

FARMER'S ADVOCATE

AND HOME JOURNAL

THE ONLY WEEKLY AGRICULTURAL PAPER IN WESTERN CANADA

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AUGUST 7, 1907

WINNIPEG MANITOBA

VOL. XLII, NO. 776

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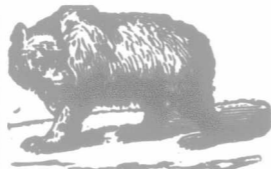
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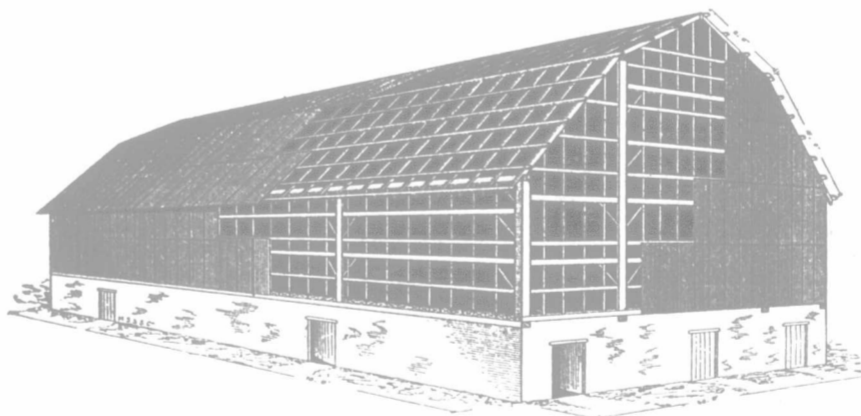
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Address all communications to

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WINNIPEG, MAN.

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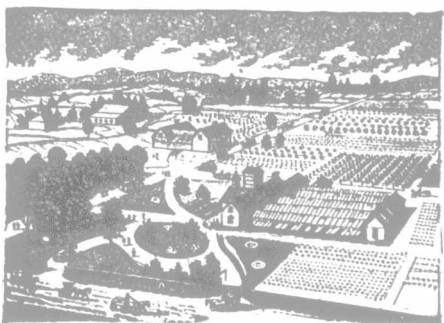
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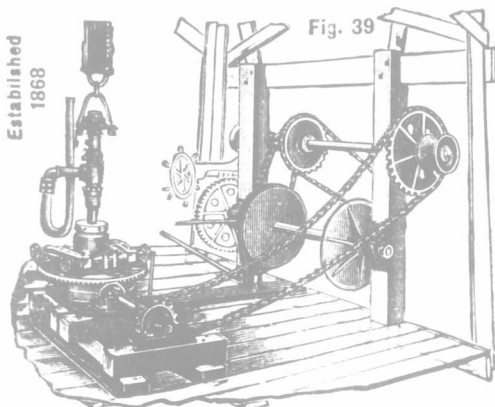
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Lives there a dad with soul so dead
Who never to his son hath said:
"When I was your age I would run
To do the thing I had to do;
I never till my work was done
Found any pleasure to pursue;
My parents never had to scold,
And every rule they ever made
For me was honestly obeyed;
I never frowned and never told
A falsehood when I was a boy;
I gave my parents daily joy
By doing well and being kind
By being truthful and polite,
My speech was proper and refined,
My heart contained no room for spite!
If such there be, go mark him well,
For he's a bird! But none such dwell
Upon this earth—unknown, unsung,
Such wonders all die very young."
—Chicago Record-Herald.

THE CITY POETS.

The poets with their cattle songs
Not far from cities roam,
They never had to hunt 'em up
An' drive the cattle home!
They sing about "the patient eyes"
Of oxen—every one—
They never plowed a lazy ox
Beneath a blazin' sun!
They sing the farmer's life an' all—
The "plowboy's merry shout."
In fact, 'bout everything they don't
Know anything about!
But, plow 'em in a corn field
A little while; an' then
They sing, when comes the time to quit,
Jest nuthin' but "Amen!"
—Atlanta Constitution.

His Preference—Do you "favor any particular school of music?" asked the lady.
"Yes, indeed," replied the young man who lives in a flat. "I favor the pianissimo school."
—Puck.
A good story of Dryden's autograph is told. At a recent sale of old books and curios the auctioneer said:—
"This book, gentlemen, is especially valuable, as it contains a marginal note in the handwriting of John Dryden. Five pounds offered. Going—going—gone. It is yours, sir."
The autograph marginal note by the renowned scholar was as follows:—
"This book is not worth the paper it is printed on."
—Taller.

The last applicant for help found the pantry supplies exhausted, but the mistress made it a rule never to turn any away empty-handed.
"Here's a dime for you, my man," she said to the frayed and ragged-looking individual who stood under the grape-arbor with extended hand. "I'm not giving it to you for charity's sake, but merely because it pleases me."
"Thankee, but couldn't you make it a quarter and enjoy yourself thoroughly, mum?"
A young minister unexpectedly called upon to address a Sunday-school asked, to gain time:
"Children, what shall I speak about?"
A little girl on the front seat, who was in the habit of reciting at entertainments, had committed to memory several declamations so that she was always prepared for any occasion. Sympathy and interest shone in her face as she held up her hand and in a shrill voice inquired:
"What do you know best?"

Seated in a row on the porch of an old-country inn, with their chairs tipped back, some old cronies were going on about unlucky days. After all had given what they considered their unlucky days a quiet old chap put one end spoke up:
"An' I'll tell ye ma' unlucky days. An' I found out in real time that it's unlucky to be struck wif' lightning on a Monday, or to be caught wif' a circular saw on a Tuesday, or to tumble over a board on a Wednesday, or to be run over by a motor-car on a Thursday, or lose a ten-pun note on a Friday, or be bitten by a mad dog on a Saturday, and hey-cow! for dinner on the sun-day!"

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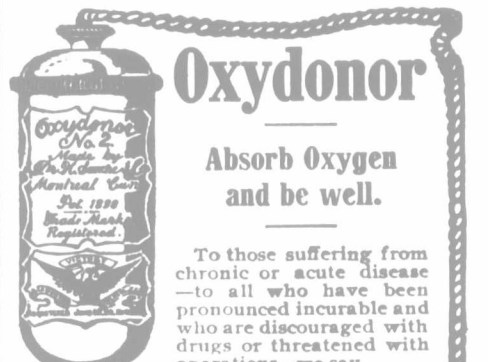
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Purchaser must give me at least half of his time. He may devote other half improving his own land, or may give whole time on my land and thus get his own more quickly paid for.
This is an excellent chance for the man of little means, who cannot see how he is going to meet his future payments on land purchased on terms.
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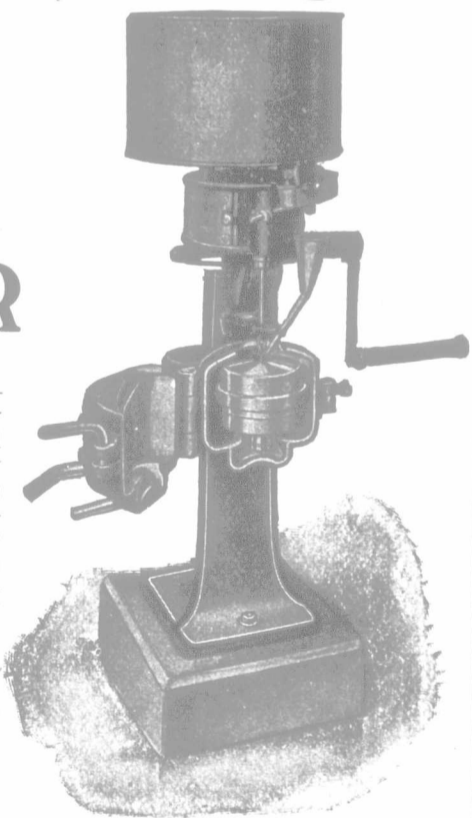
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Farmer's Advocate

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August 7, 1907

WINNIPEG, MANITOBA.

Vol. XLII. No. 776

EDITORIAL

We got our information second hand, but there appears to be one consolation, that the side-shows have not been able this year to put on anything more vulgar and obscene than they gave last year. The question now is, will public opinion demand more or less degrading and immoral spectacles? The presence and prevalence of such detractions at the fairs depends wholly upon the patronage they are given.

* * *

One of Mr. Gibson's suggestions for the betterment of Winnipeg Exhibition was that every person excepting the director in charge be debarred from entering the ring while the awards were being made. Old Country management was cited as a precedent for such a regulation, but in a picture of a ring of stock being judged at the Highland last month we are able to count no less than eleven men in the enclosure, most of them of course with badges, but surely not all directors and judges.

* * *

The Manitoba Government is strengthening the Agricultural College staff by the addition of two new lecturers, one to assist Principal Black in animal husbandry, and the other to take up agricultural chemistry. G. G. White, B. S. A., one of last year's graduating class at Guelph, we understand is selected for the work in chemistry.

The work upon the new domestic science hall is now proceeding steadily, but as yet no announcement is made as to the time of beginning the course.

* * *

Of course everyone has to have a fling at it, just as though the commercial structures of Canada would crash to the ground if every person who considered himself of note did not make it his duty to bear the price of wheat by lauding the prospects of the crop as soon as it began to appear above the ground. Dr. Saunders, director of Dominion experimental farms, has contributed his share to the general bear news, but in the Doctor's case we shall have to make allowance for his interest in the welfare of the whole Dominion, and the effect upon his mind of the sight of such vast fields. Farmers at present are concerned about getting the last year's crop harvested as much as about the prospects for the present season and every report that comes from official sources naturally has its effect either in tending to enhance or depress the current prices of wheat.

Co-operation in the Harvest.

People are wont to descant upon the results that have accrued to us, as farmers, through the advent of labor-saving agricultural machinery. It has promoted the industrialism of the cities, they say, and transferred from man to the horse much of the physical labor of the farm. It also greatly increased the speed with which farm crop may be put in and taken off. Labor-saving machinery, though a modern necessity, is a not unmixed boon. It has tended to make the farm more self-contained in its operations. For this and other reasons, there has been an unfortunate decline of communal relations among the people. In the old days neighbors rallied more to each other's aid than is the custom now. "Exchanging works" was the order. The combination of many hands made the work go merrily forward, while the toil of the long forenoon was broken about 10 o'clock by the appearance of the good-wife and daughters with a lunch basket, affording a cheery halt, and fortifying "the men" for another two hours' onslaught at the

hay or grain. We might do worse than revert to those good old days. There is nothing better than communion in labor to promote the amenities of life. The growing spirit of independent isolation is not good. It is opposed to the principle of co-operation, which will do more to immediately overcome the shortage of men that handicaps the successful cultivation of our magnificent farm lands than any other one agency in sight. In the rush of harvest, it will be found especially helpful in saving the crops, but in many cases, such as grain-cutting, silo-filling, threshing, wood-sawing, and so on, it will lessen materially the outlay in the aggregate for costly machinery by purchasing and using on the co-operative plan. In many instances one outfit will admirably serve the purposes of four or five adjacent farms. Done in a fair and friendly spirit of give-and-take, it will promote the general interests of the locality and make the farmer less dependent upon the evanescent supplies of help from the labor bureau.

Another Slave.

Members of the equine, bovine, ovine, canine, and even the feline species have contributed of their physical energies to assist man in the performance of laborious tasks, but always the problem of enlisting the services of his porcine majesty in the work of ameliorating the stress and strain of humanity's toil has defied solution. The horse is utilized in various ways. The ox, and frequently the cow, devote the forces which they possess to the performance of tasks not in keeping with the even dignity of their lives. The meek and lowly sheep has stepped upon that rack of animal torture, and tasted of the torments that an infernal genius might devise to punish the violators of the laws of the ovine god—for what punishment so wearing, so tantalizing, as to always climb and climb and never to be able to stand upon the hill top? Yet the docile sheep has endured the horrors of the tread power that humanity's load might be the lighter and that his fellow worker, the dog, might devote himself to more appropriate tasks. And through it all the hog has luxuriated in waving fields of green and given himself up to the whims of his perverse nature. Man's mind, however, in its course of subduing all things to its will, has descended upon the realm of the porcine potentate and is teaching the hog to earn his bread by the power of his snout. It is a far step for the hog to rise to the plane of preparing his own food, as he now does by means of the Silfert power grinder. Looking at him busily engaged cracking grain for his daily meal (he as yet has but one, a continuous one), and pumping water to drink, one naturally asks if this might not be typical of man's first attempt to better his condition, and if with but a little more ingenuity, the hog who now grinds his own food might not in time devote the power and skill which he undoubtedly possesses, to the production of electric light and heat. Evidently the use of so much power for grinding requires the expenditure of so many units of heat to generate it, and if the hog could produce the power to generate the heat to keep the hog pen warm, would not the uncountable calories of animal heat which escape from the pens throughout the length and breadth of the land be saved, and so an economy of feed would be effected. That accomplished, might it not be possible that the scarcity of power in the field would suggest the use of hog power to harvest the grain, thresh it, and also grind it?

Strange, is it not, that the hog which has so long been the object of man's malevolent spirit from the time he was hunted in his wild state of undomesticated rapacity down to the present, when the "blind pig" as big game excels all others in the thrilling excitement of the hunt, should now be pressed into service for himself

and become one of man's most ingenious co-partners, even to the extent of preparing food for himself to make of himself food for those who direct him?

The Significance of Live Stock and Agricultural Products in our Fairs.

Ever since agricultural fairs originated live stock has been the significant factor involved in their existence. Two hundred years ago, about the time the English pioneers in the breeding art were affecting such marvellous improvements in the native breeds of horses, cattle, sheep and swine, live stock shows, in part as we now know them, had their birth. Fairs originated, however, centuries before, and even as early as the time of Alfred, great meetings called fairs were held at intervals, where buyers and sellers came together for an interchange of goods. But live stock fairs began less than a hundred and fifty years ago and the manner in which they came into being and the function they were required to perform are interesting enough to be noted. About the year 1800 live stock began to assume an importance in British agricultural affairs such as neither it nor anything else had ever assumed before. Breeding became an art, a business in itself; vast improvements were made in the stock of the country; new breeds were originated. England was soon famed the world over for her live stock. But a problem of no small magnitude confronted the earlier breeders. The difficulty was not so much in producing good stock after they had got started, as it was in disposing of that stock after it was produced. Various advertising schemes were tried. Conspicuous among them was that of one breeder who has won undying fame in Shorthorn lore, with his "Durham Ox" and the "White Heifer that Travelled," two animals of exceptional Shorthorn merit sent all over England to advertise the herds they represented. But chief among the innovations made was the revival of the fairs which had been dormant for several centuries, with the institution of live stock to the place formerly occupied in them by goods for trade and barter. They brought prospective buyers and sellers together; they furnished a ready means by which the various breeds and individuals in each breed could be studied and compared. Gradually there came to be in all men's minds a settled type, a fixed ideal of the breed they were working with; improvement became uniform, breed type recognized. It was no small task which these first shows accomplished. Britain resurrected her old medieval trade fairs, and transformed them into live stock exhibitions. English breeders came together in one great field; they competed one with another; they discovered what was best in every breed; they bred toward that ideal. They made their country famous to the ends of the earth for its live stock and they raised themselves from a condition of serfdom and peasantry to that of intelligent agriculturists.

Nobody is so narrow-minded of course as to attribute all the progress made in British agriculture during the past two hundred years to the enlightening influence of an occasional stock fair; other factors quite as potent no doubt, aided in bringing about the result. The fact of the matter is, however, and no superhuman perception is required to discover the truth, that much of the prosperity, agriculturally speaking, which England has enjoyed for the past hundred years, is due to the preponderating hold which she has on the purebred stock business of the world, and she gained that hold in the first place because her breeders had enough foresight, or ambition, or enterprise, call it what you like (we prefer to name it common sense), to adapt their oldest and most popular national institutions as a great advertising and exhibiting medium of their various breeds. They learned

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first of all to do one another and since then they've been engaged pretty steadily in doing the whole world.

On this side of the Atlantic conditions very similar prevail. Ontario in respect to the rest of America occupies much the same position in purebred stock affairs as Britain does in respect to the world. Ontario is the stamping ground in this line for the continent, just as Britain is the supply field of the world, and she attained to this position by precisely similar means. Logically there is no reason why any part of America should not produce horses, cattle, sheep and swine of merit equal to that which any other district produces. But the fact is they don't do it. When was there ever a year in all the history of the International Live Stock Show in Chicago when the studs, herds, and flocks of Old Ontario did not emerge with the premier honors of the ring? And one of the reasons why Ontario has worked herself up to this position in purebred stock affairs is because she supported and maintained in as much purity and with as much emphasis on agricultural things as possible, the stock fairs which she had modelled from those of the Motherland. Her live stock men were ever enthusiasts for the live stock show. They lived for it, planned for it, bred for it, fitted for it, and exhibited at it until they had created a reputation for their exhibitions and their stock, that redounded far beyond the confines of their own province. Their shows were famous, their stock was famous and they are profiting from the fame which their efforts, enterprise and common sense had created.

The agricultural fair idea once it had taken root, spread and spread rapidly all over America until any place with any pretensions whatever had its fair. Towns that had less need of shows than have the denizens of the equator of fur lined coats, projected exhibitions of amazing magnitude. They were established in districts that had little or nothing to maintain them as agricultural exhibitions, and in order that they might continue to exist their managers sought to popularize them by adding features to the program that, functionally, were quite apart from the true function of the fair—horse-races, side-shows, spectacular performances and athletic events. Canadians as well as Americans greatly enjoy being humbugged and we all like to be amused. Consequently this idea too, spread rapidly; people got the notion that a fair's only function was to furnish them an outing or a few hours' amusement, and, in some cases agriculture was lost sight of almost completely.

We don't have to travel a thousand miles from Winnipeg to run up against shows of this nature. In fact, in Manitoba it's easier to find this kind than any other. Fairs where the live stock of the district is represented by a few "critters" huddled together in a corral, and the products of the soil by a few potatoes or a bag of wheat reposing in solemn state in the center of the neglected show house, while the crowd screams itself hoarse over the races or the success of the local nine, or indulges in foolish contemplation of the antics of the brazen painted "beauties."

Live stock is the essential feature, the significant factor of agricultural fairs, and we of these Western provinces would do well to read aright the world-wide history writ so large on these things, and adapt our institutions so that they may redound to our own credit. We are giving altogether too little attention to the products of agriculture in our fairs. We are emphasizing too much those things which should not be flaunted or tolerated anywhere, much less chaperoned by any institution that poses as an exposition of agriculture. At Winnipeg the other day all previous records of attendance they said were surpassed. On farmers' day forty thousand passed the turnstiles and disported themselves about the grounds. Judging in the live stock classes was in full swing. But not one quarter of the farmers who on that day visited the fair, saw a single award placed or gave any attention whatever to the live stock exhibits. Their interest was centered on the racing, the bespangled dancing girls or the barkers. Winnipeg's display of live stock was the equal of any collection that could be gathered together in Western Canada. Some of the best judges

from the Old Land, from our own country, and from the United States gave demonstrations of the judging art in the ring. It was an occasion that does not come to some of these people every day or every year. It was an opportunity fraught with great educational advantage to those who deserved to profit by it.

We've got to get away from this idea that has been engrafted on to us during the past few years, that agricultural fairs are designed to furnish sensational amusements. We've got to bring them back to the basic principle upon which they were founded, and on which every one that is successful has been operated. There are two things that should form the major and essential portion of our fairs, and these are live stock and the products of the soil. These are the features that must ever be kept to the front if fairs are to be a true success, if they are to accomplish that for which they were created and for which they receive public patronage and support. These are the features that no matter what occurs must never be relegated to any position other than foremost. It was for these things that agricultural fairs were called into existence—it is for them that they endure.

The people of this country have been badly trained in the matter of agricultural fairs. We've gotten so we can't appreciate the purely agricultural features as they should be appreciated. We've got to get back closer to the old original, old-fashioned things upon which fairs have existed for the last two hundred years, and upon which they're going to continue to subsist as long as they endure. Let us not forget that live stock and the products of the soil are the significant features in these institutions.

* * *

The scattered visits of the devastating hail storm show the wisdom of the prudent farmer who carries hail insurance. Many a new settler has been tided over what would otherwise be an exceptionally lean year by taking forethought to the extent of being prepared for the worst. No man in commercial life carries his own risk. Insurance of any kind means a distribution of loss where loss occurs, and where there is no loss the insured gains in the feeling of contentment and satisfaction enjoyed.

This year may prove no worse than others; there has been little damage so far, but immunity in the past is no guarantee for the future. It is well to carry insurance. It gives stability to your business and is a rock in the day of trouble.

HORSE

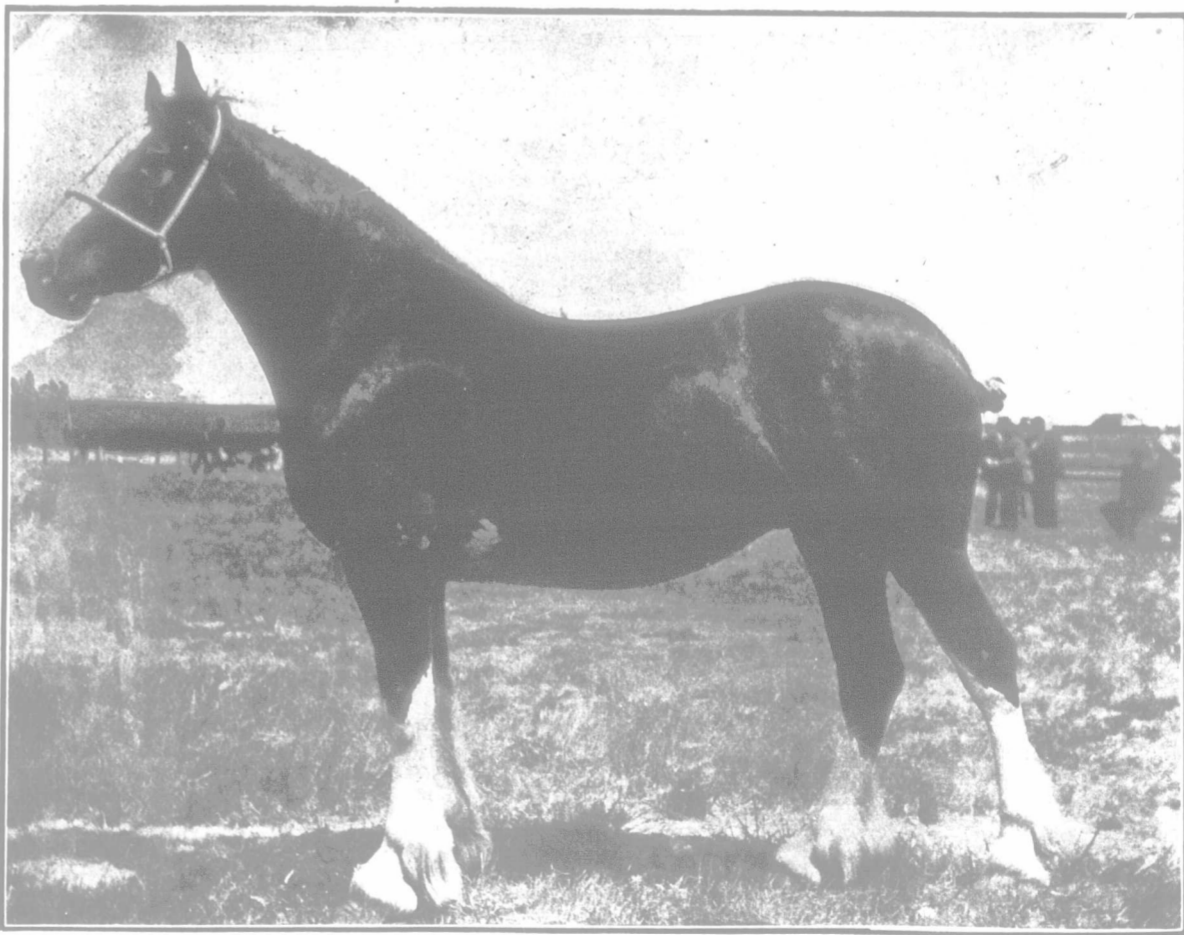
Barbaric Cruelty Unpunished.

A press dispatch of July 12th stated that Montreal was indignant over the decision rendered in the Recorder's Court the previous afternoon by Recorder Dupuis, in which he allowed two men, proven to have beaten a team of horses until huge welts appeared on their backs, to escape any kind of punishment. "Recorder Dupuis astonished the officers present in the court by allowing both men their freedom, on the ground that the horses had not been unduly flogged, as blood had not been drawn. He remarked that when a man was sentenced to be flogged, the stipulation was 'until blood is drawn,' and that, similarly, when it was necessary to flog horses, the operation could be continued until blood is drawn. In the case of the accused that had not been done, and, therefore, he could not sentence them. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals have decided to appeal the case, and will carry it to the higher courts."

This officer must be either a beast or a fool—or both. If callous to the sufferings of horses, he is a brute; if under the impression that cruelty consists in drawing blood, he is a fool. Presumably, their legs might be broken, or they might be starved to death, or tortured in endless ways with impunity, so long as no blood were drawn.

Some day, when the world is really civilized, men will be thrust into penitentiary for such conduct, and the rights of the animal kingdom as strongly insisted on as the rights of fellow men. But as yet we are dwelling in a comparatively cruel, benighted age, in which the general public accepts an ordinary amount of cruelty to animals as a matter of course, and only the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, aided, to be sure, by a few humane individuals, look after the interests of the brute creation. There are exceptions, however, and they are becoming more numerous as years go on, as the public learns that animals have nerves, the same as men and women.

The general run of teamsters have little idea of humane treatment beyond the commercial one. If a horse is suffering so severely that it cannot work without serious loss in condition, it is rested; seldom otherwise. Still we call ourselves a Christian people, and send out missionaries to the heathen. There is need for missionaries on our own streets, roads and farms—missionaries of the grand, noble gospel of kindness to animals. It is everybody's business to interfere with cruelty to the lower animals, as much as of defenceless women and of children. As for the judge, we should like to see him lose his job.



THREE-YEAR-OLD CLYDESDALE MARE, EVA'S GEM.
First in her class and Champion female at Winnipeg Exhibition. Bred by A. & G. Match, Lumsden.
Owned and exhibited by R. H. Taber, Condie.

The Situation in Clydesdale Circles.

There appears to be a change of front on the part of the secretary of the Clydesdale Horse Association of Great Britain, which probably reflects the opinions of Scottish breeders upon the question of the registration of females. A few months ago, when the notice of motion to amend the rules of registration in the Canadian book was before the Canadian Association, the secretary in Scotland endorsed the scheme and urged the Scottish breeders to register practically everything they could get into the book the produce of which would be likely to be required for export. Now Mr. McNeillage is authority for the statement that Canadian breeders do not well understand the difficulty the secretary of the British book will have to contend with to secure the registration and numbering of the grandparents of all the stock likely to be exported and professes not to be able to see how the scheme can be worked out. Canadians take a different view of the registration principles to that held by Scotchmen and some Englishmen. The first principle the Scottish Clydesdale breeders lay down is that the female is the basis of all improvement in live stock breeding, and that the utmost care must be exercised in keeping her record; as for instance she must not be given a number until she has produced a foal. We on this side are more particular about our stallions. We admit mares with four registered top crosses and demand five in stallions and find it more convenient to register a filly and give her a number at once rather than to wait until she has produced.

The way things stand now there are quite a considerable number of Clydesdales in Scotland that if imported could not be registered in Canada, in which case there are two options, to proceed to register and number as many of the granddams of these horses or fillies as possible (most of the dams are registered and numbered) or to continue as in the past to neglect registration and so be obliged to retain a large number of this breeding stock at home. Self-interest we should suppose would dictate the former course. As for the Canadian Association, they may be depended upon to maintain the position they have recently taken as the letter of Mr. Smith in our last issue amply indicates and even if the procedure was not absolutely constitutional the executive claims that the association will have the constitution amended so that the amended rule will be constitutional. Of course there is nothing to hinder a man importing Clydesdales from Great Britain for breeding purposes and having them enter Canada duty free, provided they are recorded in the Scottish Studbook and in many cases the get of such animals will be eligible for registration in the Canadian book.

The chief object of the Canadian executive in amending the rules of registration for imported stock is to make our rules consistent so that it will not be said that stock of inferior breeding,

so long as it is imported, can be registered in the Canadian book, while home-bred stuff of superior breeding is not eligible.

The Scottish breeders should not shut their eyes to the fact that Canada has some very superior home-bred Clydesdales, as the awards of Mr. Gibson at Winnipeg indicate, and that there is a growing disposition among buyers not to take the shorter pedigreed mares for other than working purposes or to raise working stock. The demand for Scottish mares that is being experienced in Canada must not be mistaken for a demand for improvement purposes only.

Did Not Advise Small Hackneys.

EDITOR FARMER'S ADVOCATE:

A little knowledge may be a dangerous thing but invincible ignorance shows the folly of wisdom.

As a member of "the coterie of lecturers who meandered up and down this Western land during the past winter delivering lectures on live stock," I wish to say in contradiction of the statement in your issue of June the 19th that in no case did any member of that coterie preach the doctrine that a Hackney should be "fifteen two hands high and that fifteen hands would do." The palpable absurdity of the doctrine is so plain to the readers of your valuable paper that it does not need refutation.

Your premises being utterly false, your rush to a hasty conclusion is merely a beating of the air and is not even justified by your "hackneyed" style.

H. A. CRAIG.
Superintendent of Fairs and Farmer's Institutes,
Edmonton, Alta.

[Well, when we are misinformed we like to be set right; though from experience we know how easily a speaker may be misunderstood, especially when speaking upon horses.—Ed.]

STOCK

(Contributions invited. Discussions welcomed.)

Live Stock Education by Rote.

In his introduction to the fourth edition of his magnificent work on the "Farm Live Stock of Great Britain," the author, Prof. Robert Wallace, of the Department of Agriculture and Rural Economy in the University of Edinburgh, makes some wholesome observations on the subject of education. It is quite in accord with the view of this question lately set forth in these columns, and is bound to commend itself to the thoughtful public.

"One of the weak points in the British system of education," says Prof. Wallace, "so far as agricultural laborers and the small working-farmer classes are concerned, is that no adequate pro-

vision is made for their learning in their youth (the time when all the deepest and most lasting impressions are formed) the business they intend to follow. Agriculture, more particularly in the live stock branch, is not like an ordinary trade or profession, which admits of hard-and-fast rules being laid down, and of being learnt in so many years, even after a man reaches maturity. Its principles, whether they be acquired by the farmer or by the laborer, have to be taken in little by little, through a long period of time, which must embrace a considerable proportion of his boyish days. The knowledge must come, as it were, instinctively; it cannot be learnt by rote. It would indeed be wrong to deny the obligation to give every working man in the kingdom a good plain education. Putting aside all considerations of sentiment towards our fellow men, and the necessity of having everyone educated who is to have a voice in the government of the country, there is an undoubted advantage in having work performed by the aid of that intelligence which accompanies education. But what calls loudly for protest is the virtual prohibition of the learning by boys, at the only time when they can do so perfectly, of the one branch of their business by which they themselves will live and in time rear families. The present system is much too one-sided. It is the extreme into which we have fallen, after a long period of deficiency in the branch which now receives too much attention. Youth is entirely spent upon book-learning; interest and inclinations which must develop are led into channels far away from the employments of adult life; work, when it has to be done, is performed as a drudgery and with a heavy heart; the frame is not trained, while it is being built up by Nature, to dexterity and efficiency, nor yet is it strengthened and enlarged by that practice which always precedes efficiency. Why should not our educational system provide for the training of our laboring classes in both its branches, manual and mental, when this would conduce so much to their future happiness and the public good? In saying this, it is fully realized that the only possible places where a sound, practical training, such as schoolboys should have, are ordinary farms managed on commercial principles. Every facility ought to be given by school authorities to boys to avail themselves of the opportunity of taking part in the regular work of busy seasons, under conditions which provide work of a natural and useful kind, of which they are able to recognize the practical value."

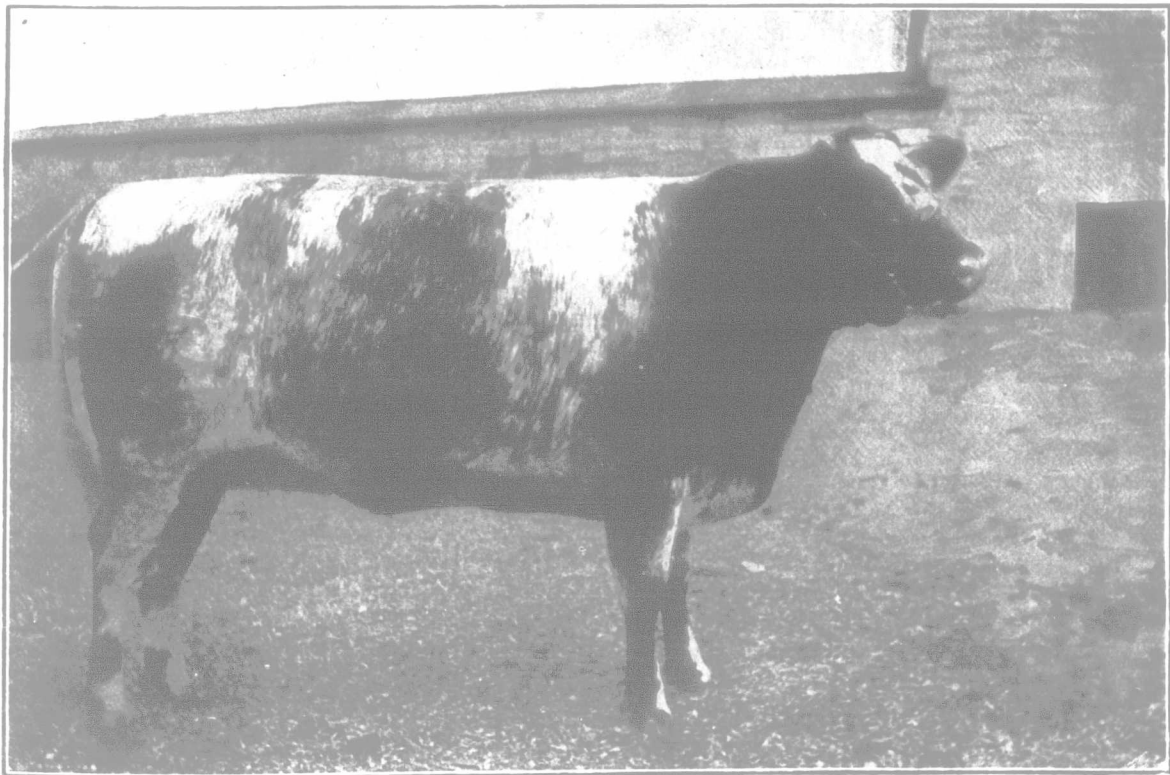
Effect of Cattle Embargo in Argentina.

Mr. Herbert Gibson, of Buenos Ayres, in a paper read at the International Sheep Breeders' Conference at Lincoln, England, the week of the Royal Show, said:

"The fact that the British ports remained closed to Argentine live stock, has been of positive benefit both to the sheep and cattle industries. The disappearance of the live-stock exporter created for a time a drop in the values of wethers and steers; and the profits obtained by the freezing industry, left with only local consumption as a competitor, encouraged those engaged in the industry to increase their plant and led to the construction of new freezing works. The freezing establishments of the Argentine are now capable of handling over 200,000 tons of meat per annum. The stimulus given to the trade has created competition, the quality of the carcass has improved and commanded a better price in the consuming markets, and breeders whose record local prices in the palmiest days of the live stock export trade were 15s. for sheep and £8 for steers, now obtain up to 20s. for the former and up to £10 for the latter. Apart from the fact that Argentine stock-raisers had not lost but benefited by the closure of British ports, the country at large had gained through the capital invested in the building of plant for the freezing establishments. The labor employed in the works and the by-products and offal which remained at the Argentine end were elaborated for export."

Proportions of the Sexes in the Litters of Pigs.

In response to requests, the Animal Husbandry Office of the Bureau of Animal Industry, U. S. Department of Agriculture, has recently collected information regarding the relative proportions of the two sexes of pigs at birth, with quite interesting results. This information is not to be obtained from the herdbooks, for the reason that, while the total number of pigs farrowed is usually given, the number of each sex is given only for the pigs raised.



DOROTHEA 2ND.
Two-year-old Shorthorn heifer, winner of first in her class and Senior and Grand Champion female at the Winnipeg Exhibition. Owned and exhibited by C. E. Clark, St. Cloud, Minn.

Reports received from 82 breeders, located in 23 States and 2 Territories (Indian Territory and Oklahoma). Eight breeds were represented, as follows: Berkshire, Chester White, Duroc-Jersey, Hampshire, Large Yorkshire, Ohio Improved Chester, Poland-China, and Tamworth. In a few cases the record of litters of grade and mixed breeding was given; these are included in the results.

The number of sows whose litters were reported was 1,477. The number of boar pigs was 6,660; the number of sows, 6,625; and the total, 13,285. The average per sow was as follows: boars, 4.51; sows, 4.48; total, 8.99. The figures are mainly for litters farrowed during 1906. In 49 cases second litters during the year were reported for the same sows, which somewhat raises the average per sow.

Boars are seen to be slightly more numerous than sows, but for all practical purposes the sexes may be regarded as equal in number at birth. The relative proportion was found to be 1,005 boars to 1,000 sows. Expressed in another way, the proportion is 100.53 boars to 100 sows, which, in lowest terms of whole figures, is 201 boars to 200 sows.

GEORGE M. ROMMEL,
Animal Husbandman.

Advice Upon Building Required.

A correspondent put the following questions which we should like some of our readers to discuss for us:

"I am intending to put up a barn with basement stable and have plenty of good stone.

"1. Do you consider a stone stable placed in a good dry knoll and well ventilated would be satisfactory, or would some other material such as lumber warrant the extra expense in being dryer? Stable mostly for horses.

"2. Is corrugated galvanized iron good for roofing and siding the barn above or would the moisture affect the iron?"

We would suggest that our correspondent get an estimate of the cost of the stone work and compare it with the cost of two ply of lumber with paper between and the frame work upon which to nail it. It would also be a good plan to get an estimate of the cost of concrete. Lumber being so high priced it is more than probable that concrete or stone would be more economical and we do not think it should be very difficult to ventilate a stone or concrete basement stable if it is set well above the ground. Either of these materials would also be much more durable than lumber. Our choice would be based almost wholly upon the relative cost of the different materials and this of course would depend largely upon the supplies of stone, gravel and sand and the distance these would have to be drawn.

We are not certain that corrugated iron siding has been in use sufficiently long to make its adaptability for siding above stables certain; for sheds and buildings that are free from internal moisture there is no question of its durability and if painted or coal tarred we should think it would last even over stables.

Judging Competition at Brandon.

In connection with the Brandon fair a judging competition was held for farmers and farmers' sons under twenty-five years of age. The competitors judged heavy and light horses, beef and dairy cattle.

BEEF CATTLE.

For this class a bunch of Hereford heifers were used. The judging of the competitors on the whole was good, their placings being the subject of favorable comment from the judges. The reasons given by the boys, however, were not exactly so full as they should have been; there was too much description of the individuals and too little comparison one with the other of the winners. What the judges look for and give credit for in such competitions as this, is a comparative review of the whole class, not the pointing out of merit in particular individuals. For instance, the competitor looks the class over and selects what he believes are the three best animals in the ring. These are placed in order of their respective merit. Then in commenting on these placings he indicates the points of excellence wherein the winner excels No. 2, as his reasons for giving her first place. The second prize animal is taken up in the same way and particulars as to where she excels No. 3 given, and the same way with the third prize individual.

her superiority to No. 4 being pointed out. It is by some such system as this that reasons in judging competitions or by judges in the ring should be given. The awards were as follows: J. C. Smith, Winnipeg, first; Chas. Yule, East Selkirk, second; Guy English, Harding, third.

Dairy cattle—W. Chalmers, Brandon, first; Chas. Yule, second; G. English, third.

Heavy horses—J. C. Yule, first; A. J. MacKay, MacDonald, second; G. English, third.

Light horses—G. English, first; C. Yule, second; A. J. MacKay, third.

English and Yule tied for first place in light horses, but the former got first place in a subsequent examination of the animals for unsoundness.

The Meat Inspection Act.

Thirty representatives of meat-packing establishments and transportation companies recently discussed with Mr. O'Halloran, Deputy-Minister of Agriculture, Ottawa, and Dr. Rutherford, Veterinary Director-General, the draft regulations for the enforcement of the act of last session for the inspection of meats, which goes into effect on September 3rd. The regulations were approved, and will be issued as an order-in-council.



(Comments upon farming operations invited.)

Steam Power and Moisture Conserving.

Science may be divided into two parts: namely, theory and practice. Theoretic science is a knowledge of the principles of nature. Practical science is the application of the principles in developing the resources of nature.

The employment of machinery in agriculture is effecting that which at one time might have been considered impossible—the union of theoretic with practical science in the operations of husbandry.

A man of science for example, plows up his stubble immediately or as soon after harvest as possible, because he knows that the action of the snow and frost upon the soil ameliorates and disintegrates its components, renders them more assimilable by the plants intended for it and increases its fertility by attracting to it a larger portion of the atmospheric elements that promote it. The merely practical man too often neglects this operation, or if he performs it, it is because experience has taught him that a better seed-bed can be obtained by it than if it is left till the spring—of the chemical and mechanical effect the snow and frost have upon the loosened soil, he realizes little, therefore cannot appreciate it.

Necessity is compelling the farmer to direct his attention to the study of science, and the conservation of moisture in the soil is a problem that he is now facing. He is fortunate at this moment in having in his presence a man in the person of Professor H. W. Campbell of Lincoln, Nebraska, who is able to give both theoretical and practical experience in connection with this all-important matter.

It is not an experiment that Professor Campbell is asking us to try; he can give us results obtained, not in one section of the country only, but north, south, east and west has he demonstrated that by his method of conserving moisture, four and even five blades may luxuriate in the original space.

The fundamental principle of his system is the economical use of water, no matter from whence it comes. The first and most important thing to do is to get a supply into the soil to feed, nourish, and mature the crop in dry weather, and secondly, equally vital, is the seed bed which must be finely pulverized, firm and of ample depth.

The accomplishment of the storage is by a very simple process. A special tool is used which packs firmly the sub-surface where the roots mainly grow, whilst the surface is kept in a loose condition; and it is to demonstrate the operation and explain scientifically why his method attracts and conserves moisture in the soil, that Professor Campbell visited this country. It is pleasing to learn of the great interest that is being manifested by our farmers, and let us hope that ere

long the result of Professor Campbell's labors may be that we shall see four blades where now but one is visible.

I can never think of the multiplication of the blades of grass derived by a thorough cultivation without remembering an anecdote that was related many years ago by Mr. Coke of Holkam Norfolk, England (afterwards Earl of Leicester), in illustration of the desperate barrenness of a large tract of land he had acquired. The lady who was afterwards to be mistress of the mansion was on a visit at the Marquis of Townsend's at Rainham Hall. The Ladies Townsend were bantering her upon the prospect of having to reside at such a barren wilderness. "I was there once," said one of the ladies, "and I never wish to go again, for I declare that the whole time I stayed, I saw only one blade of grass and there were two rabbits fighting for it."

It was thought at one time that on this whole tract of land, forty miles in extent, there was not an acre strong enough to bear a crop of wheat, but by judicious cultivation, the barren waste was speedily converted into a fruitful tract, producing the finest crop of grain in the Kingdom.

"But," readers will say, "what has steam to do with the conservation of moisture in the soil?"

The answer is simple—with steam we have unlimited power, which is requisite in obtaining a deep cultivation, and we have speed, which is necessary to secure a perfect comminution of the soil, both of which are essential to obtaining the best results with Professor Campbell's system.

One of the most important results of the application of steam power for agricultural purposes is the facility it affords for deep culture. It is not long ago that it was looked upon as almost sacrilegious to break through the pan and intrude upon the sanctity of the subsoil. There are some farmers still who look upon the subsoil as holy ground not to be touched by the profane hand of the plowman. Yet I venture to say that deep cultivation conduces more than anything else to the amelioration of the soil and the increased production.

Don't let me be misunderstood. By deep cultivation I do not mean deep plowing, but deep stirring and loosening of the subsoil which should be only partially brought to the surface with a degree of caution. For this purpose, a strong steam driven cultivator will give better results than the plow. I have known crops doubled and trebled by the use of this implement on land that has been successively plowed at the one depth—we have lots of land that has been subjected to this treatment, resulting in diminished yields. Give it a thorough deep stirring, 12 or 14 inches to commence with, using narrow chisel points so as not to bring the subsoil to the surface. The power is at command and why not treat a few acres in this way during the coming fall? I am convinced better crops would result.

It is found in practice that the rapid motion of the steam driven cultivator tends to loosen and aerate the soil much below the actual depth at which the tyne or share is running. In horse or ox plowing the case is the reverse, for the sole of the plow and the treading of the animals so consolidate the bottom that the necessary chemical action and moisture movement between the soil and subsoil is prevented.

The result of a deep tearing up and loosening of the soil at the proper time by steam is that its temperature is raised and a much greater quantity of ground is penetrated by the air. The air is replaced in the same proportion by the water when rain comes or snow melts and this moisture is retained in the stirred ground as though in a sponge, to be drawn upon by the roots as required, instead of lying upon the hard pan to be rapidly evaporated by the heat from the sun.

With regard to the respective merits of plowing and cultivating, I am persuaded that the plow is needed in dealing with the surface and that no plow should go below 6 or 8 inches. Nor do I consider it necessary to stir the land to a great depth each successive year, but every third or fourth year. It might also be sufficient sometimes to merely cultivate the surface soil using a broader point. By a judicious use of both implements I am convinced that our crops will be much less subject to climatic extremes.

Another advantage that the steam driven cultivator possesses is the assistance it lends in the eradication of weeds. The high speed of the implement, tends to throw all weeds to the sur-

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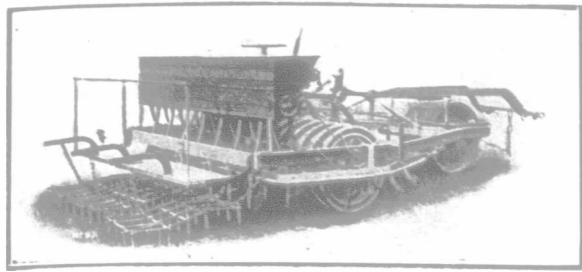
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face, loosening at the same time the soil around them, thereby relieving them of their nourishment; and until we get rid of the weeds, a more economical system of conserving moisture in the soil cannot increase the yields to the extent that should accrue therefrom. We shall simply be affording the enemy better nourishment. The remedy lies in the farmers' hands; one and all must join in the onslaught or no permanent benefit will be achieved.



POWER SEEDER WITH ROLLER IN FRONT

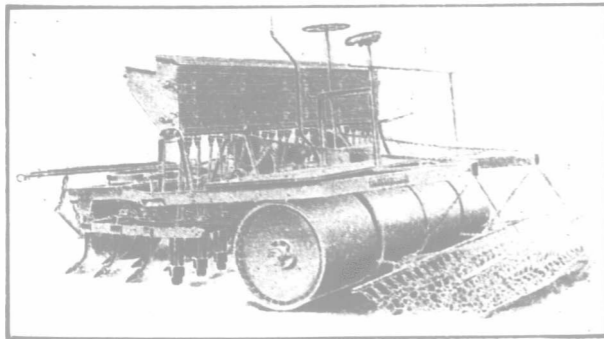
There is an old quatrain on this subject which, like most of our rural sayings, has more truth in it than poetry, and the farmer would do well to burn it upon his memory, that its influence may be felt whenever he sees weeds beginning to be rampant upon his land.

One year's good weeding
Will prevent seeding
But one year's seeding
Makes seven years weeding."

Then there is another old saw equally true. "An ill weed grows with speed." True enough, weeds require no care from the hand of man to make them grow, but an infinite deal of trouble to prevent them from getting the upper hand.

To assist in the conservation of moisture in the soil there are also steam driven implements now in extensive use in other countries.

Illustrations are here given of two combined implements, consisting of a light cultivator, consolidator, seeder and light harrow for roughing the surface, the packer in the one instance being in advance of the drills, whilst in the other a roller is shown following them. In some cases V shaped consolidators are made use of in place of the flat roller, and in the opinion of the writer give better results. Agriculturists differ in their opinions as to compression before and after the seeders; also the form of roller. There is, however, no difficulty in meeting their requirements.



POWER SEEDER WITH ROLLER BEHIND

I venture to suggest that an implement of this description would be found very valuable upon our vast prairies. Not only have we large tracts of land to be seeded yearly, but the sowing season is very limited—never perhaps has this been more realized than in the present year. The benefit from having all operations performed at the same time will be apparent and the use of this implement after a deep stirring will go far to assist in the conservation of the moisture in the soil.

It may be said, and justly so, that it will never do to run those monster traction engines over the finely pulverized soil. I have been and am looking to the light and powerful agricultural motor to furnish the tractive force for the seeding, packing, and roughing, and trust ere another spring, we shall see these small motors in extensive use upon the farm.

There may be many more, but at the moment there are two great wars we must wage, that of destruction (weeds) and that of conservation (moisture). Scientific theory will no doubt be a serviceable weapon, but I fancy scientific practice and lots of it will be needed to overcome the enemies.

"No farmer can plow a field by turning it over in his own mind."

Let us wed the system "Campbell"
With dear old "Father Steam";
Greater yields we will then handle;
With far less weeds to screen.

Pardon me, but being a descendant of Robbie Burns, a sprinkling (ye'll say a sma' one at that) has been conserved in my sub-surface—perhaps with a little more cultivation, the yield might be increased and the quality No. 1 Hard.

A. BURNES GREIG.

Notes from Ireland.

At date of writing, we have in Dublin Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Canadian Premier, as guest of their Excellencies the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen. The distinguished visitor, accompanied by Lady Laurier, is making but a brief stay, and perhaps the most important item in his program was the pleasurable inspection he was able to make, on the 6th inst., of the International Exhibition, where the Dominion is represented by a most imposing display that is eliciting the highest praise and admiration from all sides.

THE CANADIAN GRAIN TRADE.

We have also had, within the past couple of days, a visit from the Royal Commission on the grain trade in Canada, consisting of Messrs. John Miller (Chairman), Indian Head, Saskatchewan; W. L. McNair, of Keyes, Manitoba; and George E. Goldie, of Avy, Ontario, with Mr. E. Weild, of Toronto, as Secretary. At the sitting held in Dublin on the 5th inst., Mr. Miller explained the object of the Commission, which was to inquire into certain complaints that had reached them in Canada, to the effect that Western grain had not been arriving in these countries in proper condition. He said that information he had already received showed that, although the grain was usually in good condition, occasionally it was not up to the mark, especially grain arriving through American ports which had received seaboard inspection. They hoped to make recommendations so that the law would be improved, and the grain generally would come in better condition. That would benefit the importers here, as well as the producers in Canada.

The scheme of inspection and grading, as carried out by the authorities at Winnipeg, was detailed by Mr. Goldie, and, in reply to a question from a Dublin factor, he stated that the mixing of grades were practically an impossibility, without deliberate fraud. Another Irish witness said he had few complaints to make as to "certificated" Canadian wheat coming from Canadian ports, and he took good care to buy none through American ports. Yet a third, while confirming this statement, added that, in his opinion, the quality of the wheat had fallen off within the past few years. It contained more soft grains than formerly; seven or eight years ago they were receiving No. 1 Northern which would be fully equal to No. 1 Hard. In a discussion which followed on this alleged deterioration, it was suggested that it might possibly be due to exhaustion of the land. It was also stated that the charge applied to California produce, and other countries, but not to Australia. The Canadian winter wheats were declared by one importer as not fit to be compared with the corresponding stuff of ten to fifteen years ago. A south of Ireland witness brought forward the fact that Irish millers would desire regular and uninterrupted shipment all the year round, which could not be obtained from ice-bound ports.

Passing to the question of barley, Mr. Goldie informed the company that the trade in malting barley was increasing, and the Chairman added that a special feeding barley, suitable to Irish needs, could be offered by Canada. After further discussion, the Chairman concluded the proceed-

ings by hoping that the visit of the Commissioners would give Irish traders greater confidence in the future. At Belfast, another sitting was arranged, a few days later, to meet northern importers and millers.

A UNIQUE SEASON.

The newspapers tell us that in the Arctic region the inhabitants are experiencing most temperate, if, indeed, not actually warm weather. If this be so, judging by the atmospheric conditions in the British Isles this "summer," there is a serious derangement somewhere in climatic orthodoxy. We are now in the beginning of July, and there has been a dull monotony of cold, rainy days for the past few months, with but occasional flitting appearances of improvement. The wonder of it all is that the country looks even as promising as it does. Things are pretty backward, and the potato crop, in many places, has shown signs of the dreaded blight already. This, of course, was the inevitable result of the record rainfall of June, and farmers are now being urged, by their own past experiences, and by the precepts of their instructors and well-wishers, to lose no time in spraying their crops with either the Burgundy or Bordeaux mixture, which have proved so effective in preventing the ravages of the noxious fungus. Haymaking was much delayed until a lot of the grass became over-ripe and past the most profitable stage for cutting. In brief spells of better weather, a good amount of mowing has been accomplished, and in many places the unsettled atmospheric conditions have led many farmers to consider the advisability of concocting the grass, not into hay, but into ensilage. This plan does not find general popularity in Ireland, though, during such a season as this, the conviction must be borne home on many minds that good ensilage is much to be preferred to badly-saved hay. Turnips were very late in being sown, but are coming on well.

Dublin, July 8th, 1907. EMERALD ISLE.

Light Agricultural Motors.

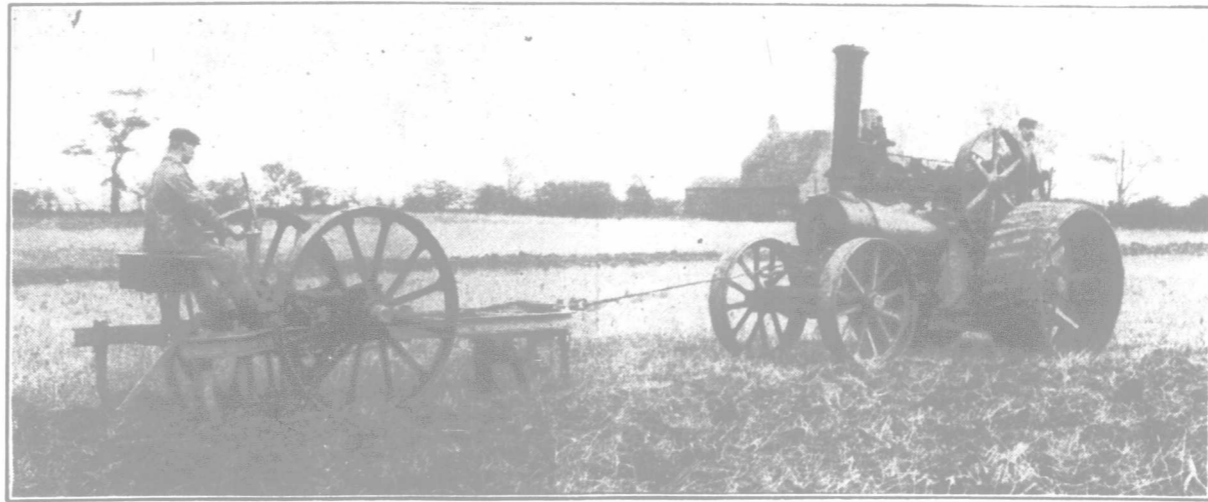
EDITOR FARMER'S ADVOCATE:

Mr. Greig in his article on light agricultural motors says it is for the farmer to settle what he wants to do with these motors. For my part, I think they must at least take the place of three four horse teams—for threshing I shall use my present traction engine which is a 32 horse power.

I don't think these small motors are going to be much good for breaking; they don't get over enough in a day, and if they're going to cost anything like \$3,000, well, I reckon that it's better to stick to the big engine, for you can buy a 32-horse engine for that money and it will break with a ten furrow plow from 20 to 30 acres a day.

I believe Mr. Greig is right about steam being the best. I don't know much about gasoline engines, more than I see them always doing something at them. They don't get a proper spark or something, and they seem a long time finding out what is the matter. Most men know something about a steam engine and if it does go a bit out of shape the fault is soon located, or it will run as it were on three legs till it gets to its destination.

I can see many uses for these small engines, but we must have them so that when we go out in the morning we shall get a full day's work out of them. How should we look in harvest time if they give out? Why, it would mean stopping three binders—a serious matter. Why don't some of the makers get busy and let us see what they can do this harvest? If it does go wrong, what of that? We have our horses ready. They would get to know something about it, and we should have a better notion of what sort of



CULTIVATING WITH TRACTION ENGINE TO BREAK UP A HARD PAN.

machine to buy. There's no use being frightened; we don't expect these motors to be perfect right off. Practice makes perfect and why not let them practice during this season and make what alterations are wanted during the winter and so have something better to show next year.

This is a most interesting subject to us farmers and I think it would be well if others would give their views. There is a good opportunity now you have opened up the subject.

FARMER.

August Seeding of Alfalfa.

While spring is the usual season for the sowing of alfalfa in Canada, it is a matter of some importance to know that it has been seeded in August with excellent success, not only south, but north of the International Boundary, several Canadian farmers having informed us that they have obtained very satisfactory catches by working the ground to a fine tilth and sowing early in that month. Some few state that they prefer August to spring seeding. This may be right. Orchardists, sowing alfalfa in July as a cover crop, to be plowed under the following spring have, in many cases, secured a splendid, vigorous growth, and it is not surprising that summer seeding should prove a success in the fields as well. The three essential conditions would appear to be fine tilth, plenty of moisture, conserved by previous frequent surface cultivation, and time enough to allow the alfalfa to get a good top before autumn. Farmers having land ready to be seeded to this valuable crop, are advised to try August seeding in an experimental way, and we shall be especially pleased to hear from those who may have given this method a trial.

The Irrigation Convention at Calgary.

The first Western Canada Irrigation Convention which was held in Calgary on July 17th and 18th was a decided success, much more of a success than the committee on arrangements, which met last May, had dared to hope for. There were present ninety-nine bona fide delegates.

Although Alberta was numerically strongest, still British Columbia was represented by a particularly good delegation, while Saskatchewan had a few delegates in attendance.

In opening the convention J. S. Wheeler, the secretary, read the official call, part of which is as follows:

"The first Irrigation Convention covering the provinces of Saskatchewan, Alberta and British Columbia, will open in the city of Calgary, Alberta, on the 17th day of July, 1907.

It is gradually dawning on the minds of thinking people that the most significant development in agriculture that Western Canada has yet witnessed is the movement to utilize the great mountain streams in aiding the farmer largely to eliminate the element of uncertainty from his operations. Irrigation enterprises, private and corporate, now completed and actually under way in Western Canada, comprise an area equal to one-quarter of the total irrigated area of the whole of the United States, and the development is as yet in its infancy. Our mountain ranges contain natural reservoirs only awaiting the finishing touches of skill and labor to save water sufficient to irrigate vast areas, in addition to those that are now or can be provided for by our normal water supply. A propaganda so vast and fraught with such far-reaching interests, that enters so closely into the whole problem of Western Canada's colonization and future prosperity, is of deep concern to every resident of the Great West and imperatively demands the impetus, constructive guidance and moulding influence that can only be effectively brought to bear through a strong, permanent organization. The National Irrigation Congress of the United States is accomplishing this purpose south of the line, and the time has doubtless come when a similar movement should be instituted in Canada.

The whole question of irrigation in humid and sub-humid climates is now before the public in America. Experiments and investigations are being conducted at many agricultural colleges and public experimental stations, with a view to demonstrating that agricultural operations can be carried on as successfully under artificial watering in humid climates as in dry climates. While the result of withholding water in the latter is a total failure, the effect of using water under humid conditions, one year with the other, spells success.

After the reading of the official call, His Honor Lieut.-Governor Forget of Saskatchewan was introduced for the purpose of officially opening the convention, which he did with a short, interesting address. There then followed speeches of welcome and responses to the same by prominent personages present.

The first paper given was a very interesting one by C. A. Fleming, C. E., on "The Development of Irrigation in India."

The second paper was read by C. W. Peterson, his subject, "The Industrial Development Following in the Wake of Irrigation." Among other things Mr. Peterson said:

"In discussing the industrial development as a result of irrigation, it is well to bear in mind that the bulk of industrial investment invariably locates tributary to the consuming population, other things being equal. This means that density of population, which creates favorable market conditions, attracts industrial enterprises manufacturing products required by such a population. This refers of course, particularly, to the hundred and one manufactured articles required upon the farm under intensive culture.

Irrigation means small holdings and a dense rural settlement and furthermore, a prosperous and thrifty population. Such being the case, the industrial development of any irrigation section is by no means confined to branches of industry requiring for raw material the products of the soil."

Some interesting figures taken from the U. S. census were given by Mr. Peterson. He showed that of the total irrigated area in the U. S. 64% was planted in hay and forage crops, 24% in cereals, leaving but a small per cent. for fruit and vegetables.

"The popular belief that irrigation is not a practical proposition in latitudes where fruit cannot be grown and where a ready market of large proportions does not exist for the side issues of the irrigated farm is, therefore, evidently a fallacy. In the state of Colorado, with an irrigated area of 1,500,000 acres, only 35,000 acres are devoted to fruit growing, while over a million acres produce hay and forage, principally alfalfa. This is conclusive proof that live stock feeding and finishing holds its own successfully against fruit growing in a state where the latter can be prosecuted with the greatest facility and profit.

"Owing to the fact that the provinces of Saskatchewan and Alberta will probably never lend themselves to fruit growing on a large scale, while conditions are almost perfect for live stock husbandry, it is reasonable to suppose that the extension of irrigation enterprises in these two provinces will simply revolutionize the live stock business. Instead of sending cattle and sheep to market half finished, they will be grain fed before marketed. This will also insure the marketing of our live stock during every month of the year instead of, as at present, confining it to two or three months in the autumn. Immense numbers of hogs will also be raised and fattened and the Western prairie section will become an enormous ham and bacon exporting instead of importing country.

"Even the province of British Columbia with its excellent local market for agricultural products will probably find it more profitable to grow stock feed on a large area of its valuable irrigated lands than to devote them entirely to other crops commanding a higher money value per acre but requiring a larger expenditure for labor."

FRUIT GROWING.

There can be no doubt that the introduction of irrigation in the valleys throughout British Columbia will wonderfully stimulate fruit production there. That province will always have a ready market in the prairie section, as it is improbable that the more tender fruit will ever be produced east of the Rocky Mountains.

It is more than likely that varieties of the hardier fruit will very soon be developed that will grow under irrigation in the prairie section, but crops vastly more profitable to the average farmer will claim the attention of irrigationists there, thus leaving the field clear for the British Columbia fruit grower.

Strawberries will undoubtedly be produced in great abundance anywhere in Alberta and Saskatchewan where water is available. In fact, this has been conclusively proven in the Lethbridge district now, and the prediction has been freely made that the Medicine Hat and Maple Creek districts will grow fruits of the more tender varieties."

In concluding, Mr. Peterson said:

"The 'dark ages' when irrigation was regarded purely and simply as a means to reclaim desert areas, have long ago passed into oblivion. The new agriculture demands the same degree of certainty in forecasting results as is demanded in all other lines of production. Irrigation makes this a practical possibility. The arch enemy of the farmer in every portion of the civilized globe is drouth. What would become of the gardens, lawns and trees of our cities in the East, as well as in the West, without an artificial water supply? What is good for the lawn is equally good for the farm. Irrigation farming is advanced agriculture. It is more. Irrigation farming is business farming and those sections in our Great West that are favored with an abundant water supply available for irrigation ought to utilize every gallon thereof as speedily as possible.

Wm. Pearce, Chief Surveyor C. P. R. Irrigation Department of Calgary, read a well written paper entitled "The Social Phase of the Irrigation Movement."

A paper entitled "Agricultural and Horticultural Experiments in the Use and Duty of Water on the Irrigated Farm," was read by W. H. Fairfield, Superintendent of Dominion Experimental Farm, Lethbridge.

J. S. Dennis of the C. P. R. was unable to be present, but sent a paper on "The Statutes of Irrigation in Canada," to be read.

A. E. Ashcroft, C. E., of Vernon, British Columbia, read a paper entitled "Some Problems of a British Columbia Irrigation Project."

The most interesting speaker on the entire program was Prof. L. G. Carpenter, of the Colorado Agricultural College. Prof. Carpenter is considered to be one of the best authorities on irrigation questions in the U. S. and in his two addresses at the convention, he impressed his hearers that he was thoroughly familiar with the many sided subject of the artificial use of water on growing crops, not only from the farmer's standpoint, but from the lawmaker's, the administrator's, the engineer's, as well as the social and industrial side.

One statement made by the Professor which was particularly worthy of note and one which doubtless few of the readers of the FARMER'S ADVOCATE are aware of, is that the foodstuffs of seven eighths of the inhabitants of the world are raised by irrigation. In fact it is, as Prof. Carpenter admitted, a statement which it is hard for the people of the American continent to accept, but one which the Professor assured his hearers was the truth.

RESOLUTIONS.

Some of the important resolutions passed were those dealing with the following subjects:

- Forestry as Affecting Irrigation.
Extension of Surveys in Connection with Irrigation.
Agricultural and Horticultural Experiments and the use of Water on the Irrigated Farm.
The Duty of Water.

Laws Relating to the use of Water and the Administration Thereof in British Columbia.

Laws Relating to the use of Water and the Administration Thereof in Alberta and Saskatchewan.

Permanent Organization.

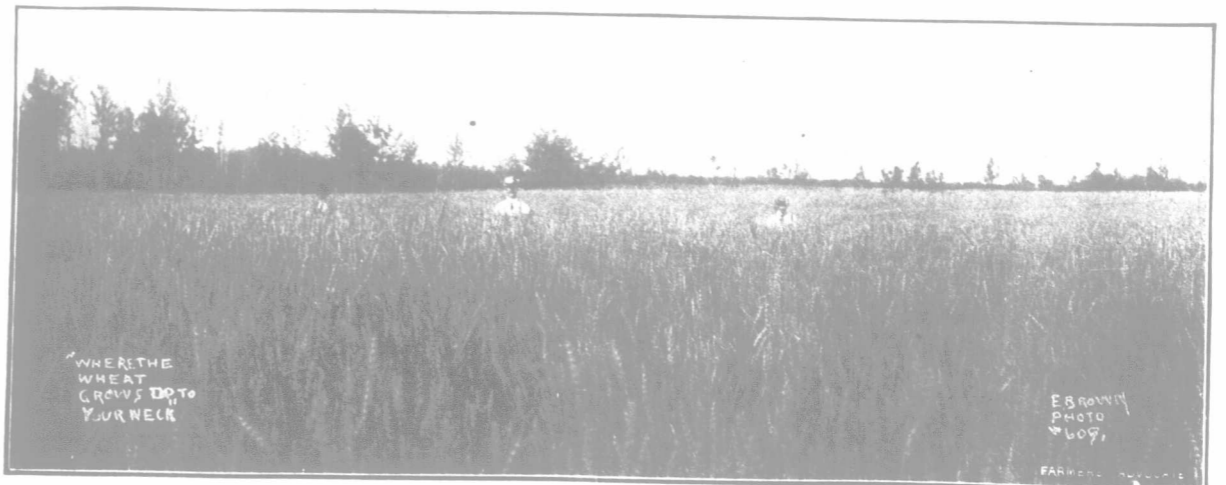
Location of Agricultural College for Alberta.

On the afternoon of the second day a permanent organization was effected and the following officers elected:

Hon. Pres.—Lieut. Gov. Dunsmuir of British Columbia; Pres.—Hon. F. J. Fulton, Provincial Secretary of B. C.; First V. P.—J. S. Dennis, Calgary; Second V. P.—W. C. Ricardo, Vernon, B. C.; Sec.—Treas.—U. K. Megan, Vernon, B. C.

An executive board was chosen, including J. T. Hall, Medicine Hat; W. Pearce, Calgary; A. E. Humphries, Lethbridge; T. W. Woolford, Cardston; F. W. Sterling, Vernon, B. C.; and C. W. Peterson, Calgary.

The next meeting will be held in Vernon, B. C.



IN THE WHEAT FIELDS OF THE EDMONTON COUNTRY.

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DAIRY

The Difference in Cows.

EDITOR FARMER'S ADVOCATE:

I have been keeping records of each individual mess of each individual cow since March 1st, 1902, but have given up to my son, who is now running the farm, and is continuing in the same course. We are both well satisfied that it pays. We have run from 6 to 10 cows, and the time it takes is too small to estimate. It shows where the leaks are; also in connection with the testing, shows what each cow is doing. We have one cow that has never tested less than 4 per cent., and from that to 5.7 per cent., that has given nearly 9,000 pounds of milk in a year, while some others had to be got rid of for beef.

J. W.

Notes and Rules for Dairymen.

The Department of Agriculture for Saskatchewan, through the superintendent of dairying, W. A. Wilson, is distributing some sound advice to creamery patrons and other dairymen through the medium of a bulletin from which we extract the following:

RULES FOR CREAMERY PATRONS AND OTHER DAIRYMEN.

1. Read current dairy literature and keep posted on new ideas.
2. Observe and enforce the utmost cleanliness about cattle, their attendants, the stable, the outside milking place (corral), the dairy and all utensils.
3. Persons suffering from any disease should remain away from the cows and the milk.

THE STABLE.

4. Stables should be well ventilated, lighted and drained and should be free from drafts, floors should be tight, and the building throughout plainly constructed.
5. Clean and whitewash the walls at least once a year.
6. Remove the manure from the stables once a day and keep it at least one hundred yards from the stable door. A good plan is to haul it directly to field and spread it.
7. Provide a gutter immediately behind the cows to catch the manure and liquid. This makes for cleanliness in the stable. In fact, without it it is almost impossible to keep the cows' flanks and udders clean.
8. Use plenty of bedding under the cattle and keep a constant supply of absorbent in the gutter.
9. Do not allow the litter or bedding to become musty.
10. Allow no strong smelling material to remain in the stable.
11. Do not raise any dust in the stable by feeding stock or cleaning the stable immediately before milking. Dust particles contain many germs, which obtain access to the milk through the dust. The germs constitute the seed which produces strong and objectionable flavors in milk. It is important, therefore, to take every precaution to prevent dust and dirt from getting into the milk.
12. In winter the temperature of the stable should not be much above 55 degrees Fahr. or much below 40 degrees Fahr. Ventilation must not be sacrificed for temperature. Better a colder stable free from draft but well ventilated than a stable kept warm at the expense of ventilation.

THE COWS.

13. Any animal suspected of disease should be promptly removed from the herd and her milk rejected from use until she has recovered or is pronounced healthy. It is advisable to have the herd tested at intervals for tuberculosis.
14. Do not permit the cows to be chased or frightened by dogs. Abuse and excitement will interfere with digestion and cause loss of food and fat in the milk.
15. Never drive the cows faster than a walk to or from the place of milking or feeding.
16. Never allow them to be excited by abuse, loud talking or unnecessary disturbance.

17. Do not expose them to cold rains or sleet in the spring or autumn. This will decrease the milk flow and it cannot be restored to its normal proportions even under the best conditions.

18. Provide good pasture in summer and plenty of pure fresh water easy of access.

19. Grow a small acreage of peas and oats, or oats alone, as a soiling crop to be cut green and fed to the cows when the pastures commence to fail.

20. Provide succulent winter feed. A mixture of peas and oats, or oats alone, cut when the grain is in the dough, well cured, and fed unthreshed with mangolds or sugar beets will give very satisfactory results as a winter ration for dairy cows.

21. Do not change the feed too suddenly.

22. Salt regularly. The best way is to keep a supply of salt always accessible.

23. Strong flavored foods, such as turnips and cabbage, should not be fed except in limited quantities and immediately after milking. If fed beyond the capacity of the cow and before or several hours after milking the flavor of these foods can be detected in the milk and will injure the flavor of the butter. It is better not to feed such foods at all. Mangolds or sugar beets make excellent food for milch cows and do not flavor the milk or butter.

24. Long hair around the udder should be clipped.

25. Do not milk the cow within twenty days before calving and do not use the milk until the ninth milking afterwards.

26. The value of a cow largely depends on the treatment she receives during her young days. The stomach of the calf is weak and should not be overloaded. Feed the mother's milk in small quantities regularly three times a day, for the first ten days. Then gradually increase the quantity and also substitute skim milk for whole milk. Make the change very gradually and when all the milk fat is removed add to the skim milk a fat substitute. Flax seed meal steeped in lukewarm water and made into a jelly can be recommended. Keep the heifer calf growing and in good health, but not too fat and you will have a better cow.

MILKING.

27. There is no place better for milking, in both summer and winter, than a nice, clean, well lighted and well ventilated stable.

28. When milking is done outside, the milking place or corral should be in a sheltered spot where the atmosphere is pure.

29. The droppings should be gathered up and removed immediately after each milking.

30. Cows should not be allowed to remain in the milking corral all night. The corral soon becomes filthy if this is done.

31. The milker should wash and dry his hands before commencing to milk. He should also wear clean clothes.

32. Milking should be done with dry hands. With a little practice milking may be done just as easily with dry hands as with wet, and it is much cleaner.

33. The udder and all surrounding parts should be washed in lukewarm water or wiped with a damp sponge or cloth just before milking.

34. The first streams of milk from each teat should not go into the pail. The first drawn milk contains little or no fat, but is loaded with germs which have found lodgment in the teats.

35. Milk at the same hour every day, night and morning.

36. The same person should milk the same cows every time and in the same order.

37. Milk quickly, quietly, cleanly and thoroughly. Unnecessary noise or delay is detrimental.

38. If part of the milk is bloody or stringy, the whole should be rejected.

39. If, through an accident, a pailful or part of a pailful becomes dirty, do not try to remedy it by straining, but reject the milk and rinse the pail.

40. Weigh and record the milk given by each cow, and take a sample night and morning at least once in ten days for testing. In this way you will learn the value of the individual cow. Raise the heifer calves from only the best cows. Send to the butcher's block all cows that are not paying for their keep. The value of the herd can be greatly increased by so doing.

41. Remove the milk from the stable as soon as possible after milking. Better to remove it immediately after each cow is milked.

42. Strain immediately through a metal gauze or several thicknesses of cheese cloth.

43. It will pay you to have a cream separator; as all fat can then be removed from the milk. Separate it at once and at a temperature not below 95 degrees Fahr. Separator agents may tell you that their machine will separate milk cold. Clean and profitable skimming cannot be done with any separator unless the milk is warm.

44. The cream separator should not be in the stable, but in a clean room completely isolated from the stable. Better still in a small dairy building at least one hundred yards from the stable.

45. The separator should be taken apart after each milking, all parts washed in warm water and thoroughly scalded. This applies to all makes of cream separators.

46. Where deep setting cans are used the milk should be set in cold water immediately after milking and left undisturbed for twenty-four hours. The disturbing of the vessel causes the fat globules, which are slowly rising to the surface, to be again scattered through the milk; and, as a result, a large proportion of them never rise to the top. Separation is more efficient in a rapidly falling temperature, consequently the colder the water surrounding the milk the better the results.

47. Shallow pans should not be used; the loss is too great and the conditions are too unfavorable for making first-class butter.

CARE OF CREAM.

48. Every dairyman and creamery patron should use a thermometer.

49. The accuracy of a thermometer can be fairly well tested by placing it under one's tongue, when it should register 98 degrees Fahr. The temperature of a person in good health is about 98 degrees.

50. As mentioned in Clause 11 strong flavors are produced by the development of germ life. To develop, however, these germs must have a suitable temperature. They will multiply rapidly between 60 and 100 degrees Fahr. Between 40 and 60 their growth is slower, while below 40 they multiply very slowly. Therefore, when separating is completed cool the cream at once to 40 degrees Fahr. or below, and keep it at that temperature until delivered at the creamery.

51. Cool the cream from each separating to 40 degrees Fahr. or below before mixing with the other cream.

52. Keep the cream in a clean, cool room, in a tin vessel, surrounded with ice or cold water.

53. Do not allow the cream to freeze in winter.

54. Cream should be sweet when delivered to the creamery. This may necessitate a tri-weekly or a daily delivery during hot weather.

55. Spring wagons should be used for hauling cream.

56. The gypsy canvas cover should be used on all cream wagons to protect the cream from the hot sun and the road dust.

57. Cream haulers should commence to collect cream not later than five o'clock in the morning and aim to deliver it at the creamery early in the day, thus avoiding the extreme heat. A better quality of butter can be made when the cream is delivered sweet at the creamery. It will also bring a better price to the patrons. It is in the interests of the patrons, therefore, to have the hauler lift their cream early in the morning and deliver it at the creamery early in the day.

58. The hauler should keep his person and wagon clean.

THE UTENSILS.

59. All milk utensils should be of metal and should have all joints smoothly soldered. Never allow them to become rough or rusty inside.

60. The covered milk pail is more sanitary than the ordinary pail.

61. Clean all dairy utensils by first rinsing them in warm water, then thoroughly wash them with a brush and hot water, and lastly rinse with boiling water and allow them to dry where the air is pure and the sun shining. The utensils should be placed to air in such a position as will allow the sun to shine down into them.

62. Never use a cloth or dish rag in washing dairy utensils. A brush serves the purpose very much better and is more sanitary.

63. Use only pure water in which to wash the utensils. A good cleanser such as sal soda is helpful.

A Method of Grading Cream.

At the Manitoba Dairyman's Convention last winter and we suppose at other gatherings of dairymen, the question of grading cream received at creameries was discussed at length and the principle endorsed, but no actual plan was adopted and so far as we are aware no creamery in Western Canada attempts to grade the cream it receives according to its quality and value. Some makers protest that there has been no system devised for the purpose and have asked for a method of scoring. In answer to this demand we publish rather fully from a bulletin of the New Hampshire Experimental Station.

During the past few years but little improvement has been made in the quality of creamery butter; this, too, in spite of the fact that creamery butter makers, as a class, have never before been so well informed regarding their work. Never before have they been able to make us of as good machinery and special apparatus, and never before has a fine quality of butter been more eagerly sought after by the consuming public.

In many instances, the quality of creamery butter has become poorer in spite of the above-mentioned improved conditions.

The reason is seemingly found in the gradual change which has taken place in the methods employed by dairy farmers in delivering their product to the creameries. This change has resulted in the acceptance and use by creamery men of a poorer grade of milk, and more particularly, a poorer grade of cream for butter-making. For several years creameries, as a rule, received whole milk only from their patrons, separating and retaining the cream at the creamery. With the invention, development and distribution of small cream separators operated by hand or other light power, there occurred a gradual change or drifting away from the so-called whole milk system.

Under present conditions, a very large percentage of cream used for butter-making is separate from the milk on farms. Many farmers are not as yet familiar with the principles of dairy bacteriology, and some do not fully understand how properly to care for a cream separator. It sometimes happens that separators are used several times without being properly cleaned, and in some instances they are placed and used in some convenient but dark and dirty corner of the barn. Cream separated under the above mentioned conditions is brought into contact with many undesirable bacteria, and bad flavors are the natural result. It frequently happens that cream is not cooled to a low temperature and properly cared for after it is separated on the farm, and often it is of uncertain age when delivered at the creamery.

In some localities competition exists between creameries or between city milk contractors and a creamery, and in order to prevent patrons of a creamery leaving it for another, or for a city market, creameries sometimes make a practice of allowing or compelling their managers to accept old cream and milk of an inferior quality. It is evident, therefore, that no material improvement can be made in the quality of creamery butter until some improvement is caused to be made in the care of milk and cream on the farm, and the condition of milk and cream when delivered to the creamery.

It is evidently not wholly the lack of knowledge on the part of the dairy farmer that is responsible for the condition of his product. It is more often due to habitual carelessness, and a failure to fully realize his responsibility in the matter of cleanliness, low temperature and prompt delivery of a perishable food product.

It seems necessary to overcome this condition before any great progress can be made in securing a better product from the farm.

With this object in view, A PLAN FOR GRADING OR SCORING MILK AND CREAM at the time of receiving at the creamery, and grading the price paid patrons has been worked out and put in successful operation at the New Hampshire College creamery. The system was inaugurated July 1st, 1906, and the record of the first scoring is here given:

Patron No.	Flavor 50 points.	Acidity, 25 points.	Condition, 25 points.	Score	Remarks.
1	40	23	25	88	Foreign matter.
2	35	20	24	79	Foreign matter.
3	42	25	24	91	
4	40	24	25	85	
5	40	25	25	88	Foreign matter.
6	35	20	25	80	
7	43	25	24	92	Foreign matter.
8	43	25	24	92	Foreign matter.
9	43	25	24	92	Foreign matter.
10	42	25	24	91	Foreign matter.
11	43	24	24	91	Foreign matter.
12	38	25	23	86	Lumpy cream; rusty cans; foreign matter.
13	40	25	24	89	Foreign matter.
14	35	22	22	79	Foreign matter.
15	36	20	24	80	
16	42	25	24	91	Foreign matter.
17	42	24	24	90	Foreign matter.
18	42	25	24	91	Foreign matter.
19	38	24	24	86	Foreign matter.
20	35	24	20	79	Foreign matter.
21	35	20	22	77	Foreign matter.
22	35	20	25	80	Foreign matter.
23	40	20	25	85	Foreign matter.
24	32	20	25	77	Foreign matter.
25	35	20	25	80	Foreign matter.
26	45	25	25	95	Excellent.
27	42	24	24	90	Foreign matter.
28	45	25	25	95	Excellent.

The apparatus and methods employed in determining the quality of milk and cream are described as follows:

A wooden frame is placed on top of the weigh can at the creamery, and is held in place by short wooden pegs on the under side. This frame is to support a tin funnel about fifteen inches in diameter at the top and seven inches at the bottom. On the top and inside of this funnel is placed a clean cloth strainer, through which the patron of the creamery pours his milk or cream. Any coarse or undissolved dirt or foreign matter contained in the milk or cream will be caught and held by the strainer as the milk or cream passes from the patron's cans to the tank on the scales. A clean strainer cloth is used for each patron's milk or cream. By this method the milk or cream from each farm can be easily, accurately and quickly examined for dirt or foreign matter.

The general condition of cans, covers or stoppers should be watched carefully and the use of dirty or rusty cans prohibited. Churned milk, frozen milk, thick or clotted cream are some of the conditions for which low scores may be given.

Too often milk or cream is delivered at a creamery in a condition altogether too sour for use in making the finest grade of butter. The acidity or sourness of milk or cream is an important item and should be carefully considered. To determine the approximate acidity of the various samples, Farrington's Alkaline Tablet Test is particularly convenient. The outfit may be secured from any dairy supply house, with full directions for use. A standard for acidity should be established, which will be safe for cream trade or for butter-making, and yet not be unjust to the milk or cream producer. A standard of .20% acid will doubtless be high enough for any purpose. In some cases, however, a standard of .25% may be allowed.

The most important thing to be considered in scoring or grading milk or cream is its flavor. Upon the flavor of the milk or cream received at the creamery largely depends the quality of the finished butter. A few bad flavored lots of milk or cream may materially injure the quality of the day's product. By tasting a sample from each lot of milk or cream delivered, a good dairyman, after some practice, will be able to recognize the various flavors in different lots and give to each its proper rating of score. As the flavor or taste of milk or cream is easily changed when brought in contact with the various substances, the nature of the difficulty should, when possible, be pointed out and a remedy suggested.

After considering the various points, a score card has been arranged by this department which has proven to be very useful in describing in detail and recording the condition of milk and cream. The score card is also a particularly valuable agency for presenting such detailed information to the creamery patron. In fact, the score card's greatest usefulness is the service it renders in presenting to the milk and cream pro-

ducers a comprehensive and accurate idea regarding the condition and quality of his product.

As will be noted, fifty points are given to flavor and taste, as the flavor of milk and cream, more than any other condition, determines the flavor or quality of the butter; twenty-five points are given to acidity, that is, the amount of acid or degree of sourness which has developed. Twenty-five points are also given to the general condition of cans and contents. It therefore becomes possible to discourage, by means of the score cards, the presence of foreign matter and various things which in one way or another get inside the milk cans of careless patrons. It can also be used to discourage the use of milk containers of a questionable nature and condition.

SCORECARD FOR.....CREAMERY PATRONS.		Perfect score 100 points	Judge's score.	Remarks.
Name of Patron	General condition of cans and contents 25 points.			
Flavor 50 points.	Acidity 25 points.			
FAULTS ARE INDICATED BELOW.				
Flavor.	Acidity.	General condition.		
Bitter	High	Lumpy cream		
Silage	High	Rusty cans		
Manure	High	Dirty cans		
Weedy	High	Churned milk or cream		
Bad, unable to describe	Sour	Frozen milk or cream		
Vegetable		Foreign matter		
Date	190.....	Signature	Judge.	

During the time this method has been on trial, the quality of milk and cream received has been slowly but constantly improving.

While some patrons always furnished a uniformly high grade product, others were surprised to know that their product was in any way bad, and quickly and cheerfully improved its quality. Others, of course, were slow to recognize anything wrong, and slow also to remedy the matter.

A creamery patron receiving a score card with the condition of his milk or cream plainly described knows better how to remedy existing difficulties. In adopting the system of scoring or grading milk or cream, it will be necessary also, if the plan is to be effective, to adopt a definite scale of prices to be paid for butter-fat or cream of various grades.

Enough difference should be made in price so that there will be a strong incentive for each patron to furnish a high scoring product. The following arrangement of prices for butter-fat in various grades of milk and cream has thus far proved satisfactory: One cent extra per pound has been paid patrons for butterfat in milk or cream scoring 95 points or over. The usual price per pound has been paid patrons for butterfat in milk of cream scoring 90 and under 95 points.

One cent less than the usual price per pound has been paid patrons for butter-fat in milk or cream scoring 85 points and under 85 points.

Three cents less than the usual price per pound has been paid patrons for butter-fat in milk or cream scoring 75 and under 80 points.

Patrons furnishing milk or cream scoring under 75 points have at once been notified that they must improve the product or it would no longer be accepted at the creamery.

Each patron's milk or cream has been sampled and scored at least twice each month; the average of these scores has been accepted as a basis for grading the price per pound for butter-fat.

It is a well-known fact that many dairymen who produce clean milk or cream of excellent quality become disgusted when on delivering at the creamery they receive the same price per pound for butter-fat as does the patron who furnishes an inferior product from some neighboring farm. Under such conditions there can be but little incentive for a producer to continue to be painstaking, or to make an attempt to further improve the quality of his product.

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The system of scoring or grading milk or cream and grading the price paid creamery patrons for butter-fat according to the quality or condition of the milk or cream from which that fat is obtained, would seem to be eminently just to the producer as well as to the creamery. While a part of the work of grading can be done by the use of tests which give results directly expressed by figures, other parts of the work are dependent solely upon the good judgment, ability and honesty of the person who has the work in charge.

In some instances it will be possible and desirable for creamery managers personally to score or grade the milk of their patrons. In other cases it will doubtless be possible and much more desirable for a group of creameries in the same locality to combine for the purpose of employing an expert who would do the scoring for each. This system would at least insure uniform methods and uniform standards among neighboring creameries. With fresher, cleaner, better flavored milk and cream delivered regularly to our creameries, the quality of New Hampshire creamery butter can be still further improved, and higher prices realized in the market and on the farm.

POULTRY

Incubator Eggs.

EDITOR FARMER'S ADVOCATE:

In scanning the columns of a Canadian poultry paper this spring, I was astonished at seeing a letter from a Canadian poultryman advising incubator owners to sell the "tested out" or clear eggs, as "they were just as good for household purposes" as those which had not been in the machine. It is to be hoped that if any other over-enthusiast should try to air his notions or fancies through the press in future, he will not find a place. Such doctrine and practices will do more to keep the price of eggs below their value than possibly anything else. Let the people get the idea that they are not getting first-class eggs, and they soon turn their attention to other articles of diet.

Consumers with fat purses (the ones we like to sell to) will not purchase food supplies which have any chance of being inferior in quality. Why is this? Simply because the supply and variety is so great they can obtain anything they desire. When they find an article not up to the desired point of excellence, they turn quickly to another.

Poultry-keepers should put forth every effort to advance their business. This is not done by supplying an inferior article. The egg is one thing which must be right, or the demand will decrease at once. If we want good prices, we must present our goods in such form that they will create a demand and be sought after. If sought after by the best class of buyers, we will get the price. Eggs have been a fine price during the past two or three years, compared with previous years, and yet, in comparison with other things, they are cheap. When we consider the nutrients they contain, the very little heat required to cook them, that they do not overtax the digestive system, and that they are about indispensable in nourishing invalids, we must realize what an important place they occupy in the bill of fare.

Let every person concerned do his best to supply a good, reliable article, and the trade will come in time.

If grocers, dealers and consumers would insist on having stamped eggs (date not necessary), there would be a guarantee then, or a way of fastening the blame where it belongs. There would be no difficulty in establishing the system if purchasers would discriminate in price in favor of stamped goods.

J. R. HENRY.

* * *

It is a good idea for poultry men to get a rubber date stamp and put the date upon which eggs are laid upon each egg. If this is done conscientiously, it should help the trade of the honest man, as it shows he does not want to misrepresent his goods; but, of course, a dishonest man could abuse the scheme and make it worthless for honest dealers.

Would not use Colony Houses for Large Flocks.

EDITOR FARMER'S ADVOCATE:

I read Mr. Foley's answer to Mr. Geo. Bon, recommending the colony plan as a system for housing a thousand laying hens, giving from one to two hundred birds to a house; and while I will admit, as he says, that it hinders the spread of disease once broken out, I still believe the objections to it in such a country as Manitoba will far outweigh its advantages.

We all know that small, isolated buildings are much colder than a long continuous house would be; also to make colony houses at all comfortable the end walls have to be as weather proof as back and front, entailing both increase of labor and material in construction; but the greatest objection I see to it is the amount of walking required to make the necessary visits to each house in a day. Anyone can reckon the distance gone over to visit ten houses placed ten rods apart in the most compact order possible, to say nothing of return trip; add to this the work required to keep this trail passable for use all winter and it makes a very considerable increase of labor for a man who, if alone in caring for this number of fowls, already has his hands full. I have myself had some experience on a small scale with the separate house system and while it was in a snowless region it was sufficient for me. Of course there is the saving of yards, but a thousand birds unyarded would keep almost all the land they ranged over naked of green feed unless the houses were scattered so far as to be impracticable, and while a saving in first cost to build no yards, in a few years I feel certain some system of yarding will pay for itself over the colony system in labor saved and greater chances of letting the birds for short periods on fresh grown green stuff.

A very good style of house for a large bunch of fowls, where one does not prefer the continuous scratching shed plan, is the plan gradually evolved by experiments at Maine State station. In these experiments Prof. Gowell has been gradually increasing size of flocks and varying his style of house, till the latest, as used in building a private plant for 2,000 layers, which has given excellent satisfaction.

This house is 20 feet wide and sections are 20 feet long roof; is peak shaped, short slope to front and long to rear, partitions single board with split, double-spring door in center and car track for feed car. The roost is a curtained closet similar to Mr. Foley's plan and the front has two good sized glass windows, one near each end of compartment with large cotton curtains hinged at top between. These curtain openings do not come down nearer than three or four feet from floor, so that in case of wind it can not blow directly on the birds.

In this house one man took all the care of these 2,000 layers in 20 flocks from November to March, except for one day a week when he had help to renew the litter in the pens, and Prof. Gowell reports the health of the birds and condition of houses to have been first-class. Anyone who has ever cared for 400 or more birds in old style flocks of 15-25 can readily see what an immense saving this is. This house is so fully described in a bulletin sent out by the U. S. Government that it should be in the hands of anyone intending to go into poultry at all extensively, as the plan seems well suited to our Northwest, except perhaps the board floors, which I believe are not necessary in dry sections. This bulletin also contains much information on feeding, brooding and other work undertaken at the station and is well worth the price, which is 15 cents to Canadians (stamps not accepted) and application for it is made to "The Superintendent of Documents," Gov't Printing Office, Washington, D. C., asking for "Bulletin No. 90, Bureau of Animal Industry."

In this connection the U. S. Government send free to all foreigners who apply a regular monthly list of publications of the Department of Agriculture with price of each, post paid to applicants. By writing the Superintendent of Documents as above, asking to be put on list for "Monthly list of publications for foreign distribution," one then has all the titles of bulletins and circulars from which he can select as he wishes—a much better system than our experimental farms practice, of publishing a list of bulletins by numbers only.

B. C.

A. B. SMITH.

FIELD NOTES

Events of the Week.

CANADIAN.

The fall term of the Manitoba Agricultural College will open this year on October 29th.

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A company of British journalists representing some of the best papers are touring Canada at present.

* * *

The potato crop in the counties of New Brunswick along the St. John River will reach, it is estimated, 3,000,000 bushels this year.

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During the month of July just closed 138 home-stead entries were registered at the Dominion Lands Office, Winnipeg, as against 122 for the same month last year.

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The band of Doukobors which began a tramp from Swan River, Man., on July 6th, reached Winnipeg on the 30th and proceeded east toward Montreal. They are looking for a land whose climate will enable them to live without destroying life.

* * *

An unique electric power plant has been started at the Chignecto mines near Amherst. The plant generates electricity at the mouth of the mine and transmits it to Amherst. Upon the inauguration the following telegram was received from Edison, the electrical expert:

"Permit me to congratulate your board and Senator Mitchell on inauguration of first plant on American continent for generation of electricity at the mouth of coal mines and the distribution of same to a distant commercial center. It is a bold attempt and I never thought it would first be accomplished in Nova Scotia, where my father was born over one hundred years ago. (Signed) THOS. A. EDISON."

* * *

The Canadian Government has been inquiring into the reports from British Columbia as to the large influx of Japanese. The representatives of the Japanese Government state that the agreement made with the Canadian Government a few years ago as to the restriction is being rigidly observed. Before leaving their own country the Japanese must procure passports from their Government and the Japanese Government must not allow more than one passport per month for each district. As there are about forty districts this would permit about 500 a year to come to Canada direct from Japan. This number has never been reached and the agreement is still in force. The Japanese, however, are arriving in British Columbia from Honolulu, American territory, and over them the Japanese consuls have no official authority. They can do a great deal, however, in dissuading their people from leaving the islands, and this will be done.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN.

The Bill establishing a Court of Criminal Appeal on a plan similar to the Court of Civil Appeal, has passed its third reading in the British House.

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Both Houses approved of the grant of \$250,000 to Lord Cromer in recognition of his services as British agent and consul-general in Egypt.

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A massacre is reported of European workmen at Casablanca, a seaport of Morocco. Five Frenchmen were killed.

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Wm. D. Haywood, secretary-treasurer of the Western Federation of Miners, who has been on trial for murder in Idaho, has been declared not guilty, in spite of the alleged confession of Orchard, who said that he had assisted Haywood in carrying out the murders.

The Wool Clip.

The sheep shearing for the season has been completed. Owing to the exceptionally severe winter, the clip is not so heavy as previously. The average weight of wool sheared from the unfed sheep is about six pounds while the sheep give from seven and one-half to eight pounds. The Alberta Sheep Co. clipped two thousand with an average of eight pounds. The sheep were fed for six weeks during the severest portion of the winter. C. S. Crest, who fed 5000 sheep got the same average yield. Last winter was the first in the history of Southern Alberta that it was found necessary to feed the sheep.

The lamb crop is exceptionally good, the flocks having from seventy to ninety-two or three per cent. of lambs.

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Saskatchewan's Provincial Exhibition

Although the annual summer fair, held at Regina, is not officially recognized by the provincial Government as the first exhibition in the province, still the magnitude of the affair, the excellence of the stock, and the equipment of the fair grounds, all stamp it as essentially the agricultural mirror of the province. Public opinion also has come to regard the Regina fair week as the real big summer holiday season for Saskatchewan.

In the board of directors of the Regina fair there is an accumulated force and energy that will overcome every obstacle to the fair's progress to the distinction of being the largest and best event of the kind in the province. Manager Meadows is a capable official, President Hunter is familiar with and has a grasp of the industrial affairs of the city and province. Vice-president Bredt unselfishly devoted himself to the task of assembling at Regina not only the best live stock in the province, but also enlisted the presence of Manitoba breeders to compete with him, and to win prizes which would otherwise certainly have been his, and the board were one and all active in the discharge of their respective duties.

It was the first fair under the new organization, and it was a great success, as far as large crowds, increase in numbers and quality and elaborate displays of machinery, commercial products, were concerned. The weather was favorable, and the crowd a happy, good-natured one.

There are two entrances to the grounds, resulting in many advantages, most significant of which is, that one can enter and see the fair without coming in contact with the "shows." The moral tone of the attractions, however, did not come in for criticism, a fact which reflects most creditably upon the management, who are honorable men with a true sense of propriety, and with as much solicitation for the public's welfare as for their own and that of their families.

The live stock of the fair is placed first in importance at Regina, and the best of accommodation is provided for horses and cattle, but sheep and swine did not fare quite so well. As a province, Saskatchewan is strong on horses, and particularly so in the neighborhood of Regina. She also has a few excellent herds of cattle, but cattle breeding is not so generally popular. The Manitoba herds of Sir William Van Horne, J. G. Barron, and W. H. English, furnished most of the competition, and proved an excellent object lesson to the fair visitors. A combination of circumstances prevented Geo. Kinnon from showing his herd, which is usually a heavy winner, but P. M. Bredt and Caswell of Saskatoon came forward with herds not in exhibition fit, but showing the useful type of beef-breeding herds.

HORSES.

Clydesdales constituted the major portion of Regina horse display and were made up from the three first stables in the province, namely: A. & G. Mutch's, R. H. Taber's, and W. H. Bryce's, besides those from several other barns about Regina, including P. M. Bredt's, R. Sinton's, P. Horn's and others. Bryce had not his full string and Taber and Mutch's left part of their strings at home. This arrangement made it imperative that some of the Winnipeg placings be changed and the judges, Tully Elder, Brandon, and Bryce Wright, DeWinton, Alta., also saw fit to alter others of Mr. Gibson's rulings. Neither Baron's Gem nor Eva's Gem, which won male and female championships for Taber at Winnipeg, were brought out, nor was Mutch's three-year-old stallion, Black Ivory, on the ground. Hence, new champions had to be picked, and these were found in Lord Ardwell and Irene, P. M. Bredt's four-year-old, a newcomer in our show-rings.

The aged stallion class had only two in it. These were Bredt's Baron Keir, and a syndicate horse from Pense. Baron Keir is an exceptionally well-bred horse, being by Baron's Pride, dam by Prince Cedric, granddam by McGregor, and great granddam by Belted Knight. He is also a well-put-up horse, set on clean, hard timber, with a well-muscled top, and proud, well-placed neck and head. His greatest weakness is in his rather open action, and he is not a big horse.

In the three-year-olds there was a long drawn out comparison of the merits of Mutch's Steward, and Sir Wm. Van Horne's Lord Ardwell. Mr. Wright favored the former and Mr. Elder the latter, and it was a case where either horse might

have been placed first with good reasons. The Mutch horse is strong in the joints, but apart from that he is hard to pick holes in, while Lord Ardwell is just a little over size, rather fine in the head, and carries a big load of flesh. Finally, a third judge was called in to break the tie. Dr. Tolmie, of Victoria, did the unpleasant work, and gave the award to Lord Ardwell. Third place went to Thos. Brooks, near Pense, on Cosmopolitan, a Baron's Pride horse, imported last fall by A. & G. Mutch. He is a good substantial sort of horse shown in proper fit, with the exception of his feet, which were a little long.

Bryce's Baron of Arcola headed the two-year-olds again, but had a close contestant in Bredt's Vulcan's Best, a colt of his own breeding, by Vulcan (imp.), grandsire, Good Gift. There is very superior underpinning to this colt; size is ample, and his body strong. He also won the Canadian-bred championship.

FEMALES.

The brood mares were judged first, and the class contained four entries. Here again the mare that Mr. Gibson placed fourth got to the head. This is Bryce's Baron's Pride mare, Lonely Star, described two weeks ago. Next to her stood Sinton's mare, winner, if we remember rightly, of the three-year-old class at Toronto last fall. She is a big strong mare with a nice slope to her pasterns, but just a little coarse in her bone and feather. Taber's Lady Gordon, a mare fine and hard in the bone but rather plain on top, got into third place.

The foals were then placed: Lady Gordon's, by Baron's Gem, first, Lonely Star's, second, and Sinton's mare third.

The yeld mares made the largest class of the show and consisted of seven entries. In this section a surprise came out in Bredt's Irene, a four-year-old, by the great sire, Labori, and imported to Canada by John A. Turner, of Calgary. The judges were a long time deciding between Irene and Rosadora, but finally agreed upon the Bredt entry. Rosadora was showing as well as she has been seen this year, but that is not so good as she was a year ago. She is getting big and losing her finish. But Irene was also at a disadvantage through carrying two bumps on her nigh hind leg, very apparently, due to the malicious abuse of some human brute who had got into the stable the night before. Irene is a very thick and closely coupled mare, and her bone is good, but she didn't beat the old champion any in pasterns and feet. Gay Jess, one of Mutch's mares, which they hadn't shown before, made a good third, and after her was Bryce's Lady June, and then Montrave Geisha, the "Craigie Mains" mare that though placed low, shows them all how an aged mare's timber should wear.

The younger classes were not very large, and were judged first for Canadian-breds and then the imported stock competed with the home raised. In this section, Taber showed his new mare, Baron's Lassie, another Baron's Gem, bred by A. & G. Mutch, but until Winnipeg Fair she has been in John A. Turner's hands since a year old. At Winnipeg she was placed third. She is a big filly with the finest of bone on good strong feet. Nan of Wellwood (imp.), shown by John Horn, got the second award in the open.

Baron's Sunbeam had no trouble winning the Canadian-bred section for two-year-olds. Admirers of this filly look to her to make a champion at three-year-old, and she has the conformation that promises it, being just a little finer than her half sister, Eva's Gem, that carried the honors at Winnipeg this year. Her stable mate, Baroness of Hillcrest, a filly that probably has the best hocks and ankles on exhibition this year, won second in the Canadian section, but went down a notch in the open to make room for Mutch's Maud of Grange, a snappy-acting, clean-quality, black filly, by Baronson. Bessy, a strong, useful filly, got third for home-bred, for Peter Horn, and Lady Jean, a Hiawatha get, won fourth in the open.

The competition in the yearling section was between Bryce's Lady Montrave Ronald (imp.), and Taber's Hillcrest Princess, the Doune Lodge filly winning out over the Canadian-bred rival.

The real struggle of the whole show, and one that kept the crowd of interested spectators hanging over the rail for over an hour, was the

female championship contest. There were four in for it—the yeld mare Irene, the three-year-old Baron's Lassie, the two-year-old Baron's Sunbeam, and the yearling Lady Montrave Ronald. Mr. Elder and Mr. Wright differed honestly and neither could take his mind down and make it over again, so Dr. Tolmie was again called in. It was a question of the relative value of different parts and attributes. The Doctor's summing up was for Baron's Lassie, "a little plain in the head, not quite even in gait, and a little lacking in substance, while Irene is some better in the head, body and action, but not so good in the legs and feet." The result has been intimated above.

For heavy draft teams Bryce's Lady June and Lady Rotha defeated Mutch's Montrave Geisha and British Baroness, a reversal of Mr. Gibson's and Prof. Rutherford's decisions.

CATTLE.

The Saskatchewan fair-going public were treated to a surprise in the display of cattle on the ground, for in addition to the herds above mentioned there was also present a fine string of Galloways belonging to D. McRae, of Guelph, Ont., Robt. Sinton's Hereford's and J. C. Pope's Ayrshires.

Mr. Alex. Smith, Maple Lodge, Ont., judged the beef cattle, which were practically all shown on the first day of the fair. This is an arrangement that might be criticized, as the bulk of the visitors cannot be induced to attend the first day, and so many who are slightly interested fail to receive a stimulation.

When Spicy Marquis was placed over Nonpareil Prince, at Winnipeg and Brandon, there were those who thought that the decision might be reversed, but Mr. Smith adhered to this rating, and selected for third place R.W. Caswell's Alistair. Two-year-olds were next called, and then the real goods were on view. English's new bull, Marquis of Marigold, first at Brandon and first as a junior yearling at Toronto last fall, had another win here. He is a big bull for his age, is by Sailor Champion, and was bred by Redmond, Millbrook, Ont. Missie Marquis, the smooth, tight, spicy Marquis bull, won second for Van Horne, with Barron's new white Mistletoe Eclipse third. Fourth place was awarded to P. M. Bredt, on Farmer, winner of championship at Calgary last spring. Farmer was not fitted for exhibition, but made a good impression with the judge and crowd. Topsman's Duke 7th maintained his winning streak and headed the senior yearlings and got a grand championship. Nonpareil Marquis again had second for Van Horne, and Bredt's white Royal Ury carried the third honestly, as he is well formed though thin.

Mr. Smith reversed the positions given the junior yearlings at Brandon, and placed Barron's Meteor's Favorite over Van Horne's Spicy Wonder. The Barron calf was brighter and showed more character than the week before. Meteor's Conqueror retained third, while a tidy, promising bull, shown by Caswell, of Saskatoon, Caswell's Star 31st, came into fourth. A well-bred calf, Golden West Chesterfield, by Admiral Chesterfield, second as a junior yearling at Toronto in 1904, the same year that his sire, Lord Chesterfield, got second for Robbins at Toronto, is a product of Golden West Stock Farm, and was shown by Mr. Bredt.

Mr. Smith upset some Brandon decisions in the aged cow class after third place, but put Marchioness first, with Louise Cicely second, and then brought in English's Lady Alice ahead of Van Horne's Spicy Wimple. For fifth place Bredt's Roan Ury was chosen, and a splendid type of breeding Shorthorn she is. Objection was made to the first and fourth prize cows on the ground that they did not conform to the rule in the prize list to the effect that a cow must have a calf at foot or give evidence of being in calf. The matter was left to the judge, who was satisfied that both cows gave plenty of evidence of being breeders.

There was no change in the first two two-year-old heifers from the positions given at Brandon, but for third place a beautiful even heifer of Caswell's came in with Barron's Myrtle fourth.

The senior yearlings were headed by Poplar Park Queen, the heifer which Mr. English bred and sold to Van Horne at Brandon fair for \$600.

Barron's Lady Sunshine was again second, but Bredt had a good candidate for third in Rosebud, one of his own breeding.

With the Herefords there was very little competition for Robt. Sinton, E. A. Purdy of Lumsden having first for aged bull and second for cows. There was no opposition for McRae in Galloways, nor for Pope in Ayrshires.

SWINE.

There was practically nothing to the swine display but Yorkshires, and these were mostly contributed by W. H. English and Peter Horn. For pen of bacon hogs, E. Meadows, Regina, got first, and Peter Horn second, and for three finished hogs, M. Ross, Regina, got the honors.

A few sheep were shown by Wm. Colton, of Tregarva.

There is room for an increase in the display of agricultural products and also for dairy products. The poultry show was very slim, but of course it is not the time of year for poultry exhibiting, and besides it usually costs more to get a judge to satisfy the exhibitors than the prize money at an average fair amounts to.

In machinery, several firms who are manufacturing at Regina, and a large number of others with headquarters there, were out with displays. An agricultural gasoline motor was among the new machines that attracted considerable interest.

Suggestions Upon Settlement and Government Policy.

EDITOR FARMER'S ADVOCATE:

In reply to your article of June 26th, "Is it wise to double the free land offer?" I think that we may safely conclude that it is not necessary to offer any greater inducements than have prevailed in the past; that is, a free homestead and an opportunity to secure the adjoining land at a low price, a condition that is rapidly changing.

It is generally admitted that a quarter section of 160 acres is not enough land to support a man's family and allow him to keep up a sufficient number of horses to operate the class of machinery now in use and pay expenses of hired help, which he must have in the harvest at least and if he only hires for a shorter term he must pay a higher rate of wages. With more land, say half a section, he can afford to keep his man eight months or perhaps the year round at a reasonable rate, and with advantage to himself and his man. For if the latter can only get

employment for part of the time he is forced to charge a price great enough to make up for his idle time, or the farmer will have to offer large enough wages to induce him to leave some other class of employment.

Again, the machinery required to properly operate a quarter section is sufficient for a half section and four to six horses are needed on a quarter section, while from six to eight horses are sufficient for the half, so that as far as equipment is concerned as well as other things, the half section is nearer the ideal farm than a single quarter.

Now, we are told that the giving of land grants to railroads is a thing of the past. Well, what are we going to do with the odd-numbered sections? Retain them for the political "friends," who will pass them on en bloc to the real estate man, who will retail it to the speculator by the section or township, who cares not whether it is close in or away back? The homesteader will come and then will come his chance.

Let me show you how that works out. Some time ago the Saskatchewan Valley Land Company secured a grant of land up in the millions of acres for the normal sum of about one dollar per acre. This land is now being retailed at from \$15 to \$20 per acre. Our best settlers come from the older provinces and the States. After bringing car-loads of stock and effects, by the time they get on the homestead they are not over-burdened with money, and these men know that a quarter is not enough, yet if they want more they must plunge in and buy more at \$15 to \$20 per acre, make a substantial cash payment to start with, carry interest and taxes and make probably two more payments on this land before they are in a position to make any use of it, as it generally keeps a man pretty fully occupied for the first two years to break up the homestead and put up buildings, or he can pay Mr. Speculator from \$20 to \$30 per acre for this adjoining land, because he has waited a couple of years until the pioneer settler got ready to use his land.

Now would it not be wise to cut these middlemen out altogether and sell this land direct to the actual settler under settlement conditions?

If three dollars per acre is thought too low, make the price four dollars or six per acre. The higher price would tend to keep the lands out of the hands of irresponsible people.

As to the fuel and transportation problems, to retard settlement of our public lands is no remedy. The Government should see that the railroads are fully equipped so as to furnish suitable and adequate service for all traffic offerings, and direct the settlement in the districts served or soon to be served by roads now under construction; by retaining the outlying lands until these districts are fully settled.

The Dominion Government might follow the example of Saskatchewan by opening up a number of coal mines in outlying parts for the benefit of settlers.

Sask.

H. D. DONEY.

The Threshing Problem.

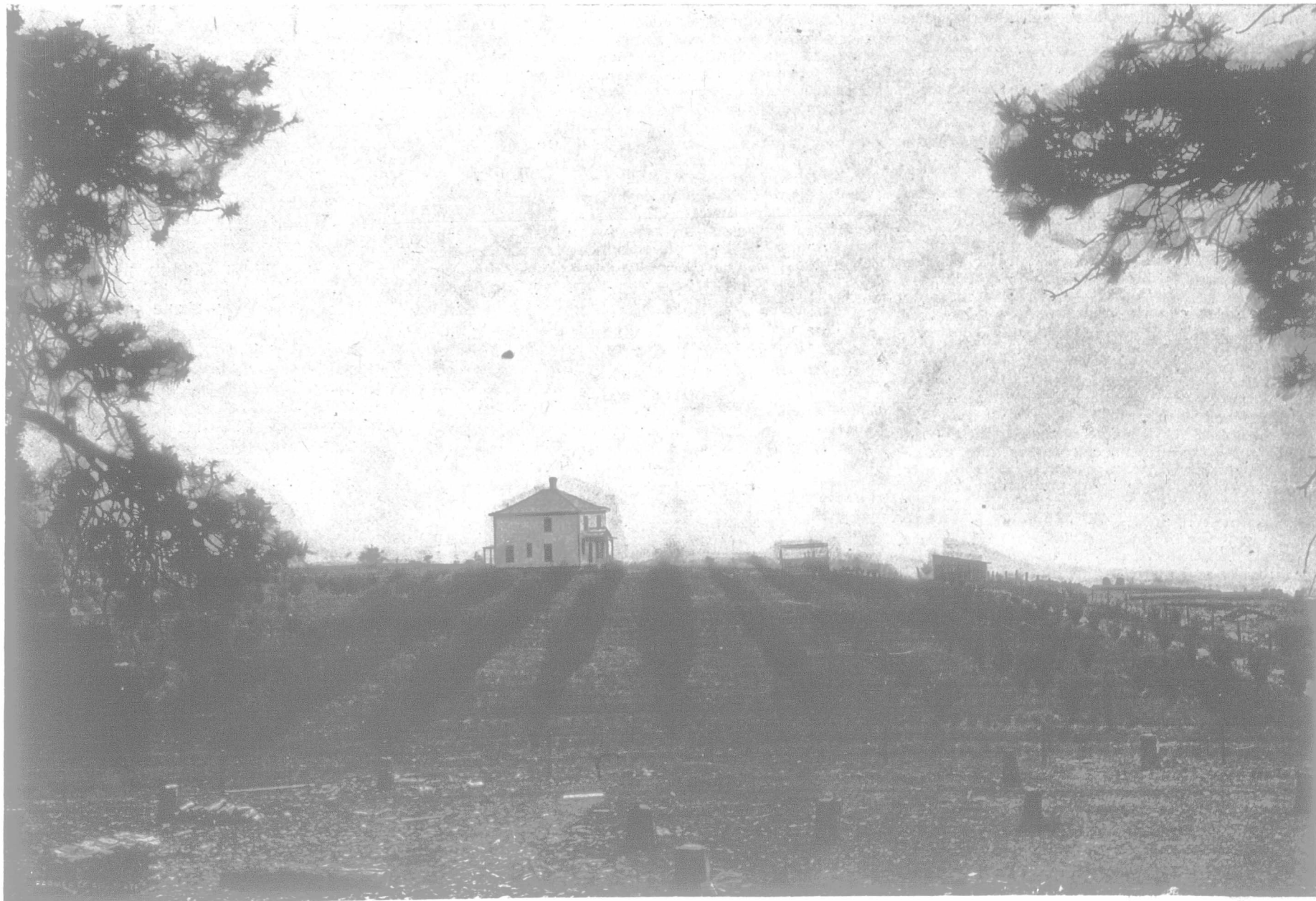
EDITOR FARMER'S ADVOCATE:

Having read with interest [various opinions expressed by farmers and others in recent issues of the FARMER'S ADVOCATE, I thought I would venture mine, gotten partly by my own experience and partly by observation. Now so much depends on circumstances and weather that it would be an impossibility to lay down any fast and hard rule as to whether the large travelling outfit or the medium or small sized one is going to give best satisfaction. Asking one thresherman why he invested in such a large outfit, requiring ten bundle wagons to keep it going, he remarked, "Oh I had a small outfit and we were too long at each place, and it took nearly as many men and teams, and we could not make her pay." Asking a farmer who had purchased a small outfit what his idea was for so doing he said: "Oh, I used to hire a big outfit, and when things went broke, or bad weather came, we had to board twenty men and twelve teams for a week hanging around idle, so I thought I would get a small machine of my own and am well pleased so far." Asking another farmer what he thought of forming a syndicate and buying a small sized outfit and to thresh only for the company, he answered, "I was in just such a syndicate once before, and don't want to repeat former experiences. We were threshing all fall for our company of six, and did not get any plowing done." Another farmer having a share in a small outfit hired one of the big outfits to do his threshing, but they stayed with him seventeen days for three day's work owing to breaks and bad weather and now he is thinking of getting a small gasoline outfit of his own.

Now, Mr. Editor, after such experiences as these how is a man to know what is best? So much depends on the manager of a big outfit to make it pay, and so much depends on the weather from the farmer's point of view, and so much depends on the tact "to pull together" with the syndicate question, we all have to meekly admit that circumstances decide the question. Being asked myself how I like to have my own threshing done I say, give me the medium sized outfit with cook car attached if possible under a good manager, and trust the rest to luck.

Sask.

WHEAT HEAD.



WM. LITTLE'S NEW PEACH ORCHARD, PEACHLAND, B.C.

Southern Manitoba's Fair.

Killarney Fair was held this year from July 30th to August 2nd. In a good many respects this year's effort excelled the average of previous exhibitions...

Horses made the largest exhibit in the live stock classes. Dr. Henderson of Carberry acted as judge, and while in some cases there seemed to be room for a difference of opinion in the matter of placing the awards...

The aged stallion class brought out three, Baron Sproat, the Killarney breeder's syndicate horse, Galloway, owned by a similar association at Ninga, and Forageur, shown by W. J. Shaw, Killarney.

The cattle display did not very well represent this branch of live stock industry of the country; neither were a good many of them in condition fit for exhibition. Shorthorns put up the largest competition.

considerable interest, but space does not permit our commenting on them in detail here.

There was quite a representative sheep exhibit taken as a whole, and it seems to us that the Killarney management might now encourage this class of live stock a little more by better classification in their prize list.

Killarney had about as good a swine display as has been seen anywhere this year. Yorkshires, Berkshires, Poland Chinas and Tamworths were the breeds represented. The Poland China is a kind not met with very much in Manitoba, but two exhibitors had entries here and had out a dozen or so individuals, representative of the great American breed.

The poultry display was large, but made up largely of the Hoyt exhibit from Whitewater, Wisconsin. The grain and vegetable displays were small.

Killarney made some effort last year to purge her fair of those features, which as every visitor of last week knows, were too openly vulgar and suggestively immoral to be tolerated anywhere, much less at an agricultural fair.

Things to Remember.

Provincial Exhibition, New Westminster, B.C. October 1 to 5

MANITOBA FAIRS.

- Boissevain Aug. 8
Shoal Lake August 8
Swan River August 8
Manitou August 8 and 9
Hamiota August 9
Holland August 9
Woodlands August 9
Kildonan September 27
Gilbert Plains September 25 and 26
Plumas October 1
Meadow Lea October 2
Macgregor October 3
Beauséjour October 4
Selkirk October 4 and 5

ALBERTA FAIRS.

- Leduc Aug. 8 and 9
Vermilion Sept. 10 and 11
Vegreville Sept. 11 and 12
Didsbury Sept. 13
Olds Sept. 16 and 17
Magrath Sept. 19 and 20
Raymond Sept. 24 and 25
Cardston Sept. 26 and 27
Medicine Hat Sept. 26 and 27
Lacombe Oct. 1 and 2
Ponoka Oct. 3 and 4
Wetaskiwin Oct. 7 and 8
Innisfail Oct. 9 and 10
Nanton Oct. 11
Pincher Creek Oct. 15

SASKATCHEWAN FAIRS.

- Grenfell August 8
Arcola August 8
Rosthern August 8 and 9
S. Qu'Appelle August 8 and 9
Wapella August 9
Gainsboro August 9
Fairmede August 9
Indian Head August 13
Broadview August 14
Wolseley August 15
Carnduff August 13
Oxbow August 14
Alameda August 15
Creelman August 13
Stoughton August 14
Lashburn September 12
Lloydminster September 19 and 26
Radisson September 28
Quill Lake September 20
Watson September 24
N. Battleford October 1 and 2
Duck Lake October 2
Kinistino October 8
Tisdale October 17
Melfort October 15 and 16

MARKETS

The tone of the markets has been erratic the past week, ranging between 91 and 94 for contract wheat at Lake front. When orders for export came in, or adverse crop conditions were reported, the market gathered strength...

The July rains started considerable growth, which will make the crop very uneven in ripening, but which will no doubt increase the total yield much above what was promised.

Prices in Winnipeg for lake delivery are No. 1 Hard 93 1/2c, No. 1 Nor. 92 1/2c, No. 2 Nor. 89 1/2c, No. 3 Nor. 85 1/2c and futures August 92 1/2c, Sept. 93 1/2c, Oct. 94 1/2c.

COARSE GRAINS AND PRODUCE.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Includes Oats, Barley, Flax, MILL FEEDS, POTATOES, BUTTER, EGGS, HAY, POULTRY.

LIVE STOCK.

Cattle—Choice beef steers and heifers per lb., 2 to 3 1/2; other grades in proportion; bulls, per lb., 1 1/2 to 2 1/2; market unsettled. Sheep—Choice sheep, per lb., 6 1/2 c; spring lambs, each \$4 to \$5.50.

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HOME JOURNAL

Life, Literature and Education

IN THE WORLD OF LITERATURE AND ART.

Mrs. Catherine McCullough, an Illinois woman, has been elected a justice of her home city. She has been a member of the bar for 16 years.

Howard Chandler Christy, the American artist, has broken down in health and will have to lay aside brush and palette for the next year.

Prof. Lowell, of the observatory at Cambridge, Mass., says that he and Prof. Lampland have succeeded in photographing the double canals of Mars.

Louise de la Rame, better known as "Ouida," the well-known novelist, has been put on the list of civil pensions for literary merit, her earnings from literature having been squandered.

A movement is on foot among Thousand Island residents to raise the Sir Robert Peel, which was fired and sunk by Americans in 1830, to avenge the sending over Niagara Falls of an American ship.

The first Protestant church in America was at Jamestown, and consisted of an old sail hung to three or four trees as a protection from the sun. The walls were rails of wood, the pulpit a bar of wood nailed to two trees.

There is a story told of an illiterate millionaire who gave a wholesale dealer an order for a copy of all books in any language treating of any aspect of Napoleon's career. He thought it would fill a case in his library.

He was somewhat taken back, however, when in a few weeks he received a message from the dealer that he had got forty thousand volumes and awaited instructions as to whether he should send them on as an instalment or wait for a complete set.

In October of last year the Canadian Pacific Railway offered two free scholarships covering four years tuition in the faculty of applied science at McGill University, subject to competitive examinations, to apprentices and other employees enrolled on the permanent staff of the company and under twenty-one years of age, and to minor sons of employees. Donald King Linagh, son of Thomas Linagh, boiler-maker at the Angus shops, Montreal, and R. L. Johnston, son of Conductor J. C. Johnston, of St. John, N.B., are the prize winners.

That it is never too late to learn is signally illustrated in the case of Miss Mary E. van Dyne, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., who, though 65 years of age, has been during the past school year a student at Vassar College. She has been taking a special course and has been classified as a freshman, being supposedly the oldest freshman in the country. It is said that Miss van Dyne was eager in her younger days to enter Vassar but for financial reasons was unable to do so. Some time ago her fortunes improved, and she carried out the ambition of her youth.

Mrs. Annie Glen Broder, who is a guest at Vancouver, is a musician of considerable note, being a \$2,000 scholarship holder and a favorite pupil of Sir Arthur Sullivan. She wrote the first work ever attempted upon Artistic Accompaniment, a book which was honored with the approval of Her Majesty Queen Victoria. In consequence of its success, Mrs. Broder (then Miss Glen) was invited by Sir Alexander Mackenzie to act as

adjudicator at the Royal Academy of Music for the Stanley Accompaniment prize and the Heathcote Long prize. Since coming to the West she has written "Luceat Lumen," "The Song of Western Canada College," and "The Ride of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police," a cavalry song and chorus.

Mark Twain made this statement regarding the remarkable attention he has received in England. "I have led a violently gay and energetic life here for four weeks, but I have felt not fatigue and I have but little desire to quiet down. I am younger now by seven years than I was, and if I could stay here another month I could make it fourteen. This is the most enjoyable holiday I have ever had and I am sorry the end of it has come. I have met a hundred old friends and made a hundred new ones. It's a good kind of riches—there's none better, I think. For two years I have been planning my funeral, but I have changed my mind now and have postponed it. I suppose I won't see England again, but I don't like to think of that."

THE PRESIDENT AND THE NATURE WRITERS.

The writers of animal and nature studies are the latest addition to the President's classified collection of "liars." He has lately developed a keen scent for the followers of Ananias and his search has been rewarded by a large and varied group of specimens. He defends the addition of the writers aforesaid on the ground that these men write as actual fact what is largely the product of their own imaginations. Their stories are really fairy tales and yet are enough true to life to deceive the children in whose hands they are placed. In support of his position he gives specific examples from the works of Charles G. D. Roberts, Ernest Thompson-Seton (both Canadian naturalists) and Rev. William Long, an American, author of "School of the Woods" and other interesting books of outdoor life. For instance, Roberts earns the title of "nature fakir" bestowed by President Roosevelt, by telling of a lynx in the woods of New Brunswick that put to flight a pack of wolves. Mr. Long's story of the killing of a caribou by a bite behind the shoulder from a wolf is "filled with the wildest improbabilities and mathematical impossibilities"; Jack London's description of a fight between a bulldog and a wolf is the "very sublimity of absurdity."

Naturally this group of authors do not take kindly to the strictures of the head of the Republic, and several have protested against the criticism as unfair. Roberts says that the President in judging his story is thinking of the lynx and the wolf of the Rockies; while he is writing of the lynx and the wolf of New Brunswick, the former of which is a very powerful animal, while the latter is small and cowardly unless with a large pack. Mr. Long takes the matter up with more spirit than any of his fellows and defends his position most energetically. One of the most telling of his statements is a comment on the President's own words: "I don't believe for a moment that some of these nature-writers know the heart of the wild things," to which Long replies, "As to that, I find after carefully reading two of his big books, that every time Mr. Roosevelt gets near the heart of a wild thing he invariably puts a bullet through it. From his own records I have reckoned a full thousand hearts he has known thus intimately. One nature writer whom he condemns has watched and followed animals for years, thinking that he could understand these wild hearts better if he left them beating warmly under their own soft skins; and he still perversely clings to his delusion."

A PREPARED HOME FOR THE BRIDE.

The other day a well-intentioned lady rushed into print in a Western paper to declare *anathema marantha* those girls who did not marry and come out to live on their husband's homesteads from the beginning, when the only shelter was a wagon or a tent. She waxed quite warm in a mingling of pity for the poor lonely bachelors and of wrath over the recalcitrant and stony-hearted females. No true woman, she said, really loved a man if she would not willingly endure hardships in his company and for his sake.

My own opinion is that the lady in question displayed more earnestness than the subject demanded. There are very few good girls—and, thank Heaven, the great majority of our girls are good!—who would not make any sacrifice for the men they love, but who have common sense, as well as goodness, and enough of it to make them draw the line at unnecessary self-abnegation. Up to the time of her marriage the average girl has had a home of more or less comfort under her father's roof; perhaps she has been a successful wage-earner and in money matters, as well as otherwise, she has been independent and free as air. When she accepts the man she does so knowing that it means giving up her independent life; it means taking upon herself new duties and new responsibilities; it means having no money except what comes through her husband. That sounds like an anticlimax, perhaps, but the happiness of matrimony has been more often wrecked on that last rock than on any other. In short, it means that she has taken upon herself the building up of a home. Is it too much to ask that the husband be prepared beforehand with a shelter for her? She does not ask anything grand, does not insist on beginning with the comforts and conveniences of her old home, but a house to keep out the cold, to turn the force of the rain, to be lived in without menace to health, is not an unreasonable demand.

There may be circumstances that make it necessary or advisable for the two to begin together when there is nothing before them but the bare prairie, and when that is the case the loyal woman will make the best of a bad situation, uncomplainingly, even gladly. But, in the ordinary course of events that is not necessary. There is no man worth speaking about whose pride and self-respect does not demand that he have a home to which to take the woman who has promised to leave her own people for him. He wants to have things right for her, and will endure loneliness and his own cooking cheerfully for a time in order the better to make preparation for his bride.

There is another phase of this subject, too—perhaps a little mercenary in sound, but that should be considered. Suppose a woman marries a man and goes with her husband to his homestead at the beginning of his residence upon it. Even if he has a little money, it has to be spent for horses, implements and the most necessary stock. For several years, at least, she must struggle along. She may live in a shack that cannot defy the elements, rarely have a new garment, but be forced to turn and make over her simple wedding outfit, live on the plainest food, do the hardest work, never see a new book or hear a bit of music. Then, when she has endured all that, she may find, if she lives in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta, the farm, now improved and valuable owing in a large measure to her efforts, has been sold without her consent, even without her knowledge.

This is not a common occurrence, but happens frequently enough to make it advisable for a girl to let her head have equal voice with her heart in making a decision, before she sows years of sternest toil and reaps nothing.

THE INSIDE MORE IMPORTANT
THAN THE OUTSIDE.

We look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen: for the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal.—2 Cor. 4: 18.

Life may be a tedious, uninteresting progress towards the grave, or it may be filled to the brim with never-fading interest—it all depends on our spiritual vision. When Elisha was surrounded by enemies, and his servant was afraid of the visible host of horses and chariots, he recovered his courage and hope simply by having his eyes opened, and "Behold, the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha." The spiritual vision made all the difference. The position of God's servant was perfectly secure all the time, but it was a grand thing to know certainly that all was well.

The great difference between a great man and a small man lies in this difference of vision. The small man only sees the visible—looks only at the things which are seen—while a real nobleman looks at the things which are not seen, and so his life passes out of the sphere of things temporal into the world of eternal verities. Brierley describes a tourist who, when an expedition was planned, exclaimed: "I suppose it is just the same there as here, a lot of mountains and that kind of thing," and he says that another tourist, with Salamis and the mountains that look on Marathon in full view, grumbled, "I can't for the life of me see what people find to rave about in these places; a lot of barren rocks and tumble-down ruins." Of course, he was bored, for he saw only the visible rocks and earth, his eyes were not opened to the time-honored associations, which made them full of interest to other men, and he did not find that to "lift his eyes unto the hills" was to be lifted up in spirit unto the presence of the unseen Maker of the great mountains. To such untrained vision "a primrose by the river's brim" would be nothing but a common yellow flower, a sunset would be simply a blaze of color, the midnight sky would be nothing but a multitude of bright points on a dark background. No sense of mystery and awe would be roused by these outward sights, there would be no uplifting of the soul, no reaching out of the spirit of man to touch the spirit of God. It would be useless to say to a man with such veiled sight, "Consider the lilies of the field."

But even the most hard-headed man driving close bargains and piling up money, is not utterly destitute of spiritual vision. Even the bustling woman who seems to think that the all-important object of life is to have her house and clothes—the things which are seen—in perfect condition, feels dissatisfied when this low ideal is attained. We are spiritual beings, all of us, and can never be made completely happy with visible things. Dickens, in the Christmas Carol, shows how a man who makes the pursuit of wealth his one aim and object, misses the realities of life, and grows narrow-minded and miserable. Love and friendship cannot be retained in any degree of fullness by those who don't think them important enough to be worth cultivating, and real happiness without love—given and received—is impossible to a spirit that is made in the image of God.

The people who do most to brighten and uplift the lives of others are not necessarily the people who work most incessantly. They are those who are looking at the invisible, and who can, with God's help, do much to unseal the blinded eyes of others. They come down in the morning with faces shining like the faces of Moses and St. Stephen, shining with reflected glory because they have been gazing straight up into the face of God. They accept the little difficulties or serious trials which meet them with quiet courage, because they see Christ at their side to give all the strength required for each moment. They never worry about

possible troubles in the future, because everything comes to them as a special gift from His hand, and they are always looking up confidently for new proofs of His love. Everything is a holy sacrament, and they prize the outward, visible sign because they look through it and see the inward spiritual grace. If the one you love best on earth should pick a rose and give it to you, that rose is not a commonplace flower any longer, it has power to thrill your very soul with wonderful gladness. Why? Because you do not look only at the visible petals, which can only give a passing sense of pleasure from their delicate coloring, but you look through the visible to the invisible love which makes any gift from that hand very precious. So it is with the everyday events of life. If we look only at the outside, we soon find life monotonous and uninteresting—whether we live in city or country, in cottage or in palace—but if we keep our eyes always open to see God offering gifts of love to us, life is flooded with ever-fresh interest. Each difficulty is an opportunity for gaining new strength as the soul reaches out to God for help. Pain of heart or body beautifies the character when it is taken with bright willingness from his outstretched hand. No matter from what human source it may appear to come—though it may be caused by

whole way clear before our eyes, we should never know the strength of faith and the sweetness of childlike trust. Peace would be of very poor quality if it had never stood fast in the midst of strife, and joy and hope would not be glorious unless they had proved their power to anchor the soul in storms. And, as our present character is built out of the everyday circumstances of the past—or, rather, out of the way we have accepted and used those circumstances—so, also, our future character is being built up now. "Now is the accepted time," says St. Paul, "now is the day of salvation." He is quoting from God's promise, given through Isaiah, that there will be an accepted time in which he will hear and succor His people. And that time is "Now." He never makes a mistake in His training and perfecting, and we could gain new beauty and strength every hour if we always walked prayerfully and trustfully, with eyes raised to Him. Electricity was at man's disposal for ages before he appropriated it and made it work marvels. So God's Spirit is always waiting for us to work miracles through His Almighty power. Why should we wait for a possible crisis in the future, hoping some day that we may have a chance to do some great thing? Everything is great— if inspired by a high motive and carried into effect by virtue of our



THE PRESENT HOME OF LORD ABERDEEN, AS VICEROY OF IRELAND.

one's own fault, or by the fault of others—one who is looking not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen, can say with quiet confidence: "The cup which my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?" No better motto could be hung on the wall of a room than this: "Christ is the head of this house, the unseen Guest at every meal, the silent Listener to every conversation."

Then nothing will seem trifling or unimportant, for everything can be seized and pressed into the great work of life, which is the invisible building of things visible and temporal into the great invisible reality of character—and character is eternal. The invisible person, hidden within the outside clothing of circumstances and environment, has been built up slowly, but very steadily, out of the raw material of the past days and hours. If the temper is sweet and easily controlled, it is because it has been trained and strengthened by a thousand little victories. If we are easily irritated or upset by trifles, it is because we have never formed the habit of welcoming every circumstance as valuable material for our daily task of building character. How disappointing it would be if God made life so smooth and easy that we had no chance to acquire the great gifts of patience, longsuffering and meekness, and so we had to go out through the gate of death lacking these pearls of great price. If he made the

union with the Most High—and everything is small—if done for fame or vain glory. The people around us are seen to be wonderfully interesting, if we look through the outside commonplace of appearance and conversation, and realize that underneath there is a soul that is hungry for God—though it may be with an unconscious yearning that expresses itself only in the unlovely fashion of discontent and everyday "crossness."

Let us cultivate a desire to be noble and beautiful, and let us make everything fit unto that end; then we cannot only rejoice in the midst of tribulation, but even be glad because of the tribulation—knowing that it helps largely towards the attainment of our eager desire. Then we can understand Browning's strange counsel:

"Then welcome each rebuff
That turns earth's smoothness rough,
Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand,
But go!"

We cannot help forming habits; they are tightening their bands round us every day; therefore it is vitally important that our outlook on life, which is steadily hardening into habit, should be a true one. Life can be lived sweetly, nobly, grandly in a lonely prairie home just as easily as in a palace. It is always the invisible that is the real and eternal, it is always the inside that counts most. We do not all stand on the same level—not because one has more money or edu-

cation than another, but because one has extracted health and beauty from the circumstances which surround him, while another has failed to learn the lessons set him in God's great school of life. People talk of an occasional event as a "special providence," forgetting that everything is a special providence, carefully planned by our Father for the good of his children.

"No mere note's breadth but teems immense
With witnessings of Providence."

HOPE.

BALLADE OF THE SUMMER RAIN.

When pavements burn, and overhead
A copper glare invests the sky,
And stalwart men and women dread
To face the ardors of July
When thousands to the seashore hie
And seek the hills by every train,
How sweet to feel approaching nigh,
The cool refreshing summer rain!

When wayside blooms are all but dead,
And dust obscures the passers-by,
And farm dogs crouch beneath the shed,
And cows in river margins lie,
And horses switch the clinging fly,
And sweat half blinds the toiling swain,
How welcome, welcome, welcome—ay
Thrice welcome is the cooling rain!

When feverish invalids abed
And aged folk repine and sigh,
And children fret with faces red,
And infants pitifully cry,
And mother sings a lullaby,
Opprest with weariness and pain,
How like a merciful reply
To prayer is the cooling rain!

When all the earth is parched and dry,
And man and beast and plant complain,
How blest in bountiful supply
Kind Nature's Paraclete, the Rain!
—The Witness.

WHEN MILKING-TIME IS DONE.

When milking-time is done, and over all
This quiet Canadian inland forest
home
And wide, rough pasture lots the
shadows come,
And dews, with peace and twilight
voices fall,
From moss-cooled watering-trough to
foddered stall
The tired plow horses turn, the barn-
yard loam,
Soft to their feet, and in the sky's
pale dome,
Like resonant chords, the swooping
night-jars call.

The frogs, cool-fluting ministers of
dream,
Make shrill the slow brook's borders;
pasture bars
Down clatter, and the cattle wander
through—
Vague shapes amid the thickets; gleam
by gleam
Above the wet grey wilds emerge the
stars,
And through the dusk the farmstead
fades from view.
—CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

RECIPE FOR A HAPPY DAY

Take a little dash of cold water,
A little leaven of prayer,
A little bit of sunshine gold
Dissolved in morning air.

Add to your meals some merriment.
Add thought for kith and kin,
And then as a prime ingredient,
A plenty of work thrown in.

Flavor it all with essence of love
And a little dash of play;
Let a nice old book and a glance above
Complete the well-spent day.

—Good Health.

INGLE NOOK CHATS

A WISH FULFILLED.

Dear Chatterers:—I am the bearer of good news to the Ingle Nook this week. The bachelors may not think it anything to grow excited over, but I'm sure many of the feminine members will be pleased. Almost every woman who criticises the Home Journal suggests as an improvement, the devotion of a column or two to the current fashions.

We have acted on that suggestion and though they will not appear every week the fashion cuts will fill a column often enough to keep our readers in touch with the world of clothes. Not only can the home dressmaker see in this column the prevailing styles, but she can also obtain the patterns by sending ten cents for each pattern desired to the "Fashion Department, FARMER'S ADVOCATE, Winnipeg." In ordering these patterns be sure to remember these points:—

1. State plainly the number of the pattern. This will be found always on the illustration in the fashion column.
2. Be sure to give waist and bust measure when ordering blouse patterns and waist measure when ordering skirts.
3. When ordering for children give the child's age.
4. Allow ten days or two weeks in which to fill your order.
5. Be sure to give your full name and address.
6. When you get your pattern follow directions exactly, and do not be in too great haste to use the scissors.

Now that we have got this department we must make good use of it to prove our gratitude and if there is any help I can give in this matter call without hesitation upon

Dame Durden.

JUST ABOUT RIGHT.

Dear Dame Durden:—I am so glad I wrote to ask how to make mats out of old stockings, and I thank all those that kindly sent directions so clear. We are too busy yet to start one, but I hope to get some finished before it gets cold.

Our garden this year is very encouraging; if those that thought we wouldn't have much because of the cool spring could only see it! Our tomatoes we raise in boxes and don't set them out till July, as one year we had them frozen in June. I think our Ingle Nook is just about right. I am sure it is a great help to all new settlers and seems just like a home to appeal to. I don't wonder that the bachelors like to visit home once in a while. I must close and will send two American recipes I have tested.

Pork Apple Pie.—Line a large pie plate with pastry and shave some fat pork in very thin shavings, covering the pastry. Then add the apples, evaporated ones partly cooked or green apples sliced; cover it with pastry after putting rather more sugar than ordinary apple pie and bake. Eat hot or cold.

Pride of Vermont Pudding.—Heat a pint of milk and while it is heating mix together 1 tablespoon of flour and corn starch, two tablespoons of cocoa or chocolate, and one-half cup sugar. Stir into the boiling milk with the yolk of an egg and cook. Beat the white for the top

ALBERTA A.

GOOD NEWS FROM THE HANDY MAN.

Dear Dame Durden:—Once or twice I have noticed you have had the bachelor in your columns, so perhaps I may venture. Some little time ago my heart took pity on a poor lady who was cut off more or less from civilization and had no place to keep things cool. Now I live in a hot country; i. e., the southern part of the Okanagan Valley, and have seen days here as hot as any part of the world. I have "bached" for year and never had soft butter, nor had the heat spoil anything. The recipe is simple:—1st, a shady place; 2nd, an old packing case, 3rd, a hole in the ground. That's all. If my shack is big enough—I mean high enough—to make a good shade (which is hard to get from a one storey building), I use the north side if not a shady bush, or even set stakes and cover with brush—anything for shade. In packing cases I prefer a long narrow one, not less than 2½ ft. deep; 3 ft. is even better—or I remake the case. Take a piece of rough lumber 1 ft. wide for a lid and nail a couple of cleats at each end so that when the lid is on it will be down an inch or so below the rim of the case. Then in very hot weather I put a couple of big stones, or a block of wood 4 in. square, to hold up a wet sack or two, which during the very hottest days get an occasional dipper of water sprinkled over them. The hole is dug to just fit the case in length and width, deep enough to let the case stand above the ground 3 or 4 inches. Any housewife and her 10-year-old boy could fix this up in a couple of hours. Try it, every woman without a cool cellar. When a "bach" says it's good, mind it is; we are oftentimes dainty and we know. I could even go into the washing machines that Mistress Mary wants, but I'd bring down the house. I will just say, get one on springs with a handle at the side so that you can sit down and rest. Those that have cog wheels and handle on the top tire a man out, and those beastly stooey things that rock make his house all dirty.

A HANDY MAN

SAVING THE ROSE PETALS.

Dear Dame Durden:—It is with great pleasure that I pay my second visit to the Ingle Nook. P. M. L. asked for a recipe for mushrooms. To bottle mushrooms choose button mushrooms for preference, though even the larger ones may be used if close and firm, but the flaps do not answer for this purpose. Above all see that the mushrooms are fresh gathered. Peel the mushrooms and place them in a clean dry jar, pouring sufficient water in to cover them a full inch or more and adding one and a half ounces of salt, four and a half ounces of butter and the juice of four lemons to every three pints of water. The water should have been boiled and let to get cold before adding it to the mushrooms. See that the bottles are carefully corked; then set them in a pan with hot water to two-thirds the height of the jar. Bring this water very gently to a boil, after which boil for fifteen minutes. Lift off the pan and let the jar stand in it till the surrounding water is perfectly cold, when the corks must be carefully sealed down. Remember that the butter must be really good or the mushrooms will not be nice. Store in a dry cool place.

One of the friends wants to know if Castoria is good for babies. It does not agree with all little ones. I have forgotten the lady's pen name who asked for information about her sick baby. If I can get her name and address I would be much obliged, as I am experienced with little ones, and would be very pleased to help her. Can any of you tell me how to cure rose leaves for the rose jar? We have so many wild roses growing on the prairie.

LONELY ONE.

(Collect the petals of fresh roses and dry them on blotting paper in the seed. As soon as dry place in a jar in layers alternating with layers of salt. Use about one-tenth the weight of the petals in salt. Mix in some orris powder, half a Tonka bean, and an ounce of cinnamon. When the jar is filled close it for a month; then open; stir the contents up well and moisten slightly with rose water.—D. D.)

ANOTHER WAY TO MAKE MATS.

Dear Dame Durden:—You will think I intend to be a frequent visitor, but as mats are being discussed I would like to tell you how we make "punch" mats. We get a canvas (an old sugar sack is first-class) and put it in the frame. Our rags, which we have previously cut into pieces about four inches long and one half an inch wide, are best taken from the old coats or trousers of the men, or any medium heavy cloth. We have punches made from wood any length

and larger at one end, tapering to a blunt point at the other. The mat is wrong side up, and we punch the one end of the rag through so that we can get hold of it and pull it through about half way, then put the other through and pull them even. If the rags are of heavy material, don't put them too close. This makes a warm cosy mat and uses up a good many bits. I have made one the size of a sugar sack in one day after I have the rags ready, but it takes a little while to get good at it.

I have seen different ones inquiring for a quick method of making bread and will send you a recipe which we have used for about nine years and have not had poor bread for some time. Yeast.—Two quarts warm water, one quart mashed potatoes, one-half cup of flour, one-quarter cup of salt, and one-half cup of sugar, one yeast cake soaked in a cup until soft. Set in a warm place to get of warm water light until next day. For baking take one quart of yeast and one quart warm water (more may be used if large baking is required). Make a soft batter in the morning by adding flour to the yeast and water. When light mix stiff and finish like any other bread. Add a little more salt when mixing stiff. The recipe for the amount of yeast I have given will make ten large loaves or taking just a quart makes five. If given our mixings it is better than three. I hope I have made myself clear about the mats and bread and I hope they will be of some use to someone.

Strawberries are here again and every one is after their share. Well I must close now, else you will be wanting to say farewell to me for good and all.

BLUEBELL.

Vinegar from Apple Parings.—Good vinegar is simply pure fruit juice, and should have no taste foreign to its source. An excellent vinegar may be made from good apple or peach parings. Put the parings in a large unglazed earthenware pot about half full. Add one half teacup of molasses, or, as our grandmother used to do, a piece of paper dipped in molasses; then fill up with water. Set in a warm sunny place with a cloth tied over the top to exclude dust and flies and in three or four weeks it will have become vinegar.

Soda Crackers.—One pound of sifted flour, the yolk of one egg. Dissolve one teaspoonful of carbonate of soda in a little milk; add it and one teaspoonful of salt to the flour and as much milk as will make a stiff paste. Work well together, beat for a few minutes with a rolling pin and then roll it out very thin. Shape into squares and bake in a moderate oven until crisp.

WHAT TO DO WITH TOMATOES.

Dear Dame Durden:—Enclosed are two recipes which I hope will be of some use to anyone of your readers. I also have one for pickling mushrooms, if no one else has sent. I have not tried the one for vinegar but hope to do so, as apples are very scarce here in summer. I should be pleased to know how "Spring Brook" uses carrots and

FARMER'S ADVOCATE FASHIONS.

N.B.—Order by number and send 10 cents for each pattern to "Fashion Department, Farmer's Advocate, Winnipeg, Man."



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6843—Ladies' Shirtwaist. 6 sizes, 32 to 42 inches bust.



4172—Child's Box pleated Dress. 7 sizes, ½ to 6 years.



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—Robert Southey.

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swedes, as they are more plentiful here than fruit. I had a lot of fine ones last year and only finished the carrots this last week.

Has any reader tried coloring green cabbage with beet? I have. We seem to like it red better than green when pickled. We have not been successful in raising red cabbage here nor cauliflower either.

I made some nice preserves out of pumpkins last fall and hope to raise more this time.

Are wild tomatoes that grow as weeds of any use? They are very plentiful around here.

A LEEDS LOINER.

(Yes, the wild tomatoes can be made palatable in the following way: Pick when yellow, remove the husk and prick the skin of the tomato with a fork. To seven pounds of the fruit use one lemon, three pounds of white sugar and one pint of water. Let boil gently until the fruit looks clear.—D.D.)

VINEGAR AND ITS VIRTUES.

Dear Dame Durden:—I think I hear you saying, "Well, it never rains but it pours. Here is that 'Heather Hills' again!" I didn't mean to call again for a while, but I see Molly wants to know how to make home-made vinegar. I have had good success by using one and one-half cups brown sugar, one gallon soft water. Put the sugar on the stove to melt with a little of the water. Put the crock on the back of the stove with the rest of the water, then pour in the melted sugar. Keep it on the back of the stove a while every day, to keep it just about as hot as you would keep bread in rising, until it starts working. If it isn't kept hot enough a mould will gather on top, and if allowed to go like that it will spoil. If white vinegar is wanted use white sugar; if very brown is desired make some strong black tea and put in when you start your vinegar. Molly having mentioned it made me get to work and set some. I have been going to for the last two or three months. I set some brown and white also. This is Friday, and both lots are working fine. Don't get discouraged if yours takes somewhat longer as I had a little "mother" to start on. In the daytime I kept it in the sun and after supper I set it on the back of the range with the dying fire. This vinegar won't be good for salads for a few months, but I prefer it to the bought vinegar and can use it more plentifully, as I can make six gallons for fifty cents. I use it to wash carpets with the water; then on wash-day, if an article of clothing is likely to fade, I soak it in some water with a cupful of vinegar. Sometimes I wash over the kitchen floor with a cupful in the water; it is good for the paint or oil cloth. I wring out a flour sack in the vinegar and hang meat in that out in the air, being sure not to miss a day in wringing the sack out in fresh vinegar. I have kept meat two weeks in the hot weather in that way. Then if you have a bit of meat that smells just cover it with water and a cup of vinegar to each gallon of water and let it stand a few hours and it will be as sweet as ever. Perhaps someone knows of a quicker way of making vinegar. This gets very strong. I have some of last year's, and it is very strong.

Just now, when potatoes are at their worst, they should be boiled and drained, then fried, putting in two large tablespoons of flour, a bit of butter and some pepper and salt. Fry a little extra to cook the flour. Keep cutting them up well and turning them on the fire. When it's hard to get vegetables save the lamb's quarters while weeding the garden. Wash them, then take the thick stems off and boil the tender parts in salt and water. Drain and chop up, putting in butter, pepper or parsley, or a little chopped onion, or, for a change, use a little vinegar and mustard. I sometimes boil a few onion tops with it. Good bye, I didn't intend staying so long.

HEATHER HILLS.

SIMPLE REMEDIES FOR PAINFUL WOUNDS.

Dear Dame Durden:—If I am mistaken I must ask for pardon, but I fear that "Veni Vidi Vici" has conceived the idea that my troubles arise from disobedient children, and in justice to my two dear girls I must say that no mother was ever blessed with more loving or dutiful daughters than I have. Three matters have come before me since I was last at the Ingle Nook, and it has struck me that "Grannie's" advice may be helpful should like troubles come to others, so I send simple remedies for quinsy, burns and bad cuts.

Quincy.—Take some old potatoes, wash; boil in their skins; mash, skins and all; put into an old sock or stocking, and put round the throat as hot as can be borne, and the quincy will soon break.

For Burns.—Everyone should keep in the house a large bottle of "Carron Water" which is linseed oil and lime water in equal proportions. Lint or rag soaked in this gives instant relief.

For Bad Cuts.—So soon as the bleeding has stopped, break one or more eggs, and take the thin skin from the inside of the shell. Place this upon the cut, and press it to make it adhere to the wound. Bind rag over until the egg skin has dried to keep it in its place. When dry it will form a tight plaster which will bring the edges of the wound as neatly and well together as if it had been sewn without leaving a scar. I have proved all these many, many times in the old days. I come from England's garden island—The Wight. There we have a cake which though copied elsewhere is never quite the same we imagine, but I pass on the recipe for Isle of Wight Doughnuts.



JENNY LIND, THE SWEDISH SINGER.

Isle of Wight Doughnuts—Two pounds of flour. Rub in half pound of butter and lard in equal proportions, one pound of moist sugar and a little allspice, six eggs, and four tablespoonfuls of yeast, to make consistency of bread dough. Let it rise four hours. Divide in small portions and in the center of each put some jam or currants and candied peel. (Jam for preference.) Roll into balls; have a stew pan with sufficient lard to float them when the lard boils. Put in a few at a time. Boil till they are brown. They will take ten minutes at first, but later on they will take less time. Put them to drain. They should not be eaten hot. Let them get really brown, not a mere golden color, as they have to cook through.

GRANNIE.

(I do not think "Veni Vidi Vici" could have gained that idea from anything in your letter. Your words probably started a train of thought which eventually led by association of ideas to the idea expressed in his letter. My note to his epistle happened that way and as a result the two when they appeared in print did not seem to bear the slightest relationship to one another.

—D. D.)

A GOOD SUGGESTION.

Dear Dame Durden:—It's that cream pie question that brings me. Most of the recipes given have been for imitation cream or corn starch pies. The cream pie of my childhood was real cream, sweet or sour, thick or thin, and is made exactly like custard pie in other respects. Pie made in the same manner but with buttermilk instead is equally good, though not so rich.

Please may I make a suggestion that I think will make the Ingle Nook more valuable? It is that the Chatterers write the recipes on a separate sheet from the rest of the letter, signing both, and that Dame Durden publish all the recipes in a column, preferably the outside column of the page with advertisements on the back. Then we can cut the column out for our cook books without losing some other recipes or important articles. I have often thought what a valuable veterinary book one might make if that department were printed on one side only so that it could be cut out. I guess we all know what a task it is to look through back numbers for one small paragraph. I shall practice what I preach and enclose one for the Poultry Department and two other ideas that may be new to the chatterers. As this is my first year in the West I am quite interested in Western experiences, and at present I am studying plans and drawing plans for my first home on the homestead.

I have never had such poor success with eggs hatching, or failing to hatch, but have kept the hens laying well since January. My turkeys are growing fine. It seems only a few days since they were little balls of white down and now they are looking for roosts. So far the crows have been their only enemies.

I wonder if some of your family can give experience with fruit trees and bushes. I sowed apple seeds and have forty seedlings, and have a dozen growing slips from Ontario currant bushes. Rhubarb set out late in May is extra good. I have also two roots of Virginia creeper which will soon be ready to shade my shack from the sun. If I don't "cut it out," I am afraid you will.

M. E. G.

(I think your suggestion a good one and shall try to carry it out. The idea had occurred to me before, but not for the reason it appealed to you. I had not thought of that. Won't you send us a letter giving the results of your house planning when the plans are completed? I'm sorry to have missed you, for I was in the office all that day.—D. D.)

DIRECTIONS FOR OILING AND STAINING.

Dear Dame Durden:—"Slap! bang! here I am again." Although I am busy I have constantly peeped through the door and have been watching and listening very attentively to some talking about ejecting us bachelors. I am glad for others' sakes as well as my own that nearly all are in favor of retaining our company, for I was beginning to say to myself I would stay by my own fireside. We can all rest assured that Dame Durden will admit none who in the least misbehave themselves. Someone in the issue of July the 10th asks for home-made vinegar. Secure an open jar to hold three to five gallons of soft water; into this put two pounds brown sugar, one pound raisins and some "mother." This is a kind of barm that causes the vinegar to form. The jar should be securely fastened with some muslin or thin cloth, in summer put out in the sun to ferment and in winter kept near the stove until the vinegar has formed, when it can be removed to a cool place. When the vinegar is once made there is no difficulty in always having a good supply on hand, for when the jar is two-thirds empty just fill it up again with water. Should "Molly" not be able to get the "mother," if she applies to me through Dame Durden I will endeavor to send her some. Would any of the Ingle Nook care for an excellent furniture polish and cleaner? Also, I should be glad to give advice and recipes in oil stains for furniture, etc.

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CHILDREN'S CORNER

HOLIDAYS IN THE COUNTRY.

Dear Cousin Dorothy:—I went to school every day till my holidays began. I wrote on my examination and passed into grade five. I am spending my holidays in the country with my uncle and aunt. There are three of my cousins there. We are having a gay time. We were out picking berries. The river is not more than a hundred yards away. My aunt had a lot of chickens and I feed them every day. Carman is a very pretty little town. There are a lot of large trees in it. The river runs through the town. Man. (b) ERMA HENDERSON. (11)

A GREAT ADVENTURE.

Dear Cousin Dorothy:—I am writing a story to the Children's Corner that I think will interest you all. THE ADVENTURES OF THREE BOYS. It was a fine September morning, the birds were singing and everything was alive. Ben, Dick and Harry were always very fond of boating, so early that morning, off they went on their large raft which they had made the day before. The river was very wide as several rains fell during the week. Before starting they got food enough to do them a month, and got their rifles and some shells so as to be armed. Off they went, singing and shouting down the river. They were bound for Newburn Island, a piece of land about two miles long and about one mile wide. They went very swiftly for a mile or so; then suddenly they ran right into a large rock. The boys went headlong

There was nobody around, so they thought that the person who owned it must have got drowned. So Dick and Harry and Ben got on, and started it down stream to their raft. By good luck there were two barrels of gasoline in it, so they put their stuff in it and started the gasoline engine and away they went home. They tied their raft behind the boat. Sask. (b) PETER DUNLOP. (13)

(A most thrilling adventure! What a time those boys must have had! Your drawings were very good, but not done on the right paper to be reproduced.—C. D.)

PRIZE WINNING COLTS.

Dear Cousin Dorothy:—We are having three week's holidays in our school, and two weeks have gone by. I am trying to make good use of this week, for I have a lot of letters to write. I like to go to school fine. I am in the second reader. My teacher's name is Miss M— We have nine horses and one little colt. The little colt's name is Donald. Our little colt, a year old, took first prize at the show this year, and it took second at another show. We had a pair of twin calves that came on the 24th of May, and I named them King and Queenie. I am taking music lessons this summer and I like it very well. My teacher's name is Mrs. Z—. There have been such a lot of nice wild flowers this summer. We do have good times picking strawberries. We are expecting my grandma down to visit us. Mamma and I were up to see her in the spring. She was very sick. I had two of my cousins out for a few days. Man. (b) S. H. CONNOLLY. (10)

A FLOWER LOVER.

Dear Cousin Dorothy:—Thank you very much for putting my last letter in the Children's Corner. We have a fine looking crop this year. One of my cousins is coming from Port Colborne to visit us. I have a flower garden this year. Our school has been closed since the first of June, and it will not be opened until the twelfth of August. It is our holidays from the first of July to the twelfth of August. My brother brought a rose to mother the other day, and it gave mother much pleasure—it was the first one of this season. Do you love to gather the wild flowers and pick them?

The auntie that gave me the moccasins and mother the gauntlets, has returned to her mission work in Alaska, within the Arctic Circle. Alta. (a) MAY M. CARTER. (12)

(I like to gather the wild flowers, but do not often have an opportunity to do anything but see them from a car window. I saw some beauties to-day, but the train would not stop long enough for me to pick any. They were orange-lilies, daisies, black-eyed Susans, fire-weed and many more.—C. D.)

HALF A MILE FROM SCHOOL.

Dear Cousin Dorothy:—My father takes the FARMER'S ADVOCATE and we like it very much. I always look for the Children's Corner. I live nine miles southeast of Wetaskiwin and a half a mile from school. I go to school and am in the fifth reader. My teacher's name is Miss K—. We came to Alberta from Ontario seven years ago and like living here very well. We have eighty-five head of cattle; also ten horses and two ponies. I have four brothers and three sisters. Alta. (a) NORMAN S. DOUPE. (12)

SEND THE ANSWER.

Dear Cousin Dorothy:—We are having our vacation now, and we go berry-picking. We have seventeen cows and eleven calves. We milk seven cows. We live in a grove of one hundred acres. We have two hun-



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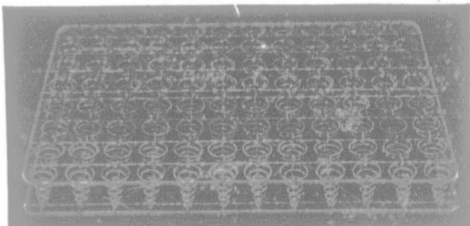
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Secretary, Advisory Board
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dred and forty acres of farming land. We have a number of different kinds of fruit which grow in our grove, such as strawberries, raspberries, saskatoons, choke-cherries, cranberries, plums, and a number more. My sister and I were out picking strawberries, when we found a little ground bird's nest with four young birds in it. We picked six gallons of strawberries this year, and we are now going to pick saskatoons. We are going to pick plums and choke-cherries when they get ripe. I have found several birds' nests; some are Bobolinks, King Birds, Wrens and Canaries. I am going to close with a conundrum for the readers of the C. C. How many feet have forty sheep, the shepherd and his dog?

Man. (a) EMMA ATCHISON.

A FISHERMAN.

Dear Cousin Dorothy:—May I join your Corner? Do any of the members fish? I do, and like it very much. I went out fishing the other day and caught a fish fourteen inches long with a spoon. We have a lake of our own near our house.

I am ten years old. I help my father to cut down trees, standing on a spring board. I have a cousin staying with me who has been out from England nearly a year. He likes it out here very much.

B. C. (b) FRED ALLEN. (10)

TWO PUPPIES.

Dear Cousin Dorothy:—My papa takes the FARMER'S ADVOCATE. I like the letters in the Children's Corner. We have a half section of land, five horses, nine head of cattle, and three or four hundred chickens. I have a dog named Nell; she has two puppies.

Man. (b) JACK PARR. (7)

HELPS IN THE GARDEN.

Dear Cousin Dorothy:—I am a little Scotch girl, seven years of age on the 25th of May last. My father gets the FARMER'S ADVOCATE every week, and I like to read the Children's Corner. I have been only at school three weeks, so I am not a good writer, but have my auntie to guide my hand in writing this letter to you. I can read, and am very fond of reading nice story books. I like to get the FARMER'S ADVOCATE and read the nice letters and felt I would like to write to you also. I have been now in Lloydminster three years this month. I have two little sisters, one called Ina and the other called Mollie. Ina and I were born in Glasgow, Scotland, and Mollie in Lloydminster. We are living on our homestead and I like living here very much. I go out to help mother weed our garden and hope to help her when I am older to do other work on the farm.

Sask. (a) JESSIE ADAM.

A DOMINION DAY BIRTHDAY.

Dear Cousin Dorothy:—We live on a farm eight miles from Leavings. We have seven horses and two little colts. I have two dogs, Beno and Jip. We have sixteen head of cattle, and twenty-five little pigs and three old ones. I was ten years old the first of July. I will tell you what I got for my birthday—a canary bird, a pair of slippers, and a silk dress. I have no sisters nor brothers. I am in the fourth reader. Papa runs the elevator in Leavings and drives home every night.

Alta. (a) HELEN E. COY. (10)

(Couldn't you describe the operations at an elevator sometime? You should know a great deal about it.—C. D.)

"WE ARE SEVEN."

Dear Cousin Dorothy:—I am going to write a letter as my other sisters are writing. My eldest sister is writing it for me. I have three sisters and three brothers. My sisters' names are Lily May, Annie Elizabeth and Vera Grace. My brothers' names are John Wesley, Richard Earl and Stanley Bruce. Stanley is three months old and can laugh out loud. We have a good garden this year. We have two big tomatoes, a cauliflower and a citron. My birthday is on the 29th of October.

Man. (c) MAY ISABELLA METCALFE. (7)

FRUIT IN B. C.

Dear Cousin Dorothy:—I like to read the little letters. My papa has taken the FARMER'S ADVOCATE for two years. I live on a farm three miles from the town of Lytton, which has seventy-five people in it. Lytton is on the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway. My papa raises apples by the car-load. Last year we had eight car-loads of apples. We also raise cherries, peaches, plums, pears, strawberries, raspberries. I do not go to the school as it is too inconvenient to cross rivers. It is very hot here at Lytton. The Thompson River empties into the Fraser River at Lytton.

B. C. (b) T. HOWARD EARL. (12)
(You made us all envious with your description of the fruit.—C. D.)

A PRETTY PLACE FOR A HOME.

Dear Cousin Dorothy:—We have a neighbor. He has a little son. They are nice people. They live on Mr. Stubbings farm. They have a pretty place with a nice stable on it. They have a grove of trees on the north side of the house which is on the top of a hill. My auntie is visiting us from Winnipeg. We had a nice rain to-night that will help crops.

Man. (b) EDNA M. WHITE.

THE RIGHT KIND OF SCHOOL.

Dear Cousin Dorothy:—We came from Ontario and have been in Alberta about two months and like it very much. We have two kittens, Fritz and Bobs. One day my sister and I were looking in a box and came across five little mice. The kittens ate them and felt very good and lively after, even though it was cruel. I am nine years old and am in the senior second. The school is just across the road from us and is a new brick building, with four rooms heated with two coal furnaces, and they have a beautiful Mason & Risch piano.

Alta. (b) OLGA A. BATTRAM.

WILD AND TAME FLOWERS.

Dear Cousin Dorothy:—I like to read all the nice letters of the boys and girls. When the mail comes I always run for the ADVOCATE. We are having our vacation now. My sister and I are going away for vacation Wednesday. The wild flowers are all in bloom now. The roses, and orange lilies are sweet. We planted quite a few flower seeds. We have sweet-alyssium and candy-tuft out in bloom now. I have just learnt to ride alone, and I have quite a time riding. Our pony is very quiet.

Man. (b) EDITH DUNSMORE.

FOUR KINDS OF CHICKENS.

Dear Cousin Dorothy:—Is there room for a new member in your Corner?

This is my first letter to the Children's Corner and I hardly know how to begin one. Papa has taken the FARMER'S ADVOCATE for over eighteen years. Nearly all the flowers have been out in bloom around here. There are a lot of orange-lilies and daisies in our pasture field now. I rode on horse-back last night after the cows and I think I will to-night. We have between sixty and seventy chickens this year. We have four colors of chickens. I have picked a lot of strawberries this year. Our school closed on June 15th, and it isn't open yet. I am in the third book.

Manitoba. (a) ANNIE ELIZABETH METCALFE.

A SMALL SCHOOL.

Dear Cousin Dorothy:—I am visiting my uncle and aunt who live on a nice big farm about a mile away from the town of Carman. The Boyne river is about sixty yards away from the house. There is a schoolhouse about a mile away at Baldur, and there were nine pupils going to it. There are only fourteen desks in the school so you may imagine how small it is. I will be ten years old on the 25th of January.

Hoping you have a pleasant holiday I will close.

Man. (b) ETHEL SEXSMITH.

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Miss Pontigreve's Parrot.

Miss Pontigreve dwelt at Cherrystead, that pleasant and still countrified suburb within easy reach of Southwest London. Her house, "The Acacias," with its spacious garden, was the largest and most picturesque of all the "desirable residences" in Western Avenue, and, as regards wealth and social position, Miss Pontigreve was accounted one of the "best" people in the neighborhood.

But as she sat in the bay window of her handsome drawing-room that bright autumn morning she looked anything but a contented old lady. She held in her hand a letter which she had just shown to her old friend, Dr. Bedford, who had come in to look at the cook's scalded hand. Miss Pontigreve had read the letter several times herself, though she had resolved not to answer it. Her heart was sore against the writer, her nephew and godson, the Rev. Felix Pontigreve, who, after delighting her by a brilliant career at the university, had declined the easy duties of the curacy his aunt had desired for him, to go and work in a back street district, very far east of Cherrystead.

"The quixotic perverseness of the young people of the present day is only equalled by their ingratitude," remarked Miss Pontigreve to her medical adviser.

"Well, we must give these idealists scope," answered the old gentleman. "That slum experience goes to the making of the best doctors, and the best parsons, too, so I'm told. It must be an interesting part of the world. Why don't you take the boy at his word and pay him a visit?"

"I shall do no such thing," said Miss Pontigreve with asperity, folding up the letter. "He has run counter to all my wishes. You know that the Rector offered him a title, and I meant him to live here with me. Isn't there enough scope in a growing place like this for any reasonable young man? However, it has taught me a lesson," she added. "I shall do no more for thankless people."

Miss Pontigreve took up her work as the doctor went away—the fine lace-work she could see to do without spectacles in spite of her sixty-odd years. Her last words gave the clue to the grievance she was weaving into the delicate mesh. She brooded bitterly over the ingratitude of the world in general, and in particular of the favorite nephew whom she had adopted and educated, whose sense of a vocation had thwarted her plans, and whom she missed more than words could tell.

Presently she looked up, and called through the open window:

"Fluffy!"
A small black spaniel scampered across the smooth stretch of turf, and came to a stop on the gravel path, all four legs set wide, regarding his mistress with a bright, attentive eye; then frisked through a clump of cactus dahlias.

The hard lines of the old spinster's face relaxed as she watched the little creature. She touched a hand-bell on the table beside her.

"Tipples," she said to the elderly man-servant who answered the summons, "tell Richard to take Fluffy for his walk. He is in the garden."

"Yes, ma'am," said Mr. Tipples, whose name was an obvious libel on his person. "Anything else, ma'am?"
"Tell Simpson to come round and speak to me about the bulbs when he is ready."

"Yes, ma'am."
He withdrew, and Miss Pontigreve dropped her work into her lap and fell into a fit of musing, from which she was roused at length by a step on the gravel.

"Is that you, Simpson?"
It was not her respectable Scotch gardener, the inventor of a new variety of rose-tulip, but a man of seedy appearance carrying a large dome-shaped object, shrouded in a piece of dirty blanket.

He set it down on the ground, and saluted the lady seated in the window by touching his forehead with a grimy finger.

"Bewtiful day fer the time er year, mum," he began in an insinuating voice.

"Did they tell you at the back door to come round here?" asked Miss Pontigreve disconcertingly. "I don't give to beggars or organ-grinders."

The individual touched his forehead again.

"I ain't a beggar nor a horgan-grinder. I'm a pore feller, wot's traped many a weary mile," he said plaintively, "and has I wos a-passin' the gate of this yer bewtiful garding, and see the little dawg a-bouncin' hover the grars as 'appy as cud be, I sez ter meself, 'There's a benevolent lidy livin' 'ere', I sez, 'wot wouldn't refuse ter do a reel genuine kindness.'"

"I don't help people on principle," said Miss Pontigreve. "You had better apply to the Charity Organization."

"Tain't fer a 'uman bein' I am a-arstin', mum," went on the man eagerly. "Not fer meself, but a pore 'elpless bird in this yer cige, fer 'om I am a-tryin' ter find a 'ome. Money's no object. It's the 'ome that's the consideration."

"What kind of bird?" inquired Miss Pontigreve.

"A parrit, mum—a mawvil. You never see 'is like. 'E belonged to a station-master wot is a-emigratin' to Canada with wife and fam'ly, and arst me ter find a 'ome fer 'im. Only a couple o' guineas, mum, jest wot the chap's out er pocket by the cige—noo, as you see," he added, beginning to unshroud it; "that's nothink fer the bird 'isself—jest the good 'ome—"

The old lady shook her head.

"I have no experience of parrots," she said, rising nevertheless to look out of the window.

The removal of the blanket revealed a large cage wherein a grey-white bird with an orange-pink crest and a powerful beak was swinging itself on a metal ring.

It descended from the ring to a much-gnawed perch, and danced from side to side, bobbing and whistling with pleasure in the light and air.

"What species of parrot is it?" asked the old lady.

"Well, mum, there is parrits, macaws, parrakeets, but this yer is a mawvil of a bird. See 'im now chucklin' at yer. Look at the wink in 'is heye. You'd never be dull with 'im fer a minnit. 'E's a knowin' one, 'e is, as grateful as a Christian."

"You need not bring that in," said Miss Pontigreve tartly. "It is no recommendation to me. I think it is the grey African birds that talk."

"No offence fer contradictin', mum," replied the man, holding up the dingy blanket as a foil. "Torks! 'E's at it all day. Pretty Polly, Pretty Poll," he whistled, as the bird bobbed up and down. "Where's Polly's 'amper? 'E was put in one onst, and 'e's never fer-got it. 'E can inertate trains and boys ter the very life."

"Not swearing, I hope?" said Miss Pontigreve.

"Never known to use langwidge but onst. 'E called the station-master's wife a name which you would not wish me to repeat, mum. She give 'im the stick fer it, and ever sence 'e's 'ad a sort of a slight prejerdice agin the female persuasion. But with a lidy in a bewtiful 'ome—"

"I haven't said I would buy him," said Miss Pontigreve, quickly. "I know nothing of parrots. What are they fed on?"

The man produced a packet from the breast of his seedy coat.

"'Ere's the mixture. You can buy it at any seed shop. 'E's an uncommon bird—be wonderful comp'ny fer you, mum. You cud stand the cige in there on the floor, or get 'im a perch out 'ere and 'e'd set on that with a chine round 'is leg as 'appy as possible. 'E'll keep you alive. Look at 'im bowing. 'E's tuk a reg'lar fancy ter you, mum."

"I don't know," hesitated Miss Pontigreve, looking at the bird, who had erected his crest and was curtsying on his perch.

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"The parrot is in good health, I suppose?"
"Ealth! 'E's in prime condition—a fine young bird. 'E'll live a censhury barrin' axdent, and in years to come—may the time be far distant, mum!—you cud will 'im ter the Zoo. They ain't got none like 'im. Two guineas; it's nothink—cige, food, kiver—"
"You may keep the cover," said Miss Pontigreve, feeling for her purse. "Leave the cage there. Yes—take the cover away with you, please."

Mr. Tipples sat in his pantry with a disturbed expression on his countenance. The cook, a buxom personage, with her right arm in a sling, was standing by the door; also Emma, the housemaid. Both looked "upset," and the cook held a handkerchief in her uninjured hand. All appeared to be listening for something.

"Hall—eeee—looo! Hall—eeee—looo! Hall—eee—looooo—oo!" The shrieks were repeated twice and thrice with increasing force each time. The expression on Mr. Tipples' face deepened into a look of ineffable disgust.

"Sunday afternoon," he said. "And a week ago this was a respectable 'ouse." "I 'aven't a nerve but what isn't shattered completely," bemoaned the cook, pressing the handkerchief to her eyes. "And there's Richard with four fingers tied up with the cruel nips 'e's got putting the food in the cage, and the poor little feller goin' about lookin' so miserable, feeling that the dog got lost through him being late in the garden."

"It's my firm belief and conviction," said Mr. Tipples, "that the miscreant want took in the missus with tales of good homes and emigrating station-masters—though I could understand anybody going to the end of the world to get away from that feathered demon—is the person we should look for if we want to find the dog. I'm a man of observation, and I can put two and two together."

"Hal—lee—loo!—Hal—lee—loo! Hal—lee—loooo!"
The shrieks were even more piercing than before. The cook and housemaid put their fingers in their ears. A bell rang sharply.

"That's for Richard to bring the bird indoors," said Mr. Tipples, rising. "I dessay he's in want of a lead pencil or a finger to chaw up. The neighborhood must be thinking we've gone mad. There was complaints yesterday. To-morrow you may be on the lookout for summonses."

With this reassuring forecast Mr. Tipples departed. He found his mistress at the drawing-room window. The cage was on the middle of the lawn, with the disconsolate Richard in attendance.

"I thought that green might be soothing," said Miss Pontigreve. "But perhaps he had better bring the bird in, and—"

"Hal—lee—looo—oo!" broke the afternoon stillness.

Some passers-by stopped to look over the gate.

"Bring in the cage at once, Richard," called his mistress.

The boy picked it up gingerly from the bottom, holding his head back as far as possible, and staggered past the window.

Some cheerful screeches marked the passage through the house, and, with a significant grunt, Mr. Tipples opened the door.

Richard put the cage down, and stood nervously aloof. However, the parrot now seemed restored to good humor, and bobbed and chortled gaily. The bottom of the cage was littered with a variety of propitiatory offerings reduced to splinters of wood and bone.

"As he gets more used to us, he will calm down; it is being with strangers, no doubt," said the old lady. "Well, Polly! Pretty Polly!"

But her approach seemed to goad the bird to frenzy. He swung himself wildly on his ring, and dashed against the bars, uttering a series of the most vociferous "Hal—lee—loos."

"Where's the cloth? Throw it over. Anything to stop that desprit noise," cried Mr. Tipples.

It ceased as suddenly as it had begun, and queer, low chuckles emanated from beneath the cover as though the bird took a delight in his scandalous behavior.

"They talk best, I believe, when covered up," said Miss Pontigreve, clinging obstinately to a last hope.

"This one's no talking bird," said Mr. Tipples firmly, feeling that she must be undeceived. "Not a word has he said since you've had him, ma'am. He's nothink but a screamer; it's a shameful imposition on a lady, as I ventured to remark before, and if we could lay our hands on that swindling rogue, it's my belief we shouldn't be far off from Fluffy."

Richard gave vent to a melancholy sniff. He was burdened by a sense of guilty responsibility for the loss of the pet whom the whole household mourned.

The spinster's face quivered slightly. "Go and ask in the kitchen for another chicken bone," she said, walking over to the fireplace where the poor little empty basket stood. "I will double the reward if we hear nothing by to-morrow," she added.

"Well, we must hope for good news," replied Mr. Tipples in a despondent voice. "It's clear enough to me. Fluffy wasn't a dog to wander. He was took, picked up by that scamp. I can see the whole thing with my eyes shut."

Richard returned with the bone, and a note, which Miss Pontigreve opened and read:

"MALABAR LODGE, Western Avenue, Sept. 28th.

"Colonel Curry presents his compliments to Miss Pontigreve, and begs to state that his life has been rendered absolutely intolerable for the past three days by the squalling of the parrot she has introduced into her household. Unless the nuisance subsides, he will be forced to put the matter into the hands of his solicitors."

Miss Pontigreve sat down in perplexed silence, which was speedily broken by a yell from Richard, who had been poking the bone under the cover and retired with another wounded finger.

"Any answer, ma'am?" inquired Mr. Tipples, who divined the contents of the communication with considerable accuracy.

"Take the cage into the morning-room, and shut the door and window," said Miss Pontigreve, "and tell Richard to call at Dr. Bedford's on his way to church, and ask him to come to-morrow morning."

III
"The man told you he imitated trains and boys—two of the noisiest things in the world," said Dr. Bedford. "Really, my dear lady—"

They were in the morning-room, where the bird, exhilarated by change of air and scene, had given them a spirited greeting.

Dr. Bedford stood in front of the cage, eyeing him with a professional air. "Well, Polly, and how are we to quiet you? Is it a case of severing the vocal cord?"

"Don't talk vivisection," said Miss Pontigreve sharply.

Her old friend laughed heartily. "Well, what am I to suggest? Something will have to be done for the sake of the neighbors."

He turned towards a number of letters scattered on the table. Miss Pontigreve took up one, written on scented paper, with a heavy gilt monogram.

"INVERNESS, Western Avenue, Sept. 28th.

"Mrs. Waterford-Smythe encloses a medical certificate showing that she is laid up with a severe attack of nervous prostration from the fearful screeching of your bird. She does not want to make unpleasantness, but it must be put a stop to immediately."

"Waterford-Smythe, indeed!" exclaimed the old lady, flinging down the missive. "Did you ever hear such impertinence? They were Smiths till they made their fortune out of water-proofs and mackintoshes! And I believe the bird will quiet down when he grows more accustomed to us—he did not shriek once while the man was with him. I wish you could help me to find poor Fluffy."

"I take Tipples' view," said Dr. Bedford. "However, the reward is a bait.

Shall I call at the police-station, and give notice that you will increase it? Very well. Perhaps they might take Polly at the Zoo. Why not inquire? Let me know if I can do anything."

His going was a signal for a fresh outburst on the part of the bird, in the midst of which Mr. Tipples appeared. His face wore a hopeful look which had been strange to it of late. He bore a salver, on which was a plate containing a small quantity of green stuff.

"Cook says she's heard that parsley is poison to 'em, ma'am," he said, dropping his voice to a mysterious whisper. "It might be worth trying."

But experiment only falsified another theory. Polly's cage was strewn with morsels of the classic herb, and the many "fatal" doses he assimilated only acted as a tonic as far as his voice was concerned. After lunch he was banished to an upstairs room to see what solitary confinement would do, but his protests grew so uproarious that Richard and Emma took turns at keeping him company by ten-minute shifts.

Miss Pontigreve spent the afternoon in a fruitless visit to the Zoological Gardens, and thence went to the Dogs' Home, where there was no trace of Fluffy. A full domestic conclave was held meanwhile in Mr. Tipples' pantry, at which Richard, during one of his ten minutes off, timidly made a suggestion which seemed so promising to Mr. Tipples that he resolved to communicate it to the mistress.

Miss Pontigreve had little appetite for her solitary dinner that evening. She gazed with abstracted eyes at the vacant chair and cushion which was wont to be occupied by her little companion.

"I will not take any dessert," said she, pushing aside a dish of fine pears.

Mr. Tipples took the decanters back to the sideboard, fidgeted a little, and returned to the table.

"The lad, ma'am, has an idee," he observed.

The old lady looked up. "About getting rid of the bird," he continued.

"Yes," she said. "The lad's early 'ome was down by the docks," the butler went on, "and he says he knows shops that buy parrots and sech from the sailors. Why not send the bird there to be disposed of for what he would fetch? You would not mind if it was less than you gave for him, ma'am?"

"No," said Miss Pontigreve, thoughtfully. "You and Richard might go and try, perhaps."

Mr. Tipples gave a deprecating cough.

"Well—under the circumstances, ma'am, I really shouldn't like leaving the 'ouse. It might not be pleasant for you, ma'am, with these complaints and injunctions coming in, and I know nothink of them low parts. I would suggest that cook should go with Richard. She's willing, and the lad knows the way well, he says."

Miss Pontigreve considered the proposal. "No," she said suddenly. "I will go with Richard myself to-morrow morning. Send him to me."

IV

The cab stopped at the corner of a narrow street, blocked with meat and vegetable stalls, around which surged a throng of dirty, foreign-looking people.

Richard jumped down from his place by the driver.

"It's down 'ere, ma'am," he said at the cab door. "Cabby says he can't drive no further. Shall I go and you wait? It's a rough place."

At sight of the numerous faces peering in on either side, a nervous quail passed over the old lady, sitting erect in her black silk mantle, but she braced herself to the adventure with characteristic determination.

"I think I will come, too," she said.

The cage, neatly shrouded in brown paper, was lifted from the roof of the cab with the driver's assistance, the bird, who seemed to approve of motion, contenting himself with a few bass chuckles. They walked down the street followed by a curious throng, who made free comments upon Miss Pontigreve's appearance and the neat livery of her attendant. They stopped at length before a dingy shop with a glazed front.

over which was the inscription, "S. Hyman, Live Stock Merchant, Dealer in Foreign Curios."

A collarless youth, with an unpleasant squint, who was smoking and lounging in the doorway, stared sharply as they entered. It was a dark, ill-smelling place, full of cages and hutches containing parrots, canaries, dogs, cats, rabbits, and a lively family of monkeys. There was a stack of empty cages in one corner, and on the other side a fitter of dusty objects, evidently the foreign curio department.

A door at the back of the shop stood ajar. A tattered curtain was half-drawn across the upper glass panels. Two or three figures could be seen beyond.

Richard set down the heavy cage with relief. The youth who had entered after fixed his crooked gaze on them both.

"Votcher vant?" he said in a thick voice with a strong Ghetto accent.

"We wish to dispose of a parrot," said Miss Pontigreve, holding her black silk skirt clear of the floor.

"Boss!" bawled the youth, without relaxing his stare.

The door opened, and the proprietor of the establishment appeared. He was as unkempt as the other, with a dark, cunning face.

"Vant ter sell parrit," said the youth, with a jerk of his thumb and a private wink.

The man walked up to the cage and pulled off the wrappings. The bird swung himself excitedly, danced, and curtsied, as though he recognized an old acquaintance, contributing his part to the incessant chorus of chirps, crows, and yelps.

"Vy do you vant to sell 'eem?" asked the man, turning to Miss Pontigreve.

"To tell the truth, I find him rather too much for me as a pet," she replied. "I did not know that parrots were so noisy—"

"Taint a parrit," he interrupted shortly; "it's a bare-eyed cockatoo. Screecheth orful, and thet's vy you do not vant to kip 'eem."

"He gets on better with gentlemen than with females," put in Richard, feeling that the value of the goods was being unduly depreciated.

"Does 'e, ole sport?" said the youth, with a coarse laugh, in which the man joined. Then he turned to the cage again.

"Vell, vat do you vant for 'eem? Or vill you take anoder bird for exchange?"

"Oh no," said Miss Pontigreve, hastily, "but I shall be glad to come to terms," she added. "What do you offer for him?"

The pair exchanged another wink; then the man said:

"You vish to be rid of 'eem? Dot is vot it is. You can leave 'eem 'ere fer a quid."

"A quid?"

"He means you to pay a sovereign for him to take the bird, ma'am," explained Richard in a rapid aside. "Let's try somewhere else. I know another shop."

"You von't choke 'im orf no cheaper," said the youth. "E's a screecher. Nobody von't buy a bare-eyed cockatoo if they know it."

"He was sold to me for two guineas," said the old lady. She broke off with a sudden start, and stared, as though fascinated, at the door in the background.

A young woman, with a head bristling with curlers, was looking out, and behind her stood a man, half screened by the curtain.

"I 'av my beezniss. Vill you leave 'eem or take 'eem avay?" said the man in the shop.

"I will leave him," said Miss Pontigreve, decisively, taking a pound from her purse and handing it over. "Come, Richard."

With a final glance in the direction of the torn curtain, she turned to go, stumbling and almost treading on a little black object which had bounded out from somewhere, and was tugging the border of her skirt, and jumping about her feet, with ecstatic little snaps and barks. Miss Pontigreve stooped down with a cry of amazement.

"Fluffy!"

Dirty, uncombed, and collarless as the squint-eyed youth, it was Fluffy himself. His mistress picked him up with trembling hands

"This is the dog I have lost. However came he here?"

"Dot's a nice von," said the man, roughly. "A vallable schpaniel vort five quid."

"It is my own dog," repeated Miss Pontigreve, clasping the recovered treasure tightly under her cloak.

"Oh, come, ma'am, come!" cried Richard, excitedly.

They had the advantage of being close to the doorway, and were quickly outside, followed, however, by the man and the youth. The young woman with the curlers came running out also, and a crowd gathered as if by magic.

"Hand back that dawg!" demanded the man threateningly. "It is vort five quid."

"It is my own dog, which was stolen from me," said Miss Pontigreve, endeavoring to press on.

"Dere's a revort out fer 'im, ain't dere?" said the youth. "Den p'y up ze revort."

"I have paid a pound already and left the bird and the cage."

"Det's a good 'un," said the youth, addressing the crowd. "She's a bilker, she is, comin' down 'ere in silks and settins to schvindle pore people."

There was an ugly murmur in response from the mob, who were beginning to press them in.

"Had I better try and push through and get the cabman?" whispered Richard, breathlessly.

"No—no, stay by me!" gasped his mistress, clutching Fluffy tighter.

"You don't go a step furdur till you give me back de dawg," the man said, seizing hold of her arm. The red-haired assistant thrust Richard aside. The crowd swelled and pressed tighter. Their faces began to swim before the old lady's eyes. Rough hands were pulling at her cloak, but she clutched Fluffy tighter still.

"What's all this?" cried a voice strangely familiar to her ears.

A tall young man in a long black coat, to which Richard was clinging desperately, strode into the middle of the fray.

"What's all this—? Why," in a voice of utter astonishment, "Aunt Felicia! What on earth are you doing here? What is the matter?"

"Felix!" ejaculated Miss Pontigreve, with relief and surprise. "Help me to get away. Our cab is at the corner."

"Take your hand off this lady's arm at once," said the tall young man, sternly. Hyman obeyed, but stood menacingly.

"She's got a dawg of mine under 'er cloak, vich she must p'y for."

"A dog of yours?"

"It is my own dog, Fluffy, who was stolen last week. I found him here," said his aunt.

"P'y up ze revort zen!" interposed the red-haired assistant.

"I have given him a sovereign and the parrot," returned Miss Pontigreve, pointing to the "Boss."

"The parrot?" echoed the Rev. Felix. "I will tell you everything as soon as we are in the cab. Oh, do go on!" the poor lady urged.

"Make way at once, please," said the tall young clergyman to the crowd still hanging eagerly around them. "Now, one moment," turning to the angry man and his assistant. "You accuse this lady of taking a dog which she declares is her own property. What is your name?"

"Solomon Hyman," replied the man sullenly.

"And that is your shop, Mr. Solomon Hyman. Very well. You and I will settle this matter later on. You will find me at St. Mary's, Blackyard Lane. Now, please."

Before Miss Pontigreve would have believed it possible she found herself in the cab driving back to the station with the faithful Richard on the box, Fluffy safe in her lap, and her nephew beside her.

"I can't help thinking that the man I saw behind the door was the man who made me buy the parrot," she concluded.

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WHEN REPLYING to advertisements on this page mention the FARMER'S ADVOCATE.

W. F. SCARTH & SON'S S. C. Buff Orpingtons. Eggs from carefully selected hens mated with first prize cock, Manitoba Poultry Show, 1907, \$2.00 per 13. Box 706, Virdeu

CHOICE SINGLE COMB Snow-white Leghorn eggs from carefully selected pens of choicest matings. Bred for heavy layers and typical beauty. Testimonials report excellent hatches. Selected eggs reduced to \$1.50 per setting. Good hatch guaranteed. Orders filled promptly. Honest dealings. G. Norman Shields, 29 Close Ave., Toronto, Ont. 22-9

BARRED ROCK Eggs from carefully selected pens of choicest matings. Leading strains of America. Selected for their choice barring and heavy laying of large brown eggs, and headed by cockerels, vigorous, blocky, and beautifully barred. I expect grand results from my Barred Rocks this season. Testimonials report excellent hatches. Eggs carefully selected from choicest matings reduced to \$1 per setting or \$1.50 per two settings. Good hatch guaranteed. Orders filled promptly. Honest dealings. G. Norman Shields, 29 Close Ave., Toronto, Ont. 22-9

C. W. ROBBINS, Chilliwack, B. C., breeder of laying strain Buff Orpingtons. 15-8

Lost, Strayed or Impounded

This department is for the benefit of paid-up subscribers to the FARMER'S ADVOCATE, each of whom is entitled to one free insertion of a notice not exceeding five lines. Notices exceeding five lines will be charged two cents per word for each additional word, payable in advance.

LOST.—Dapple grey gelding, white face, branded crescent over X on left hip and 8 on back near withers. Reward \$5.00. C. Calhoun, Crossfield, Alberta. 21-8

STRAYED from Calgary on May 24th, BROWN GELDING, branded on left shoulder, one front hoof white. \$10 Reward. A. Hodges, Box 1361, Calgary, Alta. 7-8

Breeders' Directory

Breeder's name, post-office address, class of stock kept, will be inserted under this heading at \$4.00 per line per year. Terms cash strictly in advance. No card to be less than two lines or more than three lines.

POPLAR GROVE HEREFORDS, A number of young cows, heifers, and bulls now for sale from this famous herd at low prices. J. E. Marples, Deleau, Man. Buff Orpington Eggs.

A. & J. MORRISON, Glen Ross Farm, Homewood, Man., Clydesdales and Shorthorns.

JAMES WILSON, Grand View Stock Farm, Innisfail, Alta.,—Breeder of Shorthorns.

H. H. KEYS, Pense, Sask.—Aberdeen-Angus Cattle and Buff Orpingtons Chickens for sale.

A. J. MACKAY, Wa-Wa-Dell Farm, Macdonald, Man., breeder of Shorthorn Cattle and Leicester sheep.

O. KING, Wawanesa, Man.—Breeder of Yorkshires, Barred and White Rock Poultry and Toulouse geese.

MERRYFIELD FARM, Fairview, Thos. Brooks, breeder of Clydesdales and Shorthorns. Box 134, Pense, Sask.

CLYDESDALES, Shorthorns and Tamworths, T. E. M. Banting & Sons, Banting P. O., Man. Phone 85, Wawanesa. Exchange.

STRONSA STOCK FARM—Well-bred and carefully selected Shorthorns and Berkshires David Allison, Roland, Man.

SHETLAND PONIES and Hereford Cattle, finest in Canada. Write or come and see them. J. E. Marples, Poplar Grove Farm, Deleau, Man.

JOHN GARDHOUSE & SONS, Highfield P. O., Ont.—Breeders of Scotch and Scotch-topped Shorthorns, Lincoln and Leicester sheep and Shire horses.

R. A. & J. A. WATT, Salem, Elora Station, G.T. and C. N. R.—Champion herd of Toronto and New York State Fairs, 1905, also Grand Champion females, including both Senior and Junior Honors at both fairs. Write your wants.

BROWNE BROS., Ellisboro, Assa.—Breeders of Polled Angus cattle and Berkshire swine. Stock of both for sale.

BERKSHIRES.—Gold Medal Herd, Neepawa, Manitoba. Address, J. A. McGill.

WOODMERE FARM.—Clydesdales, 7 Shorthorns and Yorkshires. Pigs at 8 weeks, f. o. b. Neepawa, \$3 apiece. S. Benson. 11

GEORGE LITTLE, Neepawa, Man.—Shorthorns of best Scotch type.

IF YOU ARE in need of anything, search the advertising columns. You will find it in the FARMER'S ADVOCATE.

CLYDESDALES.—a choice collection of breeding stock always available. Jas. Burnett, Napinka, Man.

ASHCROFT, W. H. NESBITT, Roland, Man. Clyde and Hackney mares and Stallions, work horses in car-lots, Ayrshires. Our motto, Live and let Live.

"I had been to the hospital to see a poor dying child. It was that smart lad, Richard, who spotted me."

"As if anyone could help spotting you, as you call it," said the old lady, with a proud glance at the tall form, beside her. "But, oh! my dear boy, what a place! What people!"

"You have seen one little glimpse," said her nephew, with his hand on hers. "And there is so much more—indefinitely worse. I have wanted you so much to see for yourself, for I knew that when you realised what the need is you would feel you could spare one to it."

Miss Pontigreve stroked Fluffy's tangled mop with tremulous fingers, and was silent awhile. "I have been a foolish old woman, Felix," she said suddenly at last.—BEATRICE ROSENTHAL in the Canadian Magazine.

Miscellaneous

ROYAL SHOW MILK-AND-BUTTER TEST.

At the one-day milk-and-butter trial for cows, at the late Royal Show, at Lincoln, the first prize and gold medal for the best cow, any breed, over 900 lbs., live weight, was won by a Jersey, eight years old, weighing 910 lbs., which yielded, 116 days after calving, 41 lbs. 2 ozs. milk, and 2 lbs. 7 ozs. butter, a ratio of one pound butter to 16.87 lbs. milk. The second award went to a Shorthorn, six years old, weighing 1,316 lbs., which, 36 days after calving, gave 58 lbs. 10 ozs. milk, and 1 lb. 9¼ ozs. butter, ratio, 36.42. In the milking classes the first prize Shorthorn gave 59 lbs. 2 ozs., testing 3.10 per cent.; the first-prize Ayrshire 44 lbs., testing 3.70; the first-prize Lincoln Red, 63 lbs. 2 ozs., testing 3.77; the first-prize Jersey, 37 lbs. 8 ozs., testing 5.35; and the first-prize Guernsey, 38 lbs. testing 4.62.

A lady, intent on raising some chickens, purchased some eggs for the purpose. She inquired of a friend how long the eggs should remain under the hen and the friend replied: "Three weeks for chickens and four weeks for ducks." Some time after they met again, and the friend asked how the chickens turned out. "After three weeks," the lady replied, "I looked and there were no chickens, so I took the hen away, as I didn't want ducks."

President Roosevelt gathered his hay crop on his Sagamore Hill farm on Long Island one day recently Edward Maloney, who worked on the farm, told the story in the village store. "The President came out to the field about 2 o'clock," said Maloney. "He was dressed in a white suit and a white negligee shirt and tie to match. With a hearty greeting and handshake all around he began to pitch with three others, with one loading. Before the first load was done, you wouldn't have given 30c. for the white shirt. And talk about sweat drops like peas! The President had them as big as black walnuts dropping from his face, and he didn't stop to wipe them off, either, so big that he had to get under them and shove them up to me. "Talk about hay pitchers, he's a wonder. I drove to the barn with 'Teddy' in the lead, fork on shoulder. When we reached the new hay barn, the President climbed on my load and so up in the mow, where he took the hay from the fork and mowed it away."

Kootenay Fruit Lands

For Sale 160 acres in Slovan Valley, no waste land; no stones; all level; soil first class, 2 nice streams. Close to school, P.O., Ry Siding, 7 acres cleared 100 fruit trees, some are bearing. Good log buildings. \$4000.00 Cash.

Geo. G. McLAREN, Box 654, NELSON, B. C.

RHEUMATISM CURED WITHOUT MEDICINE

Sufferer, medicine will never relieve you. This is not a faith cure, but a scientific home treatment purging the system of all impurities, guaranteeing absolute cure. Hundreds unsolicited testimonials. Write immediately.

H. HUGHES RIGGLEMAN Co., Columbus, Ohio Dept. A-9

"I sent you some suggestions telling you how to make your paper more interesting. Have you carried out any of my ideas?" Editor—"Did you meet the office boy with the waste basket as you came up the stairs? Yes? Well, he was carrying out your ideas."

Dr. Punshon on his return from America to England told the story of the old gentleman who, on getting into a train at New York, made a special request to be informed when the train should arrive at Poughkeepsie. At each intervening station he called out anxiously, "Is this Poughkeepsie? Is this Poughkeepsie?" At last to silence him, the conductor said, "Don't you trouble any more; I will come and tell you when we reach Poughkeepsie." Unfortunately he forgot his promise, and the train was half a mile beyond the desired stopping place before he remembered. He brought the train to a standstill, and pushed back into the station. Then going to the old gentleman, he said, "This is Poughkeepsie, sir." "Oh, indeed," was the reply, "this is Poughkeepsie, is it?" "Yes, sir, will you be quick and get out?" "I don't want to get out," was the provoking rejoinder. "I only wanted to know, because my doctor told me I was to take a pill when I got to Poughkeepsie."

A Wisconsin farmer has a rooster who is taking care of a brood of chickens. The chicks were hatched last month, and two days later the hen strayed into the roadway in time to be killed by an automobile. The little chickens were too far away to be hurt. The farmer's wife endeavored to have another hen take care of them, but those who have tried this plan know the experiment is, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, a failure. The step-mother who had carelessly depleted her own brood, refused to caer for the motherless chicks. They were put out in the yard, and in an instant were adopted by the oldest rooster. He scratched around for them, and took all the care that a mother hen would, showing as much concern for their safety as a hen would over her first brood. In his awkwardness, he has killed one of the chicks by stepping upon it, but he is raising the others. The queer sight has been seen by all the neighbors, and he has been dubbed the "mollycoddle rooster."

The owner of a ranch in one of the arid regions of the great West was entertaining an Eastern relative. He showed him over his broad acres, spoke of the difficulties that had been overcome in making the desert blossom as the rose, and outlined his plans for the future. "But is it possible," asked the visitor, "to make more than a bare living on such land and in such a climate as this?" "It is. I have made considerably more than a bare living on this land." "I am glad to hear it, Cyrus. Then you have something laid by for a rainy day, have you?" "Not exactly," rejoined the host, with a laugh. "On the contrary, with the help of an occasional rainy day, I have managed to lay something by for the dry days."

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GOSSIP

RED DEER FAIR.

Red Deer's Agricultural Association swung out into their real first year's existence as an annual exhibition on Tuesday afternoon, July 23rd, when Hon. W. F. Finlay, Minister of Agriculture, formally declared the show of 1907 open and ready for public patronage. The attendance on the opening day was fair, though not quite so large as the management expected. The exhibits were good, the stock of high grade and well exhibited. Horses were the largest of the live stock entries, and in number and quality put up a creditable exhibit. Clydes and Shires were the predominating type. Light horses showed out fairly well, but not in numbers equal to the drafters.

Cattle, while most classes were light in entries, came out in good quality, and were the subject of much favorable comment. Unfortunately, because of the lack of proper accommodation, some purebred herds that would otherwise have been out were absent.

Breeders of purebred stuff seldom fancy having their animals tied to posts or roaming about in a corral, and if there is any criticism to be made of the Red Deer Fair it is this, that their facilities for accommodating stock are inadequate, and efforts should be made before another exhibition comes round to remedy the defect and provide proper shelter.

Sheep were not a very representative exhibit. A number of animals of merit were shown, but as a class they possessed but little to commend them very highly. There are a few well-bred flocks in this district, some of which were shown, but as a whole they were in rather ragged condition, though comparing favorably with the average of smaller fairs. Swine made a very small showing, only a few animals being entered, some sections being entirely vacant. Poultry was represented by an exhibit sent down from the Government fattening station, showing methods of cooping and feeding employed at these places. Mr. Finlay, in speaking on the exhibits, emphasized strongly the importance of Alberman farmers giving more attention to this line. Poultry at present prices is a paying proposition. The Government are encouraging it in every way possible through their fattening experiments and institute work and we have no doubt it will soon become more largely developed, to the extent at least of the province being able to produce what they require to supply themselves.

This year's exhibition was away ahead of anything in the line of agricultural fairs which the Red Deer people have yet projected. In most respects it was a success away beyond any previous efforts. A portion of the prize list was as follows:

CLYDES AND SHIRES.

Stallion, any age—W. J. Dodds, Innisfail, first; J. J. Richards, Red Deer, second; H. O. O'Connor, Red Deer, third.

Filly foals—R. M. Gibson, Lacombe, first.

Brood mare—H. O'Connor, Red Deer, first; J. S. Greeley, second.

PERCHERONS, BELGIANS AND SUFFOLK PUNCHES.

Stallion, any age—G. J. Root, Red Deer, first; W. H. Kemp, Innisfail, second; G. F. Root, Red Deer, third.

Filly foal 1906—G. F. Root, first and second.

Brood mare—G. F. Root, Red Deer, first and second.

Heavy draft team, mare or gelding, 1400 pounds and over—J. McLaughlin, Red Deer, first; Town of Red Deer, second; J. J. Richards, Red Deer, third.

Foal, 1907—C. H. Leach, Red Deer first; A. P. Olson, Red Deer, second; J. J. Richards, Red Deer, third.

Filly or gelding, one year—J. J. Richards, first and second; C. A. J. Shaman, Red Deer, third.

Filly or gelding, two years—J. J. Richards, first and second.

Filly or gelding, three years—C. A. J. Shaman, first.

Brood mare—J. J. Richards, first; C. A. J. Shaman, second; J. J. Richards, third.

Mare and two of her progeny, bred by exhibitor, diploma—J. J. Richards, first.

AGRICULTURAL, 1400 POUNDS AND UNDER.

Team—T. Talbot, Lacombe, first; G. J. Sampsel, Lacombe, second; W. A. Cuthbert, Red Deer, third.

Foal, 1907—C. A. J. Shaman, Red Deer, first; W. Carlton, Red Deer, second; H. Rankes, Pine Lake, third.

Filly or gelding, one year—G. J. Root, first; C. A. J. Shaman, second; T. Talbot, Lacombe, third.

Filly or gelding, two years—J. J. Richards, first; J. Halgren, second; R. Kaiser, third.

Filly or gelding, three years—G. J. Sampsel, Lacombe, first; H. Rankes, Pine Lake, second and third.

Brood mares—H. Rankes, Pine Lake, first; G. J. Root, Red Deer, second; C. A. J. Shaman, Red Deer, third.

LIGHT HORSES (REGISTERED).

Stallion, registered—W. H. Kenny, Innisfail, first; Lacombe Stock Co., second; W. G. Sawyer, Red Deer, third.

SILVER CUPS AS SWEEPSTAKE PRIZES.

Best registered Clydesdale team—First, Lacombe Stock Co.

Best Percheron team registered—First, G. F. Root, Red Deer.

CATTLE.

SHORTHORNS.

Bull, two years and over—First, second, third, G. F. Root.

Yearling bull—First and second, G. F. Root.

Bull calf—G. W. Smith, first; G. F. Root, second.

Cows, three years and over—G. F. Root, first and second; A. P. Olson, third.

Heifer, two years old—G. F. Root, first.

Heifer, one year old—G. F. Root, first.

Heifer calf—First and second, J. Bethune, Penhold.

Herd, bull and three females over one year owned by one exhibitor—J. Bethune, first.

POLLED ANGUS.

Bull, two years and over—J. Brown, Red Deer, first.

Cow, three years and over—First and second, J. Bethune, A. Pointer.

Heifer, two years—F. Brown, first; R. Kaiser, second.

Heifer, one year old—F. Brown, first.

Best calf—F. Brown, first; J. Bethune, second; A. Pointer, third.

Pen of three steers, two years—F. Brown.

Herd and three females any age, owned and bred by exhibitor—F. Brown. Prizes \$10 and \$5.

CHAMPIONSHIP.

Best bull, any beef breed—G. J. Root.

Best bull and dairy breed—C. A. J. Shannon, first.

SPECIAL SILVER CUP PRIZES.

Best milk cow—A. H. Grimble.

Best Shorthorn bull—G. F. Root.

Best Shorthorn cow—G. F. Root.

Best Shorthorn steer—Thomas Brown.

Wouldn't YOU Like to Make Twice as Much BUTTER with Less work from same cows? This man did—and more. HOW?

THIS IS THE WAY

Until we decided to buy a U.S. we were only making about 12 pounds of butter a week. The first week the U. S. Separator was in our house we made 26 pounds, a gain of 14 pounds over the old way—putting the milk in pans. This increase would well repay any farmer to buy a U. S. Separator. We are more than pleased with your separator. The machine is all O.K. If we could not get another one money could not buy it. Auburn, Ill, Jan. 6, 1907. WALTER S. WOOLSEY.

YOU can make more money with a U.S. than any other way. WHY? Because cream is money, and you get it ALL when you use the standard, reliable

U. S. SEPARATOR

Holds World's Record for Clean Skimming And the U. S. is also the simplest, strongest, safest separator. Only two parts in the bowl—easy to wash. Gears turn in oil and run surprising easy. Lasts for many years with ordinary care, as proved by experience of many thousands of users during the past sixteen years. Let us tell you ALL about it. It's money in your pocket to know.

Just write, "Send me New Catalog No. 110." The pictures tell the story. FREE TO YOU. Write today, addressing the VERMONT FARM MACHINE CO. Eighteen Distributing Warehouses. Bellows Falls, Vt.



Mrs. Scribber (impressively)—Whatever you do never, never marry a newspaper man.

School Friend—Why not? "I married one and I know. Every night my husband brings home a lot of newspapers from all over the country which drive me crazy."

"The newspapers?" "Indeed they do. They are just crammed with the most astonishing bargains in shops a hundred miles away."

"The first time I took snuff after we were married my wife fainted."

"What did you do?" "I took another pinch before she came around again."—*Fliegende Blätter.*

AN ENGLISH FARMER'S TOAST.

Let the wealthy and great Roll in splendor and state, I envy them not, I declare it. I eat my own lamb, My chicken and ham, I shear my own fleece and I wear it. I have lawns, I have bowers. I have fruit, I have flowers, The lark is my morning alarmer; So my jolly boys now, Here's God speed the plow, Long life and success to the farmer.

She—This dress cost 200 marks, and the tailor promised to make any alteration in it that I required.

He—Well, then, you had better ask him to alter the price.

—*Meggendorfer Blätter.*

CHEW PAY ROLL BRIGHT PLUG TOBACCO

Questions and Answers

AMERICAN PAPERS.

What is the address of the New York Herald? How often is it published and what is the price with the increased postage? Also the same about the American Breeder?

Alta. M. E. C.

Ans.—The New York Herald Co., New York City, N. Y. There are two editions, the Daily and the Sunday. The price of the daily is \$8.00 per year and for the Sunday edition \$2.00. There would probably be from \$1.00 to \$2.00 extra for postage.

The address of the American Horse Breeder is the American Horse Breeder Pub. Co., 161 High St., Boston, Mass. It is published every week and the subscription price is \$2.00 per year. There would probably be about \$1.00 extra for postage.

AN IRRIGATION QUESTION.

I shall feel indebted to you if you can give me a little information through your columns re the most economical method to irrigate a five-acre lot for truck raising. The ground lies east and west and is 790 feet long by 400 feet wide. The house is at the east end of the lot and a creek at the other which never dries. The soil is black loam with a clay subsoil.

Alta. W. S.

Ans.—From the description given it is very difficult to gain an idea of the topography or lay of the ground.

It is obvious that it will be necessary to raise the water by some means to the highest point on the ground. This is usually done by taking out a ditch from the creek higher up, in which case it will be necessary to get a right-of-way for the ditch across any adjacent land it may traverse.

The water may be forced to the high point or points by pumping it through a pipe.

All rows of crops should be planted up and down the hill so that the water may be run between them in furrows made by the cultivator.

AGED STALLION.

I would like to ask your advice on castrating a twelve-year-old stallion. He works quietly beside the mare with which he was broken in, but is very vicious towards the other horses. He has not been used for breeding purposes since 1905.

1. Would he become tame to work beside any horse or quiet enough to turn out in the pasture with the rest of horses?

2. Can a horse be insured before castrating?

3. What is the best time of the year? Man. W. H. Hicks.

Ans.—1. Your horse would most likely become very quiet after castration and would work with any horse and could be turned out to pasture.

2. We do not know of any insurance company in this country that would insure your horse against death before an operation. You might write the Central Canada, Brandon.

3. In the spring or fall when the weather is not too hot.

HEART OR THROAT TROUBLE.

Had a horse died this spring. Was all right last fall when we quit working him, wintered well, had straw, hay and oats all winter and lots of water, but when we hitched him up this spring, soon as he started to pull he began to blow very loud and open his mouth

and was in great distress. Let him run for a while, he would run and play in yard with colts, but when he would run a little he would blow very hard for a long time and finally one morning I went to feed him he opened his mouth, hrew himself back, and was dead in a few minutes. After death throat on both sides swelled up very large. Hadn't been fed yet when he died.

Sask. J. W. H.

Ans.—It is difficult to say what killed your horse, but from your description it was either of two things—heart trouble or some trouble affecting the nerves of the throat.

I do not think anything could have been done for him.

POISONED COW.

I am venturing to write you in regard to a cow which has for the last two days been showing symptoms which completely puzzle me.

She had her second calf in April last and up till last night has been yielding four gallons of milk per day. Yesterday evening when milking I noticed that she was shivering violently, and that the left half of her bag was considerably swollen and somewhat sore. I kept her tied in stable all day to-day covered with blanket and gave hot gruel and ginger for chill. She only yielded about one-half gallons milk instead of her usual two gallons this morning and evening. I found morning milk tasted very bitter and herby and this evening found that the teat situated near the worst of the swelling yielded a brown salty liquid, samples of which I enclose herewith. One phial I sterilized, and the other is just as it came from the udder. I may say that the swelling has up till now slightly decreased. Her excretion is very loose, and I noticed a large number of small bubbles all over the excrement, which is unusual. Her bowels have not moved since this morning. She appears dull, and rather bloated I think. I gave her a one-quarter pound salts in one pint warm gruel to-night.

Sask. A. A. G.

Ans.—There is no doubt but your cow had eaten some herb that affected her digestive organs that caused the peculiar taste of the milk and affected the udder. A good physic of one pound of sulphate of magnesia and one ounce of ginger dissolved in three or four quarts of water and drench, also bathing the udder well with hot water, would most likely affect a cure.

SHEEP AND SWINE BREEDERS.

Will you please give me the names of those who raise the latest type of purebred Berkshire hogs and also the names of those who raise Shropshire and Leicester sheep?

Sask. J. W. T.

Ans.—We refer our correspondent to the list of prize winners at the fairs in our two previous issues; and also to the reports of the fairs in this issue

Trade Notes.

GRAND TROPHY SHOOT.—The day following the tournament of the Vancouver Gun Club, which was held July 1st, witnessed an exciting contest for the championship of British Columbia and the Grand Trophy presented by the Dominion Cartridge Co. Ltd., of Montreal.

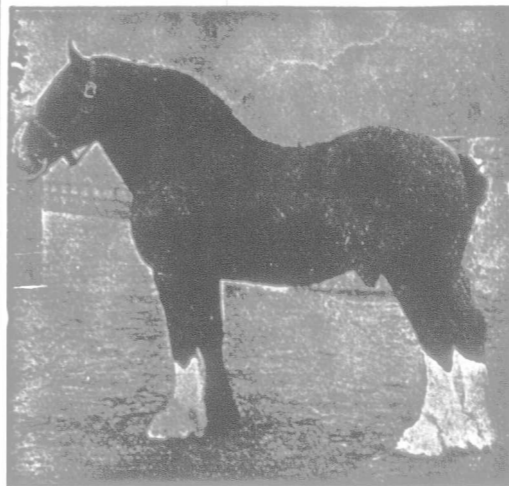
This trophy took the shape of a beautifully designed solid silver cup, 22 inches high and which was eventually won by T. H. Oliver with a score of 84%. Unfortunately the weather conditions were not of the best, the wind being high and the light variable, so that many professionals from the other side who took part in the Gun Club Tournament, and who seldom go below 40% to 95% only averaged 80% on this occasion.

The Seaham Harbour Stud Ltd.

(Formerly the Londonderry Stud) Breeders and Exporters of Pedigree

CLYDESDALE HORSES, HACKNEYS

AND HACKNEY PONIES



will hold their Annual Public Sale in the Third Week in September, when about ninety head will be offered by public auction and without reserve. The animals presented will be mostly pedigree Clydesdale Mares, Fillies, Colts and Foals, also a selection of Hackneys and Hackney Ponies, affording buyers an excellent opportunity of securing animals of the best description.

Catalogues in preparation, and may be obtained, along with further particulars, on application to

R. BRYDON, Managing Director, or W. H. B. MEDD, Manager, THE DENE, SEAHAM HARBOUR, Co. DURHAM, ENGLAND.

ANCHOR INVESTMENT CO. LTD.



If you are interested in British Columbia land call or write us. We have a proposition to offer you in first-class land at a very low price. All this land has been personally inspected by us; no irrigation necessary. It will pay you to look us up.

Suite 206—208 Somerset Block, Portage Ave., Winnipeg, Man. Phone 4811



FOR SALE TWO CAR-LOADS OF WELL-BRED UPSTANDING

Mares & Geldings

1,100 TO 1,300 lbs.

These are an extra good lot, in excellent condition for shipping

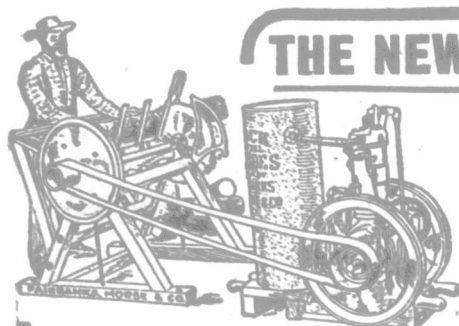
ALSO SOME HIGH-CLASS

DRIVE and SADDLE HORSES

and HEAVY WORK MARES

Bow River Ranch, Cochrane, Alta.

Nothing gives results like an Advocate Ad.



THE NEW WAY TO SAW WOOD

If you want to saw your wood cheaply and also make money sawing for your neighbors, get a

FAIRBANKS-MORSE Jack-of-all-Trades GASOLINE ENGINE

A 2 H.P. engine will saw wood as fast as three men can handle it.

It also pumps water, grinds, shells corn, runs separator, etc., etc. Write to-day for free catalog 101 showing the different uses the engine can be applied to.

Cut out this advertisement and send it to
The Canadian Fairbanks Company, Limited, 92-94 Arthur St., WINNIPEG

I may want an engine for.....

Name..... Address.....

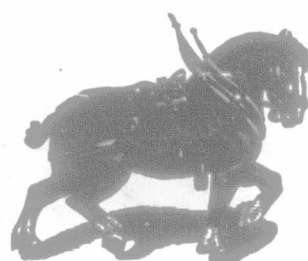
Sold Out of mares but we have still a few extra choice

CLYDESDALE, SHIRE, SUFFOLK, PERCHERON and HACKNEY STALLIONS

For sale at Special bargain prices. Write us at once or call on

ALEX. GALBRAITH & SON
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Remember that every Stallion we sell is absolutely guaranteed



CLUB STABLES

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MacMillan, Colquhoun & Beattie

Importers and Breeders of

Clydesdale, Percheron and Hackney Stallions

THE MOST FASHIONABLE STRAINS OF BREEDING ALWAYS ON HAND

CLYDESDALE STALLIONS and MARES

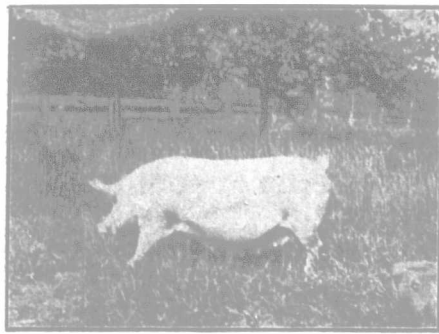
Out of a carefully bred and selected lot I am offering a five-year-old stallion, a three-year-old, a two-year-old, two yearlings, and several mares and fillies. Will sell quick before seeding. Farm (Meadow Lawn) convenient to Regina. Full details given on application. Address

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JOHN A. TURNER, BALGREGGAN STOCK FARM, CALGARY, P. O. Box 472. Phone 221A
Importer and Breeder of Clydesdales, Hackneys, Shorthorns and Shropshire Sheep.

Will import another shipment of Clydesdale Stallions and Fillies as well as a few Hackneys in October. Orders carefully filled and satisfaction guaranteed. At prices defying competition, as sales speak for themselves. 37 Stallions Sold Since Jan. 1907; also 25 females (registered). Look for Exhibit at the Fairs. Business conducted personally. Anyone wanting a show Stallion or a Filly, can have a greater choice than in any other breeding establishment in Canada. Everyone welcome. Yearly home-bred stallions on hand at present as well as a few older ones.



Glencorse Herd of Improved Yorkshires

Is comprised of stock from the leading Prize Winning Herds of Great Britain and Canada.

Young stock of both sexes for sale. Prices very reasonable.

GLEN BROS., Didsbury, Alta.

KOOTENAY FRUIT LANDS

Highest Grade

FOR SALE BOTH WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
J. LAING STOCKS BOX 23, NELSON, B.C.

Your silent salesman—an Advocate Advt.

Both on this day and on the previous day Imperial Shells (made by the Dominion Cartridge Company) were the choice of 90% of the contestants and in the matter of scoring, Dominion ammunition was right on top in every event.

The shoot for the Dominion Cartridge Company's (Limited) Western championship took place recently on the Fort Garry grounds, Winnipeg.

To P. J. Nelson of Esterhazy belongs the honor with a score of 86; G. Simpson came a close second with 85; Ray Lightcap third with 84; and F. P. Barley of Brandon fourth with 83.

If Mr. Simpson had not lost his last bird Mr. Nelson and he would have tied.

There was great excitement and keen interest all through this tournament, as it was the first time in the West that a competition for 100 birds at one contest took place.

The Dominion Cartridge Co. were congratulated for the handsome trophy given and the Fort Garry Club for pulling it off so successfully.

"OPPORTUNITIES OF TO-DAY," a high class monthly magazine built upon entirely new and original lines, will make its initial bow to the public with the September number. As its name implies, the publication will deal with bringing to the notice of opportunity seekers, the many and various chances for wealth and homemaking that are opening throughout all the United States.

Mr. R. L. Bernier, the editor and publisher, has surrounded himself with a thoroughly experienced and competent staff of assistants. Advance sheets of the publication indicate that no expense will be spared to make it one of the most striking and elaborate pieces of work of its kind ever published in this country. The first issue will represent an expenditure of very nearly \$30,000.

Articles will appear from time to time, dealing with the advanced ideas of farming, the development of farm and stock lands in the various parts of the continent, and the irrigation and reclamation of lands, and in fact everything pertaining to the productions of the country.

ONTARIO LADIES' COLLEGE.—Parents who are considering to what college they will send their daughters this fall, should write for the new calendar lately issued by the Ontario Ladies' College, of Whitby, Ont.

The many departments of the college are described and illustrated, and give an excellent idea of the advantages of this well-known institution.

The literary training offered the students begins with the work required for high school entrance, and extends to the third year work of Toronto University.

The musical department, under the title of the Ontario Conservatory of Music, is affiliated with Toronto Conservatory of Music for examination purposes. Well-known instructors are at the head of the instrumental and vocal departments. A large pipe organ in the college concert hall is available for practice.

The departments of art, oratory, commercial subjects and domestic science, are equally efficient, and present many attractive features to the earnest and ambitious student.

Altogether, the calendar reflects great credit on its compilers, and is just the kind of literature that one would naturally expect to receive from this live and progressive educational institution.

Dr. J. J. Hare, principal of the Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby, will send a copy of the calendar to any of our readers who will write for it.

Gossip

Dunham and Fletcher, the well-known importers of Percherons and French Coach horses, of Wayne, Ill., write us under recent date as follows:

"We desire to report the sale to Mr. R. W. Bradshaw of Magrath, Alberta, of a car-load of stallions and mares. In scale and individual quality, we believe this to be the best that we have ever sent to Canada. Among this lot might be especially mentioned our reserve stallion Malgenest 49735 (61627), a three-year-old that we rate among the best we ever imported to this country. He weighs in show condition 2,100 pounds and notwithstanding his immense scale, Malgenest possesses the finest finish and the best of feet and legs. He is a grandson of that famous stallion Theudis, at the head of our stud, one of the most impressive sires of the Brilliant family. He should prove a sire of the first order.

"This shipment also contains three yearlings sired by our famous stallion Pink; two two-year-old stallions among the best we have imported this year; also several others, both stallions and mares, of high individual quality.

"The large size, beautiful finish and bold action of the French Coach stallion Ataman 3878 we believe will meet the appreciation of all true lovers of the high class carriage type. Representing as he does on the side of both sire and dam the most celebrated French Coach families, we feel sure that the produce of this horse will be of great value to any community.

"Mr. Bradshaw speaks enthusiastically of Alberta and its future as a horse-raising country and states that his patrons demand, not only the highest individual excellence, but the best strains of breeding."

A TRIP TO BRITAIN AS A CATTLE-MAN.

After a summer's hard work I decided to take a long holiday and having a desire to see the Old Country and wishing to save the dollars as much as possible, I decided to make the outward journey as a cattleman.

Arriving in Winnipeg in the middle of October I made my way to the stockyards to see what the chances were like for getting on a cattle train bound for the East. After a little conversation with others who had similar object in view, I soon realized that there were three ways to accomplish this. First, the usual way: ask the yard foreman for a chance to work in the yards for a few days till men were wanted to go down with a train load of cattle; second: a letter of introduction to the shippers or their foremen, from someone who deals with them, and last but most effective, to grease the hands of those who send out the men. After some little trouble I got to work in the yards and for a few days was employed from 7 a. m. to 6 p. m. in feeding the cattle and loading and unloading the cars. After working a few days, I was warned by the foreman to be ready to go that night if required, so I got my grip and a few provisions ready, and late at night we pulled out on to the main track where the caboose was waiting. The run down to Montreal was uneventful except for the stop at Schrieber to unload and feed. Landing in Montreal I found there was no more to be done that night and search was made for the Stock Exchange Hotel.

Next morning a man from the office where all cattle men are hired for the sea trip, came to the hotel to look up those who had come in the previous evening and took us all down to the office in a rig, and then we soon found again that a cattle trip was not altogether fun; for a few vacancies on a steamer sailing next day they were charging \$7 to get a man a job and a little less for those boats sailing in a few days. Realizing that it would cost no more to pay for the job and go right away than to pay board at the hotel, I took the chance.

That afternoon the foreman who had charge of the cattle came for some

Burdock Blood Bitters

Is the FOREMOST MEDICINE of the DAY.

It is a purely vegetable compound possessing perfect regulating powers over all the organs of the system and controlling their secretions.

It so purifies the blood that it cures all blood humors and diseases, and this combined with its unrivalled regulating, cleansing and purifying influence, renders it unequalled for all diseases of the skin.

Mr. Robert Parton, Millbank, Ont., writes: "Some time ago I was troubled with boils and pimples, which kept breaking out constantly. After taking two bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters I am completely cured."

Star Farm Shorthorns

Herd headed by the imported Cruickshank Bull, Allister, winner of championship at Prince Albert and Saskatoon. Herd also won twelve first and eleven second prizes, 1906. 3 Bulls that have won 1st and 2nd prizes Prince Albert and Saskatoon, for sale. Also Barred Plymouth Rocks. Farm one mile from station.

R. W. Caswell,
SASKATOON, SASK.

Importer and Breeder of Scotch Shorthorn.

Scarcliffe Herefords

Do you want to grow CATTLE that go to market early, that make the BEST use of their feed, and so leave the largest PROFIT to the feeder? Then use Hereford Blood. Useful young stock offered the trade. Herd headed by Sampson 1st. Get my quotations.

H. M. BING, GLENELLA, Man.

PREVENT BLACKLEG

BLACKLEG VACCINE FREE

to introduce, we will send one 10-dose package (value \$1.00) of

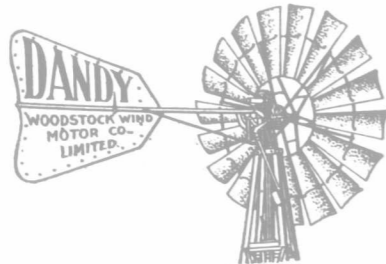
CUTTER'S BLACKLEG PILLS

"CALIFORNIA STOCKMEN'S FAVORITE"

and our booklet on Blackleg and Anthrax FREE to each stockman who sends the names and addresses of 20 cattle-raisers. If you do not want Vaccine, send us your name and address on a post card and we will promptly send the booklet. It is up-to-date, valuable and interesting. Mention this paper. Address

THE CUTTER LABORATORY
BERKELEY, CAL

WINDMILLS



Grain Grinders, Tanks, Water Boxes and Foundry Supplies. Write for our free catalogue. Estimates cheerfully given.

WOODSTOCK WIND MOTOR CO.
Limited
Woodstock, Ont.

men to bed down the stalls for the cattle and later on we all collected our few belongings and were all mustered outside the shipping office to sign on for the trip; and here they took a very minute description of every one, including the impress of the thumb. When these proceedings were terminated we went down to our quarter and a more desolate place could not be imagined. Situated just over the screws and only the bare plating and rivets for the walls, here was a room that had sleeping accommodation for about 24 men, but a man with any love for his dog would not keep him in such a kennel, but we were soon to learn that in the eyes of some cattlemen did not rank anywhere so high as an intelligent dog.

As the men hired for the voyage had nothing to do with loading the cattle, we were free until they were all on board. This was about nine o'clock in the evening and the saloons on shore not closed, most of the men wished to go ashore and get full for the last time and the foreman asked the writer to stay on board to watch the luggage, observing that he had noticed that I was the only "T.T." and at the same time handing me a small hatchet with orders to threaten to brain any man who offered to take away any luggage and explaining that the men who were loading the cattle were a lot of thieves—and a more villainous looking lot of men it would be hard to find. Never shall I forget that night in that bunkhouse, without any heat, half frozen and sleepy, I gladly availed myself of a substitute and in the early hours of the morning I went ashore to find an all-night restaurant to get a breakfast and thawing out.

About 12 o'clock midday we were sailing down the river and this is a program of routine of work that we had to do. About 4.30 each morning we were awakened by the man who had been appointed as night watchman and he brought in a can full of some concoction called coffee without sugar or milk then we turned out for the days work. We were divided into groups of three or four and each group had upwards of 100 head to water in pails and then feed with hay. After this was done we had breakfast about eight o'clock, which was tea minus sugar or milk and a small cobble of bread for each one and a dish of stew minus meat; after breakfast, gangways were swept up and the day's supply of hay taken up out of the hold. Dinner was served at 12 o'clock and comprised soup (fairly good), potatoes (boiled in the dirty skins) and some meat. About 2 o'clock in the afternoon we commenced feeding and watering and at 5 o'clock we had supper, tea without any dressings, another small cobble of bread and stew with little or no meat and then after supper we again swept up. We were only allowed about ten pounds of butter and marmalade for twenty-three men for a trip of eleven days and when this ended we offered to buy some from the ship store, but this was refused us. Sundays dinner was varied by the addition of plum duff.

The cargo consisted of 700 head of cattle and other produce and out of the lot only two had to be thrown overboard, and after the first day or two the cattle did well and went off the boat in better condition than they came on.

After eleven days sailing we landed in port and the whole of the cattle were unloaded by a gang of men from the shore in a little over an hour and then the boat was finally tied up in dock about midnight and next morning we all went early ashore to enjoy a good meal. Later in the day we assembled at the shipping office and received the nominal five shillings as our pay for the trip.

On the whole the work would be enjoyable if the men were treated as human beings and fed well, but things will never alter unless they are controlled by some Government authority. Others on the boat said they had made the trip before under another company and had better conditions. Much depends on the cook and steward in charge.

Manitoba. WESTERNER.

Lump Jaw

The first remedy to cure Lump Jaw was Fleming's Lump Jaw Cure and it remains today the standard treatment, with years of success back of it, known to be a cure and guaranteed to cure. Don't experiment with substitutes or imitations. Use it, no matter how old or bad the case or what else you may have tried—your money back if Fleming's Lump Jaw Cure ever fails. Our fair plan of selling, together with exhaustive information on Lump Jaw and its treatment, is given in Fleming's Vest-Pocket Veterinary Adviser. Most complete veterinary book ever printed to be given away. Durable, bound, indexed and illustrated. Write us for a free copy.

FLEMING BROS., Chemists,
45 Church Street, Toronto, Ontario

If you want feeders that will graze you must have with the best, for sale.

HEREFORD

blood in them. I can supply you with the best, for sale. Shetlands and White Leghorns

JAS. BRAY, Portage la Prairie

NEEPAWA STOCK FARM

FOR SALE—Shorthorns, combining milk and beef, and prize winning Tamworths, pigs of both sexes. Write me,

A. W. Caswell, Neepawa, Man.

SAFETY IMPREGNATING OUTFIT

Gets in foal all mares bred with it and greatly increases the income from your stallion. Durable, easily used and GUARANTEED to produce results. A necessity for every horse breeder. Can YOU afford to be without one? Price, \$7.50. Write for descriptive circular.

I. O. CRITTENDEN, 44 Fox Bldg., Elyria, Ohio, U.S.A.

Saskatchewan Valley Stock Farm.

Largest Herd of Pure Bred SHORTHORNS in northern Saskatchewan. Winners of Imperial Bank Cup Best herd any breed 1904, 1905 and 1906. Stock for Sale Farm adjoins city.

R. S. COOK, Prince Albert, Proprietor.

CLYDESDALES

Catalog on application

W. H. BRYCE
Doune Lodge Stock Farm
Arcola, Sask.

B. P. RICHARDSON
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR
NOTARY PUBLIC
Solicitor for the FARMER'S ADVOCATE for Alberta and Saskatchewan.
GRENFELL, SASK.

LANDS FOR SALE

Sittyton Shorthorns

The Champion Herd at Regina and Calgary, 1906. At present all my bulls are sold but I can supply a number of first-class females of all ages and of most approved breeding. My old stock bull, Sittyton Hero 7th, has left a good mark. Get my prices for females before closing elsewhere.

GEO. KINNON, COTTONWOOD, Sask.
Luna/ien or Pensé stations.

ISLAND PARK HEREFORDS

The Champion Herd at Winnipeg and Brandon for three years. This year won nine first prizes out of ten competed for. At Winnipeg, three champion- ships and one grand championship. A few good young females for sale.

Address: J. A. CHAPMAN, ISLAND PARK FARM, BERESFORD, MAN.

At MAPLE SHADE

JOHN DRYDEN & SON
Stations: Brooklin, G.T.R. Myrtle, C.P.R.

GOLDEN WEST STOCK FARM

Clydesdales and Shorthorns

Stallions and mares of excellent breeding, of all ages, for sale

Also some choice young bulls fit for service and a number of cows and heifers of noted Scotch strains.

Many of them Leading Prize Winners at the big Western Fairs.

P. M. BREDT
Regina, Sask.

SHORTHORNS and YORKSHIRES

We have ready for shipment now, a number of Bulls and Heifers of various ages and, of good quality. These will be sold cheap, as we are overcrowded.

In Yorkshires we will be able to ship by the end of June a grand lot of young pigs, of either sex. Also a few good Berkshire Boars. These are mostly from imported or prizewinning stock.

For particulars write to
WALTER JAMES & SONS, Rossar, Man.

WOOL

Write for our prices

E. T. CARTER & CO., TORONTO

CLENDENING BROS.

Harding, Man.

RED POLLED CATTLE

The Grain Grower's Cow

A few Bull Calves for Sale

YORKSHIRE HOGS

There is money in Hogs if you have the right kind. Our breeding insures both quality and quantity. Spring Pigs of both sexes for sale.

SPECIAL OFFERING OF

8 Good Young Bulls

FIT FOR SERVICE

Geo. Rankin & Sons, HAMIOTA, Man.

SHORTHORNS

Ranchers and farmers need the reds, white and roans, if you wish to breed the best and most profitable cattle. Can supply you with tip-top stuff. Am offering two-year-old Bull—a herd header—and 14 yearling Bulls; also Cows and Heifers

JOHN RAMSAY, - Priddie, Alta.

Brampton Jerseys

Select your stock bull or family cow from Canada's most famous and largest Jersey herd.

B. H. BULL & SON
Brampton, Canada.

OUR

Shorthorns & Yorkshires

Will be seen at the leading Western Fairs this year.

W. H. ENGLISH & SONS,
HARDING.

Terra Nova Stock Farm

HERD OF

ABERDEEN-ANGUS CATTLE

All the best families represented.

Some fine young bulls for sale from both imported and home bred cows. Prices reasonable.

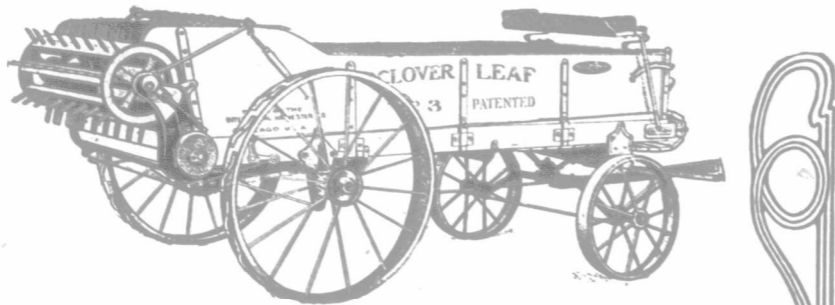
S. MARTIN, Rounthwaite, Man.

The Champion Herd at Winnipeg and Brandon for three years. This year won nine first prizes out of ten competed for. At Winnipeg, three champion- ships and one grand championship. A few good young females for sale.

Our young bulls are the best that our herd has ever produced. We can furnish Cruickshank bulls of high quality to head the best herds and some that will produce prime steers.

We have a bull catalog—send for one.

Brooklin, Ont.



Big interest on your investment.

A farmer who knew said that if a man did not have the money to buy a manure spreader, he could afford to borrow it, pay 50 per cent interest, and still make money.

This shows how extremely profitable the use of a manure spreader is.

It will make more than 50 per cent per year on the investment.

It increases the fertilizing value of barnyard manure, the only fertilizer produced on the farm, fully 100 per cent, and when you remember that this barnyard manure is worth \$2.00 or more per ton, you know how much money a spreader makes for you on every ton of manure hauled into the field.

Of course, you must be sure and buy a good spreader. We mean a strong, dependable, practical machine—one that you can load up day after day and drive into the field with absolute certainty that it will spread as many loads per acre as you desire.

The I. H. C. spreaders, Corn King and Cloverleaf, will do this. They can be regulated to spread any number from 3 to 30 loads per acre. The principal point of difference is in the apron. The Corn King is a return apron machine and the Cloverleaf an endless apron machine. Both spreaders are replete with valuable features, not found on other spreaders.

For instance, the single lever on the I. H. C. allows the driver to make every adjustment—

Call on our Local Agent or write nearest branch house for catalogue.
CANADIAN BRANCHES: Calgary, London, Montreal, Ottawa, Regina, St. John, Toronto, Winnipeg
International Harvester Company of America, Chicago, U.S.A.
(Incorporated)

change the rate of feed, return the apron, start the machine, or stop it.

Then again there is the vibrating rake, a feature not found on any other spreader. You know that when first starting the machine, if not properly loaded, the manure is apt to pile up against the cylinder and clog it. Perhaps great chunks will be thrown out until the load is properly fed. The vibrating rake on the Cloverleaf and Corn King spreaders prevents this irregular feeding. It levels the load before it reaches the cylinder and insures an even and uniform distribution of the contents. You won't find a whole lot coming out directly over the center and none at all at the sides, but instead an even distribution the full width of the cylinder.

There are many other excellent features about these spreaders—both wheels are drive wheels, the steel wheels cut under the box, the apron never binds nor buckles, the front axle is well trussed, the frame is staunch and absolutely rigid.

We suggest that you look into this question of a profitable manure spreader very carefully. The local agent in your town will gladly demonstrate the line he handles. Or write the general office for catalogues, colored hangers, or other information desired.

Send for copy of "Farm Science" or "Wasteful Farm Practices" which contain very valuable information on agricultural subjects of special interest to you.

The Dumm Hollow Concrete Block Machine

Third year in the market, and every machine sold doing good work. Simple in construction and operation. Suitable for block making for a single building or for a regular block making business. A moderate priced machine, compact and portable. No power required. Has suited every purchaser and will please you. Western shipments made from our Winnipeg warehouse.

Write us for Catalog



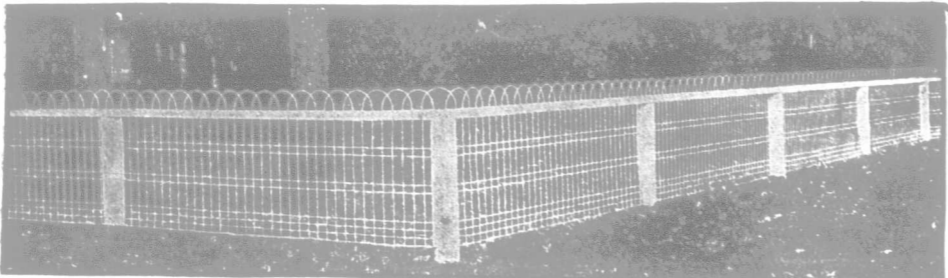
Address Dept. N, THE JAS. STEWART MFG. CO. Limited, Woodstock, Ont.

Martinson & Co. Agents for Farm and Fruit Lands.

I have for sale 320 acres, 4 miles South of Swan Lake, Man., N. E. ¼ of 31 & N. W. ¼ of 32; Township 4, Range 10. Cheap at \$4000.

Make us an offer.

Martinson & Co., Penticton, B.C.



PAGE WHITE FENCES
The Acme style you see above costs only from 16 cents a linear foot. Handsome and durable for lawns, parks, cemeteries, etc. Any height or length. Gates to match from \$2.25. Write for catalog, or inspect this ideal fence. From us direct or any Page dealer.
The PAGE Wire Fence Co., Limited Walkerville Toronto Montreal St. John Winnipeg

LIST OF WINNERS—BRANDON FAIR.

(Continued from last week)

HOLSTEINS.

Bull, three years and over—Jas. Herriot & Sons, Souris.

Bull, two years—A. B. Potter, Montgomery, Sask.

Bull calf—Jas. Herriot & Sons, first; A. B. Potter, second.

Bull calf of calendar year—Jas. Herriot & Sons, first; A. B. Potter, second.

Bull, any age—Jas. Herriot & Sons.

Cow, three years and over—A. B. Potter, first; Herriot & Sons, 2, 3.

Heifer, two years—A. B. Potter.

Heifer, one year—Herriot & Sons, first; A. B. Potter, 2, 3.

Heifer calf, Herriot & Sons, first; A. B. Potter, 2, 3.

Herd bull and four females any age—Herriot & Sons, first; A. B. Potter, second.

Herd bull, and two females under two years—Herriot & Sons, first; A. B. Potter, second.

Herd of animals any age or sex, the get of one bull—A. B. Potter, first; Herriot & Sons, 2, 3.

Two calves under one year, bred by one exhibitor—A. B. Potter.

AYRSHIRES.

Bull, two years—W. H. Morston & Sons. The same animal carried off the diploma for bull of any age.

Cows, three years and over—Morston & Sons.

SHEEP.

LEICESTERS.

Ram, two shears and over—A. J. MacKay, Macdonald, Man., first; Thos. Jasper, Harding, Man., second; A. B. Potter, Montgomery, Sask., third

Shearling ram—Thos. Jasper, first; Alex. Gainley, Griswold, Man., second and third.

Ram lamb, Gainley, first; Potter, second; MacKay, third.

Ewe, two shears and over—A. J. MacKay, first, second and third.

Shearling ewe—A. J. MacKay, first and second; A. Gainley, third.

Ewe lamb—A. Gainley, first; A. J. MacKay, second and third.

Pen ram any age, two ewes any age, two ewe lambs—A. Gainley, Thos. Jasper, A. B. Potter.

OXFORDS.

Ram, two shears and over—A. Turner, Carroll, first.

Shearling ram—P. B. McLaren, Cleanwater, 1, 2, 3.

Ram lamb—P. B. McLaren, 1, 2.

Ewe, two shears and over—P. B. McLaren, 1, 2, 3.

Shearling ewe—P. B. McLaren, 1, 2, 3.

Ewe lamb—P. B. McLaren, 1, 2; T. R. Todd, 3.

SHROPSHIRES.

Ram, two shears and over—W. L. Tran.

Ram lamb—W. L. Tran, 1, 2, 3.

Ewe, two shears and over—W. L. Tran, 1, 2, 3.

Shearling ewe—W. L. Tran, 1, 2, 3.

Ewe lamb—W. L. Tran, 1, 2, 3.

Pen ram any age, two ewes any age, and two lambs, W. L. Tran, 1, 2, 3.

FAT SHEEP.

Shearling wither—P. B. McLaren, first; Jos. Donaldson, second.

Shearling ewe—P. B. McLaren, first; W. L. Tran, second.

Ewe lamb—W. L. Tran, first; A. J. MacKay, second.

Pen, three shearlings—P. B. McLaren, first; W. L. Tran, second.

Pen, three lambs—W. L. Tran, first; Jos. Donaldson, second.

Any other breeds of sheep—Jos. Donaldson got all the prizes awarded in this class.

SWINE.

BERKSHIRES.

Aged boar—W. V. Edwards, Souris; Jas. Bissett, Durham.

One year and under two years—Thos. Jasper, Harding; W. V. Edwards.

Boar, under one year—A. B. Potter; G. L. and T. J. Ferguson, Souris.

One year, under two—W. V. Edwards first and second.

Aged sows—Jas. Bissett; W. V. Edwards.

Sow, over six months, under one year—Thos. Potter, W. V. Edwards.

Sow, under six months—Jas. Bissett; W. V. Edwards.

Sow and litter—Jas. Bissett, Jas. Thompson, Roden.

Boar, any age—Thos. Jasper.

Sow, any age—Jas. Bissett

YORKSHIRES.

Boar, one year and under two—Oliver King; A. B. Potter.

Boar over six months and under one year—W. H. English, first and second.

Boar, under six months—A. B. Potter; Oliver King.

Aged sows—W. H. English; A. B. Potter.

Breeding sow, one year, under two—C. Clendenning Bros.; A. B. Potter.

Over six months and under one year—A. B. Potter; Oliver King.

Sow of calendar year—W. H. English, first and second.

Sow and litter of pigs—A. B. Potter; Switzer, Brandon.

Boar, any age—Oliver King.

Sow, any age—W. H. English.

TAMWORTHS.

Boar, two years and over—A. W. Caswell, Neepawa; Oliver King.

Boar, over one year—A. W. Caswell.

Boar, over six months—A. W. Caswell.

Boar, under six months—A. W. Caswell.

Breeding sow, two years or over—Oliver King; A. W. Caswell.

Breeding sow, one year—Oliver King, A. W. Caswell.

Sow, over six months—O. King, A. W. Caswell.

Sow, under six months—A. W. Caswell, first and second.

Sow, any age—O. King, Lucy Pink, champion.

Sow and litter of pigs—A. W. Caswell.

A. B. Potter was awarded first and second in the class for bacon hogs.

The fourth Earl Stanhope, when on his homeward way late one dark night, was held up by the most gentlemanly of highwaymen, who preferred his request for money or the nobleman's life in quite the nicest way, says the London Standard. It happened that Lord Stanhope had not any money with him, and was disinclined to yield the alternative.

"Your watch, then," suggested the gentleman at the opposite end of the pistol. That watch, the Earl explained, was dear to him. He valued it at a hundred guineas, and would not surrender it. "What I will do," he said, "is to bring and deposit in this tree the worth of the watch in money, and you can call and get it to-morrow night."

"Done, m' Lord," said the highwayman.

The law knew nothing about this arrangement, and the Earl did as he had promised. He placed the hundred guineas where the highwayman might at his leisure collect it. And there, so far as he knew, the matter ended.

Years afterward he received a letter enclosing the sum of 100 guineas. Accompanying it was a note begging his acceptance of a loan granted some years previously to the man who now forwarded it.

That loan, said the letter, had enabled the sender to gain a new start in life, to make a fortune, and to renew acquaintance with his Lordship. The city magnate and the highwayman of earlier days were one and the same.

DRILLING A PRINCE.

Here is the daily routine of Prince Edward of Wales, who last week entered the Royal Naval School for Cadets at Osborne:—

6.30 a.m.—Rise, take a cold bath, dress, drink mug of cocoa.
 7 a.m.—Study.
 7.45 a.m.—Cease study.
 7.50 a.m.—Take breakfast of biscuits and coffee.
 8.55 a.m.—Prayers.
 9 a.m.—Navigation.
 11.15 a.m.—Milk and biscuits in the messroom.
 11.30 a.m.—Study.
 1 p.m.—Dinner.
 2.15 p.m.—Studies.
 4.30 p.m.—Tea, milk, buns; two hours' liberty and sports.
 6.30 p.m.—Recall flag hoisted.
 7 p.m.—Tea, bread, butter, jam.
 7.45 p.m.—Preparation for the next day.
 8.45 p.m.—Turn in.
 9.15 p.m.—Lights out.
 9.30 p.m.—Commander's rounds; all snug.

He is placed on precisely the same footing as his fellow-cadets. Instead of being saluted by everybody, he must now salute his superiors whenever and wherever he meets them. He is obliged, under penalty of being put through the defaulter's drill, to obey the lightest command of his "skipper," as the boy captain of each class is styled. He sleeps in a dormitory with thirty other lads, the only furniture being a long row of white cots, at the foot of each of which is a sea chest containing the kit. Prince "Eddy's" is the regulation kind in both make and quality.

The wife of a naval officer attached to the academy at Annapolis has in her employ an Irish servant, who recently gave evidence of nostalgia.

"You ought to be contented and not pine for your old home, Bridget," said the lady of the house. "You are earning good wages, your work is light, every one is kind to you, and you have lots of friends here."

"Yis, mum," sadly replied Bridget; "but it's not the place where I be makes me so homesick; it is the place where I don't be."—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

Mrs. Thayer, President of the American Lyceum Club, who has been promoting a scheme to bring American women to English universities on Rhodes Scholarship lines, says:

"English women want sharpening up, and by mixing with American ladies they will get it, while the latter will obtain the toning down they very much need. Under the influence of an American woman an English woman smartens up wonderfully. She becomes quicker, brighter and more vivacious. Once she develops these qualities she retains them. She will also try to beat an American woman at her own game of making an impression.

"By her social intercourse with an English woman an American woman benefits quite as much in another way. Before coming over here she is crude and so restless that her desire for action might almost be described as a nervous disease. After a few weeks in England she loses her rawness and becomes more gentle.

"The average American girl that comes to England now needs improvement badly. She is disrespectful and irreverent. As a combination the two women are perfect. The American girl gets the ideas of the English girl and carries them out. The former is more enthusiastic over anything new, but flags quicker, while the English girl is more tenacious. If the women of the two nations were to see more of each other I think a great change in both would follow."

Charity—Would you please give a poor man a dime?

"My dear sir," replied the philanthropist, "you have not grasped the first principle of charity. A dime would be of small avail, but with \$10 you could do something. Still, I am favorable to your plea. You hustle \$9.99 and the desired dime is yours."

"But supposing that meanwhile I starve to death?"

"In that case," responded the philanthropist, "you would not even need the ten cents."—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

The "Capital" Is \$40.00 A Year Better Than Other Separators

TESTS made by dairying experts show that the average cream separator leaves 0.054 per cent. of butter fat in the skim milk. That is the average loss you can expect from the average machine.

With butter at 25 cents a pound, that loses you 6.7 cents on every 500 pounds of milk you run through the average machine.

But the Capital Separator skims to a mere trace; and its average loss is only 0.01 per cent.—pretty nearly six times as clear as the average machine skims.

On every 500 pounds of milk that saving amounts to 5½ cents (\$0.0547 exactly). Figure it out for yourself and see.

Now the Capital machine, although its bowl is the lightest, and its gears the easiest-turning, easily handles 500 pounds of milk an hour. Run it two hours a day, and it will



The Capital Cream Separator

Do You See This?

The average cream separator loses .054% butter fat.

The Capital loses only .01%.

Therefore the average machine loses 4.3 oz. butter in every 500 lbs. whole milk it handles.

And the Capital loses only 8/10ths of an ounce.

With butter at 25 cents a pound, Capital's gain is the difference between \$0.0124 and \$0.0671, or practically 5½ cents for every hour the Capital runs against the average machine of similar capacity (500 lbs. an hour).

get you practically Eleven Cents a Day More Butter-Money than the Average Machine.

If that isn't \$40.15 cents a year, what is it? If you don't think that is possible, or if the Average Machine's man says it isn't, write to me and I will prove it to you.

The reason for this big difference is the Capital Wing-Cylinder,—the 7,000-revolutions-a-minute Skimming Device that whirls the fat out of the milk almost drop by drop.

This device is the one that handles the cream and the milk only once,—doesn't mix the cream again and again with the skim and lose a little fat with each needless mixing, as the hollow-bowl machines have to do.

And the Capital machine, with its 3½-pound bowl (the Lightest Bowl there is), and

its perfected, simplified, easy-running, gearing, doesn't make you work like a horse to keep it running uniformly fast enough, as you have to do with the Average Machine and its old-fashioned gears.

Nor is there any back-breaking lifting, sloppy, mussy, high-up milk tank about the Capital machine. Its milk-tank stands on the floor,—the Only Really Low-Down Tank there is. Look at the picture of it and see how easy it is to fill.

I will sell you a Capital on terms so easy the machine will buy itself before you realise it.

Tell me how many cows you keep, and what their yield is, and I will tell you just how quick a Capital will pay for itself on your farm—and what it will actually earn you, in money.

I will prove every word I say if you will write and ask me what you want to know about the Right Way to get More Money out of Cows.

Address

THE NATIONAL MANUFACTURING CO. LIMITED.

121 Mail & Empire Building, TORONTO, ONT.

Jane, the bright new maid, always anxious to please, had been entrusted with the care of a little aquarium in which the goldfish had always thrived very well until Jane came on the scene. The first day she arrived she gave them fresh water, as instructed, and then left them to their own devices. But, alas, one morning the little fishes were found floating lifeless on their backs.

"Jane," cried the anxious mistress, regarding her pets with concern. "have you given the fish any fresh water lately?"

"No, ma'am. Bless their little hearts, they haven't drunk the water I gave them last month yet!"

During the latter part of his life Emerson seemed to live much in the world of souls and came back with difficulty to take cognizance of physical affairs.

One very warm day Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes was standing on a street corner in Boston, mopping his brow, holding his hat upside down in one hand. Emerson, coming along and seeing a venerable man with his hat thus outstretched, dropped a quarter in it, and walked on, without recognizing the genial Autocrat of the Breakfast Table.

An old lady and gentleman were taking their first trip on the steam cars. She held her breath while crossing a trestle, and then, turning to her husband, exclaimed in a high voice: "Thank God, Ezra, we have lit!"

The visiting minister was walking along the shady country road to a church, where he was to preach that day, when he saw a little boy digging vigorously into the bank by the roadside. He stopped and asked the boy why he worked so hard on Sunday.

"I'm digging for a woodchuck, sir," replied the boy.

"Well, my son, don't you know it is wrong to do that on Sunday, and you won't get him?"

"Not get him!" exclaimed the boy; "why, I've got to get him. The minister's coming to our house to dinner to-day and we ain't got any meat."

"We haven't any deviled crabs, sir," said the waiter. "I can offer you some very nice deviled eggs."

"Umph! I presume if you were out of mock-turtle soup you'd suggest some very nice mock oranges?" retorted the diner.

"Yes, sir," answered the waiter, calmly. "At least I would suggest that you give them a mock trial."—*Harper's Weekly.*

O, the little birds sang east,
 And the little birds sang west,
 And I said in underbreath—
 All our life is mixed with death,
 And who knoweth which is best?
 O, the little birds sang east,
 And the little birds sang west,
 And I smiled to think God's greatness
 Flowed around our incompleteness—
 Round our restlessness, His rest

Some years ago at an annual reunion of some professional men in an Eastern city there were gathered together some pretty good story-tellers. Among them was a college professor, who had spent his vacation in a rural town on the coast.

One day he came upon a group of farmers at the corner store, and after some casual remarks had passed between himself and the men one fellow moved nearer to the professor, as if to claim his whole attention.

"Be you one of them f.l.l.e.r.s who knows everything as was ever writ?" he asked.

The professor replied that he had studied a good deal along some lines and perhaps knew considerable about some things.

Apparently satisfied that he at last had found where he could be sure as to the correctness of his information the questioner now said: "Well, if you've studied so much maybe you can tell me what I've long wanted to know—is diggin' clams agriculture or fishin'?"

Mr. John W. Gates was discussing women's ideas about business the other night. He said a woman whom he knew once mailed her banker this note:

"Please buy for my account 1,000 shares of P. D. & Q. at 75. Sell at 100, and be sure to send me the profits by noon to-morrow, as I am going out of town."—*New York Sun.*

The Best in the KOOTENAY

52 acres of splendid fruit land only 20 minutes from the center of the City of Nelson. First-class wagon road through property.

5 acres under the very best of cultivation and 13 acres almost ready for planting.

1/2 of an acre bearing strawberries.

500 raspberry bushes. 150 apple trees. 50 cherry trees. All the very best varieties.

Last year 4 1/2 TONS of finest tomatoes were raised from half an acre of new ground on this sunny property and marketed at good prices.

Small frame house and good frame barn.

\$100 per acre on easy terms.

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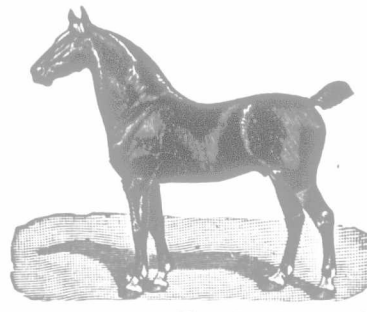
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SAFE FOR ANYONE TO USE.

We guarantee that one tablespoonful of Caustic Balsam will produce more actual results than a whole bottle of any liniment or spavin mixture ever made. Every bottle sold is warranted to give satisfaction. Write for testimonials showing what the most prominent horsemen say of it. Price, \$1.50 per bottle. Sold by druggists, or sent by express, charges paid, with full directions for its use.

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THE BEST FOR BLISTERING.

I have used GOMBAULT'S CAUSTIC BALSAM quite a good deal, and for a blister it's the best I ever used. I wish your remedy every success. CHAS. MOTT, Manager, Mayfield Stud Farm, Leesburg, Va.

CURED CURB WITH TWO APPLICATIONS.

Have used your GOMBAULT'S CAUSTIC BALSAM to cure curb. I blistered it twice, and there is no sign of it any more. The horse is as good as ever.—DAN SCHWER, Evergreen, Ill.

Sole Agents for the United States and Canada. **The Lawrence-Williams Co.** TORONTO, ONT. CLEVELAND, OHIO.

Don't Become a Slave to Drugs

The drug habit is the greatest curse of humanity. Do you know how it is formed, and who is responsible for the blighting of thousands of lives by this awful habit? I'll tell you. In nine cases out of ten it is the doctor.

Suppose you are suffering from a stomach trouble. Your doctor gives you some medicine to relieve the distress. It relieves you all right for a few hours, but the pain comes back. Then you must take some more medicine. You don't know what this drug is that the doctor has given you, and you don't bother about asking until after Nature has cured the stomach and you try to stop taking the medicine.

That is the time when the skeleton on the bottle grins at you triumphantly.

The stuff that you have been taking is dope—poison, and the doctor knew it all the time. You see, this dope kills pain by stupefying the nerves, and of course they are weakened by each dose. If you stop taking the drug, your nerves will not let you have ease—you can't sleep, can't eat until you feed them with the poison.

Any one who takes drugs for the cure of pain or disease is liable to become addicted to the drug habit in this very way. Nearly all drugs that you buy contain a large amount of opium or poison of some kind. The base of the doctor's prescription is poison. He uses it in nearly every case he treats.

Every time you take a drug to force the stomach, liver, kidneys or heart, you hurt them—you actually lessen their natural vitality, and any one can see that in time by steady dosing, you will have no natural action of these organs.

If you are sick or ailing in any way it is because of the failure or breaking down of some vital organ. The reason any organ fails to do its work is because it lacks electricity. When it is doing its work right, the stomach generates electricity for the support of the body and itself. When it is not able to generate this needed force it must have aid. This aid is electricity, artificial electricity, as applied by my Belt.

Electricity is a relief from the old system of drugging. It does by natural means what you expect drugs to do by unnatural means. It removes the cause of disease and after the cause has been removed Nature will do the rest.

Dr. McLaughlin's Electric Belt is easily, comfortably worn next to the body during the night, and gives out a continuous stream of that strength-building, nerve-feeding force which is the basis of all health.

Dr. McLaughlin:

Dear Sir—I am glad to tell you that your Belt has made a great improvement in me, for which I am most thankful. I have great faith in it. It has done me more good than medicine. Wishing you every success. BRENTON D. LAWRENCE, Lakeville, N.S., July 4, '07.

Dr. McLaughlin:

Dear Sir—I must say that your Belt has done me a lot of good. I have got a little fleshy, and look a lot better. I have a good appetite, and my food digests better and I sleep a lot better. Please accept my thanks for your kindness, and excuse me for neglecting to write to you. —MRS. M. MCMANUS, Smith's Falls, Ont., July 4, '07.

If you are skeptical, all I ask is reasonable security for the price of the belt, and you can use it on the conditions of

NO CURE! NO PAY!

Every sufferer should try Electricity. It is far cheaper than a course of drugging.

FREE TO YOU.

Get my 84-page book describing my Belt, and with illustrations of fully developed men and women, showing how it is applied.

This book tells in plain language many things you want to know, and gives a lot of good, wholesome advice for men. I'll send this book in plain wrapper, prepaid, free, if you will inclose this coupon.

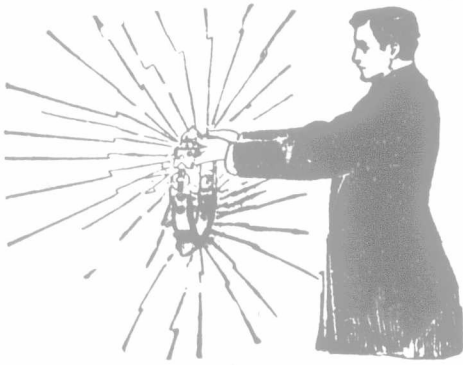
I want to convince every sufferer that he can get benefit from my treatment. Nobody should be without it for it is cheap enough, far cheaper than a course of doctoring, and I want everybody to try it. Let every sufferer who can do so call at my office and make a full test of my battery free of any charge. If you can't call, send this coupon for my book.

Dr. M. D. McLAUGHLIN
112 Yonge St., Toronto

Please send me your book, free.

NAME

ADDRESS



It was in a Police Court in India. The client of the babu lawyer was a woman accused of assault and battery, and the attorney, attacking the opposing lawyer, delivered himself as follows:

"My learned friend, with mere wind from a teapot thinks to browbeat me from my legs. I only seek to place my bone of contention clearly in your Honor's eye. My learned friend vainly runs amuck upon the sheet anchors of my case. My poor client has been deprived of some of her valuable leather (skin), the leather of her nose. Until the witness explains what became of my client's nose leather he cannot be believed, he cannot be allowed to raise a castle in the air by beating upon a bush."—*Minneapolis Journal*

The wife of a prominent judge was making arrangements with the colored laundress of the village to take charge of their washing for the summer. Now, the judge was pompous and extremely fat. He tipped the scales at some three hundred pounds.

"Missus," said the woman, "I'll do your washing, but I've gwine ter charge you double for your husband's shirts."

"Why, what is your reason for that, Nancy?" questioned the mistress.

"Well," said the laundress, "I don't mind washing fur an ordinary man, but I draws de line on circus tents, I sho do."

A young and bashful professor was frequently embarrassed by jokes his girl pupils would play on him. These jokes were so frequent that he decided to punish the next perpetrators, and the result of this decision was that two girls were detained an hour after school, and made to work some difficult problems, as punishment.

It was the custom to answer the roll-call with quotations, so the following morning, when Miss A's name was called, she rose, and looking straight in the professor's eye, repeated: "With all thy faults I love thee still," while Miss B's quotation was: "The hours I spend with thee, dear heart, are as a string of pearls to me."

A package of thirty-seven letters which had been stored away in a Mexican post-office for upwards of 30 years was received at the dead letter office a few days ago in Washington. Most of the letters had been written in 1870, 1876, and 1877, and were addressed to members of the crews of sailing vessels which were expected to stop at the port of Minatitlan, Mexico.

Saltman—Kind of sad, isn't it, to lose sight of the land of your birth?

Squeamish—I wouldn't mind that it's losing sight of everything you have ever eaten since your birth that's worrying me!—*Pittsburg Leader*.

A city man who rented a secluded farmhouse for his family during the summer found one old servant with his pet dog living in the tenant-house on the place. The city man had brought with him a high-bred setter dog and one day out in the fields the two owners of these sagacious animals were telling about their wonderful intelligence.

Although nothing more than a "yaller dog," Sam thought his pet was wiser than many a dog of a higher class.

"It's all very well, Sambo," said the city man, "but here's one your dog can't beat. One day before I came out here I had occasion to go into the country, and the rest of the family being absent, I shut up the house and unconsciously locked Rover in. When I had gone he ran around a while, and then finding an open window he jumped into the yard and started off to hunt me. I hid gone about seven or eight miles into the country, and would you believe it, Sam, that dog followed me up and traced me to my destination—nearly by scent, ready by scent. Now, what do you think of that?"

"What does Ah think of it, Massa?" said the old negro slowly, "why, Ah think you needed a lath."

THE HAT.

The milliner is a personage in Fowlerville. The front window of her shop commands the public square; it sweeps Main St.; it affords a view of the post office, the depot, and the side door of the Grand Central Hotel.

Through twenty-five years of glancing out of it, the milliner has acquired an appalling knowledge, and a power that not even the president of the Citizens' Bank possesses. She wields this power as she does her hateful shining shears—despotically, but, as a rule, with beneficent result.

Sometimes I take a chair in her work-room amid skeletons of hats and dusty fashion-plates. At such times I am contented audience to a monologue that flows along in some such wise as this: "You needn't say it, child; I know by your eye you've come for your hat. Well, it isn't done. No, I couldn't see as there was anything special for you to go to this week until Sunday, and so I didn't hurry myself none."

"You know, it's sinful, according to Miss Andrews, to be stylish, so I sell her a last year's hat, which satisfies her conscience and helps to get rid of old stock. It seems to me a queer notion that anyone can keep righteous by being a year behind the styles, but there's all sorts of heads and I have to fit them. When I go down to the city to buy hats I keep that in mind. Last time I says to myself: Now, there's Jane Marsh. The new drug clerk has been shining up to her a littl' this spring, and it's up to me to hat Jane Marsh so that he'll see what a pretty girl she is in spite of her old-maidish wa-s. With that I up and bought one of those floppy Leghorn hats with pink roses to go on it. I perked it up in the back and gave it a real naughty tilt over one eye, and actually you wouldn't know, Jane Marsh in that hat. It gave her a real lively expression and from the back you'd never guess she hadn't got spunk to say boo to a goose. She got red when she put it on, and said it wouldn't do to wear to church. Just there I up and told her a few plain truths about herself. She nearly cried, but she was down town to the post office the next morning in a white duck suit and that hat; and I'm willing to take my oath that was the first time the new drug clerk really looked hard at her."

"I remember that hat," said I. "It certainly did wonders for Jane." "But that ain't the only match I've made," she continued. "Do you remember that big lace hat I bought the first summer you came here? When I was getting in spring stock I looked at that hat for two days. I said to myself it would never go in Fowlerville. They'd shy at the first sight of it; but I had in mind that it would look fine on Jennie Delano, so I bought it. And will you believe me, I couldn't sell it. Jennie was a picture in it, but her ma set her foot down; said it was too skittish, and it wouldn't do to wear in the choir! Jennie begged and implored to have it, but her ma's as set as the eternal hills, so we had to give in. I could have sold it to one of the pickle-factory girls, but some way I had got in my mind just the sort of face I wanted to see under that hat—it was so bluff and soft. Heaven knows I used to sell enough of the old Mis' Dodd's kind of hat, and see 'em wore by so much as homely as I am myself, so that now and then I can afford to be foolish. So I'd hide that hat when I saw the pickle girls coming in, and take it out when a real pretty face come along."

"All of our nice girls tried on that hat, and they all fairly cried for it. Little Dotty Sinclair would come in every evening and say real wistful: 'You haven't sold it yet, have you, Mis' Dow?' Then she'd try it on for the tenth time, and sigh. Of course she couldn't afford eight dollars and forty cents for a hat—no one in Fowlerville ever paid that much for one hat except the pickle tribe and the head ginning room girl at the hotel; and I wouldn't even show it to them."

"It got to be June and I still had that hat on my hands, when one night, just before I locked up, Mary Hubbard come in and set down in that chair there. It'd been a warm day, and I thought to myself, as she leaned her head against the chair back, 'Mary Hubbard, you're getting old by leaps and jumps.' She'd brought her last year's hat for me to make over, but she was too dead beat out to even unwrap it. She'd been sewing since seven that morning on Kitty Delano's wedding things, and she said she couldn't stay long for she had to go home and finish a shirt waist for her sister Debbie to wear to the school picnic next day. There was something about the way she leaned her head against the chair with her eyes closed and her pale-colored hair all fluffing out about her face that made me think of pictures of young martyrs and unhealthy saints I've seen. The sight of her riled me up, some way."

"'Mary Hubbard,' says I, 'how old are you?' "Thirty-two" says she, without opening her eyes. That shows just the state she was in; she hadn't spunk or pride enough to say twenty-seven or twenty-eight. "'Old enough to have sense. Mary Hubbard, what are you killing yourself for? To keep a husky boy in college studying to be a lawyer when he'd make a better blacksmith? To dress a feather-headed schoolgirl up to the last notch of style? To keep your mother in patent medicine when she'd forget she had a liver if she had to work as hard as you do? And what's you pa doing these days? Does he pay the interest on that mortgage your digging you grave with?' I noticed him this morning making tracks for the pool room, and for all I know he ain't come out yet."

"'Oh, Mrs. Dow!' she said shocked and sitting up at last. "'Oh, I know you, Mary Hubbard,' I says, 'and I tell you to your face you're a fool. Self-sacrifice can be overdone till it's silly. When the Lord put you in this world He didn't make you pretty for nothing—yes, you are pretty, too; at least you would be if you got some rest and wore the right kind of clothes. I don't believe you've been to a party in six years; and how many times have you made over that brown cashmere? You hadn't ought to wear a bilious color like brown, anyway; and as for that black straw I sold you three years ago, I won't make it over again. You're going to have an all-new hat this summer, just to see how it seems.'"

"With those words I got an idea. I never stopped to see what she had to say, but I went into the shop and brought out that lace hat. Mary set there looking stunned, with a pink spot in her cheeks, and I clapped the hat onto her before she could wink. Then I turned up all the lights and brought the mirror. She took one look at herself, and then to my amazement she begun to cry. And what do you suppose she was crying about? "I've seen a ghost!" was all she said, but I knew what she meant. It was the ghost of Mary Hubbard! At twenty she had seen and it was the hat that did it. The soft lace fell over her hair and the white trim made her skin like a rose. You could never have believed that Mary Hubbard could be so pretty! Of course she said she couldn't afford to buy the hat, but that made no difference to me. I just cut the price in two, and got that in love with the look of her in it; and she went home with it in a bag. She was half laughing and half crying, and said she felt ashamed as a thief. I told her she had been stealing from herself so long I didn't wonder."

"Two or three nights later she come in again. 'Have you worn that hat yet Mary?' says I. "'No,' says she, 'I don't dare to. I take it out and try it on when I go up to bed, but I haven't the courage to wear it. Folks will think I'm dreadfully silly to buy such a hat—a girl of my age and circumstances.'"

"'My land!' says I, 'you can't keep it in a bandbox under your bed all summer. When you do come to wear it though, I'm afraid your old brown cashmere won't go very well with it—'

"'I've been thinking of that,' says she, wrinkling up her brow. 'Mrs. Dow, I don't know what that hat's done to me, but ever since I got it I've thought of nothing but things to wear with it. Now there's a piece of old-rose-colored silk in Smith's store. I've been thinking for a month that I'd get Debbie a dress off that piece, so that she could go to parties next winter, but—'

"'Yes,' says I, snappishly 'I'd get my pa a dress suit, and my ma a seal-skin sack, too. Mary Hubbard, you'd never look over twenty-four in a rose colored silk and that hat. You'd better hurry along now, or Smith's will be closed.'"

"Twenty minutes later she sneaked by my window there, on her way home, with a bundle under her arm. She looked as if she was running from the police, but when I rapped on the window—if you'll believe me, she winked one eye. Five years just dropped right off Mary Hubbard with that wink!"

"Toward the end of the month she put her head in that door there and wanted to know if I was alone. She come in laughing and blushing like a girl with her first beau, in a rose-colored dress and her new hat."

"Now, Mary Hubbard," I said, 'you see it's true what I told you; the right kind of clothes was all you needed. I suppose you'll wear them to church tomorrow.'

"'Merey, no!' says she, 'it would upset the minister.' And then she set down with her chin in her hand, and I could see there was something working on her mind. Pretty soon she says: "'Mrs. Dow, I've been thinking over what you said the other night and I know you're right. I'm thirty-two and I look five years more. When I was eighteen and going to parties with the other girls, I never dreamed that I'd get to be careless about my clothes at thirty-two. It's been five years since I had an invitation to a party. I know why, now. The last party I went to I hadn't time to get an thing pretty to wear, and I had to sit around with the married people most of the time. I never accepted an invitation after that. Naturally people stopped asking me after a while. The set I used to go with have got to taking my shabbiness and dullness for granted—and it's too late now to get acquainted all over again; they'll never understand that my hearts as young as theirs. And so—I'm going away for a trip somewhere—to some place where people don't know me well enough to call me "conscientious" and where I can wear rose-colored silk in the morning if I want to! I've got an aunt in Washington who takes life like a grasshopper. I think she'll be a good one to start with; and I've told Pa that he'll have to look after the family this summer.'"

"And Pa did, too. All that summer and fall it done my soul good to see Alonzo Hubbard (who always hated to get up in the morning) driving a milk wagon. He didn't have much time to squander in the pool-rooms and even Alonzo Junior, when he come home from college, accepted a position selling soda-water in the drug store. Mary's vacation seemed to be working both ways, I was glad to see. Mary herself didn't come home till most cold weather, and when she poked her head in the door there and laughed at me, I blinked twice before I knew her. She had on the friskiest little hat I ever saw, and she didn't seem to be much as give it a thought."

"Well, Mar' Hubbard," says I, "I see you don't need me to make over your lace hat into something fit for winter."

"I should say not!" said she. "No one shall ever touch scissors to that hat—it's my mascot!"

"Your what?" says I.

"'My mascot,' says she 'a sort of lucky penny, you know. I'm going to be married next week.'"

"Land of love!" says I, 'who to?'

"Representative Jerry Tomlinson," says she.

"With that I fairly glared at her. Why, Jerry Tomlinson was the one single man in Fowlerville it was worth any girl's time to marry—and Mary Hubbard had landed him! Why, he had gone to school with Mary Hubbard, he had seen her as often as he had seen the hitching-posts around the square, and to my certain knowledge he had paid her just about as much attention. I said so to Mary, and she laughed.

"When I think of that brown cashmere I used to wear," said she, 'I can forgive you for likening me to the hitching-posts about the square. I can forgive you anything, in fact, because of that lace hat you made me buy. Mrs. Dow, I just looked at him once from under its brim, and he began to remember the day we skipped school and went hunting for arbutus together, and the licorice and mottoes we used to exchange. He seemed to enjoy talking about our childhood so much that I didn't remind him it was Lizzie Sinclair he hunted arbutus with, and that I never could bear licorice—I just laughed and said to myself, "It's the hat!" But next day when the charm of that hat seemed still to be working, I felt myself getting younger and younger, and now, Mrs. Dow, I've come back to have you make me a heap of them—something suitable for twenty-four!'"

Mrs. Dow picked up her shining, hateful shears once more. Her black eyes looked at me shrewdly.

"With your color of eyes," said she "you ought to wear violet. Now, I've just got in some new mauve velvet. Shall I—?"

"Yes, please," said I, "anything you think is right!"—GRACE SARTWELL MASON in Everybody's.

It is a noteworthy and curious fact that of our three Canadian peerages one has a male heir to continue it.

Lord Strathcona's title will presumably descend one day to his daughter, Mrs. Howard, who will thus add another to the small and select company of peeresses in their own right.

Lord Mount Stephen, though he has been married twice, has no children; and the one other Canadian peerage, that of Macdonald of Earncliffe, is now held by the widow of the first Lord Macdonald, and as yet no provision has been made for its inheritance by her only daughter.

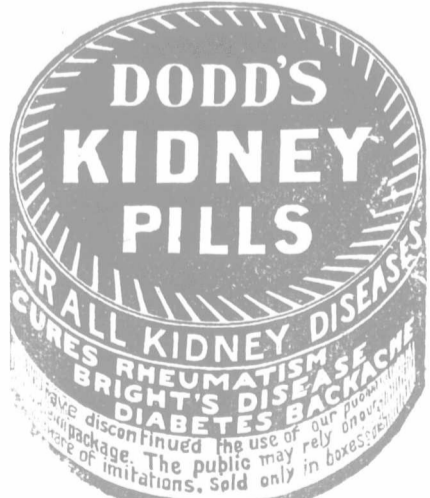
About 10 o'clock one morning two men entered and began threatening and calling each other names. One finally called the other a liar, and the two men were about to grapple, when a woman opened the door and said: "Gentlemen, are you about to fight?"

"We are!" they answered together. "Then have the kindness to wait a moment," she continued. "My husband has been sick for weeks, and is now just able to sit up. He is very downhearted this morning, and if you'll only wait till I can draw him up to the window, I know he'll be very grateful to both of you."

She disappeared into the house, and after one look into each other's faces, the men smiled, shook hands, and departed together.—Weekly Telegraph.

"Do you think I can reach the heart of the haughty beauty?" sighed the sentimental youth with the guitar under his arm. "Better try tunnelling, old man," advised his friend. "Tunnelling?" "Yes, I heard her say you were a great bore."

Citizen: "Has your volunteer company secured a fire engine yet?" Suburban: "Yes, but we haven't had a chance to test it." Citizen: "No barns or houses on fire, eh?" Suburban: "Oh, yes; but they've always burned down before we got there."



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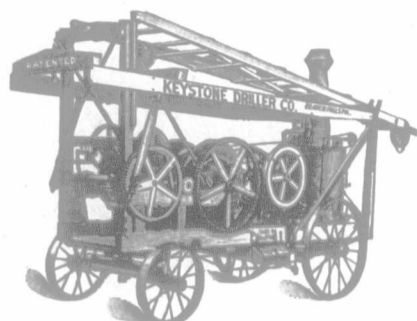
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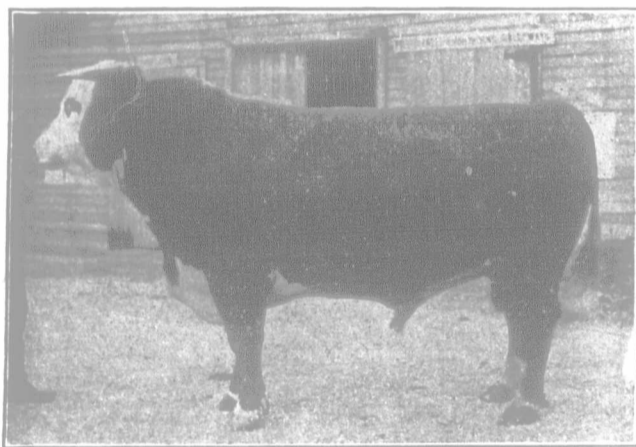
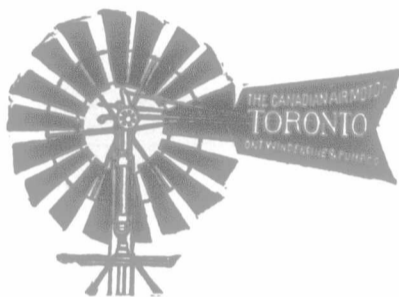
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