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The **CANADIAN**
THRESHERMAN AND
FARMER

WINNIPEG CANADA
DECEMBER
NINETEEN-EIGHTEEN



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Motor Frame—Cast steel, one piece. No bend. No twist.
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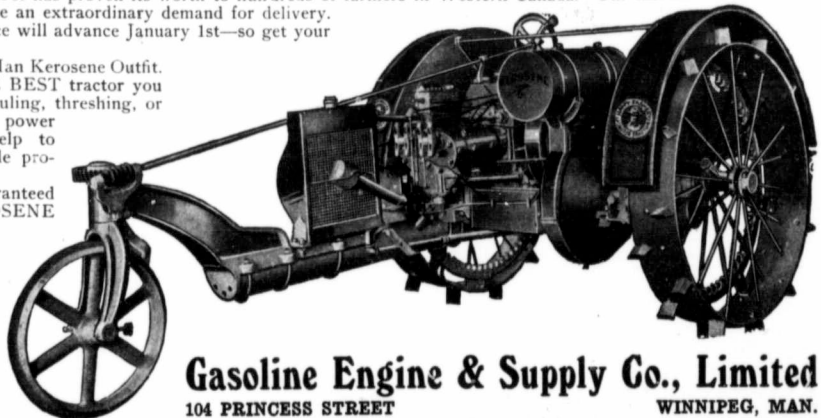
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La Porte
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ADVANCE-RUMELY

A
Magazine
for the

The Canadian Thresherman and Farmer

Farm
and
Home

The Mascot
of the
"Mayfly"

A STORY OF THE "SUPERSTITION" OF THE SAILOR-
MAN—RESCUED FROM THE GRIM SILENCE OF THE
BRITISH FLEET IN ITS CEASELESS PATROL OF THE
HIGH SEAS—AS TOLD BY THE CHIEF STOKER

UP till then our luck had been rotten; we hadn't bagged a Bosche; we lost a propeller, and all but sunk a mine sweeper in a fog.

Old Crankshaft did it all, for he it was who lost our mascot—Johnny Rickett's cat, the cutest little beggar in black you ever saw.

Johnny had it from the day we mobilized. His little sister giv' it him the day he left home to report and when we sailed it became the ship's cat until it went ashore with Crank one day and he lost it in some stinkin' fish hole in the Orkneys.

Crank, you see, was our chief engineer. His real name was Macfarlane, but no man ever heard his real name in our little crowd. He was as square jaw'd and square souled a Scot as I ever sailed with, but he wasn't what you'd call communicative.

But him and me got on fine till he went and lost that cat and then we all gave him the go by; and when we ran into such a streak of ill luck the other boys would as soon have had Jonah or old Tirpitz for a ship-mate.

The "Mayfly"? She was the dandiest little tin tub in the British fleet. Of course a T.B.D. is never built for tea parties, and our little craft hadn't as much spare room left in her innards as would house a tame rabbit, and that made it all the worse for us when our bit of luck came just before sunrise one Sunday morning.

We were well out in the Atlantic, I should say about 400 miles off the Irish coast. Half a gale had been blowing for a couple of days with a nasty cross sea that kept our decks as completely awash as if the little T.B.D. had been a whale-back.

Our business was that of sub chasing, but, as I have told you, we had drawn a blank up till that Sunday morning.

I'd just come up from my dug-out to have a pipe and a whiff of air, and the only man "up" besides the watch and myself was Crankshaft. He was taking what shelter the forward smoke stack gave him, pulling away at

his briar solitary and black as a jack-daw on a coffin. I was wondering how I could

the crack of a shot-gun. We could just make out the object at odd times on the crest of a sea, about a couple of knots away. Crank fetched his binoculars, and after taking a long pull, handed them without a word to me.

We were heading lickety-clip straight for the boat which was plainly a ship's life-boat loaded with people, many of them women.

Every deck hand was at his post and those of us from below who were off duty stood by to lend a hand.

Our navigating officer knew his job, and we could soon see that the men in charge of the boat had their wits about them, too.

It was a ticklish job in the heavy seaway, but we got the boat under our lee and the lieutenant-commander gave orders to cave in the end of a keg of oil. That settled things a bit, we got a line aboard and all hands would have volunteered for any job that would get the folks safely on the "Mayfly's" deck.

The first to land was a little curly haired cherub of a boy barely four years old, but as wise and old fashioned as an experienced parson.

He was the only kid in the party, and the woman in charge of him seemed to have taken leave of her senses when it came to passing him up.

"Throw him up," shouted old Crank, and ten pairs of hands were held out to catch him. He fell fair and square into Crank's arms. The women came next, and in five minutes more the entire boatload was safely on board the T.B.D.

They were from the "Glenfarg"—torpedoed just before sunset on the previous day and had been drifting in that open boat all night.

Crank gave up his bunk to the little cherub and his mammy. We boys did what we could for the rest, and from that hour our luck changed.

"We've got a real mascot, now," said Crank as he wrapped a hot blanket round the boy.

Gosh! it was great to see how that big, lantern-jawed Scotchman handled the little
(Continued on Page 62.)



"Throw him up!" I shouted the chief engineer.

dodge him when the lookout yelled:

"Boat on the port bow, sir!"

Crank and I jumped like kittiwakes at





WITH the exception of his father, that lad was, three years ago, the most hopeless bum we had around the town. The only creditable job I ever saw him tackle was a blacksmith nearly twice his weight who started in to horse whip the old man. The blighter had owed the smith an account for a long time, and at last gave his creditor to understand that he didn't mean to pay it.

"The boy didn't stop to reflect that he didn't owe the old man so much as the board and housing of a pup at any time since he could remember. But he was his Dad; so he took the old fellow's part and, merely reversing for the time the order of primogeniture, he fought for his father as a bear would have fought in defence of her cub.

"And he gave that fellow such a pasting there was some talk of the boy being run in for manslaughter. Fortunately, however, the man recovered but he'll take the marks of that thrashing with him to his grave.

"The boy disappeared when things were looking hot, and the next thing we heard was that he had enlisted. But it woke up the father. He had gone all to pieces since the wife died when the boy was barely two years old, but starting from the day the young 'un fought for him, he seemed to pull himself together, and now there he is running that grain separator for Bob Carson.

"And the boy? Well, sir, it's an amazing story, but it's as true as gospel, he has brought more credit to this town than anything or anybody else belonging to it ever did."

Such, in brief, was the prologue of the hardware store-keeper to one of the finest and most cheerful records of all such that Canada has built up in the war. Its "hero" was a young man whose praises were then ringing all over the country side, whose personality and wonderful deeds were then exciting the admiration and esteem of at least one great nation of the allied cause which already had engraved the name of Canada large and deep upon her tablet of grateful memories.

And this was but a western Canadian wastrel—in pre-war days notorious as one who couldn't stick at a job of work when it was given him. Perfectly honest, a well set up, good looking lad, but in other respects as flabby and unreliable as any spoilt child of the streets. But it must have been in the blood. He had had a mother of whom no one who knew her had anything to say but kind things, and who shall say that it was not the hereditary caste in that woman's soul which had predetermined the niche that was waiting for her boy in the temple of

fame—a place peculiarly his own in the regards of a great people.

The umteenth battalion of the Canadian infantry had been safely deposited at a port on the English Channel, and ten days later, a draft from it which included Private George Blackett, No. 069943 was rushed to the Somme front to reinforce the line which had suffered severely in a recent advance.

By chance (or was it something better) the regimental sergeant-major of the unit to which Private Blackett was now attached being hard up for non-coms, spotted the clean cut, upstanding lad from the western prairie town. The boy "took the sergeant's eye," and after rapping out a few questions, he was made a full corporal on the spot.



"RIP"

That was the first independent acknowledgment that boy ever remembered having received that there was something in him that raised him at least one step above the dead level of the common herd of men. That boy recalls that "lift"—so unexpected, and yet so thoroughly justified—as the greatest day in his life, and he will never forget that sergeant-major.

Now this lad had "roughed it" quite a bit, had done pretty well little else but rough it all his life, but he had never known life under anything of the terrifying conditions into which he was suddenly flung, within a day or two of his landing on French soil.

"Shell fire" is easily written, but it is impossible for the one who merely reads the phrase to realize it. There are no words in any literature to describe its terror. Imagination fails; exaggeration is impossible. Your ghastliest concept of hell is colourless and tame beside a "drum fire" bombardment.

No rhetoric here, my friend; a big push, a day's advance assails every sense, till giants break down and rugged lads tremble into nerveless aphasia.

Yet here comes the amazing spectacle of an Irish platoon leader with a little Irish terrier, fairly bristling with Irish loyalty to his master, surveying what promises to be the most terrifying experience they have ever faced with no less concern than they have on so many occasions sized up a ratting match.

And this was not your old fashioned spick and span "officer" pointing with a presentation jewelled sword to where his men must go, but a real live thoroughly clay-caked leader of men, with a long lineage of fighting Irish blood in his veins.

By and by he mounts the parapet with—a football! and a "Time's up; come on boys!"

Can he be mad in this frightful orgy of machine made murder? Not a bit of it. "Follow up!" he yells, and kicks off amid tempestuous cheers. The names of men in his platoon have been written on that ball which a Kerry man from far Alberta is now dribbling with deadly intent towards the first German line.

Such is the method and the spirit of the attack of those new citizen armies that have been improvised from the factory, the farm and the farragos of western life, even when bayonets drip and barrels are too hot to hold.

And when the position is taken, consolidation is the next step and a counter-attack by the foe—perhaps in the dark with new horrors added, half seen by the transient gleam of flares.

It was into such a blood wetter that this young Canadian corporal now flung himself, following his gallant leader and that faithful little tyke whose fidelity and courage were more than human. And if they "thought" at all, it was simply getting there and sticking to it while life and the power of sensing things were theirs.

Sixteen men of this western unit dashed out under Lieutenant X, who was struck dead at once by machine gun fire. This frightful weapon was making new revelations and here a specimen of it sprayed the Canadian lines with cruel havoc.

Time after time those heroic lads charged it, but the boldest withered away and survivors cowered in ditches or behind haystacks to escape the ceaseless stream—ten shots a second, six hundred a minute!

This little band of Canucks were great sufferers. "I see two Huns," cried Corporal Blackett, suddenly. His officer got up on his knees to see, and fell back dead. Up rose Blackett now and fired. One grey

(Continued on Page 65)

THE LAST BLUFF

BY WILLIAM WESTRUP



NOT always had he been known as English. His father had borne a name not without honour in the Old Country, and the fact that his mother was a nobody should not have mattered. The father was strong, proud, and with a marked vein of chivalry in his composition. Perhaps that was why he married a woman who was a nobody. But that woman possessed the vices of her upbringing—she was of gipsy blood, but brought up in London—and when she died in giving birth to her only child, the father's sorrow was by no means un-mixed with relief.

So the son, motherless, and with that mixture of blood as a handicap, began his chequered existence. He was not really wicked, but certainly he lacked what, for the want of a better term, we may call a sense of honour and decency.

Then his father died, and within three months he married. He was quite young—only twenty-three—and he chose a pretty but colourless girl, whose very lack of character made her as clay in his hands. That was bad. A strong, broad-minded woman might yet have shaped him into something. But he married, and in less than a month was heartily tired of his wife. So he resumed his wild habits.

Of course, the end was inevitable. For four years his wife made no move. Then she divorced him. Thereupon he displayed a quite unexpected anxiety not to be altogether parted from his little daughter. The girl was three years old, and undoubtedly fond of her father. But what does a child know? And yet the father actually implored his wronged wife to allow him to share the custody of the child. Of course, she refused, and at last he realised the futility of his desire. That was the end. He vanished. In England he was entirely forgotten, and nobody ever thought of connecting him with the man known as English.

In the Far West English was a character. He was so well known that very many people doubted if he had any real existence. The most they would grant was that perhaps there were several men who, for their own ends, took the name from time to time. He was a card-sharper, who visited mining camps and skinned the hardened poker players without effort. He was a horse-stealer, who escaped miraculously when a whole state was hot on his trail. He was a cattle-lifter, a hold-up man, a shark. In short, he was the very last word in bad men, and there was a price on his head in several states.

But withal he was not entirely unpopular. Tales were told of his sudden generosity, his nerve, his resourcefulness. Indeed, he might have been distinctly popular had it not been for the fact that he was a horse-

stealer, which is unforgivable. And he stole only the very best horses. Sometimes these horses would be recovered later, ridden to a standstill, and utterly useless. But they had served his purpose, and he had no further use for them. Everything he did he managed entirely by himself—he always worked single-handed.

From Texas to Montana the name of English was well known, though he usually worked further west than Texas, and there was nothing against him in that state. He was merely a name to bring into the talk at night, and was not credited with any concrete existence.



The Mexican swung the child around to form a shield and began to play with a rifle

Consequently, there was not the faintest breath of suspicion attaching to one Long Jake, who ambled up to the ranch-house of Seth Butt and guessed that he wanted a cow-puncher. Seth Butt ran beef over a few square miles of country, and his mark—Circle S—was one of the best known in Texas. Also the new arrival had guessed correctly—he was short of men. So Long Jake was made free of the bunk-house, where he spoke without any trace of an English accent, and in the saddle he soon showed that what he didn't know about cow-punching wasn't worth knowing. Seth Butt congratulated himself, because good cattlemen were not so plenti-

ful that year.

The small—very small—township of Little Sands was happy hunting-ground of the men of the Circle S Outfit. It had a saloon where the usual brands of poison could be procured, and where poker was the staple industry. Long Jake discovered the saloon after his first round-up and from that time was as constant a visitor as his work would permit. He played poker, and he always won, but he did it so discreetly that the other players rather admired him for his luck, particularly as he was very free with his winnings, and never tired of shouting drinks for the bunch. Indeed, he was threatened with popularity.

It was in the saloon that long Jake became acquainted with "Quartz" McKennon. Quartz was sheriff of the district, and his reputation was so emphatic that he had given up all hope of being officially requisitioned. It was his boast that not once had a man got away from him. Evildoers gave the place such a wide berth that they were never even heard of, and Quartz grieved exceedingly. He was a man of iron will and considerable shrewdness, and he pinned his faith to long-barrelled .45's and the best horses that could be got in the whole of Texas.

Moreover, his boast was no more than the truth. Not once had a "wanted" man got away from him, provided he had been definitely laid on to the trail—and some of the trails he had followed had been long indeed, and crowded with difficulty and danger. But those exciting episodes belonged to the past, and the present afforded him very little active work. So little that he had been able to bring a girl from New Orleans, and had settled down to married life.

Long Jake played poker with the sheriff, and the latter won. Not much, but sufficient to preclude the possibility of his suspecting Jake's play. If he had won a lot, he would have been just naturally suspicious, and if he had lost much he would have been too keenly watchful. Jake—who's other name was English—would not have lasted a dozen years had he not had ability of an unusual kind.

Mrs. "Quartz" McKennon was the only woman in Little Sands, and as such was appreciated at her right value. She was doubly important because she was the mother of a daughter, a golden-haired mite of two, who had the unique honour of being not merely the only girl, but the only child ever born in Little Sands. Consequently,

(Continued on Page 70)

THE CANADIAN THRESHERMAN AND FARMER

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GOOD WILL



1918

OUR GUARANTEE

No advertisement is allowed in our Columns until we are satisfied that the advertiser is absolutely reliable and that any subscriber can safely do business with him. If any subscriber is defrauded, E. H. Heath Co., Ltd., will make good the loss resulting therefrom, if the event takes place within 30 days of date advertisement appeared, and complaint be made to us in writing with proofs, not later than ten days after its occurring, and provided, also, the subscriber in writing to the advertiser, stated that his advertisement was seen in "The Canadian Thresherman and Farmer." Be careful when writing an advertiser to say that you saw the advertisement in "The Canadian Thresherman and Farmer."

FOR four years and a quarter, millions of very earnest men and women have been praying to their ideal of the Supreme Power, and promising that if He would only deliver them from the fangs of the war, they would be better men and women for all time to come. That, in effect, has been the attitude of the real and the nominal Christian world, and here in Western Canada, with so much at stake in the war as we have held, has the great appeal been made with an intensity men and women never employed in the past when praying to God to get them out of a hole. We put it up to God, so to speak, and He surely has responded in the most wonderful way; now it is our chance to keep our word with God.

And what a fine thing is the simple habit of keeping one's word, of making good on one's promises. We will not consider the tragedy of the broken bargain, of the unfulfilled promise, because that is an endless and a thankless job, and the last one we would waste a thought upon on the eve of Christmas. The Dominion Government asked us on the first Sunday of this month to begin keeping our promise to God, by publicly acknowledging Him as the Giver of the Victory. We took part with our own little company of friends in carrying out this idea, one that has the sanction not only of the Canadian Government, but the practical endorsement of every power with which it has been associated in the war.

And we were in good company, weren't we, in making these humble acknowledgments? Did not the Premier of Great Britain, when he received the message announcing the signing of the armistice, shut up shop and lead the entire Legislative Assembly to a nearby place of worship to thank Almighty God for His goodness? And the President of the United States of America, and those other men at Washington who represented the heart and brain of the great Republic? And did not that California lad serving in France get the most wonderful surprise of his life when, after watching for three

quarters-of-an-hour a grey-haired soldier in a shabby uniform, offering his solitary prayer in an old church on the battle area, he found it was no other than Marshal Foch?

Is there anything finer in Canadian literature, for that matter in any literature, than the acknowledgment of General Currie,

quoted in the center of this page? It was his spontaneous reply to a congratulatory message from his country, received when he and his magnificent army of Canadian lads were on the eve of their victorious march to the Rhine. These humble acknowledgments on the part of men who have proved themselves the most powerful and the most successful probably of all time, will beget different thoughts in different minds. Speaking for ourselves, they furnish what we know to be the only foundation on which the future can be built with any hope of security—the bed-rock of Righteousness, of every man being first of all true to himself.

Fairest Land in all the World

"From the doubly historic battlefield of Mons, and on the eve of its departure for the Rhine, the Canadian corps acknowledges with a sense of deepest gratitude your message sent on behalf of the people of Canada. We join with them in humble and grateful thanks to God for the glorious victory vouchsafed to our arms. Our hearts go out to those to whom there remains only the cherished memory of their loved and lost, sacrificed in the noblest cause for which men have died. Weary with work of destruction, we long for the time when we shall be homeward bound to take up again with a clearer conception of its responsibilities, our duties as citizens of the fairest land in all the world, our own beloved Canada."
(Signed) "Currie."

What really bred the war was the insistence of two conflicting principles, both of which could not live in the world —Right and Might. Might, as it was known on the battlefields of the Orient, has gone down to ignominious defeat, but for long there have been rumblings of another war that will come up to our own door-steps, perchance right into the home sanctuary, if—we play the double game with God, through our relationship to fellow man. This impending calamity is little more as yet than "a cloud the size of a man's hand," but it is perceptibly creeping over the horizon and forming "antastic shapes into which men are variously reading the words: "Industrial Unrest"—"Labor" and "Capital," etc! Can it be averted? It may—if there is a complete or even general agreement in both camps to face and settle every difference as it would be faced and settled by that Man who still lives to bring "Peace to the world and Good Will among men." The greatest "scheme" of adjustment with this left out is doomed from its birth.

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Now is the logical time to stock up with goods you will need during the next few months. Railroads will be congested with food and materials. Don't neglect buying now, for we guarantee that prices will not be lower inside of one year. If your present needs are supplied and you cannot secure En-ar-co goods near home, send your order for next spring's requirements, inclosing check dated ahead. We will protect you on present prices.



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In Our Re-Construction Programme

Every Farmer who has never left the Farm as well as the Returning Soldiers must be instructed in the Operation of Farm Tractors

By CARL WILLIAMS

THE man who rides railroad trains and watches the fields slip by often has a pretty poor opinion of tractor power on the farm. There are too many tractors in fence corners, rusting away their days of usefulness.

Hop off the train and talk to many of these tractor owners and you get the same impression. They have wrestled with the cantankerous iron beast to the limit of their patience. Sometimes it refused to budge in spite of earnest effort. Finally the combination of lost time, lost crop and lost temper prevailed to sidetrack the tractor and to create a permanent enemy of power farming.

Depending on the person to whom you talk, you will get one of two reasons for these tractor failures. The farm owner is pretty likely to say, "The dern thing's no good." The tractor manufacturer will say, "The farmer didn't know how to run it."

To take up the second proposition first, here is the way one tractor maker puts it:

"I think it is quite safe to say that at least 75 per cent of our troubles come from lack of intelligent understanding on the part of the farmer. We inclose instruction books with our machines and try to give him all the information possible. He pays little or no attention to these instructions. About the only way he learns is by grief."

Add to this man's statement that of another manufacturer:

"We, as manufacturers, fully realize that a tractor which is out of commission is not only a very poor advertisement to the manufacturer but always incurs a great loss to the owner. We are trying, by means of service bulletins and explicit operating instructions, to give our owners sufficient information so that they will successfully operate their tractors. It is a crime the number of owners that absolutely ignore these instructions. In fact, I do not believe they ever read them, and therefore do not give their tractors care.

"Their duty as loyal Canadian citizens, and in justice to themselves is to get every ounce of good out of that machine that is in it, and that can be done only by mightily carefully observing the maker's instructions in the chang-

ing of their oil, the tightening of their parts, and the general care of the tractor.

"The owners' attention should be brought very forcibly to the fact that he is not buying, in mechanical power, anything that is going to warn him if it mistreated. If a horse is overworked he shows it; he becomes sick, or he does not eat, or something else, and the owner at once calls a

vet to think there is at least a lot of truth in it, because I have seen it work out that way in the man to the dozen who knows what's under the hood of his automobile.

It is true that the auto is more fool-proof than the tractor; but it is also probably true that half the cars in the nation would be cut out of service most of the time if it were not for the fact that there

real attempt is being made by the tractor makers to do both of these things. But neither plan has been more than started.

The business of the tractor maker has been to make and sell tractors. What happened after the sale was up to the farmer. If there were mistakes made in building the tractor, it was the farmer who frequently paid, as well as the manufacturer.

All too often the cheap selling price was the maker's first consideration. When that was fixed tractor quality and dependability were pared down to fit the price. In 1916 about 80 per cent of all the complaints from farmers who bought one certain popular-priced tractor came from magneto trouble. Reason: Cheap magneto, uncovered, placed in the easiest spot to install, which happened to be right in the center of dust disturbance when the machine was being used. Ten per cent more of the trouble with this same tractor came from the use of an unsatisfactory oiling system, installed because it was cheap.

But trouble is by no means confined to the popular-priced machines. One of the best tractors on the market to-day had a splash oiling system operated by the flywheel. Nineteen of those tractors were sold in Oklahoma in a certain period and in every one of them the two front crank-case bearings burned out, due to the failure of the flywheel to properly supply them with oil. That trouble has been remedied and will not likely occur again with this make of tractor; but the farmer paid for the maker's failure to know that a certain kind of oiling system would not work properly.

Still another case with another first class tractor. Every machine put out developed trouble in a particular spot. Repair men found the trouble to be caused universally by a governor screw which had worked loose, and they remedied it universally in fifteen minutes by filing a flat side on the governor screw and inserting a key to hold the screw in place. But why wasn't that done at the factory?

I said that the business of the tractor maker has been to make and sell tractors. All too often the sales organization has been the big end of the factory and all



"PREPARING FOR A GRAND AWAKENING."

Back to the Farm and the Kiddies whom he has done his best with entire success to save from the maw of the Hun!

vetinarian to try to save the horse. If a tractor does not work satisfactorily a man will try and cripple along with it without trying to discover what the cause of the trouble is until the tractor is completely broken down. Many times serious breakdowns of the tractor are due to the operation of the tractor when a minor trouble exists which, if fixed immediately, would prevent the serious breakdown."

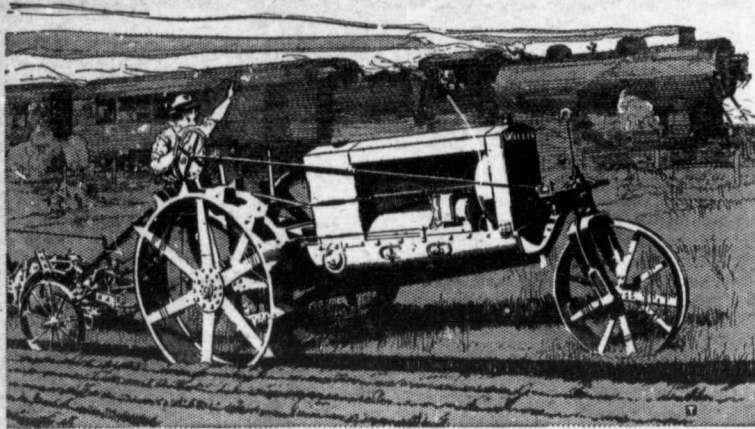
All this is a serious charge against the farmer who buys a tractor. Is it true?—I am in-

is a garage on every street corner where automobile brains and labor can be sought for a price.

No; it isn't the farmer who's especially at fault. It's human nature; and, in view of that fact, I am rather inclined to check the whole problem back to the tractor manufacturers, where it started.

There are two things which the manufacturer can do. One is to make his machine fool-proof. The other is to spend more money on teachers of tractor operation and care. It is gratifying to see that, this year more than ever before a

Continued on Page 61



**America's
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WALLIS

A paying farm is not possible if the farmer has to fight year after year with poor equipment and the debts accruing from it. The close profits of agriculture demand maximum production from minimum effort.

The WALLIS—the tractor years ahead of its time—is constructed (as illustrated) with a special U frame that has made possible the most efficient tractor ever produced. It is 1,000 to 5,000 lbs. lighter than any tractor built for the same work.

Seventy-five per cent of the power developed is available at the draw bar. Only one-fourth of the power is used to propel the machine. A speed of 2½ miles per hour is maintained in the toughest plowing—with the result that you get more work for less fuel and money.

The Acreage Plowed per dollar is the true test of any tractor. Speed, power, durability and strength are combined in the

Wallis to attain this result. One season makes a big saving—several seasons mark the difference between efficiency and economy—loss and waste.

All gears—including the final drive—are enclosed, thus saving power and protecting the vital parts. The motor and transmission are perfectly finished as an automobile motor. The result is that it burns one-third to one-half less fuel per acre plowed.

More Acres and more profits are only possible with machinery such as the Wallis. It has reduced the cost of farm power to a minimum and has combined the skill of America's best engineers in its complete make-up. See our nearest dealer, or get a fully illustrated catalogue by writing us direct.

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A plow that plows under severe conditions is the only satisfactory modern plow. It is absolutely necessary—if you are going to get utmost value out of a tractor—that the plows be specially designed for the purpose. Forty years success in plow manufacturing have taught the J. I. Case Plow Works how to meet these needs.

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A power lift enables you to regulate your disc plows with ease and to handle your tractor and outfit properly in order to produce the best results. No matter for what make of tractor the J. I. Case offers you the best plowing service.

The Canadian Fairbanks-Morse Co.

CALGARY WINNIPEG SASKATOON Limited

The Tractor Demonstration as the Farmer sees it

By W. H. WISEMAN

MOST of the information for this article was obtained from a rich grain grower who visited the big Tractor Demonstration at Salina to "look 'em over," as it were, and to get some "pointers"; and as it points a moral in Western Canada we are reproducing the substance of it herewith.

If you were to tell this farmer that he has in him the making of an engineer he would laugh at you. But he can take his automobile engine down and grind the valves and put the thing together without missing a single piece. Just such a man might never be able to get any technical school to award him any string of letters to use after his name. But he knows a good deal about how a tractor should be built and he can give a common sense reason for almost every scientific discovery which our engineers have made.

Believed in Tractor Idea

Breezing along the country roads of western Kansas, I asked this practical farmer what he thought of the Salina demonstration. While I may not be able to give his exact words I am going to use quotation marks and I feel that I can express the meaning of this man's remarks so it will be well understood. I don't need any "Uncle Hiram Talk" either, as this farmer graduated at the largest agricultural college in the world and doesn't mix his metaphors, split his infinitives nor use any double negatives. Neither does he say "by gosh." Here's a review of what he does say about the Salina demonstration:

"When I first noticed that there would be a demonstration at Salina this year I thought I wouldn't go, as it meant a long trip for me and help is scarce and it's difficult to get away from the farm. I have never owned a tractor, but have been looking them over for a long time.

Antipathy to New Things

"I suppose I have been in about the same frame of mind that father was with reference to the automobile twenty years ago. He always said the automobile was a fine theory, but he was afraid it would give too much trouble. I can well remember the time when he sat by the fire in the winter time and read the first descriptions of automobiles.

"Then the salesmen began to visit our farm to try and sell cars

and the advertisements began to appear in the farm papers. Father always said that if they would ever get cars so they could run without trouble he would certainly have one. He said he surely needed some quicker method of travel. Now and then he would

that for at least four or five years I have had the 'tractor bug.' That is, I have felt the need of the tractor, but have been a little afraid to make the jump. You remember back through the years how we used to see automobiles stranded along the road. Many's

because of rainy weather and I have sat back calmly and said that when they got these troubles all ironed out it would be soon enough for me to get into the tractor game. Then I have noticed on the demonstration grounds in former years that quite a few of the machines got stalled. Some of them fudged on the depth of plowing and others got too hot to suit me.

"As I look back to the first demonstration I attended I can see that there has been a steady improvement each year and now that I've had two full days at Salina I'm free to admit that I'm converted at last. I believe the tractor will run without trouble—that is, without much trouble. They seem to me now to be sure enough and certain enough to depend on and that's the big argument which switches me over to the tractor side. I have had no end of figures pumped at me about the horses that a tractor will displace and the salesmen tell me that the war will take all the horses and we must get something to take their places. Well, those arguments may be all right, but they haven't moved me a great deal.

Days of Trouble Vanishing

"The thing I wanted to be certain about is that the tractor would run with a minimum of trouble and that I might be reasonably free from chances of breaking down in the field. You know it's some job to take a tractor to town and get it fixed—a much bigger job than taking an automobile. And nine times out of ten when a man gets into the field with a machine to plow he's in a hurry and wants nothing to interfere with his work until it's finished.

"I am reasonably certain in my own mind now that I have seen the boys demonstrate at Salina that I can run a tractor on my farm without much tinkering with the machine. Of course, I can see why the machines are better now than in former years. They are using better stuff to make them. Castings are about all done away with and good steel has taken their place. I find the same dependable systems of lubrication, cooling, transmission, ignition, etc., which have been developed after years of experiment for use on the automobile, applied to the tractor. Every year they seem

Continued on page 34

THE FARM TRACTOR

DO you realize the tractor
Is becoming quite a factor
In the business of the farmer here of late?
More and more it will be found
It's the thing to turn the ground,
Turn it deeply, and at very rapid rate.
Yes, it surely turns the soil;
Power? gasoline or oil—
And it does it quickly—does it while you wait.

Even while I write this rhyme,
It would save a lot of time
If you had it breaking stubble in your field.
Matters not how hot it is,
It just keeps on doing "biz."
For to weather, hot or cold, it will not yield.
And it goes away down deep
Where the lazy earth worms sleep.
If you have one I can tell you you're "heeled."

An advantage you will earn
Will be found at every turn,
Many more than I can think to number here;
Saving time and saving feed,
It supplies a pressing need;
And for weather, hard or soft land, it doesn't care.
For it does things mighty quick
And will save you many a lick;
Never sick and never sore, you have no fear.

Another thing you'll admire—
It will never, never tire—
Keep it going night and day it doesn't care.
Just as strong and fresh at night
As when starting at daylight,
For it's ready night and day to do its share,
Takes a little gasoline,
Or perhaps some kerosene—
Drinking stuff like that's like living on the air.

Just to show that 'twill do
Every stunt it can for you,
The tractor's willing to do many other things.
It will even saw your wood,
Cut your silage, do it good;
Do her churning while your wife sits by and sings.
It's a pleasure, it's a treasure,
Has a value beyond measure;
It deserves to have the patronage of kings.

say, when we had a hurry up trip to make, 'Well, son, perhaps some of these days we'll have one of those gas buggies and these trips won't take so much time.'

Wearing Down Opposition

"My attitude toward the tractor has been somewhat similar. I have attended several of the shows and looked them over and said to myself that when they got those machines down to bed-rock so they would run without trouble I would surely get one. I think

the time I passed up these boys standing out along the road looking over the beautiful new car, pulling up the hood and peering down into her 'inards.' So long as such sights were frequent we stayed off the automobile game.

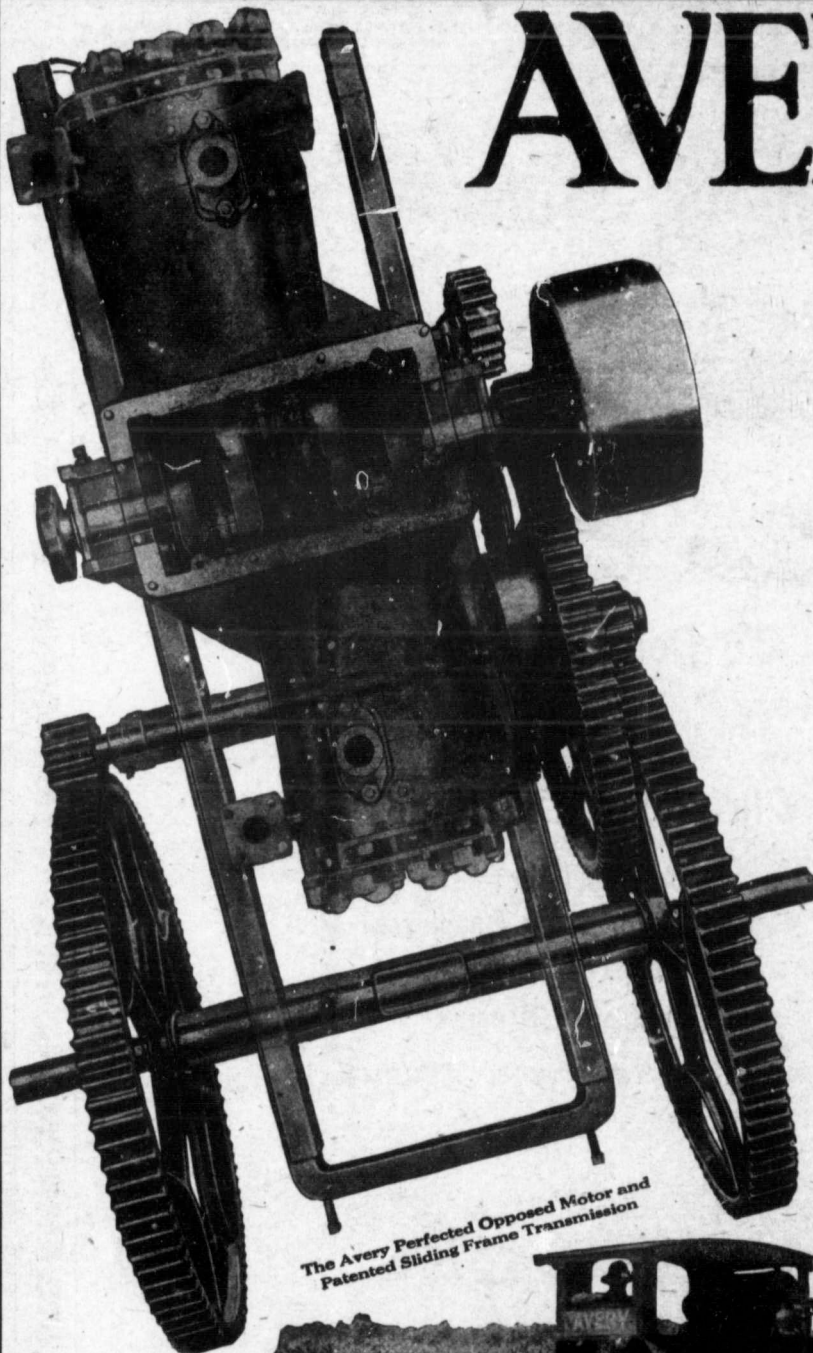
"Now I have had neighbors who have had tractors. No use for me to mention the make of tractor. There are several varieties in our neighborhood. I have seen the boys get stalled in the field and seen the tractors laid up

To You and Yours
We extend the heartiest of
Christmas Greetings
and hope the
New Year may bring Happiness
and Prosperity
in Bounteous Measure

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2. Adjustable Crankshaft Boxes, which enable you to take up any wear in the main bearings instantly without tearing the motor down.



3. Duplex Gasifiers, which turn kerosene, distillate or other low-grade fuel into gas and burn it all.

4. Double Carburetor, by which you can start on gasoline and instantly switch to kerosene or distillate without having to make a single adjustment.

5. Crankshaft one-half or more in diameter than the cylinder and so strong it is almost unbreakable.

6. Thermo-Siphon Cooling System, which does away with the pump, fan, belts, gears and chains and saves the power required to drive them.

7. Round Radiator, which catches the wind from any direction.

8. Internal Gear Pump Oiling System that protects every working part of the motor.

9. Sliding Frame Transmission, which transmits the power to the belt wheel and the drawbar with the least loss, and is the simplest and most durable transmission system built.

10. Universal Self-cleaning Non-slipping Legs that fit all conditions of field or road work.



The Tractors With The Perfected Opposed Motor and Patented Sliding Frame Transmission

THE perfected opposed motor used in Avery Tractors has advantages for tractor work which no other tractor motor has. An opposed motor distributes the weight correctly between the front and rear wheels—it makes possible a narrow tractor and a short crankshaft with only two bearings—it is stronger in construction and runs at a low speed.

The **Avery Perfected Opposed Motor** has all these advantages—and then many more, for we have spent years in perfecting it. First we built it with the heaviest crankshaft in any motor; a round radiator thermo-siphon cooling system; and valves in the head. Then we invented the wonderful Avery renewable cylinder walls, adjustable crankshaft boxes and gasifiers for burning kerosene and distillate.

No other motor used in any tractor has even half of these features. Avery owners say the Avery perfected opposed motor is "the finest power plant on wheels."

In an Avery Tractor the power of this motor is also delivered to the belt wheel and drawbar by the simplest transmission system built—the **Avery**.

Patented Sliding Frame Transmission.

This Avery sliding frame transmission is the only transmission that makes possible a direct drive in either high, low or reverse gear or in the belt. It requires only one clutch—only three shafts—only eight gears. All Avery gears are straight spur gears; all are steel and semi-steel; all are open and located outside the frame and easily accessible. The belt pulley on an Avery Tractor is mounted directly on the end of the crankshaft and no crankshaft bearing on the frame or bevel gears are used in transmitting belt power.

Without a question the Avery patented sliding frame transmission is the simplest and most efficient belt and drawbar transmission system built.

This Avery Perfected Opposed Motor and Patented Sliding Frame Transmission make an Avery Tractor **Run Satisfactorily**—efficiently, economically and conveniently; **Run Steady**—an Avery owner can make every adjustment required; and **Run Indefinitely**—every wearing part can always be renewed.

Write for Catalog Or See An Avery Dealer

You will find this same type of motor and transmission in all five sizes of Avery Tractors, from 8-16 h. p. to 40-80 h. p. The Avery line is a complete line of power farming machines, including also a special 5-10 h.p. Avery Tractor, the smallest and lowest priced tractor built—the Avery Motor Cultivator and Avery "Grain-Saver" Threshers and Tractor Plows.

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The CANADIANS

YPRES, April 22nd-26th, 1915



It was a warm April day—so warm that it might have been mid-summer but for the anemones and the wild hyacinths which gleamed in the patches of woodland. The drab and grey monotones of the winter landscape of mud and low-lying mist had changed in a few days to a scheme of primary colors in which the blue of the skies, the green of the young grass, and the yellows of marsh-marigold and lesser celandine startled the eye with their sudden improvisations. It was one of those days when the spirit of spring takes on a visible incarnation and the mysterious force of life is felt in the air and in the blood. In the thrust of the tiny crumpled leaves on the trees, emerging from the buds like a butterfly from a chrysalis, one could almost see the secret impulse that animated them.

The red roofs of V—glowed in the afternoon sun. The front and back doors of every house stood open, and on the cobbled pavements the dogs lay with their heads between their extended paws, opening and closing a drowsy but watchful eye. Except for two company orderly-sergeants, who stood at a door smoking in intimate silence, the street was deserted. The estaminets were empty, although it still wanted four hours till closing time. The sergeants had discarded their belts, and presented the negligé air of men who are "resting" in billets.

"Some day!" remarked the taller of the two ironically.

"Jake!" replied the other. "Guess you'll owe me a dollar to-night, Jack. The machine-gunners will knock spots out of them."

"I'll make it two to one, if you like, Bob," said the first speaker confidently.

"Done!" said the other. And they relapsed into silence.

They fidgeted occasionally, as from time to time loud shouts were borne upon their ears from the direction of a field outside the village. These appeared to come orchestrally from a crowd of men all shouting at once, though now

and again a powerful voice was heard above the rest, and its nasal note repeated the same theme at intervals as in a fugue—"Take-him-out-of-the-box!" . . . "Take-him-out-of-the-box!" The cry was repeated from time to time in notes which alternated between menace and entreaty.

The origin of these sounds was to be sought in a field hard by the village. In this field were a crowd of officers and men who had posted themselves on two sides of it in such a manner as to form, with their backs outward, an angle of ninety degrees. The men com-

men, gloved as to the left hand, adjured him with many imprecations to "get on with it." A ninth man, his face covered by a steel-barred mask and his left hand hooded in an enormous leather glove, stood by the corner bag.

In the centre of the field was an officer, with the peak of his cap at the back of his head; his languid demeanor and the spare ball in his hand marked him as the umpire. Three of the runners had reached "home" at the corner, and the fourth was straining towards it, when there was a flash of white and the clean smack of

shoulder. The runner was "out." At that the sullen silence of the crowd of spectators on one side gave place to delirious cheering, while the exultations of the supporters of the "in" side were transformed into howls of execration and dark threats against the umpire, who was freely accused of "graft" and other corrupt and illegal practices.

"Safe a mile," yelled a voice above the rest. "Use your eyes, umps! Wait till you come to me with a bullet in your liver! I'll show you what 'out' means."

It was the regimental M.O. He shook his fist at the umpire as he uttered his maledictions.

"Go it, Dickie," urged a company commander at his elbow, encouragingly. "You haven't begun to warm up yet."

"Kill the umpire!" yelled the M.O., with lethal fury. "Kill him! Scalp him! Tar and feather him! Tickle his feet!"

"Dry up, Dickie," said a subaltern beside him. "He was out all right."

"That doesn't cut any ice," retorted the M.O. "Can't I have a yell to myself? The umpire's got a glass eye, and a cheap 'un at that. Give him Medicine and Duty!"

His soliloquy fell on deaf ears. The umpire, who had maintained a massive silence, suddenly looked up as another man took the place of the vanquished at the "home." As the newcomer grasped the bat, he was hailed with loud entreaties to "knock the ball out of Belgium," on the one hand; and, on the other, with sinister assurances that if he did his life would hardly be worth living. Meanwhile, the pitcher, some twenty yards in front of him, and the catcher, a yard or two behind him, seemed to be engaged in mysterious intercourse in a deaf-and-dumb alphabet of their own. The pitcher was juggling with the ball as though not quite certain what to do with it, while the catcher was patting his gloved and ungloved hands together as though inviting him to join in the ancient game of pat-a-cake. All this pantomime would have been very disconcerting to a nervous batter. It was meant to be. In baseball everybody does his best to put everybody else off his game. This is useful, for it teaches you self-confidence; also self-courage, for you will get no en-

Continued on page 28



"To make Canada the Canada of our Dreams"

posing one side of this V-shaped formation were cheering lustily, while those on the other were ferociously silent. In the centre of the V four grey-shirted men in khaki trousers were dashing madly round from one point to another, touching, as they went, four white bags on the ground at the corners of a square, and having apparently as their objective the bag nearest the apex of the V. An untutored mind might have mistaken their efforts for a variation of that unauthorized form of army exercises known as "whipping the gap." Far out in the field a breathless man was trying to pick up a ball, and seven other

a caught ball, which was no sooner caught than it was thrown to the masked keeper of the "home" base. The latter pirouetted on his feet as he caught it, and, stooping with a half-turn, quickly touched the shoulder of the runner, who at the same moment dived headlong for the bag as though seeking sanctuary. He lay prostrate, with the catcher upright beside him, while all eyes were turned from these two to the umpire. No imperial gesture deciding the lethal issue of life and death between two gladiators could have been more anxiously awaited. Without a word, the umpire jerked his thumb over his

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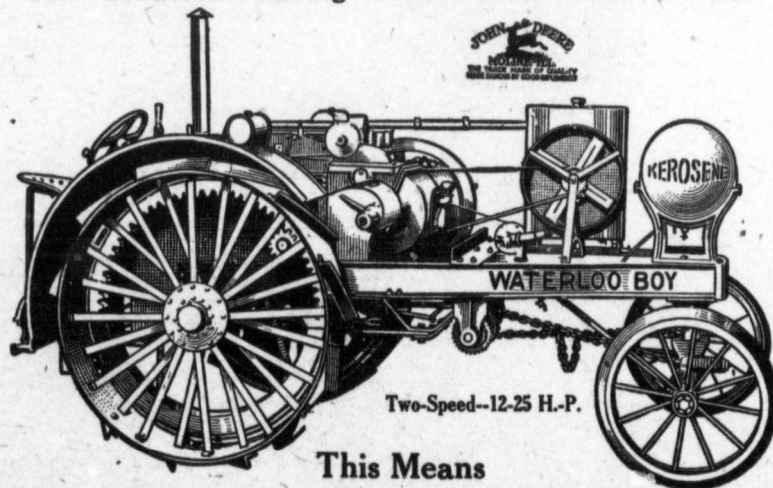
The Farm Journals and Public Press have already made public the fact that Deere & Co., Moline, Illinois, had purchased the extensive plant at Waterloo, Iowa--the Home of the Waterloo Boy. It is now, therefore, a part of the John Deere organization, who are now operating it and manufacturing the Waterloo Boy Engines.

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RECONSTRUCTION IN CANADA

By ARTHUR E. DARBY

(The following article on certain features in our national economy will be found of peculiar interest to many of our readers.)

It is one man's view, but he is one who has used his brains to some purpose; has been a life-long student of political economy with the idea of absolute justice or "The square deal" to all men as a governing principle and the rock on which his reasoning is built.

While not assuming editorial responsibility for the article, we shall be glad to print, as space is available, any comments our readers may favor us with.—Ed.)

DEMOBILIZATION demands more than the disbandment of armies and the cessation of war industry. It embraces, or ought to embrace, the problems which are frequently referred to as those of reconstruction. The government has interfered widely and drastically with the normal life of the people; it must concern itself equally with the means by which those normal pursuits may be restored, perhaps under conditions more difficult and exacting than existed before the war. And, if anything worth while is to be accomplished, the efforts of the government must be supplemented by intelligent, popular co-operation.

There is a danger, in the absence of a public opinion based on understanding of the situation and of the principles by which, in a democracy, governmental actions should be guided, that special interests may obtain a consideration in the framing of demobilization and reconstruction schemes to which they are not fully entitled; or to the exclusion of other equally important interests. The discovery of the fundamental considerations which should form public opinion and control official action is the first essential.

The active portions of the community consist of three main classes—professional, industrial and agricultural. It is fairly evident that the first of these, at any rate in its higher branches, is well able to look after its own interests. The pre-occupation of most professional organizations is to limit competition and to exercise control over the means of entrance into the profession. They have usually their own methods of attracting recruits from the classes providing the most suitable raw material, so to speak, and will not require public aid in maintaining and extending their

activities, except, perhaps, in the purely educational sphere.

The main problems of demobilization and reconstruction concern the industrial and agricultural interests—if a somewhat specialized meaning be permitted to the term "industrial" as including non-agricultural production with its allied services. It has been stated that many of the men requiring to be absorbed into civil life will not desire to become agriculturalists and that the best means of supplying, in the industrial sphere, the place of the governmental assistance which is already being extended in placing men on the land and

against the slack season in another, thus producing stability of employment.

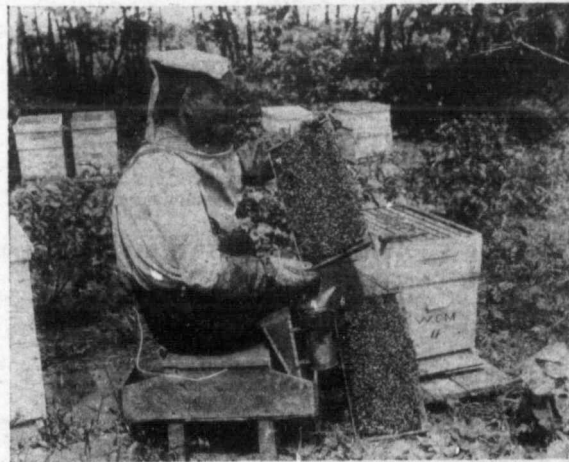
Any Canadian government which approaches the problems of reconstruction from the democratic point of view must place first in its consideration the welfare of the individual citizen. That means that the improvement of the lives and the extension of the liberties of the workers must take precedence, in the consideration, of the interests of the class of citizens who own the industrial capital or enjoy highly-paid positions as the directors and supervisors of industrial concerns. Industry must be expanded. But it

must be avoided. That it can be avoided by the proper development of the water-powers of the West and by the restoration of agricultural activity in the East by the application of sound economic principle, there is no reasonable doubt.

In Western Canada the development of industrial activity is as important as the re-development of agriculture is to Eastern Canada. The two forms of activity are complimentary, not antagonistic. Each supplies a market for the produce of the other, growing in volume and importance as national development proceeds. Nevertheless, an antagonism has been introduced into their relations. And that antagonism is due to the feeling that agriculture is in some sort the victim of exploitation; that the vast industrial interests centred in comparatively few hands have obtained the power to victimize the agriculturalist without any corresponding advantage being possessed by the victim. That this is true may be established by an examination of the political history of Canada, which it is not proposed to undertake here.

This fact has an important bearing on the problem of reconstruction. For it is evident that the increase of the agricultural activities of the West will merely enlarge the area of exploitation and increase the number of victims unless some method can be found of removing the shackles which bind them to the chariot-wheels of the interests which, in the past, have wielded the political power and have served their own interests in doing so.

Further, it may be predicated that a proper balance of national life, a correct blending of national pursuits so as to secure the objects of democracy—the equal right of each individual to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness according to his own tastes and proclivities—can be obtained only by reversing the tendency to separation of and antagonism between agriculture and other forms of industry. In other words, there must be opportunity for communities to develop naturally; for the needs of the agriculturalist to be supplied, wherever economically possible, by his neighbor rather than by a distant, unknown corporation having no human, social relationship with the farmer. Of course, if the object of national life is simply to create wealth, irrespective of the consideration



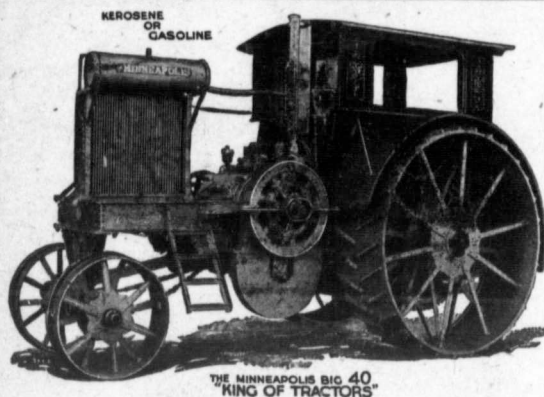
AN EXAMPLE OF PERFECT CO-OPERATION—In Manitoba

providing them with instruction and working capital, is to create conditions under which there will be a great expansion of industrial activity. What is really intended, as slight consideration will show, is that the non-agricultural population in the towns of the West and in the Eastern provinces, shall be maintained at a level which will provide that supply of cheap, readily available labor upon which modern manufacturing industries rely. This labor would necessarily be subject to seasonal inactivity. This condition formed the main difficulty in the problem of unemployment in the United States and Great Britain before the war. It can be overcome, not by the mere extension of manufacturing industry—which, indeed, would only aggravate it—but by organization of trade activities so as to balance the busy season in one direction

must be expanded rationally and by natural growth rather than by artificial stimulation. Agricultural and industrial development go hand in hand; yet industrialism and agriculture in Canada have come to be associated, respectively, with the Eastern and the Western provinces. This connotation is itself an evidence of ill-directed development. The older Eastern communities ought to exhibit a much better balanced distribution of popular activities; there ought, after due allowance has been made for the attraction of the wider opportunities of the West, to be far greater agricultural activity in the East in proportion to its industrial development. In the future exploitation of the natural resources of the country, the condition in which the West is regarded as an agricultural, and the East as a manufacturing, preserve, ought to be

Continued on page 30

"The Great Minneapolis Line"



Mossleigh, Alta.
The 15-30 Tractor I purchased from you this spring has given entire satisfaction. It uses kerosene satisfactorily at all times.

(Signed) George Moss.

Rockyford, Alta.
The land where I am located is the hardest kind of gumbo to break, but where the ground was not too rolling I pulled five 14in. plows with my 20 H. "Minneapolis" tractor, using kerosene or distillate successfully.

(Signed) Jacob Heyd.

Tompkins, Sask.
I am well satisfied with the 15-30 Tractor and "Minneapolis" Junior Separator purchased this season, and highly recommend this outfit to any person needing such machinery.

(Signed) Emil Gustavson.

Bulyea, Sask.
Regarding the 15 H.P. Motor and 24 x 36in. Separator purchased this year, I am pleased to advise that the tractor has ample power at all times, and the separator does splendid work, both in cleaning and saving the grain.
The tractor works fine with kerosene.
(Signed) R. H. Roney.

Daigle, Sask.
I have had good satisfaction with the 40 H. Tractor purchased from you in 1917. The tractor handles eight plows in breaking on rolling prairie.
(Signed) Stanley Smith.

Our Customers ARE Our References



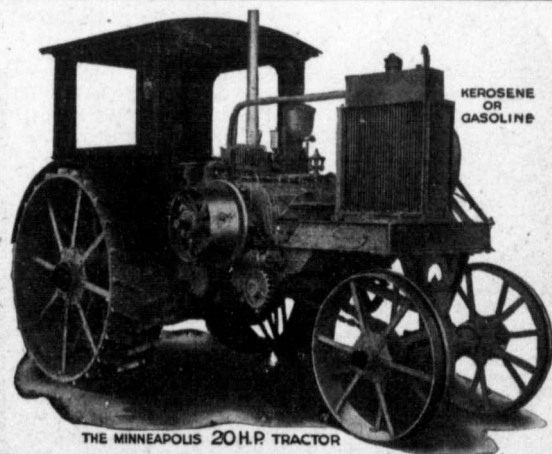
Regina, Sask.
I have used one of your 15-30 Tractors with a 24 x 36in. "Minneapolis" Junior Separator for two seasons now, and am more than pleased with the outfit. I highly recommend the "Minneapolis" machinery.
(Signed) H. M. Potter.

Neepawa, Man.
The 20 H. Tractor, 28 x 46 Separator, and six-furrow "Minneapolis" Plow purchased of you has been satisfactory in every way, and we fully recommend "Minneapolis" machinery to intending purchasers.
(Signed) Slater Bros.

Melita, Man.
I have had splendid success with my 20 H. Tractor, and found it very economical in the use of fuel. A person makes no mistake in buying a "Minneapolis."
(Signed) J. H. G. Cheney.

Oxbow, Sask.
I feel it my duty to send you a few lines of testimonial regarding my "Minneapolis" 20 H.P. Tractor. Your tractor is well built, never refuses to work on kerosene, and I feel justified in recommending it as a first class machine.
(Signed) J. Mills.

Simons Valley, Alta.
The 20 H. Tractor and 32in. cylinder Separator purchased from you this year has given me entire satisfaction in every way. The tractor uses kerosene very successfully, and develops plenty of power to run the 32in. machine to capacity with four men pitching.
(Signed) H. H. Tegtmeyer.



The Minneapolis Threshing Machine Co.

WINNIPEG—REGINA HOPKINS (West Minneapolis) MINN. CALGARY—EDMONTON

A MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL

Who Follow the Plow

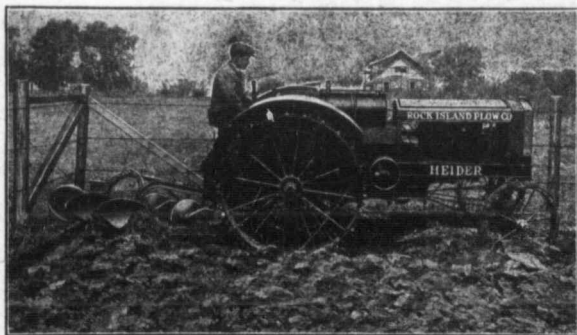
The dawn of Eleventh November, 1918, was the greatest day-break in Canadian history. It meant a regeneration of Canadian life and opened the greatest era of progress it has ever known.

The Rock Island Tractor Plow

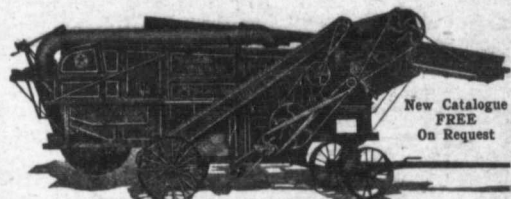
has proved in all its wonderful record that it will continue to be one of the biggest factors in turning the millions of still fallow acres into harvest fields that will feed the world and make Canada the Canada of our dreams.

No tiller of the soil has ever been able to outclass the plowing that is possible with this implement in any soil. It is known the world over as the "Front Furrow Wheel Lift" tractor plow, with 2, 3 or 4 C.T.X. bottoms. It will tackle any soil or soil condition—and the pull of any tractor. Extra high clearance.

PREVENT AIR SPACES FROM STOPPING MOISTURE. THIS MEANS INCREASED CROPS.



The famous HEIDER MODEL C, 12-20 rating. Four cylinder 4½x6½. Famous Friction Transmission—now in its twelfth successful season. Guaranteed by "Waterloo." You back into the fence corners and turn over every foot of soil with a HEIDER MODEL D.



"CHAMPION" RELIABLE GRAIN SAVER

Made in all sizes. Ask the man who owns one what he thinks of his "WATERLOO CHAMPION." We know his reply.

The Waterloo Manufacturing Co., Limited

PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE

REGINA, SASK.

SASKATOON, SASK.

MCKAY LINES UP WITH HART-PARR CO.

The illustration underneath is that of R. J. McKay, who has resigned his position as branch



R. J. MACKAY

house manager for the Moline Plow Co., Minot, N.D., to accept a position as sales manager for the New Hart-Parr, Co. of Canada Limited.

Mr. McKay needs very little introduction to the trade and the farmers of Western Canada having lived here for a number of years, and also having held the position here as manager for the Canadian Moline Plow Co. for a time previous to their closing out their Canadian business.

Mr. McKay has been eighteen years in the implement business, during which time he has held a number of responsible positions, practically all of which have been with the Moline Plow Co.

Mr. McKay brings to his new position a large amount of implement experience and under his supervision the new Hart-Parr line is in the hands of a safe pilot.

GOVERNMENT SEED GRAIN INSPECTION

FOR the past few years it has been the policy of the Seed Branch of the Dominion Department of Agriculture to have seed inspectors stationed at the Interior Terminal Elevators at Saskatoon, Moose Jaw and Calgary, to inspect for seed purposes, wheat, oats and barley coming into the elevators. Certain definite seed standards are set by Order-in-Council; grain

coming up to these standards is accepted, seed certificates issued to the shippers, and the grain is then binned in the elevator in seed bins under the standard grades.

This year our standards for seed grain are as follows:—

No "1" Seed Wheat, Marquis or Red Fife varieties consist only of No. "1" Northern Wheat, and must not contain more than one-noxious weed seed per pound, and be practically free from other grains and must also possess high powers of germination?

PEMBINA PEERLESS COAL

"IT BURNS ALL NIGHT"

Second only to the Famous "Lethbridge Imperial"

ASK YOUR DEALER—WHOLESALE FROM

COAL SELLERS LIMITED

Western Canada's Largest Coal Distributors

WINNIPEG REGINA SASKATOON CALGARY EDMONTON

By Dominion Government test (1915, Department of Mines, Ottawa, report No. 331), Pembina Peerless Coal is proved to be superior in efficiency and actual heat obtained to Taber, Drumheller and Edmonton coals.

It is, without exception, the cleanest coal mined in Western Canada to-day. "Not a rock in a carload." It mines in big, bright hard lumps, and positively will not clinker. If you are using a coal that clinkers, or if you have to let your fires out every few days to remove rocks, you will appreciate Pembina Peerless.

Pembina Peerless Coal is NOT an Edmonton coal. It is mined over 70 miles west of Edmonton in the Pembina coal field, and is prepared over one of the most up-to-date plants in Western Canada. Capacity, 1,000 tons daily.

No. "1" Seed Oats must not contain more than one noxious weed seed per pound, and shall possess strong vitality, be clean and practically free from other grain.

No. "2" Seed Oats shall be the same as No. "1" seed, except that it may contain up to ten wild oats per pound.

No. "1" and "2" Seed Barley and Rye are inspected under the same purity and vitality standards as seed oats.

In the inspection of wheat, Marquis and Red Fife varieties are kept separate; for oats, Orloff and Gold Rain are kept separate from the white oats accepted. No attempt is made to inspect and

keep separate the different varieties of white oats.

With seed barley the standards call for six-rowed varieties.

The above is only an outline of the standard grades for seed grain set by Order-in-Council. These will be given in full in a future article, which will appear in this journal.

This service of seed inspection provided by the Seed Branch is available to all shippers of grain. Any individual or company may ship grain through the Interior Terminal Elevators, or send samples to the Seed Inspector's office of the Chief Grain Inspector, Winnipeg, and ask for and obtain seed inspection. If their cars are accepted, seed certificates will be promptly forwarded giving the seed notations. There is no charge made for seed inspection of samples or cars.

The following quantities of grain have been accepted for seed under dates September 25th to November 23rd:—

Calgary Government Elevator—Wheat No. "1" Seed, 416 cars. Oats, Nos. "1" and "2" Seed, 75 cars. Barley, 1 car. Rye, 5 cars.

Edmonton—Nos. "1" and "2" Seed Oats, 21 cars.

Saskatoon Government Elevator—No. "1" Seed Wheat, 201 cars; "1" and "2" Seed Oats, 11 cars. Barley, 1 car.

Moose Jaw Government Elevator—No. "1" Seed Wheat, 565 cars. Nos. "1" and "2" Seed Oats, 12 cars. Barley, 1 car.

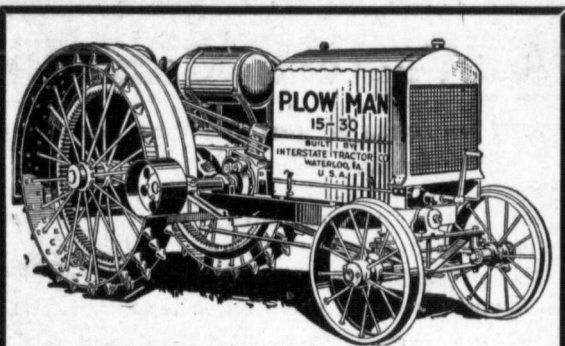
Winnipeg Office of the Grain Inspection Division, Grain Exchange Building—Oats samples forwarded for seed inspection, 46. No. "1" and "2" Seed Oats passed through Winnipeg, 12 cars; barley, 2 cars.

The Minister of Agriculture has opened a new seed laboratory in Winnipeg, located in the Trust and Loan Building, 173 Portage Avenue East; this laboratory will cover the territory from Port Arthur to the Saskatchewan-Alberta boundary.

A seed laboratory is also located in Calgary, top floor of the Commercial Travellers' Building. This laboratory covers the provinces of Alberta and British Columbia.

All samples of seed suspected of being of low vitality should be forwarded to these laboratories for germination tests, and purity tests are also given on samples submitted when requests for these are made.

Twenty-five tests are made for any one party free of charge, over this number a charge of 25c. per sample is made. Postage on all samples should be prepaid.



You Will Need Your Tractor in the Spring--- ORDER IT NOW!

Now is the time to purchase a Tractor to familiarize yourself with its construction and operation, ready to use it with the highest efficiency at the first opening of the Spring operations. It can also be used with profit for belt and other work during the winter. Choose a well-tried Tractor.

--The-- Plow Man All Standard Farm Tractor

has been thoroughly tested and proved by actual farm work at all seasons of the year, under difficult and diversified farming conditions in Manitoba and Saskatchewan.

It is no new, untried machine—no experiment. The success of its all-standard, quality construction has been thoroughly established. It has 33 1-3 per cent of reserve power in excess of its rating, enabling it to make good under the most difficult field conditions and to handle heavy belt work with ease. It Burns Kerosene for fuel, and has a great record back of it for low fuel and operating expense. It is easy to handle—a one-man outfit—with automobile type control and everything within reach of the operator.

The Plow Man is a light Tractor, built for heavy duty. Two sizes—13-30 Model for 2 or 3 bottom plow, and 15-30 Model for 3 or 4 bottom plow.

Combines the Best Features of Tractor Automobile and Truck Engineering.

Note these All-Standard Features of the Plow Man

- "Buda" 4-Cylinder Motor,
- Foot Transmission, Hyatt Roller Bearings, Perfex Radiator, Bennett Producer Carburetor, Dixie High Tension Magneto with Impulse Starter, Pivotal Front Axle, Automobile Type Control, French & Hecht Wheels.

Everything built up to the top mark of quality

Write for Literature and Full Information to—

Western Tractor Co. Limited

509 McCallum & Hill Bldg. Regina
Distributors for Saskatchewan and Southern Alberta

Northern Implement Co. Limited

33 Water Street Winnipeg
Distributors for Manitoba

THE MACLEOD STANDARD Pumping Outfit Complete \$79.75

Order Direct Quick Shipment
This outfit consists of a 1 1/2 H.P. Macleod 3-speed engine with Webster Magneto and 64 inch pulley, our heavy geared pump jack with solid base to fasten to platform and 10 ft. rubber belt. For wells up to 150 feet deep. Order to-day or write for reasons why you should buy a Macleod outfit for service and economy. Satisfaction guaranteed.
No. CT380 complete \$79.75



MACLEOD'S LIMITED, WINNIPEG

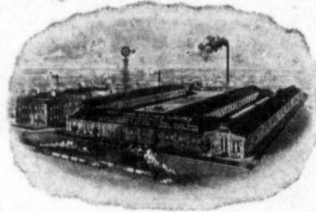
CHILDREN'S Playalls
REGISTERED The All Over Overalls
Made to Bear the Wear and Tear. LOOK FOR PLAYALLS LABEL.
Makers for Canada, MONARCH OVERALL MFG. CO., LTD., WINNIPEG.

Write at Once for this Money Saving Book
Valuable book for threshermen. Tells how to get more power out of your steam engine without adding a dollar to your running expenses. Tells how you can thresh 200 to 300 more bushels a day. Tells how you can cut down your coal, oil and water consumption. Write for it now.
A postal will do. Just state the make of your engine, horsepower, whether double or single and say "send your free book for threshermen."
save
Gould & Lake Mfg. Co.
300 Elm St., Kelleoc, Iowa

Western Canadian Manufacturers

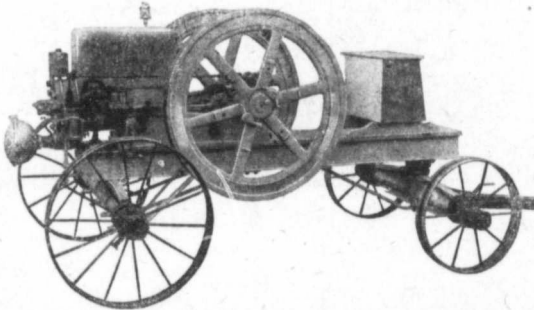
will increase in numbers as the demand for Farm Equipment in the West increases

Products of concerns already established should be carefully considered as to quality and price before buying foreign made articles.



Our establishment is strictly a Western Canadian enterprise. We have operated full time all through the days of War. A good deal of the time we have been running night and day while engaged on munitions.

We have employed no less than fifty people at any time during the past four years, and at times our staff has reached one hundred. Our attention is now directed entirely to the manufacture of Gasoline and Kerosene Portable and Stationary Engines, Pumping Outfits, Windmills, Wood and Iron Pumps and associated lines. Full information and literature covering our goods gladly furnished on request. Your Implement Dealer is a connecting link between you and us, and a direct representative prepared to give you service which you cannot possibly get through any other source.



If you buy what you need in our lines from us it furnishes work for people in your midst who consume what you raise.



MANITOBA ENGINES LIMITED BRANDON. MAN.

A WORTHY CAREER



I. J. HAUG

THE above illustration is that of Mr. I. J. Haug, president of the Canadian Avery Co. Ltd. A great many of Western Canada's implement industries have been more or less transplanted here. Not many of them have started from nothing and grown up with the country. Such, however, is true of the Canadian Avery Co., and the growth and development of this large and prosperous thresher

business is largely due to the ability and hard work of Mr. Haug.

Mr. Haug commenced his career in the implement business at Sacred Heart, Minn., 22 years ago, where he began handling the Avery line as local implement and lumber dealer. Somewhat later he went to work for the Avery Co. on the road and after two years was appointed manager of the Avery branch house at Fargo, N.D. Holding this position for three years Mr. Haug and his brother, Mr. L. H. Haug, together with Mr. N. A. Nellermore, took the agency for Avery goods in Western Canada, under the name of Haug Bros., and Nellermore Co. Ltd.

Up to 1907, Mr. Haug was manager of the Avery branch at Fargo as well as manager of the Canadian end of the business. After January, 1907, Mr. Haug left Fargo and came to Winnipeg, where he has since remained in charge of the business. On January 1st, 1913, the name was changed to the Canadian Avery Co. Ltd.

The territory under Mr. Haug's direction has until just recently been Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, but British Columbia has now been added. Mr. Nellermore, of the original firm of Haug Bros. and Nellermore, has not been with

the Canadian Avery Co. for some years, but Mr. L. J. Haug, who was one of the original company, handles the Regina end of the business, where a very nice branch house is located.

Small branches are also maintained at Calgary and Saskatoon.

Under Mr. Haug's direction, the Avery line has become exceedingly popular in the Canadian West. The "Yellow Fellow" is pretty well known in

Western Canada wherever wheat is raised.

In addition to the building up and managing of a prosperous thresher business, Mr. Haug has found time for other things. On July 1st of this year he enjoyed the honor of being appointed Norwegian Vice-Consul for Manitoba, and in view of the large number of Norwegians in the province, it is a reward of merit for work well done.

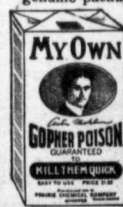
"MY OWN GOPHER POISON"

STOP feeding the gophers on limitations. KILL the pests with the genuine Anton Mickelson formula, "My Own Gopher Poison". Farmers everywhere who have tried several preparations know that Mickelson's can be absolutely relied on to do the work. That is why it keeps us busy in the law courts to stop competitors using Mickelson's name or signature. For YOUR protection every genuine package of "My Own Gopher Poison" at \$1.50, \$1 or 75c. bears Anton Mickelson's photo and signature.

Insist on it when buying. Sent postpaid if unobtainable locally.
PRAIRIE CHEMICAL CO., CANADA LIMITED

ANTON MICKELSON, Manager.
 WINNIPEG CANADA

Make your own Stock Food at one quarter the cost by using Anton Mickelson's "DONATONE".



Anton Mickelson

DEEP FURROWS

The Story of the Grain Growers in Co-operation

By Hopkins Moorehouse

THIS is a book which not only ought to be in "everyone's hands," but it is a statement of facts—little known and assembled for the first time in book form—which sooner or later must be assimilated by every Canadian citizen who has a real concern in the future of his country.

It is a fascinating study in human progress, not a mere recital of pioneer reminiscences, of prairie schooners and long treks, of hay-seeds and moss-backs, but the actual biography of real men in a popular movement, which has no parallel in the annals of industrial life.



HOPKINS MOOREHOUSE

The story is a wonderful tribute to the co-operative idea in economics, starting with the fundamental principle that every man shall have a fair chance, and that no man or class of men shall enjoy a protective fence-work of special privilege, erected and maintained at the expense of his fellows.

The scope of the book has already been fairly made known, but no brief review can do justice either to the subject matter or to the way in which it has been set out. The author is a Canadian who had already written and published a number of things that will have a permanent place in Canadian literature, and while he could have made a nice little book of his "Deep Furrows" without going far afield, he did not attempt anything of the kind.

No man can get at the heart and brains of the people who figure in this book till he has actually lived amongst them, and this Mr. Moorehouse proceeded to do, and to watch for himself the workers in that big bee-hive of commerce they have accumulated, in spite of the most discouraging opposition ever offered to human enterprise.

The book is a sympathetic appreciation of the farming population of Western Canada, of the desperate fight the pioneers of this co-operative movement made to have their wrongs redressed. Having obtained the facts at first hand it must be said that the value of the book on a point of evidence is not lessened by the very temperate language the writer employs in summing up the case.

To anyone who attended (as the writer of this notice did) the sittings of that Royal Grain Commission of 1906-7 and the subsequent proceedings against certain members of the Grain Exchange, the reasonableness of all that is claimed by the book and for a fair consideration of its appeal needs no reinforcing.

We should like to devote considerable space to certain features of the book, but for the moment it is not available. It is a most breezily written story of what in other hands would have been as flat and indigestible as a cold pancake.

It is the official account of the uncompromising effort of a few sincere men—honest souls, whom no temporizing or dishonest shuffler dare trifle with, to see that the right thing is done for themselves and their neighbors.

That they have succeeded there can be no manner of doubt, by their very

honesty, first of all, and then by the incarnated spirit of co-operative effort so well embodied in Kipling's lines quoted in the book.

"It ain't the guns or armament, nor the funds that they can pay,
But the close co-operation that makes them win the day;
It ain't the individual, nor the army as a whole,
But the everlastin' team-work of every 'bloomin' soul."

THE COW-PUNCHER

By Robert J. C. Stead

(Mussos Book Co.)

"THE COW-PUNCHER" deserves the very best that has been said or that may be said for it. As a mere story, there isn't an uninteresting page in the book. There are no long-winded introductions to yawn through before you reach the real banquet, and we haven't read a more breezy narrative of Western life since we lay awake far into the night over Fenimore Cooper's hair-raising tales of the Red Men.

While the author in many fine passages adopts the didactic strain, he is not at any time one of the smug preachers of the fashionable city church. His Cow-Puncher hero attended a service conducted by one of these nicely trimmed theologians who hadn't well started when the young ranchman reflected: "If God is all-knowin', that preacher is goin' to get in wrong. He won't put over that humility bunk on me."



ROBERT J. C. STEAD

There are many passages we should like to quote did space permit; such for instance the lines which explain at once why this raw, uneducated, motherless son of a worthless father rose to the position he did in the esteem of men: "I know I don't talk right, an' I don't eat right, but Reenie, I think right, an' I guess with a girl like you, that counts more than eatin' and talkin'."

For any class of reader, but especially for the young manhood and young womanhood of any English-speaking community it can reach, it is a story of gripping interest with a splendid, well-sustained moral backbone that leaves the reader with a "fine taste in the mouth."

For its exposure of the lower levels of the real-estate juggler, we commend it to the notice of the Canadian immigration authorities. Let them reproduce that portion which discloses the ins and outs of town booming when "miles and miles of prairie lands are turned into city lots—lots which in the nature of things cannot possibly, in your time or mine, be required for city purposes."

Some literature of this kind from this book sent abroad to the sources of immigration would serve the dual purpose of a warning to the unwary and giving the assurance that in real inherent wealth awaiting development, Western Canada plays second fiddle to nothing on earth, while she has men of her own great household who can express the heart and brains of her people as Mr. Stead can and does.

We hope "The Cow-Puncher" will have a far-flung field of influence.

LISTER Gasoline Engines

2, 3, 5, 7 and 9 h.p.—Standard Hopper Cooled, Throttle Governed, Automatic Lubrication and equipped with high tension magneto. Constructed by special means to meet your special needs. Simple—easy to operate—built of highest grade materials—they do the most for the least money. Let them do your back-breaking jobs for less than the cost of labor.



Have the Largest sale in the British Empire.

Easy to Install.
Simple to Operate



BRIGHTER HOMES

in more ways than one, are brought about by the installation of a Lister lighting plant. Belt this plant to the engine you have, or a Lister, and-day or night—cellar or garret—wood shed or barn—you have a bright light by simply turning a switch. It pays its way. All storage plants are shipped complete on base with batteries fully charged and ready to connect to your wiring.

A GUARANTEED GRINDER

The firm of Lister stand back of this product to the extent of guaranteeing that it will do more work than any similar machine under equal conditions. Thousands of farmers have proved it. For the sake of your bank account, install it for this winter's feeding.



R. A. Lister & Company

(Canada) Limited
TORONTO WINNIPEG MONTREAL

"The Tank on the Farm"

MONARCH

One-Man Kerosene
"Never-Slip" Tractors
BUILT LIKE A LOCOMOTIVE

Light in weight. Powerful for pulling. Constructed to give years of service. Four sizes. Four cylinder, valve-in-head, kerosene special tractor motors. Transmission: Hyatt roller bearings and special steel-cut gears throughout. The double-toothed sprocket and box car journals are the greatest feature of this track-laying "farm tank." For full information write:



ELEVEN SQUARE FEET OF TRACTION SURFACE

LAYS ITS OWN TRACK MEANING NO LOST DAYS

Jones Tractor & Implement Co. Limited
Corner 7th and Halifax Streets
Regina, Saskatchewan
Phone 3546

DON'T SCRAP YOUR BREAKAGES

Send us all your broken or cracked Cylinders, Crank Cases, Gear Wheels, Gear Housings or Machine Parts. We will deliver perfect results and save you money.

HUB WELDING COMPANY

253 SHERBROOKE STREET, WINNIPEG
Lowest Price consistent with Best Workmanship.

Rabbit Raising a Patriotic Necessity

By ALEX. T. MACINTOSH, Provincial Secretary (Manitoba) Boy Scouts

SOME people have been wondering why the price of meats of various kinds has gone up since August 4, 1914, and such wonderment is only possible to those who do not know that there has been a decrease of one hundred and fifteen million pounds in the world's meat-producing animals since the beginning of the war, and it is quite apparent unless something is done that the world is facing a general meat famine. There is no necessity, however, for any-



A Spoon-fed Bunny

one to be alarmed about the situation if a little common sense is used.

Germany has met the situation to such a large extent that so far the world has been unable effectively to starve her to subjection. The reason for this is perhaps not apparent on the surface, but when one remembers that the German government has, for the

last 40 years, been fostering, encouraging and developing rabbit raising, and that more scientific leadership has been given in Germany to this industry than in any other part of the world; one who has any information of the possibility of meat production through rabbit raising, does not wonder.

Another factor in this same situation is that during the 40 years prior to the war, Germany has developed the milch goat industry as it has not been developed in any other part of the world, and when one remembers that an average milch goat will produce the equivalent of 400 pounds of meat in a year, one begins to see the great wisdom of the German Empire in their preparation for this world war.

It is no exaggeration to say that if the people of the North American continent act intelligently in this matter of meat production that an additional five million pounds of beef and pork can be saved for the soldiers and sailors of the Allies within the next 12 months. At once there arises the question, "How is this to be done?" And the answer is, "Raise rabbits."

Political economists who have lately investigated the high cost of living conditions have reported that the rabbit must of necessity be classed as one of the most practicable and profitable of the meat-producing animals. Rabbit venison is more nutritive than either beef or pork or mutton, and more easily digested than any other kind of meat, and even under war conditions it may be produced, with good management at from 6 to 8 cents per pound, that is in towns and cities, and of course much cheaper than this in the country.



Snapped between the furrows in his Winter Coat

Dual Grain Cleaner and Separator



Does the work of two ordinary separators—in half the time the grain can be cleaned by one—and you are sure of better results.

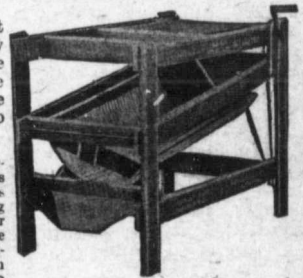
A new principle is used—two separate gangs instead of one—forced with repeat elevator. The "DUAL" has double screening surface so that a thinner bed of grain can be made to pass over the screen, producing extra good work. It is absolutely impossible to sag these sieves. The good construction also gives long life.

Patented cut-off feature increases capacity 60 per cent over other machines not having any such arrangement.

We have a very interesting folder which illustrates and describes the "DUAL". Send for it to-night. From now until next seeding time you will find a really good cleaner and separator such as the "DUAL" a great help in cleaning grain for either market or seed.

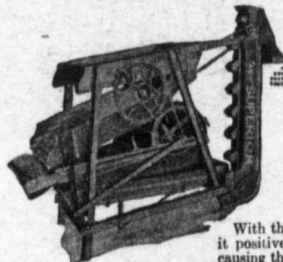
American Wild Oat and Barley Separator and Grader

The only real Wild Oat Separator that absolutely takes wild oats out of tame oats and barley. In the same operation this machine grades the oats or barley to a uniform size for seed.



A long slotted zinc sieve, perforated, absolutely uniform, is used. With our patented slats working over this sieve, keeping it clean at all times, a thin layer of grain is distributed over the full surface of the sieve, compelling every kernel to come in contact with the sieve so that no kernel is allowed to go over that is smaller than the perforation. We have a folder fully describing what this separator does. Ask for it.

The New Superior Grain Grader and Separator



This machine is built to clean any kind of grain and do perfect work. What the "New Superior" cannot do, no other fanning mill can do. Exceptionally easy to operate and ABSOLUTELY RELIABLE.

Made in sizes: 24, 32 and 42 inches wide, with or without bagger, and with power attachment for gas-oil engine if desired.

With the patented open and blank sieves it positively separates every wild oat seed, causing them to lie flat and not up on end.

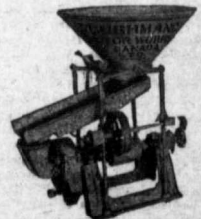
The Lincoln New Superior is strong, well-built and bolted—not nailed.

These three mills make it possible to do any grading or cleaning of grain that is possible to attain in grain cleaning machinery.

The New Cushman Grinder

This Grinder will do more work of better quality with the least power of any grinder sold in Western Canada. It is made in four sizes as follows:

6 inch (Flat Plates)	2½ to 4 H.P.
8 " " "	5 " 10 "
10 " " "	6 " 12 "
13 " " "	16 " 25 "



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German political economists have asserted that rabbit venison must become a staple meat for Germany, and recently even the Canadian Government has advised that more people should raise rabbits, although they have not taken the matter at all seriously, in fact to some extent they still look upon the raising of rabbits somewhat in the stereotyped fashion as merely "an amusement for kids."

Rabbit raising is being encouraged in Germany, after the German manner, by the publication of learned essays by distinguished professors. They deal exhaustively with the habits and customs of the rabbit and statistically with their possible contributions to the food supply of the German empire. A professor at the University of Halle says that the rabbit population of Saxony in the year before the war was 56,000, and that it increased to 654,000 by the end of 1915. As an example of what can be done in this matter of meat production, one doe and her progeny produce 336 pounds of meat in one year.

The United States census figures show that the annual value of eggs produced on each farm was a little less than \$58.00, and of poultry \$42.00, or an average for eggs and poultry of \$100.00. From this must be deducted the cost of feeding, housing and marketing, so that the net profit is very small. In comparison with this, the showing already mentioned of the one doe and her progeny is a striking contrast, and when we remember that rabbit meat sells for from 25c to 50c per pound, according to the season of the year, one can see at a glance the enormous possibilities in rabbit raising for food.

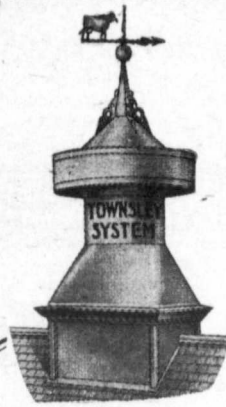
The rabbit requires little room, can do with very little exercise, produces well on a small ration of hay and grain, and will thrive on the refuse of gardens and lawns. The needs of the rabbit are small, and the room that he occupies is almost negligible. The culture of domesticated rabbits offers more to the city and town dweller at the present time than any animal or fowl, and it can be conducted without a great demand upon a man's spare time.

One can continue to be a bricklayer or a street car conductor, or a doctor or an engineer, and yet have the pleasure of raising the best quality of meat at a minimum expense in his own backyard. Then there are the skins, also, that are worth a great deal to-day in comparison to what they were some years ago, and even here the humble rabbit seems to be a necessity. The United States have used thirty-six million rabbit skins in the pro-

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Our system is recognized throughout America as THE STANDARD in ventilation as well as in lightning protection. Ventilators are made of heavy gauge galvanized iron, strong, durable and most artistic. Shipped ready to place on building—one hour sets them in position.

The TOWNSLEY consists of three parts—the VENTILATOR, FOUL AIR FLUES and FRESH AIR INTAKES. Each TOWNSLEY system is specially designed for the building for which it is intended and is built according to the measurements of the building.

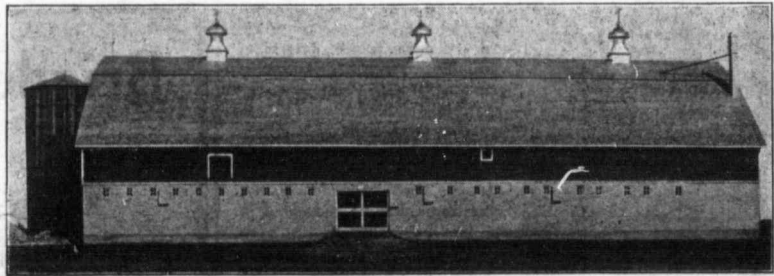


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Not only is the TOWNSLEY system of lightning protection the most infallible guarantee against lightning known to science to-day, but the man whose buildings have been rodded by this system will SAVE MONEY IN REDUCTION OF HIS INSURANCE RATES that will quickly pay cost of installation.

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They have proved the most effective means ever introduced into Western Canada for the safeguarding of valuable livestock and buildings from the vicious effects of foul air and the destruction of electric storms.



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If you will send us the roughest sketch of your barn interior, giving dimensions, we will send you—without any obligation on your part—complete plan in detail of our system adapted to your barn with cost of same. It will pay you to an extent of which you have no conception if you will give this your immediate attention.

Canadian Lightning Arrester & Electrical Co. Ltd.

Brandon, Manitoba

Dept. B.

duction of hats for their soldiers, so that every American soldier is indebted in a degree for protection and comfort to the humble rabbit.

Those desirous of helping the nation should acquaint themselves with "the raising of the rabbit" industry, and having obtained information should become missionaries for this new gospel, "raise the rabbit." It is an axiom that, "God helps those who help themselves," and at this time and in this place the necessity has been laid upon no men as upon us in Western Canada to do what we can to help in this situ-

ation of saving the world from a meat famine.

In the Old Country this matter of rabbit raising has been taken seriously, and political economists have realized that much has been done in the past two years by the rabbit raisers of the Old Land to save our fellow citizens there from a meat famine. That rabbit raising has been taken seriously will perhaps be seen when we remember that part of the "Royal Mews" has been set apart as a rabbitry, and that a club, the first of its kind in Britain, has been organized for the development of the rabbit in-

dustry among the members of the Royal household.

The food value of rabbit venison is recognized by all doctors, many of whom recommend it for invalids and old people, for consumptives and anaemic patients, when they will allow no other kind of meat. One of the leading New York physicians writing to a certain California publication, gives the following interesting tables: Beef gives 55 per cent nutriment; Mutton gives 65 per cent; Pork gives 75 per cent; Chicken, 50 per cent; and Rabbit gives 83 per cent nutriment.

Rabbits are not only food pro-

ducers, but also fur producers, and as such are becoming more and more necessary, especially in this northern climate. It is well known to those who are engaged in the fur business that there is a very appreciable diminution in the supply of fur-bearing animals, and that more and more the fur trade of the world is relying upon domesticated animals.

It is also known to those engaged in the industry that there is a greater demand for rabbit skins than has ever been before, and that there can be produced a rabbit skin that will meet the increased demand of the market. It is claimed that this particular breed or that particular breed of rabbit produces the best fur, but the rabbit that is producing the best fur at the present moment from the standpoint of the furrier is undoubtedly the Siberian hare, and the fur of this animal, when made up, is being sold as fox fur.

The little Himalayan rabbit, with the white polish, the white Vienna, and more recently the white giant, is supplying a large amount of the so-called ermine fur; and a goodly proportion of so-called "sea" is nothing more nor less than rabbit.

Thus, with careful selection and with due regard to one's personal fancies, the rabbits that one can raise will produce not only food for the household, but furs for the family, furs of just as good quality as much of the ermine, chinchilla, sable, otter, seal and fox that they pay big prices for from the furrier.

THE COST OF HORSE LABOR

By Wayne Dinsmore

THE Illinois College of Agriculture has recently completed five years' study of representative Illinois farm operations. Complete cost accounts were kept by a trained field investigator, who visited each farm every two or three days. This is the first work of the kind completed in the Corn Belt. Eventually it will be acknowledged to mark a new epoch in farming.

Prof. W. F. Handschin, head of the department of farm organization and management, has been in direct charge of the work from its inception. Trained by long practical experience before he joined the staff of the Illinois university, he was especially well qualified to deal with the problem in a broad and accurate manner. With the conservatism which is characteristic of the Illinois staff, no information was released till five years' work had been concluded. The data presented, therefore, are reliable, and while future studies may reveal some new features of value, the funda-

mentals have been clearly established.

Ten or twelve farms located on the Illinois prairies, between the Illinois and Mississippi Rivers, were studied. They are in a mixed farming district, owned and operated by practical farmers, who have grown well-to-do through actual farm operations, and are representative of a large proportion of the farms in the Middle West. No suggestions were made; the farmers operated their land according to their own ideas. The college merely kept a complete record of operations, costs and results. The following data were taken from four of the farms included in these studies:

Farm Number 1 consisted of 329.63 acres; farm Number 2, 158 acres; farm Number 3, 165 acres; farm Number 3A, 161.5 acres, bought and operated with Number 3 for the last three years; farm Number 4, 208.54 acres of owned land, plus 160 acres of rented land adjoining, which has been a part of the farm unit for the last three seasons.

Farm Efficiency Factors

Exhaustive analysis and study of all factors involved in such cost accounting has led to the conclusion that there are certain efficiency factors which determine primarily the success or failure in farm operations. These are:

1. Crop yields to the acre.
2. Man labor.
3. Horse labor.
4. Net returns from live stock.

It has also been found that some farms may be successful in the handling of one, two or even three of these efficiency factors, but weak in the others.

In reckoning the annual cost of horse labor all factors were included. These were: Feed, labor, interest on investment, cost of barn and shelter, harness expense, and other cash costs for each horse. Cash costs include shoeing, veterinary bills and sundry items. Stud fees on mares bred were not included, but on the other hand profit from sale of colts produced was not credited to the horse-labor costs, but was carried, instead, into the account of "net increase in live stock."

In 1913, on farm Number 1, the cost of an hour of horse labor was \$.152; on farm Number 2, \$.0718; on farm Number 3, \$.1014; and on farm Number 4, \$.0524. Such marked differences led the investigators to redouble their care in checking horse-labor costs, but in 1914 the same general differences again appeared. Farm Number 1 had a cost of \$.1886 an hour for horse labor; Number 2, \$.1095; Number 3, \$.0937; and Number 4, \$.0576. In 1915, the cost an hour of horse labor was, on farm Number 1, \$.1685; on farm Number 2, \$.1144; on farm Number 3, \$.1155;

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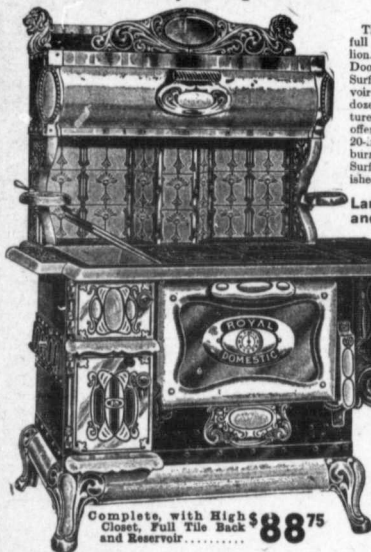
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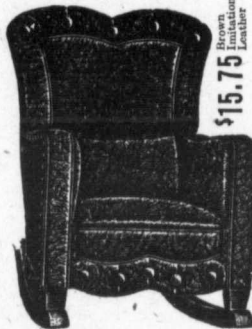
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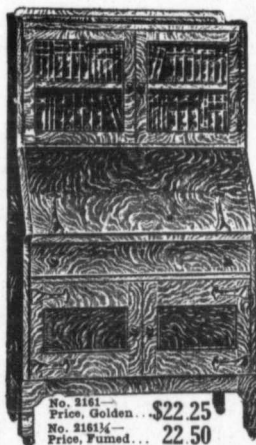


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and on farm Number 4, \$0.5444.

These differences were naturally studied by the farmers who were participating in the cost-account work, and as a result farm Number 1 so revised the system of management affecting horse-labor costs as to effect a material reduction the next year in spite of higher-priced feed; for in 1916 the cost an hour of horse labor was: Farm Number 1, \$1.1371; farm Number 2, \$1.0203; farm Number 3, \$1.0685; and farm Number 4, \$0.7326. This was a decided improvement, for all but Number 4 succeeded in cutting costs in the face of advancing expense factors which resulted in an increase in cost an hour of horse labor on farms generally.

Why Costs Vary Widely

In a careful study of the factors which contributed to such wide differences in horse-labor costs as were found to prevail between farms Number 1 and Number 4, Professor Handschin found the most important difference to lie in the extent to which the teams were employed. On farm Number 1, the management was such that each horse averaged only 793 hours a year, or 2.55 hours to the horse a day in 1913, while on farm Number 4, 1528 hours of labor were secured from each horse, or an average of 5.09 hours daily. The same general differences, occurred in following years.

Reason for the wide variation in hours of work is found in different methods of management. Farm Number 1, while of mixed farming type, handles a good many hogs, not many cattle, and the crop system was so arranged, especially during 1913, '14 and '15, as to bring a very heavy drain on horse labor during May, June and July, with very little work during August, November, January, February and March. Farm Number 4 is also of mixed farming type, but forty to one hundred head of steers are bought up each fall and fed during the winter, and a carload of hogs is raised each year to be fed with the steers.

The feedlot is situated nearly in the centre of the farm, a quarter of a mile back from the barns and buildings, and shock fodder is fed direct from the field during the winter. The refuse goes into bedding, and the manure is hauled out during the fall months when other work is slack. As a result, the chart shows a much better distribution of horse labor throughout the year, and this is largely responsible for the lower cost of horse labor each year.

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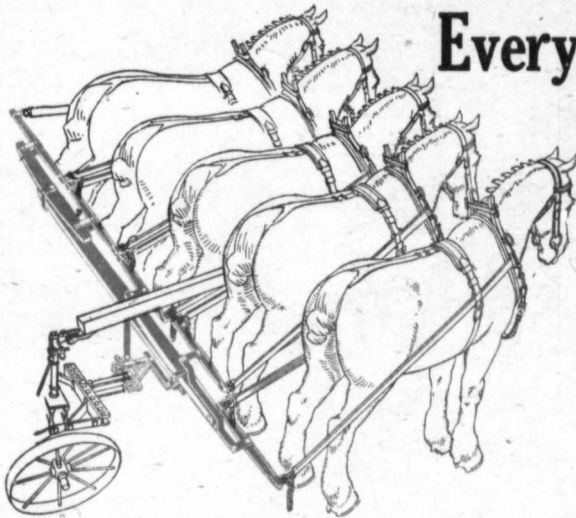
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THE CANADIANS

(Continued from Page 16)

couragement. The next moment the pitcher suddenly brought his hands together over his head, whirled them round in an ellipse, and hurled the ball in the direction of the batter.

A shell whined towards the field, and dropped with a roar and a great spurt of black earth and blacker smoke some half a mile away. The spectators ignored it. The captain who had been urging the M.O. to still more inflammatory efforts, happening to glance in that direction, noted curiously a figure in yellow baggy clothes and a red tarbush advancing across the field. The figure alternately ran and stumbled. He noted, too, that the gun-fire to the north-east had swelled to a loud continuous roar. A click recalled him to the game. The batsman had hit the ball to centre-field, and, dropping his stick, ran desperately towards the first base, about ninety yards to his right. The ball was fielded by the centre-field with incredible velocity and thrown to the baseman as the batter measured his length on the ground. Loud shouts of exultation arose from a group of Field Ambulance men under a row of poplars on one side of the field as a third machine-gunner entered on his innings. The new batsman fingered the "bat" nervously.

"Don't be afraid of it! It won't hurt you!" shouted the ambulance men, encouragingly. "It ain't septic."

"Who's bought you?" shouted a man with a megaphone darkly at the pitcher. And he proceeded to make a number of defamatory remarks, chosen with extreme care, upon the age of the player, his deportment, his choice of a career, and his private morals. If you are of a sensitive disposition you had better not play baseball; it is very bad for self-esteem. But it is uncommonly good for self-control.

At that moment a man, belted as on duty, thrust his way through the boisterous crowd, and, approaching the umpire, saluted and gave him a bit of paper. The umpire took the message and, having read it, suddenly turned his cap peak foremost. He raised his hand. "The game's called," he announced in a clear, slightly nasal voice. He turned, and, nodding towards the menacing roar in the north-east, added, with a faint smile, "on account of the rain!"

Silence fell upon the crowd as he paused for a moment. Men turned one to another. Explosions of light suddenly appeared in the north-east, succeeded by three colored stars one above the other, which scintillated brilliantly like gems for a minute, and then went

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A Happy Christmas

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out. Two company orderly-sergeants appeared on the edge of the crowd, wearing their belts; they were panting with exertion as though they had been running. A soldier from a Belgian working-party, with a shovel on his back, emerged in a patch of blue from the crowd of khaki, and, talking excitedly, pointed over his shoulder in the direction of the church. The crowd was like a field of oats suddenly set in motion by a breeze; each individual member of it seemed to be flickering to and fro, although the crowd as a whole remained stationary.

"The battalion will fall in at once," said the subaltern, suddenly, in a changed tone of voice. "Heavy marching order."

The breathless sergeant became articulate.

"'A' and 'B' Companies, stand to!" shouted the one.

"'C' and 'D' Companies! Back to billets, boys; kits on, and fall in," shouted the other.

"What is it?" said the captain to one of the orderly sergeants.

"The Germans have broken through on the left flank, sir."

"Our bet's off," said one man to another. "Tell you what, mate; I'll take you in three to one on the M.G.s next time." The odds were accepted.

They streamed back to billets, discussing the match as they went. The orderly sergeants were everywhere at once—in their flanks and in the rear—rounding up the argumentative laggards like sheep-dogs on a hillside. On reaching the village, they fell in and awaited orders. They found the streets of V—choked with a stream of men, women and children—on foot, on horseback, in carts, in perambulators, all with their faces turned towards the west, as though intent on some desperate pilgrimage. Incredibly old women and bed-ridden old men borne limply in wheelbarrows or carried in hand-carts, with their atrophied legs dangling helplessly over the sides, were being pushed or dragged through the crowd. The captain, glancing at these human derelicts, noticed curiously that one ancient paralytic reclined in a barrow with his hands ceaselessly twitching while his body and members remained rigid, like a poplar whose trunk and branches are still while the leaves at the extremities flutter ceaselessly. Young women, carrying babies at the breast and with children clutching at their skirts, their twinkling feet taking three steps to the mother's one, stumbled forward with the same set look upon their face. Some were bent double with the weight of large feather mattresses; others held bird-cages, clocks, cats, caskets, in a close embrace. Now and then there was a scream as some cripple fell and the crowd pressed

on and over him. And from this surging crowd there arose a single cry as though it possessed but a single voice, swelling into a loud diapason—"Les Boches viennent."

There was a sound of wheels and a clatter of hoofs on the pave behind, and the crowd turned in terror at the pursuit. They broke into a furrow, and through them galloped French gunners on horses with the traces cut, followed by other mounted men driving limbers without guns—and mercilessly lashing the "leaders," whose mouths were white with foam. And they also cried "Les Boches viennent," and passed on. They were followed by men on foot, wearing red fezzes; their livid bluish faces, their lips flecked with froth, their hands fumbling at their throats, their gasps for breath added to the terror of the crowd with which they mingled.

The captain eyed them with feelings in which anger and pity strove for mastery. "They've got the wind up, and no mistake," he said to a subaltern. "But what the hell's the matter with them? They haven't got a scratch."

"Their uniforms are as clean as ours," speculated the subaltern. "They can't have been buried. I've never seen that look on a man's face before."

"That pitcher weren't no good," said a man in the ranks. "They oughter have taken him out of the box long ago."

The men, who had been standing easy, now fell out, and fetched their rifles, packs and ammunition. Water-bottles were filled, nominal rolls were checked, and for a few minutes the company quartermaster-sergeants were incredibly busy. The men squatted on the ground, wearing their equipment, with their packs lying on the "kicking-straps" beside them. They debated freely the respective merits of the two sides, the fielding, the pitching, the catching, and the prospects of a game that, as it happened, was never to be resumed.

"Comp'ny!" shouted each company commander.

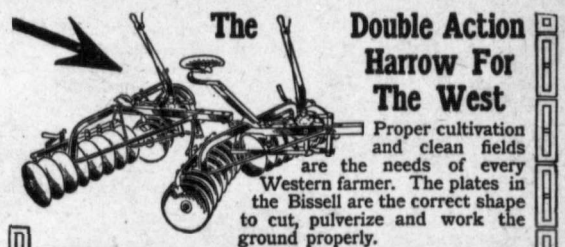
The men scrambled to their feet and, putting out their cigarettes, put on their packs.

This fine appreciation of Canada's "The mopylac" by "Centurion" in the English magazine "Land and Water" will be concluded in January issue.

Reconstruction in Canada

(Continued on Page 18)

postulated as appertaining to the democratic ideal, all this may be dismissed as futile. Men must be mere machines, or machine-minders; their lives outside the factory must be so regulated as to keep them at the highest pitch of efficiency, not as men, but as machines. In that case the inquiry may be ended by handing the whole problem over to the efficiency experts and embodying



The Double Action Harrow For The West

Proper cultivation and clean fields are the needs of every Western farmer. The plates in the Bissell are the correct shape to cut, pulverize and work the ground properly.

BISSELL DISK HARROWS

Simplicity of construction, every part built for business, proper balance and the knack to get right down to perfect work make the 'Bissell' ideal for Western farms. These double action harrows have one disk out-throw, the other in-throw, giving two full width cuts. Connect up 4, 6 or 8 harrows with engine power for a large complete Disking Outfit.

Write any of the John Deere Plow Co., Ltd. Branches, addressing Dept. L.

T. E. BISSELL CO., Limited, ELORA, ONT.

THE EMERSON KICKER



Wild Oat Separator

is the most successful of all devices yet introduced for the thorough and rapid cleaning of wild oats from wheat, etc. This machine is not merely a necessity—it is a quick money-making proposition.

WHAT WOULD IT BE WORTH

An absolute necessity to every up-to-date farmer.

to you in dollars to be able, when you sow your next and every succeeding crop, to sow SEED WHEAT, SEED BARLEY, and RYE SEED, and know that not one kernel of the wild oats had gone back to the land with the seed? This may seem impossible, yet

WE GUARANTEE OUR SEPARATOR TO DO THIS FOR YOU

Hundreds of farmers who had purchased our Three-Shoe Separator, have since ordered our Six-Shoe Power Separator—BECAUSE they found it to do absolutely perfect work and to be a great money-maker for them. IT WILL DO THE SAME FOR YOU.

You've got to see it doing its marvellous work to believe what we say it accomplishes, and you can see it working in almost every district of Western Canada.

WRITE TO-DAY FOR COMPLETE ILLUSTRATED DETAILS AND PRICES.

Emerson Manufacturing Co., Ltd.

1425 WHYTE AVE.

WINNIPEG

their recommendations in legislation which would condemn millions to the life of the galley-slave.

Fortunately, most people in this country are democrats. They want to develop citizens, not machines; intelligent men and women enjoying the widest possible social life, not mere "workers." That being the case the development of diversified industry must commend itself to their minds and receive their support. And in the

pursuit of diversified industry the central consideration must be the removal of restrictions upon local industry and upon trade in the products of that industry.

From the existence of restrictions upon industry and trade the antagonism between agriculture and manufacture has arisen. What has enabled the manufacturers to exploit the farmer if it be not the restriction imposed by the Canadian tariff? The farmer is a producer of commodities

"EASTLAKE" TANK HEATER

Designed to heat water quickly in any kind of tank

The "EASTLAKE" Tank Heater gives a quick, hot fire—burns almost anything. Draft flue and grate lift out in one piece.

Fastens securely to the bottom of any metal or wooden tank.

The "EASTLAKE" is a low-priced, general-purpose heater made for long, steady service.

Write for prices and illustrated Catalogue T, showing all kinds of tanks.

801 W

The
Metallic Roofing Co.
A STRONG WELL MADE HEATER
Manufacturers Limited
797 Notre Dame Ave. Winnipeg

Steele, Briggs' Seed Catalogue 1919

Ready January 1st

Send in your name for a Copy

PLACE YOUR ORDER EARLY

For these Splendid Stocks

Dr. Saunders' Early Red Fife Wheat
Kitchener Wheat
Imported Banner Oats—

Germination 97% in 4 days

Weight 45 lbs. per bushel

- "Lion" Brome Grass
- "Lion" Western Rye Grass
- "Lion" Alfalfa
- "Lion" Sweet Clover
- "Lion" Timothy

We are buyers of Brome, Western Rye, and Timothy. Send samples.

Steele, Briggs Seed Co., Limited
221 Market St., WINNIPEG, Man.

120-ACRE FARM FOR SALE in the wonderful Dauphin Valley; 210 acres summer fallowed and ready for wheat next spring. Has frame house, one log granary, one from granary and log stable; all fenced; flowing well, good water. Price, \$11,000.00. Apply Owners, Sutherland & Stelck, Hardware Merchants, Dauphin, Man.

PATENTS: CANADIAN, FOREIGN—
Egerton R. Case, Patent Solicitor, Temple Building, Toronto. Valuable booklets free.

merce. The prosperity which is which cannot be "protected" so far as Canada is concerned. In all else he is a consumer. As a consumer he is compelled by the tariff to buy at a higher price than would obtain without it. He pays the price of the protection accorded to the manufacturer—and pays more of it to the manufacturer direct than to the Canadian exchequer.

The Canadian farmer carries on business on a competitive basis in relation to the rest of the world. The Canadian manufacturer competes freely only with his fellow-countryman and enjoys protection against his rivals in the outside world. Frequently the home competitors "get together" and eliminate competition entirely. The cost of this immunity from outside competition is paid by the Canadian consumer; it is not, and cannot be, paid by the beneficiaries by it.

But the consequences of the Canadian tariff do not end there. The restriction in competition which it creates raises prices all round. It becomes more difficult to establish any new industry whatsoever. Labor is dearer; building materials are dearer; machinery is dearer; "raw" materials are dearer; transportation is dearer; everything, whether specifically protected or not, experiences the price-raising influence of the tariff. More capital is needed to build, equip and start a factory than would be the case without the tariff. Not only the farmer commencing to farm, but the manufacturer commencing to manufacture, feels, more or less, the weight of the restriction. Moreover the salutary effect of competition in reducing prices to the consumer, enabling him to buy more goods and so to create a demand which cannot be created under protection, is lost. Protection means limited production at high prices; the absence of it encourages greater production at lower prices.

The interest of the Canadian farmer and that of the Canadian craftsman whose ranks will receive many recruits from the training schools for returned soldiers, demand the removal of restrictions upon trade and com-

A Canadian Manufacturer of Threshers and Engines,

who is not now represented in the Province of Alberta, would like to make arrangements with some responsible firm to handle their full line of Machinery in the above Province.

Box 510

Care THE CANADIAN THRESHERMAN AND FARMER.

PROVINCE OF ALBERTA

The Last and Best Open -- Lands for the Settler --

A COUNTRY OF DIVERSIFIED RESOURCES—Rich in Minerals, especially Coal. Lakes well stocked with Fish. Well supplied with Fuel and Fence Timber in the centre and north and with Saw Timber in the Valleys. Productive Soil in every part of the Province.

INDUSTRIAL OPPORTUNITIES—Alberta offers a wide range of Choice in Land Enterprises by Specialized Development. There are still opportunities for Horse, Cattle and Sheep Ranching; for Irrigation, Dairy or Mixed Farming or the raising of Pure-bred Stock.

Alberta produces superior Bread Grain and Feed Grains; a heavy top of Fodder; Excellent Roots and Vegetables; an Unsurpassed Standard of Butter and large supplies of Eggs and Poultry.

PUBLIC THRIFT—The Department of Agriculture gives Liberal Aid to individual effort.

EDUCATION—It carries on an active program of Education in Agriculture through Agricultural Schools, School Fairs and Pig Clubs; Short Course Schools and Demonstration Trains; Farmers' Institutes and Women's Institutes; Fairs and Exhibitions.

FINANCING THE SETTLER—The Government of the Province Guarantees Loans to Co-operative Associations of Farmers for the purchase of Cow Stock, and has secured to farmers in the past two years a Million in Cows.

MARKETING—The Department of Agriculture operates marketing services for Butter, Poultry and Eggs and acts as a Clearing House where desirable for Trading in Seed Grain, Potatoes, Hay and other Commodities.

AGRICULTURAL INVENTORY FOR 1918

Value of Grain and Other Products.....	\$261,081,954
Live Stock.....	134,071,088
Total.....	\$395,153,042

Write for Information as to Opportunities and Resources to:

HON. DUNCAN MARSHALL,
Minister of Agriculture,
Edmonton, Alberta.

James McCaig,
Chief Publicity Commissioner,
Edmonton, Alberta

THRIFT

AT ONCE
EARNs
AND
SAVES!

W. V. NEWSON
Deputy Provincial Treasurer
Parliament Buildings
Edmonton, Alberta



Be thrifty and place the products of your thrift where they will multiply and be secure.

THE Government of the Province of Alberta issues SAVINGS Certificates in amounts from \$5.00 upwards bearing interest at 5 per cent per annum.

Withdrawals may be made at any time by forwarding Certificates, upon receipt of which, cheque, with accrued interest, will be sent by return mail. Interest is compounded the 1st of January and 1st July in each year.

Send for folder fully explaining the Savings Certificate plan or better still, mail your first deposit. Savings Certificates for the amount will be forwarded to you same day the deposit is received.

due to artificial conditions is a spurious prosperity. The industry which can be carried on only under protection, which fears competition and cannot meet it, is a costly luxury profiting those who own it, but hampering those who actually pay for it.

Remove the tariff and the purchasing power of the agricultural community will be immediately and largely increased. More goods and a greater variety will be demanded; what is lost in price will be made up in increased sales, if the Canadian manufacturer has the courage and ability of the Canadian farmer in facing real competition. Labor will be cheaper and at the same time better-paid; because laborers are consumers, too. The increase in the purchasing power of the community will enable local industries to be established, and established with less outlay of capital. In these enlarged opportunities the individual will find scope for the satisfaction of his individual tastes and abilities. Agriculture in the East will revive; manufactures in the West will prosper. But the pampered interests who put forward the plea for industrial facilities in order to give employment after demobilization (presumably by increasing the amount of protection), will have to get down to business and, like the farmer, prove their mettle in competition

with the world.

If any Canadian government be honestly concerned with the problems of demobilization and reconstruction, its first consideration will be to reduce the protective tariff to vanishing point; to remove the handicap on agriculture and commerce; to enable the pensioner to buy the full amount of goods which the pension ought to buy; to allow the worker to buy all that his wages ought to represent; to enable the farmer to buy his tools and the things which he consumes tax-free.

When Canadian industry flows in its natural channels it will be found that the problem of demobilization will, in this land of vast resources awaiting the capital of the exploiter and the energy of the workers in illimitable quantities, be largely solved. Such of it as remains will involve the training and care of those who have suffered in some special degree the sacrifices entailed by war and who have become entitled to more than normal provision and attention. Nature will rapidly heal the wounds of industry and restore the ravages of war if the industrial and social organism be permitted to attain health and to enjoy freedom from the cramped conditions and artificial restraints which a short-sighted and self-interested "national policy" has imposed upon it.

MAXIMUM VALUE Products

Made in Western Canada to suit Western Conditions



STOCK WATER TROUGHS

The kind that are better and last longer. This trough has proved its value in Western

Canadian winter weather. Heat the water with one of our tank heaters and you have the ideal equipment for handling stock in cold weather.



PURE WATER

is an essential element of good living conditions for man or beast.

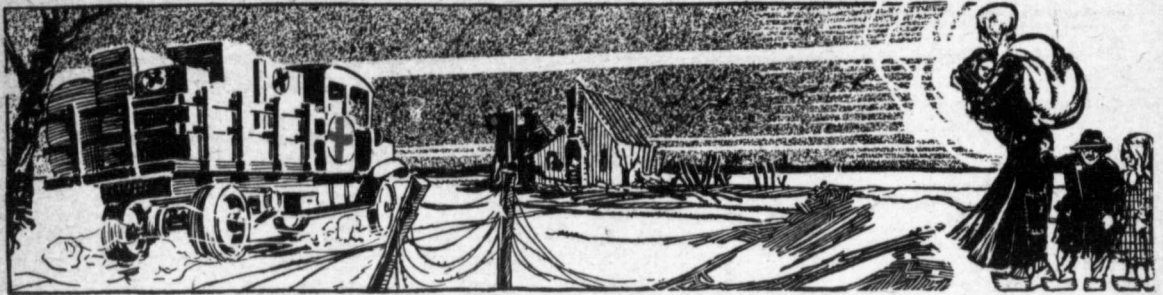
SCREW JOINT WELL CASING

MADE OF BEST QUALITY MATERIAL
EASY TO INSTALL

WRITE TO-DAY FOR FULL PARTICULARS AND PRICES

Winnipeg Ceiling & Roofing Co. Limited

Makers of Corrugated Iron, Shingles, Sidings, Ceilings, etc., etc.
P.O. Box 3006 C.T. 618 WINNIPEG, MAN.



THE REFUGEE

RECONSTRUCTION DUTIES OF THE CANADIAN RED CROSS

Care of Canadians, Prisoners of War on German soil during the period of demobilization, transport, homecoming and repatriation to Canada.

Care of sick and wounded Canadian soldiers in Field Hospitals, Base Hospitals, Convalescent Homes and Specialized Hospitals in England and France as long as any such remain.

Care of sick and wounded Canadian soldiers on transport to Canada and in Hospitals and Convalescent Homes in Canada.

Maintenance of complete Red Cross establishment in Siberia under the direction of Lieut.-Col. J. S. Dennis, recently appointed Red Cross Commissioner with the Siberian Contingent.

Maintenance of complete Red Cross establishment with the Canadian army of occupation in Europe for as long a time as any Canadian forces remain in Europe.

Care, personal service, and comfort for Canadian forces during demobilization and return of officers and men from France and England to Canada.

Demobilization of Red Cross active service establishment in England and France and the return to civilian life of Canadian Red Cross workers overseas.

RELIEF FOR THE DESTITUTE SUFFERERS OF WAR

Gaunt, hungry, desolate. Clad in rags that come from where? Husband, gone; brother, gone; sons, --- all gone. The very child at her breast conceived in rape, growing in the features of the beast of Hell! What is it that keeps her alive and heads her plodding footsteps back to the crumbling heap she once called home?

And she is not one alone. She is what is left of King Albert's Country, of the Department of the Nord, of Serbia, of Montenegro, and of Armenia.

We have saved the soul of civilization ---we must now protect the body from the blight of Anarchy. The Star of Hope in all this desolate land is the crimson sign of the Motherhood of Christ,---our Red Cross.

If you ever felt the sacredness of your humble part in the great organized mission of the Red Cross,---hold it now and carry it high, for Red Cross needs you now and for many months to come.

Remember your Red Cross Pledge and keep it paid.

MANITOBA RED CROSS

Provincial Headquarters

Kennedy Building

Winnipeg

THE TRACTOR DEMONSTRATION AS THE FARMER SEES IT

Continued from page 12

to get these problems worked out better for the tractors. I find that they use the same makes of bearings for the tractors that they use on the best automobiles and my experience with bearings teaches me their value. When I was a kid and rode a bicycle I had my first experience with bearings. I took the wheel apart, and a lot of little steel balls rolled out. That's the first time I ever knew they were in the wheel and I hadn't the slightest idea what was their purpose there. It's really only in the last three or four years that I had any definite idea as to the real reason for bearings. I have gotten most of my ideas from advertising matter at that.

Salina Won Him Over

"There was certainly a minimum of trouble on the plowing fields at Salina. If there were many breakdowns, I missed them and I went there to find fault, so I guess they must not have happened. My mind is made up as to what machine I'm going to buy, but there were a good many others which gave it an awful close rub before I made a decision. I'm going back to my local dealer and have him send the tractor out if he can get it in a reasonable time.

"I expect to plow up my small grain fields this fall and if everything works like I think it will, I'll have more hours rest before Christmas than I had last year. I'm running a corn and small grain farm and handling a good deal of live stock. I expect to make that belt power do me a good deal of service. One piece of extra work this fall that belt power is going to do for me is to help buck up a lot of old stumps and trees I have on the place into good fire wood. My silos—I put up an extra one this year—are going to be filled clear up to the top. I have also an idea that I can do a little work for some of the neighbors with my tractor both in the field and in silo filling. I don't have to do this, but I believe when the tractor gets to going fine I am going to like it and I like to pass a good thing around.

"I intend to buy my tractor from the local dealer. He's a good scout and treats me right. I know that if anything has to be made right, he will go the limit for me and as he has a tremendous business he has pretty strong influence with the factory and can get anything reasonable that he goes after."



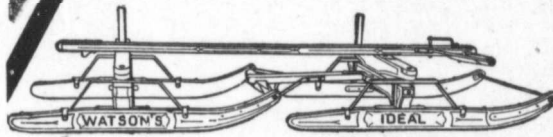
Grinder and Horse Power

An efficient grinder and a good serviceable horse power are combined in this machine. The grinding capacity, per hour, is: Corn, 6 to 20 bushels; oats and corn mixed, 8 to 16 bushels; wheat screenings and grass seeds, such as millet, 4 to 8 bushels; operating the mill with two horses. We also make other sizes of grinders, for both sweep and belt, and roller crushers.

Watson's "Ideal" Sleighs

Set the standard for sloop sleighs. Runners have cast shoes of registered design, which are constructed to easily mount obstructions and curved at the rear to permit easy backing of the sleigh. The benches are made on special truss design, of Grey Elm or Oak. The whole construction is such as to ensure absolute satisfaction.

Write for our catalogue of labor-saving machinery.



JOHN WATSON Mfg. Co. LIMITED WINNIPEG



LOOK FOR

THIS SIGN

Canadian Government

War-Savings Stamps

THE Canadian Government will pay \$5.00 each for War-Savings Stamps you own on January 1st, 1924. You can buy these stamps until January 31st, 1919, for \$4.00; the purchase price then increases one cent each month.

Buy W.-S. S. at Money-Order Post Offices, Banks, and wherever you see the above sign displayed. Place your stamps on the Certificate provided.



\$5.00 for \$4.00

THE CERTIFICATE

The Certificate is a pocket sized folder containing 10 spaces upon which to affix W.-S. S. It costs you nothing, and as soon as you have filled one, you are entitled to another. Fill in your name and address in spaces provided.

SURRENDER VALUE

If circumstances compel you to realize on your investment, your money is available. The cash surrender value of the stamps at various dates will be found on the back of the certificate. It is very desirable that War-Savings Stamps should be purchased regularly.

REGISTRATION AGAINST LOSS

A certificate with one or more W.-S. S. thereon will be registered for you without charge at any Money-Order Post Office. This protects the owner in case such certificate is lost, stolen or destroyed, when on application at the Post Office where certificate was registered, your money will be refunded.

THE THRIFT STAMP

In order to make it easier to acquire W.-S. S., you can buy THRIFT Stamps of the value of 25 cents each. These do not earn interest, but 16 of them affixed to a Thrift Card are exchangeable for a W.-S. S. Every man, woman and child should be saving for stamps, as a personal as well as a patriotic duty.

\$5.00 for \$4.00



Agriculture Simplified and Food Crop Increased by Power Machinery

By W. K. BLODGETT in "Farm Machinery"

IN all the future has to say, motor machinery will be a growing factor toward enabling the farmer to maintain production of foodstuffs at usual standards. With competent farm hands gone, in fact, with help of any sort well nigh unobtainable, the farmer who has just come through a season fraught with labor problems more perplexing than ever before realizes that next season promises to be still more serious. The writer has heard from many farmers who have made up their minds that their farms must be operated next year without the usual hired help. They are planning to do the work almost wholly by their own labor, assisted by modern machinery. Milking machines, power pumps, hay tools, trucks and tractors will replace hired men.

In this emergency the tractor assumes a new value. Heretofore the question was whether the tractor would pay—that is, would it be advisable with a choice between horse power, man power and tractor power to abandon some of the former for the uncertainties of the latter. Farmers as a whole had, up to a short time ago, felt that it would be wise to let the other fellow try out the tractor and demonstrate its value. To-day many farmers are assuming that the tractor can do good work on their farms, and they simply want to get information about the adaptability of the various types to their special conditions.

The questions which come to the rural engineering department of the State College at Ithaca run like these: "Is such and such a type of tractor adapted to hilly land?" "Is kerosene demonstrated to be a practical fuel?" "How much have others found to be a reasonable depreciation charge?"

"How much mechanical skill is required to operate one successfully?"

While many a farmer is thinking that a tractor is a good buy to-day yet the caution with which he goes at the tractor proposition shows that he intends to act only after consideration. He probably has seen the example of a tractor bought by a neighbor without consideration of how the tool would replace man or horse-power to save expense operated by inexperienced help improperly cared for, and finally given up in disgust. Such unfortunate examples have done a great deal in the past to discourage the wider use of improved labor saving machinery.

After a careful study of the failures as well as the successes with tractors, I would suggest two things to the prospective tractor owner.

First a tractor is too good a machine to put in the hands of a poor operator. However, an expert mechanic is not necessary to keep the tractor running. But, rather, seat on the tractor a man with fair mechanical ingenuity and the ability to sense that something is wrong with the machine



Bringing down 500,000 bus. of wheat from the head of the Great Lakes for Export to Europe—

One of the biggest of our Great Lakes freighters carrying half a million bushels of Western wheat sufficient to bake 30,000,000 full-sized loaves

TORONTO POWER ENGINES

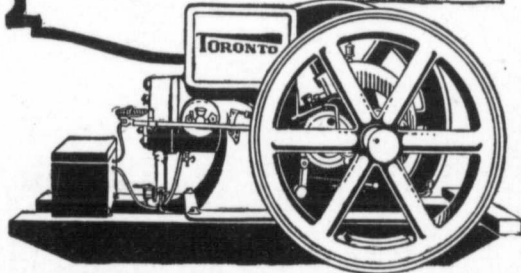
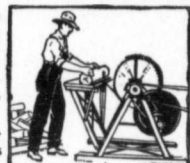
The Lowest Priced Reliable Engine

Every farmer wants to know the lowest price at which he can obtain a thoroughly efficient gas engine. The Toronto price list gives this information.

TORONTO Engines are giants stripped for action. There are no superfluous gimcracks about them—just the necessary parts carefully machined and put together to give the maximum power at the minimum price. They are easy to handle and simple to keep in repair. Before he buys ANY power engine, a farmer owes it to himself to find out all about the TORONTO engine. Write for booklet and prices to-day.

Ontario Wind Engine & Pump Co., (Western Branch) Limited

HEAD OFFICE: REGINA
Branches: Winnipeg, Calgary



Steam or Gas Tractors

Equipped with

PICKERING "THE GOVERNOR WITHOUT JOINTS"

give greatest efficiency

FITTED TO EVERY BUILD OF ENGINE

Patent Ball Ranger Speed Changer Supplied on all Genuine Pickering Governors.

Will increase speed 50% or more.



THE PICKERING GOVERNOR CO.

PORTLAND

CONN, U.S.A.

There is BIG MONEY

FREE

Hallam's Trappers' Guide—66 pages; illustrated; English or French; tells how and where to trap; what bait and traps to use; is full of useful information.

Hallam's Trappers' Supply Catalog—36 pages; illustrated; rifles, traps, animal bait, headlamps, fish nets, and all necessary trappers' and sportsmen's supplies at low prices.

Hallam's Raw Fur News—Gives latest prices and advance information on the raw fur market.

Write to-day. Address giving number as below.

when you ship your RAW FURS

IN TRAPPING

John Hallam Limited

709 HALLAM BUILDING, TORONTO.



Nickel Genuine

This metal is especially designed for gas or steam tractors. It will not only flow freely, but will cast smooth bearings, which will outlast any other alloy on the market. It has been adopted by some of the largest manufacturers of tractors on this continent as a standard.

Frost King

This Babbitt for ordinary bearings and portions of threshing machines where high speed is required is the best alloy that can be used. It is very carefully compounded and made of the best selected metals and will run cool under almost any condition.

HOYT METAL COMPANY, EASTERN AVENUE and LEWIS STREET TORONTO
SALES: Five Million Dollars Annually. PLANTS: New York, London (Eng.), St. Louis, Toronto

before the costly breakdown occurs. A slight adjustment of a carburetor or a little oil on the bearing before it runs dry or a loose nut tightened in time will keep the machine working where the "let-her-go-for-a-while" attitude will cause an expensive delay.

Second, when one secures the services of a tractor to help with the farm work, he should plan the work so as to take the best advantage of what the machine will do. And what will a tractor do? If one were to believe all that is printed about tractors one would think that it could assist in almost any farm operation. The facts are as follows: Farmers who have found the tractor a profitable investment have used their machines chiefly to plow, fit land and deliver belt power. Cultivating, long road hauling, pulling haying machinery, etc., will undoubtedly soon be developed as practical tractor possibilities, but in the present state of mechanical development of the machine such lines of work are distinctly in the experimental stage for the all-round farm tractor.

A third suggestion might be added for those who are choosing a tractor, and that is the necessity of ascertaining the quality of service given by the various companies. Efficient service means

that the seller of the machine must make provision that the purchaser is shown how to set it up and run it, how to lubricate it, how to make adjustments and so on. Furthermore, it is highly desirable that repair parts be carried in stock at some central point reasonably near to the farm, that they be sold at a fair price, and that in case of extreme emergency a competent man can come to the farm promptly and assist in making repairs. It is regrettable that some otherwise good machines have in the past been sold without adequate provision for giving good service to the buyer. However, tractor companies are now recognizing that good service to their patrons will increase the value of their machines, and some manufacturers are preparing to give effective help in this direction through their dealers to the farmers.

Farmers who are satisfied that they have tractor work for a machine must make sure that they have enough work to justify the investment necessary. If there are not days enough of work on their own farms a solution is to do work for neighbors. With depreciation as high as 20 per cent, to which must be added interest and repairs, the machine should have considerable use in order to distribute the charge over a fair

number of acres. For instance, one man who bought a \$1,000 two-plow outfit figured his charges as follows:

Interest at 6 per cent. \$ 60
 Depreciation 20 per cent .. 200
 Repairs per year 40

Interest, depreciation, expense for one year \$300
 Used fifteen days on farm, charged to each day, \$20.

When plowing four to five acres a day this makes a depreciation-interest charge of over \$4 per acre. In addition to this must be added the cost of fuel, oil, operator's pay, etc., which would bring the acre cost for plowing far above the cost of horse-power. The point is that if the same tractor had been used 100 days the depreciation-interest charges would have been only \$3 per day instead of \$20. The above machine, when plowing on fairly level land, would use 50 to 60 cents' worth of fuel in turning each acre.

There is another way of looking at the matter of comparative cost. If we cannot get the work done in any way but by tractor, or if with tractor only it be done at the most opportune time, or in such a way as to greatly increase crops over other methods, then by all means the tractor will pay.

In the heavier soils the latter point is particularly applicable.

NEVERSLIP

Red Tip Calks
 Insure
STRONG EVEN PULLING
 ON ICY ROADS

No farmer can afford to risk losing a valuable horse through falls on icy roads when safety is so cheap and convenient. RED TIP CALKS insure safety to the horse and comfort to the driver. Your blacksmith has them.



THE NEVERSLIP WORKS
 359 PLUS AVE. MONTREAL
 U.S. FACTORY NEW BRUNSWICK

A FREE BOX

Here's a chance to prove to your own satisfaction, and at our expense, that Zam-Buk does end pain and heal sores and skin diseases.

Mail this advertisement and 1c stamp (for return postage) to Zam-Buk Co., Dupont St., Toronto, and we will send you free box.



For instance, in putting in such crops as beans or oats there may be only a day or two when the soil is in ideal condition for working and planting—that is, neither too wet nor too dry. To get in the crop at the most favorable time with horses may oblige the farmer to extend his operations outside the time when the ground is in proper condition, while a tractor covering in a day four or five times the area work by a team of horses may insure better chances of success with the crop.

Many farmers are now figuring this way: "I have got to get the work done. Can't get the help. With a tractor I can prepare four times as much land in a day as with a team of horses." In this way the tractor is claiming the attention of farmers, and where it does the work expected it will be a big factor toward keeping up production.

Now, as to the most desirable type of tractor, the safest advice which can be given is this: That the best make is the one put out by a reputable company, built upon thoroughly proved principles and used by a competent operator. The latter provision is added because experience shows at times "that the best make is any make in the hands of a good operator." It is difficult to give specific information regarding particular types, for out of some 125 makes on the market there is not, as yet, any very marked tendency to a distinct type. We have the caterpillar and round wheel, the two-wheeled, three and four-wheeled, one-cylinder, two-cylinder and four-cylinder engines.

At the present time the tendency seems to be toward the four-wheeled and the caterpillar types, and the principal fuel is kerosene, the single cylinder low speed engines are being displaced by four-cylinder high speed engines, and more attention is being paid by designers to simplifying oiling systems. When one is choosing a tractor he should study carefully the last point mentioned—the oiling system—for it is our experience that very many breakdowns occur because of faulty oiling. The manufacturers are attempting to reduce the chances of such difficulty by perfecting automatic oiling systems which depend very little upon the constant attention of an operator.

Murphy was taking a day off, says an English weekly, and wishing to enjoy himself thoroughly, he walked round to watch "the boys." He was surprised to see his friend Kelly working as if carrying a hodful of mortar up and down a ladder was the only thing he took any real pleasure in.



"Mr. and Mrs. Acres Desire the Pleasure of Your Company—"

A Gillette enthusiast has boldly stated his belief that the famous razor has caused a complete revolution in social life in the rural districts today!

It is true, as he says, that one cannot now distinguish between the city man and his brother in the country.

But do not give *all* the credit to the Gillette Safety Razor.

Smooth chins assuredly do prompt correctness in other things, but it hardly seems possible that the smartness of the social gathering in present-day farm homes is due to a razor—even the best razor in the world.

You answer an invitation to call at a friend's house, and enter a softly-lighted room to find well dressed women and keen looking, clean shaven men.

How glad you are that you came prepared to hold your own in any company.

And how satisfying it is to know that if guests drop in on *you* unexpectedly, the daily few minutes with your Gillette finds you **READY** to receive them.

One thing is certain—a Gillette Safety Razor should be part of the equipment of every man of today.

*Gillette Sets are sold by Jewelers, Druggists and
Hardware Dealers everywhere at five dollars.*

Gillette Safety Razor Co. of Canada, Limited,

Office and Factory: 65-73 St. Alexander St., Montreal.



398

"It's yourself that's working mighty hard to-day, Kelly!" expostulated Murphy.

"Whist! I'm just making a fool o' the boss!" said Kelly, winking slyly.

"And how are you doing, Kelly?"

"Sure, Murphy, it's as easy as kissing your hand! He sees me going up the ladder with my hod full of mortar and he thinks I'm working. But, Murphy, my boy, it's the same hodful I'm carting up and down all the time."

GILSON—"JOHNNY-ON-THE-SPOT"

This Big 1 3/4 h.p.
Engine only

\$78.50

(For self-starting magneto,
add \$10.00)



"MADE IN CANADA"

A BIG, little engine, that "Goes Like Sixty" at every light and medium heavy job on the farm. A heavy worker, and a light eater—dominating in Quality and Service. The biggest selling engine of any size in Canada—quantity production enables us to undersell all competitors—quality considered.

Do not buy a cheap engine—buy a good one at a quantity price. All sizes at proportionate values. Write to-day for free catalogue showing what size engine interests you.

GILSON MFG. CO. Ltd. Dept. 2 Winnipeg, Man. 41

DUTIES OF FARM TRACTIONEER

Success With Tractor Depends Largely on Skill of Man Handling Engine

By James C. Riney

ANY person who is doing farm work performs from day to day many tasks that are largely responsibility. This responsibility rests upon the shoulders of the operator because of the duty he is rendering to his "boss," in case he is a hired operator, or because of the care he owes his machinery in case he is the owner. The handling of any piece of farm machinery is always directly connected with the pocket-book of the owner. Hence, in order to be a man and at the same time perform the duties which the tractioneer is supposed to perform, he must at all times work for the interests of the "boss," or toward the maximum working capacity and long life of the machine. In such case, one of these properly done means that the other will take care of itself, as there is direct relation between the cheapest and the best way of handling machinery.

After the above things are cared for, there is duty in all the performances of the man behind the machine, and several things should be both constantly kept in mind and used as gospel in the operation of a tractor.

Run Engine at Rated Speed

When the manufacturers of any piece of machinery containing an engine, finish their product, they have designed that engine to run at a given rate of speed; and generally this is more nearly correct than the farmer or tractioneer is capable of determining it. In order to get the maximum efficiency out of the engine, which means the most perfect power, the engine must at all times be run at that speed.

Automobile owners are warned by the manufacturers of the machine they buy, that the first 200 miles the machine travels are the miles that will determine to a great extent the manner in which the engine will work for the rest of its life, and that if it is improperly used during these first trips, much has been done to shorten the life of the machine. The same is true in regard to the life of a tractor. If the machine is properly cared for and handled as it should be, the first three days or a week of actual operation, the repair bills will be greatly reduced. After that there is no reason why a man should become any more careless than he was the first careful week.

Something for nothing cannot be gotten out of a tractor. For



LITTLE GENIUS Power Lift Tractor Plows



Copyright Western Newspaper Union

Maimed Italian Soldiers Operate P & O Little Genius

This picture was taken in Italy. It shows three soldiers, each of whom has lost an arm, learning to operate a tractor plowing outfit. The National Federation of Committees for Assistance to the blind, crippled and mutilated soldiers of Italy is doing a merciful work in teaching these soldiers useful trades that call into use the uninjured members of their bodies.

The fact that the P & O Little Genius has been employed in teaching these gentlemen the art and advantages of power plowing substantiates the claim we have always made that the P & O Little Genius is the ideal plow for the one-man outfit. Either of these soldiers will be able to operate a P & O Little Genius outfit as soon as he has learned the rudiments of tractor plowing, for it is noted the world over for its all around efficiency, durability and ease of operation.

Built by **PARLIN & ORENDORFF COMPANY**, Canton, Ill., U.S.A.

HART-PARR OF CANADA, LIMITED

Sales Agents

WINNIPEG

REGINA

SASKATOON

CALGARY

CHEW BAT PLUG TOBACCO 20 CTS

A THICK PLUG
LIGHT IN COLOR - TOUGH & JUICY
ALWAYS KEEPS FRESH & SOFT

Deering Makes Good Again

LIGHT wheat crops with short straw presented a rather serious problem to Western farmers who were not fortunate enough to have Deering binders at harvest time this year. The Deering, which has also handled the heaviest crops Canada ever raised, saved farmers many dollars this year by the way it handled short straw with little or no loss of grain.

The credit is due to three Deering features --(1) The sickle is only three-quarters of an inch below the platform canvas, and a little over an inch and a half in front of it. Light grain falls over this small shoulder to the platform canvas



easily and naturally. (2) The elevator canvas projects in front of the platform far enough to catch and carry all the grain to the binder. (3) The binder shift is so long that the shortest grain can be securely and properly bound.

No matter whether your grain is heavy or light, short or tall, standing or down, a Deering binder will harvest the full crop. What is it worth to have a binder you can always depend upon? See the Deering local agent, or write the nearest branch house for complete information about the dependable Deering.

International Harvester Company of Canada, Limited

BRANCH HOUSES

WEST—Brandon, Man.; Calgary, Alta.; Edmonton, Alta.; Estevan, Sask.; Lethbridge, Alta.; N. Battleford, Sask.; Regina, Sask.; Saskatoon, Sask.; Winnipeg, Man.; Yorkton, Sask.

EAST—Hamilton, Ont.; London, Ont.; Montreal, Que.; Ottawa, Ont.; Quebec, Que.; St. John, N.B.

every horse-power of work rendered there is a certain amount of money expended at the best a man can do, and over and above this is like trying to work a union man overtime; i.e., it costs more to get the work done than it would to do the work at the right time and properly. Increased speed of an engine means a possible saving of fuel, but not likely will it be so. In addition to a possible waste of fuel, there is always much additional cost in the lubrication of the machine, as the increased speed will often so greatly increase the lubricating cost that if taken alone would make it unprofitable without saying anything about the cost of increased wear and tear on the machine.

The importance of perfect lubrication can hardly be over-emphasized. If there were such a thing as lubricating a machine in such way that there would be no friction, machines would immediately become very efficient and many of the now difficult lubricating problems would be solved. About the only thing that we can hope for in the way of lubrication for years yet to come is the reduction of friction to such an extent that the wearing surfaces in contact may work upon each other without adhering. In the case where friction is not overcome we have a working part tending to become

hot due to friction. The hotter it gets the more it sticks; and the more it sticks the hotter its gets until finally we have the box expanding to such an extent that it will completely burn out or get so hot as to cease work altogether. If metal were of such nature that it contracted when it became warm instead of expanding, the matter of lubrication would be more simplified.

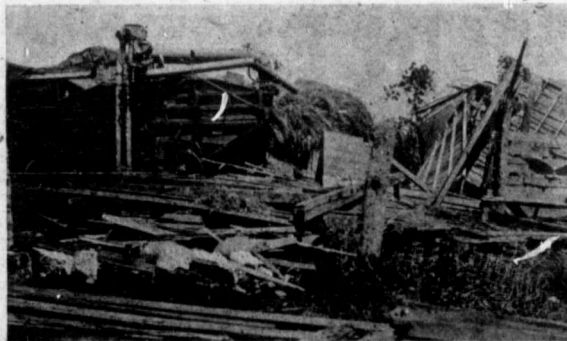
The lack of being particular about the kind of oils used in the tractor engine is probably the cause of many lubricating troubles that might be avoided with the proper care and judgment. Only

the best grade of engine oil should ever be used, and under no circumstances should an operator use an oil unless he knows where it came from. The professional would probably be able to tell the difference between steam and gas engine oil, but the untrained man is likely to make the mistake once and carbonize all of the wearing surfaces. A very heavy oil should be used for the gears, but for cylinder lubrication buy the best. It would doubtlessly be cheapest in the long run for a person to use on his magneto a light oil similar to that used on sewing machines, and have some-

where about the outfit a small can to keep it in and with which to apply it. If the oiling of the magneto is not very economically and sparingly done, the trouble that arises from rotting of rubber insulation due to an excess of oil may not only cause trouble in the ignition system, but may cause delay in a very important period when every minute's delay means money lost.

Vegetable oils should never be used on the tractor, because when decomposed they not only have the tendency to deposit carbon on the working parts, but form acids which attack the iron in the steel, roughening the surface and promoting wear on the various parts.

Mineral oils which have been properly refined and which are reliable will neither form the acids nor carbonize the working parts of the machine. From the standpoint of the preservation of the materials in the machine, mineral oils stand alone. It may well be kept in mind that the highest-priced oils are considerably cheaper than the cheapest iron or brass in a box and even cheaper than the good grades of babbit metal that is often put into these. It may be further said that good oil is cheaper than the time it takes to run one of these boxes and do it right.



The Avery 22-36 Yellow Kid Separator, which fell 8 feet to basement of barn that was carried away by a tornado at Fenimore, Wisconsin. The separator survived the storm with no more injury than a dent in the elevator shaft on the weigher. The damage done to the farm and machinery of Emil Knapp, the owner of this separator, amounted to many thousand dollars.

Keep Parts Properly Tightened

It is always easier to keep all the nuts on a machine at the right tension with all the unnecessary play taken out of boxes, than it is to take the play out and put the machine in order after it once gets out of working order. It is not only easier, but it is cheaper. The play in a box is important because a little of it not only goes a long way, but that little soon becomes instrumental in a lot more, and the first thing the operator knows and before it has had time to arrest his attention, the bearing has worn enough to really amount to something in the operating of the machine. There is also great danger from letting the wearing parts become loose, because pistons are driven too rapidly to warrant any man in taking a chance. Neglected parts often destroy both themselves and other parts. Imagine, if you can, a connecting rod breaking in two without causing any additional damage. Often the part that gives way is instrumental in the destruction of some part costing twice as much.

Give Fuel System Proper Care

It is always cheapest to see that the best of fuel is obtained and a fairly uniform product used. It is best never to do any great amount of experimenting with new oil. Let the experiment station men, who are hired by the state, do that work, as they are more likely to properly judge the efficiency of any given fuel and are equipped to find any defect the fuel may have. In case the engine is of the kerosene-burning type, care should be taken in the case of the vertical engine to see that the lubricating oils are kept free from the kerosene that constantly leaks down into the crank case. If the engine is of the horizontal type it will not be necessary to watch for this dilution of the lubricating oils.

In these kerosene-burning engines water is used to prevent pre-ignition and should be admitted to the inside of the cylinder only for that purpose. Kerosene has three different fuel compounds in it and each of these has its burning or igniting point. The one having the lowest point of ignition burns by compression alone before the other two do and thus makes pre-ignition a thing to be guarded against in using kerosene. Water is admitted along with the fuel in order to cool the fuel vapor down to the ignition point of this lowest fuel component of the kerosene. In the light of our present knowledge of burning kerosene in tractor engines, water is the most economical thing to use to prevent pre-ignition.

When gasoline is used to start the engine and kerosene burned

after the engine becomes warm, water should never be turned on until pre-ignition can be heard in the cylinders, and then only enough should be turned in to stop the pre-ignition.

Another thing that is well for the operator to know at all times is the working condition of all

the spark plugs in the engine and see that they are kept clean so that no more charges will pass out of the cylinders without being ignited than is absolutely necessary.

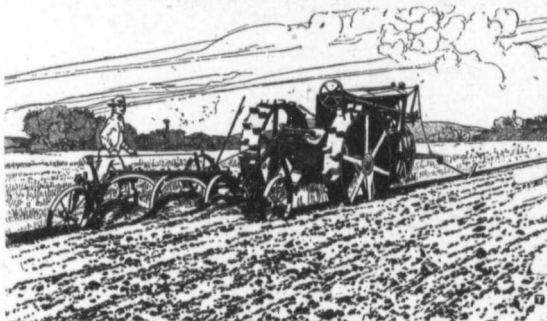
Keep Needed Repairs on Hand

It is especially necessary that the operator have extra parts on

hand at all times, such as springs for magneto, and spark plugs or other parts that are likely to give out at any time. Often a person has to "lay off" for a considerable period of time when a dollar or so spent in repairs ahead of time would have had the necessary part in the tool box or at the

J. I. CASE

Tractor Plows



THE J. I. CASE TRACTOR PLOW is a glowing tribute to J. I. Case skill. In this plow the experience gained in over 40 years of specialized plow building is shown.

The plow "rides" easily on its three wheels. All unnecessary weight and "drag" have been eliminated. Cuts clean and deep yet offers a minimum of resistance to the tractor. This means a big day's work at a minimum operating cost.

Handles easily from tractor seat. Has simple sturdy power-lift. Plow bottoms enter and leave the ground point first, like a walking plow.

An implement that will give service from the first day. This plow bears the J. I. Case trade mark—the strongest guaranty of quality ever placed on any implement.

See the local J. I. Case dealer. If you do not know him, write—

J. I. CASE PLOW WORKS

422 West Sixth St. RACINE, WISC., U.S.A.

DEALERS EVERYWHERE IN CANADA



HIRST'S PAIN EXTERMINATOR

HAVE A BOTTLE READY WHEN NEEDED — and stop the Pain!

When you have an attack of rheumatism, lumbago, neuralgia, or get a lame back, swollen joints, or a sprain — you don't need to suffer. Get the bottle of Hirst's Pain Exterminator and use it according to directions in circular. It stops the pain quickly. Buy a bottle and be ready. Equally effective for relieving earache, toothache, sore throat and other painful ailments. For 40 years it has been a family friend. —all dealers—or write us. HIRST REMEDY COMPANY, HAMILTON, CANADA

Also makers of HIRST'S Family Salve and HIRST'S Pectoral Syrup of Horehound and Elecampane for coughs and colds.

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Our Christmas Greetings

for 1918 have a meaning that nothing we know of in all our past has ever experienced around the great day of Peace and good will. We and our boys have done our bit to make the world safe for every creature who means to do the right thing.

We have won, if moral power ever obtained a victory, and now we want to link up the whole world in a bond of indissoluble interest and affection with our



LION BRAND
Rubber Belt
 and the
YELLOW FELLOW
ENDLESS THRESHER BELT



They are unbeaten in the field of grain production,

and are sold by all thresher companies doing business in Canada. They may cost a trifle more than some fabrics that are always a big risk but that is forgotten in the added years of service, and we guarantee our goods against all disappointment from slippage or breaking. It is not possible to make better belting by any scientific method known at this day.

Gutta Percha and Rubber Limited

WINNIPEG FORT WILLIAM REGINA SASKATOON CALGARY LETHBRIDGE EDMONTON

house at the time when it was most needed.

In connection with the above it is necessary that the operator be thoroughly familiar with the working parts of the machine at all times and know when any part is showing the least signs of wear. There is no better way to do this than to keep the working parts of the machine well wiped and clean so that the slightest wear can be immediately detected whether it is due to excessive wear or to defective workmanship.

Use Head at All Times

In order to render the best service to the cause for which one is operating a tractor, a man can do no better than to use his head at all times and not be afraid of work and initiative. Failure to do this is responsible for at least half of the serious trouble with tractors in the field of actual work. It is altogether an inexcusable cause, too, for no man is justified in neglect and is not fitted to operate a tractor unless he is capable of care and responsibility whenever and wherever he may be and at any kind of work.

Old Lady—"Here's a penny, my poor man. Tell me, how did you become so destitute?"

Beggar—"I was always like you, mum, a-givin' away vast sums ter the pore an' needy."

\$5,000.00 IN VICTORY BONDS

Given Away Free

Following directly in the footsteps of our last big Victory Bond campaign comes this remarkable offer from Christie Grant Limited to give away, absolutely free, \$5,000.00 worth of Victory Bonds.

Reading further into the advertisement in this paper it will be found that this big amount is divided into 50 prizes which will be given away free to their mail

order customers in accordance with certain regulations.

Without doubt this is the greatest prize offer ever made in Canada, and it will no doubt attract wide attention, and achieve their desire of increasing their list of mail order customers.

The firm is an unustally progressive one, and their rapid growth in the last few years is convincing proof that they are giving their customers entire satisfaction.

Caller—"Nellie, is your mother in?"

Nellie—"No; mother is out shopping."

Caller—"When will she return?"

Nellie (loudly)—"Mother, what shall I say now?"

Chuchow, China, is to have a real railroad. If you are feeling flippant, see if you can say it quick: All aboard for the Chuchow Choochoo!

Montreal Daily Star.

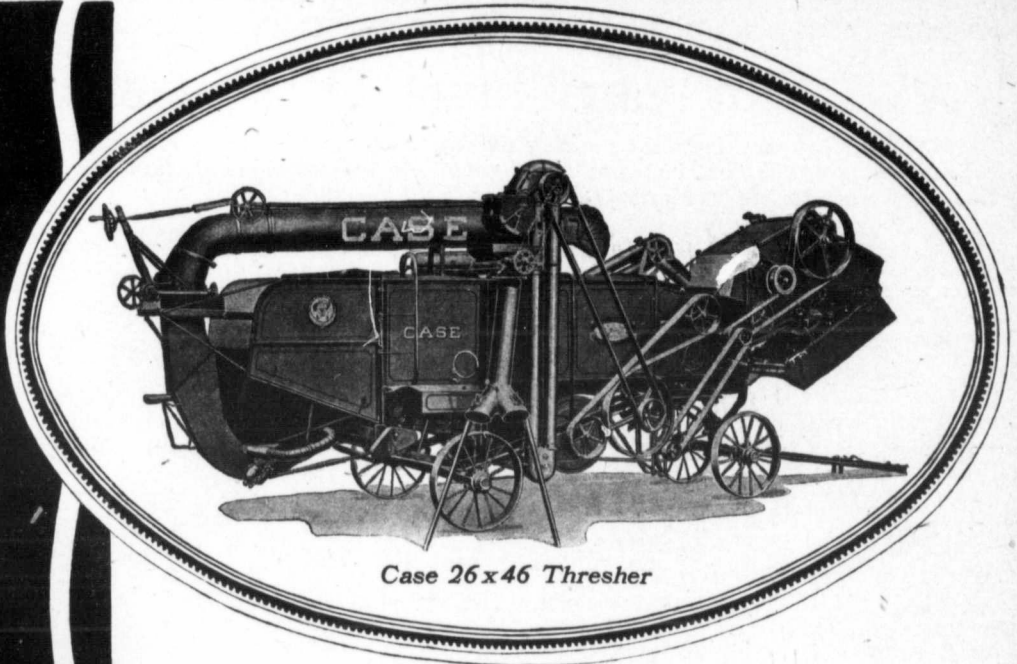
MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1918

WHAT SOLDIERS WANT.

A suggestion to those who are sending gifts to soldiers overseas comes from Lt.-Col. (Canon) Frederick George Scott, Senior Chaplain of the First Division, in a cable received by friends in Montreal. He says "The men want playing cards and chewing tobacco."



"Ever-lastingly Good"



Case 26x46 Thresher

Seven Sizes of CASE Threshers and

For economical farmers who are interested more in the amount of grain that goes in the *sack* than in the *stack*, there is a Case Thresher which meets his exact requirements.

We build them to meet the needs of the owner of a small farm as well as the owner of an immense acreage. And in-between sizes.

The efficiency and superiority of Case Threshers are indisputable. For years their ability has been the recognized standard.

Thousands are in use all over the world. In fact, Case Threshers predominate. In every farming district Case Threshers have the reputation of perfect separation, cleaning and saving.

Grain threshed by Case machinery usually brings the highest prices. That is why the Case Thresherman is always booked far in advance. Many farmers absolutely insist on their job being done the Case way.

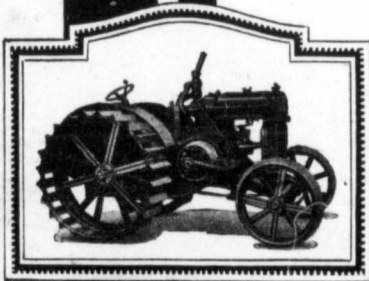
Case Threshers—the entire line—embody all the latest improvements. All sizes can be equipped with steel wind stackers, feeders and grain handlers. We furnish specially equipped threshers for peanuts, rice, clover and alfalfa, peas and beans.

All Case Threshers are built of steel. All are noted for their simplicity and easy running and good work.

Write for full information.

J. I. Case Threshing Machine Company, Inc.

Founded 1842
1511 Erie St., Racine, Wis., U. S. A.

Case 15-27
Oil TractorCase 15-27
Plowing

CASE
THRESHING MACHINES



Case 20x28 Thresher

Four Kerosene and Eight Steam Tractors

To supply the proper power for your Case Thresher, you can do no better than to operate a Case Kerosene or Steam Tractor.

We began building steam tractors soon after our thresher became famous. We started in business in 1842.

For years Case Steam Tractors have set the world's standards.

Then 26 years ago we began building gas tractors. Some men immediately adopted them. For certain work some men still prefer steam.

But in both fields Case leads the way. No better steam tractors are built. No better kerosene tractors are built.

When a better steam tractor is introduced, it will be a Case. Our recently announced new Case Kerosene Tractors are far in advance, bringing greater power, economy and durability. Their equal cannot be bought at any price.

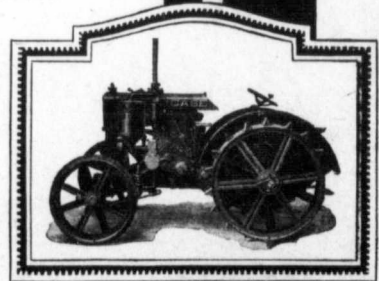
We have prepared illustrated and descriptive folders of our different machines. Let us know in which you are interested—Threshers, Steam or Kerosene Tractors, Silo Fillers, Hay Balers, Road Building Machinery, etc.

This information will be sent gladly. Or your Case Dealer will be glad to furnish you with our latest literature.

J. I. Case Threshing Machine Company, Inc.

Founded 1842

1511 Erie St., Racine, Wis., U. S. A.



Case 10-18
Oil Tractor



Case 10-18
Discing



THE NEED FOR MORE DAIRY COWS

By L. A. Gibson, Dairy Commissioner for Manitoba

THERE seems to be special reasons why the farmers of Manitoba should be careful to conserve and build up our resources in dairy female live stock.

Of late, Winnipeg has been experiencing "milkless days" insofar as delivery of milk by the largest milk company is concerned, and no matter what else may be said about this fact, it certainly reflects to some extent a strained condition in the milk trade. This refers to the local situation.

There are, however, much larger phases of this question. Any close study of nutritive values of various foods goes to show that the value of milk as a cheap and satisfactory source of food supply is not yet properly appreciated by the people of this continent. Milk supplies very cheap and easily digested protein. The butterfat which it contains is unequalled as a wholesome source of fat; and no better form of sugar is to be found than that contained in milk. In addition, milk contains certain vitalizing or growth-promoting elements popularly known as vitamins. Mr. Hoover, the United States food controller, has said:

"The human race, through scores of thousands of years, has

developed a total dependency upon cattle for the rearing of its young. No greater catastrophe can happen to a people than the loss of its dairy herds, for the total loss of dairy produce means the total extinction of a people."

Few people in Manitoba understand how greatly the dairy herds of Europe have been reduced during the war. Mr. Hoover has said this also:—

"I doubt whether to-day the dairy production of Europe as a whole is 30 per cent of the pre-war normal, that of the Allies 50 per cent of the normal After the war Europe must restock her diminished herds. She must look to America for a sufficient supply of dairy cattle to give her her normal percentage."

According to official figures, the dairy herds of Denmark, France, United Kingdom, Belgium and Serbia have decreased three and one-half million head.

Part of the damage done by war can be remedied immediately the firing ceases. But this does not apply to re-stocking a country with animals. A milking cow, if needed at once, must be purchased already mature and in milking form.

In many other parts of North America there seems to be a keener sense of what is likely to happen in the dairy world than there is here. That a large number of dairy animals will be needed from America seems to be



After nearly 18 years' constant use on Canadian farms the "MAGNET" has established beyond the shadow of a doubt that its square gear drive and ball-bearing adjustments is unequalled as an effective piece of dairy mechanics and has nothing in front of it in lasting quality

Milk Shortage

is threatened, if not already a real fact, in Western Canada. "No greater catastrophe can happen to a people than the loss of its dairy herds, for the total loss of dairy produce means the total extinction of a people."

Read carefully the article on this page by Manitoba's Dairy Commissioner and live up to his advice. The matter is of the most vital import. Build up your resources in dairy female live stock and conserve the last ounce of its product with a

"MAGNET" Cream Separator—

It will secure the last atom of butter-fat in the milk of your herd.

The greatest labor-saving and food-conserving machine ever introduced into Dairy Farming.

DAIRY WOMEN know that the "MAGNET" bowl and one-piece skimmer is easily washed sweet and clean in less than five minutes—a saving of from 10 to 15 days' labor each year over the time required to properly wash the disc kind.

MAGNET ALWAYS SKIMS CLEAN

because its bowl is supported at both ends, cannot wobble and therefore will do perfect skimming for a life-time. Dairy men and women can avoid all "misery" by buying the up-to-date "Magnet" Cream Separator.

"Facts are chieft that winna ding, and canna be disputed."

The Petrie Mfg. Co. Ltd.

Head Office and Factory: Hamilton, Ont.

WINNIPEG, CALGARY, REGINA, VANCOUVER, MONTREAL, ST. JOHN, EDMONTON, LETHBRIDGE



For rough work wear
**OVERALLS
SHIRTS and
JUMPERS**

made of

**STIFEL'S
INDIGO CLOTH**

Standard for over 75 years.

Better than you expect—a cloth that's built to stand wear and tear and weather. Three generations of wearers have found it the most-for-the money cloth.

Be sure your overalls, shirts and jumpers are made of Stife's—it hasn't an equal anywhere for all-round satisfaction. Look for the label on the back of the cloth inside the garments when you buy. Insist upon STIFEL'S and you'll never be disappointed in service. Remember, it's the CLOTH in your overalls that gives the wear!

Cloth Manufactured by

J. L. STIFEL & SONS

WHEELING, W. VA.

Indigo Dyers and Printers

- Baltimore Coca-Cola Bldg.
- St. Louis 212 Victoria Bldg.
- St. Paul 238 Radcott Bldg.
- Toronto 14 Manchester Bldg.
- Winnipeg 428 Hammond Bldg.
- Montreal Room 506, 439 St. Paul St.

- New York 366-367 Church St.
- Philadelphia 224 Market St.
- Boston 31 Bedford St.
- Chicago 221 W. Jackson Blvd.
- San Francisco Postal Tel. Bldg.
- St. Joseph, Mo. Saxton Bank Bldg.



"BOSS"

practically conclusive. No matter where these are purchased, it will affect the value of dairy cattle in other parts of the continent. With this in mind, it would seem to be the part of wisdom to conserve our dairy animals carefully.

WINNIPEG TO HAVE A DAIRY SHOW

FOR several months the directors of the Manitoba Dairy Association and others interested in the development of the dairy industry in Manitoba have been quietly working on plans for a dairy show to be held in conjunction with the next annual convention of the association. These plans have now matured and the show is to be held in Winnipeg during the week of February 17-21, 1919.

The large auditorium of the Industrial Bureau has been secured and the 7,000 square feet of available space will be fully occupied by exhibits of equipment for dairy work of every character. These exhibits will embrace not only dairy machinery, but everything for the modern dairy farm, such as gas engines, silos, ensilage cutters, farm lighting plants, milking machines, etc. So far as practical, all exhibits will be shown in operation and a few of the most interesting features will be a milking machine taking milk from the cow, the manufacture of creamery butter and ice cream, and the bottling of milk for household use. Other interesting features will be the exhibits of the Provincial Department of Agriculture and the Manitoba Agricultural College.

The main purpose of the dairy show at this time is to stimulate greater and more economical production of dairy products and greater consumption of these. While Western Canada has advertised herself through her ability to grow wheat, her prosperity must eventually come from dairying and diversified farming,

which stabilizes our whole commercial structure. Few people realize what a large part dairying in Manitoba during the past five years has had in our present prosperity. Up to five years ago, this province was a heavy importer of creamery butter, while since that time she has been exporting her own product in steadily increasing quantities each year, resulting in largely increased revenues to the province.

Winnipeg is the centre of the Dominion and rapidly growing in importance from a dairy standpoint. The dairy show will draw attendance from sister provinces, both East and West, just as did the big convention of the Manitoba Dairy Association held at Winnipeg in January of this year. This convention was by common consent the best ever held in Canada, and as the same men who promoted it are in charge of the dairy show, its success is assured.

ARE YOU EATING YOUR SHARE OF FISH?

Canada is one of the great fish producers of the world, but Canadians are not eating their share even yet. The catch in 1917 was 856,000,000 pounds, or an equivalent of 94 pounds per head of population, while our consumption has been only about 29 pounds per head of population, of recent years. The Canada Food Board is providing greater facilities for the marketing of Atlantic and Pacific fish in interior Canada and Canadian consumption of fish is increasing.

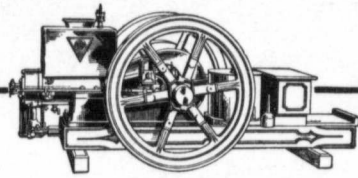
"It only takes me twenty minutes to get to my office," said Mr. Chuggins.

"But you didn't arrive until an hour after you telephoned that you were leaving home."

"Yes. It took me the other forty minutes to get the car started."



Lady from town (taking up farm work: "And I've brought my dogs. I thought they'd be so good for the sheep."
Farmer: "My word! But you've got a lot to learn. We don't feed sheep on them things."



Ask Any Alpha User

So much confidence have we in the fine service that Alpha Engine users are getting that we say "Ask any Alpha user."

We know the Alpha is honestly built, and so do the users. We know it is dependable, and so do they. Every user knows how simple it is—no electric batteries or complicated attachments. And every user knows what a work and time saver it is.

Write today for our gas engine book

THE DE LAVAL COMPANY, Ltd.

LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF DAIRY SUPPLIES IN CANADA. Sole manufacturers in Canada of the famous De Laval Cream Separators and Ideal Green Feed Silos. Alpha Gas Engines, Alpha Churns and Butterworkers. Catalogues of any of our lines mailed upon request.

MONTREAL PETERBORO WINNIPEG VANCOUVER



A Waltham Colonial "A"
Thin at no sacrifice of accuracy.

To make Christmas all that it should be—requires the presentation of a **Waltham Watch**

Such a gift becomes part of the life of the recipient and an unceasing reminder of the wise forethought of the giver. In it are embraced all the virtues of an ideal time-piece—enduring accuracy combined with beauty that time can never impair. Ask your jeweler to show you his full range of high-grade Waltham Watches.

Waltham Watch Company, Limited
MONTREAL

The Outlook for the Fur Market

By C. G. WILSON

WHEREVER fur men congregate, the question asked is, "How will fur prices stand during the period of transition from war to peace industries?" Anyone's opinion is as good as another's; so when I venture to express mine, it should be distinctly understood that I do so as an individual and with no knowledge of what future surprises are in store for us.

It is claimed by most people that furs are abnormally high in price to-day and they speak of the time when they could buy muskrat, beaver, wolf and fox at prices less than half at what they can be bought for now. That is quite true, but it should be remembered that martens and fishers have been as high, and mink, lynx, silver and black foxes have been much higher in price.

What we have seen and are still witnessing is a boom in prices of those furs which were known as cheap furs, and, being so (and this may appear paradoxical), also the most serviceable. There is really nothing in our Canadian furs so serviceable as muskrat, beaver, skunk and wolf, and with the possible exception of beaver, which

had its seasons in the fashionable world, the prices of the other articles were usually low.

Another thing we have to consider is the depreciation in the purchasing power of our dollar. Government statistics recently published show that the actual necessities of life purchased with a dollar bill in 1914 would now require nearly \$1.50 to purchase the same amount. That is an advance of 50 per cent, and we may take that amount as being the depreciated purchasing power of our dollar.

Discounting that amount of depreciation, there has been the following changes on fur prices since 1913, viz.:—Badger, declined 25 per cent; bear black, declined 10 per cent; beaver, advanced 17 per cent; ermine, declined 10 per cent; fisher, no change; fox silver, declined 90 per cent; fox red, advanced 100 per cent; fox white, advanced 20 per cent; fox cross, no change; lynx, declined 30 per cent; marten, advanced 25 per cent; mink, declined 60 per cent; muskrat, advanced 100 per cent; otter, decline 35 per cent; raccoon, no change; skunk, advanced 25 per cent; wolf, advanced 100 per



MATERNITY IN THE WILDS

Draw on Your Customers



through the Merchants Bank. With Branches in all parts of Canada, and correspondents abroad, this Bank is in a position to present Drafts promptly, have them accepted, and collect payment, with the least possible trouble and cost to you.

The Manager will be glad to take up this matter with you.

THE MERCHANTS BANK

Head Office: Montreal, OF CANADA Established 1864.
with its 19 Branches in Manitoba, 21 Branches in Saskatchewan, 53 Branches in Alberta, 8 Branches in British Columbia, 102 Branches in Ontario and 32 Branches in Quebec serves Rural Canada most effectively.
WRITE OR CALL AT NEAREST BRANCH

UNION BANK

OF CANADA

Loans for Livestock

To good farmers living in the vicinity of its rural Branches, the Union Bank is prepared to make loans on reasonable terms for the purpose of purchasing Cattle for feeding or breeding purposes.

CONSULT THE LOCAL MANAGER FOR PARTICULARS

Paid-Up Capital \$5,000,000.00
Total Assets over \$140,000,000.00

Head Office: Winnipeg
Total Assets over
\$140,000,000

Deposits over \$110,000,000

The Pioneer Bank of Western Canada

PEERLESS GATES

Down the road or far across the fields is often an "entrance," a mere hole in the fence, a constant source of danger to stock getting through. The best way to

Keep Your Stock Where You Want Them

is to provide real gates, strong and durable. All Peerless Farm Gates are of heavy open hearth steel wire on strong tubular steel frames electrically welded in one solid piece, and braced like a steel bridge. No sag, no rust, no wearing out. We also manufacture a complete line of the famous Peerless Perfection Farm and Poultry fencing with the famous Peerless lock at all intersections.

SEND TODAY FOR CATALOG. It tells you how to put up a fence to "stay put."

The Banwell-Hoxie Wire Fence Co., Ltd.
Winnipeg, Manitoba Hamilton, Ontario

RAW FURS

OUR ADVICE

Ship to us at once and Reap Benefits of High Prices now prevailing
PRICE LIST AND SHIPPING TAGS FREE

Pierce Fur Co., Ltd

Richard M. Pierce, Manager

King and Alexander, WINNIPEG, Canada

We Also Buy HIDES and SENECA ROOT

cent; wolverine, declined 20 per cent.

The foregoing eighteen articles are representative of our Canadian furs; three show no change, eight show an actual decline, whilst seven show an advance. The total average decline is about equal to the total average advance. That is to say, if your dollar bills had the same purchasing power now as they had prior to the outbreak of war, and you purchased an average quality skin of each of the articles enumerated above, you would not be any richer or poorer if you had kept them and sold them to-day. The law of compensation even guides fur prices.

When the purchasing power of our dollar begins to appreciate, that is when we can buy more of the staple commodities of everyday use with a dollar bill than we can to-day. Then fur prices will naturally follow the downward tendency, not always keeping close to the "curve," but surely showing a general tendency in spite of erratic fluctuations.

Well, then, we have reached one conclusion, namely, fur prices will generally follow a reduction in the prices of other commodities.

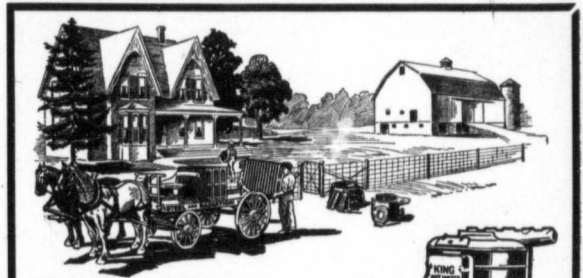
The next question that presents itself is, "When will the prices of general commodities drop?" The answer to that is, "As soon as the industrial nations now emerging from war are again meeting to a much larger extent expenditure with revenue than they are doing at present." That there will be a temporary slump in the prices of raw furs in the transition period before the great work of reconstruction begins, is the opinion of the writer, but that it should be of long duration is not to be expected.

Average fur prices are not high, some articles are higher in price than in 1913, and some are lower, and it may be expected that when the temporary slump does come that those articles which have had

the greatest rise in price will have the great drop, whilst those other articles which have not moved in price or have shown a decrease during the years of stress, will enjoy the greatest rise in prices when the market again finds itself after its temporary lapse. To the writer's mind this is very feasible. The people who have been the largest consumers of furs since 1914 will give way to those who were the consumers in 1913.

The foregoing may be explained better by relating one or two incidents of which the writer is cognisant of. In the month of December of last year he was in a military hospital in England where he was visited by a lady of noble birth who made the rounds of the various wards cheering the "Tommys" with her presence and presents. She was much interested in Canada and very much wanted to visit the country where her silver fox set came from, and she became more interested when the writer told her that he had trapped, bought and sold silver foxes. Her remarks to him one day when talking about furs were, "I suppose you notice that my furs are getting a little bit shabby (and they were!) but, you know, I have not bought anything expensive since the outbreak of the war, and would not think of doing so until our boys are home again; but when peace is declared I will have another set of silver fox, and perhaps if you are in London you will accompany me when I make my purchase. Will you?" The writer gallantly replied that he would! That lady will be a purchaser in the future, and there are thousands like her.

In considering future prices we must also bear in mind that there is an embargo on European, Asiatic and Australasian furs which is likely to be lifted any day now. The effect on Canadian fur prices by the lifting of the import embargo is a subject the writer will deal with in another article.

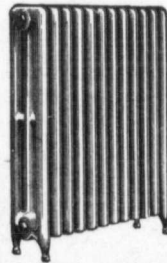


PLAN AHEAD---Have Your House Warmer Next Winter

As you sit around the stove this winter, getting hot on the near side and cold on the side away from the fire, let your thoughts linger on the comfort you could have if every part of the room were kept at 70 degrees. You could sit by the window or the table or by the evening lamp and read your favorite paper or magazine in perfect comfort without feeling a draft or chill, if you had your house heated with the



KING HOT WATER BOILERS AND IMPERIAL RADIATORS



Health and comfort both demand that the temperature be constant and only hot water heating will give constant temperature. The King Hot Water Boiler and Imperial Radiators are easy to instal in any house of any size in any locality, city or country. If you want to know what size Boiler and what quantity of Radiation your house needs, write us, and give the dimensions of each room to be heated, together with a pencil sketch of the plan of your house, and the name of your local steamfitter, and our engineer will supply you with full particulars, free of any obligation.

Our New Booklet—"COMFORTABLE HOMES"—Sent FREE on Request

The J. H. Ashdown Hardware Co. Limited
WINNIPEG SASKATOON CALGARY



HAD ENOUGH OF IT

The old gentleman (sitting down): "Carry on by yourselves, kids. I'm fed up wiv soldierin'! I'm goin' trappin' wiv Dad, now."

Comfort
As easy as an old shoe but as strong as an ox

NORTHERN
Shirts & Overalls

Money saved is money earned. You earn money for yourself if you wear Northern Brand

THE NORTHERN SHIRT Co. Limited
WINNIPEG

Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil

Relieves all Pain in Man or Beast

25 Cent Bottles at all Dealers

"Success" and "Failure"

A study in human affairs that every man should face on the eve of Christmas

TO all of us, the most adverse life would seem well worth living, if we could only be certain that our bravery and patience were bearing fruit somewhere in an unseen spiritual world."

In these words, Professor James touches one of the deepest facts in human experience. There exists no stronger incentive to action than the desire to succeed; not only to work, but to achieve. Life would be intolerable if it were felt that all effort must end in failure, and that the labor and agony of the race led to no definite goal.

merit to the merchant whose business has been built up by intelligence, industry and integrity. But external prosperity is only one kind of success, and not the highest. The man himself is more important than his business, or his circumstances, and his success must be tested by the growth of his faculties and character.

The present life is a process of preparation, and not of finished results. The world is a vast school where human beings are being moulded, trained and educated. It is the education that counts. Rewards and diplomas are, at the best, only symbols of



CAPTAIN SCOTT WRITING HIS DIARY IN THE HUT AT CAPE EVANS
"One equal temper of heroic hearts. To strive, to seek, to find and not to yield."

Distrust of life, a belief in its aimlessness and futility, are responsible for the pessimism that so often quenches hope and paralyzes energy. The first condition of success is, therefore, to have an unconquerable faith in its possibility to believe that all sincere effort bears its fruit.

But is this so? Do facts confirm the statement? Is not life strewn with failures where there has been no lack of sincerity and industry? Does not the poet write: "The many fail: the one succeeds?"

Everything depends upon the meaning attached to success. The word has come to be associated almost entirely with material prosperity. In popular thought the successful man is the one who has gained a comfortable position for himself, or won popularity. To be rich is to be successful; to be poor is to have failed.

It would be unjust to deny

a higher gain. The true prize that a boy earns at school is disciplined intelligence and self-control. The essential prosperity of the merchant is not found in the accumulation of money, but in the development of his gifts, in the broadening of his sympathies.

This was the fact urged by the Master when He sought to withdraw men's attention from merely fictitious prosperity, and rivet their thoughts upon the true success. In His eyes, the only real failure was the failure of life itself, the loss of spiritual instinct and energy, "the shipwreck of the soul."

Nearly five hundred years earlier the same truth was enforced by Socrates, who declared to his judges: "I do nothing but go about the streets persuading you all, old and young alike, not to take thought for your purses, or your properties, but first and

"Double the Amount

would have meant double the satisfaction," said a highly pleased Policyholder a few days ago, when receiving the returns of his Policy the day it was due. "The fact is, I consider this Endowment Policy the best investment I ever made, and I could easily have saved considerably more than double the amount of the annual deposit. From the moment I received the Policy, I enjoyed a feeling of security, knowing that in the event of anything happening, my family would be provided for. My advice for all young people is to 'play safe' and carry a guaranteed policy with The Manufacturers Life Insurance Company."



If you will but fill out the form below full particulars of our guaranteed Plans will be mailed you.

The Manufacturers Life Insurance Company

HEAD OFFICE - TORONTO, CANADA

Kindly complete and mail to the address above:

Without obligation, will you kindly furnish me with full particulars of your Guaranteed Policies. I am.....years of age and am (married) (single)

Name

Address.

Estates, Agencies, Trusts

receive the attention of our officers and staff, specially qualified by knowledge and experience for this purpose. Assets are carefully looked after and realized so as to produce the best results. Records are systematically kept, statements promptly rendered and money distributed without unnecessary delay. Write or call for information.

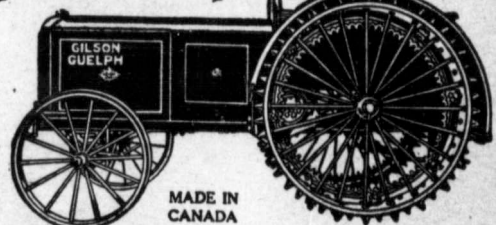
Union Trust Company

LIMITED

Main and Lombard Streets
WINNIPEG, MAN.

GILSON TRACTOR

Good Like Sixty



MADE IN CANADA

THE 100% Service Tractor that does all the things you want a tractor to do. Great power, compact construction,—extra strong and durable, but light and handy. It has great drawbar pull and economy,—and for belt work it is unsurpassed. Built of the finest materials,—Hyatt Roller bearings,

—Alloy steel,—Dust proof transmission, etc.—and all so simple and easy to operate that a small boy can do it easily.

The Gilson Standardized Tractor meets perfectly the demand for a high class, no-loss tractor to increase production, and is a money-maker for its owners. Sizes 15-25 and 15-30 h.p. Write to-day for full particulars.

GILSON MFG. CO., Limited, Dept. E, WINNIPEG, Man.

Prepare for Bumper Crops



FOR two of the most important jobs on the farm, finishing seed beds and conserving moisture, there is nothing like a McCormick disk harrow. It does its work so well because of certain features that every farmer does not know about. Take the bearings for instance, the parts that carry the burden. McCormick bearings are made of hard maple wood, each bearing in two parts which are removable and interchangeable, giving four wearing surfaces. Nothing wears except the wood bushings, and they wear slowly because they are dust proof and saturated in oil. For the slight

cost of an extra set of these wood bushings occasionally and the sharpening of the disks your McCormick harrow can be kept good as new for a long time.

Ask the McCormick agent to show you this and other McCormick disk features, and ask him also to tell you about International spring and peg tooth harrows, No. 2 cultivators for summer fallowing, scufflers, land packers and McCormick drills. These are the tools that prepare the soil for bumper crops.

International Harvester Company of Canada, Limited

BRANCH HOUSES

WEST—Brandon, Man.; Calgary, Alta.; Edmonton, Alta.; Estevan, Sask.; Lethbridge, Alta.; N. Battleford, Sask.; Regina, Sask.; Saskatoon, Sask.; Winnipeg, Man.; Yorkton, Sask.

EAST—Hamilton, Ont.; London, Ont.; Montreal, Que.; Ottawa, Ont.; Quebec, Que.; St. John, N.B.

chiefly to care about the greatest improvement of the soul; for," he added, "I perceive that all things really good come from the soul."

The judgment of the sages is confirmed by the ordinary experience of mankind. When we look back over life, it is not the success or failure of our plans that affect us, when the hurly-burly's done, but whether we have made a good fight and done our best.

In proportion as we have been disloyal to our higher self, no matter what external prosperity we may have gained, no matter what the verdict of the world, in that degree we have failed in our life work.

The danger of temporary reverses always lies in their power to dishearten us. The important question is, not, have we failed in this or that, but what have we done with our failures? If they brace the will to stronger effort, they carry us to a more complete triumph. "Show me a young man," wrote Charles James Fox, "who has not succeeded at first and has nevertheless gone on, and I will back that young man to do better than most of those who have succeeded at the first trial." Sir Humphrey Davy declared that "the most important of his discoveries were suggested to him by his failures."

Inseparable from the develop-

ment of the soul, and included in it is personal service. The success or failure of life is determined by the answer we are able to give to the two-fold question: What growth have I made and what have I contributed to the growth of others? The world has claims upon all who live in it, and every

honorable person will wish to discharge the debt that he owes to society. As a wise teacher has observed: "Service is the rent that we pay for being here."

"Are we not bound," asks a modern philosopher, "to take some suffering upon ourselves, to do some self-denying service

with our lives, in return for all those lives upon which ours are built?"

To render service has always been the impelling force of the greatest minds. They have desired "to leave no memorial but a world made better by their lives."

To do something, however small, to make others happier and better, is the noblest motive which can inspire a human being. Huxley remarked that posthumous fame was not particularly attractive to him. If he was to be remembered at all, he would rather it should be as "a man who did his best to help the people," than by any other title.

Doing our best to help the people is not always associated with worldly prosperity. A visit to Westminster Abbey reminds us that, often the highest service to humanity has been rendered at the cost of personal hardship and death. Among the "immortals" whom the country honors, many fell in battle, some were treacherously murdered, others dragged out their days in sickness and loneliness—as Livingstone, who died in a negro hut in the heart of Africa. The Abbey itself is consecrated to One who failed in the immediate purpose of His life.

Our National Walthalla proclaims that success is not depend-



CAPTAIN OATES ON THE "TERRA NOVA" WITH THE SIBERIAN PONIES
You all know the story of this noble Briton. "When the little band were lying storm-bound in the tent he got up, simply saying, "I'M GOING OUT." He staggered forth into the blinding blizzard and was never seen again. GREATER LOVE HATH NO MAN THAN THIS

ent upon the earthly fame of the individual, and that, often, the most glorious triumphs have been won in the moment of physical defeat and death.

But are not such defeats better than a hundred victories? Does it not kindle in the dullest of us a desire to be brave and unselfish when we read of Scott and his three companions setting out on the horrors of the return journey, with eight hundred miles of snow and ice, and continuously hard-dragging before them? And when the blizzard came down upon the devoted party, there was nothing for it but to stay in their tent and wait for death.

Those last days were spent by Scott in writing letters of comfort to the relatives of his companions in their bereavement, and in bidding farewell to friends. "Things have come out against us," he writes, "and therefore we have no cause for complaint, but bow to the will of Providence, determined still to do our duty to the last." Of his companion Wilson, he says: "His eyes have a comfortable blue look of hope, and his mind is peaceful with the satisfaction of his faith in regarding himself as part of the great scheme of the Almighty." And then comes the last entry in the Journal: "It seems a pity, but I do not think I can write more."



ARNOLD P. YERKES

ARNOLD P. YERKES LEAVES DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE FOR INTERNATIONAL FIELD

ARNOLD P. YERKES, one of the most popular government men who ever went out among the people, has left the position he has held for seven years, sold his little farm down in Maryland on the edge of the old forest of Prince George, and said goodbye to his friends in Washington. Mr. Yerkes has left all the old scenes and associations and taken his place in the

\$5000.00 in Victory Bonds

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POSITIVELY

GREATEST PRIZE OFFER Ever Made in Canada



OPEN to every bonafide customer purchasing goods from us by mail. Merchants, Institutions and Christie Grant employees barred from participating.

NO ENTRANCE FEE—no age limit—no restrictions as to religion, politics, nationality or color. Every mail order customer has a chance for a prize.

Our Big Victory Bond Prize Offer

1st Prize.....	\$1,500.00 in Victory Bonds
2nd Prize.....	500.00 " "
3rd Prize.....	300.00 " "
4th Prize.....	250.00 " "
5th Prize.....	200.00 " "
To each one of the next 45 winners we will give a \$50.00 Victory Bond.....	2,250.00 " "
Amount of Interest due June 1st.....	137.50
	\$5,137.50

VICTORY BONDS ARE DEPOSITED IN DOMINION BANK

\$5,000.00 in Victory Bonds have been deposited in the Dominion Bank, Winnipeg, and these will be distributed to the lucky winners as soon as the judges have made their awards. If you wish to cash your Bonds you can do so at any bank, or we will give you face value for them.

JUDGES OF CONTEST
 Mr. R. G. Thompson..... Editor, Farmer's Advocate
 Mr. W. J. Healey..... Associate Editor, Grain Growers' Guide
 Mr. J. T. Mitchell..... Editor, Western Home Monthly

ANNOUNCING WINNERS
 The winners of the prizes will be immediately notified by letter, and their prize of Victory Bond or Bonds forwarded. The names of all winners and amounts of prizes will be printed in the papers.

WHY WE DO THIS
 We want to increase the number of our mail order customers, and also our catalog circulation. Send us a trial order—you have nothing to lose, as we guarantee entire satisfaction or refund your money. Do not delay your requests for our Mid-Winter Sale Catalog, and our Spring Catalog. A post card request is sufficient.

Christie Grant Limited DEPT. 0
WINNIPEG MAIL ORDER SPECIALISTS **CANADA**
 Men's and Women's wearing apparel, shoes, underwear, hosiery, etc.

organization of the International Harvester Company. He will be editor of Tractor Farming and of other farm equipment publications.

"I felt the need of a larger field," says Mr. Yerkes. "The tractor has become larger than any nation, and before a man can count himself a thorough-going member of the industry he must not be limited in his investigations and teaching within the borders of one country. He must be able to stride across frontiers as though they weren't there, and to pursue the destiny of the tractor into all countries and climates. The Harvester Company, being a pioneer in the field and doing a world-wide business, seems to

offer me an ideal position for the fustiest growth and opportunity. I have always admired the broad-minded attitude of the Harvester Company toward educational work of all kinds pertaining to farming, and I am glad to be able to associate myself with its policies and activities."

Mr. Yerkes' work, to express it simply, has been to secure information from men who own tractors for the use of others who own tractors, and for the use of those who expect to own tractors. The three concrete questions which Yerkes has followed up and down and back and forth across the country, wherever there are farms and farmers, were—where is the tractor profitable, why is it profit-

able, and where is it most profitable?

The answers which Mr. Yerkes discovered to these questions found their way into publications by the Department of Agriculture and into personal and written messages to farmers whenever the opportunity came.

Mr. Yerkes conducted his investigations both by correspondence from Washington and by putting his questions personally to the farmers. He found that in the winter is a good time to ask questions by mail, and that all through the summer while the tractor is in the fields is a good time to get out and find out what the tractors actually are doing. It was his policy to check one

method against the other, and his experience is that one is as accurate as the other.

Mr. Yerkes' position in the industry was acknowledged when he was appointed to assist Mr. J. F. Cook, assistant secretary of agriculture, in working out the plans of the government for licensing tractor manufacturers, distributors and jobbers. Mr. Cook, with Mr. Yerkes to assist him, was given entire charge of this new plan, and in that way the two men were the point of relation between the Department of Agriculture and the tractor industry.

Mr. Yerkes can draw upon the experiences of Canada, South America, Africa, Australasia, Europe—everywhere where tractors are or will be used. Hereafter his results can be published immediately and universally distributed—furnishing greater incentive for research and investigation. Washington has lost Mr. Yerkes, but the farmers of America and other countries can now have more of him.

OUR RE-CONSTRUCTION PROGRAMME

Continued from page 10

too often the salesman, unchecked, has promised the farmer a tractor performance which deep down in his heart he knew his machine would never deliver. It's a common practice to cut at least one-third off the real fuel consumption when you're talking to a prospective buyer. If he believes you he's sure to be disappointed later. If he doesn't believe you your chance of a sale is lessened because your buyer is inclined to believe that, being a liar in one thing, you try to be consistent in all.

Kerosene is cheaper than gasoline, and to be able to burn kerosene is a good talking point for the tractor salesman. But he seldom adds that, if kerosene is to be burned in a four-cylinder ver-

tical high speed motor it is almost necessary to drain the crank case and refill with fresh oil every morning. Why doesn't he give these details?

In the matter of educating the farmer in the use of the tractor there is certainly definite progress on the part of manufacturers. All of them, of course, issue instruction books with their machines, and all of them have found that the books are seldom read by farmers and are often entirely lost before the time of critical need for them arrives.

Some tractor makers are following up these books with monthly or seasonal bulletins and letters to all of their users, telling what to do and when to do it. All of them maintain expensive sets of repair men who travel over the country constantly, fixing the farmers' tractor troubles.

Many more of them will this winter conduct tractor schools, each lasting from two to three days to a week, at each of their branch houses and at other places in their sales territory. Any farmer who owns or who is interested in a tractor is privileged to attend these schools, whether he owns one of the certain factory make or not. At these schools the best machinery experts from the factory are present, machines are taken apart and put together again, the use of every part is fully explained, and detailed instruction is given on those vital details which make all the difference between success and failure in the actual field operation of the tractor.

CORPORAL PUNISHMENT

Corporal (instructing awkward squad in rifle practice): "I told you to take a fine sight, you idiot; don't you know what a fine sight is?"

Rookie: "Sure, a boat full of corporals sinking."



THE TRICKS OF HIS TRADE

Camouflage Officer: "That's very clever. Who did it?"
Sergeant: "Oh, that's by Perkins, Sir—quite an expert. Used to paint sparrows before the war and sell 'em for canaries."



**Alberta
Provincial Schools
of
Agriculture**

at
Claresholm - Olds - Vermilion

OFFER COURSES IN—

- Agronomy*
- Live Stock Husbandry*
- Mechanics*
- Dairying*
- Poultry*
- Horticulture*
- Farm Management and Economics*
- Cooking*
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- Nursing*
- Household Management and Sanitation*

Courses extend over two Sessions and are FREE

Open to boys and girls who have reached sixteen years of age

CALENDARS ON APPLICATION

HON. DUNCAN MARSHALL,
Minister of Agriculture, Edmonton, Alta.

A. E. MEYER, LL.B.
Supt. of Agricultural Schools,
Edmonton, Alta.

OUR WOMEN FOLK

CONDUCTED BY
PEARL RICHMOND HAMILTON

A Clamant Voice

By D. S. Hamilton, Winnipeg

THERE'S a clamant strain resounding
O'er the land from sea to sea,
Its insistent tones are calling
Calling now, to you and me.

'Tis the summons of the nation
To the people everywhere,
Bidding all to do their duty
Counting it a joy to share.

In the bearing of the burden,
That shall make the triumph sure,
That shall nerve and hearten brothers
Who long trials fierce endure.

They have wavered not nor faltered:
They still nobly do their part,
Giving to the mighty conflict
Freely, with devoted heart.

Many who have fought for freedom
Carry wounds and scars and pain,
Losing much of earthly comfort.
That we all may safety gain.

Many too have served, and given
Life in sacrifice supreme,
Laying all upon the altar,
That mankind's most glorious dream

Should be realized in fullness
And prophetic word fulfil,
When in world of peace and plenty
None shall hurt, destroy, or kill.

When each one shall dwell securely
Under his own vine and tree,
And no tyrant dare to threaten
Or molest men fully free.

Listen to that strain resounding;
Heed the call! It comes to you.
Its insistent tones command us,
Whatever we can, to do,

In the spirit of the brothers,
Who with courage high engage;
In the spirit of the wounded,
Who each other's pain assuage;

In the spirit of the heroes
Who now sleep in far off land;
Let us count it sacred honor,
With a reverent head to stand

Thinking of the price of freedom
And their willingness to pay;
And may we awake to effort
Greater with each coming day.

Till the cause of truth and honor,
Justice, love, and liberty
Triumph in completest measure,
Crowned with glorious victory.

Then, when comes the glad rejoicing
O'er the dawn of Era New,
And participants in conflict
Homeward come for grand review.

We shall feel a pride in sharing
In the joy all helped to bring,
And shall know anew our kinship
With the "Soldiers of the King."

"If only we strive to be pure and true,
To each of us there will come an hour
When the tree of light shall burst into
flower,
And rain at our feet a glorious dower
Of something grander than ever we
knew."

A Modern Scrooge

Pearl Richmond Hamilton

THE man with the shaggy eyebrows
sat alone resting his lean old chin
on his lean old hand. The last
client—a widow—had just closed
the door. His partners, stenographers

fellow men. The germ assumed its first
dangerous evidence when he sold the
year's crop and took the money to pay his
expenses at school.

To be sure the other brothers had
worked harder to put that crop through,
but Z. E. confiscated the proceeds, so
what could they do?

Now everyone of the family had been
born. There was nothing remarkable
about that because other families have
been born too. But the feature of im-
portance in this particular case was that

biggest piece of cake, the choicest part of
the turkey, the juiciest apple were saved
for him. Every member moved at the
mercy of his whims. It is true he worked
hard and in a way was generous but the
cream of his generosity was skimmed with
a ladle dipped into bleeding hearts of men
and women—mostly women. The public
praised him for his generosity.

There were people who felt the pierce of
a sword at the mention of his name.
The lean old chin dropped heavier on
the lean old hand. It was dark. The
atmosphere was charged with the chill of
loneliness. He shivered. Then an over-
whelming paralysis seized him.

Before him a dense haze gathered in
which appeared the figure of a man with a
roll under his arm. The figure became
clearer and clearer until he recognized it
as his cousin.

"Listen," commanded the visitor, "I
have come this Christmas eve to tell you
the story of a family. I have with me a
roll of pictures that you may understand
more clearly the real life they lived as
your eyesight is defective to other's
welfare.

"In this first picture you see a little
family gathered around a home-made
table. There are two children eagerly
waiting for their portion of baked potatoes
and salt pork. Three times a day, week
in and week out, we seem to have nothing
for these children except potatoes and
salt pork,' the thin little mother com-
plains as she pours a cup of tea.

"Mary the oldest is a picture of the
effect of this monotonous bill-of-fare, for
her face is covered with scabby sores.

"Who was that at the door?" the
father asks.

"Tom Manning," answers the little
woman rising to put a lump of coal in the
cook stove near the bedroom. "He
refused to come in when he saw Mary's
face.' Mary's cheeks burn with self-
consciousness.

"We should take her to a doctor," the
tired mother continues as she fills the iron
tea kettle with water.

"We have no money to pay a doctor's
bill with the interest on the mortgage
coming due," answers the father im-
patiently. "Jane you're always wanting
something," he growls.

"The children leave the table and go
over to a double lounge—their bed. They
are accustomed to this atmosphere of dis-
cord and with heavy hearts they try to
amuse themselves. Mary picks up Aesop's
Fables. There are two books in the home,
and Aesop's Fables is her favorite. Beth
plays with an imaginary doll made of rags.
They have no toys. They live in one
room. It is kitchen, bedroom, dining-
room, and livingroom. The floor is bare;
a few chairs, a table, stove, the double
lounge and an old sewing machine com-
plete the furnishings. There are no cur-
tains. A tiny bedroom opens into the
room—just a small affair.

"A hungry longing for something like
pleasure weighs heavily on the minds of
the children. There is something in the
environment that is not happy—so there
seems to be no confidence and sympathy
between the parents and children. Some
thing is wrong. There is a constant
reference to a thousand-dollar mortgage
which casts a gloom over everything and
the little mother dages through her weary
work with little time for anything else.
Day after day passes in dreary monotony.
Such is the life where the dollar takes the
place of the Christ child. The children
go to school and cry if they cannot go.
They dread Saturday and Sunday. Other
children are born in the home and life
becomes heavier and harder. Always the
reference to the thousand-dollar mortgage
reminds them that it is not possible to



HER BOY!

and office boys had all gone early to do
their Christmas shopping.

A broad highly polished table in an
expensively furnished private office sug-
gested financial prosperity. The special
polish had been a matter of pride to the
owner. If a client left his finger mark
there, it was immediately erased after his
departure. Those who knew him well
never touched its surface.

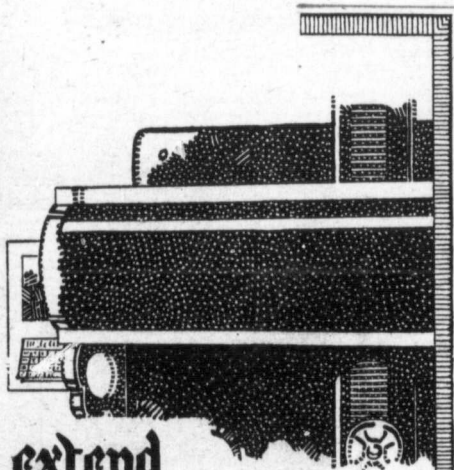
Honorable Z. E. Jones had won a
reputation as a lawyer. All through his
life he had craved to rise higher than his

this particular family regarded themselves
better than their neighbors.

The corpse of pride filtered through
every branch of the family. There was
blue blood in the name. Members of
other families might be clever, honest,
progressive, and good citizens, but Z. E.
Jones had a splash of blue blood in him,
and though he was selfish, underhanded
and mean—he commanded attention.
So he posed on a pedestal in the com-
munity and everyone bowed at his
beckon. In his immediate family, the



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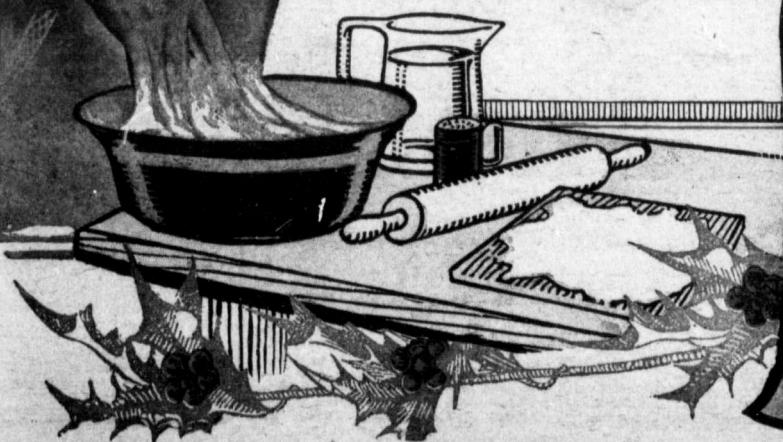


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buy a new dress or books or toys or a musical instrument.

"The only treat is an occasional visit from the teacher. About once a month she comes to stay all night. Then the floor is scrubbed, a clean table cloth adds dignity, and they have a real cake. Often the mother tells them of their father's relations who are 'way up in the world.'"

The speaker paused as he opened the roll to another period in the life of the family.

"Here," he continued, "is the family ten years later. They have moved. The home is larger. You see the two older girls hard at work. Their backs ache from picking potatoes and apples—or from other farm work. Though the atmosphere is improved they do not have the company or parties other young people have. They are ashamed to have company for you see the home still is far below the average. The mortgage is paid now but there are always new ones as more acres are added. The family is always chained to a mortgage and the two older girls cannot go to high school. Surely when fathers and mothers accumulate a wealth of acres the children contribute their share of sacrifice—especially in homes where they are allowed few pleasures.

"Why do our relatives never come to see us?" Mary asks her mother often after listening over and over again to references of their superiority.

"Oh, we're too poor," child. They would never visit us!" the mother replies.

"But the years of youth pass quickly and the parents have accumulated a wealth of acres and live stock. Just as they begin to appreciate the value of their boy and girls and feel they must give them some of the pleasures they deserve, they find they are leaving for homes of their own. The father dies and the mother, inexperienced in business, is left. The children appreciate her and determine to fill her life with pleasure.

"She, who has known only privation and sacrifice and hard work, looks forward to comfort with her children and grandchildren. All are planning to make their mother's life happy. That is their highest aim."

The speaker paused as he watched the man cringe as if something were tearing his heart out. Then he came closer and pointed his finger at him.

"It is then you appear in the guise of a relative and friend. You with your splash of blue blood flatter them. You have never taken an interest in the family before because you saw no money in it for you. The inexperienced members of this family unmindful of your carefully laid plans welcome you and you betray them. You promise them things you know you will not fulfil meanwhile going on with your wrecking work. One—two—three—four—you squeeze till you have all out but two or three you can control. You whisper into the ears of that poor deceived mother these poisonous ideas: 'The property is yours—your children have no right to it. I feel it is my duty to guard it.' You know she understands nothing about business so you keep on whispering in her ears. You make that mother respond to your scheme till she freezes her children out of her home. She loves her children, but she is afraid of you—so subtle is your power that she does not understand.

"The years have passed and your lean old hand has all in its clutches, and the hearts of those honest-minded daughters and son bleed more and more, but none suffer like the poor deceived mother who longs to reach out and gather her children and grandchildren under the home roof at Christmas time."



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The speaker paused again. Then he continued:

"I see another picture—a possible reality. 'It is Christmas Eve. A large house on a hill is lighted with Yuletide decorations. Holly wreaths hang in the windows—in one corner is a big Christmas tree. Every son and daughter has received a beautiful invitation to spend Christmas with 'Mother'—a real Christmas full of the love of Him whose birth gave us the privilege of the day. The mother opens the door and her face is radiant with a joy that has been absent for many years. The house rings with the music of many voices. Older people are ebullient after passing through a black cloud of tragedy, and grandchildren clap their hands for they like 'grandma's' home better than any other place in the wide world. The happy reunion of the family is complete."

"In the midst of these Christmas greetings, the dinner bell rings and the family are all boys and girls again for an hour. It is an experience that will add power and years to every member. Mother, of course, has the place of honour. Why shouldn't she? Every one in the family loves her for herself alone. Every one appreciates the hardships she has endured. Yes, mother has well earned the honor."

"A big turkey daintily confronts the brother whose position opposite the happy mother gives him the master place at the table. He really has the business end. One of the uncles in his usual indulgence to children secretes the goodies in a slight-of-hand performance until every child to the amazement of all is eating candies in a most mysterious manner—for not one at the table has seen the candy dishes passed—but every child has a smile for this particular uncle."

"One sister with a dear, generous heart looks after the supply of food. She is supremely happy—for the Christmas days of recent years have weighed heavily on her aching heart. The loneliness that eats its cancerous tongue into the very life of a sensitive woman has worn a deep path into her life—but the sore will heal with the salve of family love. The youngest sister too, is glad. A veil has been lifted from her mind and she sees the hearts of her sisters and brother and knows they are true—and that in everyone a corner of love exists for her and needs but the warmth of a sympathetic word to burst into the bloom of a lovely sisterly companionship. She has discovered that the 'high-blood' cousin has used her as a tool—a spy for his selfish work. The sister-in-law sits at the centre of the table with a splendid bonny boy on each side—gift 'that merit the appreciation of all—yes, every member appreciates their indebtedness to her for she is a good little mother. There is another one too in the circle who has never said an unkind word about any of them. His mind is so big

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that he sees only the best in others. Suddenly a hush silences the party.

"Mother has something to say. A spiritual hand of sympathy and love that only close kinship creates gives her confidence.

"Children," she says, "this is my happiest Christmas since your father passed into the Great Beyond. Somehow I feel his presence in the atmosphere about us—our earthly vision is blinded to the presence of the spiritual about us. But I feel he sees us around this table and rejoices in this reunion. It is as if he would wish. My greatest desire has been to see my family all united around my table, but during the past few years I have been cruelly influenced by one who regards material wealth only. The picture of this gathering of my dear children and grandchildren convinces me that he who steals away a mother's love for her children is the meanest kind of a thief. I can see you all as little children on the old farm. One—the helper outside—her father's right hand for he always called on her. She made herself useful in a thousand ways. There is the only boy, too, the pride of my heart. I remember the day he drank kerosene and we nearly lost him."

"Then I can see the little one sitting on her sister's lap while she played and sang 'Swanee River,' before a church filled with people."

"Yes, children, a mother's love is spiritual. Material wealth shall not snap the spiritual bond that exists between a mother and her children. Spiritual wealth is best. Thank God for a united family at last—it shall add years to my life. I have laboured and grown gray under a load that nearly crushed me. Thank God for this Christmas day."

"Then we see every one rise in reverence and repeat in unison:

"God thought to give the sweetest thing
In His Almighty power
To earth; and deeply pondering
What it should be,—one hour
In fondest joy and love of heart
Outweighing every other,
He moved the gates of Heaven apart
And gave to earth—a mother."

The speaker paused and gazed steadily at the man—then disappeared into the dizzy distance.

With a shivering shudder the modern Scrooge suddenly awoke. He reached for pen, ink and paper and wrote the following note:

Dear Mrs. Jones: I am advising you to employ another lawyer for your affairs. I have decided that business and relatives do not work together for good. I trust you and your children may enjoy a happy Christmas. Very truly, Z. E. Jones.

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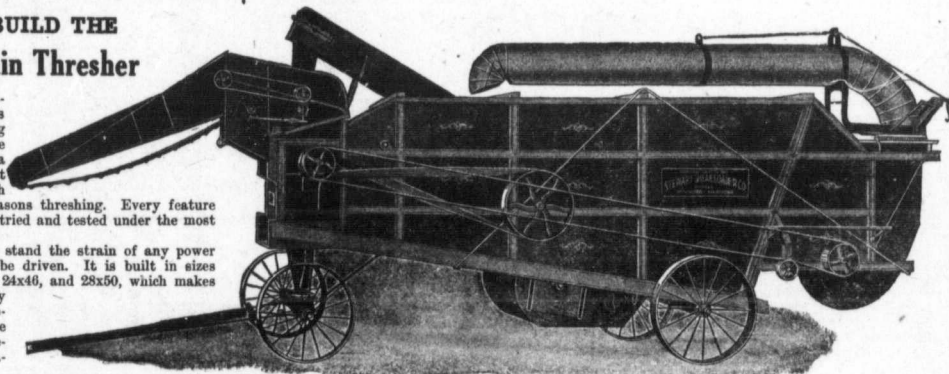
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Home Economics

Woman and Democracy

IT is useless to suppose that since women now have a vote, our national life will be cleared of partisanship and political corruption, and that our statecraft will be crowned by equal well-being to all of our citizens. Woman is just as human as man—if not a little more so. She hates sameness and monotony—or why the variety in woman's dress as opposed to the conventional monotony of man's? So, if anything she leans more toward parties and cliques than man, and that rare ambition for "exclusiveness" peculiar to the female race is not going to be rooted out just because she has a vote. The great danger will be—not the elimination of party, but the creation of more parties and a more intense partisanship.

It is true that the war, in spite of its train of calamities, has done much to unite the women of Canada. We have been called upon service which has obliterated social distinctions; the menace which has threatened our sons and daughters has united us in a purpose to make their lives more secure in the future; as we have hugged our little ones closer to our breast, shivering at the thought of the German sword, we have suddenly become interested in all Canada's babies. If in spite of this band uniting us there is division in the ranks, what will it be now that the bond is removed, the danger vanished and our spirits breathe freely. Our freedom, as we rebound from the strain may tend to result in greater individualism and less unity.

There are signs already that the woman vote is not to be an united vote—signs of diversity and following of method rather than purpose. One of the great evils of partisanship is, that a party seeks its own advancement, rather than the advancement and well-being of the state. So if we have several women's parties pitted against each other, and each struggling

for supremacy, we shall not only ruin the benefits of our enfranchisement, but also be a great menace to our after-the-war reconstruction—the main requisites of which are unity and democracy.

And so we read of women's liberal associations being organized and being admitted into the national federation, and this only infers that conservative women associations will be formed and admitted into the women's federations, thus creating partisanship within our strongest body. We cannot also but lament the action of the I.O.D.E. in breaking away from the national council over a mere technicality on our attitude toward the women of Germany. What does it matter what our attitude is now that we are victorious, but how much it matters that the women of Canada, and all her clubs and societies should stand united as a force for the welfare of our country. And now we hear some have formed a "woman's party," and some will not have it. And so there seems to be a division springing up in the ranks, and we cannot help but wonder what will be the attitude and character of the Manitoba women as they go through this transformation period. We stand as a connecting link between the east and the west—the east with perhaps, superior grace and culture along with possible limitations of artificiality and office-seeking—the west with its bold and enthusiastic demands for forward legislation. We occupy the position of the keystone of an arch—something which should both adorn and support the whole structure, and it lies within the power of every Manitoba woman to help our province fulfil this function. But I fear a certain class of criticism will not help this along—a tendency to scoff at the inanities of the east, or to laugh at the wild vagaries of the west, whereas constructive criticism would help to modify and unite us.

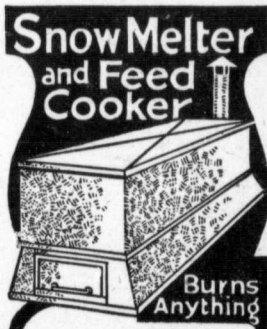
I do not pretend to make suggestions for the Dominion of Canada, but as a member of the Home Economics Society I am wondering what all of us can do to make our society strong, to meet the new responsibilities and the new times. Our society should be a leading force in uniting

the women of our Province; first, because its primary object is the welfare of the home (something which is the primary fact of nearly every woman's life); secondly, it seeks to control those influences outside the home which influence, or are influenced by, the home life; and thirdly, it seeks to influence the economic policy of our national life into which our sons and daughters must emerge from our homes.

Then we have witnessed with pride the national standing our president is taking, and that with dignity and grace. It is "up to us" to measure up to her leadership. The fact also that her time and thought must be occupied with inter-provincial matters, throws greater responsibility upon our membership to relieve her of much of the task of our development.

One great aid to her, I have long thought, would be a Field Secretary. True we have a guardian angel who attends to our manifold wants, but it is a man. Wonderful is his assiduous care over us, and it is not that I love the man less, or would do away with him, or even sacrifice one of his devoted missives, but I would love also a real live woman secretary, who could travel all over the Province, and come and talk to us and shake us by the hand. Who would link us up to the culture and forwardness of the city, as well as follow in the wake of the "foreign teachers" and tell the foreign mothers we are interested in her problems and would have her one of us. It is just the old story of the little girl who didn't want God and the angels but just a real skin face. So I was pleased indeed, in reading over the resolutions of a recent advisory committee to see that an "organizing secretary" was recommended, (only I like the word field secretary better perhaps it is selfishness for I would feel she might visit our society once in a while).

A secretary residing in Winnipeg as an active member of the leading organizations there, who would organize the unorganized parts of our Province, visit all societies and tell us what the city women are doing (and also tell them what we



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are doing), would be a wonderfully unifying force. With Mrs. Dayton as the soul and guiding spirit of our society, yourself representing and developing the mental calibre of our membership, and a secretary as a strong right arm energizing and uniting the whole we should indeed prove a progressive force. I hope this resolution of the advisory committee may be carried out. I would gladly double—even quadruple my fees (which are really so reasonable for the privileges we receive) to see it realized. When I read the account of Miss Ethel Johnston which recently appeared in this department, I said to myself, "there is our Field Secretary." But she was already spoken for. Another responsibility that rests upon our individual membership is the obligation to read up and study the questions of the day, especially those relating to women. Some of our winter evenings might profitably be spent with a resume of the despised subject of school-girl days "Canadian history." There are pamphlets published upon our duties for, e. g., "Our New Citizenship," by Blanche Read Johnston. Then there is the "Woman's Century" which every woman should have in her home, as it keeps one posted upon what the federated women's societies are doing and aiming at, all over our Dominion, and treats of the great questions that effect better living the world over.

Many women will say, "what about the mending and darning and sewing that looms up before every mother of growing children?" It surely seems a problem for the busy over-worked mother to find time to keep "brushed up." It may be one of our "revolutions" that our methods of home-making will be so modified and simplified that busy women will have time to study up matters pertaining to our citizenship. The past season of conserving may be a slight training in dispensing with many of the frills and furbelows and fancy dishes of ordinary living. Sometimes I wonder if less fraternizing and more study would not be more conducive to intelligent action.

At any rate may we as women of Manitoba assume our new responsibilities with intelligence, humility and charity, thus preventing many of the blunders into which our legislators have fallen, and which woman herself is too prone to make, and thus laying the foundation of a safe, sane and humane democracy.

An H.E.S. Member.

The Provincial Conference of Women which was to have been held in December has been postponed until the latter part of May, on account of conditions caused by the influenza epidemic. This step is deemed advisable in order that when the Conference is held representatives from every part of the Province may be able to attend. Very truly yours,

Rebecca Dayton,
Chairman of Conference.

Mothers Corner

"Mist and cloud and darkness
Veil the wintry hour,
But the sun dispels them
With his rising power.

"Mist and cloud and darkness
Often dim thy day
But a Christmas glory
Shines upon thy way.

"May the Lord of Christmas,
Counsellor and Friend,
Light thy desert pathway
Even to the end."

**Say Your Prayers
(P.R.H.)**

My little four-year-old has just put her dolly to bed. She covered her up warm and kissed her.

"Say your prayers, dear," she repeats as she pats its cheek. Then she repeats for dolly:

"God bless daddy, mother and me,
Make me happy as can be,
Make me good and make me strong
And make my life a helpful song,"—and
"God bless soldier Harry and bring him safe home."

It is a child's prayer. I composed the verse ten years ago for my oldest little girl.

Then Soldier Harry one day wrote a

beautiful letter to my little girl and in it made this request: "Pray for me every night, little one, for I know it was only through God's goodness that he spared my life at Vimy Ridge, and was only wounded."

I know why Soldier Harry asked my little girl to pray for him. He believes in the prayers of little children. They are so near God. When I look into the depth of my little girl's eyes I see Heaven.

We have never seen Soldier Harry. We just adopted him because we wanted to send him a bit of cheer and appreciation. Now we feel he is really one of our family.

Soldier Harry is not married. He says he feels so proud of my little ten-year-old girl's letters for he is really jealous of the daddies over there when they get letters from their little ones.

We sent him a picture of our children and this was his reply to me—through his mother:

"I really can't express my appreciation for the picture of the little ones; after all I have experienced from rubbing shoulders with the blue-blood of aristocracy to facing death in a mudcaked suit of verminous khaki, I have a feeling I do not know what real life is—and never will until I have what you are most fortunate in having—little children. When I get your little girl's letters I enjoy them so much because I know they are the sincere thoughts of a child's pure heart. Their picture is before me as I write this letter. I am in the hospital now."

Soldier Harry says some day he will come to see us. Meanwhile every night the little children will always add this to their evening prayer: "God bless Soldier Harry and protect him."

A Christmas Prayer for Parents

By Principal McIntyre, L.L.D., Winnipeg Normal School

Five years ago the following prayer appeared in The Western Home Monthly. I hope it will help other mothers as it has helped me.

O Blessed God, our Father and the Father of our Lord; we bow before Thee on this Christmas morn in thankful praise. We thank Thee for Thy Son who died among us pure and spotless—undefiled—that we might know Thee in the beauty of Thy Holiness, the Glory of Thy Majesty.

We thank Thee for Thy countless gifts of love and mercy—praise, good will; the glorious joy of living.

Especially do we praise Thee now, this children's day, for Thou hast committed to our care—our flesh and blood—our children—whom we now do consecrate afresh to Thee.

May they, O Father, in their early days, commit their ways to Thee, that they may follow holiness and truth and love. So may they daily grow in purity of heart and kindness of speech. In sweet experience may they realize the blessedness of service. May they know the joy of doing good.

And, Father, in Thy patience long and kind, forgive their thoughtlessness, their hasty speech, their idle wanderings from the path of right. Be Thou to them the tender Shepherd—leading, guiding, guarding—and at close of day may none be missing from the fold.

O, Father, Thou hast made us under-shepherds of these little ones. May we be able in Thy Name to lead them into pastures green and to direct them in the ways of righteousness. To that end may Thy Spirit dwell in us and teach us day by day. May we be worthy guides—examples to the little flock.

Our weakness and our sin, O God, we now confess, our selfish aims and worldly hopes acknowledge before Thee. Wilt Thou forgive us, Lord, and make us conscious once again of Thine abiding Presence in our souls, that we may walk as shall become the servants of the King?

Nor would we now forget those other children not so shielded as our own. God grant that these may also be to us a charge, that through the grace of giving and the grace of loving we may grow in grace ourselves, until at last, perhaps, the image will be graven on our hearts of Him who took the children in His arms and blessed them.

In His Name, we pray Thee thus, O Lord. Amen, Amen.

What More Seasonable

AT Xmas-time—the time of family reunion, and the strengthening of the old home-ties—than to think over that question so closely connected with all thoughts of home—Life Insurance?

What better Xmas gift to wife and children than a Life Policy—a gift that will be remembered, and bring its Xmas message long after the giver has gone?

The Great-West Life Policies provide Insurance on most attractive terms, and full information will gladly be furnished on request.

The Great-West Life Assurance Company

DEPT. "U"

HEAD OFFICE: WINNIPEG



FREE COMPLETE HOCKEY OUTFIT

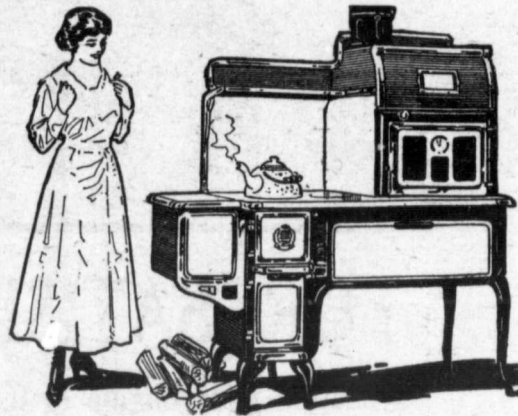
BOYS—Don't pay \$20 or \$30 for a hockey outfit, when you can get, ABSOLUTELY FREE, this magnificent outfit complete, consisting of a pair of splendid, strong, polished steel hockey skates with steel blades, a good heavy, padded hockey stick, well-moderated in hockey stick, and, in addition, a new extra present, a dandy pair of well-padded hockey gloves with fingers and wrists protected by canvas splints covered with leather, or a pair of strong, heavy hockey boots, extra well-labeled and reinforced.

WITH THIS SPLENDID OUTFIT YOU WILL BE THE BEST EQUIPPED PLAYER ON THE TEAM. Write to-day and we will send you just \$4 handsome bottles of our exquisite new Coronation Bouquet Perfumery and if you can't sell all the bracelets we will take them back and give you presents for what you do sell.

Address: THE REGAL MANUFACTURING CO., Dept. H 11 TORONTO, ONT. 25B

May the Great Joy of Christmas
Wait on all our Readers

No more
Blacklead



Cuts the
Cost of Fuel

Save Fuel, Labor and Disappointment

in these days of conservation there are many places where the good lady of the house can save not only money but also health and the annoyance of poor baking, caused through a range that cannot be relied upon to give even steady heat for hours at a stretch—such savings are being made every day by owners of

The NEW LIGHTER DAY RANGE

Blue Enamel Finish

The most beautiful finish ever put on a stove. Easy to keep clean and sparkling.

Plain Nickered Finish

Polished to a mirror finish. This range will keep its shine year in and year out.

Polished Iron Finish

Finished up without either the enamel or nickel-plate, but brought to a polish that can be maintained by the use of a damp cloth occasionally, and a little less expensive than the others mentioned.

High Oven
Coal or Wood

For forty years women toiled at bend over ovens—well built and durable—but back-breakers, every one of them. A day's baking was a hard day's work. The continual stooping made bake-day a day of aching backs. Their cost was paid in more than money, for health, strength, and youth were consumed as well as coal or wood. Now all this is done away with and women can have big bake days that are enjoyable and successful.

Greater Cooking Capacity Lighter Day is Indestructible

The cooking top is made wider and deeper—plenty of room for pots that require only moderate heat. In addition to 4 pot-holes in the range proper, extra holes are provided in both the oven and warming closet. Strong vegetables may be shut in while they are being cooked. In many ways you can do far more cooking at one time on the "Lighter Day" than with any other range.

Toughened porcelain enamel is used not only outside for beauty, but inside also for the construction of all flues. Heat, moisture and gas fumes that usually destroy steel have no effect on the flues of the "Lighter Day." The back-fire linings are ordinary fire bricks, which can be replaced anywhere at the cost of a few cents. No need to send to the factory for parts.

Get the story in Pictures of this Wonderful Range---Free

We have a folder in which all the advantages are shown by photographs. See how easy it is to use this range by sending for this folder—it's free. Winter is coming on and baking is usually much heavier than at other times of the year. Why not help to make the indoor months bright and cheerful—and at the same time you know you are being economical—ask for the booklet.

SEND THE COUPON BACK TO-NIGHT

Clare Bros. Western Limited
Makers of Hecla Furnaces
Winnipeg, Man.

Coupon

CLARE BROS. WESTERN LIMITED

Dept. D. Winnipeg - Man.

Please send me your illustrated story of the new "Lighter Day" Range.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

TO THE MOTHERS

Who have taken part in the
Baby Contest

We regret more than we can say that owing to the prevalence of influenza, it has been impossible to get our friends together who were to act as judges in this contest. It is hoped, however, that we will be in a position to arrange matters so that the prize winners may be announced in January. The following conclude the series of splendid and helpful letters we have received from mothers.

Sept. 27th, 1918.

Dear Mrs. Hamilton:—Most of the mothers tell of their children being so well but my baby happens to be of the delicate kind. Baby weighed about 6½ pounds when she was born. She was breast fed for one week, then given Nestle's Food, but she did not seem to gain with that as she ought. She seems to have indigestion from the very first as she would vomit up her food. At the age of 4½ months she took diarrhoea very bad. I stopped all food giving her white of fresh egg in a cup of boiled



Evelyn Beatrice Lewis

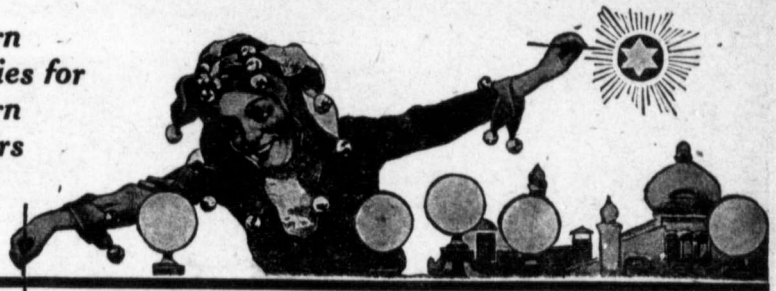
cool water feeding one half ounce every hour for a day and night, then added three parts barley water or rice water, one part lime water for a day and night, giving no boiled water to drink as that moved the bowels in half an hour after she drank water. Then increased the food two parts barley or rice water, one part lime water, and one part Nestle's Food for 24 hours. Increasing the food and decreasing barley water but keeping to lime water for several days after she was on straight food. Then seeing the food was not doing well I took her to a wet nurse for a week and gave her feedings of Malted Milk during the night. I bathed baby every evening and rubbed her body and limbs with pure cod liver oil. I found by giving her a bath at night she slept better and only waken once during the night for feeding.

I gave a little Virol in her Malted Milk or white of egg and increased her food slowly so not to upset her indigestion, and did not take her out in the wind but let her sleep with the windows open so she gained a pound or more every month until 8 months old, then her teeth began bothering and then she was very fretful. I reduced the amount and strength of food and fed her oftener. Gave her water to drink whenever she would take it. Instead of using plain boiled water to make her food I use oatmeal water and omit the Virol or egg only giving her those a few times a day. Now at 9 months she has three teeth through with the fourth one nearly through.

Any one wishing to write me I would be glad to answer all questions I can.—A Mother.

I do not care to enter my letter for a prize but feel like helping anyone I can so don't wish my name published but will leave it for your use.

Western
Batteries for
Western
Farmers



FOR SATISFACTION

Hitch your Engine to the "North Star"

Surprisingly large in life and power

The only "come back" is the come back for more of these dependable cells. They SATISFY the most discriminating users.

The Merits of North Star Products

are widely known in Western Canada as Western Batteries for Western needs. If it's a "North Star," the farmer knows it's good and a safe battery to buy.

NO TROUBLE

Starting that Engine

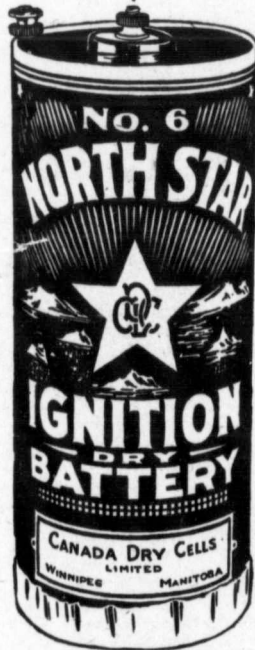
when you use a "North Star Multiple." They do the trick. Made in compact, easily handled form, with a convenient handle for carrying.

Just connect two wires to the Binding Posts and the battery is then ready to operate.
NO LOOSE CONNECTIONS.

If your dealer or hardware merchant cannot supply you write us direct

Canada Dry Cells Limited

WINNIPEG, MANITOBA



Buford, Alta., Sept. 2, 1918.

Dear Mrs. Hamilton:—I am just a young mother with one little baby girl, so can't boast of a great experience. My baby was born Feb. 26, 1917, weighing 9 pounds, was at her birth very thin. I nursed her for two weeks, then found it necessary to take to the bottle; nursed her from then on with cow's milk diluted with water. I used one cup of boiling water to two cups of sweet milk. When the child grew stronger I gave her stronger milk, and so on. At 8 months she weighed 23 pounds, and now at 18 months she weighs 36 pounds, is 35 inches tall, and chest measures 24 inches. Am feeding her now on potatoes and gravy, bread and butter, and am glad to

say she is a very healthy child. I am sending a small picture of my girl and hope to see it in your department. Her name is Evelyn Beatrice.—Yours, a Soldier's Wife.

Wolsley, Sask., Sept. 19.

Dear Mrs. Hamilton:—Enclosed you will find a snap of our little girl, Isabel Katherine McLean, which was taken at 18 months old. At that time she weighed 32 pounds, chest measured 23 inches, height 36 inches. At birth she weighed 8½ pounds.

Now, most of the letters I have read were about model babies in regard to physical conditions and seemed to "just grow and thrive." I am telling you an

experience very different, but with a very satisfactory result.

I nursed my baby for the first few months, but she never seemed satisfied, and my milk did not agree with her, so we tried to get a substitute.

We tried cow's milk diluted with water, but this gave her violent pains, and she would fairly scream until relieved.

Next we tried Allenbury's Food, which we used for about four months. She thrived on this, but her bowels were never just right. She would be constipated one week, and then if we strengthened the food, the other extreme was the result.

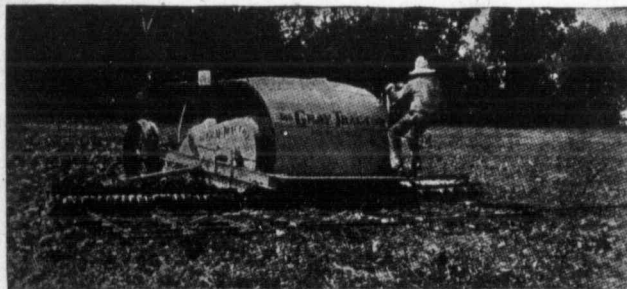
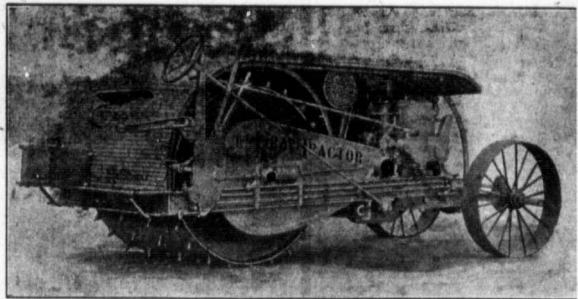
At eight months I was advised to try

For Bigger Profits in 1919 Hitch Your Business to the

GRAY "The Tractor with the WIDE DRIVE DRUM"

**18 DRAWBAR H.P. 36 BELT H.P.
PULLS FOUR BOTTOMS IN ANY SOIL**

No tractor of equal rating has as much traction surface as "The Gray." It is the all-around farm tractor—built for the man who wants real tractor value. The wide drive drum secures traction under all soil conditions and carries the light weight of the machine without the slightest danger of packing the soil. When plowing, it crushes weeds, stalks and trash ahead of the plows, so that the vegetation is turned over and completely broken. Works to advantage on freshly plowed soil without damage to seed bed. Leaves no ruts or wheel tracks. Note the illustration. The side arm hitch is regular equipment. At one operation the field is put in the finest possible condition for immediate seeding.



GRAY CONSTRUCTION IS SUPERIOR

Waukesha four cyl. motor, 4 1/2 x 5 1/4, built for heavy tractor service. Wide drive drum affords maximum traction surface. Hyatt and Timken heavy duty roller bearings. K.W. ignition, no batteries, coils or switches. Bennett carburetor and air cleaner. No differential; no bevel gears; direct drive by spur gears and heavy-duty roller chains. Three point suspension frame eliminates all strain. Direct drive to belt pulley. Side arm hitch—an exclusive Gray feature. All steel shafting. Built for wear and service. Weight 6,200 lbs.

THE GRAY TRACTOR IS SECOND TO NONE

Before you decide on a tractor for 1919 you will be wise to investigate thoroughly these exclusive features of "THE GRAY." Do not delay. A 50-page illustrated booklet will be sent upon request. Write to-day.

Gray Tractor Co. of Canada, Ltd.

307-309 Electric Railway Chambers, WINNIPEG, Man.

Dealers—Write for Our Agency Proposition

Robinson's Patent Barley with milk. I made a thin gruel and started giving her one teaspoonful of milk to three ounces of barley gruel. This with a little sugar and lime water would be one feeding.

From the very first she improved and we had no further trouble with her, and she is such a big, strong girl now. For breakfast she has oatmeal porridge, bread, butter, egg and milk. For dinner,

during the summer, for the winter is too cold for little tots to run out much.

Trusting this will find a place in your prize contest.—Yours truly, Mrs. Chas. McLean.

Seven Persons, Alta., Sept. 3, 1918.

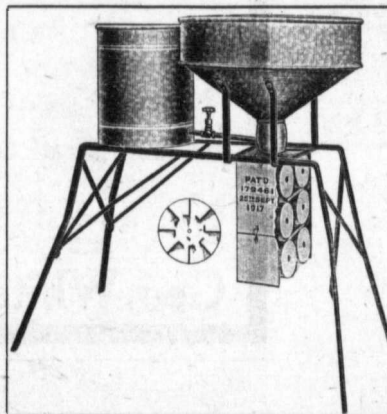
Dear Mrs. Hamilton:—I am the mother of three happy, healthy girls, the two oldest being beyond the age limit of this contest, so I am just enclosing a picture of my youngest daughter, Agnes, also how she has been cared for since birth. She is 3 years, 4 months and 23 days old when this picture was taken, she being born April 11, 1915, and at her birth weighed 8 1/2 pounds. Now at this age she weighs 38 pounds, stands 39 1/2 inches tall, chest measures 23 1/2 inches. She was at birth pronounced a perfect baby by the nurse, and it has been my aim to keep her so if possible, and so far she has never known a day's sickness, although a bottle fed baby, as I was not able to nurse her. Of course she was put to the breast and got the first milk in order to get her stomach cleaned. She has never had colic. Her first teeth came at 4 months old, and without any trouble. Now as to the milk, I used fresh cow's milk diluted, two parts milk and one part boiled water, sweetened with a little sugar, I would let her have all she wanted. She was fed every two hours through the day for the first month and three feeds at night. After the first month she was fed every three hours if awake; if not awake at her feeding hour I would feed her as soon as she did awake. She also got lots of pure spring water sweetened with sugar to drink. At 6 months I would give her a cookie soaked in diluted milk. At 8 months she would get potato mixed with very little butter, also some fruit, such as the juice of an orange or a sliced banana, then she would have her bottle only three times a day, twice at night. At 10 months old I cut it down to one feed at night and twice during the day, giving her milk from a cup with her meals three times a day. I would now give her to eat bread, butter, potato,



Isabel McLean—18 months

potatoes, bread, some vegetables, milk puddings and milk. Supper seems to be the hardest meal to get a suitable variety in. Sometimes she has a baked potato, brown bread, fruit and milk. Milk is really her main diet yet, and I think there is nothing better for her.

She started getting teeth at 5 months, and at 18 months had them all. I find Baby's Own Tablets a help for teething. When she has a cold I rub her chest with camphorated oil, give her an occasional dose of castor oil, and am careful of what she eats. She is a very active child and we try to keep her out all we can



Here is is! "The Best Yet" Automatic Grain PICKLER

This machine is so constructed that not a single kernel of grain can get through without being thoroughly treated. Hence its name: "THE BEST YET." We are selling agents and want a representative in every town. Get our prices and make your application for territory to-day.

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IMPLEMENTS LTD.**
1104 McArthur Building
WINNIPEG, CANADA

Manitoba Winter Fair and Fat Stock Show Manitoba Poultry Show

BRANDON, March, 1919

\$15,000 in Prizes for Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Swine and Poultry

**\$1500 FOR THE BOYS \$1500
CALF AND STEER FEEDING COMPETITIONS**

**ANNUAL BULL SALE AND HORSE SALE.
LIVESTOCK JUDGING COMPETITIONS.**

We are planning to make this the best Winter Fair we have ever had. Prepare for it now.

J. D. MCGREGOR, President. WM. MCKIRDY, Vice-President. W. I. SMALE, Secretary.

boiled eggs, porridge and fruit. At a year old she was walking (she never did creep) and she had also forgotten her bottle, all the time drinking from the cup. Now at her present age she gets three regular meals (very little meat) a day, and a lunch in the forenoon consisting of bread, butter, jam and milk, also the same at 4 o'clock in the afternoon. As to keeping the bottle clean, I would put baking soda in them, fill with hot water, let stand till needed, then rinse in cool water, and they were nice and sweet. Also scald the nipples. I used the black rubber nipple called the anti-colic nipple, and I found them very good. I would bath her whole body every day for the first year, using pure castile soap and soft water when possible. For the eyes and mouth I used a solution of boracic acid. I also every evening bath her face, hands and feet. Now I bath her three times a week, but she always has her evening wash every night. Now for the clothing. I always used merino wool shirts for my girls the first year, then cotton and wool mixed in warm weather, then wool in winter. For dresses and petticoats I used white flannelette, also flannelette for bands, being sure to have a piece of old linen dusted with boracic powder next to the navel until healed. The diapers used was also of flannelette, also the nightgowns. Of course I had white lawn and muslin



Agnes Wenner

dresses for her to wear on Sundays, but they were always plain and made loose about the chest and waist so as to give the heart and lungs free action. The length of the dresses and petticoats would be eight or nine inches beyond the baby's feet. I would put stockings and moccasins on at the start so as to keep her feet warm. When 6 months old she started to wear her garments shorter, then making the dresses of light colored gingham, adding knitted petticoats, then I put on her one wool shirt, one knitted petticoat, one flannelette petticoat, diaper, gingham dress, cashmere stockings and moccasins. As this was in the fall, I always used a flannelette cap on her head at night the first winter, keeping out the drafts from her ears. Night gowns I made double over the chest. I sleep with her in winter. Now she sleeps with the other girls. Now, as to speaking to the babies, I never talked what we call baby talk to any of mine, and now all three speak as plain as any old person would. Now I have tried to explain my method of raising happy and healthy children and I can safely say there is not a happier, healthier trio of girls in this country than ours, and as my friends back in Minnesota said, when I was there about three years ago, "Your girls are a credit to their country."

Plenty of water for their skin, plenty of fresh milk mixed with water for their stomach, plenty of pure air for their lungs, and plenty of sleep for their brain. These have been the four grand essentials for my three girls' perfect health. Long before Agnes was born I bought a book called "Vivillore," the pathway to mental and physical perfection. The

Seager & Wheeler

The World's Wheat Champion

Says--



MAPLE GROVE FARM
SEAGER WHEELER, PROP.

Rosthern, Sask., Oct. 20, 1918.

CHRISTIANSEN IMPLEMENTS, LTD.,
Winnipeg.

Dear Sir,—
I have tried out the P. P. 31 Mulcher Packer you recently sent me, and it is a dandy. I am well pleased with the work it does behind the plow.
It is an improvement over the other styles of Packer attachments. I shall be pleased to recommend this to anyone who is interested. Anyone plowing without one of these attachments is behind the times and missing all the benefits derived by its use. Many a crop in the past that was a failure on Spring Plowing, owing to loss of moisture to start the seed in good time, could have been made a success by its use.
I should be glad to have your price on your 12-foot straight shaft Packer and Pulverizer; also to know if this style can be made to attach to your separate Packer, by extension if necessary; also price of your three-section Pulverizer and Mulcher. I want to order one before Spring opens up.
A reply will oblige,

Yours truly,
SEAGER WHEELER.

NO BETTER COMMENT on the great advantage of our Packers could be given, than this recommendation coming to us entirely unsolicited. Write for illustrated catalogue. CHRISTIANSEN IMPLEMENTS, LTD. WINNIPEG





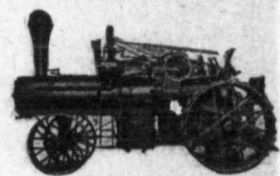
ALLWORK TRACTOR
Size 13 x 28 H.P.

More Power means More Wheat

Necessary
in
1919



Size: 24 x 40, 28 x 46, 32 x 54, 36 x 60.



It puts the "Oil" in "Toll"
Size—18 h.p., 20 h.p. and 25 h.p.

The Need for Food is Greater

The demands of the Allies for food have made big scale farming permanent in Western Canada. Tractors and power machinery are essential to profitable increased production. White "First Quality Line" machines will give you the same satisfactory service in 1919 as they have been giving in years past throughout the West.

Write for Catalogue

Geo. White & Sons Co. Limited BRANDON, MANITOBA

author of this book is Dr. Mary Ries Melendy of Chicago. I have studied this book closely and found it a great help both for my own health and baby's. I am of the opinion that a copy of this book should be found in every household and there would be more happy mothers and healthy children.—Mrs. Olaf Wenner.

Millerdale, Sask., Sept. 2, 1918.

Dear Mrs. Hamilton:—I have three little girls who are as healthy as it is possible for children to be, so I am sending a snap of the second one, Winnifred, who was born June 21, 1916, and weighed 31 pounds. At present she is 2 years and 2 months, and weighs 30 pounds, chest 24 inches, height 35 inches. The keynote in the care of my babies is simplicity. I always nursed them as long as my health permitted. At first every two hours, and as they grew, lengthening to two and a half, three, and four hours. This they do very naturally. I put them to bed early and regularly, at first feeding twice at night, and at 9 months stopping it altogether. When bathing I used boracic solution for eyes and mouth, and with a spoon gave cool, boiled water

to drink until able to drink from a cup, which does not take long. Sometimes I would give some in a bottle to teach them to drink from a nipple in case of emergency. This was my advice from my nurse, and lucky I was to do it, for at 4 months I had to wean her, and she took to the bottle as naturally as the breast.

At 2 months we travelled from Nova Scotia to our home here without one moment's inconvenience, and won praise all through the journey for her goodness and for the mass of dark curly hair she had.

On account of the alkali in the cow's drinking water, the whole milk did not agree with her, so I diluted cream in the proportion of 1 oz. cream and 7 oz. water, which worked beautifully. As the teeth come, I give a little oatmeal and bread and milk; pour boiling water over the bread to moisten it, and fill with whole milk and a bit of sugar. Also arrowroot biscuit, then by degrees give a little potato, coddled egg, milk puddings, rice, or anything that is easily digested. Now I give her a bit of chicken meat, but no other. I do not restrict them in the use

of milk, only in the extreme hot weather.

For the sake of other mothers I would like to say that with my third baby I had to wean her at 2 months, and as it was winter and the cows confined to the alkali water, she could not take even the cream diluted, and I found arrowroot biscuit an ideal food—grind the biscuit, or roll, pour boiling water on it till dissolved, add whole milk. She did splendidly on this.

I never allowed them to be rocked or fussed with, or kissed on the mouth. Allowed them lots of fresh air, and they have never had any trouble with colic, bowel disorders, or so-called children's diseases, but I always keep Baby's Own Tablets, castor oil, and camphorated oil handy, if troubles should arise.

I found crepe dresses a great labor saver for all three; also let them wear wool vests till after the second winter, governing the other clothes according to weather. I try not to let anything interfere with their sleeping and eating, and have been rewarded by having three as healthy "prairie chickens" as are on the prairies to-day.—Wishing the babies success, Mrs. F. O. Nelson.

CARBURETORS MAGNETOS OILERS COILS

Some time ago we purchased a very complete stock of Kingston Magnetos, Coils, Carburetors and Detroit Automatic Oilers to be used in the manufacture of Tractors in Canada.

We later found that we had over-stocked considerably. War conditions have greatly increased the prices of these articles since the time of our purchase, but in order to quickly clear our stock, we are offering them at prices less than the wholesale cost of to-day.

They are all guaranteed goods and absolutely brand new, never having been removed from the original boxes in which they were shipped to us.

The special prices are given below. There is no need to mention present list prices. Every man who has anything to do with Magnetos, Coils, Carburetors or Oilers, knows just about what he would ordinarily have to pay. Our prices are:

- Kingston Magnetos..... \$16.75
- Kingston Coils..... 9.75
- Kingston Carburetors..... 9.75
- Detroit Automatic Oilers. 10.75

Put one of these Oilers on your Separator. It will force oil into the cylinder and high speed bearings. It keeps silent watch while you are busy and eliminates all risk of hot bearings.

We have only a limited number of these goods. Orders will be filled while they last. Figure out your requirements and ORDER IMMEDIATELY.

We also have a quantity of Wiring for these Kingston Coils, which we will offer at special prices. Write for particulars.

**NORTHERN
IMPLEMENT CO.
LIMITED**
FOOT OF WATER ST.
WINNIPEG MAN.

**LIVE
TURKEYS**
25c Per Lb.

We are ready to pay cash for a hundred tons of number one birds at this price delivered Winnipeg. No culls at this price. Get your crates early before the Christmas rush.

The W. J. GUEST FISH CO., Ltd.
WINNIPEG
Established '89 Years

DYKE'S AUTOMOBILE AND GASOLINE ENGINE ENCYCLOPEDIA—a standard text of over 900 pages adopted by the United States Government. Money refunded if dissatisfied. Every Automobile and Tractor owner should have one. Send \$4.50 for post-paid copy to Dept. T, Dominion Text Book Company, Calgary, Alberta.

Our Boy's and Girls'

The First Christmas Night

Like small curled feathers, white and soft
The little clouds went by,
Across the moon, and past the stars
And down the western sky.
In upland pastures, where the grass
With frosty dew was white,
Like snowy clouds the young sheep lay
That first best Christmas night.

The shepherds slept, while glimmering faint
With twist of thin, blue smoke.
Only their fires' crackling flames
The tender silence broke.
Save when a young lamb raised its head,
Or when the night wind blew,
A nestling bird would softly stir
Where dusky olives grew.

With finger on her solemn lips
Night hushed the listening earth;
And only stars and angels saw
The little Saviour's birth.
Then came such flash of silver light,
Across the bending skies,
The wondering shepherds waked and hid
Their frightened, dazed eyes.

And all their silent, sleepy flocks
Looked up, then slept again
Now knew the light that dimmed the stars
Brought endless peace to men;
Nor even heard the gracious words
That down the ages ring.
"The Lord has come, the Christ is born,
Good-will on earth to bring."

Then o'er the moon-lit, misty fields,
Dumb with the world's great joy,
The shepherds sought the white-walled town,
Where lay the baby boy.
And O the gladness of the earth!
The glory of the skies!
Because the longed-for Christ looked up
In Mary's happy eyes.

—Margaret Deland.



The Long Christmas Stocking

By Cousin Doris

Once upon a time when Cousin Doris was quite a young girl she was very selfish. It was near Christmas Eve, and she wanted Santa Claus to put more in her stocking than in any other in the city. She stayed at the home of the dearest and most generous aunt in the whole wide world. Now this aunt just loved to make other people happy, but she wanted everybody to think of others, too. She had taken Cousin Doris on beautiful trips on the Hudson River and in Indian summer they went to the Catskill Mountains to the village where Rip Van Winkle slept for so many years, and Cousin Doris had been given a year of wonderful treats till I am afraid she became very selfish.

This aunt had a beautiful daughter who was very dainty and so she had a tiny foot and wore a little stocking. Cousin Doris was not a dainty girl, she had big feet and, of course, had to wear a big stocking. The aunt had been in the habit of giving her nice presents and money on other holidays, and so Cousin Doris thought at Christmas she would tell Santa to fill her stocking full. Even though the stocking was big, the biggest she could find in her trunk, the selfish Cousin Doris felt it would not hold as much as she wanted. She looked at her cousin's dainty little stocking ready for Santa, and thought that even if it was smaller it would hold nearly as much as her own.

Now auntie had told the two girls to hang up their stockings in the hall so Santa would not have to look for them because he is very very busy on Christmas Eve.

Cousin Doris went to her room much troubled. She thought and thought as she held up her stocking at every angle. No, it would not hold as much as she

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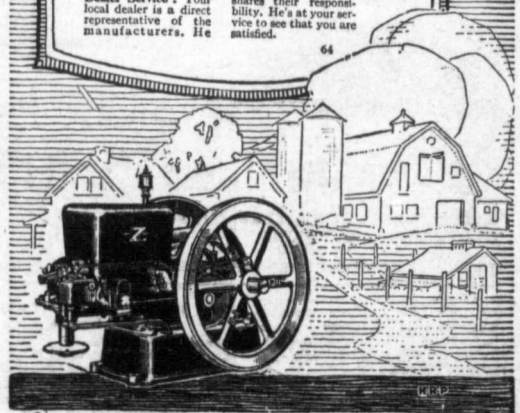
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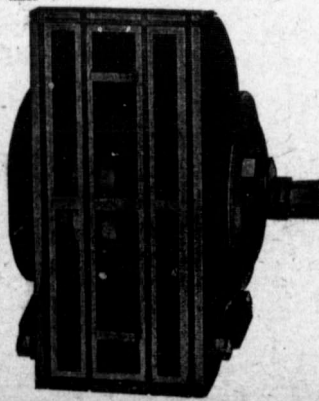
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wanted. She thought and thought again and measured every stocking again until she had the very biggest in the pile. Then what do you think she did? She cut the feet off of every other stocking and sewed one stocking leg on to another and another and another until she had a stocking that reached from the top of the stairs to the very bottom. Her cousin's little stocking hung on the lower bannister. Cousin Doris fastened her stocking on to the top bannister. Then to make sure that old Santa would not make a mistake she wrote two notes. One stated: "Dear Santa—This little stocking belongs to Ida Munn." The other note read: "Dear Santa: This big stocking belongs to me. I am a western girl and have big feet."

Now old Santa Claus is often tried because some boys and girls deceive him. But he is a wise old fellow, and he goes all over the world and he knew that he had never seen in the West even a child wearing stockings that long. Of course, he was very sorry that a girl would play on his generosity and not think of other little girls and boys.

Why it would take one whole pack to fill that stocking. He said: "That child must be taught a lesson. We cannot allow such a selfish girl to grow up. But it nearly breaks my heart to punish her. I love all children but I like to have them become useful men and women, and selfish little girls grow into mean, ugly women. I am responsible in this world for the kind of children we have. Why, I am really afraid next Christmas this child will lengthen her stocking to the attic, and perhaps in another year she will have to hang it from the fourth story of the block across the street. Selfish children always want more and more. They are never satisfied."

So the next morning when the two girls got up to see their stockings, what do you think they found? The dainty little girl's stocking was full of beautiful presents, a gold brooch, pretty handkerchiefs and ribbons and all sorts of nice things. Cousin Doris thought her stocking looked queer, and she reached down and down and down, clear to the foot, and at the very end was a dirty potato.

THE MASCOT OF THE "MAYFLY"

(Continued from page 5)
chap. ~~One~~ a pair of fists with muscles in them that could crush in the ribs of the toughest thing they could grip, but no child's mother ever handled her kid with softer hands than that big greasy engineer used whenever he took hold of our little mascot.

It turned out that the woman in charge of the boy was his nurse. She was nearly all in poor girl, from hunger and exposure, but when she had come to herself a bit, she gave Crank her story.

The "Glenfarg" was only 48 hours out from Liverpool for Boston, when she was held up by the German sub that sunk her. The boy's father a major of the grenadiers was one of the "Old Contemptibles" and was killed at Mons. His mother a trained nurse, still having four brothers at the front, had volunteered for service in France, and the boy was on his way to his mother's married sister in Boston.

Orders were full speed for the Irish Coast, but we had barely gone about when there came: "Torpedo on the starboard quarter, sir!"

Sure enough there was the sinister

white wake of the damned thing. But Johnny Ricketts was too swift for Mister Bosche, and the head of the Mayfly described a half circle to starboard before you could count the buttons on your waistcoat.

Johnny spotted the periscope of the sub just as it bobbed under, but that was enough. We had a depth charge all ready and plunked it where we guessed it would make scrambled eggs of that infernal machine and all it contained.

It did. We guessed right the very first time, and in my kit-bag I have one little souvenir of the hundreds we picked up that satisfied all hands that we had cooked our goose to a frazzle.

Old Crank let up in a way that amazed us all. So far as words went, he was the closest Caledonian I ever messed with. Now he had a word for every the maligned cook and a cigar for every soul on board who could smoke it.

But lor! You ought to have seen him with that kid and the kid with him. They dubbed the boy "Sunny Jim," for he had a face and a shock of hair the color of sunshine; and didn't he bring us luck!"

That cat of Johnny Ricketts took to

Crank the day it came aboard and never left him; whether it was the cosy atmosphere of the engine room or the heat of the old Scottie's heart that drew him, I leave you to guess.

Anyhow it was the same with the boy who started in calling him "Crank" with the rest of us, and the way he drew out the old fellow's history was a greater bit of sport to us than a top notch vaudeville bill.

"You got a wife and a little boy, Crank?"

"No such luck, laddie."

"You got a muvver, Crank?"

"Yes, my boy, and a big sister, too."

"Where do they live, Crank?"

"At Clydebank, in Scotland, where they build big ships and big engines."

"My muvver has gone to make wounded soldiers well—does your muvver put wounded soldiers to sleep in their by-bys?"

"Not exactly; that is, not in their by-bys, but she is helping wounded soldiers all the same. She has a big family of chickens and sends lots of new-laid eggs to a big place near her home where nice ladies like your mother are nursing the wounded men."

"Will you take me to see your muvver and sister, Crank?"

"I don't know how I could manage that, "Sunny Jim." You see I've got to stay on this boat perhaps till the war is over and help to round up all the submarines like the one that sank your ship. We are going to put you ashore at Queenstown to-morrow, and then get to sea again as fast as we can."

"Will you take me some day when the war is over, and will you take muvver and Nannie, too?"

"I certainly would like to, but I am afraid the chances are rather poor."

"Well, couldn't my muvver and Nannie take me to your muvver and sister? Are they big and nice like you, Crank? Are they as nice as my muvver and Nannie?"

"They are certainly nice, my boy, and



they love little boys like you but I don't know that you would find them so nice as your mother."

"Oh well; if they are as nice as you, Crank, that'll do. And I'm sure they would love my mudder; everybody does."

Shortly after noon next day, the "Mayfly" landed the living freight she had picked up from the "Glenfarg's" lifeboat.

Some hours were spent in port awaiting orders from the admiralty, and Crank, following up his personal interest in the boy and his guardian, went ashore and saw to their comfort in various details.

There was the re-fitting of the little chap, for in keeping with the other passengers, he had lost everything except what he stood up in.

Finally, as some sort of return for the fine pair of new shoes he presented to the little shaver, Crank begged to be allowed to retain the old ones—"just to hang up over my bunk for luck, Jimmy You brought us good luck and I want to have something of you on board with us all the time!"

There was no "bargaining" on the point, and when the Mayfly sailed just before dusk, the tiny shoe-lets were hung up, framing, as it were, the portrait of Crank's mother—the only picture on the walls of the little ten-by-eight cubicle.

We met and safely "housed" our convoy, and the same night had a wireless to say that enemy craft had been active in the North Sea, that a double watch was to be set on all ships of the patrol, and the orders were to attack where we found him.

The weather was ideal, the wind-having fallen away to nothing, with a clear moon and stars overhead. Suddenly we barged into a solid bank of thick fog. It lay low on the water, for while we could see overhead fairly well, at deck level you could just make out an arc light at ten paces away.

If there was anything else in our neighborhood, it gave no warning, so we came to dead slow and took our chances. I had fired up all the steam Crank called for and was mending the heel of a sock, when the engine telegraph went off like hell and I knew at once we were in for something choice.

Now that's the worst of a stoker's job: You can't see the fun unless a shell tears a hole big enough through your stokehole walls. But my chance came to get on deck when the show was about over, and by goah! it was the greatest pandemonium of wreckage and gore I ever saw or imagined.

You read the newspaper story of that three-to-one scrap, so I needn't go over it again and spoil the picture, but I want to tell you of Crank's parteklar bit of luck in the melee.

Every man who could be spared from below came on deck to fight, for it was a regular old time boarding party. Crank accounted for two husky long shoremen from the Kiel canal, knocked the lights out of the boss lieutenant of one of the Hun destroyers, and battered though he was, went verboard after

one of the middies of our party, who had grappled with another Boesche officer. He saved the boy, but they were about all in when we fished them aboard.

Crank was badly knocked about in the head and his left arm seemed to be helpless. Some five or of our little company had "gone west"; and nearly every man on deck was a casualty.

We fetched Boulogne as fast as we could to take care of the wounded we couldn't hand care of ourselves. We shipped our dead for home by one of the Channel boats, but the Mayfly was too badly mauled to sail for several tides with any hope of doing decent service.

We hadn't been long in port when a cheering message came from Whitehall. "Well done, Mayfly," and all who were fit were given twenty-four hours leave.

We had quite a little picnic with the Frenchies who came alongside and giggled at our mess, but by gum, they did cheer us, and if we had won the war for them, they couldn't have treated us in more princely style.

A bunch of us went to see Crank next day. He was fixed up like one of them mummies you see in the British Museum, only his bandages were not the greasy looking rags these old Egyptian rotters are wound up in. No, sirree, everything was as clean and white and fresh smelling as mother's linen on ironing day.

And the little wenches, whose job it was to nurse Crank—Oo-oo-oo! Johnny Ricketts was cursing his luck that he had come out of the scrap with nothing worse than an in-growing toe-nail, he wanted so badly to put in a spell in that hospital.

The lady superintendent capped the lot. She was a peach and told us fellows that we need have no fear for our pal. He was out of danger and was a first rate patient—one of the cheerful ducks that was bound to pull round quickly.

We couldn't see much of Crank, of course but we got the full blast of his fine fog-horn speaking tube, so he was all right there, but he would talk about little else than the fine way the girls were treating him.

We coughed up some brass and sent the head angel a boxful of roses, and you should a' seen the letter she sent us!

Well, we were so rushed getting fit for sea again, we hadn't time to go back to the hospital, and we sailed with the idea, when we thought of it at all, that we had seen the last of that little flock of cherubs.

But lor! it wasn't. What a small, funny world this is for things and people you meet turning up again, and now I'm coming to the real meat in this yarn.

About two month's later—the day before Christmas, to be exact—every man of the Mayfly who was with her in that scrap and came out of it with his life, was summoned to Buckingham Palace.

God, sirs! I'll never forget that show. It was prime. When we boys first got the message, you could have knocked any of us over with a canny's wing feather. We'd rather have taken on another three-to-one job in the chan-

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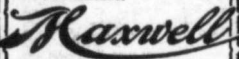
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nel again than face that swell performance, and we tried to dig up some dope about court etiquette for there was none of us who had ever been there.

Ricketts's mother had once done washing in the royal laundry, and what he told us of what she saw put the fear of death on the whole gang.

On the morning of the affair, none of us had stummicks for so much breakfast as a soft boiled, new laid egg. Even the skipper, whose pa was a full blown Dean of the Church of England, and he himself had faced all kinds of tough luck with Scott in the Antarctic, farked it for fair that time. It was the first time I had ever seen him lose his nerve.

But, lor! what a passel of fool ducks we were to get scared like that. If we had only got the wink or thought for a moment ourselves, there were no grounds for it—less in fact than for kids to get scared at a halloween bogie man.

Between you an' me, d'ye know I believe the king fair enjoys himself when he hob-nobs with a bunch like us fellows. The minute we saw him and the queen, we forgot all about "etiquette," for they didn't have any—leastways to us chaps. When he pinned the medals on he spoke to every chap as free and simple like as I might ask you for a fag, and I believe he even gave Johnny there a dig in the ribs.

But you should have seen his face when the officer chap who was going round with him read the official record of Crank's little bit that won him the V.C. I saw a tear of pride in both eyes of that kind old sport, and when he took Crank by the hand and held on to it, we all had a lump in our gullets. Could you blame us? Wasn't Crank one of us? And wasn't it worth while doing something for a man who could feel it as we saw that man they call King George did?

Crank had come straight from Scotland that morning where he had gone to pick up his health at the old home with his mother and sister, and he was now looking the very pink of our old engine room chief. Barring a scar over his left temple and a game left arm which was still in a sling, he was as fine a sample of a sailor man as you'd pick out of the whole navy list.

When they had done with us, we were lined up to one side, and a little bevy of nurses came tripping in. They had done some remarkably fine work in the face of a Hun bombing raid carried out on their hospital, and were being decorated for it.

I was thinking some of their faces looked familiar, when Ricketts pulled me by the sleeve.

"Look!" he whispered, "don't you remember the lady we gave the roses to—Crank's angel?"

Sure enough, it was her, at the head of the little party, the very same who had been a mother to poor old Crank when he was as helpless as a week's old baby to help himself.

We glanced to see if the old chap had twigged her, but his face was as blank as a boiler plate.

When it was all over and we were marching away, we had to pass down a lane formed of a kind of body-guard of friends who had been allowed inside the gates of Buckingham Palace.

We felt like newly-weds, meeting an attack of rice on both flanks. We had got about half-way down that lane when suddenly a curly headed little fellow burst from the ranks and rushed towards the head of our party screaming: "Crank! O! Crank—there's my Crank!" We had to halt, for no guard could or would have stopped that little fellow as he rushed up to our big engineer chief. Man it was fine to see the great big fellow clewing his little chum up with his spare arm, and the little one hugging and kissing that tough old chunk of Scotch granite, as if he were the softest thing in woman's love.

His "Nannie" stood by helpless, but the little man was reasonable and things were soon squared.

We were taken, nurses and all, to a swell house in Park Lane to a luncheon. Several friends of the nurse's party had been invited, and amongst them we

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found our little mascot—the same little imp who had “broken ranks” in Buckingham Palace yard.

Well, sirs, we got the gol-darrest surprise of our lives that same afternoon. There was a big greenhouse (or conservatory, I should say) to which we were sent to smoke when the feed was over. The girls were having their coffee served to them out there and we nearly barged into the little white-wings picnic before we knew where we were. But there, in that near head-on-collision our luck followed us!

Sitting on the lap of that same lady chief of the hospital, was “Sunny Jim,” and any one who wasn’t blind in both eyes could see that the lad was with his mother.

Now we chaps are all fairly smart at our drill, but gosh! none of us could hold a candle to that same boy in hitching things on to where they belonged.

The moment Crank hove in sight, the boy had eyes and hands for nothing else, and then there was the grandest shindy you ever saw. It was like a football scrimmage with Crank and the boy and his mother wedged into the heart of it.

When things calmed a little, we got it from one of the young ladies that their superior had not been long in discovering Crank’s part in the salvaging of her boy, and when full details reached her from the boy himself, through his “Nannie,” you can guess what that woman’s feelings were for our old shipmate.

“You know who’s coming tomorrow, Crank? Santa Claus,” the little beggar piped without giving Crank a chance to reply.

“And I’ve asked him to bring me a new Daddy. My old Daddy was a soldier. Muvver took me to Wellington Barracks to see him go away to the war, but he’ll never come back to London no more. Muvver says he went to stay wiv God—up there where Jesus hangs out the stars every night.

But I know Santa Claus will bring me a new one—just like you, Crank. O! Crank will you be my new Daddy?” he fairly shouted as the bright idea struck him.

“I’ll go and ask muvver if I can have you for my new Daddy, and then Santa needn’t bother about anything!” and before you could say “Sharks!” the boy was off like a rocket.

Now what followed, I couldn’t give you if I tried. But this I can say, the rank and file of our bunch melted away from the spot like snowballs in Hades. It was the first time in our lives that any of us left a shipmate in a hole; but there he was, poor old dear, high and dry—marooned—hemmed in front, rear, and on both flanks by one little sprite of a boy.

You can moralize on this yarn to suit your taste. That’s your privilege. I speak for myself, when I tell you that one of the finest things I know on sea or shore is the faith the kiddies have in Santa Claus.

And when we knew that the white whiskered old gentleman kept faith with that trustful little soul as he peeped in his stocking next morning with his mummy, if there was anything in the world more delighted than himself, it was the entire ship’s company of His Majesty’s T.B.D. “Maydy.”

“RIP, THE RATTER”

(Continued from Page 6.)

figure collapsed. Out and in went his rifle bolt. Another shot, another hit. It was like an old-time moose hunt in the Riding Mountains, and the keen young sport dashed into the wood after his quarry.

“Come back Blackett—come back! They’ve got a machine gun!” The lad stood aghast on the brink of a hollow. Below were eight fully armed Germans with two prisoners—one of whom he recognized as from his own battalion. He charged down like one possessed and captured the lot, their shots going wide in the wild moment of onset. But the machine gun beyond was barking still. Blackett’s mates dropped here and there; the rest dived at last for cover.

“Here’s for that gun,” they heard, as the speaker plunged headlong for his

objective, and they believed their comrade was demented.

Running, crawling, dodging, and ducking, Blackett flung himself at the one purpose of capturing that machine

gun and all its crew! One man only (his one real chum in the ranks) followed him. They were immediately spotted and the terrible stream turned on them.

Down went the faithful chum, riddled with seventeen holes. He lived till the following morning. Blackett pushed on alone, now curiously crazed with rage, yet using the trees for shelter as

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he ran. From behind one he took aim at the man in the gun-seat, killing him with the first shot.

But the fount of death still rasped and hissed by Blackett's ears, for another grey figure at once rose and took the vacant gun saddle. Down fell the second operator of the endless belt. A third, a fourth, a fifth, a sixth!

The man's shooting was miraculous. No misses, excusable as these would be were the marksman flat on his stomach at the home rifle butts. And here, standing erect, he faced a German machine gun, in full blast. The whole crew killed, Blackett's thought was to seize the prize. But a German officer rose from the ground with point-blank revolver. He missed, and was instantly bayoneted.

Remember always that the Canadian boy was quite alone. Seating himself now in the gun saddle, he spied a whole German regiment advancing to the attack in the old mass formation.

To swivel round and open fire was a moment's work, and Blackett tore wide swathes in that field-grey blur till it wavered and fell back. But soon great shells began to search the wood with awful din and sickening reek. It was time for the lone Canadian at the German Maxim to be up and away. He took the thing with him, though it weighed over sixty pounds.

How he crossed the intervening space he does not remember. Through the haze of battle fumes he saw, or thought he saw, the whites of his officer's eyes eagerly bent on him, and just as he was about to unload the gun at his commander's feet something happened, and all went black.

When he woke up, some cold, moist substance was poking its way not unkindly into his face, and at the first conscious movement he made, a warm tongue licked his forehead and then there came a long-drawn pent-up whine of relief. It was "Rip," his dead chief's most faithful chum, craving for companionship, and trying hard to raise some response from what to him was the "next of kin" of the one who had held his life-long affections.

The wounded lad tried to move, but he could do little in that way, and then as consciousness slowly crept from dawn into broad daylight, he began to remember things, and the first thought was one of surprise and gratitude to find that he was alive.

Blackett was lying on a stretcher, and at the moment was one of a long line of "cases" at the first dressing station back of the line. He could hear voices, considerable traffic, and distant gun fire, but as he felt no pain and no sensation but that of a dead feeling of inertia, he decided to make no effort but to lie still and think.

The dog didn't leave him, save that for a moment he would scamper away a few paces and look anxiously around as if to ascertain that his particular "case" was not being overlooked.

Presently there was a great leaping and barking of delight, and as the boy turned his head a little, he could see a small party approaching, the dog rushing backwards and forwards to meet them.

By-and-bye he heard a voice say, "That's the man, sir," and as he raised his eyelids the tallest figure of the group bent down, and in the quietest of voices, said: "Well, my lad, I've heard about you and your gun; you've had a busy time and I'm glad to hear you are going on all right; that was a fine bit of work."

It was no other than the Great Chief, himself, whom he had seen once before at a review, and the mere sound of that deep-set, musical voice thrilled the soul of the young Canadian as nothing on earth had ever thrilled it before.

And the dog? Well to the average person of the streets it might seem a "tall order" to say it, but really no human being who had ever chummed it with the merest mongrel could follow the actions of that noble creature, look into his thrice noble eyes without feeling that it had taken in all the great Commander had said and read in his own dumb but instinctively correct fashion a great deal that the voice left unsaid.



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There came a motor ambulance, driven by a slip of an English lass, but nothing in human tenderness could have navigated these awful shell-torn thoroughfares with greater skill than did this bright little spark of the noble order of W.A.A.Cs.

A little later the boy was again put to sleep, and at the next awakening he found himself in the most wonderful place he had ever opened his eyes upon, and a white-robed motherly person watching by his bedside. She seemed to be made of understanding, did this woman, for she immediately anticipated the very thing, and the only thing he craved for at that moment—a sip of something cool to moisten his parched lips and tongue, and lubricate the very corrugated "bearings" of his throat.

By-and-bye she spoke to him, and her first sentence was to assure him that

he had nothing to fear. He would soon get well if he would but be patient.

"The Doctor says you've brought a fine prairie constitution with you from Canada. You've been working hard, and now you are going to have a nice, long rest. By the way, there's a friend of yours in our kitchen, who is very anxious to visit you as soon as he may. We had some difficulty in keeping him out of the ward—he is such a persevering person—while the doctor was fixing you up, but I explained things to him, and he seemed to understand. That was some time ago, however, and now he is beginning to get impatient again. Shall I ask him to step in?"

"Yes, please nurse," stammered the lad, wondering what "friend" of his could be about there and so anxious to see him.

The next moment, "Rip"—washed and laundered to the last hair tip—

his shaggy coat—bounced into the ward and needed no directing hand to lead him past the odd score of cots to the right one.

And when he found it, the intelligence of the almost human creature was in the last degree affecting. As even the smallest child is subdued in the sick chamber, Rip's eyes and voice gave the solid assurance that he knew what was hoped of him, and his behaviour was amazing.

Not till the invitation: "Hello, Rip, old man," had been given did he do more than stand as close to his val as he felt he dared and wag that wise little stump of his; but as soon as he heard the boy's voice he shoved his nose along the pillow and it remained there while Blackett patted and spoke to him in the accents that no well-bred tyke ever failed to comprehend.

The lad made a speedy recovery. He

had gunshot wounds in the head which had done little more than stun him, but a puncture in the left thigh had tapped him to an extent that he had not realized in the excitement of his work, and which had been the main cause of his collapse.

The pair—the boy and the dog—were never parted except for every brief intervals, such as when the nurses took Rip in hand in the bath tub. He became everybody's friend, and in view of all that was known of his high character and "connections," no one looked upon or treated him as an ordinary tyke.

From this particular hospital it was the practice to take the convalescents regularly by motor to the neighboring depot of the Flying Corps, which they found a never-failing source of interest and entertainment. Blackett's enthusiasm for this splendid arm of the service was generated the first day he visited the park and was quickly fanned to a white heat as his acquaintance ripened with one after another of the air men. Then another thing happened.

A week before his final discharge he was watching with indifference the dispatching of the "home" parcels from overseas, when to his astonishment the matron called: "Here is one for you, Corporal Blackett."

Nothing of the kind, not even a letter had "happened" to him since he left Canada, but there, sure enough, was a neat little canvas-covered package addressed in the neatest of printed letters and bearing on its customs "declaration" the postmark of his home town and the name of the sender Fanny Swinden.

Now, who could Fanny Swinden be? He had never to his recollection heard the name, and the boys were playfully challenging him on what they alleged was only his assumed ignorance of the "woman in the case."

"Come on, Blackett—open up! Don't be a cheap skate—we're all waiting." The contents of that parcel need not be set forth here. There was everything in the prescribed weight that a thoughtful woman with an intelligent idea of the fitness of things could get into just such a souvenir of home; but there was one item, a real "love epistle" which meant far more to the solitary lad than all else in kindness that accompanied it.

Here is the little document in full: "Dear Mr. Blackett,—You will perhaps be surprised to receive this little collection of 'home comforts' from your old friends of the S.A. here. We never forget you in our prayers. I sent a parcel shortly after you would reach England, but as I have had no acknowledgment, I am satisfied it never reached you, so I am trying again. I would be glad to hear if you receive this one, and if you are unable for any reason to write, I am sure one of the many sisters will be glad to send you a message from you.

"Wishing you every protection and blessing in your great work, I am, your friend,

"Fanny Swinden."

Not till he had reflected for some time did the personality of the writer dawn upon him as that of a plain little ginger-haired maiden, whom he and the boys who were accustomed to loaf around the little open-air meetings had agreed to call "Fanny Freckles."

She was also cook at the hotel restaurant, and if someone else had formed the phrase for him, he could have added a fervent "amen" to the characterization of the lady as "a child of God with a genius for making doughnuts."

But in his present circumstances and in sight of these wonderful tokens of love, Blackett had no eyes for the ginger of that hair or the freckles on the happy face, but for the rich mine of pure gold in that great womanly heart.

And the ostracized "bum," the despised village "wastrel" dedicated his life to the spot that that humble soul—a type that does far more in its own way in leading men and women to the Living Christ than the world, the flesh and the church will ever have the means to understand.

On his discharge from hospital, Blackett's application for transfer from the infantry to the air service was granted, and he entered the new field with a vim and a natural "grasp" of the job that carried him forward with incredible speed. So much so, that after the memorable disaster to the Italian army, he was of the big draft of British forces sent to support the Italians when they turned the Austrians at the Piave.

The story of the air men of the British Empire on the Italian front, when it can be written, will offer one of the brightest pages of the war's history, and the wonderful record of this young Canadian is alone a precious and splendid portion of that brilliant story.

He had already accounted for 25 enemy planes when there came a day that was to cap with a fitting climax the wonderful achievements of this obscure Western lad on the battlefields of Europe.

It was necessary to obtain exact information as to certain dispositions of the enemy. The service required that observations should be carefully made at close range, which could hardly fail to draw the enemy's fire in a way that involved extraordinary risk to the men taking part in the reconnaissance.

Nevertheless, every man of the squadron volunteered for the job, and they started on it with but one idea in their mind—to find a way or make one.

"Rip" had been Blackett's companion on many of his flights, but on this particular occasion the dog must be left at home. But the wise creature never showed such a marked desire to accompany his chum, and extra measures were taken to house him until the expedition had started.

There was rather more than the usual stir as the machines were assembling, and in the midst of it all someone had "carelessly let the dog out." The knowing animal, however, had more sense than to show himself conspicuously in the crowd, and only man could afterwards say that he had seen Rip, sneaking guiltily and half-hidden among some canvas covers close to Blackett's machine.

They were off and well over the enemy's lines when the pilot for an instant taking his eye off what was ahead of him, caught sight of the dog's guilty face, stowed away in his usual retreat when he was on regular "duty."

"Rip, you rascal!" But that loyal beast knew that the meaning usually associated with rascality was not in that voice that spoke to him, and he came out with a joyful whim to take his accustomed perch. And if the truth were known, the boy's thoughts at the very moment of the discovery were with his dog at the base, and mixed with them was a deep seated regret that he was not with him.

"Well, old sport, we're going to have a hot time of it this morning, so keep your—"

The rest of the sentence was cut off by a terrific explosion close by. It was "the opening of the ball," the usual reception of shrapnel, but this one had only made a few punctures in the wing fabric.

But what was this coming down on the wind? The query was easily and quickly answered. He had run into a veritable hornet's nest; this little trip had been expected and the daring air men from "out west and all over" were outnumbered by five or six to one.

"Never mind, we're in it, boy, and let them rip and tear as they will, we'll see what we came to see and get back—if we can."

"By heck! That machine ought to be embalmed and kept in a glass case for evermore," said a stalwart mechanic as he and his mates surveyed the wreck that had just succeeded in planing within the allied lines.

Its still living freight of a badly battered man and slightly wounded dog had just been removed from the debris and were then receiving the best that human skill and woman's tenderness could do for them.

The details of that wonderful air reconnaissance are on a par with the very best traditions of British arms. The vital information sought was obtained

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A Good Place TO LIVE IN

Manitoba is a good place to live in because of—

WHAT IT IS—There is no better soil in North America than can be found in Manitoba. Many farmers who have worked the same land for the past thirty years produced over 25 bushels of wheat to the acre this year. At the International Soil Products Exposition at Kansas City, Mo., this fall, Manitoba won signal honors, capturing 33 first prizes, 19 second prizes, 18 thirds and 8 cups. These prizes were not confined to cereals; they covered a large range of agricultural production. The vegetables of Manitoba, for instance, won first prize as the best display by any Nation, Province or State.

WHERE IT IS—Manitoba is neither too far East nor too far West. It has cheaper land by far than the older provinces of the East. It enjoys better railway rates, better prices for farm products, better prices for supplies that must be purchased, and otherwise better marketing facilities than the provinces farther west.

WHAT IS BEING DONE IN IT—Manitoba has one of the finest Agricultural Colleges on the Continent. It leads the whole of Canada in the matter of progressive public school methods. It is doing probably the most progressive Boys' and Girls' Club work in North America. It has numerous agencies for the assistance of Agriculture, such as advanced horse breeding legislation, assistance to farmers in the purchase of breeding live stock, rural credits, farm mortgages, co-operative wool marketing, sheep protective legislation, up-to-date Acts for Agricultural Societies, Home Economics Societies, etc. Manitoba has the grain marketing centre of Canada; the largest stock yards centre, and possesses the Gateway of the West.

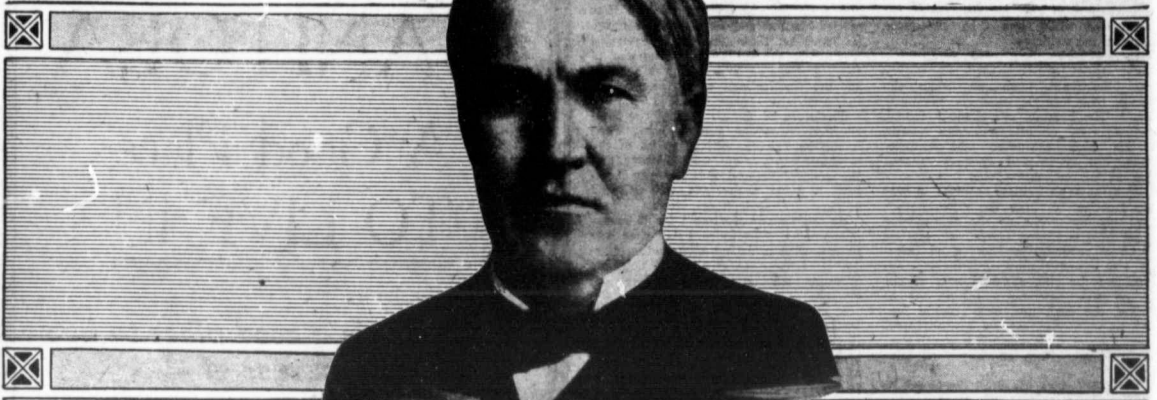
The Challenge of the Hour

At this time when the smoke clouds of the World's Greatest War are just lifting in the East—when we can hear the cry of the World's starving multitudes for bread—when thousands of the World's war-tired peoples are asking for a new home—when returning soldiers, crowned with Victory, are seeking again the ways of Peace, Manitoba accepts the Challenge of the Hour, and says that, in so far as she is concerned, she will help to feed the world, to provide the new homes, to maintain the new democracy, and to lead in the march of progress. The Manitoba of To-day is, and the Manitoba of To-morrow will be

A GOOD PLACE TO LIVE IN.

V. WINKLER,

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How about your home? Is it a real home? Is it something more than a house with a yard or a farm around it? Is it something more than a place to eat and to sleep and to shelter you? Is it a place where the united family can gather together and be happy? Has it something that will bring joy into the life of father, mother, grandparents or children? Has it something that will make your friends enjoy visiting you? That is happiness. That kind of a home is a happy home. Such a life is the only life worth while. And anything that will bring you such a life is a *necessity*. It means as much to you as food and clothing. Money cannot measure its value.

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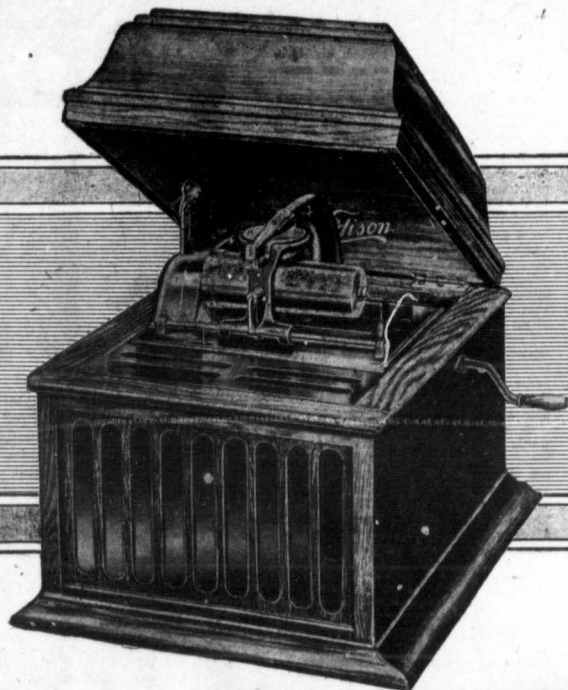
Read Our Offer!

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new phonograph. Send the coupon on the opposite page for our free catalog. Get full details of our offer. See why you need not be satisfied with anything less than Mr. Edison's great, new instrument.

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Convince yourself first. Get the New Edison Diamond Amberola in your home on free trial. See what a wonderful instrument it is—how it brings the music of the world's greatest singers and players, the sweet old time melodies, the jokes of the funniest vaudeville actors, all right into your own parlor as if they were there in person. See for yourself how much you need the New Edison Diamond Amberola in your life. See how much happier it will make your home. Just fill out the coupon and send it in. Of course, we do not want to ship an outfit to a person who can not afford to at least pay on easy payments (and when you get a free trial it must be understood that you can afford to keep it). Yet, no one is under any obligations to keep an outfit if it is not entirely satisfactory. If it is not just what you want for your home, return it at our expense; you, not we, must judge what the Edison photograph means to you and we accept your decision cheerfully and without question.

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U. S. Office: Edison Block, Chicago, Ill.

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Dear Mr. Babson:—As per your offer, I should like to hear Mr. Edison's wonderful new style phonograph in my home on free trial. If I decide to keep the outfit, I will have the privilege of the rock-bottom price of \$72.80 direct from you on special terms. I merely agree to take the outfit promptly from the depot, pay the small express charges, and if I do not find it thoroughly satisfactory, I reserve the right to return the outfit at once at your expense. Otherwise, I will send the first payment of \$1.00 within forty-eight hours after the free trial or as soon as possible, in no case exceeding one week, and will make monthly payments thereafter of \$6.00 for 11 months and \$5.80 for the 12th month. Total \$72.80. The outfit is to remain your property until the last payment has been made. (This offer is not open to anyone under 21 years of age. If you are under 21 ask your father, mother or guardian to fill in and sign this coupon for you.)

My name..... Address or R.F.D. No.....

City..... State..... Ship by..... Express

Shipping point..... Ship by..... Occupation.....

Age..... Married or Single..... If steadily employed at a salary please state.....

How long a resident in your neighborhood and your vicinity?..... If there is any possibly of changing your address during the next year, what will be your next address?.....

and passed along to the dotting of the last I.

It happened at the junction of the British and the Italian forces, and both commanders were now on the spot congratulating as these gallant soldiers would, the young man who had taken every risk a man could take with such amazing success.

The Italian Government did honor to itself in its generous recognition of the services of the Canadian back woodsman. What the full details of this recognition are have not yet been released for publication, but one of them is that the modest request of the boy that he might have "that bird for keeps" is cordially granted. Not only so, but the precious relic will be packed and transported to the owner's home town at the expense of the Italian Government.

The young Flight Lieutenant and his dog were now entitled to wear as many casualty stripes "as the act provides for," but while this last escapade had been less serious in its results than some others, it meant an enforced period of loafing around with the other "convalescents."

"Rip's" left foreleg was in a sling and a bandage over his left eye completed the ideal "Man from Kerry" on the day after the fair!

As soon as they were able to "sit up and take notice," another great surprise from home awaited them. There were no less than three letters and a parcel. The first to catch the eye was one having the inscription on its top left-hand corner, "Office of Clerk of the Municipality of —."

The boy knew that "clerk" as he knew the old, one-eyed elevator at the station. He opened and read a message of congratulation from "The Mayor and Council." They had heard of his doings on the Western Front, and at a full meeting of the Council on the previous night (held in the barber shop because the "office" was too small) it was unanimously "resolved," etc.

That might be a very small community, but they were no "small potatoes" these worthy folks who were struggling to unload their big hearts on their young townsman. These hearts were not to be measured by the floor space of their stores, their firehalls and other public buildings. That same little municipality could and did raise wheat in quantity and quality second to none in Western Canada, and when it came to giving or lending to such things as the Red Cross or a twentieth "Victory Loan" they could and did knock spots off some much larger and more pretentious towns and incorporations.

The second letter was from his Dad, and it brought the first tears the lad had shed since he left home—as he believed in disgrace. But they were tears of rejoicing, for did not the Dad write that the folks of the home town were all waiting to welcome him—his boy! If he needed money his Dad would send him some. That he had squared with the smith, and they had buried the past in a pipe along with the minister and the mayor.

The third letter settled it. A great feeling of home sickness was

beginning to press its weight on the brave fellow, and to the intense concern of poor Rip, the boy buried his face on the pillow and wept as he had never wept before.

But that little shedding of weakness soon passed, bringing the great strength it always brings to the ingenuous soul.

There was no "love making" as the common herd knows it in that third letter, and yet it was charged with Love to its last carefully punctuated sentence. In the sight of God, it was indited by a Great Woman, but as the world knows her a simple Salvation Lass whose heart was at white heat all the time to honor her Master in saving human souls.

You may belittle her and her religious ideals and methods as you may, but in your own interests, not in the hearing of Flight-Lieutenant George Blackett, V.C.

Even the wise little cock-eyed "Rip" sensed what was in that letter, and the boy read in that one remaining optic an understanding, a love, and a chain of memories that he couldn't read in any pair of eyes the world over.

If his thoughts could drop out in words they would be something like these: "Good old Rip, you've never failed me. When I would have fuked it, the very sight of you dared me to fail. We've had a rough time together, and you've never once complained. But it's all over now, my pal. Up, you old rascal, and pack your grip—it's Home, now, Rip—Home! Home!"

"THE LAST BLUFF"

(Continued from page 7)

the township thought very highly indeed of her, and she was famous throughout a district about as big as Yorkshire. The men were all frankly her slaves, and nothing was too much trouble for them if their reward was to be a smile from a pair of mischievous blue eyes.

Long Jake was duly made acquainted with the township's idol after his fourth meeting with the sheriff. It must be admitted that Jake manifested no keen ambition to meet the little girl of whom he had heard so much, but in common politeness he had to make a show of being gratified when Quartz asked him to come round to his shack.

And there Fate played her trump card. It may be that English had a kind of idealised remembrance of his own little girl, without any clear recollection of her features; or it may be that little Betty McKennon was really like the daughter he had lost. The fact remains that Jake was so overcome by the sight of her that Quartz was intensely gratified.

"Two year old she is," the proud father said. "Born in Little Sands, an' proud of it. Come an' spread yourself around, Bet."

Now Betty was too versed in the ways of uncouth men to be shy, but at the same time she was not generally demonstrative. Two years does not confer its friendship without mature consideration. Therefore, when she trotted across to Jake, and held out her fat little arms in order that he might lift her, Quartz was surprised.

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British Casualty: "Nah then, Longshanks, trim the barrier! Can't you see we're all cock-eyed? Just you bob down a bit and tell Little Tich to shift 'is pole on to 'is 'at."

"Well, I be eternally durned!" he remarked.

After that Jake was a regular visitor at the McKennons' place, and Betty displayed an affection for him which his looks by no means warranted. Also Quartz McKennon himself confessed that he had taken a liking to Jake, and during three months the friendship between them grew and strengthened.

Of course it could not last. English was not posing as Long Jake for the mere fun of the thing, nor was he seeking a temporary effacement till things had blown over. He had a definite object in view, and that object was Seth Butt's cattle. Mexico was invitingly near, and English had made his plans before he assumed the title of Long Jake. Betty and Quartz McKennon were just incidents which he thought would never trouble him in the future, once he had made his break-away.

In the closing month of summer his chance came. He and another rider—one Yellow Andy—were told off to round up a bunch of young stock which had fixed itself on a good patch on Seth Butt's extreme boundary. It was likely to be a long job, and it was quite ex-

pected that they would be away for two or three days.

The two men set out just before dawn on a still and perfect day. By noon they had reached their objective, and the work of rounding up the beasts began. The proverbial luck of English still held, in that the round-up proceeded without difficulty, the cattle not being strung out over any considerable tract of country. Yellow Andy was exceedingly pleased at the smoothness of everything.

But trouble started when they sought to drive the mob. They had perhaps six hundred head in all, and two men—even two really good men—are not enough to manage a number like that. Time and again there were small breaks, and on each occasion the mob got further away from Seth Butt's boundary, and nearer to Mexico. If Andy had not been so busy riding, and swearing at anything and everything, it might have occurred to him that his mate ought to have checked most of the rushes.

When night came they had progressed quite a considerable distance in the wrong direction. As the cold wind of evening crept across the mesa, the cattle

Those Pictures from Home

"If they only knew the pleasure they bring us
* * * * I am sure they would come."

*Translation of an extract from a letter written by
a young Belgian soldier to a friend in America.*

"And often I must take in my hand, the pictures from home. I look at them all, one after the other, and they speak to me. Then I am once more at home—I listen, and I live again. It would be too much for me to write you all that they say. But above all, they say to

me, 'Au revoir.' I find them all a little thinner, and Father and Mother a little grayer of hair. *Tiens!* if they only knew the pleasure they bring us, these pictures from home, there would not be one remaining in Belgium. All the pictures would rush towards us; even if they had to pass through the electrified wire of the frontier, or if they had to swim through Yser Canal, I am sure they would come."

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IN THE FRENCH

Et chaque fois je dois prendre les portraits de chez moi en main. Je les regard tous, l'un apres l'autre et tous me parlent. Alors je suis de nouveau à la maison, je les écoute et je revis,—ce serait trop de vous écrire, tout ce qu'ils me disent. Mais surtout ils me disent, "Au revoir!" Je les trouve tous un peu maigris, et Papa et Maman un peu plus gris de cheveux. Tiens, si seulement on savait le plaisir que nous procure, ces portraits de la maison, il n'en resterait pas un en Belgique. Tous les portraits s'élanceraient vers nous, quand même s'ils devaient passer les fils électrique de la frontière; ou s'ils devaient passer à la nage le canal de l'Yser, je suis certain qu'ils viendrait.



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closed up in an orderly, mild-mannered bunch, with no signs of unrest, and the men prepared to make the best of things. They took it in turns to ride round the herd during the night, and everything seemed as matter of fact as possible.

At dawn English roused Yellow Andy by kicking him in the ribs.

"Time was away, Yellow," he said. Andy sat up, to find himself gazing at the business end of a .45 gun.

"What the—?" he began. "Put up your hands!" English commanded crisply; and Andy, who was wise in the ways of the West, obeyed instantly.

"I aims to drive this mob to the border," English went on, with simple directness. "I jest takes your gun—so! Then you don't have no hand to play. An' now what do you say? Either I presses this yer trigger, or you passes your word to help me till I'm through!"

Andy looked critically at the muzzle of the gun, and then at English.

"Wal," he drawled, "I don't know. What d'you call yourself anyway?"

"English." "Strictly speaking, Andy should have exhibited signs of intense fear on hearing this, or, at least, intense horror and loathing. As a matter of fact he merely opened his eyes a little.

"What sorter cold deek d'you reckon to get me with?" he inquired scornfully.

English considered a moment, and then produced a silver dollar from his pocket. "Jest you fix them fish eyes of yours on this," he said.

He threw the coin in the air, giving it a quick turn so that it rose on a level base, as it were. Then, in the moment that it reached the limit of its initial velocity, and seemed to poise for a fraction of time, he raised his gun quickly and pulled the trigger. The coin—vanished!

Yellow Andy sighed profoundly. "Guess you'll scare them beasts if you try fool tricks like that, English," he said.

By which he conveyed that he was convinced. But still there was no horror or loathing in his eyes, but rather a respectful admiration. English was the very limit in bad men, and a first-hand knowledge of, and acquaintance with him did not fall to the lot of everybody. Andy accepted the position philosophically, and had not the smallest intention of making a break for liberty.

On the fourth day the rest of the men on the ranch began to wonder. On the fifth day they sent out a search party, which eventually met a very dusty and pride-swollen Yellow Andy, who related his experiences with much gusto.

"An' in the end he'd have plugged me after all," he concluded. "Told me he hadn't no sorter use for leavin' tracks. But, if so, none of you-alls would have knowed that English worked the game, an' he was plumb riled to think that some sucker might've butted in an' talked big. So he let me go to make you wise about it. Oh, he's jest about the boy is English!"

Now, though the men of the Circle S were full of admiration for English, this by no means meant that they would not rejoice at the chance of stringing him up, and filling him full of holes. His other exploits might entitle him to consideration, but since he had lifted nearly six hundred head of Circle S cattle, the matter became a personal one. Their pride was touched. There was no bitterness, but they just made up their minds to "lay" for English, since he would have to return from Mexico sooner or later, and was not likely to cross very far from their district.

There was a river to be negotiated, and the fords were not so plentiful. So they made their plans, and hoped for the best. They might even have heard of his recrossing, only that English had a very natural suspicion of fords, and, owning a horse that was not afraid of water, swam the river at a point as remote as possible from any recognised drift.

It was just three weeks after the cattle-lifting exploit that Little Sands was filled with an even more pregnant excitement, the way of which was thus: Quartz McKennon had made many enemies during his active life, as was

only to be expected. Being near the border, some of these enemies were half-breeds and Mexicans, who failed to realise that his intervention at a critical time really saved them from a much swifter and more decisive punishment. There are many depraved cow-punchers who still hold that a gun is the only argument when dealing with greasers.

Among those enemies was one Antonio Diaz, who was certainly a little above the average Mexican both in intelligence and knowledge. But Diaz had been a little careless about cattle, and had fallen into McKennon's hands after a very effective stalk and chase. McKennon, who was all for the majesty of the law, conveyed Diaz to the chief town of the district, despite the opposition of the advocates of summary justice, and Diaz duly received seven years.

Theoretically this was a noble achievement. Actually, Diaz would probably have preferred to be shot out of hand, and was not in the least grateful. Indeed, he nourished a very bitter hatred against McKennon, and this hatred grew steadily during the time he was in prison. He was released just about the time of the cattle raid engineered by English.

To a man with the sort of nature you may expect in a half-breed, the matter of vengeance was a simple one once he discovered that McKennon was married. He merely waited his time and then struck. McKennon, returning to his place at midnight, found his wife gagged and bound, and Betty missing. When Mrs. McKennon could speak, she told him all there was to tell—the long and short of which was that Diaz had a least three hours' start. As it was impossible to follow any tracks at night, even if it had been possible to pick them up, this meant that his lead would at least increase till daylight.

McKennon, very white and very grim, rode off at a gallop to get a posse together.

Now it chanced that English, having left Mexico behind, and being determined to reach Sierra Madre, was riding peacefully along in the very early morning. For obvious reasons he rode mostly at night and in the early hours of the day, and remained discreetly out of sight during the day proper. Suddenly he pulled up, and gazed keenly towards a distant point on the horizon, where his practised eyes discerned movement amid the solitude. Then he rode quickly towards a stony gully and disappeared.

Diaz, the fires of vengeance very nearly quenched by the dread of a pursuit which he knew must really be many hours behind, but which seemed to be already reaching out to pluck him to a shameful death, was flogging his nearly fondered horse onward.

He meant to reach a rocky hill some three miles ahead, from the summit of which a tremendous tract of country could be scanned. There he would dismount, and his tired horse could rest, perhaps for hours, till dots on the horizon would tell him that he must get away again. By then his own horse—it really belonged to McKennon, by the way—would be rested, and the horses of his pursuers would be exhausted. There could be no hitch. He was bound to get away. And once in Mexico, he would know how to efface himself. Of course there was no danger now, only—only Quartz McKennon had never yet fallen!


He flogged his horse again, and the little girl before him on the saddle-bow moaned fretfully. At first English could hardly believe his eyes, and even up to the time he pulled trigger he had no idea of the identity of the child. It was enough for him that the rider was a breed, and that he was flogging a horse which was obviously exhausted, and that he had an apparently white child on the saddle before him. English suddenly rode out of the gully, a revolver in his right hand, and spurred across to intercept the other.

"Hands up!" he shouted. For answer, the Mexican swung the child around to form a shield, and began to make play with a rifle. But he was shaken and erratic, and in any case English never took any notice of other people's shooting. He rode up within

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thirty yards to make certain, and then pulled the trigger. At the moment all that was showing of the Mexican was his head, and English made no mistake. The Mexican and the child slid to the ground as the horse stopped, and English rode forward with his gun ready. In many respects the incident would have been quite ordinary, only the presence of the child made for a new element.

As he stopped beside the dead man there was a fretful cry from the child, which quickly changed in tone as she recognized her rescuer.

"Oh, Jake, he hurted me—he hurted me!" she sobbed, and strove to release herself from the clutch which was already stiffening.

English swore bitterly, and then smiled.

"Hollos Kid!" he replied, as he picked her up very gently. "You's sure a long way from home."

"The man took me, and—and hurted me," Betty said, struggling with her sobs.

"He tids ma round and round, and' hurted my arm."

"Sho! Jest you fergit all about him," English answered consolingly. "I guess your pa is hittin' the wind in this direction an' he'll be here afore you know."

He petted the child till he had her comfortable, and she, with all the ease of youth, forgot her troubles in the pleasure of seeing Jake again, and prattled away merrily. But all the time English knew that he was up against a stiff problem, which called for a lot of solving.

Obviously, he could not leave the child where she was, and yet it would be most unhealthy for him to venture any nearer to Little Sands. Apart from the fact that the entire male population itched to string him up and fill him full of holes, owing to the way he had fooled them, there was Quartz McKennon himself. He was a sheriff, and his boast that he never quitted a trail till he had got his man was not a vain one. Duty was a religion with him, and even the return of his daughter might not soften him. It was a pretty problem that McKennon would have to solve, too. Either to prove false to his trust, or to hand over to death the man who had saved his little girl.

After a time English decided that the wisest course would be to wait till the pursuing posse came in sight—he knew there was bound to be a posse—attract their attention, tell Betty to walk towards them, and then make tracks as hard as he could. Their horses would be done up, and his own, though it looked but a disputable cow pony, was the best in three states. For six years it had carried him and there was not another animal to touch it for speed and endurance. After all, there would be very little danger. He had been in far tighter corners.

He turned to look at his pony, and started to his feet with an oath of surprise. For the animal was standing with its head nearly touching the ground, and there was an ominous red puddle on the dusty earth beside it. English put Betty down quietly and walked over to the animal.

He remembered then how the horse had jumped suddenly while he was having his duel with the Mexican, though at the time he had thought nothing of it. But now he saw that a chance bullet from the rifle had struck the poor brute low down in the stomach, tearing through one of the large veins. It was literally bleeding to death.

He pulled out his gun, and put it against the animal's head.

"Poor old lady," he said, "good-bye!" and pressed the trigger.

Then he turned and looked thoughtfully at the horse the Mexican had been riding. It was a good animal, because it was one of McKennon's; but it had been ridden to a standstill. Even now, after half an hour's rest, it was too weary to seek to graze on the coarse grass and shrub about it.

"That settles it!" English remarked to himself, and smiled a rather twisted smile.

After all, he was not entirely sorry.

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He had lived his life, and knew that he could never be different. Indeed, he had no desire to be different. But he knew he could not go on indefinitely eluding the ever-increasing risks of capture. And the death of his mare made a big difference. He had been curiously attached to her. . . . It would be a good finish, too. He would try a bluff on McKennon, and if that failed—well, it would be just the end he had anticipated. So he sat down again, and soothed Betty to sleep.

Two hours later he judged that the Mexican's horse was sufficiently recovered to travel slowly. He saddled up, and took the still sleeping Betty in his arms.

But before he mounted he did something to his guns, and smiled as he thought of the last little bluff he was preparing. Then he mounted, and rode very slowly in the direction of Little Sands.

Quartz McKennon, galloping along at the head of the entire male population of Little Sands, was the first to spy the mounted figure coming towards them. He passed the news back, and the men raised a cheer. . . . A little later he made out that the man was carrying something, but he was afraid to say anything about this. . . . Then one of the men galloping beside him gave a yell.

"Look to it, Quartz!" he shouted.

"He's sure got her. D'ye see? Perched in front of him. She's there, boys!"

Even McKennon dared really to think so, though how she came to be there he could not imagine. Undoubtedly it was the Mexican who had taken her, but the man riding towards them was no Mexican.

Then of a sudden he pulled up. "English!" he cried.

The man before them had halted at a distance of about a hundred yards, and held up his hand. Following the example of their leader, the posse came to a halt.

"You—McKennon!" English hailed. "Drop your guns, and come and talk."

Keep your men back, or—" He held Betty up in one hand, while the other grasped a long-barrelled .45. There was no mistaking the threat.

Quartz McKennon went very white. "Guess I'll talk to him, boys," he muttered, loosening his belt, and keeping his gaze riveted on his daughter.

The posse remonstrated. They were all for riding down the solitary horseman, even though he was English. The fact that he had reverted to the tongue of his birth seemed to make him lose caste among them. No longer did they regard him as all-powerful.

"Get off your horse, and walk," English commanded, and again his voice was the voice of an Englishman. It seemed that he knew the end was near, and was no longer troubling to play a part.

Quartz McKennon dropped his belt, and walked across the intervening hundred yards.

"Well!" he demand huskily. "I happened to meet a greaser running away with Betty," English explained, "so I shot him."

"Thanks—Jake, old pal," McKennon replied, still more huskily.

"Unfortunately the beggar dropped my horse," English went on. "I couldn't leave Betty there, so I had to take his played-out old plug, and bring her back."

"Yes, I 'lows you'd act that way," McKennon said.

"So now, if you'd kindly order your posse to ride back to Little Sands, I'll resume my interrupted journey. You understand me?"

There was a tense silence. Finally McKennon threw out his arms in a gesture of helplessness.

"I aims to get you, English," he said. "A sheriff ain't got no right to be married, an' I guess I'm a sheriff first an' a father afterwards. You's got to take your chance."

English smiled pleasantly.

"Im sorry," he said. "Surely, since I have put myself in your hands solely in order to return Betty, you can turn the posse back. Five hours I ask, that being about the time I have lost. Or let us say seven hours, because I no longer have a good horse."

The sheriff shook his head.

"Maybe the boys would let up, an' maybe they wouldn't," he said. "But I'm sheriff, English, an' I'm sure after you. You're more'n a white man to act as you has, but it don't go with the sheriff. You get me? After they've strung you up, I'll make Betty put you in her 'Now-I-lay-me' business every night. It may help. I will, so help me! You're a white man, English—the whitest o' the bunch; but I'm sheriff of this district."

English smiled again.

"I was rather afraid you'd cut up that way," he said. "But you understand me, Quartz? So sure as you or your men make a move to come after me, I'll shoot Betty. It's the law of self-preservation, the strongest law in the world."

McKennon clenched his hands convulsively, and nodded. To him it seemed quite natural that this man should make a bid for his life, and Betty was a trump card. Only it was bitterly hard to feel that she was so nearly safe.

With a fierce curse he shook his clenched hands.

"I aims to take you, English," he said thickly. "It's hard—mortal hard—but I'm sheriff. Maybe you won't shoot after all. Maybe—"

His voice died away, and he stood looking at English with a world of entreaty in his eyes.

"I shall shoot," English maintained.

"Then . . . Maybe you'll miss. It ain't right. I'm sheriff first, English, an' it'll get me mighty bad to have to string you up. You bin white. I gets it bad either way, but I'm sheriff first."

He turned to his daughter, lifted her in his strong arms and kissed her very tenderly.

Then he set her down, and without another word or look, walked back to the waiting posse. English stood looking after him, and there was something almost noble in his expression.

"Good old Quartz!" he murmured. "I've

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got about two minutes to live, but I'm glad he was a Spartan. It would have spoiled things if he'd hedged. And it will be better than dangling at the end of a rope."

Quartz regained his position at the head of the posse, and climbed heavily to the saddle. There was a brief consultation, and then the posse spread out a little. English, watching, whistled cheerfully to himself, and made great play with his gun, as though waiting for the signal to carry out his threat. As he held the little girl close, the posse could not see that he kissed her.

Then Quartz shouted. A wild yell, meant to disturb English—the posse swept forward, and when close enough to dare, they opened fire. This was rendered easier by the fact that English thrust Betty away from him, as though to shoot from a distance. Thrust her so that she fell, and lay quite three yards from him. A hail of bullets shrieked at him.

From the smother of dust, Betty was rescued quite unhurt. Quartz McKennon, his hands trembling with eagerness, clasped her to him for a moment, and then turned to the dead man. There was a puzzled expression on his face, and he bent down to take the guns from the nerveless hands. He looked at them thoughtfully, and then broke them open. Neither gun was loaded. He put them down beside the body of English, and took off his hat.

"Boys," he said. "He sure bluffed us. He'd took the shells from his guns, so's to make sure he couldn't shoot. He was a white man."

Yellow Andy, also thoughtful, looked at the dead face.

"I guess we don't string him up now," he hazarded.

"Not on your life," Quartz replied.

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ALTHOUGH the War is over, so far as actual hostilities with the erst-while Central Powers may be concerned, the overseas responsibilities of the Canadian Red Cross have not diminished and the flow of money and volunteer assistance for the Red Cross, which has poured out so steadily from Canada for the past four years, will require to be continued in almost unabated volume for many months to come.

Work, in Canada, of the Red Cross, instead of decreasing, will actually increase from now on, and require to be continued, not for months, but for years.

Canadian forces will be on active service in the occupation of Germany and at the frontier for a long while, and some of the soldiers may require to remain there with other contingents from the Allies until a stable Democratic Government is finally established in all of the countries of central Europe, the Balkans and Russia.

The work of the Canadian Contingent in Siberia is only just beginning, and no one can say to what length relief, in the sorely stricken Russias will have to be carried.

These facts can only point to one conclusion—that there must be no slackening in Red Cross effort in Manitoba even though the end of actual hostilities may be in sight. Indeed, the enormous task of re-construction and of re-vitalizing exhausted Europe will call for the continuance of the self-sacrificing effort of the Red Cross as long as the scars of War remain; and to the citizens of Canada, the Red Cross will probably be the last organized war work to bring its activities to a conclusion.

All of which means just this—that Manitoba's tremendous Red Cross Fund, so willingly pledged during 1918, must be paid to the last cent if Canada is to carry out her obligations in this direction as in others; and every man and woman in this province, who gave a subscription to the Red Cross last summer, must hold the obligations of that pledge as sacred as if the Hun were still hammering at the gates of Paris.

The foregoing are the salient points of a statement issued to-day by the Manitoba Red Cross over the signature of M. F. Christie, Esq., Chairman of the Provincial Executive, calling upon the people of the province to remember that while peace has come to the world, the aftermath of war leaves a huge legacy of duty for the Red Cross. The statement has been occasioned by the noticeable drop in Red Cross collection during the past few weeks, a fact which is giving the society's Executive cause for considerable concern.

On the whole, according to the statement issued by the Chairman, payments to Manitoba's Red Cross Fund have been well met. More than half of the grand total of over a million and a half dollars pledged to the Red Cross in Winnipeg last April and throughout the province in June, has been paid, the Manitoba Branch of the Society having received up to date a total of \$835,948.55 on account of its 1918 campaign fund.

Many subscriptions are, however, in arrears, and the books of the Society disclose an increasing tendency to lag in the monthly payments of Red Cross pledges.

The fact that out of twenty-one thousand subscriptions received by the Red Cross in Winnipeg during the drive last April, over seven thousand were for the amount of one dollar or less per month, is noted by the statement as furnishing a striking indication of the unanimity with which the citizens of Winnipeg responded

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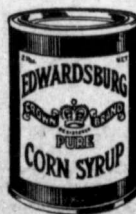
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to the appeal of the Crimson Emblem of Mercy, and it is indeed unfortunate that the great bulk of the accounts now in arrears lie in this class of small subscriptions. The pledges for small monthly amounts, given by the employees of the larger business and professional institutions of the city, where the collections are made through the offices of the firms themselves, have been kept up practically in full, but the thousands of scattered individual subscriptions are those in which the high percentage of arrears occur.

"The Red Cross," the statement continues, "is now directing an urgent appeal to these subscribers to bring their pledges up to date or at least, where they have fallen considerably behind, to make payments thereon."

"The entire fund of subscriptions to the Red Cross last year was allocated in a carefully considered budget, and the expenditure finally adopted after three days most serious consideration by a province-wide convention held in this city on August 1, 2 and 3, and the Red Cross will be seriously embarrassed if its collections fall off to such an extent that all of the obligations incurred in its budget cannot be fulfilled to the letter."

"If the actual demand for Red Cross supplies on the firing front has ceased, and the terrible toll of the daily casualty list is no longer the first draft on the resources of the Red Cross, yet the new demands which have come to replace those of the First Casualty Clearing Stations are no less sacred. The soldiers who will soon come marching home to receive their discharge and to be taken back into the ranks of our citizenship, must leave many of their comrades behind in field hospitals, base hospitals and convalescent homes in England. The institutions for the blind, for those who have been maimed and disfigured and for the treatment of shell-shock, which are very largely assisted by the Red Cross, are all filled to overflowing with the sad wrecks of war. The work done by the Red Cross in these highly specialized institutions for treatment, is one of the finest branches of the Society's service. For instance, in St. Dunstan's Hospital for the Blind, the Red Cross stands ready to pay the necessary expense of \$1,000.00 for each man who is to receive the specialized treatment of this, the leading institution of its kind in the world. The same is true of the patients who go through Queen Mary's Institute for Facial Treatment, and other specialized hospitals in England. There are thousands throughout England and France who are too badly shattered to permit the journey home, and the care and comfort given by the Red Cross to these men must continue until the last one shall have received all that humanity can do to replace that which he has lost."

"As month after month goes by the number of wounded and convalescent men in the hospitals of Canada will not decrease but grow larger in volume, and many of these men must remain in these hospitals, not for weeks or months, but the remainder of their lives."

"The very first demand in the terms of the Armistice, after the military provisions for a cessation of actual hostilities,

was for the immediate repatriation of all Allied prisoners of war, held in Germany and Austria, but a considerable time will necessarily elapse before these unfortunate men can be actually returned to their homes, and many of them are so unable to travel that special provision has been made for their temporary care by their former captors. Canadian prisoners of war in enemy hands have had no humane, friendly agency to care for them except the Red Cross, and the work of the Red Cross in this great department will only increase with the cessation of hostilities until all Canadian prisoners of war, are back in the homes from which they left."

"The American Red Cross has specially undertaken the gigantic task of giving organized relief to the civilian populations of Belgium, Northern France, Serbia and other Allied territories that felt the heel of the Hun; but the American Red Cross great as it is, should not be charged alone with this task. Already as a response to an urgent appeal from Colonel Blaylock, Canadian Red Cross Commissioner in France, the hand of the Canadian Red Cross has stretched out to prevent starvation and alleviate some of the terrible sufferings in these territories and this emergency work must be carried on in a largely increasing measure."

"Another great new task of the Red Cross has developed with the coming of peace, through its Allied organization, the Canadian War Contingent Association, in caring for the comfort, safety and material wants of our men on their way home. The Red Cross faces still another big task in the return and demobilization of its own staff of nurses, transport sections, ambulance drivers and other personnel, besides the disposition of all the paraphernalia and machinery of its tremendous physical organization in England and France. The same careful provision for the return to civilian life of the Red Cross workers must be made by the Red Cross as the Government has been called upon to do for the men for all ranks. All in all, it will be many months before any relief from the moral, financial and material demands upon the Red Cross will be in sight, and it will be years before the Red Cross will be able to close its books upon Canada's share of the Great War and say, 'it is finished'."

"Manitoba's 1918 Red Cross Fund," the statement concludes, "is already spent before it is collected, and every pledge is an obligation which must be fulfilled. There will have to be another big Red Cross fund from Manitoba next year, not so large as the one of this year perhaps, but still an unstinted measure of Manitoba's generosity and after that more funds for years and years. The word for all of us must be 'Remember your Red Cross pledge and keep it paid.'"

FOR THE "FLU"

Immediately put the patient's feet in hot water containing mustard. Let the water come up to the knees and soak well. Then give the patient a good dose of Epsom salts. Put the patient to bed and insist on the patient resting for a few days.



ONE "EFFECT" OF THE UBIQUITOUS "FLU"
 Old Lady: "Is this the result of a bomb, Constable?"
 Constable (fed up): "Bless you, no, Ma'am. The gent what lived there had the "Flu." That was his last sneeze what did that."



Save by Serving these delicious, wholesome and economical desserts—rich in protein—contain no flour—perfect economy foods. Especially appealing dishes are attained by a combination of these puddings—eight flavors—and Gold Standard Jelly Powders.



CHOCOLATE SUNDAE PUDDING
 *Add the contents of a package of Chocolate Pudding to a pint of milk and make a smooth paste. Add this mixture to one pint boiling milk (previously prepared) and boil five minutes. Pour in a mould and set away to cool. Serve with whipped cream.
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SOLD BY DEALERS EVERYWHERE
The American Pad & Textile Co.,
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THE VALUE AND NECESSITY OF A HOBBY

By Alex T. Macintosh, Provincial Secretary (Manitoba) "Boy Scouts"

It is an axiomatic assertion to say that, for every animal from the lowest to the highest, sleep, food, and coverings are necessary, but it is not so readily admitted that these are not the only requisites of life for him who would live the life made possible for man by the Architect and Governor of the Universe. "Man does not live by bread alone" was a statement made by the greatest teacher the world has known, and perhaps we require this truth restated to-day in some such way as this—Man does not live by work alone.

As boys we all welcomed the statement of the truth that "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." As boys we believed that this was truth, and in this workaday, hustling, bustling, war-racked world there is great necessity for the spread of that glorious doctrine of childhood, all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy.

Provision must be made for more than the necessities of life, as those are generally accepted, provision must be made for a life and no life is profitable, nor of any real value, that does not recognise as fundamental this fact, that life must be a delight to one's self and a source of pleasure to others. Man is a social animal and he should recognise this as well in his giving as in his getting. There is no surer way of acquiring a healthful happiness, no surer way of fitting oneself for the work of life, than through the having of a hobby, for every hobby necessitates the increase of information and the ability to use that when acquired.

The average man has neither time nor inclination for a hobby. In fact, he holds the hobbyist in derision, as being either a species of harmless lunatic, or at least as a person who is wasting valuable time, and yet nothing has tended to greater or truer service than the having of a hobby. William Gladstone learned many a great lesson and gained much strength among the trees of Hawarden, and Baden-Powell, scouting with boys, has unfolded principles and demonstrated plans for character building that have been endorsed by the world's greatest and best.

Whatever increases one's interest in life is to be desired, and when one becomes really interested in anything as he does in a hobby, he at once places himself in the class of those who are public benefactors, for is not his own happiness increased and that of others made more possible.

There are those who ride their hobby to death. At least, so we have been told. And if this is true it but only proves that there is life in a hobby, and whatever has life may, and can, produce life. Like produces like. A hobby produces happiness in life, and therefore in these war stricken times, it is our opinion, hobbies are more necessary than formerly. A man without a hobby robs himself, and in robbing himself, he commits a crime against humanity.

One of the finest signs of the times in this matter-of-fact western world of ours is that hobbies are on the increase, both among the old and young. It is one of the most healthful conditions of our life to-day, and should be encouraged to develop among all classes of the people.

When a boy takes up stamp gathering as a hobby, he at once places upon himself the necessity of enlarging his geographical and historic information so as to have that information that will enable him to classify and arrange his collection. When a man takes up golfing as a hobby, he must of necessity control himself nervously, physically and mentally, that he may develop that poise and precision that are so necessary to the game. When a boy or a man takes up the keeping and breeding of rabbits or white mice or guinea pigs as a hobby they soon find out that knowledge of the laws of sanitation as applied to animals is necessary, as well as those principles of breeding and feeding without which no progress can be made nor profit obtained in any line of animal husbandry. When the farmer or his boy makes the auto his hobby, the whole family begins

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Only your own ears can prove to you the charm of Brunswick tone, and its superiority. Hear the Brunswick first, then judge for yourself.

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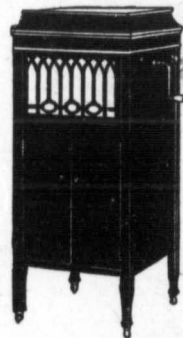
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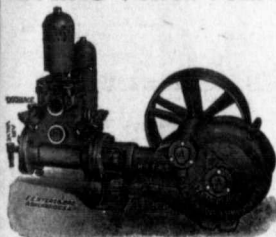
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**Farm Congress
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The Provincial Exhibit which was awarded the Sweepstakes trophy at

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for the most attractive exhibit will be one of the features of this year's Exhibition.

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in prizes are offered, and some of the Competitions are open to the World.

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to reap the benefit, not only in pleasure and real enjoyment, but also in mechanical information and the moods and temper of an engine.

"Get a hobby" should be used as a text in every pulpit, as an editorial in every newspaper, and as a motto hung in every business place; then would there be more efficiency and more real happiness.

Suppose someone sets out to get a collection of the autographs of celebrities of his day; or a set of historical photos of his city in the realm of sport; or to obtain a collection of regimental badges or recruiting posters; such an one would not only have pleasure himself but would also be performing a service of real value to his community or country; and in these war days no hobby should be permitted that does make a real contribution to permanent good of the country and the weal of the world's citizens.

No submarine puts to sea without its supply of white mice, and no American soldier wears a hat that the humble rabbit has not done its share in providing, and the goats of Germany have helped materially in maintaining German efficiency, and yet it is not true that the average person despises these creatures that are to-day such a boon and a blessing to men.

Get the habit of having a hobby that is not only a source of pleasure to yourself, but a profit to others as well.



"OLD SILK"

"Old Silk," the Family Friend

By Alice Spencer Geddes

ISN'T this a nice, kindly old horse? How old do you suppose he is? He has had thirty-two birthdays which are a great many for a horse. Probably he has lived to such a good old age because he has always been treated like one of the family.

When he was born his white coat was so smooth and glossy that the mother of the family named him "Little Silk." When he grew larger and began to work his name was just naturally changed to "Silky," because you couldn't very well call a great big strong horse "Little Silk." And then by and by he grew old and couldn't work any more and then just naturally, too, his name was changed to "Old Silk"; and that is what it is to-day.

He is a very gentle old horse and is fond of sweet apples. And when one of the children brings him one, he is careful not to bite the fingers but takes the apple and holds it with the soft part of his lips until the children take their fingers away and then he crunches it as if he thoroughly enjoyed it, which indeed he does.

The picture shows him looking over the barnyard wall where he loves to stand with the warm sun on his old back, for "Old Silk" doesn't have to work any more. He is just a friend of all the great big family. And the children of the sons and daughters who were children themselves when "Little Silk" was born, hope that he will live a great many years to look at them with his kind and gentle eyes whenever they pass the barnyard wall.

"It ain't the guns or armament, nor the tune the band can play, But the close co-operation that makes them win the day. It ain't the individual, nor the army as a whole, But the everlasting team-work of every bloomin' soul."

—From Kipling.

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7th Prize, \$10.00 in Cash, 8th Prize, \$10.00 in Cash
9th Prize, \$10.00 in Cash
- TOGETHER WITH MANY MERCHANDISE PRIZES**

Herewith will be found the picture of an Aviator who has just dropped a bomb on a pile of Shells. At first glance the Airplane and the Explosion appear to be all there is in the picture, but by careful study the faces of several soldiers will be found. There are 7 of them in all. Can you find them? It is a safety task but by patience and endurance can be accomplished.



You may win a cash prize by doing so. Many have done this as will be shown by the names and addresses which we will send you. If you find the faces mark each one with an X, cut out the picture and send it to us, together with a slip of paper on which you have written the words "I have found all the faces and marked them." Write these nine words plainly and neatly, as in case of lies, both writing and mistakes are considered factors in this contest.

This may take up a little of your time but as TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS in cash and many merchandise prizes are given away, it is worth your time to take a little trouble over this matter. Remember all you have to do is to mark the faces, cut out the picture and write on a separate piece of paper the words, "I have found all the faces and marked them."

WE DO NOT ASK YOU TO SPEND ONE CENT OF YOUR MONEY IN ORDER TO ENTER THIS CONTEST

Send your answer at once we will reply by Return Mail telling you whether your answer is correct or not, and we will send you a complete Prize List, together with the names and addresses of persons who have recently received over Four Thousand Five Hundred Dollars in Cash Prizes from us, and full particulars of a simple condition that must be fulfilled. (This condition does not involve the spending of any of your money.) Winners of cash prizes in our last contest will not be allowed to enter this Contest. This Competition will be judged by two well known business men of undoubted integrity, who have no connection with this Company, whose decisions must be accepted as final.

Upon receipt of your reply we will send a complete list of the names and addresses of persons who have won \$4,500.00 in Cash Prizes in recent contests held by the publishers of this advertisement. Although these persons are entirely unknown to us, they are our references. An enquiry from any one of them will bring the information that our contests are carried out with the utmost fairness and integrity. Your opportunity to win a good round sum is equally as good as that of anyone else, as all previous winners of cash prizes are barred from entering this contest.

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- One fifty brake horse power four-cylinder tractor \$1,500
 - One thirty brake horse power four-cylinder tractor 1,000
 - Two twenty brake horse power two-cylinder tractors, each 800
 - Five fifteen brake horse power two-cylinder tractors, each from \$500 to 800
 - One eight brake horse power one-cylinder tractor, air cooled, lorry body 400
 - One small English threshing machine, capacity about 400 bus. wheat, per day 200
 - Three twenty brake horse power two-cylinder tractors, made by The Earl Shipbuilding and Engineering Co., Ltd., of Hull, England, each 800
 - One sixty brake horse power two-cylinder tractor, made by Ruston, Proctor & Co., Ltd., Lincoln, England 3,000
 - One portable Sylvester twenty horse power engine without wheels 50
 - One Multum in Parvo 36-barrel self-contained flour mill, with wheat cleaner Price on application
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- Gold Bridge work, per tooth 7.00
- Porcelain Crowns 7.00
- Porcelain Bridge work, tooth 7.00
- Painless extracting of teeth. Gold Fillings. Porcelain Fillings. Silver and Alloy Fillings.

Every bit of dental work carries the Robinson stamp. When you get tired experimenting with unskilled dentists, give me a trial. Hundreds upon hundreds of testimonials from patients. I have no other office in Western Canada. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous dentists who try to make you believe they have my system.

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SOME OF THE BOY HEROES OF THE WAR

THE cool and unflinching devotion of John Travers Cornwell of H.M.S. Chester, who stuck to his gun, when all around him had been put out of action, and the battleship looked as if she might founder at any moment, has had an effect that was not thought of at the time that Admiral Beatty immortalised the lad's bravery in his famous Jutland despatch. It has recalled scores of similar deeds, on land and water, and incidentally revealed the fact that the young heart of Britain is still animated by the chivalry and bravery of the poetic Cassabianca.

Here is the story, for example, of the "Schoolboy V. C." In the official language that described his magnificent insat and bravery. It is acknowledged that he "saved a dangerous situation" The boy, George R. D. Moore, was awarded the cross for bravery at the Dardanelles; he is the youngest V. C. of the war, and possibly the youngest officer ever to have received this decoration. He was eighteen at the time of the action that brought him distinction and twelve months before was at school. He was attached to the 5th Hampshire. The official description of his action is as follows:

"On June 5, during operations south of Krithia, Dardanelles, when a detachment of a battalion on his left had lost all its officers was rapidly retiring before a heavy Turkish attack, Second-Lieutenant Moore immediately grasping the danger of the remainder of the line, dashed back some 200 yards, stemmed the retirement, led back the men, and recaptured the lost trench. . . This young officer saved a dangerous situation."

He Ran Away From Home

Take another: A corporal tells a touching little story in a letter to a friend. "The other day," he writes, "I stopped to assist a young lad of the West Kents, who had been badly hit by a piece of shell. He hadn't long to live, and he knew it, too. I asked him if there was any message I could take to someone at home.

"The poor lad's eyes filled with tears as he answered—I ran away. Mother and dad don't know I'm here, but you tell them from me I'm not sorry I did it."

"When I told our boys afterwards about that they cried like babies; but, mind you, that's the spirit that's going to pull Britain through this war, and there isn't a man of us that doesn't think of that poor boy and his example every time we go into fight."

NO NINTH PART OF A MAN THIS TAILOR

IT was in Nantes, says a correspondent that I met this little man I am going to tell you about, and I think I will tell you the whole incident, just as it happened to me, so that you can see in what a queer, unexpected way one may run against a hero. I found him on the railroad quay in a French provisional town in the shape of an undersized tailor, slightly bald and forty-two years old.

Nantes is one of the twelve cities of France that have statues in the Placs de la Concorde, in Paris. One passes through there on the way to and from the coast towns of Southern Brittany and, having come from St. Nazaire, I was waiting in the Gare d'Orleans in Nantes for the train to Paris and meanwhile trying to find my porter to see if he had all my luggage gathered in one place.

I found him at the far end of the quay with my bags at his feet, talking to a young girl wearing the Breton coiffe and the wide-sleeved Breton costume.

"Auguste has come," the girl was saying as I approached. "He arrived last night from Paris, and came to our house this morning."



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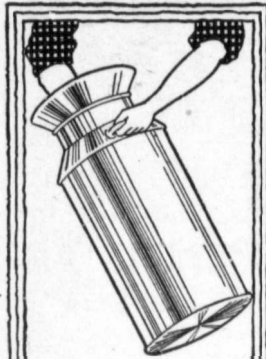
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LOOK FOR IT!

My porter touched his cap to me. "Everything is here, monsieur," he said, "and the train will stop directly opposite up on the No. 1 line. This is my sister Madeleine, who has come to tell me about Auguste."

"Auguste is our cousin," explained Madeleine, "and he is coming to the station to see my brother. My brother was his favorite when we were children. Here he is now!" she cried. And I turned and saw a group of three advancing along the quay.

After the affectionate greetings were over my porter turned to me and said: "This is my cousin Auguste, monsieur. He is just home from Germany."

"Then you are a soldier?" I asked, as I shook hands with him.

"Not yet," he replied. "The government has given me fifteen days' leave before I join my regiment."

"Auguste has done his service," said Madeleine. They were all very proud of their cousin and stood close around him in a little circle.

Before War Began

"But yes," said Auguste. "I did my three years before I went to Germany, and I have been home every year since for my two weeks' training. I was just coming home last year when the war broke out, and they made me prisoner."

"Oh," I said. "So you have been in one of the internment camps."

"It is so, monsieur," he replied. "Three days before war was declared they took me and all the other Frenchmen and made us prisoners in a camp."

"Before war was declared?"

"But yes, monsieur, three days before war was declared."

"Where was that?"

"It was in Saxony, monsieur. I would not want to say too closely. My wife and children are still there, and it would be bad for them. But it was not far from Dresden."

"Were your wife and children also made prisoners?"

"My wife is German, and my children were born in Germany."

"And how long have you lived in Germany?"

"Fifteen years."

"Did you have to work?"

"Only the French. The English and Russians did not have to work, but they built a factory for making asphyxiating gas shells, and the French prisoners had to work in the factory."

"Did you work in it?"

Wrecked Factory Thrice

"I wrecked it three times," he replied. "It made 40,000 shells a week. The first time I damaged the furnace, and it took them four days to repair it. Then I spoiled the acid tanks and they ran for more than four weeks making shells that were worthless before they found it out. The third time I wrecked the furnace again, and it took three days to repair it. But then they began to suspect me, monsieur. They watched me too closely. I could be of no more use there, and—well, drew a plan of the factory and escaped. It is for that plan that the government has given me fifteen days' leave before I join my regiment."

"Was it hard to get away?"

"My wife did not want me to go. She was afraid they would capture me and shoot me."

"Your wife?"

"Yes," he replied. "When I escaped from the camp I went to say goodbye to my wife and children. My wife cried and begged me to go back and give myself up. She said I was sure to be captured and then I would be shot. But her sister came in while I was there. Her sister's husband and his two brothers are fighting in the German army. One of his brothers has been wounded and has the Iron Cross. And she said that I was right to go. She said that I was French, and it was right for me to want to fight for France. She told my wife to let me go. So I kissed my wife and children and came back to France."

"It was in June that I escaped, and they caught me just as I got to the Swiss border and started to take me back again. But I escaped once more, and this time got here. It took me two months."

"Haven't you done enough?" I asked.

"Do you want to fight now?"

"Oh!" he cried, raising his clenched fists, "give me a gun and a bayonet in my hands!"

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The Cost; SOMETHING for nothing! A bargain! Listen!

And poor deluded humanity listens, and if the gods ever laugh they chuckle then, for well they know, that body, soul, and spirit, men and nations pay to the last farthing and half farthing for everything that is theirs. Rob a man of a fortune, and your soul becomes that much poorer; lose a fortune and you are neither better nor worse. Riches cannot be stolen nor given as a gift, nor bought with money. The price of the real is the real, and money is not the real. Something for nothing—nature knows not of it—there is nothing for nothing in the whole broad universe.

At the present moment Russia is paying the price, of years of oppression, and injustice, and brutishness, and autocracy. She is held in the throes of the pains of afterbirth, and both she and the child of freedom that she brought forth, appear to be trembling in the balance. But it is not so—nothing for something—never—and Russia has paid a price, and what a price for her freedom. Thousands of men and women, wandering over the face of the earth not daring to go home; thousands of men and women freezing and starving for years in Siberia and in prison; that is a price that must be paid for, in freedom, in light, and in hope for the future; it has got to come even though delayed.

The price for which men and women have died in thousands, for which they have sacrificed everything that many hold dear, will yet be Russia's, but before it can be grasped and held in peace another debt must be cancelled. Every unjust blow on a defenceless back, every wound to a devoted spirit, every tear of the poor and deprivation of the helpless, has to be paid for by Russia. There is no escape, the law cannot be evaded. In travail of spirit, the country must pay the price, even should she totter and fall under the burden; which she will not.

The nations of the earth must have patience with her. The birth of a nation is no small matter, it is a real thing, one of the real things in which the price is never too high.

Our American habit of growling over our job reminds the Feed Chopper of a story: A lank Missourian from the Ozarks walked into a Woman's Exchange in St. Louis. A cantankerous middle-aged woman stepped up and asked him what he wanted. "He this the woman's exchange?" he inquired. "It is!" she snapped. "An' be ye the woman?" he persisted. "I am!" she replied in no gentler tones. He looked around thoughtfully, transferred his tobacco from one cheek to the other, edged toward the door, then remarked casually, "Wall, I reckon I'll keep Salt!" Our job is usually a pretty good one after all.

The "Jocks" at War An English Soldier's Appreciation (Edinburgh Scotsman)

Few people will deny that Scotsmen are good fighters, but it is questionable whether they were appreciated at their real worth before the present war broke out. Eighteen months spent amongst them gives an Englishman a fair opportunity of studying them and of comparing them, favorably or unfavorably, with their English comrades.

It so happened that on joining Kitchener's army, I was posted to a battery in one of the Scottish divisions. Most of our artillery were English, but the infantry who were to share our fortunes in France at a later date were "all Scotch." We had battalions representing all the famous Scottish regiments—Cameron's, Seaforth's, Gordons, Argyll and Sutherlands, Black Watch, and others. Yet we were not satisfied. When we met them on parade

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the centers to leave regular shapes, and fill them in with bits of boiled beets. Serve them on lettuce leaves and cover with salad dressing. Serve the centers of the onions next day covered with milk sauce.



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Then return our money, only \$3.20, and we will at once send you the beautiful Mesh Bag, and the lovely Wrist Watch you can also secure without selling any more goods by just showing your grand gift to your friends and getting only six of them to sell one goods and earn our fine premiums as you did. Remember you take no risk. We pay all delivery charges on your premiums right to your door. If you are unable to sell all the goods they can be returned and we will pay you a cash commission of five per cent premiums for the quantity you do sell. We guarantee satisfaction. Write to-day to Dept. P. 13 THE GOLD DOLLAR MANUFACTURING CO., Dept. P. 13 Toronto, Ont. 2718

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we turned up our haughty English noses; if we heard the bagpipes wailing, we wished the division had been supplied with proper soldiers, English soldiers. But Scotsmen! How should we show up in respectable society in years to come when we confessed that we went to the front with a Scottish division? To be English among Scottish was surely a bitter fate.

But, believe me, as the months sped by and the time for embarkation drew nearer, we began to think that, after all, we shouldn't do so badly with Jock as a travelling companion. We began to boast in our letters home that we were on the eve of departure for France—in a Scottish division.

A Charge at Loos

In the firing line the spirit of mutual friendship grew apace. If I live to be a hundred, I shall never see a sight so fine as the Scotsmen's charge at Loos. That day a strong link was forged in the chain of the love that Tommy bears for Jock. We saw the Scotsmen leave their trenches with an alacrity that Englishmen can hardly equal. Intoxicated with the frenzy of battle, they swept on in a rush so irresistible that the German troops fell back two miles in less than sixty minutes. We of the artillery, following in their wake, traversed a stretch of open country littered with killed bodies; at three o'clock next morning, in a field behind the battery, I saw the remains of a battalion of Royal Scots Fusiliers falling in for roll-call. It was the same old story of decimation. The "battalion" numbered considerably less than a hundred. These are the things that thrill you and heighten your love for your comrades. It is not until the war-clamour has died away that you can sum them up.

The Scottish Temperament

The Scotsman in battle has a great advantage over the Englishman in that he is less emotional. In this respect, in fact, there is as much difference between the two nationalities as there is between English and French. In peace time the Scotsman's imperturbability is less noticeable. But automatically with the assumption of kilt and Glengarry somehow he seems to don a still more placid bearing. Compare Englishmen and Scotsmen at the moment when both are waiting to mount the parapet and take part in a charge. Of all moments in a soldier's career, that surely is the one when he

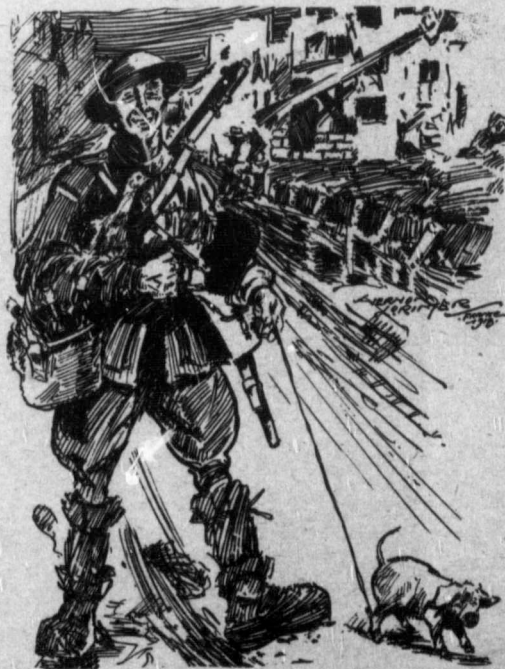
sheds completely any artificiality that formerly cloaked his soul. I have seen the both at that moment. The Englishman is no longer his typical self; he carries no characteristic swagger, no self-satisfied expression on his face. He loses all his outward nationality, and becomes, but for his khaki, a nondescript human being, believing in his luck and anxious, desperately anxious, to put it to the test.

But the Scotsmen's behavior is altogether different. There he stands with bayonet fixed, and, as you watch him, you cannot help noticing that at this supreme moment his nationality, outwardly expressed, is uppermost among his feelings. A Scotsman through and through, more so now than ever he was before. If he turns to right or left in his impatience, he will swing that kilt of his as he used to do in the streets of Edinburgh, though he may be painfully aware of the change in his surroundings. The chances are that his last coherent thought before the charge is one of pride in his native land and of his own responsibility for its fair name and reputation.

Clugs to the Picturesque

Again, it is of no concern to the Englishman that the old-time bugle call no longer sounds the charge. He does not regret the change from the picturesque to the colorless; rather he makes the worst of it by using for the words of command a plain "Go over" or "Get over." Not so the Scotsman. If he cannot have a bugle call, he will at least cling to the old-resounding "Charge" as the best available substitute. And in that thought you may read a better comparison of the two nationalities at war than were possible by any other means.

This partiality for the picturesque, distinguishing him as it does from his English brother, is the chief cause of his popularity with men of English regiments. Jock is inordinately proud of his distinctive uniform. It is no uncommon thing in the trenches to see a Scotsman, though caked in mud from head to foot, and wearing such self-effacing articles of clothing as fur coat, woolen cap, and waders, flaunting a dirty ribbon or two to let you know his regiment. Everyone is dirty in the trenches, but it takes a Scotsman to defy the fashion of "nondescriptness," and, for love of regiment and nationality, to hoist his colors in a land of mud.—N.R. Simmons.



A MESSAGE FROM THE BOYS

"Don't worry—we're all right! We are now on a little fishing excursion to the Rhine and the folks on the way are sure treating us white. Good luck and a Merry Christmas to all at home!"

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and responsibilities. The duty of every man now is to provide a living for himself and his family, and help in the reconstruction of the world. The great call is still for food. Other industries may collapse, but agriculture must go on.

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Milton, Tennessee, October 1, 1918.

We are so elated over our purchase of the 22x36 Junior Red River Special Separator, that we bought of you this year, that we cannot refrain from giving some words of praise and commendation for your courteous and kind treatment toward us.

And most especially do we want to speak the highest words of praise in behalf of our Red River Special. IT RUNS LIKE A HUMMING BIRD IN THE EARLY MORNING SUNSHINE, and we have never had a minute's trouble, with any part, since we bought it.

We threshed 12,000 bushels of grain this season and never had a better running piece of machinery in our lives.

We had a practical test of the cleaning qualities also in this manner.

We threshed 400 bushels of oats for a farmer, and he also had a Baler there, and baled the straw as it was threshed, and when they had baled all of the straw several of his neighbors joined in and they searched the chaff pile thoroughly and reported that they were unable to find a grain of oats.

Thanking you for your kindness towards us, we beg to remain,

Yours very truly,
G. J. SNEED & SON.

Hillsdale, Michigan, October 31, 1918.

I have been too busy to write you letting you know how we are getting along. Anyone running a Nichols & Shepard Company outfit never complains. We have had your machinery for eleven years, and are now running our second Red River Special Separator and our second Nichols & Shepard Engine.

We are very well pleased with our new steel 32x52 Red River Special. Run all this fall without losing a cylinder tooth. I think this is very good for 74 days' run and threshing 68,640 bushels of rye, wheat, oats, barley and buckwheat. We also did this without any repairs whatever. There are five other makes near here and some of them were laid up for two and three days.

We threshed 1,130 bushels of rye in nine hours, and the largest day's run of oats was 2,658 bushels with five sets.

I will now tell you about the 25-50 Oil-Gas Tractor we bought of you this year. Your man came and run it off the car and helped run it home two and one-half miles, which took about two hours, and he showed us in that length of time how to operate it. We have not had a man here since, nor have we needed one and we will bet any man that we can start it inside of one minute.

We have been up hills and have gone up easily where steam got in. We have run this tractor eighty-six days and have never been stuck or had to uncouple from the separator as we do not take a team. We only used thirty-five gallons of kerosene for our longest day's run, and the same amount of water through the carburetor. The water is a great thing, as we have not had to clean a spark plug this fall. We had to change one on account of the points being eaten off. We only use five gallons of gasoline to start it for a week and sometimes less. One Monday morning we drove seven miles, started the engine, set the separator and was threshing inside of one hour. Can you beat that?

Yours for success,
S. KENNEDY & SON.

You cannot afford to buy anything but the best. Take no chance. Hundreds speak of this year's experience in the same glowing terms as does Messrs. Sneed & Son and Messrs. Kennedy & Son. Write for Catalog.

NICHOLS & SHEPARD CO.

In Continuous Business Since 1848

Builders EXCLUSIVELY of THRESHING MACHINERY

Red River Special Threshers, Feeders, Wind Stackers, Steam and Oil-Gas Traction Engines

BATTLE CREEK, MICH.

BRANCH HOUSES and Agencies: (with Full Stock of Repairs) at

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KEROSENE TRACTORS



We Are Grateful for the Opportunity to Serve Mankind

A Message to Farmers Everywhere

As we look back over this year of 1918, we feel fortunate in being associated with you in an industry which has contributed so largely towards the winning of the war. We have the keenest admiration for the millions of farm men, women and children in all parts of the world. You have worked with a patriotic spirit, each with the idea that by producing larger and better crops, you can do your part in this great struggle between Autocracy and Democracy.

We have strived to help you. There is not a man in the Case organization who has not realized the tremendous responsibility of the farmer—the food producer.

We Case people consider ourselves your brothers-in-arms. The man at a forge feels his responsibility as much as the man who is plowing or harvesting.

This year, as never before, power farming had a greater significance. It has helped to overcome depleted man-power and multiply production.

It is making farm work easier and more attractive. And no man, once he knows this new freedom from drudgery, is content to go back. So for the future, we see new farming conditions, better days.

To all who have co-operated with us, we extend a hearty handshake, and with you, we are proud to "Carry On."

J. I. Case Threshing Machine Company, Inc.

Founded 1842

1397 Erie Street, Racine, Wis., U. S. A.

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CASE

1919



A composite view of the Case factories, now covering 140 acres



The First Case Factory In 1842