they will leap without any trouble. Surely this shows a certain amount of intelligence, however small! Six out of ten horses will refuse to jump a fence if a horse immediately in front of them refuses. This is mere instinct and the law of self-preservation. The horse behind the refuser has not time to reason out. "Now, there's some danger the other side of that fence—a precipice, or yawning ditch or upturned barrow, or wire netting, so I'm not having it." He simply acts on his natural instinct.

Fear is instinct; nerves and hypersensitiveness are exaggerated instinct, which are often overcome by the confidence given by a bold horseman and the impelling power behind it. A nervous rider makes a timid horse—that is mesmeric sympathy, and has nothing to do with the brain. It is rather psychic, occult. Of course, the question of the imagination creeps into the argument. Imagination is the creation of the brain as a rule in the genus homo, but it may merely be instinct run riot. A child is afraid of the dark, not because he has more brains than those who are not, but because he has been told, or heard, or read, some theory which has given him cause for fear, or because he has an instinctive fear of the unknown and unseen which accompanies the dark. This is the law of self-preservation—which is instinct—creeping in. His mind may feed instinct by creating terrorising pictures; that is the brain working. We have no evidence that the horse goes as far as this beyond the realm of the first law of nature. Yes he has greater powers of conception and of memory and the use of memory to control his actions (which, when applied to certain occasions and events which have not descended down the ages, must be elevated to reason) than the pig, the cow, or calf. A calf never learns that, having had its own pail of milk, it is beaten with a stick when it comes to thrust its head into its neighbor's pail; a horse would. A pig fails to grasp the fact that to turn back continually when it is being driven forward entails punishment; a horse would. Cows will answer man's voice at milking time, pigs will come to the call which they associate with food, so will hens and sheep, and even semi-wild pheasants in a woodland; but a horse with which the owner has a perfect understanding will come to him in a field, whinny on hearing his footstep, and pick him out from others, actuated by pure affection, which places him on a higher plane than any other animal except the dog. By what power, system of reasoning, or mysterious insight horses take to one man and have a violent antipathy to another one dare not venture an opinion, yet this is the case, particularly perhaps amongst Thoroughbreds.



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Herd bull College Duke 4th, 95430, big, thick young cows and heifers for sale; 8 young bulls, some herd headers. Also a yearling Clyde stallion.
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Two 2-year-old bulls, one yearling bull, one bull calf. Heavy-milking families.
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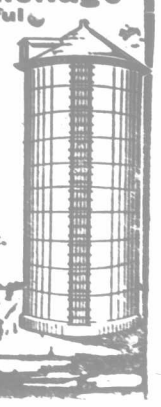

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Bruce A. McGinnon, Hillsburg, Ont.

A GOOD
SHORTHORN BULL FOR SALE

A roan [illegible] Scotch bull. Sire [illegible] great [illegible] old. [illegible]

W. W. SCOTT, R. No. 2 HIGHGATE, ONT.

Are there not many cases on record of horses which, with no apparent cause, would savage one particular lad or jockey or all the lads and jockeys in the establishment save one? What is the explanation? What is the strange working in the mind of such horses? One knows full well that many horses are as "moody" as human beings, that some race horses are better at home than they are on the course, that some will "try" one day and won't another, that a horse may fence perfectly on Monday and chance or refuse his jumps on Saturday—that is merely a matter of temperament. We know that some horses after a race or day's hunting will race and hunt all the following day so far as their mind and memory goes—that, too, is electricity and high-strung temperament. Memory, however, plays its part in this. The mind of the horse is not a blank; it is not merely the excitement of the race and chase which is still working with him.

Every horse is a separate study, with a character, temperament, individuality, and with idiosyncrasies peculiar to itself. One horse bucks because it hopes to get the weight of its rider off its back, another bucks out of sheer delight at the feeling of freedom and grass under its feet. One horse which refuses to leave the stable-yard alone will follow another without the slightest bother. A whip will make one horse increase his pace, and cause another to "chuck it" (as expressive racing slang has it). One horse is as timid as a hare; others as courageous as a lion, as Lindsay Gordon, who so loved the horse, so aptly put it:

"No slave, but a comrade staunch, in this
Is the horse, for he takes his share,
Not in peril alone, but in feverish bliss,
And in longing to do and dare."

I have produced a good many theories, and only analyzed them in a very cursory manner, and I fancy some readers may be asking what is the deduction from all this. My own deduction is this:

That, whereas the horse has to a limited extent the power of reason, which is more highly developed in some than others, much of that which is described as intelligence is attributable to instinct. That the horse is capable of real affection and even sorrow; that he has brain-power sufficient to have mesmerically or otherwise imparted to him courage, joy, sorrow, and so on, and to appreciate it to some degree; that this may be found as much in the Dales' pony as the silk-skinned Thoroughbred; that horses are to a great extent victims of temperament, which is too little studied; that there is a much better psychological understanding between some men and horses than others, and that they are more likely to produce the best out of a horse and develop his intelligence; that the Arabs, who always treated their horses as friends and companions rather than machines, and subdued them by real love rather than fear, have provided the best evidence of the developed brain-power of the horse. The whole subject is a big one and deeply interesting and complex, having as its main difficulties in discussion the confliction of reason and instinct and the little-known mesmeric power which exists between man and horse, and so inspires the latter and actuates him. These notes, written on the battle-field, are possibly very disjointed, but they will serve as matter for thought for some who love the horse and endeavor to understand him from every point of view.—J. FAIRFAX-BLAKEBOROUGH, in the Live Stock Journal.

Being well equipped physically, Michael Murphy had no difficulty in holding his job as village sexton, until the first interment, when he was asked to sign the certificate. "Oi can't write," said Mike, and was discharged.

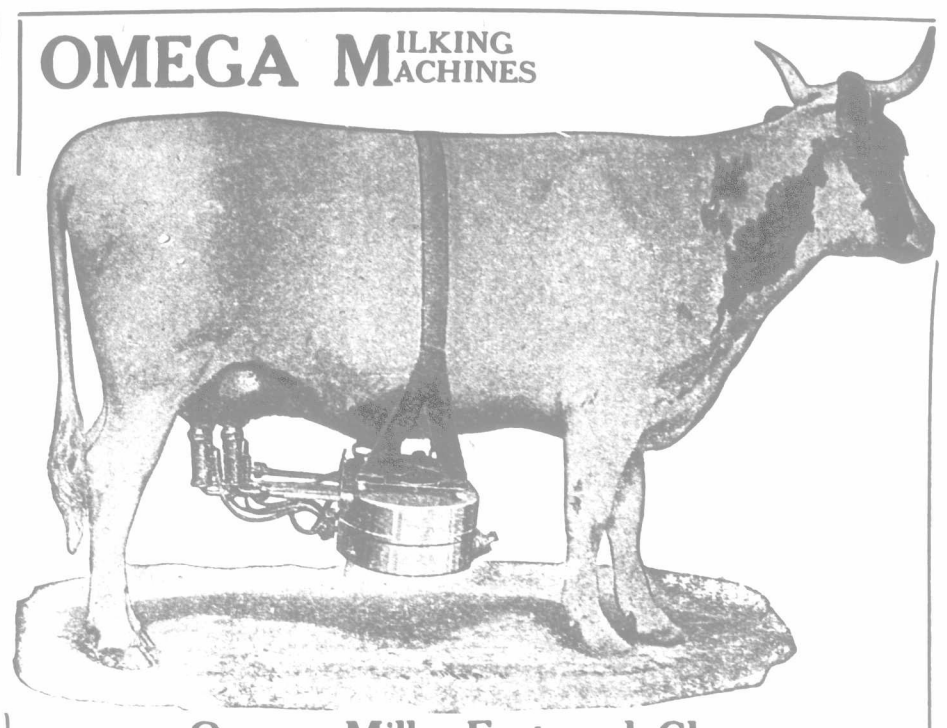
Out of a job, Mike turned to contracting and in time became wealthy and a figure in his community. When he applied to the leading bank for a loan of fifty thousand dollars, he was assured that he could get it and was asked to sign the necessary notes. Again he was obliged to reply: "Oi can't write."

The banker was astounded. "And you have accumulated all this wealth and position without knowing how to write?" he exclaimed. "What would you have been to-day if you could write?"

Mike paused a moment, and answered:

"Oi would have been a sexton."

OMEGA MILKING MACHINES



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Pure Scotch Shorthorns

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Fletcher's Shorthorns

Our herd of Scotch Shorthorns represents Orange Blossoms, Kilblean Beauties, Matchlesses, Mysies, Missies, Clementina's, etc., and is headed by the Watt-Stamford bull, Victor Stamford =95959=, a Toronto winner. Present offering, two young bulls, (show animals) also several heifers and cows.

GEO. D. FLETCHER, ERIN, R. R. 1, ONT. Erin Sta., C.P.R., L.-D. Phone.

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We have a choice collection of dual-purpose Shorthorn cows that are of fine beef form, as well as good milk and butter-fat producers, as proven by their official records in the R. O. P. Burnfoot Chieftain, whose dam, Dairymaid, has an official record of 13,535 lbs. of milk and 540l bs. of butter-fat in one year, at head of herd. We have a few bull calves of quality and breeding, which commend them for use in the best of dual-purpose Shorthorn herds. Will be pleased to have you visit the herd, or address your enquiries to

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SHORTHORNS

OVER FORTY HEAD IN HERD
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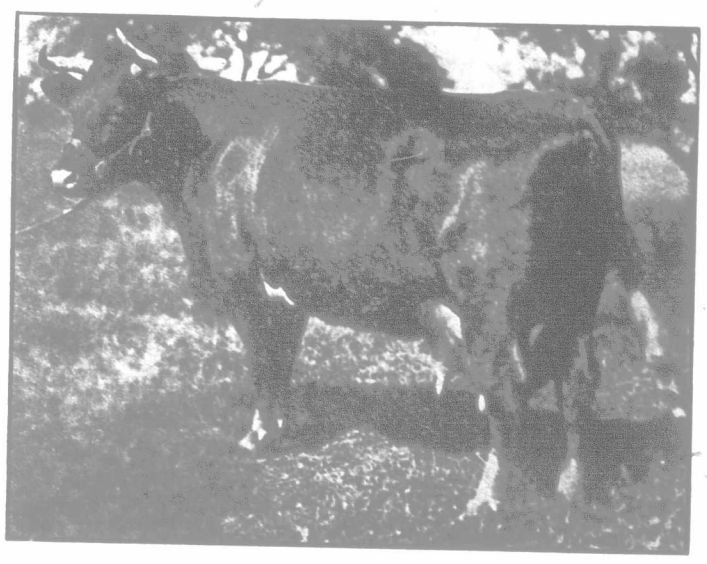

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WELDWOOD FARM FARMER'S ADVOCATE London, Ont.

The Future of Draft Horse Production.

Continued from page 1924

until the farmer can raise his own repairs, gas and oil." Bankers with long experience in the Northwest are unanimously of the opinion that the man who farms with big draft horses, especially mares, is a good risk, while the tractor farmer is not; and these men come as near to knowing the financial side of the situation as any one. The exceptional farmer can use tractors advantageously to supplement horse-power, but the vast majority cannot.

In conclusion, we can only say, from the facts now available, that the breeding of small horses, under 1,200 pounds should be entirely stopped, save for such special types as race horses and saddle horses. Mares between 1,200 to 1,500 pounds should be bred to the best available draft stallions, with a view to increasing the size of their descendants to 1,600 pounds and over as soon as practicable, and all mares over 1,500 pounds should be bred to selected draft stallions to make sure that the resulting progeny is as perfect as possible and to reduce the proportion of heavy horses which, because of faulty conformation or unsoundness, are not as efficient in work as their size and weight warrants. Subsidies given to especially perfect draft stallions which have demonstrated themselves to be good stock sires will hasten the improvement of our draft horses greatly, and there is every reason in favor of such a policy. Funds already accruing from stallion licenses should by all means be used, and additional appropriations might well be made for this purpose.

Aside from our own farm and city needs, foreign countries will unquestionably be heavy buyers of draft horses in American markets after the war. Foreign governments are already seeking to obtain an increased number of horses over 1,500 pounds for transport work, with the idea that those which are left can be used on farms at the close of hostilities, and they are especially desirous of obtaining all the heavy mares they can secure. These are significant items to practical horsemen.

No hesitancy should be felt respecting the future of the draft horse industry. Every effort should be made to increase the breeding of all mares over 1,200 pounds to good draft sires, and special attention should be given to encouraging those farmers who, through lack of knowledge of all factors, are discouraged respecting the breeding of heavy draft horses. The man who persists in breeding good ones will reap a rich harvest. The quitter will pay a good price for work animals in the future, and regret that he failed to grasp the opportunity that lay within his reach.

HOLSTEIN BULLS
FOR SALE

We have one about two years old, more than ¾ white; his sire is "King Segis Pontiac Duplicate", a ¾ brother to the $50,000 bull, his dam is "**Keyes Triumph Hengerveld**", her sire was "Velstra Triumph". He is a good worker and sure. Also, we have one about thirteen months old, ¾ white the above sire, and his dam, "**Sara Jewel Hengerveld Korndyke**", her average butter-fat test for 365 days was 4.06 per cent. She never tested below 4 per cent. as a two-year-old. Also several younger ones for sale, and several heifers in calf. Write, or come and see them.

Manchester, G.T.R., and Myrtle, C.P.R. Bell 'phone.

R. W. WALKER & SONS, R.R. NO. 4, PORT PERRY, ONTARIO.

SUMMER HILL HOLSTEINS

The only herd in America that has two stock bulls that the dam of each has milked over 116 lbs. a day, and their average butter records are over 35 lbs. a week. We have 50 heifers and young bulls to offer by these sires, and out of dams just as well bred. We invite personal inspection.

D. C. FLATT & SON, R. R. 2, HAMILTON, ONT. PHONE 7165

CLOVER BAR HOLSTEINS

We are now offering a number of young bulls, sired by our senior herd-header, Francy 3rd's Hartog 2nd, the noted son of the famous old Francy 3rd and Canary Mercedes Hartog; also a few females, all choice individuals.

P. SMITH, Proprietor, R. R. 3, STRATFORD, ONT.

A HOLSTEIN HERD YOU SHOULD KNOW
WM. STOCK & SONS, TAVISTOCK, ONT.

Home of the great **Baroness Madoline, 34.48 lbs. in 7 days, 1,043.35 lbs. in 335 days.** Write at once for a list of the good record bulls they are now offering, and plan now to spend a day this winter at the farm. *It will be a day worth while and here there is always a welcome.* Mention the Advocate.

DUMFRIES FARM HOLSTEINS

100 head to choose from. Special offering—cows and heifers fresh and to freshen
Visitors always welcome.

S. G. & ERLE KITCHEN - - - - - ST. GEORGE, ONT.

25 HOLSTEIN FEMALES

The first I have ever offered. I am away overstocked and am offering females for the first time. I have over eighty head. Come and make your selection—one or twenty-five.
The best-bred lot of cattle in Ontario. I also have five young bulls.

A. A FAREWELL 30 miles east of Toronto—C.P.R., C.N.R., G.T.R. **OSHAWA, ONT.**

SILVER STREAM FARM HOLSTEINS

The home of high-class R.O.P. and R.O.M. tested Holsteins.
King Lyons Colantha and King Lyons Hengerveld head the herd. No stock for sale at present.

J. Mogk & Son, R. R. No. 1, Tavistock, Ontario

WALNUT GROVE STOCK FARM

Holstein-Friesian Cattle, Tamworth Swine. We are offering a choice lot of 5 months' sows and boars and also have several nice young litters. Must clear a number quick to make room. We are also offering **White Wyandotte Cockerels at $3 each.** Satisfaction guaranteed. **C. R. JAMES, R. R. No. 1, Richmond Hill, Ont.** Take Yonge Street Radial car from Toronto—stop Thornhill.

Questions and Answers.
Miscellaneous.

Lien on Cow.

1. When lien note is due can A (the holder) take possession of cow himself, or would it be necessary to take someone in authority?

2. If B the maker disposes of cow or calf before note is due, is he liable for theft, or what course would A take in such case?

3. Is it necessary to notify B when due?

4. Is note in general all right?

Ontario. A.

Ans.—1. A can attend to it himself.

2. He would be guilty of an indictable offence, and might be prosecuted accordingly.

3. No.

4. It is as between the holder and maker. As between the holder and a subsequent purchaser or mortgage of the animal it depends upon whether the provisions of the Conditional Sales Act (Ontario Statutes) have been complied with.

"Next stop is yo' station", said the Pullman porter. "Shall I brush yo' off now?"

"No," said the passenger. "When the train stops I'll step off."

GILSON
SILO FILLERS

THE GILSON SILO FILLER is the one blower which can be successfully operated with as little power as 4 h.p. There is a Gilson Silo Filler for every purpose—for the individual farmer, for the syndicate, and our large capacity machine for the custom jobber.
We guarantee every Gilson Silo Filler to cut and elevate more ensilage with the same power than any other blower cutter.

Will Silo Filling Time find you ready?
Write for catalogue to-day.

Gilson Mfg. Co. Ltd.
399 York St., Guelph Ont.
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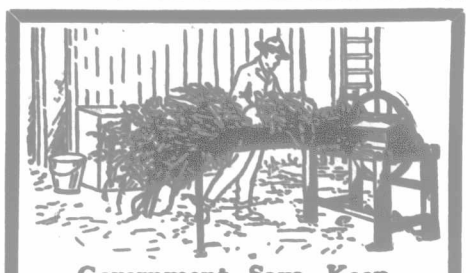


Government Says Keep More Cattle This Winter

The Ontario Government advises all farmers to keep one or two extra head of cattle this winter. You can do this most economically by cutting your own feed, as cut feed always goes farther.

Peter Hamilton Feed Cutters

will exactly meet your requirements, as they do the work quickly, easily and satisfactorily. Hand and power outfits in a wide range of sizes and prices.

Write To-day for Free Booklet.

PETER HAMILTON CO., LIMITED
Peterborough, Ont. 27

Ring-Bone

There is no case so old or bad that we will not guarantee

Fleming's Spavin and Ringbone Paste

to remove the lameness and make the horse go sound. Money refunded if it ever fails. Easy to use and one to three 45-minute applications cure. Works just as well on Sidebone and Bone Spavin. Before ordering or buying any kind of a remedy for any kind of a blemish, write for a free copy of

Fleming's Vest Pocket Veterinary Adviser

Ninety-six pages of veterinary information, with special attention to the treatment of blemishes. Durably bound, indexed and illustrated. Make a right beginning by sending for this book.

FLEMING BROS., Chemists
75 Church St. Toronto, Ont.

Hay

SHIPPERS-We pay Highest Market Values

Don't Write. Come and see us.

THE E. L. RICHMOND CO.
DETROIT

References—any Bank

WHY? OUR JUNIOR HERD SIRE

"ORMSBY JANE BURKE"

Because:
The average of his dam (Victoria Burke 31.30, twice a 30-lb. cow with 106 lbs. milk in 1 day), his sire's dam (Ormsby Jane Segis Aaggie 16.33 with 879 lbs. milk in 7 days), his grandsire's dam (Smell Homes Pietje 30.82, 104 lbs. milk in one day), and his G. grandsire's dam (Aaggie Cornucopia Pauline 34.82, 114 lbs; one-day world's record for 8 years), *are not equalled by any other bull in Canada*. Average for the four, 35.69 with 113 lbs. milk in one day.
Because:
His sire's dam, Ormsby Jane Segis Aaggie, 16.33 is the only cow with 2 butter records over 40 lbs. hers average 45 lbs., the only cow to make 566.98 lbs. in 100 days, which record is 79.97 lbs. ahead of any other cow; she did it as a 4-year-old.
A limited number of cows booked after April 1st.

R. M. Holtby, P. O. No. 4, Port Perry, Ont.
Myrtle C. P. R. Manchester, G. T. R.

Sunnyhill Offering:

[illegible] bulls [illegible] heifers,
[illegible]

WM. MANNING & SONS
[illegible], ONT.

WILLOWBANK HOLSTEINS
[illegible]

A. MCGI[illegible]

Co-operation and Competition.

BY H.W. WOODS.

Co-operation means working together for mutual benefit. Competition means conflict for the purpose of gaining selfish benefit.

We are told that during an immeasurably long period of animal development from a lower to a higher order, this development was made under the law of the the survival of the fittest. The strong destroyed the weak, and were thereby enabled to transmit their own vigor. This is the law of animalism, the law of conflict, the law of selfishness, the law of COMPETITION, as cruel as the tiger's claw, as cunning as the wily fox. Under this law animalism was raised to the highest possible degree of perfection, animal perfection.

But this is not social law, it is not the law of true civilization. It came to primitive man as a lawful heritage, and has held him in shackles through all the dark and weary way, and to-day, as a mighty giant, has civilization helpless in its iron grip, her veins open, bleeding to death Civilization must break and destroy this brute law or be ruthlessly destroyed by it. The opposition to this law is co-operation Co-operation embraces a law, a force, a principle. It promotes harmony, strength, safety. This is the true social law, the law of democracy, of civilization. Under this law we may hope to break down competition between man and man, between class and class, and between nation and nation. Under it we may hope to break down personal, class, racial, and national conflict, to destroy war and even selfishness itself, to bind up the bleeding wounds of humanity and give birth to true civilization.

But how to make the laws of co-operation operative is the great problem before which we stand confused.

There is a very great realization that something is radically wrong, and many people see clearly that the underlying principles are to blame, but there are still many who hold to the idea that competition is the only law, because it is the only law we have ever developed.

We must first come to a clear understanding that there are two sharply defined, separate, and distinct laws, in direct opposition to each other, one developed and the other undeveloped. They cannot be reconciled to each other. Co-operation being the true law must rule all affairs of civilization. Competition being the false law, must be destroyed. Civilization cannot exist half competition and half co-operation. In fact, partial co-operation increases the danger of competition. One commercial class co-operates among its own members as a class, and thereby increases its efficiency as a competitive force against other classes. The more efficient co-operation there is within a nation, the stronger that nation becomes in its competitive efforts against other nations, and the greater danger it becomes to other nations. Germany is a clear demonstration of this fact.

To avoid this growing danger, nations have had to enlarge their co-operative units to groups of nations. As a result of this co-operation for competitive purposes, the military unit is no longer a nation, but it is a group of nations. Practically all the nations of the world are now divided into two military units, and these two units are in a death grip with each other. This seems like military competition raised to the highest power, but the highest military efficiency of these two groups will not be reached till each has developed this efficiency by complete internal organization and co-operation. It may be that this war is only leading up to a greater and final military effort.

Of course, supremacy by military conflict is not an end within itself, but is only a means to gain commercial supremacy. Germany was not so sure she could gain commercial world supremacy through purely commercial competition only, so she resorted to what seemed to her the simpler and easier way, viz., military competition. This is cold-blooded and brutal, but it is the logical result and outgrowth of commercial competition, or of the law of competition. The tap root of war grows and flourishes in the fertile soil of competition. War cannot be destroyed till its cause is destroyed. Competition is the cause of all war. Wherever competition is practiced it promotes discord and develops the spirit of war. Under the law of competition, the strong

Elgin Counties' Pure-bred Holstein Breeders'

SECOND ANNUAL CONSIGNMENT SALE
OF 55 HEAD OF REGISTERED

Holstein-Friesian Cattle

Tuesday, December 18, 1917

AT DURDLE'S FEED STABLE,
ST. THOMAS, ONT.

This is a rare opportunity for dairymen or new beginners to secure some of the best blood of the breed. Here are a few of the bulls used in the herds. The stock are from, or bred to the following, or others equally good: King Segis De Kol Calamity, whose dam as a junior 3-year-old gave 25.83 lbs. butter in 7 days, from a 34.48-lb. dam. Sarcastic Wayne De Kol, whose two nearest dams average 25.83 lbs. butter in 7 days. Fayne Segis Norman, whose two nearest dams average 27.90 lbs. butter in seven days. Finderne King May Fayne, a 34-lb. bull. Royalton Korndyke Major, who is closely related to the $53,200 bull and Pontiac Korndyke. His dam gave 111.1 lbs. milk in one day. Ormsby Hartog, whose two nearest dams average 28.08 lbs. butter in 7 days. Sir Colantha Wayne, sire of six R. O. M. daughters. King Segis Pietertje, a 30.51-lb. bull. Paladin Ormsby, has 19 R. O. M. daughters, etc.

Many of the females will be fresh or springers, with records or from record stock.

CATALOGUES NOW READY.

L. H. LIPSIT, Manager
Straffordville, Ont.

E. C. GILBERT, Secretary
R.R. 7, St. Thomas, Ont.

LOCKE & McLACHLIN, Auctioneers, St. Thomas, Ont.

A Merry Christmas to Advocate Readers

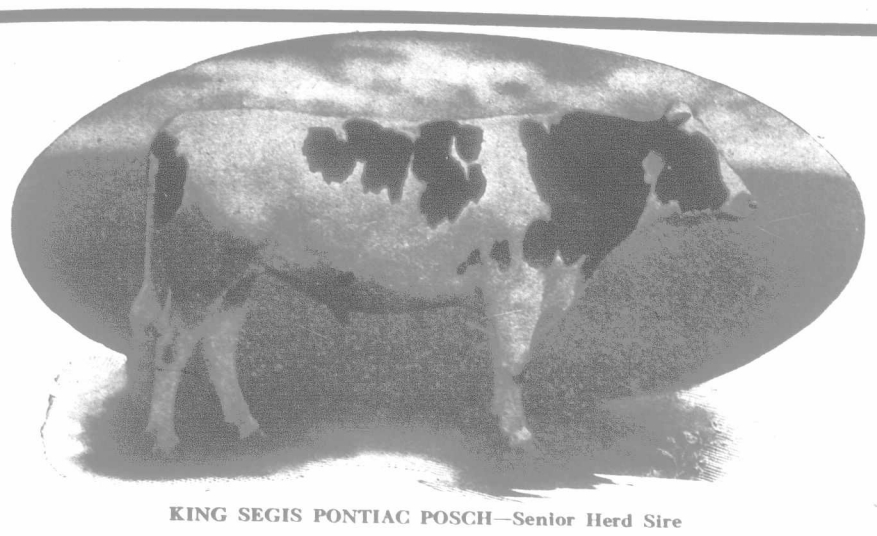
Riverside Holsteins

OFFER INDUCEMENTS

A choice young bull from a 32-lb. dam, and a sire with a 38-lb. sister. Born last March—a beauty.

Fifteen other young bulls with strong R.O.M. backing.

J. W. Richardson, Caledonia, Ont.



KING SEGIS PONTIAC POSCH—Senior Herd Sire

The Records Tell

Look over the records below, and you'll see what you have a right to expect from MANOR FARM HOLSTEIN-FRIESIANS.

A number of young bulls from both of these great sires for sale; also several females that must go out to make room, as we have over 100 head in the herd.

MANOR FARM
HOLSTEIN-FRIESIANS

King Segis Pontiac Posch.

Sire: King Segis Pontiac Alcartra. (The $50,000 bull.)

Seventeen A.R.O. daughters. The first six to freshen averaged over 21 lbs. of butter in 7 days.

Dam: Fairmont Netherland Posch.

At 4 years:	26 days:
Butter	32.54
Milk	511.50
Average per cent. fat	5.09
At 3 years:	
Butter	29.62
Milk	461.50
Average per cent. fat	5.13

(World's record when made.)

King Korndyke Sadie Keyes.

Sire: Sir Sadie Korndyke Segis, brother to Mabel Segis Korndyke.

At 4 years:	
Butter (7 days)	40.32
Milk (7 days)	610.20
Dam: Lulu Keyes.	
Butter (7 days)	36.05
Milk (7 days)	785.40
Butter (30 days)	144.39
Milk (30 days)	3,191.80
Highest day's milk	122.80

Junior Herd Sire—KING KORNDYKE SADIE KEYES

GORDON S. GOODERHAM, Clarkson, Ontario

ignore the rights of the weak and claim strength to be a virtue which is justly entitled to wrest all it can from the common social fund. Strong classes claim the right to prosper at the expense of classes which have developed less strength. Nations refuse to recognize any obligation to other nations and openly and brutally advocate taking every possible advantage of each other. If all this is really civilization, then civilization has reached her most perfect exemplification in Belgium, in Serbia, in Poland, in Roumania, for all these crimes against humanity are but the logical outcome of this accursed law of competition, and as long as humanity obeys this law it will commit these crimes.

But why do we not break away from this law and serve the true one, the social law?

There are many reasons. Those men and classes who have prospered by this law are opposed to its destruction, and zealously defend it by the most subtle reasonings. Nations, also, which have in the past felt secure in their strength have defended it through selfishness. The weak individuals, classes, and nations have been unable to make any real progress in the development of co-operation. Very few people have realized till comparatively recent times that these are two laws which are irreconcilable to each other.

Co-operation has never been carried far enough to break down competition between commercial classes, and the breaking down of competition between commercial classes is the one and only foundation on which real and successful co-operation can be built.

When co-operation is firmly established on this foundation, it will rapidly establish itself throughout all the affairs of civilization, for the law that rules commerce will rule the world. This law established, competition will die, and man will live at peace with man, class with class, and nation with nation. War will be unknown.

This represents the supreme test of the human race. If we can successfully stand this test, true and perfect civilization will bring her beneficent blessings to all mankind, and will cover the earth as the waters cover the sea. But, and if it cannot? Hope will take her flight from a lost world, and in despair we must grimly face a future in which the unchained dogs of war will ravage the earth till they have satisfied their lust in the blood of a ruined race.

40--Head--40
Brant County Holsteins

INCLUDING FEMALES AND YOUNG BULLS
will sell in

The Great Annual Club Sale

at the Old Commercial Stable, Brantford, Ont.

Wednesday, December 19, 1917

Come and make your selections from the noted herds of Brant County and District. The females consigned this year have been carefully selected, and the young bulls offered are, in both individuality and breeding, in a class by themselves. If it's high-class Holsteins you want, wait for this sale.

TERMS: Cash, or credit up to 8 months, interest at 7% per annum.

For full information and catalogues, address:

N. P. SAGER Sec. of Sale, ST. GEORGE, ONT.

MENTION THE ADVOCATE

HIGHLAND LAKE FARMS

Herd sire, AVONDALE PONTIAC ECHO, (under lease), a son of MAY ECHO SYLVIA, the world's record cow. Only one other 41-lb. bull in Canada.

We have young bulls for sale whose two nearest dams (both Canadian champions) average as high as 35.62 lbs butter in seven days; another whose two nearest dams are both 100-lb. cows; and one ready for service, from a 41-lb. sire and an 18,000-lb. two-year-old dam. SEND FOR OUR BOOK OF BULLS.

A few females for sale. Satisfaction guaranteed.

R. W. E. BURNABY (Farm at Stop, 55, Yonge St. Radial) JEFFERSON, ONT.

MAPLE SOIL STOCK FARM HOLSTEINS

Fine quality, typey, heavy-producing Holsteins—forty head to choose from. The females are sired by Idaline's Paul Veeman and King Segis Pietertje, and are in calf to Finderne King May Fayne. Two bull calves, about ready for service, sired by the latter bull, and out of heavy-producing cows, for immediate sale. Females in milk have made high records, and sires used have the backing and are proving good. Correspondence solicited, visitors welcome. **H. C. HOLTBY, GLANWORTH, ONT.**

CLOVERLEA DAIRY FARMS OFFER FOR SALE

THREE CHOICE YOUNG HOLSTEIN BULLS

About ready for service; from high-testing dams. For price and extended pedigree, apply to:
GRIESBACH BROS., R. R. No. 1, COLLINGWOOD, ONT.

Questions and Answers.
Miscellaneous.

Manuring an Alfalfa Meadow.

Will it do any harm to put a light coating of manure on a patch of alfalfa in the fall? A. R.

Ans.—We do not know that the application of manure will prevent the heaving of alfalfa or its injury by frost. The condition of the land, especially in regard to drainage, is an influencing factor in the extent to which alfalfa will winter kill. A light coating of manure would give a certain amount of protection and also tend to enrich the soil. Some farmers make a practice of manuring their clover meadows during the winter, using them for pasture or hay the following season. The manure increases the yield of pasture or hay.

Diarrhœa

A thirteen-year-old mare physics in the fall when given cold water. If the chill is removed she is not so affected. She seems very thirsty. What is the cause and remedy? The mare is fed on hay and oats. A. M.

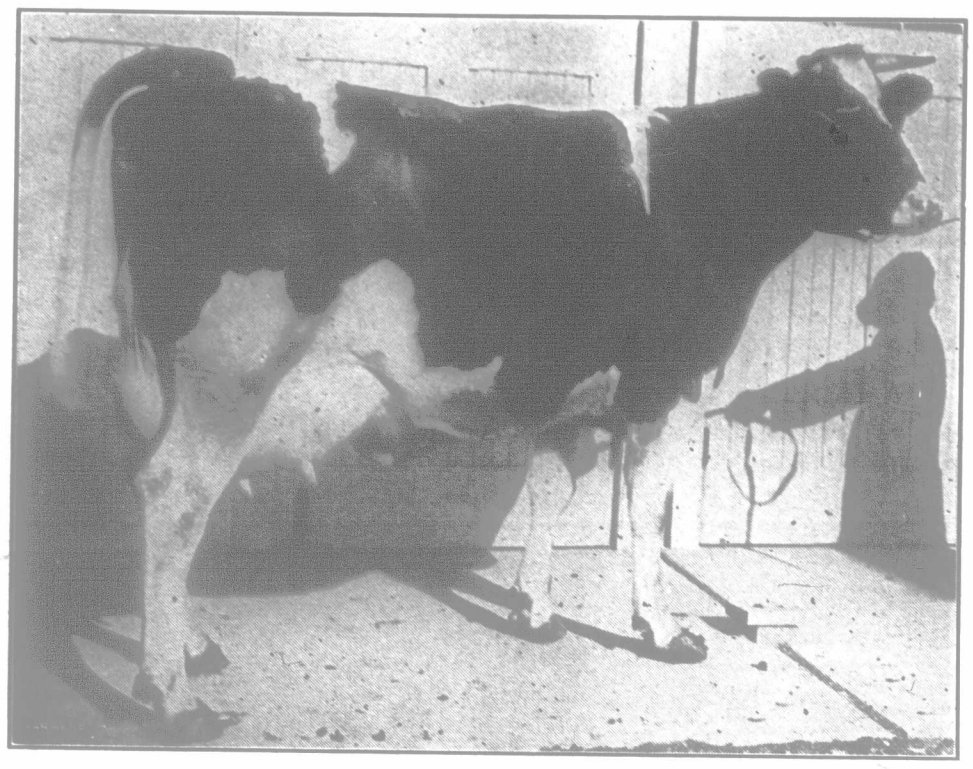
Ans.—Water of poor quality will frequently cause this condition. With some animals exposure to cold or drinking cold water will cause it and excessive thirst is simply a symptom of the trouble. Treatment for diarrhœa consists of giving a pint of raw linseed oil and if the trouble continues after 18 hours give 2 oz. laudanum, and 4 drams each of catechu and prepared chalk every four hours until diarrhœa ceases. If the trouble is not pronounced when the chill is taken off the water, it is advisable to take this precaution as it is doubtful if the administration of drugs will counteract the trouble to any great extent.

"ROYCROFT"

The Thirty-pound Blood

We hold more world's records for production than any other herd of the same size in North America.

In the future you will have **A Merry Christmas and a Prosperous New Year** if you buy your bulls at "Roycroft."



HET LOO PIETERTJE.—7-Day Record, 575 lbs. Milk; 30.28 lbs. Butter.
World's Record Junior Two-year-old.
One of the many daughters we have of Pontiac Korndyke of Het Loo.

Roycroft blood is champion blood. By selecting a sire from the "Roycroft" herd you can place yourself far in advance of your fellow breeders. Our several thirty-lb. bulls of serviceable age, recently advertised, have all been sold, but we have others younger coming on. We are offering at present, however, several that are ready for immediate service, from dams with records up to 28 lbs., and several of these are by our senior sire

Pontiac Korndyke of Het Loo

Sire of the World's Greatest Producing Junior Two-year-old

Het Loo Pietertje, the world's champion heifer, shown here, is our oldest daughter of this great sire, and is the youngest cow in the world to make 30.28 lbs. of butter in 7 days. We have a number of her sisters freshening this spring with their first and second calves, and among these we expect several additions to our already large list of 30-lb. cows, when these heifers are tested.

The services of Pontiac Korndyke of Het Loo will be advanced.

Arrangements to breed your best cow to this great sire should be made early.

Address all correspondence regarding service fees, sales list, etc., to

ROYCROFT FARM, W. L. SHAW Newmarket, Ont.

Gossip.

Walnut Grove Stock Farm.

High-testing Holstein-Friesian cattle and pure-bred Tamworth swine are two lines that receive special attention at Walnut Grove Farm, the property of C. R. James, near Thornhill, Ontario. In specializing in these, however, we must add that the general farming operations of Walnut Grove are by no means neglected. A recent visit to the farm by a representative of this paper brought this fact to our attention, as there is probably no farm in York County that would score more points in neatness and order than does this farm, under the management of Mr. James. Just at the present time, contrary to our former visit in 1916, the Tamworths offer the largest inducement to buyers in the way of stock. The Holsteins, in quality, are to-day second to none, but the number has not increased to any great extent since our last visit, as several excellent sales of two, four and half-dozen lots at different periods have gone out from the farm during the past year, which, Mr. James explained to us, sold him down a little closer than he had anticipated. Needless to say, however, the best things in the herd did not go and those that now remain are every one a gilt-edged investment. There are, for instance, a number of two-year-old granddaughters of the grand champion winner, Prince Abbekerk Mercena, which are calving around Christmas time to the service of a full brother of the world's record cow, May Echo Sylvia, and these are truly a hand-picked lot. The younger things in the herd are all by a son of the great North Toronto Syndicate bull, Sir Lyons Hengerveld Segis, and their quality can be best appreciated by a visit to the farm when the depth and conformation of the herd's foundation cows which are their dams can also be viewed as evidence that they have every license to be strictly high-class. Space will not permit us to do justice to the Tamworths, but the present offering of five and six-months sows and boars are a select lot, and, being got by the first-prize 18-months boar at Toronto this year, they should be attractive to all who are in need of breeding sows or boars of this age. The several smaller litters now being offered are also by this sire and mostly from Morriston Farm-bred sows and these too are equally promising. For information regarding prices, etc., all correspondence should be addressed to C. R. James, Richmond Hill, Ontario. To visit the farm, take Yonge Street Radial cars to Thornhill. There is almost an hourly service from North Toronto.

Hospital for Insane, Hamilton, Ont.

Present offerings are 4 grandsons of **Dutchland Colantha Sir Mona**, and high-testing, large-producing R. of P. dams of Korndyke and Aaggie DeKol breeding. Born during April and May, 1917. **Apply to Superintendent.**

Prepare for the Dairy Standards Act!

Now is the time to get your Ayrshire bull or the cows and heifers for your foundation Ayrshire herd at the

50 Head **Fifth Consignment Sale of Pure-bred Ayrshire Cattle** 50 Head

From the herds of the SOUTHERN COUNTIES AYRSHIRE BREEDERS' CLUB, To be held at **The Dr. Rudd Sale Stables, WOODSTOCK, ONT.**, on

December 19th, 1917, at 1 p.m.

The day is not far distant when the Dairy Act will be put in force, and milk will be paid for on the basis of its fat content.

See what the Ayrshires have done in the yearly test: 283 mature cows averaged 10,310 lbs. milk, 415 lbs. fat; 97 four-year-olds averaged 9,506 lbs. milk, 384 lbs. fat; 194 three-year-olds averaged 8,547 lbs. milk, 349 lbs. fat; 397 two-year-olds averaged 7,634 lbs. milk, 313 lbs. fat. Average per cent. of fat 4.07.

The greatest producing strains of Ayrshires in Canada are coming from our district. Attend the sale and secure some of the good ones for yourself.

All "by-bidding" or "bidding-in" absolutely prohibited.

TERMS: Cash, or credit up to 6 months on bankable paper, with interest at 6 per cent.

Send to the Secretary for a catalogue.

W. W. BALLANTYNE, Stratford, Ont. President — **JOHN McKEE, Norwich, Ont.** Sec.-Treas. and Sales Manager

T. MERRITT MOORE, Auctioneer. (Mention The Farmer's Advocate)

HILLHOUSE AYRSHIRES--F. H. Harris, Mt. Elgin, Ont.

Headed by Burnside Lucky Master Swell, a combination of blood so hard to equal, being of the Masterpiece and Lucky Girl families, a combination which means quality, production and constitution. Ninety head to select from. Special offering—20 yearling heifers and 3 bulls. Inspection invited.

D. M. WATT

For imported or Canadian-bred Ayrshires, bulls or females, get my prices. My importations win wherever shown. Write me for one animal or a carload. **St. Louis Station, Que.**

Kelso Farm R. O. P. Ayrshires. Herd headed by **Palmerston Speculation Imp.** We never had a stronger line-up of R. O. P. producers than we have at present. Our 1917-1918 young bulls are sure to please. **D. A. Macfarlane, Cars Crossing, G, T. R., Athelstan N. Y. C.; Kelso, Que.**

Questions and Answers.

Miscellaneous.

Bloody Milk.

Is there any permanent cure for a cow giving thick, bloody milk? Only one teat is affected. G. E. F.

Ans.—Bloody milk is caused by the rupture of small blood vessels in the udder, due to an injury or inherited weakness. It is possible that the quarter will be all right at the next freshening. Bathe the udder frequently with cold water and wipe dry. Give the cow one ounce tincture iron in a pint of water twice a day, for a week or more. This treatment should alleviate the trouble. However, if there should be an inherited weakness it is doubtful if a permanent cure could be effected, as, on the slightest provocation, there would be likelihood of the cow giving bloody milk.

Questions and Answers.
Miscellaneous.

Care of Rose Bushes.

What is the best way to care for Crimson Rambler and Dorothy Perkins rose bushes? We have them planted on the south-east side of the house, climbing on the verandah. Every year they die within two feet of the ground. We have had them for three years and they have bloomed each year. One has grown ten feet this summer and we would like to save this growth if possible. S. J.

Ans.—One plan which is commonly followed is to wrap the bush with sacking lay it out on the ground and there give it further protection. Where the bushes grow four or five feet high, some cover them and leave them standing, but the general practice is to lay them down. Rather than go to this trouble some merely cut them off near the ground and encourage the new growth in the spring; however this reduces the size of the bush.

Mare Failing in Flesh.

I have a four-year-old mare that was in excellent condition in hay-making, but ever since she has been failing in flesh. I work her every day and feed three gallons of oats mixed with bran. She frequently nips and bites her sides. Is this a symptom of bots or pin-worms? What is a good tonic for a horse? N. S.

Ans.—It is possible that the mare has been overheated during the haying and this has affected the blood. Biting the sides would indicate vermin or some skin disease. She should be fed good grain and hay, with an occasional bran mash, and a little oil-cake meal would be an advantage. For a tonic give a teaspoonful of the following, three times daily: Equal parts sulphate of iron, gentian, ginger and nux vomica. If you find that the mare is affected with lice, try sifting one part insect powder or hellebore to three or four parts of cement, into the hair. This suffocates the lice. Care must be taken, however, that the mare be kept dry for some time after applying this treatment. It might be well to examine the teeth. It is possible that they are interfering with the proper mastication of the food. If there is a skin disease of the nature of eczema, give 7 drams aloes and 2 drams ginger, if not in foal, and follow up with one ounce Fowler's solution of arsenic twice daily for a week. If sores appear on the body, the parts should be dressed twice daily with a five per cent. solution of one of the coal-tar antiseptics. After each dressing the mare should be kept comfortable, warm and thoroughly dry.

Docking Horses—Worms.

What is the proper way to dock horses?
2. What is a good remedy for killing worms in young colts? G. M.

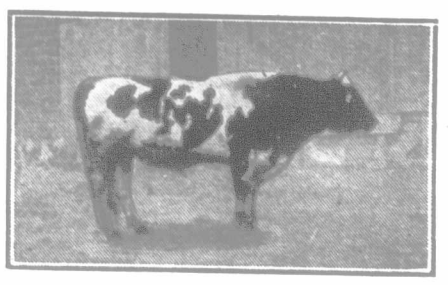
Ans.—1. We do not recommend the docking of horses, but if it is done the operation should be performed by a veterinarian who understands the work and has the proper instruments. The usual method of operation is as follows: The hair is parted at the seat of section and a cord tied tightly around to prevent bleeding. The tail is severed with a docking knife, or may be disjointed with an ordinary knife or chisel. The stub is then seared with a red hot iron to prevent bleeding.

2. Take 1½ ounces each sulphate of iron and sulphate of copper and 1 ounce of calomel. Mix and make into twelve powders. Give a powder night and morning in damp feed. If not eaten in this way mix in a little water and drench. Starve for ten hours after the last powder is given and then administer a purgative.

An Irishman and a Scot were arguing as to the merits of their respective countries.

"Ah, weel," said Sandy, "they tore down an auld castle in Scotland and found many wires under it, which shows that the telegraph was knoon there hoondreds o' years ago."

"Well," said Pat, "they tore down an ould castle in Oireland, and there was no wires found undher it, which shows that they knew all about wireless telegraphy in Oireland hundreds av years ago."



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High Grade, Registered Ayrshire Bull

Owned by John. T. Rutherford, R.R. 5, Colborne, Ont.

Mr. Rutherford milks from 22 to 30 registered Ayrshires twice a day with three Hinman Milkers. After over one year's use, he writes, "The machine is working satisfactorily".

Canada's shrewdest Dairymen, milking Canada's choicest Holsteins, Ayrshires and Jerseys, use HINMAN MILKERS

BECAUSE

The HINMAN is Simple, Safe, and Sanitary

YOUR DAIRY

Can Show Extra Profits This Winter

The HINMAN will make these extra profits because its simplicity makes it cost so little to install and operate, and practically nothing for upkeep. One man with a HINMAN can milk as fast as three men by hand. You can't save on feed but you can SAVE on hand labor. Over 31,000 sold. Over 10 years successful operation. Investigate to-day.

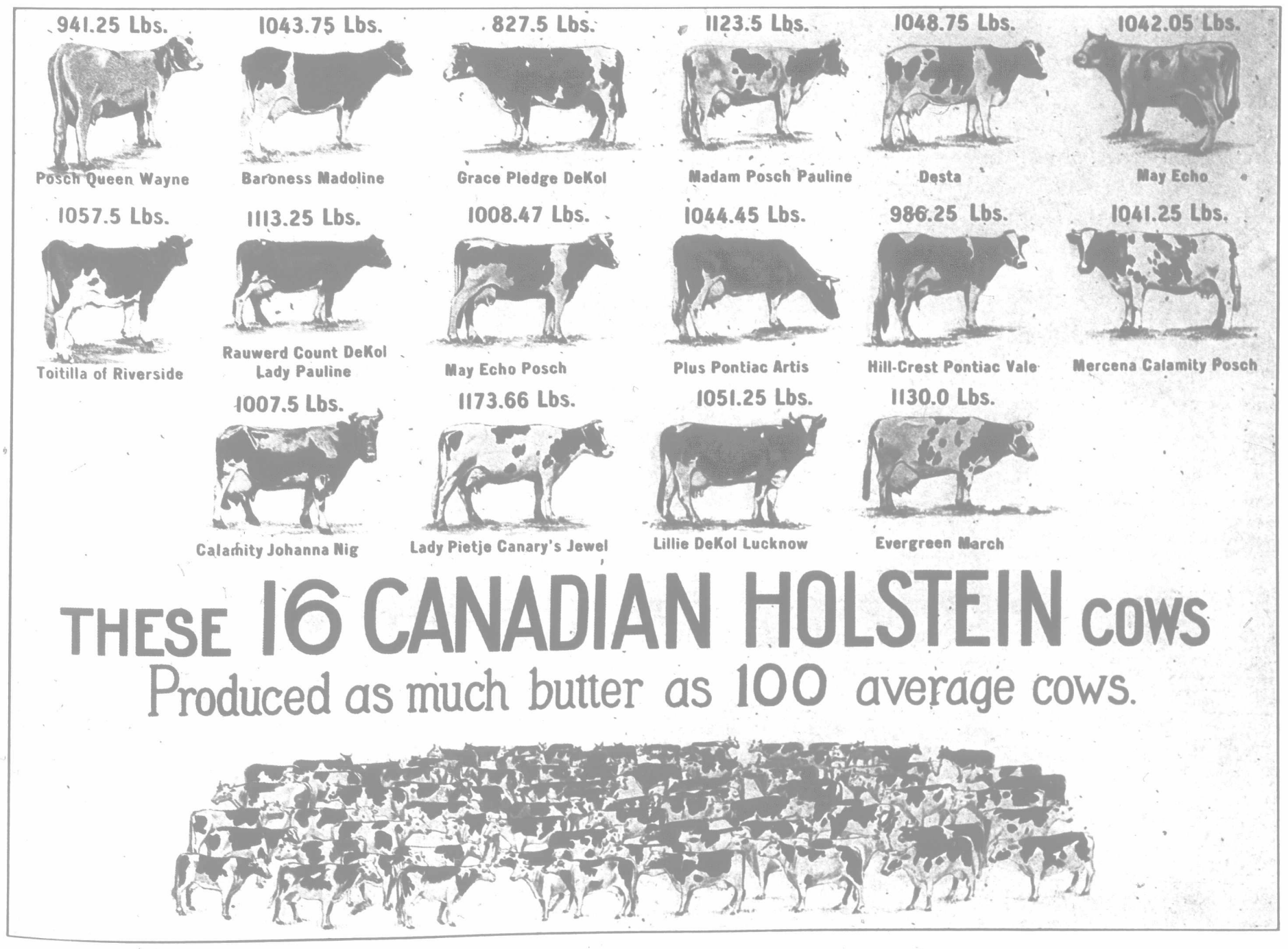
Write For Milker Book "H" NOW!

H. F. BAILEY & SON, GALT, ONTARIO

SPRING BANK R.O.P. AYRSHIRES

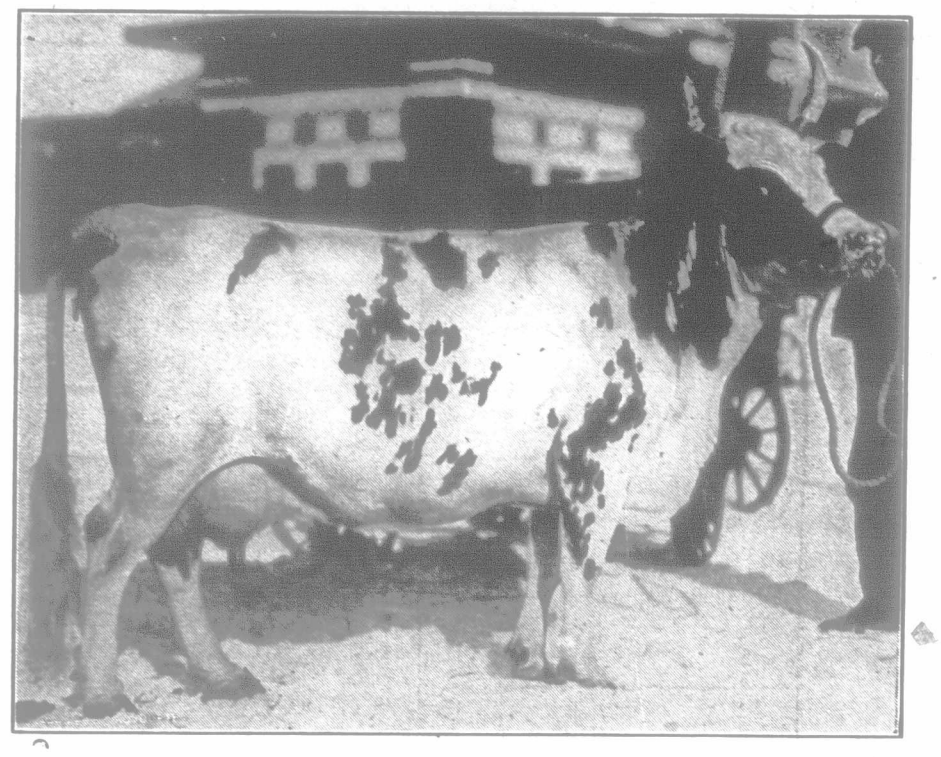
Herd Sires: Netherton King Theodore, Imp., and Humeshaugh Invincible. Grand Champion, London, 1917. Our herd at present holds the Canadian records for both milk and butter in the two-year, the three-year and the mature classes. Let us tell you about the daughters of Netherton King Theodore. We have sons of both bulls for sale—all have R.O.P. dams. Visitors met at Hamilton by appointment.

A. S. Turner & Son (3 miles from Hamilton) **Ryckman's Corners, Ont**



THESE 16 CANADIAN HOLSTEIN COWS

Produced as much butter as 100 average cows.



Glenshamrock Canty Again
First-prize mature Ayrshire at the Dairy Test, Ottawa Winter Fair. Exhibited by Alex Hume & Co., Campbellford, Ont.

Some Winners in our herd

Grand champion bull.

First-prize cow.

First-prize two-year-old.

First-prize yearling.

First-prize senior bull calf.

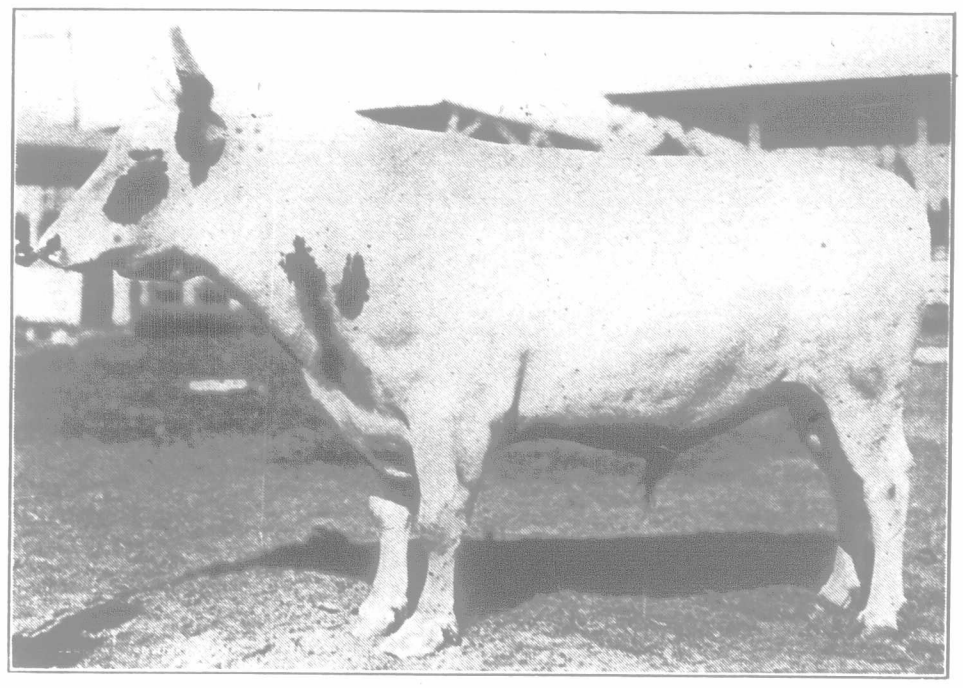
First-prize herd at Toronto and Ottawa, besides winning at both Ottawa and Guelph Winter Fairs.

HUMESHAUGH AYRSHIRES

We have three sons of Peter Pan — first and second prize winners at London, where he and two of his sons were out for grand championship.

No 1 is from first-prize cow at Toronto and Ottawa.

No. 2's dam is first-prize two-year-old at Toronto. Both of these are exceptionally choice young bulls.



Hillside Peter Pan.
Senior and grand champion Ayrshire bull at Toronto. Owned by Alex. Hume & Co., Campbellford, Ont.

ALEX. HUME & CO., R. R. 3, CAMPBELLFORD, ONT.

EVERY FARM Should have an "Ayrshire." They are profitable cattle.
WRITE W. F. STEPHEN, Secretary
CANADIAN AYRSHIRE BREEDERS' ASS'N
Box 508, Huntingdon, Que.

LAKESIDE AYRSHIRES
A choice selection of young bulls for sale from Record of Performance dams imported and Canadian bred.
SIRES: Auchenbrain Sea Foam (Imp) 35758 many times grand champion.
Fairfield Mains Triumph (Imp) 51137, a son of the noted Hobsland Pertect Piece.
Write for catalogue.
Geo. H. Montgomery, Proprietor, Dominion Express Building, Montreal. D. Mcarthur, Manager, Philipsburg, Que.

JAS. B. ROSS, MEADOWVALE, ONTARIO
for high-producing show-yard AYRSHIRES Herd headed by Snow King 47376, first-prize two-year-old at Toronto, 1917. Write me also for an [illegible] Yorkshires.
Meadowvale P. O., Streetsville Station.

SUNNYSIDE AYRSHIRES
We have a [illegible] choice lot of young bulls we offer at [illegible] Record of Performance cows by Sunnyside Masterpiece [illegible] Masterpiece. In our present herd [illegible] Sunnyside Masterpiece.
Jno. W. Logan, Howick Station, Que.

When writing [illegible] page 1990 of this paper.

Gladden Hill Ayrshires

Winners Wherever Shown—Herd headed by Fairview Milkmaid; sire, Hobsland Stumpies Heir, Imp; dam, Milkmaid 7th, a 166.96-lb. R. O. P. cow with 729 lbs. of fat; average test 4.36 per cent. We have three 12-month bulls that were winners at Toronto and London. All are by herd sire. Come and see our females. We also have two three-year-old Clydesdale stallions, one by Surname Imp. and one by Cairndale Imp. Good quality and sure breeders Will sell one. Price reasonable.
Laurie Bros. C.P.R., G.T.R., C.N.R., Shipping Stations, Agincourt, Ont.

Brampton Jerseys

SPECIAL OFFERING:—50 cows and heifers in calf, 7 bulls; the best breeding ever offered in Canada from R.O.P. stock. The ancestors of these bulls have made and are making Jersey history. No better stock can be obtained.
B. H. BULL & SON, BRAMPTON, ONTARIO.

RECORD OF PERFORMANCE JERSEYS
Choice Bulls and Females. We have six young bulls of serviceable age, all from R.O.P. dams. Three are by our senior sire, Brampton Dairy Farmer, and three are by our junior sire, Brampton Bright Togo. Write for records. We also have females.
R. & A. H. BAIRD, (G.T.R. Stations—New Hamburg, Bright) NEW HAMBURG, ONT.

THE DON JERSEY HERD—
OFFERS Several young bulls, all of serviceable age, and all from R. O. P. dams. These are priced right. Interested parties should write or see these at once. We also have females of breeding age.
D. DUNCAN & SON, Todmorden P.O., Duncan Station, C.N.O.

Gossip.

Tower Farm Oxfords.

One of the best-known flocks of Oxford-Down sheep in the Dominion may be seen on Tower Farm, situated about two miles east of Hillsburg, Ontario, and owned by E. Barbour and Sons. Mr. Barbour's flock have become famous for their prize-winnings. At the smaller country fairs throughout the district the Barbour entries have for years been picking up the majority of the awards, and the champions at Toronto, Ottawa, Guelph and Vancouver have often been selections from the Tower Farm flock. The entire offering of Oxfords was never stronger than it has been this year. Sales of his sheep have been made from coast to coast. One of the flock, a yearling ram, was sold to McClughan Bros., Port Kells, B.C., and was champion ram and headed their champion flock over all breeds at Vancouver Fair this year. At present the offering of yearling ewes is limited, owing to the great demand, but he has a choice lot of lambs and it will no doubt be necessary to order early to get these. See the advertisement elsewhere in this issue and write for particulars, or, if possible, visit the farm and make your selection.

The Scot Abroad.

BY MARGARET RAIN.

A well-known novelist, at present a fighting man in Flanders, begins one of his stories by an account of a chance meeting in the library of the British Museum of a Member of Parliament with a young Scotsman whom he had once met six years before in a railway carriage. The boy had been able to render a slight service, and the Englishman in thanking him gave him his card. The Scotch laddie with a shy pride, characteristic of his nation, did not even tell his name.

It was nothing unusual to find a Scottish student in that dreary mausoleum of learning nor in London, for as the old Shepherd of the Cheviots said shading his eyes as he gazed southwards following them in thought, "they sune learn the road sooth, but whiles they forget the way hame." It is not so often that politicians of standing are to be found there. This gentleman, presumably young as a parliamentary hand, (did not Lord Palmerston insist that in politics a man is in his prime at seventy) had gone to collect some out-of-the-way knowledge for his chief. This, not for his own or any other person's benefit but as material with which to crush a political opponent. That is what the information in Blue Books and cognate documents is mostly used for.

The Scottish student was there for purposes less dignified if more useful. He was in search of material for "pot boilers." He was one of that gallant band who invade the English metropolis in search of literary work, fame if they can achieve it, at any rate their daily bread. Numbers have gone, Sir James Barry for one instance, with no better equipment than this youth is represented to have had. They got their Arts course in one of the Scottish universities with little financial help from home, have no particular leaning to any of the professions, and after tentative literary attempts are lured by the "lights o' London" either to succeed more or less, or to come home disenchanted.

"Oh cruel Lights o' London
If tears your lamps could drown
Your victims' eyes would shed them
You Camps of London town."

The advent of these young Scots into the whirlpool of London life, though it may have brought sorrow or disenchantment to some, causing them to wail "Oh why left I my hame" in various keys, has certainly helped to maintain the high standard of English journalism. Some of our best newspaper men and critics, as well as others who stand high in literature of a more abiding nature, got their training in Fleet Street. Besides these men who have tried literature and found they had no gift in that direction have gained distinction in other walks of life. When a man knows that his bread and butter depends on his being able to send an interesting little paragraph to the papers, it makes him alert. He must both find interesting subjects and write about them in an attractive style.

These two old fellow travellers recog-

Top Prices For Your HAY AND STRAW

Having your name on our mailing list puts you in a position to command the best market prices. Every week we send you a special report on market conditions, prices and prospects for the coming week. These reports and figures are authoritative and will mean money to you.

Get on our mailing list at once and receive this valuable information each week without cost.

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1212 Dundas St., Toronto, Ont.
Our Reference—Bank of Toronto

THE MARTIN
DITCHER AND GRADER
DIGS YOUR DITCHES
GRADES YOUR ROADS
EASILY
QUICKLY
CHEAPLY
REVERSIBLE
ADJUSTIBLE

PAYS FOR ITSELF IN ONE DAY
DOES THE WORK OF 50 MEN
SEND FOR FREE BOOKLET
THE PRESTON CAR & COACH CO LIMITED
97 DOVER ST. PRESTON CANADA

Cream Wanted

Ship your cream to us. We pay all express charges. We supply cans. We remit daily. We guarantee highest market price.

Ontario Creameries, Limited
London, Ontario

CREAM

We are open to buy cream both for churning and for table use.
ASK ANY SHIPPER
about our service and prompt returns.
Ask for Prices
The figures of yesterday may be **TOO LOW for to-morrow.** We furnish cans.

The Toronto Creamery Co., Limited
Church Street, Toronto

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS BREEDING
Registered
Jerseys and Berkshires

We have bred over one half the world's Jersey Champions for Large yearly production at the pail. We have and have in service the two grand champion Berkshire boars. If you need a sire for improvement, write us for literature, description and prices.

HOOD FARM, LOWELL, MASS.

nized each other and conversation being strictly forbidden in the sacred precincts in which they met, they adjourned to a nearby restaurant. The M. P. was curious to hear what "Robin" was doing there. Not so Robin, he knew exactly what a rising politician was apt to be in quest of. He frankly gave the information that he had been reading Dean Ramsay's book on Scottish characteristics in the hope of finding a good story he could attach to some peer of the realm or other interesting personage. "A story has been going the rounds anent the celebrated but absent-minded, etc.," and then comes the theft from the good Dean which undoubtedly he would forgive and enjoy.

With Robin's fortunes we have no more to do. It was the mention of Dean Ramsay which made the point in the story. From our youth up we have been fed upon Dean Ramsay's stories, and the chestnutty flavor of some of the humor in our newspapers is explained. Old friends with new faces.

Poor old Scotland, has she fallen so low, are her national characteristics so depleted that she cannot produce any more good stories but must fall back on those which were current in our grandfather's time? This was our first idea, but the self-conceit, never long dormant in a good Scot, asserted itself and we felt that sense of superiority so dear to us, over our English neighbor and predominant partner. Our age-old stories can be dressed up and do well enough to tickle the English sense of humor. How this process is achieved we can hardly tell, for Scottish humor seems always to us to be racy of the soil and difficult to transplant.

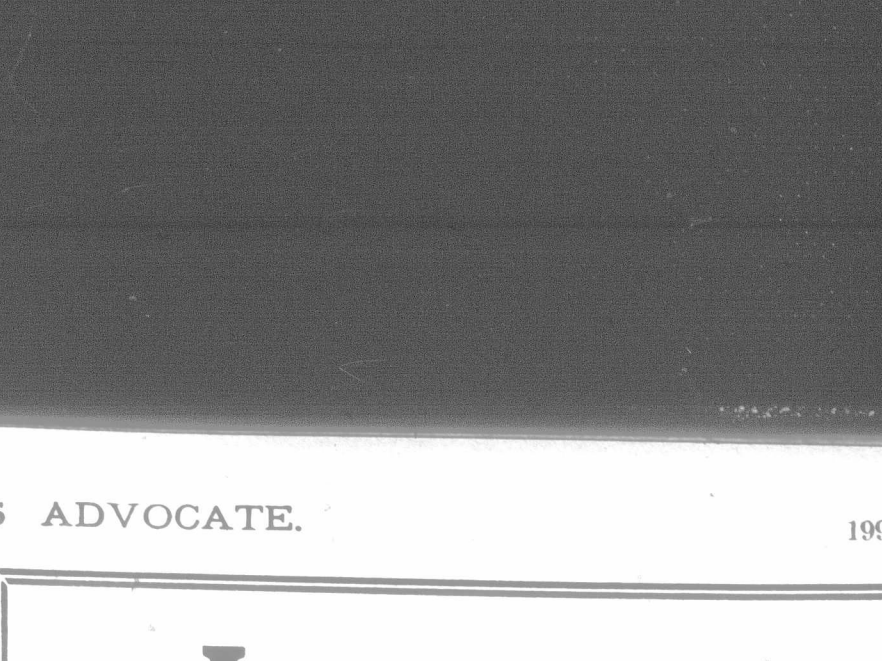
Dean Ramsay's book was one of the loves of our youth, and for him even more than for his book one must ever have an abiding affection. We love to think of him going about his daily duties as Dean of Edinburgh collecting stories characteristic of Scottish character for his own amusement. Doubtless he considered the books and papers he wrote on matters connected with his scared profession his most valuable literary legacy. Dean Ramsay's contributions to theology are forgotten, while the amusement of his leisure has given pleasure, yes, and instruction to thousands, perhaps millions. It will live as a monument to his genial personality as well as to the interesting and clever people of whom he wrote. Old Scottish ladies as he knew them, or as his father knew them, are a thing of the past. The old Scottish clergy are forever gone. No longer can we produce fine ladies like Jean Maxwell Duchess of Gordon. She it was who recruited the Gordon Highlanders. What gallant Highlander would not enlist at the request of a beautiful lady, not to speak of the kisses with which she was said to have bribed the reluctant, more potent surely than any recruiting sergeant's shilling. No wonder from such a beginning the Gay Gordons have a gallant history behind them and future glory awaiting them. Our aristocratic ladies are much like their sisters in other lands. No doubt the Scottish clergy are as able a body of men as those in other countries, but they could never provide another Dean Ramsay should he arrive with the characteristic sayings, the shrewd wisdom and humor of their predecessors.

Though Dean Ramsay was born in Scotland, the son of a Scottish laird, Sir James Ramsay of Fasque, he was, as we would say, "raised" in England, and by that accident became a member of the Anglican Church. He was educated by an uncle in Yorkshire who had no sons of his own and from whom the family ultimately benefited financially. This did not make him less Scotch, for it seems to be the case that the farther we remove the Scotsman from his native land the more aggressively patriotic he becomes. After Dean Ramsay's sojourn in England he got back to Edinburgh, and nothing would ever induce him to leave it. He refused all preferment, might have been a bishop if he had liked, but he would not again leave his beloved native land. His wife, a Canadian lady, must have been disappointed when he refused a Canadian bishopric, but Edinburgh, that old, grey city, seems to have laid its spell upon him.

Perhaps if he had known Canada a little better his decision would have been different, and his hours of leisure might have been profitably employed in collecting Scottish characteristics in Canada. Assuredly he would have found them. We [illegible] be deprived by the

Jerseys

The Profitable Dairy Breed



AUTOTONE 5701 (Imported)
Senior and Grand Champion and Gold Medal cow, Canadian National Exhibition, 1917.

One of many good individuals in the

Hazelden Farm Herd
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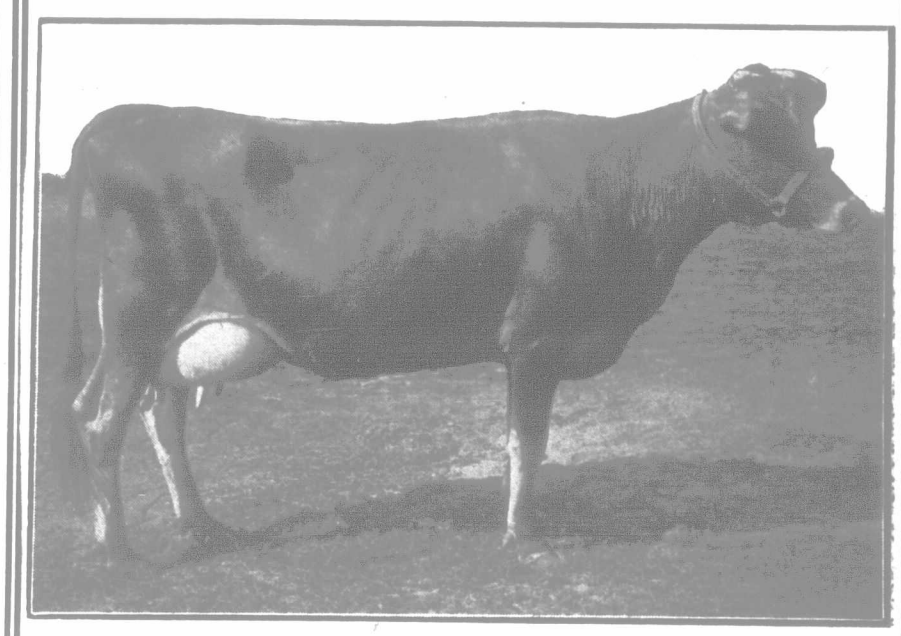
THE WOODVIEW FARM

JERSEYS

Canada's Most Beautiful Jersey Herd



ROWER'S CHARM
First-prize two-year-old heifer, National Dairy Show, Springfield, Mass., 1916
First-prize three-year-old, Toronto, 1917
First-prize three-year-old, London, 1917
Senior and Grand champion female, London, 1917

JOHN PRINGLE, LONDON, ONTARIO

We work our show cows and show our work cows.

Imported Romneys and Lincolns

LINCOLN EWES ARE MOSTLY SIRED BY TOM CASSWELL RAM

We are making a new importation of

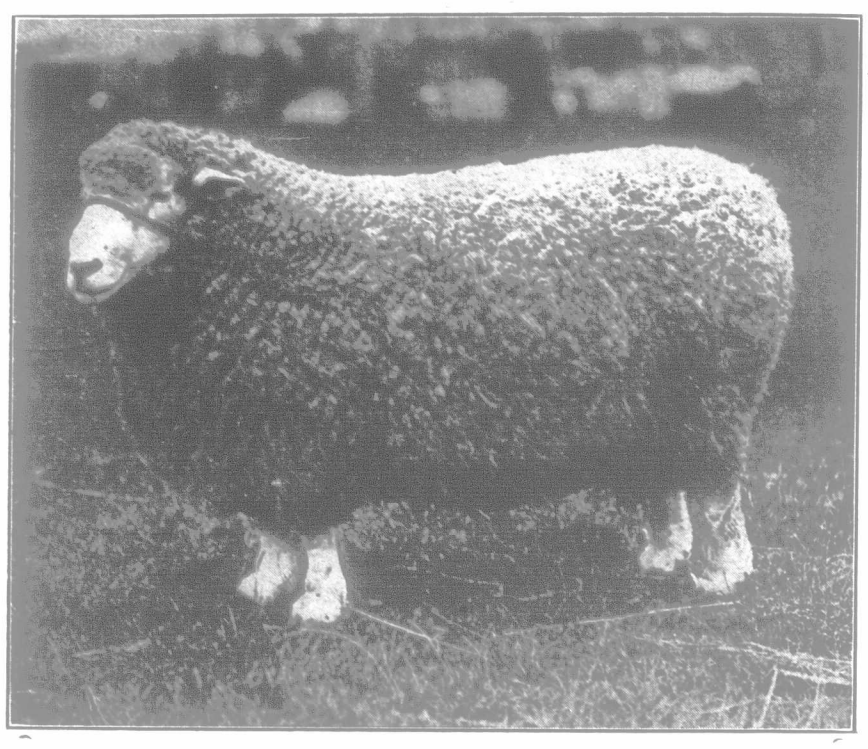
25 Romney Ewes

AND ONE ROMNEY RAM LAMB

50 Yearling Lincoln Ewes

AND ONE YEARLING LINCOLN RAM

This valuable lot was specially selected by Robt. Wright, of Lincolnshire, England. All ewes were bred to the best available rams of their respective breeds before leaving the Old Land. Mr. Wright was instructed to purchase nothing but the best that England can produce. Our original intention was to retain these sheep on our own farm, but we will price them right to any who desire to purchase. This importation will be home by Dec. 12th for inspection.



"Champion Romney Marsh Ram"

ROMNEY EWES ARE FROM OTHAM FLOCK

J. H. PATRICK & SON - ILDERTON, ONTARIO

feeling that our national characteristics are dying out, for we shall find them in Canada if we cannot find them at home. We hope and believe that the Scots are as good Canadians as any, and that they have so much pride in the country of their adoption as to place the good of their State above all else. There are no "Scottish Canadians, Scottish Americans" as we hear of "Irish Americans" and "French Canadians." We give our whole-hearted allegiance and undivided loyalty to the land we live in. We try to make it worthy of the great race from which we are sprung. It is a recognized fact that the love of the land they dwell in is inherent in French and Scottish people more than in any other nation. They regard their native land as a mother, the very soil is dear, which makes the cruel devastation of this war an added horror if that were possible, to the poor suffering people in France. Yet, as it is in the nature of things we must all leave our mothers however much we love them so must some leave their native land however dear. Large families are the rule in Scotland, and the land cannot be expected to stretch to the needs of an ever-increasing population, so for years past young Scottish people have left their homes and spread out all over the world. But does the little land become less dear? Assuredly not. We see the same feeling in concrete form over and over again. A young farm lad leaves a very humble home and succeeds. As a rule we see his heart turns back to the old homestead, many times he makes every effort and sacrifices ease and pleasure to regain possession of it, and so it is with our old home. It is still our mother, and by our very absence a kind of glamor is over everything, the rough places are forgotten as are the sorrows and privations we had there. We thank God that it is one of our human characteristics that we remember happy days more readily than sad ones, joys more often than sorrows.

In spite of this love of home the Scot is the emigrant, as a rule, stands transplanting well and thrives in his new surroundings. Of course, there are many exceptions of which we do not hear. Perhaps this is in a measure due to the fact that as a rule a man chooses better surroundings, but

BIG MONEY in TRAPPING THIS YEAR

RAW FURS

FREE **Hallam's Trappers' Guide**—96 pages; illustrated; English or French; tells how and where to trap; what bait and traps to use; is full of useful information.
Hallam's Trappers' Supply Catalog.—36 pages; illustrated; of trappers' and sportsmen's supplies, at low prices.
Hallam's Raw Fur News.—Gives latest prices and advance information on fur market.
Address, using number given below.

John Hallam Limited
531 HALLAM BUILDING, TORONTO.

Tower Farm Oxfords

Champion Oxford flock of Canada. Choice Oxfords of all ages for sale. Prices reasonable.
E. BARBOUR & SONS, R.R. 2, Hillsburg, Ont.

WILLOW BANK DORSETS
We have a few choice ewe lambs left; also 10 yearling and 4 two shearling ewes not registered, some lambing this month. Will sell this bunch cheap for quick sale.
Jas. Robertson & Sons, Hornby, Ont.

OXFORDS and COLLIES

We offer a number of splendid ram lambs, registered, also choice, pedigreed Collie puppies. We guarantee satisfaction.
B. ARMSTRONG & SON, *Codrington, Ontario.*

Cloverdale Shropshires and Berkshires—40 shearling rams, 70 shearling ewes, an exceptionally choice lot; true to type and well grown; nearly all sired by the show ram, Nock 16 Imp. In Berkshires, the usual strong offering, including sows just bred. C J. LANG, Burketon, Ont.

"The Maples" Stock Farm—R. S. Robson & Son, Props., Denfield, Ont.

Present offering—100 home-bred Lincoln ewes; ages 1 to 4 years (registered); 20 imp. yearling ewes, all bred to the best of 20 rams we imported this season—an extra good lot of the heavy-shearing kind. In Shorthorns we have for sale cows and heifers of such strains as Clarets, Clippers, Village Girls, Missies and Miss Ramsdens.

SHROPSHIRES

30 Yearling Rams—12 Yearling Ewes.
W. H. PUGH, MYRTLE STATION, R. R. 1
Farm 2 miles from Claremont

BEAVER MEDI CHESTER WHITES
won over 75% of the prize money at Toronto this year with three herds showing. Write us for bred sows or young boars. *We guarantee satisfaction.*
We also have Percherons.
Wm. Roberts & Sons, Peterboro, Ontario

Morriston Tamworths and Shorthorns—Bred from the prizewinning herds of England. Tamworths, both sexes; boars from 2 to 12 months. Shorthorn bulls from 5 to 10 months old, reds and roans—dandies.
CHAS. CURRIE, Morriston, Ont.

Sunnyside Chester Whites and Dorsets. In Chester whites we have both sexes, any age, bred from our champions of many years. In Dorsets we have ram and ewe lambs by our Toronto and Ottawa champion, and out of Toronto, London, and Guelph winners. W. E. Wright & Son, Glanworth, Ont.

PEDIGREED TAMWORTHS

Several sows, 2 years old, in pig.
Also younger stock.
Write:
Herolds Farms, Beamsville, Ont.

TAMWORTHS

Young sows bred for Fall farrow and a nice lot of young boars for sale. Write
John W. Todd R. R. No. 1, Corinth, Ont.

BERKSHIRE PIGS, all ages and sexes, headed by Successor's Double H., bred by Hood Farm, Lowell, Mass., U.S.A. SHORTHORN CATTLE, dual-purpose strains, headed by Golden Duke (Imported), bred by Lord Lucas, Wrest Park, England. Address:—J. B. Pearson, Manager, Credit Grange Farm, Meadowvale, Ont.

ter soil and climate than he had in his old home. When he has all the world to choose from he would be foolish if he did not, and usually our countrymen are no fools. Perhaps they are only a little too sure of themselves and their own good qualities. We have heard of two men, one English, in business in Glasgow. The Scotsman went to London on a "business trip," and on his return his English friend inquired how he liked English people. "Oh," he replied, "I did not meet many of them, my business was mostly with heads of departments." We could give another not so complimentary reason for his not meeting many English people in the excessive clannishness of the Scotch. In many English cities there are little sections of the people who are living in England but are not of it. They have their own Presbyterian church, and indeed hear so little English spoken that they have as decided a Scottish accent as if they never had left their native country. We have been in a house in the United States where the hostess stated she had never been one night in a really American home, though she had left Scotland ten years before. Her intimate friends were all either Scotch or English. It is a defect of our national character but in this respect we are not singular, for we do not believe that Scottish people have any monopoly of this clannishness, though they have more of it than their neighbors across the border.

We do not think that the success which the Scots undoubtedly attain is due to intellect entirely. They are not more brilliant than other people, they are of precisely the same race as the English, except in the fastnesses of the Highland mountains where the Gael had perforce to make his home. Scotland besides being a smaller country than England is, so far as most of the soil and the most of the climate is concerned, a poorer country. It has had to make the most of its natural resources. When an American visitor compared the Clyde with the Mississippi, the Glasgow man could retort, "But you did not make the Mississippi and we made the Clyde." This is absolutely true. The Clyde in its natural state was only what on this continent would be dubbed "a little creek," but it provides

ships for all the world. As the Americans say, it is "dogged that done it." A nation or a man who has to live continually on the defensive is certain to develop the harder qualities. Who knows for instance how many of his fighting qualities Sir Douglas Haig inherits from his ancestors of Bemerside. For if our Scottish Borderers were not fighting with their neighbors on the other side of the Tweed they could generally arrive at a quite passable feud with their nearest neighbors to keep them in fighting trim.

Later when border raids and "lifting" cattle went out of fashion there was always a fruitful matter for discussion in the church, which has always had a greater influence we believe on the mental attitude of the Scottish people than any institution we know of in any country.

The people have felt it belonged to them as it does for it is the most democratic institution in the world. It has fostered the independent spirit of its founders, and did any sovereign try to foist his laws upon Scotland the Church arose as one man and we know who got the worst of it. This fighting attitude is to be understood and in a measure admired, for the Scots are an unconquered people. They united with England, and we may say it was greatly to the advantage of Scotland that they did, but the union was voluntary. Therefore, it was that when a predecessor of our good Dean Ramsay, tried by royal command to read prayers made in England in St. Giles' Cathedral he raised a riot. We suppose Jenny Geddes is now regarded as a mythical individual and has retired along with King Alfred and his burnt bannocks and the delightful Knights of the Round Table to the realms of faery, but she served her time as a concrete example of Scottish feeling whether the redoutable fishwife ever really lived or no. We were led to this train of thought by a little incident we ourselves witnessed recently.

In a fashionable Presbyterian Church in a Canadian city, which considers itself very modern and advanced, we saw something which moved us much. Two ladies stood at prayer while all the rest of the congregation sat, "lifting up their testimony" in these degenerate days and showing that they feared not to worship God after the manner of their ancestors. We thoroughly agree with these ladies that theirs is a more decorous posture in worship than sitting or crouching in pews. "Let us worship and bow down and kneel before the Lord our Maker" undoubtedly gives us a guide to the most seemly attitude of a worshipper, but it was one which was not convenient on the barren hillsides where our covenanting forefathers worshipped God after the manner of their choice. There is something inspiring in the thought of those rugged sons of the hills standing bareheaded during the lengthy prayer with which the service was opened, after walking many a long Scotch mile. Frequently under the guise of a prayer the minister gave a resumé of scripture history and doctrine according to his lights, beginning with the fall of Adam. It is long since even in remote districts the people began by degrees to stand while they sang and sit or kneel at prayer. These old ladies whose courage and consistency we greatly admire brought back to our memory another picture of a little country church thousands of miles away. At the request of the new young minister, long since gathered to his fathers, who supposed himself to be advanced, the congregation had changed their posture, all but one old shepherd and his dutiful wife. An imposing couple they were, and they remain vivid in our memory these forty years. Standing there in face of the congregation the old man's plaid on his shoulders, his Collie at his feet, and the guid wife keeping him company while his degenerate family conformed like the rest of the congregation. Who shall say that Scottish characteristics are not strong in Canada. Many waters cannot kill them.

Instances of this kind might be multiplied. In many communities of Scottish ancestry in Canada we are informed by an Anglican clergyman there are people who object to organs, as savoring of the detested "popery and prelacy," as well as their inherited dislike of "worshipping God by machinery."

We all by times meet with little casual remarks which show us that the Scot in Canada has not lost his characteristic humor. It is of a unique kind and, so far as we are aware, it is of a variety quite different from that of any other nation. It is as different from French and Irish wit as our bleak hillsides are from the green hills of Ireland or the sunny fields of Southern France. Our stories do not always breathe a kindly spirit, sometimes, too, the humorous situation is created unwittingly by a total absence of the sense of the ridiculous in the perpetrator.

We are in one respect to be admired that is in the fine stoicism with which we treat our misfortunes. This is a quality as strong in the Scot abroad as in the Scot at home. One man we know went about his daily work with a joke and cheery word his young wife lying at home dying, likely soon to leave him with a little ailing baby on his hands. One day a farmer's wife deplored during the whole time he spent at her house the death of a valuable cow. "It had cost ninety dollars." He tried to make some consolatory remark, to which she retorted, "It's easy for you to make light of my loss that has never a trouble." "Never a care," said he lightly with a smile, as he shouldered his tools to go back to his sad home.

In this world which is so full of trouble it is perhaps well that there are natures so strong that in spite of circumstances they carry a brave front to the world. We scorn those who wear their hearts on their sleeves and are always demanding sympathy for troubles which we others are inclined to regard as trivial. Perhaps we of our nation carry our stoicism too far and cause the outsider to infer that we have no hearts at all, only a contrivance to regulate the circulation of our blood.

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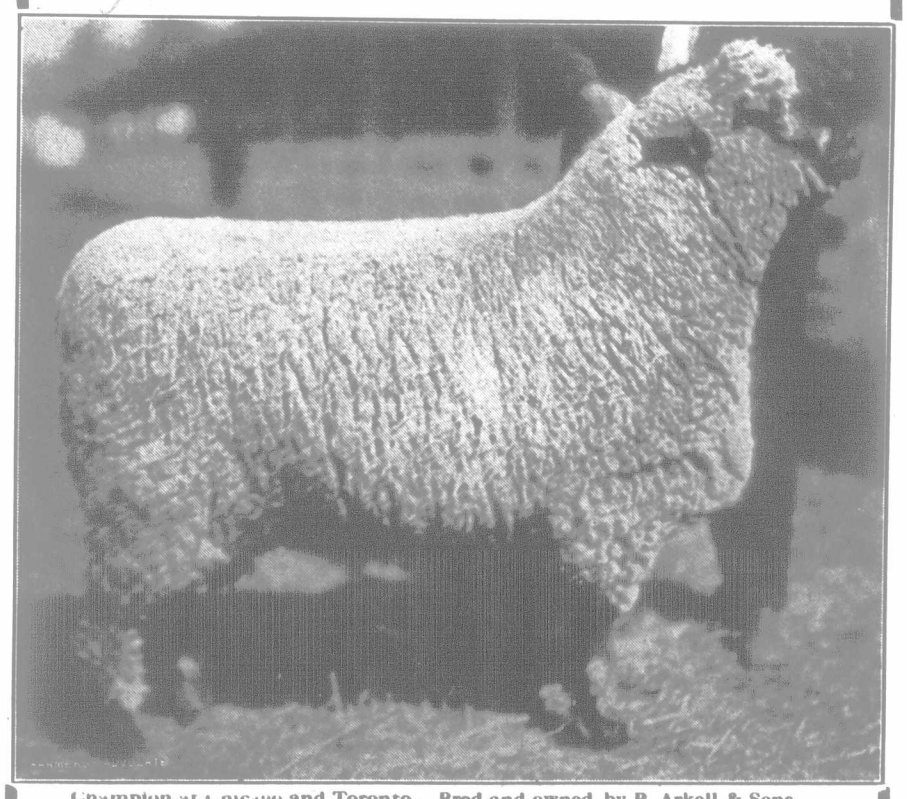

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We have a large selection of extra-good boars and sows of different ages. We are selling at prices that make it attractive for the purchaser. Write for what you want.

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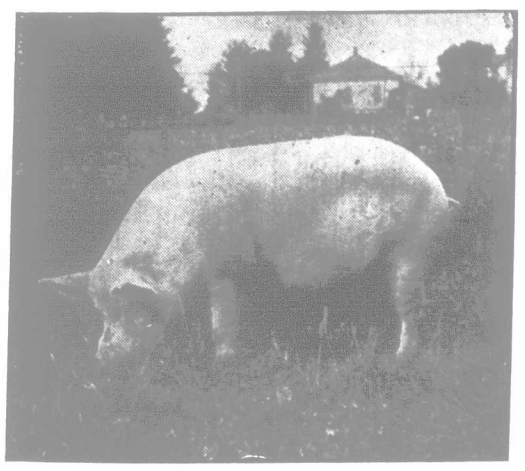

Fifty young pigs from five litters, weaned and ready to wean. Pairs not akin. Also a large choice of young sows near breeding age—priced to sell.

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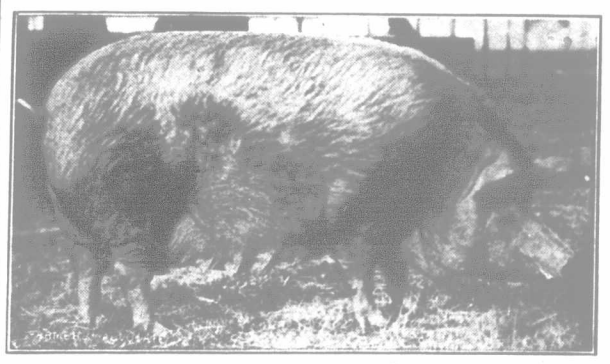

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Pedigrees furnished on application.

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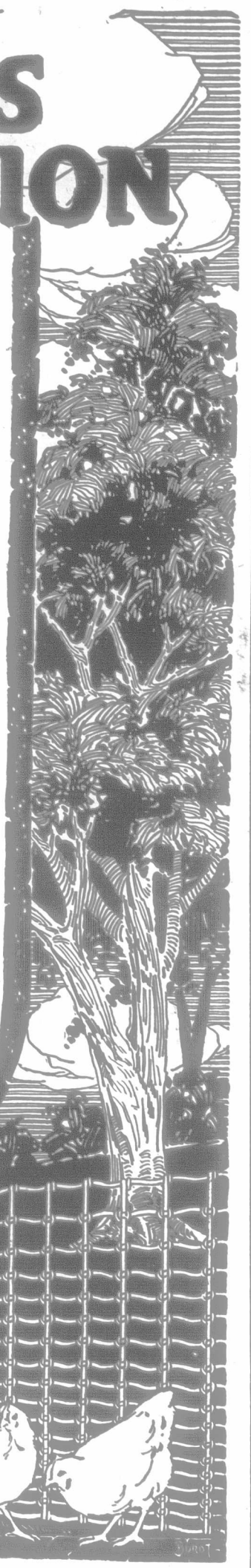

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The Peerless Perfection Fencing

stands every test. Made by the open hearth process, all the impurities are burned out of the metal, thus removing one of the greatest causes of rust. The wire is also galvanized so thoroughly that it will not flake, chip or peel off. Every intersection of the wires in our farm and poultry fence is locked together with our Peerless lock. While these locks

hold the wires securely together, yet this fence can be readily adjusted and perfectly stretched over uneven ground. It's easily erected and on account of heavy, stiff stays used, few posts are required.

PEERLESS Perfection Poultry Fence

is true to its name, a perfect fence strong enough to keep strong animals out and close enough to keep even small poultry in. Every Peerless fence is guaranteed against sag, rust or break and we stand back of your dealer unconditionally.

PEERLESS Ornamental Fencing

for lawns, parks, cemeteries, etc., are handsome. Also lawn borders, flower bed guards, trellises, etc.

Send for Catalog and get familiar with the best, cheap ornamental and serviceable fencing to be had in the Dominion. Go and see it at your local dealer's store. Dealers nearly everywhere. Dealers wanted in unassigned territory.

The Banwell-Hoxie Wire Fence Co., Ltd.

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A REAL OIL ENGINE

Uses No Gasoline Not Even To Start With

Starts readily in COLD WEATHER on the fuel it runs on—Coal Oil or Fuel Oil, and only uses about the usual amount—hence the saving in fuel alone will pay for the engine in a short time.

THE HOAG OIL ENGINE

[illegible] Get away from it.

BENRY F. HOAG & CO., BRANTFORD, ONT.

A Column of Irish Wit.

Pat O'Flaherty, very palpably not a Prohibitionist, was arrested in Arizona recently charged with selling liquor in violation of the Prohibition law. But Pat had an impregnable defense. His counsel, in addressing the jury, said:

"Your Honor, gentlemen of the jury, look at the defendant."

A dramatic pause, then:

"Now, gentlemen of the jury, do you honestly think that if the defendant had a quart of whisky he would sell it?"

The verdict reached in one minute, was "Not guilty."

* * * *

Captain (examining uniforms which are expected to be marked with owner's name): "What does this mean, my man? Your name seems to be obliterated."

Private (in the rear rank): "No, sir; it's O'Brien."

* * * *

An Irishman went into a jeweler's shop to buy a clock. The shopman showed him one for $10. "Murdher! Ten dollars for that bit of a clock? Is there anything wonderful about it?" "Certainly!" said the shopman, "that is an eight-day clock." "And what's that?" asked the prospective purchaser. "Why, it goes eight days without winding." "So much as that," said the Irishman, scratching his head. "Begorra, there's wan thing I'd like to be after asking you. If it goes eight days without winding, how long, for the sake of St. Patrick, will it go if ye wind it?"

* * * *

An Irishman who had only been here a few days was invited to take an automobile ride with a friend. They were going through a country road at a high speed when a traffic policeman, on the lookout for speeders, gave chase on his motorcycle. He caught up with them and announced: "You're pinched for speeding". "Pinched for speeding?" repeated the Irishman. "Begorra, wasn't yez goin, as fast as us yourself?"

* * * *

There is a fine new building of white marble and Greek architecture in a Western city. On the cornerstone is engraved the date of the building's erection. It was begun in 1909, but, following the usual custom, the date is in Roman capitals, thus: MCMIX.

The other day one citizen approached another and asked him if he had seen their common friend Danny that day. "I sure did," replied the second man. "A few minutes ago I seen him standing in front of McMick's new building over there on the corner."

* * * *

"Mr. Casey," said the landlord to Pat, "I am afraid I'll have to raise your rent."

"Ah, now, Mr. Dooley," returned Pat, "don't be afraid, sir. Begorra, you'll have to, for Oi can't.

* * * *

Mrs. Clancy lived in an apartment house just over the rooms of her friend, Mrs. Murphy. For a long time these ladies were the best of friends, but at last they quarreled. One day, as Mrs. Murphy was sitting in the window, Mrs. Clancy called down: "Faith, now, and why don't yez get in out of the windy and let your pet monkey sit there a while. The naybors would be after getting a rest from yer homely ould face."

"Wull, now, Mrs. Clancy, it was only this morning that I did that same and the polaceman came along and, when he saw the monkey, he bowed and smiled and said: 'Why, Mrs. Clancy, when did yez move downstairs?'"

* * * *

"And have you had any experience with children?" inquired the woman who was about to engage a nurse.

"Shure, Oi hov," returned the applicant with a broad smile; "wasn't Oi wan meself wanst?"

* * * *

The fat policeman was fairly boiling with wrath as he dragged his prisoner before the police justice.

"Yer Anner," he shouted, "this here man called me a hippopotamus!"

"When did he call you a hippopotamus?" asked the judge.

"A year ago, yer Anner."

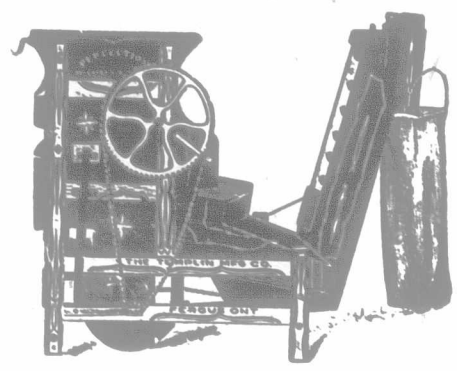
"But why did you wait a year before arresting him?"

The fat policeman grew visibly madder.

"Because, yer Anner," he bawled, "Oi niver saw a hippopotamus until yesterday."

The Perfection Seed and Grain Separator

Patented 1901



We have to find a single dissatisfied customer who is using the up-to-date PERFECTION Mill. No other firm can back up a similar statement.

"I wish I had seen the PERFECTION before I bought my mill," is a story we hear every day. Don't you be fooled also. The PERFECTION has its fan at the bottom, and simply blows out the chaff after the grain has been separated and graded by passing over 8 feet of screening. Weed seeds, clovers, etc., are not blown out with the chaff to get back upon the land, but are saved in a drawer. The only mill that separates all the different kinds of grain, and seeds of every grade, has 18 screens, stands firm on the floor, and has many other advantages described in our free circular "A." Write for it, or see nearest agent. Don't be put off with a "Just as good." Order one now to clean your seed grain, and thus double your crop next season. You will also get a bigger price for your seed grain. This Grader is not sold by The T. Eaton Co. now, so write direct to the Templin Mfg. Co., Fergus.

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OUR nation-wide investment connections and membership to the Montreal Stock Exchange enable us to offer exceptional facilities for the execution of buying and selling orders in all Dominion of Canada bonds.

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Farm Accounts

are a necessity if you are making a "business" of farming. Imagine your money invested in a commercial undertaking where you knew they kept no books of account! Yet many, many farmers, whose every cent is invested in their farm and its development, keep no reliable records to show their worth or progress.

Perhaps you have kept no accounts because you felt you didn't understand how, or thought it too much work.

THE NEWMAN-BATES SYSTEM OF FARM BOOKKEEPING

has been carefully devised to meet the need of busy farmers, and is easy to understand and operate.

One prominent agriculturist says: "I have gone into your system of farm bookkeeping very carefully, and find it well suited to the average farm, I would not hesitate to recommend it."

Another says: "To my mind the system is easily the best thing of its kind that has yet appeared."

Write for particulars to:

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Harab-Davies Fertilizers

Yield Big Results

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THE ONTARIO FERTILIZERS, LTD.
WEST TORONTO

Care of Roots in Storage.

A great many tons of mangels, turnips and carrots are lost annually by neglect after being placed in storage. Everything may be done to insure a full crop and to harvest it at the proper time in good condition, yet, if not properly looked after during the winter months, a high percentage of this crop may become a total loss. Such loss can be prevented only by prompt attention to the details of storage requirements.

If a cellar is to be used for storage it should be thoroughly cleaned, the ventilators put into good working order, and thorough drainage and protection from frost assured some time before it is filled. Usually in filling cellars it is customary to dump the roots down through a trap door in the floor above, or roll them in over a shoot from windows at the ground level. No matter how much care is exercised in the performance of either of these operations, there is bound to be accumulations of broken and bruised roots and earth at the end of the shoots, or beneath the trap doors. Unless frozen, the broken and badly bruised roots, in such a mixture, will invariably rot, and by so doing generate heat that will help to spread the infection to the surrounding sound roots. It is therefore obvious that accumulations of this nature should be thoroughly cleaned out as soon as possible after the harvest has been completed, and the damaged roots fed before they have had a chance to decay.

Frequently, during the winter months rotting will start among apparently sound roots, usually as the result of an unsound root becoming buried among the others. Infection spreads rapidly among roots in storage, and all such infected areas should be thoroughly cleaned out whenever detected.

All classes of roots lose a certain amount of moisture soon after harvest, by evaporation or, as it is commonly called, sweating. If an adequate circulation of air among the roots has not been provided for, this moisture will condense and wet places will be formed which will favor the growth of moulds, and other plant life, which may directly, or indirectly, cause rotting. It is, therefore imperative that during the first few weeks of storage, and in fact whenever the outside weather permits, thorough ventilation be maintained.

The temperature in the cellar should be such that the roots will neither grow to any appreciable extent, nor yet freeze. From freezing to 40 degrees F. may be considered as the extreme range. It is an excellent plan to hang a thermometer in a convenient place in the cellar and consult it daily. If the temperature is above say 38 degrees F. the ventilators should be opened and, when it drops sufficiently, closed. When the warmer weather of spring and early summer has set in it is advisable to keep the ventilators closed during the day and open during the night, so as to admit only cool air, thus keeping the cellar cool as long as possible.

If roots are to be pitted outside it is essential that thorough drainage is assured, either by choosing a location on sloping or sandy land, or by providing artificial drainage.

After the roots have been piled and the ventilators inserted the pile should be covered only with straw to a depth of about eight inches. Later in the season, when cooler weather has set in, about 4 inches of earth should be placed over the straw. Still later, when this earth has become frozen to a depth of about two inches, another covering of straw and earth should be made. When cold weather has finally set in the ventilators should be plugged with straw.

If the pit has been properly constructed and covered correctly there is little danger of the roots rotting. As a precaution, however, it is advisable to hang a thermometer in every second ventilator and to consult it occasionally. If the temperature in the pit gets higher than 45 degrees F. it is evident that heating is taking place, and the pit should be opened up and the infected area thoroughly cleaned out.

In the spring the layers of covering should be gradually removed, the ventilators opened and, generally speaking, the protection modified to suit the rising temperature.—Experimental Farms Note.

Ontario Crop Statistics.

The following statements give the area and yields of the principal field crops of Ontario for 1917. The areas have been compiled from individual returns of farmers and the yields by a special staff in each township in addition to our regular crop correspondents:

Fall Wheat: 585,946 acres yielded 13,384,207 bushels, or 22.8 per acre, as compared with 14,942,050 and 21.2 in 1916 and 24,737,011 and 30.5 in 1915. The annual average for 36 years was 21.3. Spring Wheat: 182,957 acres yielded 3,679,516 bushels, or 20.1 per acre, as compared with 2,213, 961 and 15.3 in 1916 and 3,439,949 and 21.2 in 1915. Average 16.1. Barley: 55,298 acres yielded 18,387,741, or 33.4 per acre, as compared with 12,388,969 and 23.5 in 1916, and 19,893,120 and 36.0 in 1915. Average 28.1. Oats: 2,763,355 acres yielded 11,232,817 bushels, or 40.3 per acre as compared with 71,297,528 and 26.5 in 1916 and 120,217,952 and 41.9 in 1915. Average 35.8. Rye: 133,077 acres yielded 2,222,325 bushels, or 16.7 per acre, as compared with 2,354,410 and 15.8 in 1916 and 3,210,512 and 18.5 in 1915. Average 16.5. Buckwheat: 153,457 acres yielded 2,992,391 bushels, or 19.5 per acre as compared with 3,261,888 and 14.2 in 1916, and 4,278.366 and 22.1 in 1915. Average 20.3. Peas: 90,322 acres yielded 1,512,567 bushels, or 16.7 per acre, as compared with 1,243, 979 and 13.4 in 1916, and 2,043,049 and 16.1 in 1915. Average 19.1. Beans: 114,785 acres yielded 1,126,039 bushels, or 9.8 per acre as compared with 583,105 and 10.8 in 1916 and 882,819 and 14.0 in 1915. Average 16.3. Mixed Grains: 515,593 acres yielded 20,102,421 bushels, or 39.0 per acre as compared with 13,297,354 and 27.4 in 1916, and 19,461,609 and 40.9 in 1915. Average 34.9. Potatoes: 146,481 acres yielded 18,291,735 bushels, or 124.9 per acre as compared with 7,408,429 and 53.1 in 1916, and 13,267,023 and 76.3 in 1915. Average 114.7. Mangels: 49,148 acres yielded 19,492,626 bushels, or 397 per acre as compared with 9,756,015 and 228 in 1916, and 25,356,323 and 498 in 1915. Average 451. Carrots: 2,920 acres yielded 758,292 bushels, or 260 per acre as compared with 331,124 and 138 in 1916, and 686,232 and 281 in 1915. Average 339. Sugar Beets: 22,039 acres yielded 6,781,113 bushels, or 308 per acre as compared with 6,023,938 and 268 in 1916, and 8,644 281 and 378 in 1915. Average 369. Turnips: 93,034 acres yielded 39,989,556 bushel, or 430 per acre as compared with 24,067,699 and 263 in 1916, and 46,598,851 and 478 in 1915. Average 430. Corn for Husking: 258,935 acres yielded 11,513,512 bushels (in the ear) or 44.5 per acre as compared with 12,717,072 and 49.2 in 1916, and 21,760,496 and 70.2 in 1915. Average 70.2. Corn for Silo: 511,329 acres yielded 4,587,176 tons (green) or 8.97 per acre as compared with 3,276,185 and 7.46 in 1916, and 4,874,377 and 10.98 in 1915. Average 10.83. Hay and Clover (including alfalfa) 3,547,688 acres yielded 6,619,296 tons or 1.87 per acre as compared with 7,200,047 and 2.07 in 1916 and 4,253,763 and 1.32 in 1915. Average 14.7.

Questions and Answers.

Veterinary.

Copious Perspiration.

About an hour after my mare is put in the stable after working she gets in a lather of sweat. She is fed 3 quarts of oats each meal. J. T.

Ans.—This is due to a heavy coat of hair. While it is rather late in the season to clip, this is a case in which it would be wise to clip the body even in cold weather. Do not clip the legs or the breast. This will prevent the undue perspiration, and by being careful to keep her well blanketed when not in motion, both when in the stable and at work, you will be able to avoid trouble on account of clipping. V.

Eyeball or Highball.—An old Scotchman was threatened with blindness if he did not give up drinking.

"Now, McTavish," said the doctor", "it's like this: you've got either to stop the whiskey or lose your eyesight, and you must choose."

"Ay, weel, doctor," said McTavish, "I'm an auld man noo, an' I was thinkin' I ha'e seen about everything worth seein'."

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on every hen that is not laying regularly. Why not turn your lazy birds into lively profit-payers?

Pratts POULTRY REGULATOR produces a marked improvement in the birds because it acts directly on the digestive and egg-producing organs. Tones up the system. Puts new life and vitality into your flock. Insures vigorous health and keeps disease away.

Your dealer has it in popular-priced pkgs., also in money-saving 25-lb. pails and 100-lb. bags.

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Full Baskets of Eggs In Winter Time

No matter how severe and cold the weather gets, if your hens are properly housed and fed on Royal Purple Poultry Specific as directed, you will get full baskets of eggs.

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Royal Purple Poultry Specific

Keeps your fowl active, vigorous and healthy. In the summer you find no trouble in keeping your hens laying as they are getting nature's food in right proportions to produce eggs, such as herbs, grass, insects, grains and such like. Being housed up in winter they must have a substitute. ROYAL PURPLE POULTRY SPECIFIC, composed of roots, barks, herbs, minerals, etc., is a perfect substitute and increases the eggs yield at once.

For sale by reliable dealers in your town—in large and small packages, also other poultry supplies:

ROYAL PURPLE LICE KILLER
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ROYAL PURPLE DISINFECTANT
ROYAL PURPLE CHICK FEED

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Sterling Brannen, Manufacturers' Selling Agent, Fredericton, New Brunswick

When writing please mention Farmer's Advocate

Final Appeal Judge Gives Ruling on Exemption of Farmers

Mr. Justice Duff (the Final Court of Appeal) Declares it is Essential that there shall be No Diminution in Agricultural Production.

(Published by authority of Director of Public Information, Ottawa.)

Hon. Mr. Justice Duff gave judgment on December 6th, in the first test case brought before him, as Central Appeal Judge (the final court of appeal), for the exemption of a farmer. The appeal was made by W. H. Rowntree in respect of his son, W. J. Rowntree, from the decision of Local Tribunal, Ontario, No. 421, which refused a claim for exemption. The son was stated to be an experienced farm hand, who had been working on the farm continuously for the past seven years, and ever since leaving school. He lives and works with his father, who owns a farm of 150 acres, near Weston, Ontario. With the exception of a younger brother, he is the only male help of the father on the farm. The father is a man of advanced years.

In granting the man exemption "until he ceases to be employed in agricultural labor," Mr. Justice Duff said:

"The Military Service Act does not deal with the subject of the exemption of persons engaged in the agricultural industry; and the question which it is my duty to decide is whether the applicant being and having been, as above mentioned, habitually and effectively engaged in agriculture and in labor essential to the carrying on of agricultural production, ought to be exempted under the provisions of the Military Service Act.

"These two propositions are indisputable:

"(1) In order that the military power of the allies may be adequately sustained, it is essential that in this country and under the present conditions, there should be no diminution in agricultural production.

"(2) The supply of competent labor available for the purpose of agricultural production is not abundant, but actually is deficient.

"The proper conclusion appears to be that the applicant, a competent person, who had been habitually and effectively engaged in labor essential to such production, ought not to be withdrawn from it.

"It is perhaps unnecessary to say that such exemptions are not granted as concessions on account of personal hardship, still less as a favor to a class. The sole ground of them is that the national interest is the better served by keeping these men at home. The supreme necessity (upon the existence of which, as its preamble shows, this policy of the Military Service Act is founded) that leads the State to take men by compulsion and put them in the fighting line requires that men shall be kept at home who are engaged in work essential to enable the State to maintain the full efficiency of the combatant forces, and whose places cannot be taken by others not within the class called out."

Ottawa, Dec. 8, 1917.

Team-work Fertility.

EDITOR "THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE":

Often the question of crop feeding is wrongly made one of maintaining crop yields by the use of either fertilizer or manure. It isn't a matter of choosing between the two, when both are obtainable, but of using both, to secure best results from each.

Fertilizers and manure make a good two-horse team. They pull together evenly on the heavy load of increased yields of profitable crops. Each is most effective when the other is effective. The importance and worth of adding fertilizer to manure—doubling the increaseability of the latter—has been one of the important teachings of leading experiment stations.

Let's look at some facts, first about manure. It furnishes plantfood, organic matter, promotes the growth of useful soil organisms and is the means of returning home-grown fertility to the soil. The greater part of the plantfood in this year's crops, when fed to live stock, may be returned in the manure to the soil, to be used over again by following crops.

Something else happens, though. The animals retain part of the plantfood as body builders to make the meat or milk. Manure is poorly balanced as a ration for crops. When the "natural fertility" of the soils is likewise only partially suited to the crops, as is almost always the case, it is easy to understand why the addition of even small amounts of fertilizers of favorable analysis results in such decided increases in yield.

The reason manure (especially fresh manure) is not so effective alone is due to other factors, as well. Being high in nitrogen, much of which is in the form of ammonia, or soon becoming so, the change into the nitrate form which the plants are able to use, takes place much faster than do the changes in the phosphorus that are necessary before it can be utilized by the plants. Therefore, in the early part of the season, the crop has to depend, as far as the manure is concerned, upon a diet too largely composed of nitrogen. When the manure rots much of the nitrogen or ammonia escapes into the air while the remainder becomes slower in action, because it is locked up in the insoluble protein body substances of bacteria, which must die and in turn be decomposed before the nitrogen becomes available.

The early period of growth is most important. The crops that make a rapid early growth mature quicker— a very important factor. So, when fertilizers carrying immediately available food in concentrated forms are used with the manure, the slowness of the manure to act doesn't do any harm.

The fertilizers give the rapid start and co-operate with the manure in carrying the load on through the season—team-work in fertility. The fertilizers should be high in phosphoric acid to make up for that particular weakness in the manures — again team-work. Manure, relatively high in ammonia and low in phosphoric acid; fertilizers, relatively low in ammonia and high in phosphoric acid, make a team hard to stall.

Now, just what definite results may be expected when the two "fertility horses" are hitched together? Here's what Dr. Frank T. Shutt of the Dominion of Canada Experimental Farms says in Bulletin 32 (April, 1917):

"A ton of average, well-conserved stable manure contains about 10 pounds nitrogen, 5 pounds phosphoric acid, and 10 pounds of potash, so that manure may be considered a complete fertilizer. Experience has shown, however, that for the majority of crops, a fertilizer containing at least twice as much phosphoric acid as nitrogen is desirable, and we may, therefore, conclude that manure is not a well-balanced fertilizer for certain crops. It is here that commercial fertilizers find a profitable use in supplying deficiencies as balancers and in permitting more economical use of the manure."

"Numerous experiments in Canada, as well as in Europe, have proved that in the production of large yields of first-rate quality, especially of market garden crops, the combination of a medium or moderate application of manure with a suitable fertilizer has produced results superior to those obtained from manure alone."

There's a great advantage in applying the manure lightly—over more acres—rather than heavy applications on a few acres. This fits right in with the use of fertilizer and manure together. Twelve tons of manure per acre at the Pennsylvania Experiment Station, on a four-year rotation of corn, oats, wheat and hay, paid $2.16 per ton, while 20 tons per acre paid only $1.44 per ton, at before-the-war crop values. The lighter application paid best. Manure is so scarce and getting more so as livestock decreases, that it must be spread over more acres and its best returns secured. Balance it with fertilizers—quick-acting and furnishing what the crops need—and you secure the most effective and profitable team-work in soil fertility.

MELVIN RYDER.

Gossip.

The Niagara Peninsula Sale Postponed.

The Niagara Peninsula Holstein Breeders' Club have decided to hold their sale on December 18 instead of December 11 as previously advertised. The Club's advertisement appears on page 1970 of this issue, and all interested parties are referred to the same for information. W. L. Houck, Black Creek, Ont., is the secretary, and will supply any particulars concerning the offering. Keep the date in mind, December 18, and plan to attend the initial sale of this organization Some richly-bred stuff will be sold.

The Fallis Sale of Shorthorns.

Shorthorn breeders everywhere should be interested in the dispersal sale of the Fallis herd of pure-bred Shorthorns, selling at the farm near Brampton, Ont., on Friday, December 21st. The herd comprises forty females and ten young bulls, and the entire lot are put up without reserve. Taken throughout, the herd is mostly of Scotch breeding, including many of the more fashionable families, and it is doubtful if there is another Ontario herd of equal size that contains more big, thickly-fleshed matrons than the one in question. Many of these, too, are far above the ordinary for milk production. There are Marr Floras, Snowdrops, Butterflys and Clarets that are from 40 to 60-pound-a-day cows, and their combination of size, type and record milk production makes them one of the most attractive offerings that the Advocate representative has seen for some time. Mayflower, a choice, red Flora-bred cow running in the R. O. P. gave almost 6,000 lbs. in five months. Her yearling daughter, as well as a 1917 heifer, is also being catalogued, and she is again safe in calf to Braemar Champion 10th. Lady Gay 2nd, a Pansy by Prince Koral, has somewhat of a plainer pedigree but may well be classed as a dual-purpose show cow, and has given as high as 60 lbs. of milk per day, under private test. Josephine, by Lord Roseberry (imp.) is much the same type and was bred in September to Braemar Champion 10th, while Gladys Ida, by one of the best sons of Butterfly King (imp.) and Lady Braemar by Braemar Champion are two young cows that would command attention in many of the stronger shows of the season just passed. Both cows have 1917 heifers in the sale, and the former is due again in January, while the latter will freshen in December. The Kilblean Beautys are represented by Kilblean Beauty 11th, a granddaughter on the dam's side of Kilblean Heather (imp.), and is got by the noted Butterfly King (imp.). She is also due in December. These are only a few rambling comments on several of the mature cows, but the younger heifers, including a number that are got by the good breeding bull Master Robin and are in calf to the straight Lavender-bred bull Lavender Lad, are, if space permitted, equally worthy. These with 10 young bulls offered will make up a real choice offering throughout. Plan to attend the sale and see the stock sold even if you do not buy.

Mike was home wounded from the front, and he was stopped by a friend one day as he was hobbling down the street on his newly-acquired crutches.

"And how did you get on in the big battle?" asked the friend, gazing with compassion on the gallent soldier's useless limb.

"Sure, Oi had the toime of me loife," replied Mike, decidedly.

"But you got very badly knocked about," retorted the other.

"Yes, Oi know that," cried Mike, enthusiastically; "but, begorra, it was the first fight I was ever in that the police didn't stop."

Soldier Smiles.

A tired Tommy, burdened with about five tons of equipment, climbed wearily into a bus outside a London railway terminus. There were no vacant seats and no one offered the weary man a seat. He was dead tired and so resolved to get a seat by strategy. He flashed from his haversack a small bomb.

"This is one of the things we use out there, you know," he remarked to the interested passengers. "See this pin here? When I pull it out like this it should explode fifteen seconds later. They're pretty deadly, too. If I put it back again the thing's harmless." Then, beginning to search frantically, "Gosh! Where on earth did I put that pin?"

The passengers rose in a body and scrambled for the door, Tumbling over one another to get off. Tommy watched them go. Then, putting the bomb back in his haversack, he stretched himself full length on the cushioned seats.

* * * *

It was during the nerve-racking period of waiting for the signal to attack that a seasoned old sergeant noticed a young soldier fresh from home visibly affected by the nearness of the coming fight. His face was pale, his teeth chattering and his knees tried to touch each other. It was sheer nervousness, but the sergeant thought it was sheer funk.

"Tompkins", he whispered, "is it trembling you are for your dirty skin?"

"No, no, sergeant," said he, making a brave attempt to still his limbs. "I'm trembling for the Germans; they don't know I'm here."

* * * *

Said a young Tommy, just arrived in the trenches, to one who had been out since the beginning:

"This your baptism of fire?"

The old-timer glanced scornfully upon the newcomer.

"Baptism be hanged!" he said disgustedly. "This is my blooming golden wedding!"

* * * *

A soldier in the English Army wrote home: "They put me in barracks; they took away my clothes and put me in khaki; they took away my name and made me 'No. 575'; they took me to church, where I'd never been before, and they made me listen to a sermon for forty minutes. Then the parson said: 'No. 575. Art thou weary, art thou languid?' and I got seven days in the guardhouse because I answered that I certainly was."

* * * *

"Ah", sighed the convalescent soldier at a base hospital, "what wouldn't I give for one breath of my native air!"

"Where d' you come from?" asked an ambulance driver.

"Frae Aberdeen."

"Aberdeen, eh? I came down from there before crossing. Wait half a jiff, and I'll see what I can do for you."

A little later there was a noise if throbbing engines, and a powerful motor drew up before the veranda where the soldiers were sitting.

"Now, then", said the obliging driver. "bend down to this wheel, while I unscrew the valve of this back tire. I pumped it up in Aberdeen before I left. Put your mouth right over it and take a good sup when I let her go."

* * * *

Recruit (nervously)—Shall I mark time with my feet, sir?

Lieutenant (sarcastically)—My dear fellow, did you ever hear of marking time with the hands?

Recruit—Yes, sir; clocks do it.

* * * *

The story of the rival boot-makers, which appeared recently, is matched by a correspondent of an English paper with another story, equally old but equally worth repeating. It concerns two rival sausage-makers. Again, they lived on opposite sides of a certain street, and, one day, one of them placed over his shop the legend:

"We sell sausages to the gentry and nobility of the country."

The next day, over the way, appeared the sign:

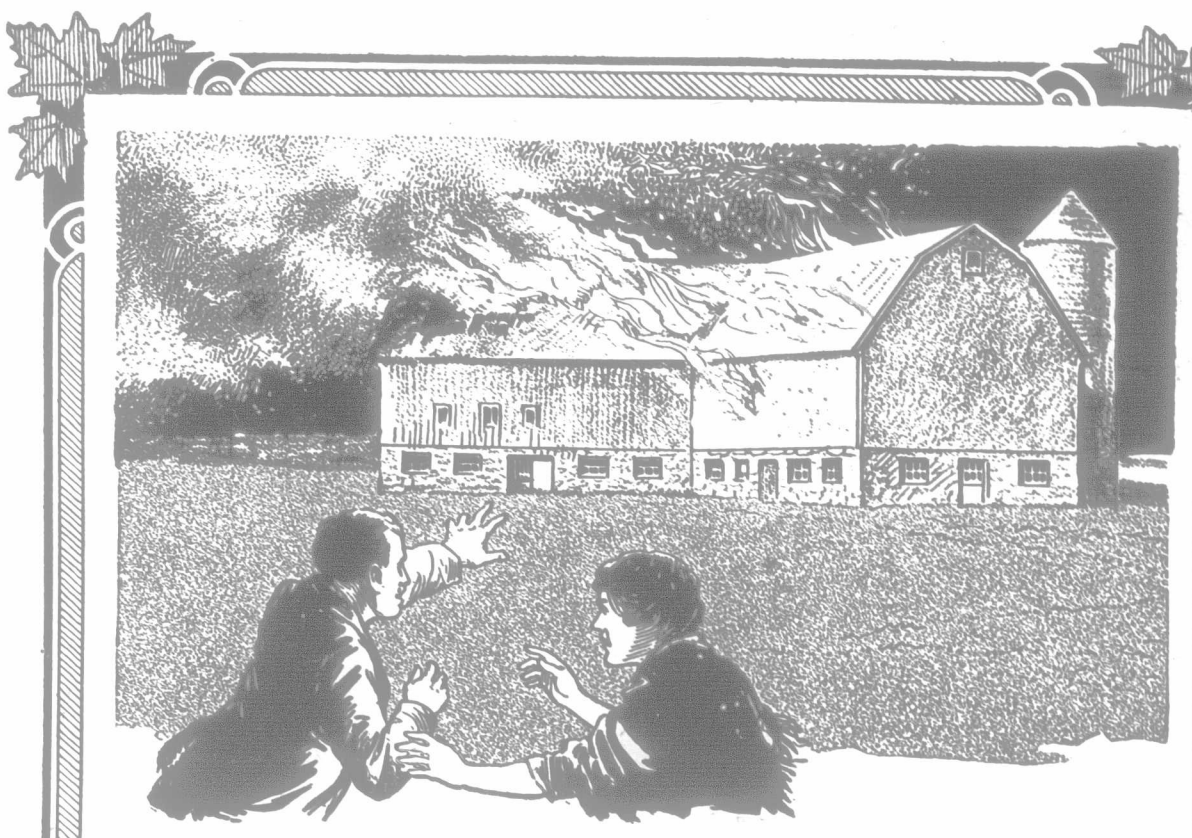
"We sell sausages to the gentry and nobility of the whole country."

Not to be outdone, the rival put up what he evidently regarded as a final statement, namely:

"We sell sausages to the King."

Next day there appeared over the door of the first sausage-maker the simple expression of loyalty:

"God save the King."



The Barn Can be Replaced —but Not the Farmer

AN ordinary barn is worth say about $2,000. To his family the average farmer who is able to produce $1,000 annually from his farm, is worth in mere money value alone, at age forty, fully ten times the value of a barn.

Unprotected against fire, the farmer seldom fails to insure the barn, which may never burn.

Helpless against the certainty of death, sooner or later—he too often fails to insure his life which he is sure to lose.

The farmer shows his practical wisdom by insuring his property against destruction by fire, for it is usually the case that there are few facilities for fighting fire in country places. Nothing could be more necessary than adequate fire protection.

For the sake of their precious loved ones who otherwise would be left helpless on the unreplaceable loss of the breadwinner, nearly 60,000 persons are joined together for mutual protection in the Mutual Life of Canada.

When so great a number of persons are banded together for mutual benefit, the result is that policyholders in the Mutual Life of Canada enjoy the lowest rates for protection, while maintaining the maximum of strength and security.

The Mutual Life of Canada is under the severest government supervision, and in this does not differ from any other legal reserve life company. The premiums cannot be increased but are often greatly decreased on account of the generous dividends which are paid exclusively to policyholders.

The Mutual has paid in dividends to its participating policyholders $4,249,554.26.

Every farmer should have this splendid protection in the Mutual. In the event of his death, money will be needed to meet the mortgage, to replace his thought and labor with hired help—and to provide protection.

Without the slightest obligation on your part we will send full information about our participating policies. Write for booklet entitled "Ideal Policies."

The Mutual Life
Assurance Company of Canada
Waterloo, Ontario

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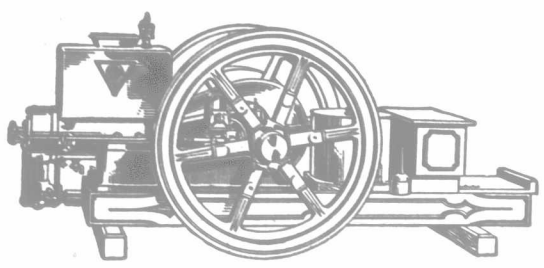
"MACHINES MUST TAKE THE PLACE OF MEN"

Let the "Alpha" do your work



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Churn or Washing Machine.

AN ALPHA Engine is almost indispensable on the farm these days when labor is so hard to get. It's so reliable, too. Always on the job. Never quits. Never gets laid up. You can always depend on an "Alpha."

Thousands of Canadian engine-owners swear by the ALPHA because they have found that it is reliable at all times and under all conditions. It is sturdily built. It is simple in construction. It is powerful. It runs on either gasoline or kerosene and develops its full published horse power on a minimum amount of either. If you want an engine that you will be thoroughly satisfied with, put your money into an ALPHA.

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Food Controller HANNA Insists

"THAT THE SPREAD BETWEEN THE PRODUCER AND THE CONSUMER MUST BE REDUCED"

We agree with him. In other words he means cut down the enormous difference—the ridiculous difference—between what the farmer gets for his produce and what the ultimate consumer pays.

PURCHASERS OF KEITH'S SEEDS **save** the middleman's profit and **save** the freight.

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WRITE FOR OUR 1918 CATALOGUE TO-DAY

GEO. KEITH & SONS 124 KING ST. E
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Southern Sayings.

Late one night an old colored uncle was found in the preacher's barnyard.

"Why, Uncle Rastus", said the preacher sternly, "it can't be good for your rheumatism to be prowling round here in the rain and cold."

"Doctor's orders, sah," the old man answered.

"Doctor's orders?" said the preacher. "Did he tell you to go prowling round all night?"

"No, sah, not exactly, sah," said Uncle Rastus; "but he done ordered me chicken broth."

* * * *

Alexander Greenleaf Jackson, a pillar of the colored church, was entertaining at dinner the pastor and some of the prominent members. After grace Alexander began to carve the chicken, and the pastor waxed facetious.

"Brudder Jackson," he asked smilingly, "do de white folks around you keep chickens?"

Alexander pried loose the second wing. "No, sah," he responded, "dey does not; but dey suttinly tries hahd enuff to."

* * * *

A colored man entered the general store of a small Ohio town and complained to the store- keeper that a ham he had purchased there a few days before had proved not to be good. "The ham is all right, Joe," insisted the storekeeper. "No, it ain't, boss," insisted the other. "Dat ham's sure bad." "How can that be," contined the storekeeper, "when it was cured only last week?" Joe reflected solemnly a moment, and then suggested, "Maybe it's done had a relapse."

* * * *

"Now, boss, I's ready to go anywhere dey wants to send me," said a dusky citizen in a Southern city on Registration Day, after performing his patriotic duty. "Boss, jes' anywhere! But I ask jes' one thing and dat is don't put me in *no* cavalry."

"Why do you draw the line on the cavalry?" asked the registrar.

"It's jes' like dis. When I's told to retreat, I don't want to be bothered with *no* hoss."

HAS 1917 BROUGHT SUCCESS?

Now that the year is drawing to a close have you figured out the profits of your farm? **ARE YOU SATISFIED?**
If you feel that you should be doing better—should be getting bigger returns for all your work—**why not consider the possibilities of Western Canada?**

Write for any or all of our free booklets, "Homeseekers & Settlers Guide," "Peace River Guide," and "British Columbia Settlers Guide," to General Passenger Dept., Montreal, Que., or Toronto, Ont.

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Cotton Seed Meal, Linseed Oil Cake Meal, Corn Oil Cake Meal, Gluten Feed, Digestive Tankage, Vim or Oat Feed, Bran, Shorts, Corn, Cracked Corn, Corn Meal, Feed Wheat, Scratch Feed, Laying Mash, Fattening Mash, Beef and Bone Scrap, Oyster Shell, Poultry Grit, Alfalfa Meal, Charcoal, etc.

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We are also buyers of Buckwheat, Oats, Goose Wheat, Barley, Peas, Beans, etc., both for feed and seed. Also Hay, Straw, Potatoes, Cabbages, Onions, Shallots and Dutch Sets, etc.

SEND SAMPLE AND STATE QUANTITY

CRAMPSEY AND KELLY

DOVERCOURT ROAD, TORONTO

The militant pastor of the little church in Missouri glared at his congregation and shook his long hair. Then he smiled grimly.

"Carrying out my original announcement," he said, "I shall call the names of those persons now asleep in the congregation. John Stackpole!"

There was no response.

"'John Stackpole!" bawled the minister.

A stout man stirred uneasily.

"Coming down now," he called drowsily "keep things hot for me."

"You're going down all right, John Stackpole," roared the minister, "and things will be kept very, very hot for you. Let us now sing the ninety-ninth hymn."

* * * *

Rastus was before the justice of the peace to explain his possession of some fowls alleged to be the property of a neighbor. The prisoner testified he was not guilty because the birds in question were white; whereas his personal preferences were entirely for dark fowls.

"What are the advantages of light and dark breeds of poultry?" asked the squire.

"It 'pen's on how you look at it, jedge; de white ones is de easiest to see on de roosts, but de dark ones is de easiest to hide when you gits 'em."

* * * *

A man went to Louisiana on a visit to a certain colonel there. It was bedtime when he arrived at the house, and as it happened that as there were no mosquito-curtains to his bed, he suffered severely all night long. When the following morning the negro servant came into the room with water and towels, the unhappy victim asked why there were no mosquito-curtains in the room.

"Doesn't the colonel have any in his rooms?" he finally inquired.

"No, suh", replied the negro.

"Well, how on earth can he stand it?" said the visitor.

"Well, suh," came the reply, "I reckon it's jes' dis way. In de fo' part ob de night de colonel's mos' gen'ly so 'toxicated dat he don' pay no 'tention to de skeeters; an' in de las' part ob de night de skeeters is gen'ly so 'toxicated dat dey don' pay no 'tention to de colonel."

The Thrifty Scot.

Several Scotchmen were discussing the domestic unhappiness of a mutual friend.

"Aye", said one, "Jock McDonald has a sair time wi' that wife o' his. They do say they're aye quarrelin' ".

"It serves him richt," said another feelingly. "The puir feckless creature marrit after coortin' only eight year. Man, indeed, he had nae chance to ken the wumman in sic a short time. When I was coortin' I was coortin' twenty year."

"And how did it turn out?" inquired a stranger in the party.

"I tell ye I was coortin' twenty year an' in that time I kenned what wumman was an so I didna marry."

* * * *

"Excuse me, sir," said Bilson, a little timidly, "but you appear to be following me. Is there anything you want?"

"Weel, I'm just trying to find where you live, and introduce myself, like. I'm McPherson, the undertaker," said the burly stranger.

"Oh—er—quite so! I'm pleased to meet you, I'm sure! But there's nobody dead at my place!"

"Nae, nae," said the undertaker, smiling sweetly. "But I just heard ye cough, an I hae hopes!"

* * * *

Sandy had returned to his native Scotch village after a visit to London. When some one asked him what he thought of the great city he said:

"It is a grand place, but the folks there are not honest."

"How is that?" asked his friend.

"Well, I bought a box of pins labeled 'a thousand fo a penny', and coming home in the train I counted them, and I found they were seventeen short."

* * * *

Donald McKelvin (to his minister): "I'm gaen to mak' a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, an' while I'm there I'll say the Ten Commandments aloud frae the top o' Mount Sinai." Minister: "Donald, tak' my advice! Bide at hame an' keep them!"

* * * *

"The varra pest music I never heard whatever was doun at Jamie Maclaughlan's. There wass fufteen o' us pipers in the wee back parlor all playin' different chunes. I thocht I was floatin' in heeven!"

* * * *

Passing along the Strand recently, a Herculean Guardsman called upon a shoeblack to polish his boots. The feet of the Guardsman were in proportion to his height, and, looking at the tremendous boots before him, the shoeblack knelt down on the pavement and called upon his chum near by, "Jem, come here and give me a hand; I've got an army contract!"

* * * *

A trawler one evening came into a port where lay at anchor a destroyer flotilla. She dropped her "hook" foul of the first and second ships, and the efforts of the officer of the watch on the leading ship to get her to move were fruitless. On the matter being reported to the commodore, he went aft and hailed the intruder: "Hullo, there. You're foul of my billet, and you must clear out and anchor elsewhere. I'm in command of this flotilla—who are you?" Back came the answer, appalling in its audacity and disregard of service convention: "Ah'm the Star o' Bethlehem—and Ah've set for th' night."

* * * *

Harry Lauder tells the following story about a funeral in Glasgow and a well-dressed stranger who took a seat in one of the mourning coaches. The other three occupants of the carriage were rather curious to know who he was, and at last one of them began to question him. The dialogue went like this:

"Ye'll be a brither o' the corp?"

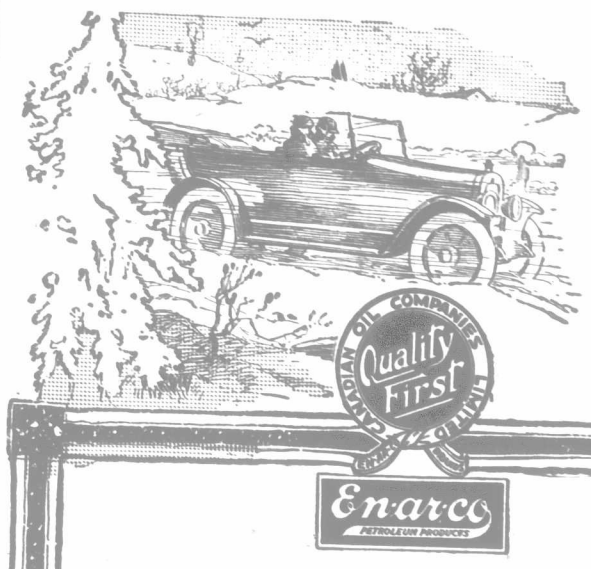
"No, I'm no' a brither o' the corp."

"Weel, ye'll be his cousin?"

"No, I'm no' a cousin."

"At ony rate ye'll be a frien' o' the corp?"

"No, I'm no' that either. Ye see, I've no' been very weel masel," the stranger explained complacently, "an' my doctor has ordered me carriage exercise, so I thocht this would be the cheapest way to tak' it."



Your Friction Tax
How You Can Reduce It Permanently

Every motor operator must pay, when his machine is in motion, a friction tax. The burden of this expense is heavy or light according to the owner's thoughtful care in selecting lubricants.

Even the most finely ground and polished surfaces are known to consist of thousands of minute projections. These metal-to-metal surfaces must be "cushioned" with a film of *good* lubricating oil.

But this film is not the only requirement to bring positive satisfaction and low friction tax. The lubricant must perform its function under extreme heat—often 1200 degrees—with a minimum carbonization.

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There is a quick and certain way to know the *right* oil for you. Send us the name and model of your motor and tell us how long and under what conditions you have operated it. Our experts will give you valuable information free.

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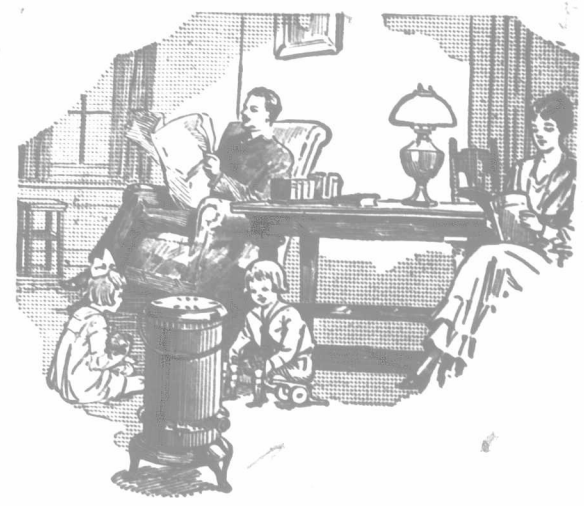

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For Incubators and Brooders

These burners require pure oil. The heat must be uniform and continuous. Deadly gases penetrate and clog egg shell pores, and kill live chicks in the brooder. You cannot afford to take chances on low grade oil. To obtain the ideal heat—a chick from every hatchable egg—use National Light Oil.

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Note: This can will not be sent unless you give make of your auto or tractor.

Canadian Oil Companies, Limited, Dept. K3, 2-12 Strachan Ave., Toronto, Ont.

I own.....
[Give name above]
automobile or tractor and inclose two 2-cent stamps. Send me Handy Oil Can FREE. Please give nearest shipping point in this province and quote prices on the items I have marked. I will be in the market about
.....
[Give date above]

I use....gals. gasoline per year
I use....gals. motor oil per year.
I use....lbs. axle grease per year
I use....auto grease per year.
I use....gals. kerosene per year.
I use....gals tractor oil per year.

My Name is.....
Address.....
Postoffice..... Province.....

"Goes Like Sixty"

GILSON

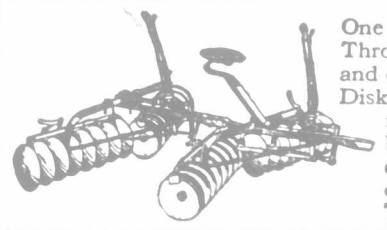
This Engine Will Cost You Nothing

You need an engine—get a Gilson on our new easy payment plan, and it will pay for itself. You have the work for it to do this fall and winter, help is scarce and high-priced—save yourself a lot of worry, and enjoy that "Feeling of Security" which is such a definite part of the staunch, reliable Gilson Engine.

Gilson Engines have long enjoyed an indisputable reputation for dependability, power, simplicity and economy. This year finds us with an even more attractive proposition for the discriminating buyer. Prices of everything you have been buying have been soaring, but by careful management we are able to furnish Gilson Engines at **remarkably low prices.** Write to-day for catalogue, price, and easy payment plan, stating what size you are interested in.

Gilson Mfg. Co., Ltd., 259 York St., Guelph, Ont.

BISSELL Double Action Harrows will thoroughly cultivate and pulverize any soil. One Harrow is Out Throw; the other is In Throw. They are simply constructed, rigid and durable. The Gangs are flexible and the Disk Plates are so designed that they "hang" right into the soil. Bissell Harrows are built in sizes and weights suitable for horse or tractor use. Write Dept. W for free catalogue. 98



T. E. BISSELL CO., LTD., Elora, Ont.

LIFT YOUR CORNS OFF WITH FINGERS

Tells How to Loosen a Tender Corn or Callus so it Lifts Out Without Pain.

A noted Cincinnati chemist discovered a new ether compound and called it Freezone, and it now can be had in tiny bottles as here shown for a few cents from any drug store.

You simply apply a few drops of Freezone upon a tender corn or painful callus, and instantly the soreness disappears, then shortly you will find the corn or callus so loose that you can just lift it off with the fingers.

No pain, not a bit of soreness, either when applying Freezone or afterwards, and it doesn't even irritate the skin.

Hard corns, soft corns, or corns between the toes, also toughened calluses, just shrivel up and lift off so easy. It is wonderful! Seems magical! It works like a charm! Your druggist has Freezone. Ask him!

Patent Solicitors—Fetherstonhaugh & Co. The old established firm. Patents everywhere. Head Office Royal Bank Building, Toronto. Ottawa Office, 5 Elgin Street. Offices throughout Canada. Booklet free

"See Advertisement Also on Page 1979"

SARNIA FENCE PRICES

Advance January 15, 1918

BUY NOW AND SAVE MONEY ON YOUR SPRING REQUIREMENTS

Compare these prices with catalogue house or dealer's quotations, then when you are satisfied that we are offering you the best fence on the market, at the lowest price in Canada, mail us your order.

Advance Information

Owing to the continually advancing cost of wire the price of fence has advanced several times during the past year. Before each advance we have notified our Customers through the leading Farm Journals and given them a chance to buy their requirements at the low price. You will notice that we are the only Fence manufacturers which give their Customers this opportunity.

This plan has saved the farmers of Canada thousands and thousands of dollars during the last year. Did you get your share of this saving? Are you going to be one of the thousands who will make a great saving by ordering their spring requirements before January 15th, 1918?

Thousands of our customers will take advantage of this advance notice, and we want you to be among them. Under the present conditions it is necessary to impress upon you the necessity of saving every dollar possible.

Get a quotation from your local dealer, Mail-Order or Catalogue House. Compare their proposition with ours, then when you are satisfied that we are offering the best fence at the lowest price in Canada MAIL US YOUR ORDER BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE.

If You Use Wire Fence Read This

The Wire used in the manufacture of Sarnia Fence is made in the United States by the largest makers of wire in the world. Their product is recognized as the standard of the world. The Canadian Government stipulates the size of wire which will be allowed to enter Canada free of duty. No. 9 wire shall be over .140 and not exceeding .148 of an inch in diameter, consequently it is impossible for manufacturers buying their wire in the U. S. A. to use under-sized light wire, but must import full Government Gauge Wire.

There are some Canadian Fence Manufacturers making their own wire in Canada. Such wire, of course, is not required to pass the Canadian Customs Regulations as to size, consequently if these manufacturers see fit they can draw their wire undersize and sell you a light weight instead of a full gauge fence. If you are placing an order be sure you are getting a full gauge fence such as SARNIA FENCE and not a light weight.

Guarantee — **We Guarantee our Fence to be made from the best galvanized, hard steel wire of full Government Gauge, both stay line wire and knot, and to be the most perfectly woven fence on the market.** — **Guarantee**

WE SET THE PRICE, OTHERS DEVOTE THEIR ENERGY TO TRY TO MEET OUR PRICES.	Price less than carload in Old Ontario until Jan 15	Price less than carload in Old Ontario after Jan 15
5-40-0 HORSE AND CATTLE FENCE Has 5 line wires, 40 in. high, 9 stays to the rod, all No. 9 hard steel wire, spacing 10, 10, 10, 10. Weight, per rod, 6½ lbs. Price per rod	33c	35c
6-40-0 HORSE AND CATTLE FENCE. Has 6 line wires, 40 in. high, 9 stays to the rod, all No. 9 hard steel wire, spacing 7, 7, 8, 9, 9. Weight per rod, 7½ lbs. Price per rod	38c	41c
7-40-0 HORSE, CATTLE AND SHEEP FENCE. Has 7 line wires, 40 in. high, 9 stays to the rod, all No. 9 hard steel wire, spacing 5, 6, 6, 7, 7½, 8½. Weight per rod, 8½ lbs. Price per rod	43c	46c
7-48-0 HORSE AND CATTLE FENCE. Has 7 line wires, 48 in. high, 9 stays to the rod, all No. 9 hard steel wire, spacing 5, 6, 7, 9, 10, 11. Weight per rod, 9 lbs. Price per rod	45c	48c
8-40 GENERAL STOCK FENCE. Has 8 line wires, 40 in. high, 12 stays to the rod, all No. 9 hard steel wire, spacing 5, 5, 6, 6, 6, 6. Weight per rod, 10½ lbs. Price per rod	54c	57c
8-48 GENERAL STOCK FENCE. Has 8 line wires, 48 in. high, 12 stays to the rod, all No. 9 hard steel wire, spacing 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 9. Weight per rod, 11 lbs. Price per rod	56c	59c
9-48-0 GENERAL STOCK FENCE. Has 9 line wires, 48 in. high, 9 stays to the rod, all No. 9 hard steel wire, spacing 3, 4, 5, 5, 6, 8, 8, 9. Weight per rod, 11 lbs. Price per rod	57c	60c
9-48-0 S SPECIAL HORSE AND CATTLE FENCE. Has 9 line wires, 48 in. high, 9 stays to the rod, all No. 9 hard steel wire, spacing 6, 6, 6, 6, 6, 6, 6, 6, 6. Weight, per rod, 11 lbs. Price per rod	57c	60c
9-48 GENERAL STOCK FENCE. Has 9 line wires 48 in. high, 12 stays to the rod, all No. 9 hard steel wire, spacing 3, 4, 5, 5, 6, 8, 8, 9. Weight per rod, 12 lbs. Price per rod, freight prepaid	62c	65c

All No. 9 — Freight Paid

7-48-0-45c

NOTICE !

These prices are freight prepaid to any station in Old Ontario on shipments in lots of 200 lbs. or over. Electric and boat lines not included.

FOR PRICES DELIVERED IN NEW ONTARIO, QUEBEC AND MARITIME PROVINCES

Add 3c. per rod to the prices of fence quoted herewith, 25c. advance for gates and stretchers, 10c. per sack of staples and 10c. per coil of brace wire.

Owing to the unsettled condition of the wire market we quote prices after January 15th, 1918, subject to change without notice. We cannot urge too strongly to place your order before the advance.

Remit by P.O. Order, Money Order or Bank Draft.

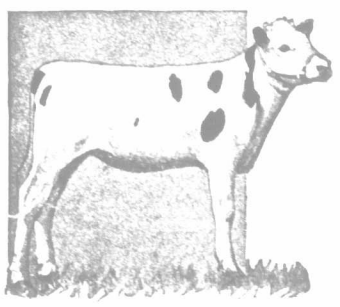
CASH WITH THE ORDER SAVES EXPENSE AND YOU GET THE BENEFIT OF THE SAVING IN THE FENCE.	Price less than carload in Old Ontario until Jan 15	Price less than carload in Old Ontario after Jan 15
10 50 HORSE, CATTLE, SHEEP AND HOG FENCE. Has 10 line wires, 50 in. high, 12 stays to the rod, all No. 9 hard steel wire, spacing 3, 3¼, 3½, 4¾, 5½, 6, 8, 8, 8. Weight per rod, 13¼ lbs. Per rod	68c	71c
POULTRY FENCE.		
18-50 P STOCK AND POULTRY FENCE. Has 18 line wires, 50 in. high, 24 stays to the rod, top and bottom wire No. 9 filling. No. 13 hard steel wire, spacing 1⅜, 1⅜, 1⅜, 1⅜, 1⅜, 1⅞, 2, 2¼, 2½, 3, 3½, 4, 4½, 4½, 5, 5, 5. Weight, 12½ lbs.	68c	71c
FENCE ACCESSORIES.		
WALK GATE, 3½ x 48	$3 25	$3 50
FARM GATE, 12 x 48	5 75	6 00
FARM GATE, 13 x 48	6 00	6 25
FARM GATE, 14 x 48	6 25	6 50
FARM GATE, 16 x 48	6 75	7 00
STAPLES GALVANIZED 1¾ in. per bag of 25 lbs	1 40	1 50
BRACE WIRE, No. 9 Soft, per coil 25 lbs	1 40	1 50
STRETCHER. All iron top and bottom, draw very heavy tested chain, extra single wire stretcher and splicer, the best stretcher made at any price	10 00	10 00

MAIL YOUR ORDER NOW

The Sarnia Fence Company, Limited

SARNIA, ONTARIO

THOROUGHBREDS



King Ormsby Jane Rag Apple

$53,200.00 seems a big price to pay for a five month's old calf yet this is what D. W. Field, of Brockton, Mass., paid O. Cabana, Jr., of Buffalo, for the Holstein Bull Calf here illustrated, King Ormsby Jane Rag Apple, in June, 1917.

But the price does not seem too high when the records of "King Ormsby's" ancestry are known. Every one is a record breaker. His sire brought $25,000. at auction; his dam holds many records for milk production and for generations expert Holstein Breeders bred with the greatest care the strain resulting in King Ormsby Jane Rag Apple.

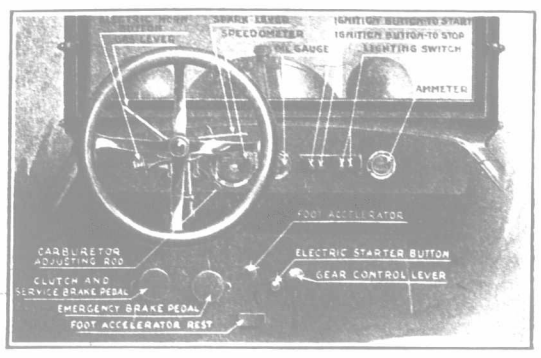


Illustration showing instrument Board on Chevrolet Four-Ninety. Electric starting and electric lighting switch, speedometer, electric horn, ammeter, oil indicator light equipment, gear shift lever. The Four-Ninety has selective sliding gear transmission with three speeds forward and reverse.

The Chevrolet Four-Ninety—the Product of Experience—is a thoroughbred motor car and would cost much more than $53,200 were we to build only one car. But mammoth production and efficient management enable us to manufacture the Four-Ninety in such large quantities that the cost is reduced and is within reach of the average man's purse.

The complete equipment, comfort, beauty, power and efficient mechanism makes the Chevrolet Four-Ninety the best car for the Canadian farmer.

Send for catalogue giving description and price.

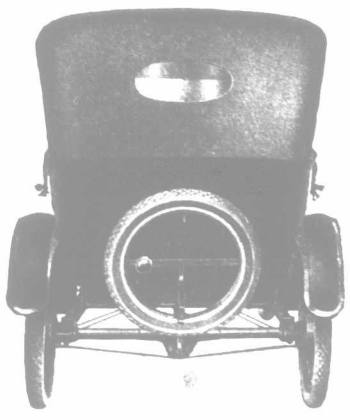
CHEVROLET MOTOR CO. *of* CANADA, LIMITED

OSHAWA, CANADA

Western Parts and Distributing Branches: Regina and Calgary.

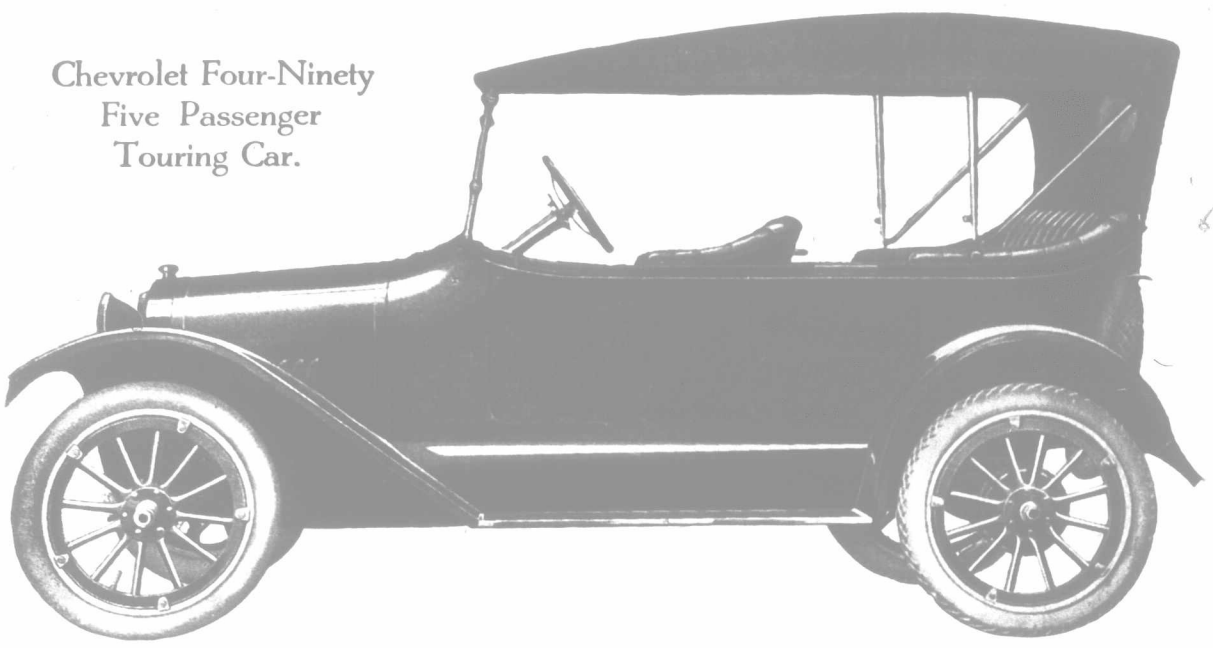
OVER 500 DEALERS THROUGHOUT CANADA

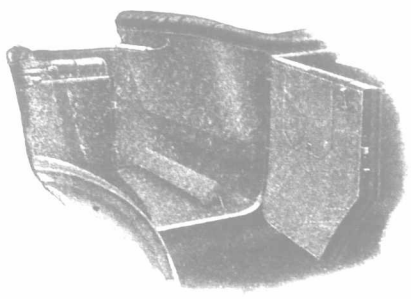
CHEVROLET



Rear View showing extra tire, tire carrier, and tail lamp with license bracket attachment.

Chevrolet Four-Ninety
Five Passenger
Touring Car.





Showing robe rail, foot rest, door pockets and hand pads.

Lister
LISTER SILO
POWER ON THE FARM
BRINGS PROSPERITY
TO THE FARMER
A BRITISH-BUILT ENGINE
that has made good all over the world
The high grade of materials and workmanship employed in the manufacture of the Lister Engine, its superior construction, equipment and finish, combined with its great simplicity, render it
THE MOST ECONOMICAL AND RELIABLE POWER AVAILABLE FOR THE USE OF THE CANADIAN FARMER.
The AVERY TRACTOR
The Lister Works
are among the largest and best equipped in the British Empire. Lister Farm Machinery maintains that reputation for
The Lister Firm
was established nearly a century ago. For twenty years Lister goods have been sold in Canada. A hundred thousand Canadian farmers are our customers. These facts speak for themselves. Catalogues and photographs of Lister power outfits in use on Canadian farms sent free.
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