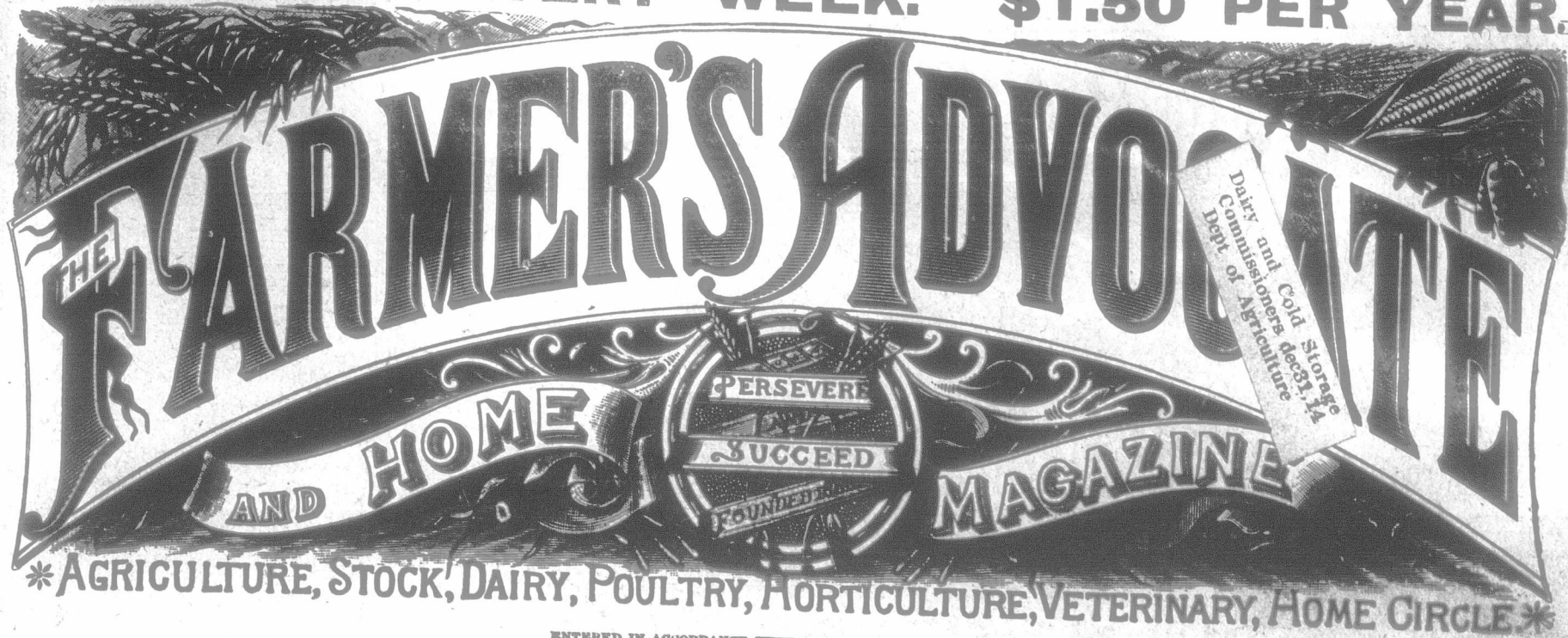


1914

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7	48	22	5-6-7-7-9-10-10	25
8	42	22	6-6-6-6-6-6	27
8	42	16-1/2	6-6-6-6-6-6	29
8	47	22	4-5-5-7-8-9-9	28
8	47	16-1/2	4-5-5-7-8-9-9	30
9	48	22	6-6-6-6-6-6-6	31
9	48	16-1/2	6-6-6-6-6-6-6	33
9	52	22	4-4-5-5-7-8-9-9	31
9	52	16-1/2	4-4-5-5-7-8-9-9	33
10	48	22	3-3-3-4-5-7-7-7-8	33
10	48	16-1/2	3-3-3-4-5-7-7-7-8	35
10	52	16-1/2	3-3-3-4-5-7-8-9-9	35
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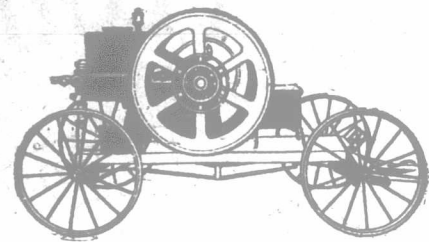
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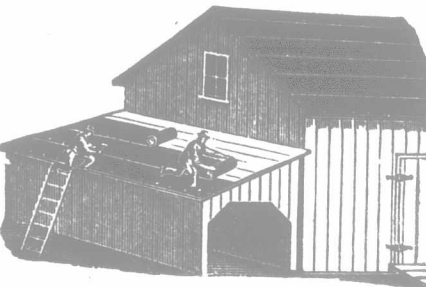
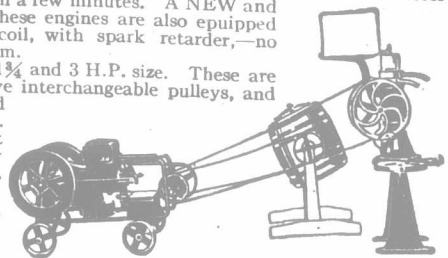
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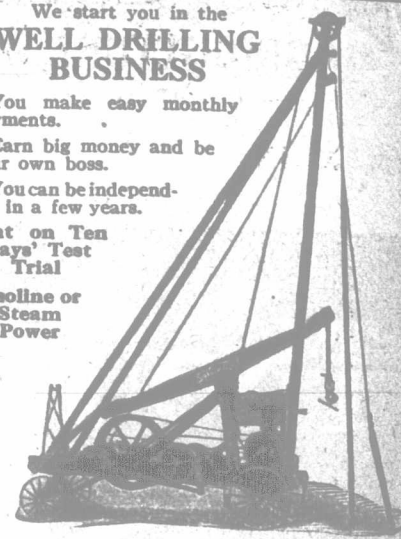
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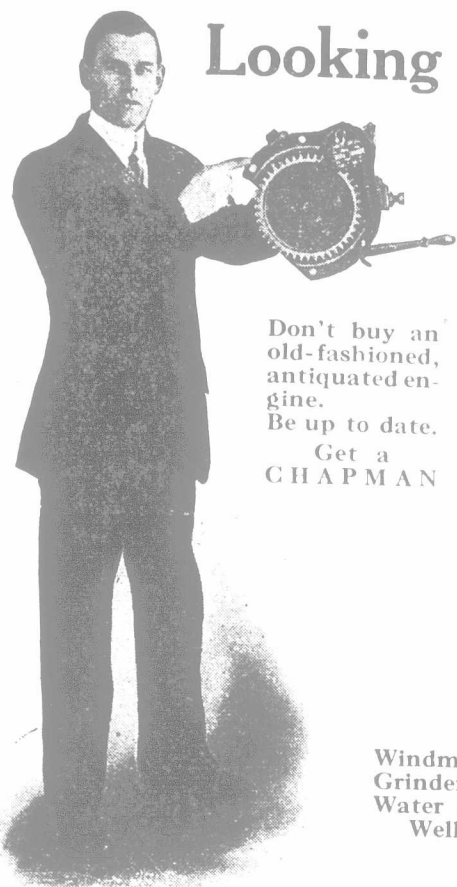
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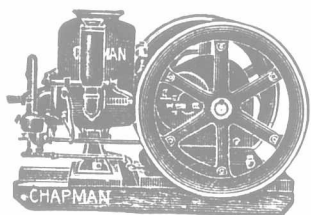
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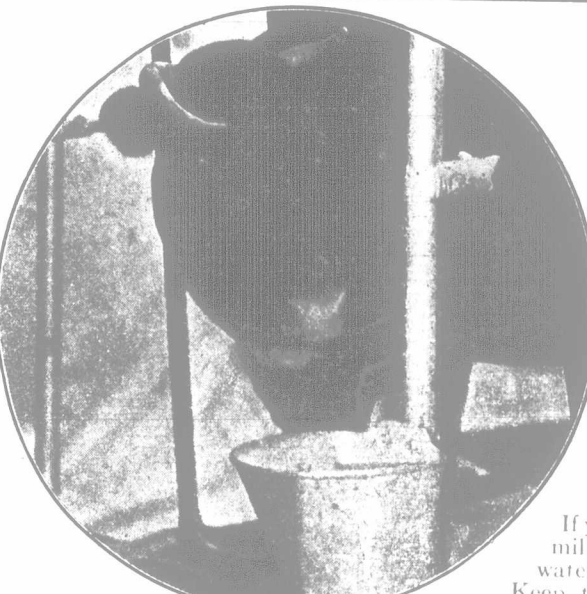
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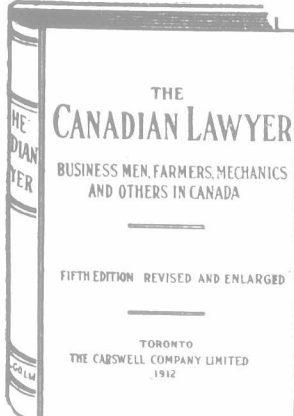
will increase milk production so much and help so much to fatten feeders and stockers, that it will pay for itself this winter. The bowl can be installed in a few hours this fall.

The big BT Bowl holds 3½ gallons, so only one is needed for every two cows. It is made of cast iron, and is so heavy and strong it will give the best service for 25 years. Each bowl can be cleaned in a moment by removing a little rubber plug. The valve is simple and is made of rust-proof aluminum.

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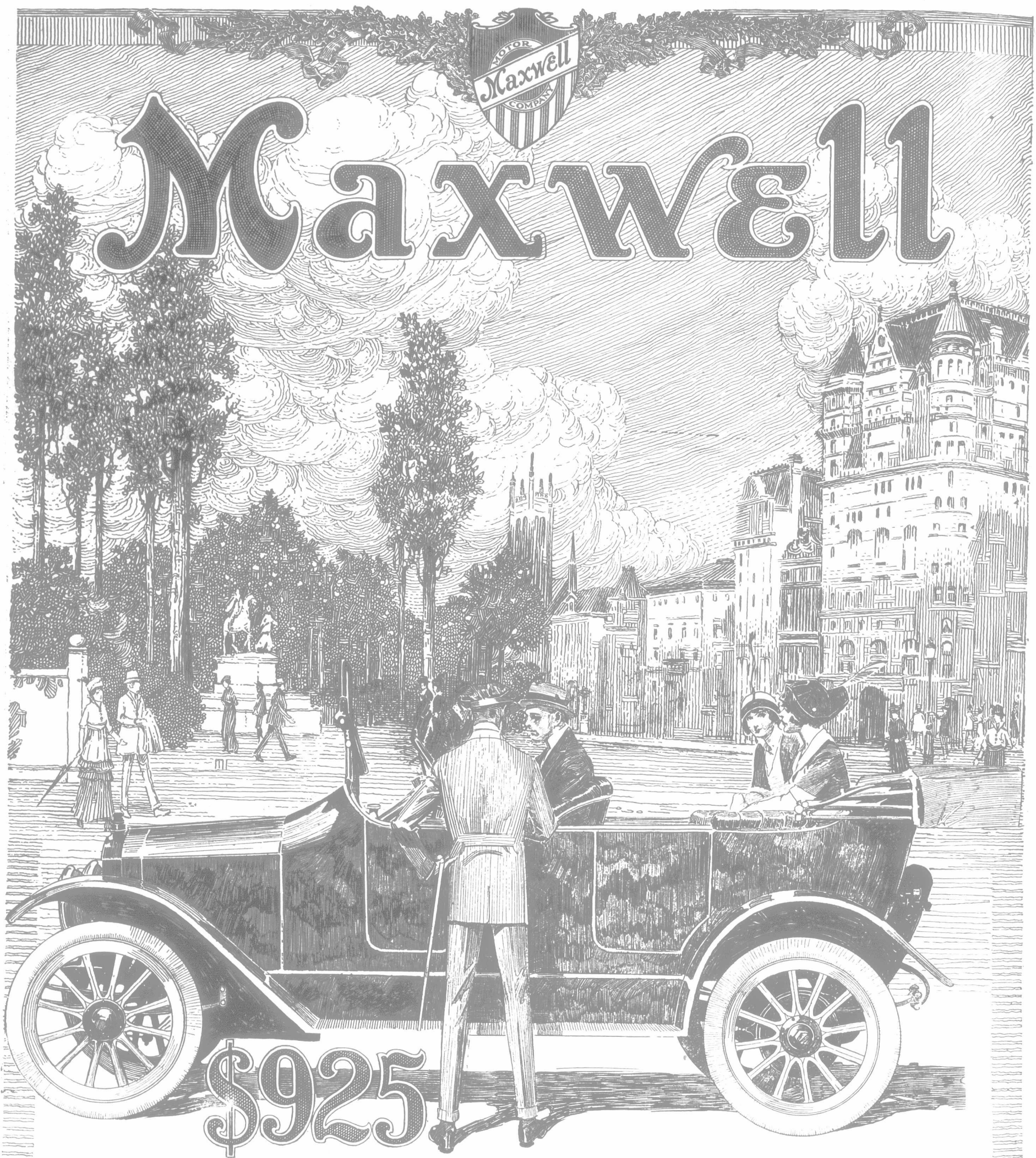
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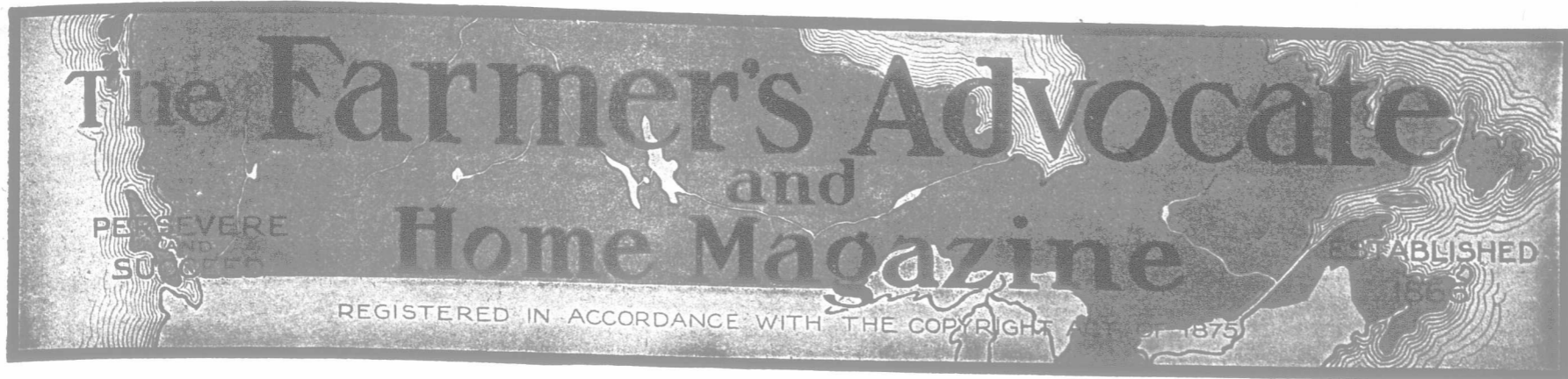
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Vol. XLIX.

LONDON, ONTARIO, OCTOBER 8, 1914.

No. 1150

EDITORIAL.

Is civilization only skin deep?

Canada cries for bigger crop yields.

People are tiring of stories of annihilation.

Never has rough feed been more valuable than it will be this winter.

Who can tell whether or not it will pay to feed cattle this winter?

They say in the United States that Europe has knocked the H. out of Hague.

An apple waste is imminent; why not eat more apples and a smaller quantity of citrous fruits.

There has always been room for more good men on the farms, but the need is urgent now.

By growing a big crop in 1915 Canadian farmers are entrenching our fighters on the firing line.

It is a well-farmed farm on which there is no waste. There is still time to save a good deal this fall.

Where now are the evidences of culture and civilization of which so many proud boasts have been made?

We are glad to note that township and county fairs have been well attended, and exhibits have been above the average.

The German Emperor's brain storm may not throw him into a lunatic asylum, but it will surely land him in safe keeping.

If some of the time and energy wasted on war discussions were spent in pushing business, the latter would not feel the depression so strongly.

When the primitive people of uncivilized parts hear of the awful slaughter in civilized Europe, they must wonder whether civilization is really worth while.

Concentrates are expensive, and every ear of corn not going into the silo should be carefully husked and stored. Much waste often occurs with this crop.

The success of the men who, in the next few months, decide to begin farming depends largely upon themselves. Farming is a business in which individual effort and ability count much.

Increase your grain acreage if this can be done without a decrease of all-round yield per acre. The farm being worked under a regular crop rotation with the best cultivation is yielding well now. Rotation and system is what is most needed.

It is to be hoped that the Kaiser is at home when the allied armies make their afternoon call at Berlin. One thing is sure, unless he makes faster progress he will not be absent attending a banquet in Paris.

Stayers Not Squatters for the Farm.

For years and decades a steady stream of young men and young women floated unregarded from country concessions and rural hamlets to the larger centers of population, gradually, and even rapidly, swelling them out of all proportion to the number of people left at the producing end of our country's business. Then writers began to complain of the high cost of living, and consumers commenced to cut down on the more expensive foods in order to keep their living expenditure within the limits of the earnings of the household head. From the pens of word painters flowed glowing pictures of the possibilities of a back to the land movement. All this was not enough to stem the tide. But then the shock came—the war. Men who had still been able, under conditions just previous to the war to make ends meet found their jobs gone and prices for necessities advancing. To find occupation for these men is the problem facing the country. Naturally, as in most other problems of a national nature, the solution is sought in the farm. Never in the history of Canada have farmers been so advised, coaxed and exhorted to increase the production of the land, to find employment for city out-of-workers and re-establish the balance of rural and urban communities. Men of all classes, races and creeds, men of all nationalities, trades and professions are being advised to farm. The country districts need men, but they need efficient men. Tradesmen, mechanics, clerks and office men must remember that farming requires brains as well as brawn. It is no occupation to be played at for a time, and left to its fate the moment the tide again trends cityward. The land requires men not afraid of work, not afraid of comparatively long hours, unperturbed by temporary hardship, men of judgment, men willing and ready to make the best of what may seem hard circumstances, but which with the right kind of stuff may be turned into a profitable venture. "Back to the land" will be no joy ride for many who are not workers and business men in one. The man who has ability and is willing can learn farming. It must be remembered that success with a farm depends upon individual capacity and effort, and that the riddle of the most successful agriculture has not yet been solved. We would not keep any desirous of bettering their positions away from the farm; think it over Mr. Town Dweller, and if you decide that you are the man for the farm get there now, but weigh this question carefully, "Will agriculture and my country benefit by my farming operations?" The man and the farm, both stand to lose if he makes it only a haven of refuge to tide him over a hard winter. The farm needs stayers not squatters, and a little capital is necessary.

Greater Efficiency Needed.

It is not how much work that counts, but how well it is done. If there is one thing more than another needed in this country in this trying time it is a greater efficiency. An endless amount of waste results through half-done work. The country, and particularly the farm, needs men who can and will do things. Most anyone can manage to exist on a farm, but it requires a high-class efficiency to make the farm yield the returns which it should yield, and which it will if rightly handled. We saw an acre and a quarter a few days ago which will give its owner this year in the neighborhood of \$700. This is a high yield, the result of good management and hard work well done. The crop was onions, kept

clean, well worked, and on judiciously-prepared ground. There was no special effort to make a showing, the whole being accomplished with the ordinary high-standard of preparation and work done on this place. This is a special crop, but even so the lesson is plain. Many are the poor and unprofitable crops of onions due to inefficiency. What is true of this crop is true to some extent at least of all crops and of all classes of farm operations. Know how to do it and do it well should be the aim of all, and then the increase of production of which we hear so much would become a fact.

More Acres or Better Cultivation, Which?

While agreeing with the greater part of what is being said in favor of increasing production in Canada in 1915 and subsequent years, "The Farmer's Advocate" believes that too much emphasis is being placed upon an increase in acreage and not enough upon larger yields per acre. True it is, that considerable areas now devoted to pasture land, acres which have been seeded down for many years and now produce only a sparse growth of grass might be profitably broken up and sown to cereal and fodder crops, and we hope that such will be the case, but it does seem to us that there is a more urgent need of a better all-round cultivation and the practice of more "system" in farming generally. It is not the man who is growing the largest acreage of grain crops in Ontario who is making the best success of his farming operations. Driving through the country, we care not what part, it is plain to be seen that the man who practices a short rotation of crops, which necessitates the keeping of live stock, the cropping of a comparatively small acreage to grain, and the devotion of a considerable acreage to clovers, alfalfa and other legumes, and the remainder of the farm in a well-kept hoed crop of some kind, is producing more grain, more hay, more corn and roots, and more milk and meat than the man who resorts to a large acreage of grain with no regular rotation and a small acreage of grass and hoed crop, relying mainly on a big grain acreage. The farmer with the system will one year with another produce more grain on a small acreage than his neighbor will on the large acreage. It is evident then that to increase the output of Canada's farms, especially in Ontario where live stock must be reckoned as one of the main-springs of farming, the first consideration is to increase the yield rather than the acreage, although both may be worked for under present conditions, because there is no getting away from the fact that in some sections in Ontario too large an acreage has been devoted to pasturage for the good of farming generally. We would like to see some of those who are exhorting farmers to grow more grain next year pay a little more attention to methods of increasing yields.

There is yet this fall time to do much in the way of cultivation, ploughing, harrowing, cultivating, and even ridging up that the frost may have every opportunity to do its work upon heavy soil. All these operations should be pushed to the limit. Then the farmer may do much towards increasing his yield by a careful selection of seed, as he has the entire winter ahead of him for this, and should plan to sow nothing but the very best. There is a good deal in variety, and it will pay, where seed must be bought, to consult tables showing the results

The Farmer's Advocate AND HOME MAGAZINE.

THE LEADING AGRICULTURAL JOURNAL IN THE
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JOHN WELD, MANAGER.

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14. **ALL COMMUNICATIONS** in reference to any matter connected with this paper should be addressed as below, and not to any individual connected with the paper.

Address—THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE, or
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LONDON, CANADA

experimental work, to talk with neighbors who have a particularly good variety, and to select high-yielding sorts suitable to the particular soil upon which they are to be sown. When spring comes get on the land as early as possible, and give it the best spring cultivation it has ever had. There is too much slipshod work done on the farms. A great deal of it has in the past been due to scarcity of labor, but a little farm well tilled will usually put to shame, as far as yield is concerned, a big farm scratched over.

In advising increased acreage there is a danger that careless, slipshod methods will be practiced to a greater extent than heretofore. In the rush to get more acres worked this fall, ploughing may be carelessly done, and with so much to put in in the spring there is a tendency to hurriedly skip over the large acreage in a rush, endeavor to be done seeding as soon as the next neighbor. Better advice is not to attempt to put in more than the land can properly be prepared for. Of course, we are promised more help for the farms, but until that help is available and is actually working on the land we have no assurance that it is going to be obtainable and satisfactory. The rush to the city did not start in a day, neither will the rush back to the land be at a break-neck speed. Men must be shown that they are going to make more and work under better conditions in the country than in the city before they will start back, and even then the process will likely be slow, because many of them do not care for country life, and will stay away from it as long as possible.

There is no danger of cultivation being overdone, but there is a danger in many districts of over-doing the acreage in comparison with the number of men kept to work the land. Make the motto, "increased acreage if possible, but better cultivation first." It would be more profitable to sow forty acres of oats, and put them in so well that they yielded sixty bushels to the acre, than it

would be to sow eighty acres with poor seed on poorly-worked soil and get a yield of only thirty bushels to the acre. These figures are not overdrawn. Sixty bushels is not the limit of good cultivation, and thirty bushels is by no means the lowest result possible from poor cultivation. They only serve to bring home the fact that it is not the big acreage that gives the largest amount of grain, but it is the acreage put in in such a manner that large yields are assured. We sincerely hope that more thorough and more systematic methods of cultivation will be practiced, and that the acreage will not be increased at the expense of yield per acre. The duty of the producer is plain.

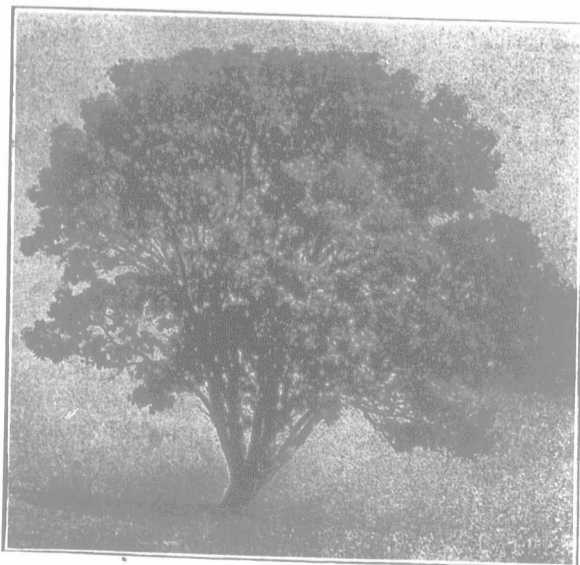
Nature's Diary.

A. B. Klugh, M.A.

Now is the harvest time of many of our wild plants. Acorns, Beechnuts, Hickory nuts, and Butter nuts are falling to the ground throughout the East. In the southwestern portions of Ontario Chestnuts and Black Walnuts are ripe. Hawthorns stand aglow with their red fruits, wild grapes hang in black clusters from the vines. On the Pacific Coast the Dogwood trees, which stood like huge banks of snow with their large flowers in May, are now a blaze of scarlet fruit. Many plants which were inconspicuous in flower are now prominent in fruit. The flowers of the Cranberry tree (*Viburnum Opulus*) are white and comparatively small, but the fruits are large and of a clear, bright red. The fruit is very acid, and is often used as a substitute for cranberries. This shrub, which is also known as the High-bush Cranberry, and Pimbina, is found along streams and in moist thickets in most of the wooded parts of Canada.

The Staghorn Sumach in June bears clusters of greenish flowers which are far from conspicuous, but at this season of the year the large panicles of densely hairy, red fruits make it a marked feature of the landscape. The bark on the older branches is brown and smooth, the younger branches are clothed with long, soft hairs, which at first are pink, change from pink to green the first year, become dark and shorter the second year, and are shed the third or fourth year. The range of this species is from Eastern Quebec to Winnipeg. The fruit maintains its red color well into the winter, and eventually turns brown. These fruits are eaten by many birds, and a flock of Evening Grosbeaks, which I came across on the Bruce Peninsula in May were feeding on them.

Another plant which is decidedly attractive in fruit is the so-called Black Alder or Winterberry, (*Ilex verticillata*), a shrub which is not an Alder



Arbutus Tree.

at all, but which belongs to the same genus as the Hollies. The fruits are bright red, and are clustered close about the stem. This plant is common in many swamps from Nova Scotia to Western Ontario.

The Climbing Bitter-sweet or Waxwork is extremely ornamental in fruit. The outside of the pods are bright orange, and when the pods open their segments are reflexed and display the scarlet covering of the seeds within. This climber is common in many localities from the Atlantic to Manitoba.

The Dogwoods of our Eastern woods are fairly conspicuous with their clusters of small white flowers when in bloom, but are even more so when in fruit. The fruit of the Red-osier Dogwood is white or pale blue, of the Panicle Dogwood white, of the Silky Cornel, or Kinnikinnik, pale blue, and of the Alternate-leaved Dogwood blue.

In rocky localities in the East the Mountain Ash with its large clusters of red fruit is very

attractive to the eye. It is also attractive to the birds, and the Robins levy heavy toll upon it. Such fruit as is left by the Robins is much appreciated by the Grosbeaks which come down from the north in the winter. Even more striking than the plant common in the East is the Elder-leaved Mountain Ash of the Rockies and Selkirks. This little tree, though rarely reaching fifteen feet in height, has larger and even brighter fruit than the Mountain Ash.

On the Pacific Coast the red fruits of the Arbutus tree are very striking in the autumn. This is one of the most beautiful trees in the world. The bark is a light-reddish-chocolate color and the leaves are large, oval, ever-green and shiny above. The outer bark peels off in thin layers in the spring and early summer, revealing the new bark beneath, which is a light green. This new bark gradually turns olive and finally assumes the characteristic light chocolate hue. This tree ranges from British Columbia to California. In the States it is called by the Spanish name Madrona, but in Canada the name Arbutus Tree, which is derived from the scientific name *Arbutus Menziesii*, is used.

A Problem for the Feeder.

Buying feeder and stocker cattle is never the surest proposition that a man can tackle, but circumstances this year have placed the cattle feeder in a more perplexing position than for some time. A combination of circumstances has caused a rapid advance in the price of all kinds of feeding stuffs, while values of cattle for feeding purposes have also risen. Those intending to feed cattle during the coming winter must stop and weigh the matter carefully before buying their cattle, or they are likely to run into something which will not pay them as well as it has done on some occasions. With prices for good feeders running up as high as \$7.50 per cwt., and wheat commanding a price of from \$1.15 to \$1.20 per bushel, while oats may be sold at from 50c. to 60c., rye at 75c., barley at 65c., and peas up to \$1.15, and with shorts and middlings ranging around \$30.00 per ton, and hay and other roughage unusually high in price, only a good feeder with the very best class of cattle is going to be able to make the price of his grain, fair wages for labor, interest on investment, and a reasonable profit thereafter. We would caution buyers to exercise more care in making their purchases of feeder cattle than they have ever done in the past. There is no knowing what may be the market conditions before next spring is reached. The outcome of the present turmoil in Europe is beyond conjecture. People are being thrown out of employment already in thousands, and earnings are being decreased very materially. Meat is a high-priced diet, and one of the articles upon which a cutting-down will be made first. If this reaches any appreciable extent it may have the effect of temporarily decreasing the demand and lowering prices. There is a great scarcity of beef cattle the world over and prices are not likely to be permanently lowered, but conditions may be such at the time the cattle are ready for market that a lower price than anticipated would be all that could be commanded, and the cattle might go at a loss.

Of course, there is a danger of this in any year, but not so much so as during the present season. It is certainly a time for careful buying and careful feeding, and the man who selects the very best class of stock, gets it at a fair price, and follows all this with economical feeding stands the best chance to win. American buyers have been coming on our Canadian markets, particularly Toronto, where no later than last week one buyer made the remark that prices for stocker and feeder cattle were the highest in America. He returned without cattle, sure that he could make better bargains in his own country. Cattle are scarce but there is still such a thing as buying feeders too dear, especially with all kinds of feed very high in price.

We hope that the conditions will not curtail cattle feeding operations, and induce farmers to sell most of their products in the raw state. This would not be good policy, and if persisted in would certainly prove a detriment to Canadian agriculture. There is a fair profit in stockers and feeders at what might be termed a fair price, and prices should not be held out of all proportion to possible returns for the finished product. Buying cattle to feed is more or less of a gamble no-

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matter how well posted the buyer is, and he should at least get a little consideration for taking the chance. Every man buying stocker and feeder cattle this fall should know before he buys just how much of the feed necessary he must purchase at market prices. To him who has the best assorted lot of rough feeds grown on his place is the best chance of making feeding pay this winter. Good silage, roots and clover hay should be made to pay well during the coming season, and they should be made the major portion of the feed. Some grain is necessary, but a limited amount used in conjunction with the other feeds may be consumed to better advantage than where the old-fashioned plan of heavy grain feeding is resorted to. Concentrates are too high priced, and cattle are held at too high a rate to permit of anything but the most careful use of these feeds. The feeder's proposition this winter is an interesting one, and one severe enough to test the ability of the most tactful and experienced cattlemen. The man with the most experience, the most rough feed and the best judgment will win.

THE HORSE.

Cold, bleak nights are hard on a horse's coat and flesh. They will do much better in a comfortable stable well bedded.

Roots will soon be harvested. One or two each day will make stable conditions more like the summer months on the grass.

The Servians use oxen to move their ammunition, ambulance and food vans. Meals might be served more punctually if horses were employed in this department of the commissariat.

Now that the fall fairs are practically over every one knows who has the best horse in the community. Any one who did not exhibit has no right to claim superiority for his stock. It was his duty to take the animals out and prove his statement.

The mare nursing a fall colt should receive extra attention. June with its abundance of grass and succulent food is the natural season for foals to be born, so the breeder should remember this and make fall conditions as near like them as possible.

Forcing Foals.

The futurity premiums given at many large exhibitions have resulted in the bringing out of some very commendable line-ups of yearlings, especially in draft classes. Their object, as is well known, is to encourage the feeding of draft foals and developing them when they should grow. It has been ascertained that a foal will acquire about half his mature weight during the first year, and when systematically fed it is not impossible to have them attain a weight of from 1,000 to 1,200 pounds in the first three hundred and sixty-five days. These foals developed at an early age are usually the class that bring the highest market price when sold in the mature stage, and it is good policy indeed to develop them at that time.

At the Wisconsin Experiment Station eleven foals were fed on a mixture containing 60 per cent. ground oats, 15 per cent. corn meal; 10 per cent. bran, and 15 per cent. cut alfalfa hay. They were given all they would, clean up of this mixture, and they consumed on the average 16.5 pounds per day. At the beginning of the first trial uncut alfalfa hay was offered in addition, but the foals ate very little. With this method of feeding it was found that the foals would reach the weights of 1,000 to 1,200 pounds at the age of one year. The feeding periods ranged from 140 to 223 days, and the foals made gains averaging 2.1 pounds per day, at an average daily feed cost of 18 cents. The estimate average cost of feed for the foals for the entire first year was placed at \$51.66. The comment of the Station is, that such a system of feeding cannot be recommended for poor foals of inferior breeding, but it is believed that it will pay to force pure-bred or good, grade draft foals on a ration similar to the one mentioned.

Too many foals are fed on the waiting principle, their owner thinks that in due time they will develop to proper size and strength, but in many cases one year's time has been lost in this unsystematic way of growing colts, for with a little extra feed and care they will develop much more quickly at first, and when sold in the mature stage will bring a higher price on any market.

What Horse Will the Future Demand?

In our issue of October 1st, our English correspondent says, "We must breed more hunters. It's so easily done. A Thoroughbred stallion used on a light-legged, farming mare, and there you are." This advice may be applicable in Britain, but the general run of farm mares in this country are not the kind that will rear a good hunter or a good cavalry horse. Where most farmers find it advantageous to have heavy horses there is, of course, no logic in breeding to Thoroughbred stallions. Furthermore, when cavalry horses were being picked up in this country at a price ranging from \$125 to \$175, draft horses were moving at from \$225 to \$300. A poor hunter is not much use in this country, but an off-grade draft horse will always sell for something.

Fifty-nine leading British hunts have contributed 7,774 hunters to the war office. In an extremely materialistic country like Canada we cannot expect in the immediate future to have such thoroughly organized institutions established as hunts that will be ready in time of war to contribute a large number of horses for that purpose, for Canadians find little time for such recreation, and in view of this fact there seems little use for hunter-bred horses during times of peace. In addition to this it is hoped by the greater number of liberal thinkers that a successful culmination of this war, from a British viewpoint, may result in a partial or total disarmament in which case the demand for cavalry and artillery horses would be very much lessened.

Canadians are as patriotic as any, but they will show their patriotism in some other way. Feedstuffs or wheat grown on farms tilled by heavy horses will be appreciated at any time, and the farmer can better afford to donate a portion

horse and will be more useful to the farmers, but from his view point if the Government desires hunting horses or remounts bred in Canada there should be some means of supplying work for them, or some way of keeping them during times of peace, for the farmers generally cannot afford to breed this type of horse.

Not many months ago mention was made in these columns of the need of remounts for British and European cavalries, but now that the bomb has burst and the need of such a horse, decreased breeding should be done in such a way as to give the required amount of light horses without depending upon war to furnish a market.

LIVE STOCK.

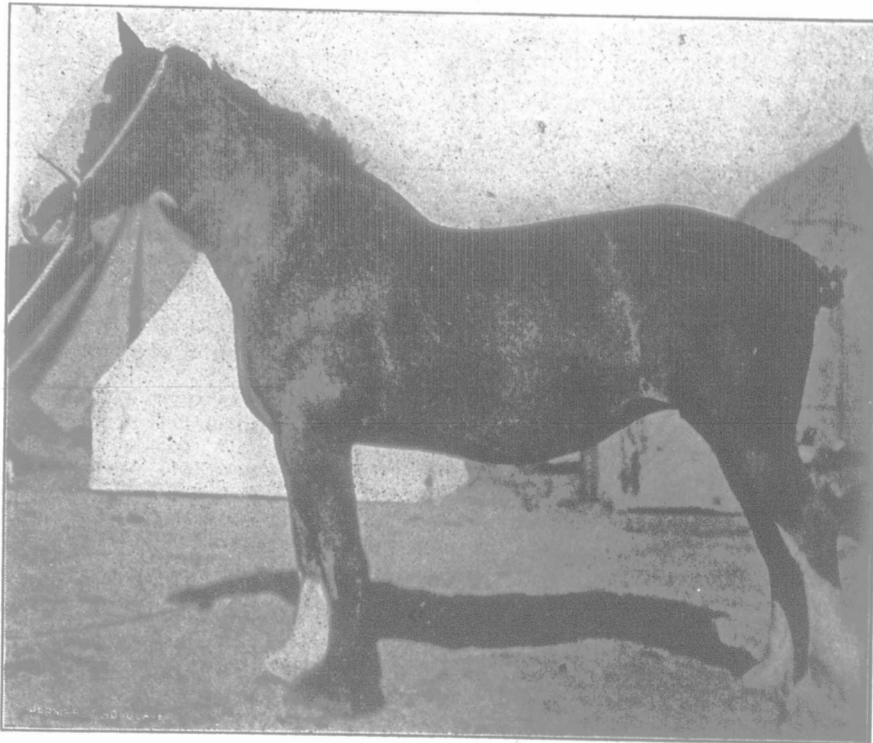
How to Select and Care for Sheep.

A valuable series of bulletins, by T. Reg. Arkell, has just been issued by the Live Stock Branch of the Dominion Department of Agriculture. They contain some good advice for sheep breeders and beginners with sheep, and we reproduce some of it for the benefit of our readers. There is a good time ahead in the sheep-breeding business in Canada, and thousands more of our farms should be carrying a small flock of sheep. If already in the business or about to start a small flock read the following:

Many men think that, after they have spent a few months in learning the theory of sheep husbandry, they are capable of pursuing practical management with an assurance of easy success. They have possibly learned the symptoms of diseases with their remedies and in detail scientific management, but exigencies always arise for which they are unprepared and which probably, when studying the subject, they did not deem worthy of their consideration. It is strict attention to the little things in sheep raising that so generally leads to a great success. No one should enter extensively into the business without having had a thorough practical experience. Otherwise it is best for him to commence in a smaller fashion. As his flock increases in size so will his experience, and he will learn for himself the proper methods to apply to every condition that may arise.

Too many beginners display an over-confidence in their prowess and knowledge of the sheep business. This makes them a prey to the salesman who sees no need of correcting mistakes that the beginner may make in the purchase of his breeding stock. Most generally this class of novice wishes to make personal selection of the animals, and, if his ideals respecting type are somewhat astray, as is by no means infrequently the case, he gets in his flock many sheep which he would be better without. Had he been sensibly disposed and confessed his ignorance of many points of breed type, the salesman, unless he were most unscrupulous, would have aided him in choosing animals that would prove valuable to him. Few breeders who have any sort of reputation at all to sustain will take a rank advantage of a man who ingenuously leaves the selection of his purchase with them. In fact, many breeders state that they much prefer a buyer to make a personal choice than sell by description through the mail, since in the latter case they feel compelled, in order to uphold their honesty and trustworthiness, to send a better animal than the price really calls for. With personal selection the seller's liability is limited, since he does not feel himself responsible for what the purchaser does.

Choice of breed is the first difficulty that besets the beginner. The common question with those entering the sheep business is: What is the best breed? To that the only answer that can be given is that all breeds are good when adapted to the conditions under which they will be subjected in the district where the beginner's farm or ranch is located, and meet local market requirements. The selection of breed also depends largely upon the individual taste of the shepherd, and the object he has in view in raising them. In Canada success can be attained with any of the popular breeds produced here, but no person should ever commence raising a breed for which he knows he cannot obtain



Royalette.

Clydesdale brood mare; winner of her class at Toronto, and champion female at London, 1914. Owned by W. W. Hogg, Thamesford, Ont.

of a crop rather than breed a type of horse that will be useless to him. Our English correspondent's words were not directed towards breeders of this country for the situation is different in England, but it is considered by some that there should always be a reasonable percentage of saddle horses in Canada. This is true enough, for there is always a place and use for that class of horses. They should be used more and many farmers would enjoy a good ride if they had a good horse, but in the spring of the year or in the fall when horses are needed, the light-limbed, slender-middled horse is not the kind to hitch to a seeder or a gang plow. A general-purpose horse nicks in better in farm economics, and it is that class which should be bred rather than the Thoroughbred cross. Thoroughbred blood is not out of place in any horse, but it is hardly advisable to introduce it into the pure-bred draft breeds, yet where farmers have what may be termed general-purpose mares crossing them with a good Thoroughbred stallion will often result in a very useful horse. A survey of the different remounts of European cavalries shows a different type of horse used by each Nation. There is a coachy, Hackney look about the French cavalry horse, while the Germans are mounted on an animal that shows considerable Thoroughbred character. The Russian mount resembles the Orloff type mixed with other trotting blood, but on the whole the Hackney has figured more in the mounting of soldiers than is generally considered. Some Hackney blood mixed with the Thoroughbred will tend more toward the general-purpose

ready sale. Perhaps his means and conditions do not warrant him to enter into the production of pure-breds. If he is breeding sheep merely for mutton purposes, high-class grades will suffice, yet even in buying grades he should take care to select only those possessing a good mutton conformation. Many farmers think that, since they own simply grades, 'any old sheep' at all will produce good enough results in the flock, and, therefore, the more cheaply they can buy the better. This is false economy, for very frequently they obtain in their flock animals that do not pay for the expense of their keep.

Uniformity of type in the flock should be the direct aim of every breeder. This applies to grades as well as pure-breds, and refers to the selection of a type of sheep, possessing similar mutton and wool characteristics. With pure-breds this feature is especially important. In a flock of sheep where several types obtain, choice of a suitable ram is most difficult. Besides, disparity in this respect detracts from the general appearance of the flock, and gives the buyer or casual observer an unfavorable opinion. Every breeder should aspire to produce a distinctive type. He should endeavor to breed a class of sheep possessing characteristics that, wherever the animals are, they will be recognized as his breeding. But to attain this he should never uphold some fancy character in preference to utility features. No feature should be given undue prominence beyond another, especially one that is purely ornamental. The establishment of an ultra form of some fashionable characteristic has at times become an obsession with many breeders of pure-bred sheep, and this sin (for it cannot be called anything else) must be avoided. The ultimate destination of most pure-bred rams is at the head of grade flocks, and their utility features should only be taken into consideration.

The beginner should study well and become familiar with the type or breed he has selected. He must be able to recognize undesirable features and disqualifications. These he should endeavor to preclude from his flock, and to this end he should practice a rigorous culling every year. Individuals which do not possess the merits that his ideal calls for should be banished from the flock. Sheep having grave defects of character or type should not be used for breeding purposes. The absolutely perfect sheep, however, is still unknown, but every breeder should essay to approach as well as possible to what he considers perfection of type. Therefore, he should practice judicious care in the initial selection of his foundation stock and in his subsequent breeding operations.

After getting the foundation of the flock laid the following leaves from the note-book of a successful shepherd may be found helpful:

Regulate the time of lambing to suit the requirements of the market, or in other words, have lambs of requisite size and weight ready for the shambles or for sale as flockreaders in the case of pure-breds, when the demand is keenest and the price highest.

The shepherd should estimate and fix his breeding season, by reckoning backwards 21 weeks, which is the approximate period of gestation, from the time he wishes his lambs dropped.

If you wish to assure the birth of strong, vigorous lambs, keep the pregnant ewes in a thriving and healthy condition.

Do not neglect to provide some succulent feed for the ewes, as turnips, cabbage or mangels, for the winter ration. Maintenance upon a very dry feed may result in constipation and serious ill-health.

A word of warning in respect to mangels. They should be fed in very limited quantities to rams, since they are prone to produce calculi or stones in the kidneys or bladder. These may become large enough to close completely the urethral opening, which, unless relief can be quickly provided, will result in the death of the ram. The ewes, having a larger urinal canal, are not so subject to this danger. Turnips and cabbages can be fed to both sexes with impunity.

Separate the ram from the ewes after the breeding season. The ram will thrive better apart, and, besides, danger of his butting the ewes is averted.

Every well-regulated sheep barn should have a warm lambing pen. This should be located in the south end. There is no better means of insuring warmth than by constructing the walls of boards tightly fitted on both sides of the studding, so as to form a still air space. It is much more effective, in conserving heat and preventing the entrance of cold air, than where one layer of boards is placed directly upon another with building paper between.

If pasture is not ready, commence feeding the lambs, when about two weeks old, a little grain, mostly oats, and a good quantity of clover or alfalfa hay.

Lambs should be fed in a separate pen from their dams, otherwise the ewes would take what is intended for them, and they would get little or nothing to eat.

In raising pet lambs, watch that the cow's milk does not cause constipation. To correct

this condition give a little castor oil with the milk.

All lambs must be docked. This operation can be done most satisfactorily when they are from ten to fourteen days old.

Ram lambs not intended for breeding purposes must be castrated. Pure-bred animals only should be preserved entire, and many of these, possessing marked defects of type, had best be unsexed.

Sore teats and udder should be carefully treated. Since caked udder is most frequently caused by exposure to draughts or lying in cold, damp pens, every means should be taken to keep the ewes in comfortable surroundings. After weaning, ewes, showing distress with their udders, should be milked for several days.



A Karakule Lamb.

To prevent wool balls in the stomach, clip all tags and locks of wool around the udder.

Remove the manure from the pens frequently and keep them well bedded with clean straw.

Do not permit the sheep to drink from stagnant pools. These are prolific breeding places for internal parasites.

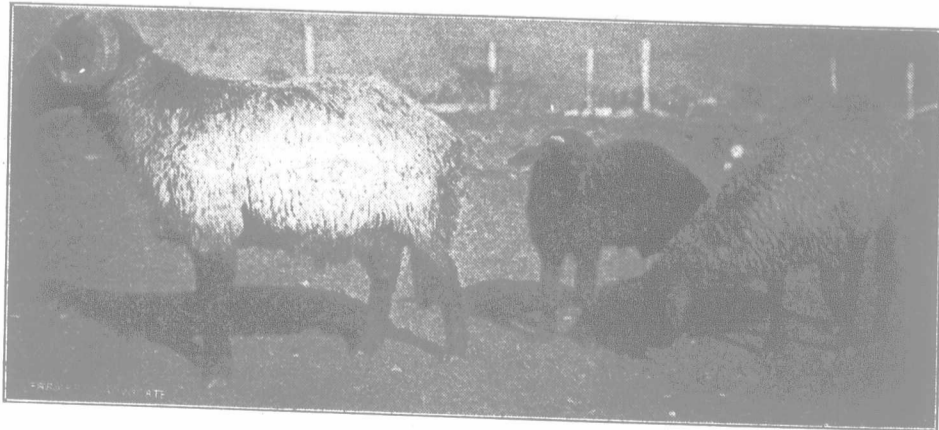
Dip both lambs and ewes, after shearing the latter and before placing them permanently upon pasture.

Remember that one ounce of preventive is worth pounds of cure. This is especially true of many parasitic diseases of sheep, for which there are no certain remedies.

Developing the Karakule Fur Industry.

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":

If a new kind of fur farming introduced by a Kansas rancher, aided by breeding experts, is widely practiced in the United States and Canada, America will not have to go to Russia for the millions of dollars worth of Persian lamb,



Karakule Ram, Ewe and a One-month-old Lamb.

astrakhan, and krimmer furs it buys every year, \$14,000,000 worth for the United States alone. For this Kansas, on his 1,900-acre ranch near Cottonwood Falls, that State, has learned to grow these furs profitably by crossing Karakule sheep from Asia on native longwool breeds. The success of this rancher's venture, vouched for by experts at the Kansas Agricultural College, which has been co-operating in the experiment, is a threatening blow to Asia's exclusive Karakule fur industry.

L. M. Crawford is the Kansas fur farmer. His peculiar type of farming was begun nearly three years ago on an investment of nearly \$100,000.

Crawford had faith in the theory of scientists who declared that cross-breeding the black Karakule breed on native white longwool types would give the much desired Asiatic furs. That was all he had to go on. No other American farmer ever had attempted the production of these furs on a large scale. But when 300 black, curly lambs arrived on his ranch last season, and 600 more this last spring, and when New York furriers priced the pelts from lambs only a few days old and from those born dead at \$3.00 to \$10.00 apiece, breeders throughout the country became aroused to the fact that this Kansas shepherd had made a highly important discovery. Letters of congratulation and inquiry filled his mail box daily.

Seeing at once the promise in the venture, the Kansas Agricultural College asked and was granted permission to co-operate more earnestly with Crawford in carrying on the undertaking. As a result Dr. R. K. Nabours, an experimental breeder for the college, who has been in charge of the breeding work, was sent to Bokhara, Central Asia, the home of the Karakule fur industry, this summer, to study fur farming. Dr. H. J. Waters, president of the College, and his co-workers believed that such a trip would enable Dr. Nabours better to carry on, with Crawford, the work of perfecting an American fur industry. The Kansas expert went as a representative of the Kansas Agricultural College, and also carried a commission from David F. Houston, Secretary of Agriculture.

It was proved conclusively last year that Crawford's venture was a success so far as producing Persian lamb, astrakhan, and krimmer furs from crossing pure-bred Karakule rams on native ewes was concerned. At that time, as stated above, 300 lambs bearing these furs were born. One hundred of the pelts were marketed for fur, while the rest of the lambs were kept for breeding. An average price between \$5.00 and \$6.00 apiece was received for these pelts.

But it remained to be proved that half-blood Karakule rams, crossed on the native ewes, would give valuable furs. Scientists believed this was possible, though it was undemonstrated as yet. So Crawford separated 150 native Lincoln ewes last fall and crossed them with half-blood Karakule Lincoln rams. The result this spring, thought to be one of the most important facts yet learned in the experiment, was this: only eight of the 153 lambs that came—several ewes bore twins—were not wholly black. Five of the eight were white, and the other three spotted. But the skins of these eight also were curly and apparently valuable. As for the black skins, though priced somewhat lower than the half-Karakule pelts, they were hardly distinguishable from them.

The importance of such a predominance of black pelts from such a cross as this is easily seen. It means that half-Karakule rams, which sell for \$150 to \$300 apiece, can be depended upon to breed lambs which bear furs almost as valuable as pure-bred Karakule rams which are worth \$1,000 to \$3,000.

Crawford's venture in fur farming began three years ago when he bought thirty-four pure-bred Karakules—the larger part of the first herd ever brought to the United States. Then he shipped in 1,100 Lincoln ewes from Idaho, and made over his 1,900-acre ranch into a farm for fur growing. It wasn't to be a sideline with Crawford; the entire ranch was converted for the new purpose. At the suggestion of the Agricultural College Dr. Nabours was accepted as advisor in the breeding.

The Karakule is a very hardy sheep and will thrive in the warmest and coldest parts of America. Since importation to this continent these sheep have withstood with equal fortitude the winters of Canada and the summers of Texas. In fact the variations in temperature in their native country are greater than in this country.

As a mutton sheep the black breed from Asia can hardly be excelled, experts say. Crossed on American sheep the offspring show a great increase in weight, and the mutton is without the woolly or "sheepy taste" common to native sheep meat. H. E. Finney, general manager for Armour & Company, Fort Worth, Texas, where some of this mutton was marketed, testifies to this fact. Mr. Finney said:

"I take great pleasure in testifying to the superior mutton qualities of the Asiatic Karakule sheep, because I am very much interested in seeing the development of this strain in this country. Our experience has been that on crosses between Asiatic Karakule sheep on one or two of

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A Comparison of Borrowing Methods.

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":

The other day I was reading in your reliable journal a comparison of the ordinary method of issuing mortgages on farm property with the amortization method. From the article in question the average reader would, I think, be led to infer that the latter method was superior to the former in cost for actual services rendered. I think, therefore, it should be explained more clearly, that while the amortization method may be more convenient in certain cases, depending on the ability of individual farmers to repay loans in ten annual instalments of principal besides interest, it is not actually cheaper in point of view of services rendered. In one case the farmer has

feed and use later on, we would urge that every possible care be taken of both stalks and cobs. American corn is sure to be a rather stiff price on our markets this winter. It is much higher than usual at the present time, and a poor crop over there will leave it so that most of the yield is used by the feeders on that side of the line. All classes of concentrate feeding stuffs are already high in price, and with stocker and feeder cattle, young pigs and even feeding lambs selling at an advanced price, too much care cannot be taken of the feed.

Then, many growers of corn, if they will take the trouble, might be able to greatly increase their chances of a crop another year by carefully selecting their own seed. It is a fact which has been proven time and again that by carefully selecting seed year after year from the same farm the strain of the variety being grown may be improved. This is true not only of corn but of other crops. Seed corn should be selected early and preferably from the fields before the corn is cut, but any that is left for husking, if properly husked and hung up in a dry place with the husks attached, should be all right for use next spring. One has the advantage then of being able to pick out the most matured ears, the largest ears and those most uniform in quality. Seed corn should not be selected from the corn crib, and in choosing ears to save for next spring's seeding only those on which the corn extends down well over the butts and tips should be selected. It is well in selecting also to get at least twice as much as should be required, in this way a further selection may be made at time of shelling, and there will be ample left to sow the field after discarding those cobs which show a low percentage of germination. In storing corn it is always well to see that there is a free circulation of air about each ear. Tying the ears by the husks in small bundles and hanging them from the rafters of a dry shed or granary where they are away from mice and rats is about the best plan for the average man who saves only seed enough for his own use. It should be kept at a temperature above the freezing point until the corn is thoroughly dry, after that low temperatures will not injure it.

We are particularly anxious, however, that more care be taken of the feeding corn which may be left from the silo or which may have been grown originally for the stalk feed only. There is a chance to get several bushels of first-class grain from even a small acreage, and this grain is sure to be valuable in feeding operations this fall and winter.

Two Points in Seed Selection.

Earliness, uniformity of harvest, size of crop, and quality appear to be four factors in crop production. At a time when premium is placed on quality and when earliness counts for so much, a grower will go to considerable trouble to win out over his competitor in these regards. Methods of cultivation contribute to these ends, but enough stress is not laid upon the quality of the seed used. The Agricultural Experiment Station of Vermont has recently published a bulletin wherein the results of their investigations of the heredity of the seed are set forth. The conclusion arrived at through this work is that under most circumstances it pays to grade the seed according to size, and pay particular attention to the percentage of the seed used. The averages of their work, especially with beans, show the largest yields when large seed, derived from plants grown for large seed, were planted, and the smallest yields when small seed derived from plants grown from small seed was used. Another interesting feature was that the yields derived from small seed produced from plants grown from large seed were better than when the small seed came of small seed and dry

our domestic breeds, lambs were obtained, which at the proper lamb age, weighed 90 to 105 pounds, with a most delicious flavor as well as the heaviest yield of mutton. We have marketed a few lambs that we were able to buy, with some of the best hotels in the South, and their testimony is right along these lines. I hope this strain may be introduced generally, because I think it would improve our Southern stock, particularly from a mutton standpoint.

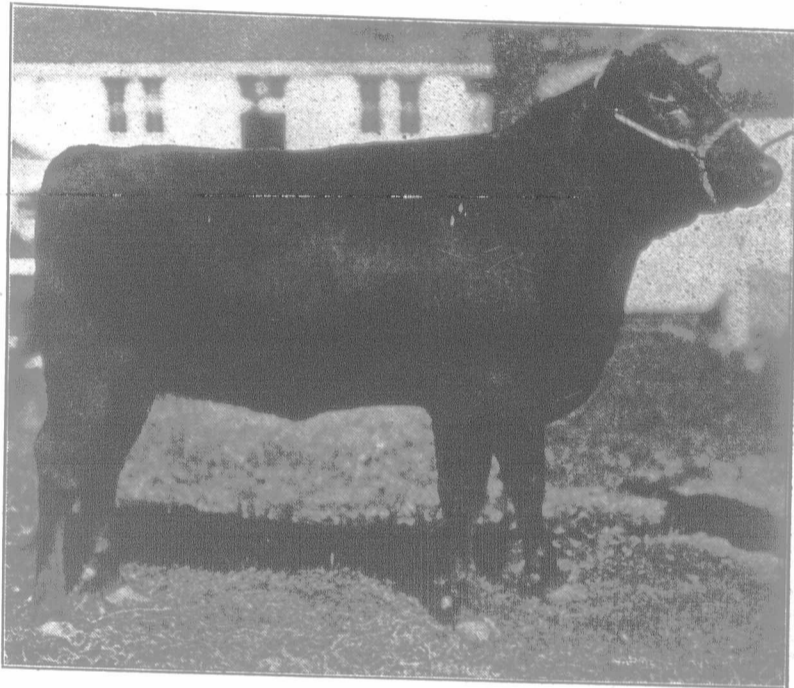
"It may seem that I was taking a pretty big chance to invest so much money in an enterprise before the practicability of it had been proved," said Crawford, recently. "But it wasn't altogether a gamble. Scientists had proved that lambs resulting from the cross of Karakules on native sheep bear pelts valuable for fur. These tests, of course, were only scientific; no one had actually attempted the production of the pelts for profit. But the scientific fact seemed safe enough to me. I was willing to try it. I always have been pretty lucky in taking chances anyway. But there wasn't any doubt about the Karakule sheep thriving in this country. They are used to worse climate than can be found in this country.

"I am delighted with the results obtained so far. When it is possible for sheepmen to save and sell for \$3.00 to \$15.00 apiece the pelts of lambs that die or are born dead, thereby turning into profit one of the greatest sources of loss with which sheepmen have to contend, the desirability of the Karakule strain can be realized."

Persian lamb fur is the most expensive of the three kinds. To be graded in this class the lamb skins must have small, tight curls of a lustrous black. Skins which have looser, larger curls are known as astrakhan fur. When the fur shows shades of gray it is called krimmer. The pelts of lambs that are born dead or that die soon after birth are not lost. Crawford has saved every pelt so far, and no distinction is made in the prices of lambs that die and those that are killed for fur.

Several Karakule farms in Canada have been started with breeding stock obtained from the Kansas ranch. In a recent order 100 half-bloods and seven pure-bred Karakules were shipped to one Canadian fur farm.

Oregon, U. S. A. HARLAN D. SMITH.



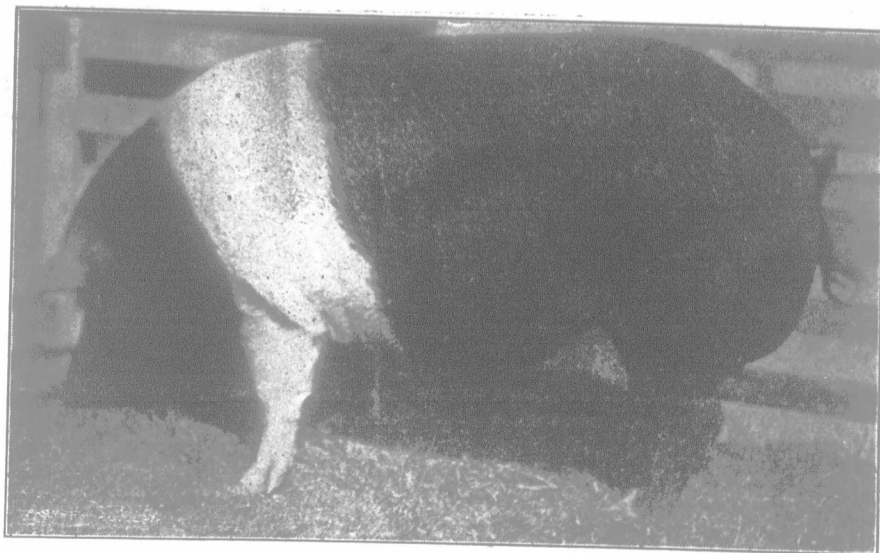
Balmedie Pride 4th.

First-prize calf, and reserve champion Angus at London. Owned by T. B. Broadfoot, Fergus, Ont.

the use of the full \$1,000 for the entire ten-year period, in the other the original sum of \$1,000, principal would be reduced each year so that during the last year of the loan the amount actually being employed would only be in the neighborhood of \$100. The interest cost would, of course, be less, but the rate would be the same. I am inclined to think that the point of view of the loaning institutions is not placed clearly enough before the farming community, and that sometimes attacks are made upon them which have a slender basis in fact. Sympathy and knowledge are required on both sides.

Lanark Co., Ont.

W. J. FLETCHER.



Hampshire Sow.

First in the yearling class at Toronto and London for Hastings Bros., Cross-hill, Ont.

Saving Corn.

A short time ago we took the occasion, editorially, to advise corn growers to take the best possible care of husking corn this fall. It is very often the case on many farms where silage forms the major portion of the roughage feed for the live stock in the winter that an acre or two, possibly more, of corn is left after the silo has been filled. Quite frequently very little care is taken of this portion, and the stalks with the cobs attached are thrown over the fence to the stock or fed out of the barnyard. Also on many other farms where corn is not one of the special crops, but where a little is grown for fall

The Movement of Pure-Bred Stock.

The amount of live stock exported from Britain during the month of August last indicates to some extent the general trend of the industry, and nature of the curtailment of exportations from European countries for some time to come. During the month mentioned 150 cattle were exported against 639 in August 1913. Shipments of sheep numbered 118 against 1,467, and pigs only amounted to 35, whereas 166 left home during August one year ago. The war cannot be considered as the sole cause of this decrease, for during the eight months ending August 31st, 1914, the number of cattle exported was 1,967, against 3,117; sheep, 2,100 against 3,148, and pigs, 344 against 674 in the same period last year.

What the outcome of subsequent events may be, cannot be foretold, yet the over-worked condition of the meat trade in the countries at war must result in a depletion of their live stock. This in turn requires the retention of breeding stock at home, and prices may become an obstacle to American importers. Meats cannot soar indefinitely in this country, for the unemployed and low-salaried laborer will not consume meat at exorbitant prices; consumption decreases and, in sympathy with this condition, prices drop. All this will tend to curtail importation of Old Country stock.

FARM.

Old Silage.

We recently read an interesting note about how long silage will keep in a silo. O. W. Righter, an Indiana farmer, has reported that he placed well-matured corn in a concrete silo fourteen years ago, and the bottom of this silo was only emptied last July. The only difference noticed between the fourteen-year-old and the one-year-old silage was that the former was slightly more acid than the latter, but the cattle ate the old equally as well as the new. Readers should note that the corn was ripe when it was placed in the silo. The silo was a home-made one with the base five feet below the surface of the ground. This fact, coupled with that of the corn being so well ripened no doubt had an important bearing on the keeping qualities of the silage.

Readers will commend our correspondent, Peter McArthur, for his generous offer in last week's article of fifty barrels of No. 1 apples for the brave Belgians. It is to be hoped others will follow his example, and that the needy people who have saved the situation may be helped as much as possible.

thus indicating the likelihood of lessening yields from the successive planting of small seed. Furthermore, large seed derived from plants grown from small seed outclassed small seed which was the offspring of plants grown from large seed. The meaning of this cloudy sentence is a triumph of individuality over heredity. Large seed produced a larger number of more thrifty plants, more green and more dry pods, and more beans both in terms of number and of weight. The plants grown from small seed set fewer pods by 25 per cent.

The weights and sizes of plants compared at different stages of growth show that the continuous and permanent advantage exists in favor of large seed. Plants grown from large seed show more leaves of greater surface area, and hence have greater assimilative powers. Germination usually has a smaller percentage in small seed, and the yield of the crop is liable to be lower on account of many skips and scanty plant population. In intensive cultivation where every foot of ground must be made to produce its most, one cannot be too particular in the care of seed used. When left until the land is fit to work many farmers will not take the time to select the seed with proper precautions, and the parentage of the seed is not taken into consideration. Yet all of these things go a long way in producing the best yields. Winter is the proper time to prepare the seed for spring sowing, and sieves and machines should all be set in such a way that the poor and weak seeds will be discarded, giving preference to the large seed of good parentage.

THE DAIRY.

Red-and-White Holsteins.

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":

I know two breeders and have heard of some others who think it is possible for pure-bred Holstein-Friesian cattle to produce red and white offspring. To make such a claim is to set at naught the color standards that the animals must line up to for eligibility for registration. These standards say the animals must be black and white. No color other than black and white has any claim, under any circumstances whatever, to purity in this breed of cattle.

The question naturally arises, How comes the apparent phenomenal incidents? There are two clues to the question, both of which I know to be true, by recent investigations as well as personal experience and observation. First, comes the numerous scrub animals running about, going just where they wish, occasionally, closely followed by their owners who are aware of the damage they may do. Upon entering my field about a month ago a considerable distance from the house I saw a scrub animal being taken out of my pure-bred herd; one of which he bred. If I had been a few minutes later I never would have known the circumstance, and another year might have registered an animal not eligible, which might at some future time have produced red spots and all parties directly interested might claim purity for it.

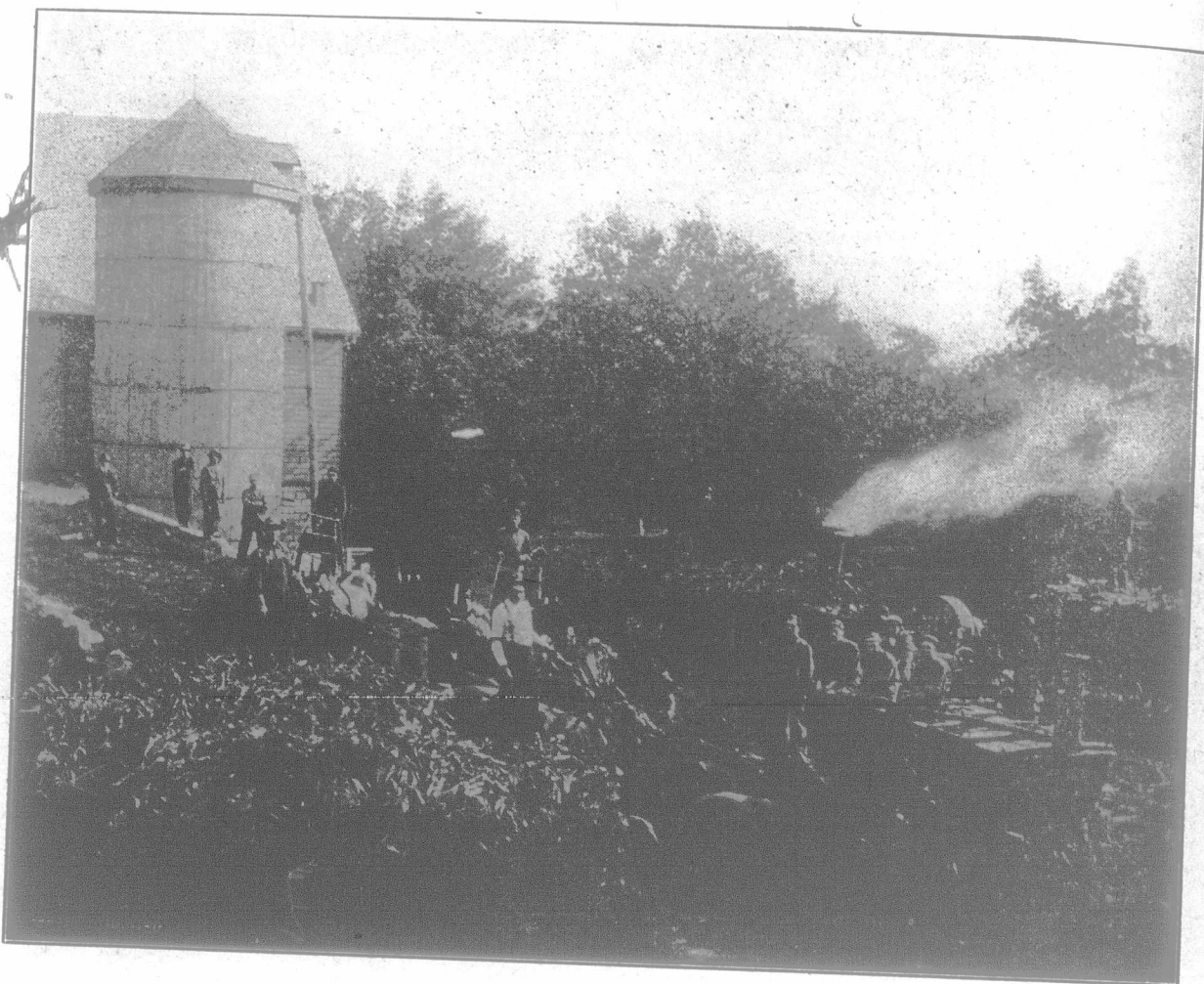
Substitution perhaps is the cause of more trouble than the scrubs, and a great deal worse because wilful. Investigations have been necessary to clear cases of substitution. The great trouble is to place the crime where it belongs, as the animal is often transferred several times, and some of the owners may be speculators.

Some years ago when I was stocking up with pure-breds I visited several herds that had been operating for years and yet contained some grade females. This looked suspicious to me. Another breeder had, at the station and also his barn, posters stating that he was buying grade Holstein heifer calves. I didn't buy there, though I was sure he had a lot of good stock. I found several herds where no grades were admitted, and from such herds I selected my foundation stock. Were I to keep grades in my herd I believe I would be driving buyers away instead of inducing them to come.

My advice to intending purchasers is to avoid dealers or speculators; avoid herds mixed with grades; keep your females secure from wandering scrubs, and you will get nothing but the black and white spots with white feet and white brush, which are the color standards they must line up to for registration.

JAMES NEVILL, SR.

[Note.—Legislation was passed at the last session of the Ontario Legislature making it possible to put a stop to bulls roaming at large. We think it would be scarcely fair to owners of herds part of which are pure-bred and the remainder grades, to advise buyers not to look for pure-bred stock in such herds. We know plenty of them which contain good cattle, and where the owner is honest and straightforward and would not attempt to deceive a buyer by selling him a grade for a pure-bred.—Editor.]

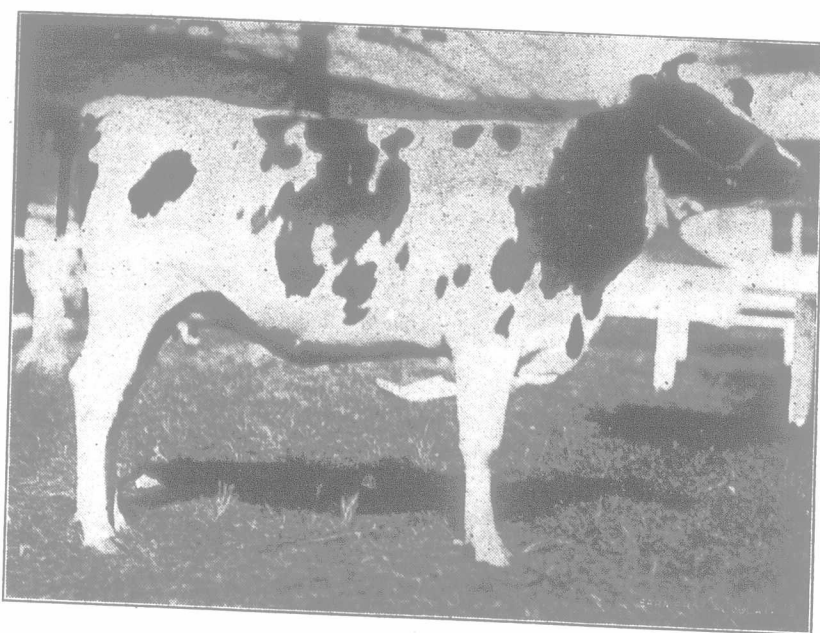


A Busy Day.

Silo-filling on Lakeview Farm. Owned by E. F. Osler, Bronte, Ont.

Suggestions for Dairymen.

Sometime dairymen argue that in economical production no feeds should be bought from outside quarters, but everything necessary to combine a well-balanced ration should be grown upon the farm. To a certain extent this point is well taken as alfalfa, or clover hay, roots, silage and chop make up nearly as good a combination as can be conceived of, yet bearing in mind the fact that the ration is improved by variety, it is sometimes wise to purchase protein-rich concentrates in order to eke out the mixture. Unless the stock be over-heavy it will not be wise, of course, to purchase carbohydrates or roughage, for any farm should produce these in large quantities, unless they be overtaken by unfavorable conditions during the growing season. However, when feeds can be purchased for a moderate price that contain from thirty to thirty-five per cent. digestible protein more stock could be kept, for a small quantity of this commercial concen-



Madolyn Duchess Sarcastic.

First-prize senior yearling at Toronto; first and champion at London. Owned by L. H. Lipsit, Stratfordville, Ont.

trate will replace a large quantity of clover hay or roughage. The ration can be balanced to the critical point, depending upon the constitution and individuality of the animals, and, generally speaking, it is not unwise to invest in the commercial product if it is dispensed to the stock with discretion.

Twenty suggestions taken from Bulletin No. 180, published by the Vermont Agricultural Experiment Station, follow as a sequel to these remarks, and they may well be followed by dairymen.

The average cow requires about 24 pounds of digestible dry matter daily.

Roughly two-thirds of this digestible matter should be furnished in the form of roughage, and one-third as concentrates.

Not less than two-thirds of the total dry matter eaten should be digestible.

Variety in feeds is required if cows are to yield the best results.

The succulence which in summer is found in pasture grass, and which is so desirable a feature in a dairy ration, may be furnished during other seasons by silage, roots and apple pomace.

Balanced rations are apt to afford the best results, because an animal thus secures nutrients in much the same proportions that she utilizes them. There is no material excess to induce disarrangement of the digestive system or to be wasted; and there is less likelihood of unsupplied deficiencies.

Feed all the roughage a cow will clean up.

Feed one pound of grain to every three or four pounds of milk yielded daily, varying according to the roughage supplied and the fat percentage of the milk.

A good arrangement for feeding is to feed one-half of the grain and silage in the morning, and one-half at night after milking, and to feed hay after the other feeds are consumed. A little hay may be fed at noon if desired.

Vary the amount of the feed according to the size and production of the individual animal.

Salt regularly; three-fourths of an ounce daily is sufficient.

Water regularly, taking the chill off the water in the winter.

Change from barn feed to pasture feed gradually in the spring.

Feed grain in the summer to high-producing cows, varying the amount fed according to pasture supplies.

Use soiling crops or silage to supplement pasture as far as possible.

Keep dry cows in good flesh.

Give laxative foods to a cow for a week previous to her freshening.

Work up gradually to the full grain ration after freshening, taking two or three weeks in doing this.

Reduce the grain ration slowly as production decreases.

Watch your cows and feed according to individual needs.

Editor

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Mould Spots on Butter.

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":

This is the season of year when many butter-makers are troubled with mould spots on butter, both in the creamery and on the farm. It is a very annoying condition, and many people are at their wits' end to know what to do. Some makers, more particularly those on the farm, are fearful that the method of making the butter may be wrong, and write for expert advice. This idea is erroneous. The best buttermakers have trouble, at times, with mould on butter. Conn says: "The moulds do not particularly injure the butter, but detract from its appearance."

The dark spots on the outside of butter, commonly called mould, are caused by the growth of low forms of plant life. There are a great many kinds of moulds, the most common one being the ordinary bread mould (*Penicillium glaucum*). This mould will appear on almost any damp surface, if the temperature be right. It is because of the dampness in most places where butter is kept, that mould so frequently appears on this product of the dairy. The fact that most butter is wrapped in damp parchment paper, if in prints, or the package for solids is lined with wet paper, makes a favorable condition for the growth of mould spores.

REMEDIES.

As previously pointed out, mould is a plant, and the spots are the result of a number of plants growing on a damp surface. Knowing the cause, we are in a better position to suggest a remedy. All plants must have certain conditions of moisture and temperature before they can grow, and they must start from some form of a seed. In this case the seed is called a "spore." When conditions are unfavorable some bacteria resolve themselves into the state known as spores; as such they have a much greater resistance to heat and other destroying agents than the bacterium itself has. When, however, conditions for growth again become suitable, the spores germinate and once more we have the bacterium or vegetative state (Sadler).

What we have to do then is to make conditions unfavorable for the growth of the seed, or spores of mould. But it is better to first destroy the mould spores which are present, more or less, in nearly all cellars and refrigerators. A thorough cleansing with hot water will usually kill the seed, but on account of their "spore" form, they are sometimes difficult to kill, hence some stronger agent than hot water is generally necessary. The one most commonly recommended is a solution of one part corrosive sublimate in one thousand parts of water. This is either sprayed on the walls, ceiling, shelves and floor of the place where the butter is kept, or it is used as a wash and applied with a brush. One thing needs to be carefully borne in mind, namely, that this solution is a deadly poison if taken into the human stomach, and on this account it must not touch the butter itself or any other human food. With ordinary care there is little or no danger. Some advise the use of a coal-tar disinfectant such as carbolic acid, or some of the commercial preparations made from coal tar. Owing to their strong odor they are likely to taint the butter, hence are best applied in the form of an addition to whitewash or lime-wash, adding about a tablespoonful per gallon of the wash, then spray it on walls, etc., or apply with a brush.

After cleansing the room or refrigerator it should be thoroughly aired and dried, and if possible be exposed to sunshine. If the butter is kept in a house refrigerator it might be carried outside into the sunshine and left there for a few hours.

Another common source of mould spores is the paper used as wrappers or for lining tubs, boxes and crocks. The mould spores grow readily on this paper, and when wet in ordinary water the conditions are favorable for moulds growing. If the paper be soaked in strong salt brine for 24 hours before using, and if a small quantity of formalin be added to the brine all the better, the brine will kill the mould spores on the paper and there is less danger of mould, although we have known mould to develop on packages of butter where the paper had been so treated. However, it is a good precautionary measure to adopt on the farm and at the creamery.

WHAT TO DO WHEN THE MOULD IS ON BUTTER.

If butter prints become mouldy and the mould is on the paper only, remove the paper and wrap in fresh paper which has been soaked in brine. In case the mould is on the butter also, it will be necessary to scrape it from the outside of the butter, doing this very carefully so as not to spoil the appearance of the print. In case the mould has penetrated to the centre of the print, as it will sometimes where there are openings for the spores to enter, it will be necessary to break or cut the print in two parts, scrape, then re-work and print again. This means extra labor and some loss, but it is preferable to sending out mouldy butter to customers.

In the case of boxes, tubs and crocks, the but-

ter should be "stripped," that is, the package and lining should be removed and the linings destroyed where they are spotted with mould. If the mould is on the outside of the butter only, it may be carefully scraped, the package re-lined with clean paper and the butter put back in the original package if clean and free from mould. If not, the mould should be removed by washing or scraping. If the mould has penetrated the butter, it will have to be cut, mould removed, be re-worked and packed again.

Moulds are certainly troublesome to the buttermaker, especially on butter which has been held during the summer season.
O. C. A., Guelph.

H. H. DEAN.

HORTICULTURE.

Onions by the Bushel.

A few days ago we had the privilege of looking over "a little farm well tilled" near the city of London, Ontario. On this farm, Thos. Baty, the owner, has three patches of onions, totalling about an acre and a quarter, from which he is harvesting a large crop. On one quarter acre he had picked up one hundred and twenty-eight bushels, and there were still a few on the ground. Mr. Baty prefers sowing the onions in rows fourteen inches apart, and thinning them to two inches apart in the row. At this distance they grow to such an extent that they crowd each other out of the row, and make practically two or three rows in one. The land is well prepared and heavily manured, and frequent cultivations are given during the season. A part of the



At Work in the Vineyard.

A common scene in the Niagara District, Ontario.

patch was not thinned at all this year, the seed being sown rather thinly and every plant that grew allowed to mature. They are a great crop, almost as good as those which were thinned. The onions are allowed to dry off fairly well before being harvested. They are cut by running an implement much like a wheel hoe through them. This carries a cutting knife, which runs under the onions severing the roots. They are allowed to dry in the sun for a few days, sometimes two or three or longer, and are picked into bushel crates and piled up one tier thick and covered. This allows air circulation, and is a good plan. Never did we see more shapely Yellow Globe Danvers. They were almost perfect globes. This is due in part no doubt to seed selection which Mr. Baty is practicing.

One point we wish to mention is a way to kill the troublesome purslane, which most gardeners know to their sorrow. Mr. Baty has found that if it is pulled into small piles when hoed off, and is then covered over with a light covering of earth it very quickly dies and rots. He showed us some which had entirely decayed after only a short time covered. It is worth a trial, and will bring results.

There are vast possibilities on small places. This farm comprises five acres, and onions alone bring in satisfactory returns. Other garden crops are grown, poultry and a cow kept, and the whole is a model which many might follow if they are prepared to work and manage operations.

Making Cider Vinegar.

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":

We have a quantity of apples, both crab-apples and large apples, and there seems to be no market for them here, so we sent for a cider mill, thinking to make cider and cider vinegar, but we don't know just what process to go through to make the vinegar. Could you tell me through your valuable paper how to make vinegar out of apple juice? In making cider is there anything done with the juice after it is pressed from the apples before it is bottled.

G. W.

It is possible that many apples may go to waste this year that could well be converted into some product very useful in the culinary department of the home. Vinegar is one of the products that will keep for a long time, and one that can be produced very cheaply. The quality of vinegar varies as the amount of acetic acid it contains, and it in turn depends upon the sugar content of the apples and the conditions under which the sugar is transformed into alcohol. There are two fermentations which the cider must undergo before good vinegar is produced. First, the alcoholic fermentation changing the sugar of the apple juice into alcohol; and second, the acetic fermentation by which acetic acid is formed, and when the latter product constitutes four and one-half per cent. or more of the total quantity it is considered a very good vinegar.

In the first place the apples should be clean, not for sanitary reasons only, but on unclean fruit there may be germs that will retard the alcoholic fermentation or set up a fermentation that is detrimental to the production of good

vinegar. If possible allow the cider to stand for a few hours; and then remove the clear liquid to thoroughly-cleaned containers filling them to only two-thirds or three-quarters of their capacity. Place them in a temperature between 65 and 70 degrees Fahrenheit, but any temperature above 75 degrees may result in waste through an evaporation of the alcohol. When stored at a temperature of 65 to 70 degrees the first fermentation will probably require four or five months, but this time may be reduced appreciably by adding yeast at the rate of one cake to five gallons of juice. Before adding to the cider the yeast cake should be thoroughly disintegrated and stirred into a cup of warm water. Leave the vessel uncorked, but plug with loose cotton that the air may

circulate over the liquid without admitting particles of dirt.

An absence of gas bubbles will indicate a completion of the alcoholic fermentation, and at this period it is wise again to draw off the clear liquid and cleanse the containers before the acetic fermentation commences. This may require from three to eighteen months, according to the conditions under which it is carried on, but if it is placed in a warm room or outside where it may be exposed to the sun, from six to twelve months time should be sufficient for a complete change. When this latter fermentation is to commence it may be hastened considerably by adding old vinegar and mother of vinegar. Mother of vinegar may be produced, if it is not to hand, by using equal quantities of hard cider and old vinegar. Put them in a shallow pail or crock and allow to stand for two or three days in a temperature of 80 degrees. A gelatinous covering will form on the top, and this should be taken without breaking it and placed upon the top of the liquid which is to be made into vinegar. It should not be stirred in but should be allowed to remain on the top of the liquid, for it is there that the acetic fermentation takes place in the presence of an abundant supply of air. When a fair percentage of acetic acid is present in the product, the barrels should be filled full and plugged tightly in order that other fermentations may not take place that will impair the quality of the vinegar. Vinegar can be

made at lower temperatures than 65 to 70 degrees Fahrenheit, but the process requires more time.

Fruit-crop Reports Pessimistic.

Reports from those interested in the marketing of the large apple crop this year indicate that there is a great deal of pessimism concerning prices for winter apples. Some growers believe that better prices will be the rule in the spring, while many others do not look for any improvement unless the war is speedily concluded and industrial conditions improved as a result. Any of those who take the risk of holding their output until spring are advised by the best authorities to hold nothing but the highest grade of Number 1 fruit. It is possible that as the season advances prices may improve slightly for the very highest quality of apples. Very little can be lost by holding at least some apples, providing they are of the best grade. Present-day prices are so low as to yield the grower a very small return, scarcely enough to pay him for growing and placing the crop on the market. The Western market as well as that in the Old Land is poor. A car of Ontario apples recently sold in Winnipeg for the extremely low price of \$2.00 per barrel, but arrived two days later than the agreement called for, whereupon the wholesalers notified the shippers that they could not pay more than \$1.75 per barrel, and the shipper had to pay the freight. This does not look good for the Western trade. Car lots of fall apples have been sold at from \$1.50 to \$2.00 per barrel. We hear that winter apples in small orders and even up to car lots are going at from \$1.75 to \$2.55 per barrel.

It seems plain that the only fruit which our fruit growers' associations and growers generally should attempt to put on the market in shipments is the highest quality of goods. Poor fruit will bring the market down so low that good fruit will be sold at a loss. Packers should take especially careful pains with the work of packing the fruit. It should be graded more severely than ever before. It seems hard to have to do this in times of poor market and such low prices, but it is necessary to save the situation. A vigorous campaign should be waged in every city, town and village in Canada in order to put the apple in its proper place as an article of diet in the homes of this country. Eat more apples.

POULTRY.

Where do You Feed the Hens?

The hen that lays in winter is the hen that pays her board bills promptly. A great deal of the success gained in making hens lay is due to feeding properly, but at the right time and in the right place. It is the common practice on many farms, where hens are considered more or less as an expensive sideline, to throw the feed, consisting of whole grain only, down on a bare floor or on bare ground and allow the hens to eat at will, not forcing them to do any scratching for their feed. It is natural that a hen should scratch, but she will not do it unless forced to, and if her feed is easily accessible without hard labor she will take the easiest means of obtaining it.

A method of feeding which is giving good results and one which successful poultry keepers recommend, is to feed a mixture of whole grains late in the afternoon or just before the hens go to roost. This mixture is placed in a trough, so that they can obtain their fill quickly and easily. After the hens have finished their feeding, any grain that may be left in the trough should be emptied out into the litter of the pen, and with it should be thrown the morning feed of whole grain. The litter, which should be fine straw several inches thick, should be forked over and stirred up to cover all the grain. Doing this the night before insures that the feed is there when the hens come down in the morning. They are very often up before their owner, and the morning is the time for them to be busy. It is a treat to see them turn and re-turn the litter for the grain. Unless too much is fed not a kernel will escape to be wasted. They get it all, and in the effort get the exercise which keeps them from becoming lazy, overfat and useless boarders. Many feeders might well take advantage of this cheap and efficient method of exercising their birds.

Besides the whole grain a dry mash of rolled oats kept in a hopper so constructed as to be a self-feeder, can be profitably kept before the laying hens at all times. There is nothing to beat rolled oats in the way of a handy mash, and they go a long way toward winter egg production. Most farmers keep a few cows and so have skim-milk for the hens, but comparatively few recognize the value of this by-product in poultry feeding. It serves as a drink, although some prefer to have clear water also in the pens, and it also takes the place of expensive meat food.

We have great faith in skim-milk because we have seen its results.

Then there is green feed. Nothing hinders the farmer with his cabbage, turnips, mangels, and opportunity to sprout oats from supplying green food in abundance to his fowls all winter long, and yet many hens never see any from fall to spring, and their owner wonders why he doesn't get eggs. Hang a mangel or a head of cabbage just where the hens must jump a little in order to eat it and watch them take exercise, and get a necessary article of diet at the same time.

A little grit and oyster shell completes a very satisfactory, economical and valuable winter ration for laying hens. Try this method.

FARM BULLETIN.

False Alarms.

By Peter McArthur.

A couple of weeks ago I did a lot of blowing about the great luck I have been having with my corn and other things, but I think I said at the time that luck is not a thing to be depended on. Well, it isn't. Just now I am suffering the keenest disappointment because luck has been against me. I guess I never told you, but one of the great ambitions of my life has been to own a comet. Other people want the earth, but a comet is good enough for me. The man who owns a comet owns prosperity that is safe from trespassers, and he can entail it to his descendants without any trouble. When Halley's comet was in sight a couple of years ago one of my friends named Halley got a great deal of satisfaction out of life while the family comet was in sight. He used to give private views of it to select parties, and, altogether, he acted much like a landed proprietor. Now I have come within an ace of having a comet of my own by right of discovery, but luck was against me. You know if you want a comet it is much better to discover one yourself than to try to buy one. Bill Nye once tried to buy a comet from "an astronomer in reduced circumstances" and had all kinds of trouble. After he had "viewed the property" through a telescope and examined its tail, they went to a lawyer to have the necessary papers drawn. When they explained their needs the lawyer grew very indignant, and among other things of an insulting character that he said to the humorist was that what he wanted was not a comet but "a nursing bottle attachment to the Milky Way." Having that in mind I never tried to buy a comet, but I have always kept an eye on the starry firmament in the hope of finding one. A couple of nights ago I thought my patience had been rewarded. A rising wind had loosened the tent flap, and I got up to fasten it. While at this chilly job I happened to glance up at the sky and was startled to see as fine a comet as a man could wish to own. It was such a one as Milton had in mind when he said that Satan

"Like a comet burned,
That fires the length of Ophiuchus huge,
In the arctic sky, and from his horrid hair
Shakes pestilence and war."

As I had not seen anything in the papers about a comet being in sight I wrote at once to the Department of Astronomy of Toronto University to see if anyone had put in a claim to this one, and this is the disappointing answer I got:

Dear Mr. McArthur:

This comet was discovered on December 17th, 1913, by Delavan at the La Plata Observatory, Argentina, and I believe has not been identified with any previous comet. It reached its perihelion on October 26th, and should be visible for some time yet. With best wishes, very sincerely yours,

C. A. Chant.

From this you see it is a brand new comet, and I was only a few months behind in discovering it. In case you wish to see it you will need to get up shortly before daybreak. Look towards the east, where you will see the dipper standing on its handle. The comet is a short distance east of the bottom of the bowl of the dipper.

In olden times comets, on account of their unusual appearance and their infrequency were regarded as dire portents, foreboding disasters. Even when I was a boy, and that does not seem so terribly long ago, a comet caused many wise shakings of heads and grim prophecies. But comets are now about as well understood as other heavenly bodies, their orbits have been fixed, and the date of their appearances figured out. They have lost their malign character, and have merely a scientific interest. At such a time as this, when we are being horrified by a war for which there is no precedent in history or adequate forecasts in prophecy, there may be a tendency among some to see in this comet the fore-runner of worse things to come. To harbor such morbid thoughts would be absurd. There is no ground

for supposing that any appearance in the sky in any way affects human events. For my part I incline to the opinion of Hotspur, as reported by Shakespeare. Owen Glendower, the magician had been boasting and Hotspur answered him.

"Glendower: 'At my nativity
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
Of burning cressets: and at my birth
The frame and huge foundation of the earth
Shaked like a coward.'

Hotspur: 'Why, so it would have done at the same season, if your mother's cat had but kitten-ed, though yourself had never been born.'

So if you happen to see the comet some morning before sunrise or some evening just after sunset—it may be seen at both times, under the bowl of the dipper, though in the evening you will need an opera-glass—do not be alarmed. There is nothing about it more terrifying than about the planets that are seen every evening in the south and west, and which foolish people have been mistaking for airships.

* * * *

Speaking of airships, they have been very frequent of late, but on examinations most of them have turned out to be fire-balloons sent up from the different fair grounds. I have never seen an airship, but I have been assured that if one really crossed the country at night it would waken everybody for miles around. The engines of an airship make a horrifying noise that can often be heard before the airship itself is sighted. We have enough to sadden and terrify us just now without inventing bugaboos. Another thing I wish to warn people against is the sensational American papers that are now having so great a scale in Canada. I have read several, having accounts of both victories and disasters, and there was not a word of truth in either—as was shown by later news. The American sensational papers manufacture news when they have not got it. I remember that at the time of the Spanish war I happened to be calling on the telegraph editor of one of the New York Yellows. While we were talking the editor in chief came rushing out of his room.

"Anything for an extra?" he asked.

"Not a word."

Turning to a stenographer he at once dictated a circumstantial account of the assassination of the American Ambassador at Havana. And with that material they issued an extra that had not a word of truth in it. On another occasion the managing editor of the same paper was lurching with a friend when a newsboy came through the restaurant selling extras. Buying one the editor read an account of a battle that was told in huge type on the front page. Turning to his friend he remarked pensively,

"I wonder if that is true?"

He had been away from his office for an hour, and he could not believe the news in his own paper. So do not let toy-balloon airships, or comets, or American extras frighten you. Keep cool, and wait until next day before you believe any bad news you hear. It may not be true.

Urged to Produce More.

The following message of Hon. G. H. Murray, Premier of Nova Scotia, to the farmers of that province, contains some points for all Canadian producers.

"The war now raging is certain to cause a heavy decrease in the production of foodstuffs in Europe during 1915. All the able-bodied men of France, Germany, Austria and Russia are engaged in fighting. The principal grain fields of Central Europe are being destroyed by marching armies. Little of this year's harvest will be saved, and practically no preparation can be made for next season's crop. The grain fields of Europe in the hands of women workers will yield only a small percentage of the grain required for European consumption. The same condition applies to all other farm products employed to sustain life in man and beast. Whether this war will prove to be of short or long duration it is certain there will be a very serious decrease in the supply of fodder in Europe, for a long time to come. It is stated that of the 650,000,000 quarters of wheat yearly produced in the world, 350,000,000 are grown in the countries now at war.

"No man occupies a more important place in the present crisis than the farmer. The food supplies available will probably enter into the final success more than any other condition. The farmer, therefore, who means to produce all the food supplies that he can on the farm during the next year is just as useful a patriot as the farmer who shoulders his gun and goes to war.

"You should devote this autumn to the task of preparing your farms for the very largest crop that it is possible to raise. In so doing you can be of inestimable assistance to the Motherland while developing the agricultural resources of this Province and materially adding to your own incomes. Nova Scotia, owing to its comparative nearness to Europe, is a natural base of supply for the products that will be most sorely needed. Agricultural experts who have looked over this province have always been impressed

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REVIEW
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Cars
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with the great possibility for increased food production on our farms. There are hundreds of acres of land that have been either down to hay for a great many years or have been in pasture, that can be plowed up, sown to oats, wheat or barley, and seeded down to clover and timothy to the benefit of the farmer even in times of peace. But now that the present crisis demands that every effort should be made to increase the food supply, I would urge you to make preparation for 1915, plow up these lands and produce all the grains, potatoes and other food products which you can.

"It will pay to make use of every acre possible in producing grain, as it is sure to be needed. You may be assured of a market for all and more than you can raise. Indeed there will probably be strong competition for cereals in the latter part of next year. In view of the conditions you would be justified in utilizing extra labor for extending your operations.

"If this greater cultivation of Nova Scotia lands is to be undertaken, it should be proceeded with at once. With few exceptions, as you are aware, fall plowing not only results in bigger crops than spring plowing but it expedites work. A man may intend to plow up much larger areas of land in the spring and put in extensive crops, but cold and wet weather and the rush of work often seriously interfere with this plan. If, therefore, as much land as possible is plowed this fall, the spring work will be facilitated and much larger areas sown to grain and roots than could be under any other circumstances.

Farmers, this is your hour of opportunity. Remember it is the products that you can produce which will be in greatest demand—grains, roots, bacon, pork and beans and apples. I would urge those of you who are now plowing your lands to plow still larger areas, and I would strongly advise and urge those who have not yet begun to proceed to the work as promptly and with as much diligence as possible.

"A solemn duty has been laid upon your shoulders as farmers. You are expected to enlarge the output of your farm, while not only maintaining but wherever possible increasing its productive power. I cannot emphasize too strongly the fact that this work is just as truly practical patriotism as is the work of the soldier in the trenches. Our kinsmen in the Motherland have to be fed, so do also the people of the countries devastated by war. You in a peaceful country are now in a position to do much for the cause of humanity, and for the enduring benefit of our Empire."

Home End of Warfare.

"We think that the fate of the Empire is being settled upon the banks of the Aisne and the Meuse, but it is being determined even more surely by the men and the women who are abiding at home. Every honest day's work in city or country, by man, or woman, or child, is helping to make the Empire. To feed men, to clothe and house them, to help and cheer them, is just as useful for the Empire as that our cannon roar and our bayonets flash. It may seem to be necessary at times to kill our enemies in order to save the Empire, but it is even more necessary to increase the number of our sons, and the woman who gives the empire sturdy sons and daughters is doing her duty just as surely as the soldier who at peril of his life strikes down the Empire's foe, and the working line is just as

necessary as the fighting line, the home guard just as honorable as the foreign contingent. Duty calls some of us to the field of battle, others to the plough, others to the factory. Wherever it calls may we do our work bravely."—Christian Guardian.

Ontario's New Premier and Cabinet.

Hon. W. H. Hearst, Minister of Lands, Forests and Mines, in the Whitney Cabinet, has been appointed Prime Minister of Ontario. The new Prime Minister was born in the county of Bruce in 1864, being now fifty years of age. He secured his education in the public schools of his home county and in the Collingwood Collegiate. His first appointment of note was as an agent of the Ontario Government upon the Board of the Lake



Hon. W. H. Hearst,
New Prime Minister of Ontario.

Superior Corporation in connection with the \$2,000,000 loan to the Soo industries. He was afterwards requested to run for the Legislature, and in 1908 was elected. A little more than three years ago when the Hon. Frank Cochrane held the Portfolio of Lands, Forests and Mines, Mr. Hearst was a member of the House, but upon Mr. Cochrane's removal to the Federal Government he was made his successor.

The administration of his Department has been such that he is now called upon to take the Premier's chair as first Minister of Ontario. He

is spoken of as a hard worker and a fluent speaker, and is without doubt one of the strongest men championing the new northern Ontario. The Hon. Mr. Hearst retains the Portfolio of Minister of Lands, Forests and Mines along with his duties as Prime Minister. It is generally believed that this is a temporary condition, and that changes in the Cabinet will result in the near future.

The Hon. Sir Adam Beck, so well and favorably known in connection with his work on Ontario's Hydro power, has resigned from the Cabinet, the Hon. I. B. Lucas taking his place as the representative of the Government on the Hydro Electric Commission. Sir Adam still holds the position of chairman of the Hydro Electric Commission, and will put all his energies into the development of the Hydro scheme.

The Hon. Dr. Reaume, Minister of Public Works in the Whitney Cabinet is succeeded by Finlay MacDiarmid, a farmer of West Elgin.

There are no other changes in the personnel of the Cabinet, but it is generally believed that there will be some before many months. The Hon. J. J. Foy, who has been ill for some time, still retains the office of Attorney-General, and the other Portfolios are held by the same men as took up the burden for Sir James Whitney, viz., Provincial Secretary, Hon. W. J. Hanna; Minister of Education, Hon. R. A. Pyne; Minister of Agriculture, Hon. J. S. Duff; Provincial Treasurer, Hon. I. B. Lucas; Minister without Portfolio, Hon. R. F. Preston.

Never did we see better weather than has been experienced this year at the end of September and beginning of October. At writing, October fifth, corn on the higher land around London, Ont., has scarcely been touched with the frost. This is unusual, and late crops have come on well. Reports from almost all parts of Canada indicate that the weather has been extremely favorable, and that fall work is progressing rapidly. Down in P. E. Island and the East the season has been a good one. Ontario on the whole has had a good year notwithstanding the drouth in some sections, and in the West the crop is said to be turning out better than was expected. Rough feed should be abundant in most districts this year. Roots in Western Ontario are a bumper crop, and with corn insure roughage for the winter.

The fine weather should encourage more growers to save the crop of apples of which we are reading so much. The fruit is a high quality and is ripening up well in the sunshine of a summer-like October.

Fall wheat is coming on well, and fall plowing is being pushed. It looks like a bigger acreage next year. It is to be hoped this does not prove detrimental to good cultivation. On the whole we have a great deal to be thankful for, and our thankfulness should not be limited to the single day officially set apart for the purpose.

"It is from the palaces and the universities (of Germany) that have issued the poisonous fumes of militarism. Their so-called culture is the culture of barbarism."—Mail and Empire. Now is the time for the true friends of education to see that the schools and universities of Canada are not infused with the barbarous spirit and plans of militarism. Let us not attempt the future's portal with the past's blood-rusted key."

Toronto, Montreal, Buffalo, and Other Leading Markets.

Toronto.

Receipts at the Union Stock-yards, West Toronto, on Monday, October 5, were 199 carloads, comprising 3,098 cattle, 1,860 hogs, 893 sheep and lambs, 387 calves, and 954 horses. The quality of fat cattle was not as good as the buyers would like. Choice steers, \$8.25 to \$8.50; good, \$8 to \$8.25; common to medium, \$6.50 to \$7.75; cows, \$2.50 to \$7; bulls, \$5 to \$7.25; feeders, \$7 to \$7.25; good feeders, \$6.75 to \$7; stockers, \$5 to \$6.50; milkers, \$6 to \$10.5; calves, \$5 to \$11. Sheep, \$5 to \$6.25; lambs, \$7.75 to \$8.10. Hogs, \$8.15 f. o. b. cars at country points; \$8.50 fed and watered, and \$8.75 weighed off cars.

REVIEW OF LAST WEEK'S MARKETS

The total receipts of live stock at the City and Union Stock-yards for the past week were:

	City.	Union.	Total.
Cars	69	549	618
Cattle	945	7,898	8,843
Hogs	448	7,817	8,265
Sheep	1,652	7,235	8,887
Calves	361	672	1,033
Horses	31	1,424	1,455

The total receipts of live stock at the two markets for the corresponding week of 1913 were:

	City.	Union.	Total.
Cars	40	638	678
Cattle	749	11,891	12,640
Hogs	151	6,524	6,675
Sheep	1,410	8,619	10,029
Calves	81	2,130	2,211
Horses	—	32	32

The combined receipts of live stock at the two markets for the past week show a decrease of 60 carloads, 3,797 cattle, 1,142 sheep and lambs, 1,178 calves; but an increase of 1,590 hogs, and 1,423 horses, compared with the corresponding week of 1913.

Receipts of live stock for the past week were the largest for some time, especially cattle. The percentage of good and choice cattle was smaller than for any week this season, numbers considered. Trade was dull all week, and at the close of each market-day there were many cattle unsold that had to be carried over. The result was that prices in all the different classes of fat cattle declined from 25c. to 75c. per cwt. from those of the previous week. In all other classes of live stock values remained about steady, excepting hogs, which were lower.

Butchers' Cattle.—Choice heavy steers sold at \$8.25 to \$8.50; loads of good, \$7.75 to \$8; medium, \$7.25 to \$7.50; common, \$6.50 to \$7; cows sold from \$3 to \$7; bulls, \$5 to \$7.50; canners, \$2.50 to \$3.

Stockers and Feeders.—There is a fair demand for stockers and feeders of good quality, but prices are, and have been, too high to suit the general demand. Some buy, but more go away to wait for lower prices. Feeders, 800 to 900 lbs., sold at \$7 to \$7.25, and a few lots at \$7.50; good at \$6.25 to \$6.50 and \$7; stockers, \$5 to \$6.25.

Milkers and Springers.—Trade in milkers and springers has remained firm all week, as the deliveries have not exceeded the demand. Prices for the week have ranged from \$60 to \$105, and one extra choice Holstein, fresh-calved cow, brought \$120 with calf at her side. The bulk of sales ranged from \$70 to \$90 each.

Veal Calves.—For the first time in many weeks prices for calves have been a little easier, in sympathy with lower values in lambs. Choice calves sold at \$10 to \$10.50; good, \$9 to \$9.50; medium, \$8.50 to \$9; common, \$7 to \$8; inferior, \$5.50 to \$6.50.

Sheep and Lambs.—Receipts were large, and lower values were the result. Sheep,

light ewes, \$5.75 to \$6.25, and yearlings sold at \$6.50 to \$7; culls and rams sold at \$2.50 to \$5; lambs, \$7.25 to \$7.55, and one bunch of 46 Shropshires of about 70 lbs. each, dressed weight, sold up to \$8.30, but breeding, weight, and quality, were what counted in this case. These will be killed, put in cold storage, and sold as spring lamb next winter, as the writer is well acquainted with the purchaser, who stated that this is what he was going to do with them.

Hogs.—Hog values have decreased, as receipts have been liberal, and values have declined. Selects, fed and watered, sold at \$8.90; \$8.50 f. o. b. cars at country points, and \$9.15 weighed off cars. The prospects are for lower prices.

TORONTO HORSE MARKET.

The Toronto horse market during the past week has been quite dull owing to the fact that the yards and stables are all reported to be filled with horses already bought. As soon as these have been shipped away, business will no doubt become brisk again. Prices remain about steady, ranging from \$140 to \$180 each for army horses. Drafters, 1,600 to 1,700 lbs., \$200 to \$230; drafters, 1,400 to 1,500 lbs., \$180 to \$200; general-purpose horses, \$150 to \$175.



Farmers' Accounts

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

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

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

We invite you to use as your bank

The Bank of Nova Scotia

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

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

pressers, \$160 to \$180; drivers, \$100 to \$200.

BREADSTUFFS.

Wheat.—Ontario, No. 2, \$1.08 to \$1.10, outside; Manitoba, at bay ports, No. 1 northern, \$1.16; No. 2, \$1.13.

Oats.—Ontario, No. 2 new, white, 45c. to 46c., outside; Canadian Western oats, No. 2 new, 54c.; No. 3 new, 53c., track, bay ports.

Rye.—78c. to 80c., outside.

Buckwheat.—70c. to 72c., outside.

Barley.—Ontario, No. 2, 63c. to 65c., outside.

Corn.—No. 2 yellow, 88c., Collingwood. Flour.—Ontario winter wheat, 90 per cent., \$4.70 to \$4.90, seaboard, Montreal or Toronto freights. Manitoba flour.—Prices at Toronto are: First patents, \$6.70 in cotton, and \$6.60 in jute.

HAY AND MILLFEED.

Hay.—Baled, car lots, track, Toronto, No. 1, \$15 to \$16; No. 2, \$13 to \$14. Straw.—Baled, in car lots, \$8 to \$9. Bran.—Manitoba, \$23 to \$24, in bags, track, Toronto; shorts, \$27; middlings, \$29 to \$30.

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Butter.—Receipts have increased; prices remain steady and firm. Creamery prints, 31c. to 32c.; creamery solids, 27c. to 28c.; separator dairy, 27c. to 28c.

Cheese.—New, 15c. for large, and 16c. for twins.

Eggs.—New-laid, 26c. to 28c. per dozen, by the case.

Honey.—Extracted, 11c. to 12c. per lb.; combs, per dozen sections, \$2.50 to \$3. Beans.—Primes, \$3 to \$3.25; hand-picked, \$3.50.

Potatoes.—Canadian, car lots, per bag, track, Toronto, 75c. to 80c.; New Brunswicks, 85c. per bag, track, Toronto.

Poultry.—Live-weight prices: Turkeys, 16c. to 22c.; ducks, 11c. to 13c.; hens, 9c. to 12c. per lb.; spring chickens, 12c. to 14c.

HIDES AND SKINS.

No. 1 inspected steers and cows, 14c. to 14½c.; No. 2 inspected steers and cows, 13c.; city hides, flat 14½c.; country hides, cured, 16c. to 16½c.; calf skins, lb., 16c.; lamb skins and pelts, 75c. to \$1; horse hair, 43c. to 45c.; horse hides, No. 1, \$3.50 to \$5; tallow, No. 1, per lb., 5½c. to 7c.; wool unwashed, coarse, 17½c.; fine, unwashed, 20c.; wool, washed, combings, coarse, 26c.; wool washed, fine, 28c.

FRUITS AND VEGETABLES.

Fruits and vegetables in many classes are plentiful and cheap, as a rule, although in some classes they are becoming scarce and dearer as the season ad-

vances. Apples, 10c. to 20c. per basket, and \$1.50 to \$2.25 per barrel; cantaloupes, 35c. to 60c. per basket; crab apples, 20c. to 25c. per basket; cranberries, \$6.50 to \$7 per barrel; grapes, 18c. to 20c. for six-quart basket, red Rogers, 22½c. to 25c.; limes, \$1.25 per hundred; lemons, \$4.50 to \$5 per box; oranges, \$2.75 to \$3.50 per box; peaches, "nearly done," 75c. to \$1.10 per basket; pears, 40c. to 50c. basket; plums, 75c. to 85c. per basket; quinces, 50c. per basket; watermelons, 25c. to 40c. each. Vegetables—Beets, 60c. per bag; beans, 40c. per basket; cabbages, 30c. per dozen; carrots, 65c. per bag; celery, Canadian, 25c. to 45c. per dozen; cauliflower, 75c. dozen; cucumbers, 15c. to 25c. per basket; corn, 6c. to 7c. per dozen; evergreen corn, 10c. per dozen; eggplant, 25c. per basket; gherkins, medium, 30c. to 50c. basket; small ones, 75c. 11-quart basket; onions, Spanish, \$3 per crate; Canadian Yellow Danvers, \$1 to \$1.10 per 75-lb. sack; onions, pickling, a glut on the market; peppers, red, 40c. to 60c. per basket; parsnips, 25c. per basket; summer squash, 20c. basket.

Montreal.

Live Stock.—On the whole, the market for live stock of all kinds showed a disposition towards easiness. Deliveries did not seem to be specially large, but they were in excess of demand. Undoubtedly the purchasing power of the country has been greatly affected by lack of employment, and hundreds of those who were formerly large consumers of meat have gone upon a vegetarian diet. Choice butchers' steers sold at from 7½c. to 7¾c. per lb., this being the lowest price for some time past. Recently prices were as much as 1c. and more higher than these figures. Good butchers' steers could be had at from 6½c. to 7½c. per lb., and medium at 6c. to 6½c., with common fractionally lower. Common cows and bulls for butchers' purposes sold as low as 4½c. to 5c. per lb., and canners stock was purchased down to 3c. per lb. The market for sheep and lambs showed an easier disposition. Sheep sold at 4½c. to 5c. per lb., and lambs at 6c. to 7c. Veal calves sold at 8c. per lb. Hogs were rather easier also, and selected sold at 9½c. to 9¾c. per lb., while heavy, fat stock, sold at 8½c.; sows at 7½c., and stags, 5c. weighed off cars.

Horses.—The army succeeded in buying a large number of horses apparently, as many cars have passed through. Dealers quoted heavy draft horses, weighing from 1,500 to 1,700 lbs., at \$275 to \$325 each, and light draft, weighing from 1,400 to 1,500 lbs., at \$225 to \$250 each. Lighter horses ranged from \$125 to \$175. Broken-down, old animals ranged from \$75 to \$100, and choicest saddle and carriage horses sold at \$350 to \$500 each.

Dressed Hogs.—There was a slightly easier tone to the market last week. Abattoir-dressed, fresh-killed hogs were 13½c. to 13¾c., some being quoted up to 14c.

Potatoes.—New Brunswick potatoes were scarce, and local stock sold at 60c. per bag, carloads, ex track, single bags being 75c. to 85c.

Honey and Syrup.—Maple syrup in tins was 55c. in small tins, and up to 80c. in 11-lb. tins. Sugar was 8c. to 9c. per lb. White-clover comb honey was firm, at 14c. to 15c. per lb.; extracted, 11c. to 12c.; dark comb, 13c. to 13½c., and strained, 6c. to 8c. per lb.

Eggs.—Demand for all grades continued active, and prices were firm. Straight receipts were quoted at 23½c. to 24c. per dozen in a wholesale way, while selected stock in single cases sold at 28c. to 30c. No. 1 stock in the same way, at 24c. to 25c., and No. 2 at 21c. to 23c.

Butter.—The market continued to show an easy tendency. Choicest stock was quoted at 27½c. to 28½c. per lb. here, while fine was 27c. to 27½c., and seconds, 26½c. Western dairy was 25c. to 25½c., and Manitoba dairy, 24c. to 25c. per lb.

Cheese.—The tone of the market for cheese held quite firm, and prices were rather higher. Finest Western sold here at 15½c. to 15¾c. per lb., and finest Eastern at 14½c. to 15c. for colored, and 1c. less for white. Under grades were quoted around 11c. to 14c.

Grain.—Prices were steady. New crop No. 2 Quebec oats were quoted at 54c. per bushel, in carloads, and No. 3 at 53c., Canadian Western were 55½c. per

bushel for No. 2; 54½c. for No. 3, and 53c. for No. 4, ex store.

Flour.—Flour was moderately firm in tone. Ontario patents sold around \$5.60 per barrel in bags, and straight rollers at \$6 to \$6.25. Manitoba first patent was \$6.70, seconds being \$6.20, and strong bakers', \$6 in jute.

Millfeed.—Prices of millfeed showed no change. Bran sold at \$25 per ton, and shorts at \$27 in bags, while middlings were \$30 including bags. Mouille was \$32 to \$34 for pure, and \$30 to \$31 for mixed.

Hay.—The hay market was moderately active and steady. No. 1 pressed hay, Montreal, ex track, was \$20 per ton; extra good No. 2 hay was \$19, and No. 2 was \$18.

Hides.—The market was unchanged and steady. Beef hides were 15c., 16c. and 17c., for Nos. 3, 2 and 1, respectively; calf skins were 16c. and 18c., for Nos. 2 and 1; lamb skins were 75c. each, with horse hides ranging from \$1.75 for No. 2, to \$2.50 each for No. 1. Tallow sold at 1½c. to 3c. for rough, and 5c. to 6½c. for rendered.

Buffalo.

Cattle.—A demoralized condition of Canadian shipping steers prevailed at Buffalo the past week. Chicago is receiving Montana and Dakota steers, with ample left for New York, and these have been coming in direct competition with the Canadians. New York is buying Montanas that compare favorably with Canadians, from \$7.75 to \$8.25, and only a few toppy lots sold up above \$8.75 to \$9. The natives do not take the fill apparently as the Canadians do, and the killing percentage of the Montanas and Dakotas are showing up to better advantage than the general run of Canadian shipping steers offered here for the past two weeks. One cry against Canadian shipping steers has been that they show an almost abnormal fill, and that the shrink on the kill is exceedingly heavy. The several loads of pretty fair kinds of Canadian shipping steers here the past week were badly neglected, but two loads of corn-fed Ohio steers that averaged only around 1,225 lbs., sold at \$9.75, and were quick sale. The Canadians would be taken equally as quick if they had been on dry feed and showed hard fat like the Ohios. Canadians are killing out generally around 55 lbs., whereas the corn-fed natives are reaching 58 to 59, and make a more attractive carcass in the cooler. Pony steers are much desired. They possess quality, are generally long fed if of good breeding, and find ready sale with the wholesaler. A medium class of steers are suffering now, and will continue to do so possibly until the rangers are out of the way, which may be some weeks yet. Shippers out of Canada should know that hard, fattened steers, will sell to considerably better advantage than the softer ones, which usually come off the grass. Range given Canadian shipping steers the past week was from \$8.25 to \$8.50, the week before \$8.75 to \$8.85 being declined for a string. Native shipping steers on the corn-fed order are quotably steady, while it looks like a 15c. to 25c. lower level on Canadians, especially the medium-weight and medium-finished kinds. Choice handy steers ranged from \$8.25 to \$8.90, some inferior, that lacked quality for feeders, selling down to \$7.10. No heifers here were good enough to sell up to \$8. \$6.65 to \$6.75 taking a fairish kind. Stock heifers on the very common order are selling down to a nickel. A few heavy fat cows sold up to \$7, and few fancy ones are bringing more money. A good butchering kind are selling from \$6.25 to \$6.50. Medium cows generally sold 10c. to 15c. lower. Canners were the feature of the trade the past week, these selling generally from \$4.25 to \$4.35, and the demand was red hot. Canadians are favored because condemnations on inspection are lighter than the general run of canners coming to the Buffalo market. Bulls sold lower for stock grades, good fat kinds ruling steady. A few choice and fancy milkers and springers sold at \$5 per head higher, with medium and commons slow. Receipts the past week were 6,025 head, as against 7,025 head the week before, and 6,125 head for the corresponding week a year ago. Quotations: Choice to prime native shipping steers, 1,250 to 1,500 lbs., \$9.50 to \$10.10; fair to good shipping sheers, \$8.75 to \$9.15; Canadian

steers, 1,300 to 1,400 lbs., \$8.25 to \$8.50; Canadian steers, 1,100 to 1,200 lbs., \$7.50 to \$8; Choice to prime handy steers, natives, \$8.25 to \$8.50; fair to good, \$7.75 to \$8; yearlings, \$8.25 to \$9; prime, fat, heavy heifers, \$8 to \$8.25; good butchering heifers, \$7.50 to \$8; best heavy, fat cows, \$6.50 to \$7; canners and cutters, \$3.50 to \$4.50; best feeders, \$7.25 to \$7.50; good feeders, \$6.25 to \$6.50; best stockers, \$6.50 to \$6.75; common to good, \$5.50 to \$6; best bulls, \$6.75 to \$7.50; good killing bulls, \$6 to \$6.50; best milkers and springers, \$75 to \$90.

Hogs.—Market the first half of the past week showed a big margin over other points. Monday the general price was \$9.40, with pigs selling at \$9; Tuesday's top was \$9.60, and Wednesday the best grades brought from \$9.60 to \$9.75, with pigs bringing up to \$9.50 and \$9.60. Thursday prices were hammered fifty to sixty cents under Wednesday's trade, and Friday there was a still lower range, heavies and pigs selling at \$9, while general price for all other grades was \$9.10. Roughs the fore part of the week sold up to \$8.50, while Thursday and Friday the bulk moved at \$8. Stags, \$7 to \$7.75. Receipts the past week figured 29,760 head, as against 32,800 head for the previous week, and 32,320 head for the same week a year ago.

Sheep and Lambs.—Erratic lamb market the past week. Monday tops sold up to \$8.50 and \$8.60, and before the week was out buyers got toppy ones down to \$7.90, latter figure taking the bulk Friday. Cull lambs the first two days reached up to \$7.50, and the latter part of the week prices were fifty cents lower, majority selling from \$7 down. Sheep were steady the first half of the week, and Thursday and Friday values on these were a quarter lower. Wethers quotable from \$5.75 to \$6; mixed sheep, \$5.50 to \$5.75; ewes, \$5.50 to \$6.50, as to weight; heavy ones, \$5 and \$5.25. Receipts the past week numbered 23,000 head, as compared with 25,400 head for the week before, and 28,000 head a year ago.

Calves.—Receipts the past week figured 1,625 head, which included 425 head of Canadians, being against 2,175 head the previous week, and 2,325 head a year ago. Monday, top veals sold at \$12, and the next three days the range was from \$11 to \$11.50, with but few selling above \$11. Friday, prices were jumped 75c. to \$1 per hundred pounds, range in prices being about the same as Monday, top reaching \$12, with culls going from \$10 down. Grass calves the past week showed former prices, common to good ones ranging from \$5 to \$6.50.

Chicago.

Cattle.—Beeves, 6.50 to \$11; Texas steers, \$6.15 to \$9; stockers and feeders, \$5.25 to \$8.35; cows and heifers, \$3.40 to \$9; calves, \$7.50 to \$11.25.

Hogs.—Light, \$8.30 to \$8.80; mixed, \$7.80 to \$8.85; heavy, \$7.45 to \$8.70; rough, \$7.45 to \$7.60; pigs, \$4.75 to \$8.50; bulk of sales, \$7.80 to \$8.50.

Sheep and Lambs.—Sheep, native, \$4.75 to \$5.80; yearlings, \$5.50 to \$6.25. Lambs, native, \$6 to \$7.80.

Cheese Markets.

London, Ont., bid 14c. to 14½c., no sales; St. Hyacinthe, Que., 14½c.; butter, 26c.; Belleville, Ont., 14½c. to 15 1-16c.; Cowansville, Que., butter, 26c.; Picton, Ont., 14 13-16c.; Napanee, Ont., 14½c. to 14 13-16c.; Cornwall, Ont., 14½c. to 14 13-16c.

Gossip.

Parties desiring to purchase geese should see G. A. Greer's advertisement in this issue. Some good birds of both sexes are offered.

Attention is called to the advertisement in this issue of the big auction sale of pure-bred live stock to be held at the Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph, October 29th. This is a fine chance to get some extra good breeding cattle, pigs and sheep. Breeds represented in the sale are Shorthorn, Dairy Shorthorn, and Holstein cattle, Large Yorkshire swine, and Lincoln, Cotswold, Oxford, Hampshire, and Southdown sheep. This is a big sale. See the advertisement.

OCTOBER

Lieut. John put in ch of the Roy

The strengt horse That seek The line th The hate t The stripped gloom At gaze ar The Brides groom The Choos

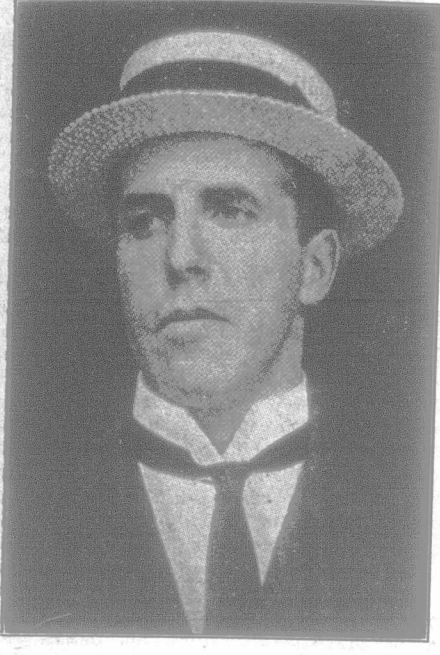
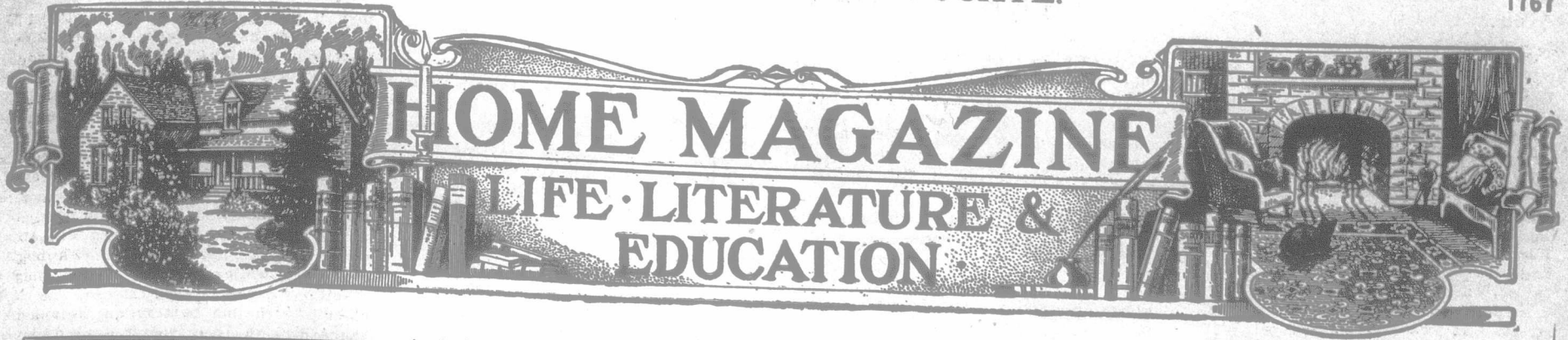
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Nearer the u The council Clearer the Their scatte Sheer to the From ports Quiet, and co The convoy

On shoal with Where rock Hidden and h Their anxio Not here, not (Stare hard Save where t The lit cliffs

Therefore—to The Narrow Hark to the The driven o Look to your What midnig The bulk that Her cracklin

Hit, and han home, The muffed, The steam th The foam th The smoke th The deep th Till, streaked ou, The lukewarm



Men at the Helm.

Lieut. John Cyril Porte, who has been put in charge of the training school of the aviator corps of the Royal Navy of Britain.

The Destroyers.

(By Kipling.)

The strength of twice three thousand horse
 That seek the single goal;
 The line that holds the rending course,
 The hate that swings the whole:
 The stripped hulls, sinking through the gloom,
 At gaze and gone again—
 The Brides of Death that wait the groom—
 The Choosers of the Slain!

Offshore where sea and skyline blend
 In rain, the daylight dies;
 The sullen, shouldering swells attend
 Night and our sacrifice.
 Adown the stricken capes no flare—
 No mark on spit or bar—
 Girdle, and desperate we dare
 The blindfold game of war.

Nearer the up-flung beams that spell
 The council of our foes;
 Clearer the barking guns that tell
 Their scattered flank to close.
 Sheer to the trap they crowd their way
 From ports for this unbarred,
 Quiet, and count our laden prey,
 The convoy and her guard!

On shoal with scarce a foot below,
 Where rock and islet throng,
 Hidden and hushed we watch them throw
 Their anxious lights along.
 Not here, not here your danger lies—
 (Stare hard, O hooded eyne!)
 Save where the dazed rock-pigeons rise
 The lit cliffs give no sign.

Therefore—to break the rest ye seek,
 The Narrow Seas to clear—
 Hark to the Syren's whimpering shriek—
 The driven death is here!
 Look to your van a league away—
 What midnight terror stings
 The bulk that checks against the spray
 Her crackling tops ablaze?

Hit, and hard hit! The blow went home,
 The muffled, knocking stroke—
 The steam that overruns the foam—
 The foam that thins to smoke—
 The smoke that cloaks the deep aboil—
 The deep that chokes her throes
 Till, streaked with ash and sleeked with oil,
 The lukewarm whirlpools close!

A shadow down the sickened wave
 Long since her slayer fled:
 But hear their chattering quickfires rave
 Astern, abeam, ahead!
 Panic that shells the drifting spar—
 Loud waste with none to check—
 Mad fear that rakes a scornful star
 Or sweeps a consort's deck!

Now, while their silly smoke hangs thick,
 Now ere their wits they find,
 Lay in and lance them to the quick—
 Our gallied whales are blind!
 Good luck to those that see the end,
 Good-bye to those that drown—
 For each his chance as chance shall send—
 And God for all! Shut down!

The strength of twice three thousand horse
 That serve the one command;
 The hand that heaves the headlong force,
 The hate that backs the hand;
 The doom-bolt in the darkness freed,
 The mine that splits the main;
 The white-hot wake, the wildering speed—
 The Choosers of the Slain!

Travel Notes.

(FROM HELEN'S DIARY.)

Interlaken, August 15, 1914.

This town is as dull as a cemetery. So many hotels have closed up, so many shops are locked and shuttered, so many

on the subject. It has also prohibited all criticism of any action of the Swiss Government. Also, it is rumored that the Police Department have issued orders that everyone must be vaccinated. But I hope it is not true.

During these hours of enforced idleness, I am going to jot down a few notes about the places we visited before we came to Interlaken.

From Wiesbaden we went direct to Freiburg, in Baden, a quaint old German city on the edge of the Black Forest. Such a contrast! Wiesbaden is architecturally modern, and Freiburg strikingly medieval. There was as much difference in the looks of the inhabitants of the two places as in the architecture, only it was the other way round: Wiesbaden was an up-to-date town, full of old men trying to renew their youth; Freiburg was an ancient-looking town full of young wisecracks. The reason there are such shoals of young men in Freiburg is because there is a University there—a very venerable, gray-haired institution, which existed long before Columbus and America had their celebrated meeting in 1492.

The first impression one gets of Freiburg is that it is a reddish town, circled by green hills of varying heights. Tourists usually rave about the quaint architecture, the weird-looking towers, and the noble gothic cathedral. I raved, too; but just at first the sight of so many

sight of so much youth and energy, I wondered if—say in thirty years—these same slim, handsome students, would be corpulent, crochety, bald-headed, leathery-faced old gentlemen taking the "cure" at Wiesbaden.

Now, alas! the majority of those fine-looking young fellows are shouldering their muskets and marching to their death, and Freiburg is a hospital for wounded soldiers.

Freiburg is certainly a fascinatingly quaint old town. The architecture is extraordinary, so bizarre, so full of kinks and ornamental fal-de-rols—gilt balconies, carved stone-work, gold embellishments, queer sculptured creatures of a species unknown, and all sorts of "uncatalogical" decorative jimcrackery. Some of the houses are completely covered with frescoes—vines, and pictures, and unreadable texts in fancy German lettering.

Then there are the high, square, massive, much-painted and decorated green-roofed towers that give such a medieval touch to the city. And the fountains—one could write a book about the fountains of Freiburg, there are so many of them, and they are so extremely odd. If collected, they would form quite a colony of halo-wearers, as most of them are presided over by saints, or madonnas, or martyrs.

And then the streams of clear water rippling along the sides of the street all over the city. History says that in olden times these streams were the sewers of the city—but that was long, long ago; now, they are wholly ornamental. They vary in width from a foot to four or five feet; some are shallow, and some are quite deep. The water comes from the River Dreisam, and is as clear as crystal, and the current so swift that the water swirls around some of the corners with a roar like a mountain torrent. On a hot day these streams have quite a cooling effect on the atmosphere, and furnish no end of amusement and pleasure to the children—and dogs—of the city. I saw a row of happy little girls sitting on the curbstone dangling their feet in the purling stream; and on another street I saw a procession of ten boys wading in the water, hooting joyfully as they went along. I felt like getting into line with the boys as it was a blistering hot day, and my feet were six sizes too big for my shoes.

I wish some clever person would invent a shoe for travellers that would accommodate itself to the shrinkage and swellage (I don't think there is such a word, but there ought to be) of a person's foot.

In Freiburg there is no lack of water, and, judging by the street signs, there is no lack of beer, either.

But, the star attraction of the town (according to Baedeker) is the Cathedral—a beautiful old gothic building begun in the Thirteenth Century, and finished in the Sixteenth. It is built of that soft-colored red sandstone so much used throughout the city, and it has a wonderful tower of fretted stonework 380 feet high.

We went to service in the cathedral on Sunday, and from a musical and artistic standpoint it was very beautiful. But there was one thing that amused me very much, and that was the collection-box. It wasn't really a box at all, but a bag on the end of a long pole. Hidden in the tassel which dangled underneath the bag, was a little bell which tinkled constantly, and seemed to say: "Here I am—put in your money."

One of the "things to see" in Freiburg is the big market on Saturday morning. It is held on the open space surrounding the cathedral. They said that in order to see the market in all its glory one must get there early in the morning (I



A Corner of the Market in Freiburg.

people have gone away, that it gives one the blues to walk around town. The only excitement is reading the war bulletins—which are mostly lies—and chasing around after English newspapers. When we do capture one it is two or three weeks old, but we read every word, and then pass it along to the waiting list. No matter what we think about the war we have to keep quiet, as the Swiss Government has prohibited public speech

young men trooping around the streets was so thrilling that I couldn't talk of anything else. After being six months in Wiesbaden gazing daily upon rheumatic processions of old gentlemen, it was positively exciting to see streets full of energetic young students striding along as if they were really going some place. I felt as if the world had suddenly become young again. But after I had recovered from the first thrill at the

wonder why they always have markets at such unearthly hours), so I arose with the lark and trudged sleepily off, lugging my camera with me in the hope of getting some good pictures.

By the time I reached there every available inch of space seemed to be occupied, and all the narrow little streets radiating out from the cathedral, were also filled with market-women. Every street had its specialty:—one was all vegetables, one all fruit, and one all—cheese. I made good time getting out of that street. It was pretty strong. I ran right into a bower of gorgeous flowers, sweet-scented ones, and it was most gratifying to my senses, especially my olfactory sense. All around the main entrance of the cathedral where it was shaded were grouped the butchers' stalls. There was a row of sausage booths, where sausages were sold either hot or cold. The aroma that came from that section was not at all suggestive of the place where the steeple of the cathedral is supposed to point. The doorway of the cathedral was packed with market-women cherries and berries. And such cherries! Great large red-and-white ones, big enough to eat in bites. The butter-sellers were segregated in a shady corner under a lovely colonnade, where it was nice and cool. Most of the market-women wear white kerchiefs over their heads, but a great many of them wear the picturesque peasant costume of the district. I squeezed in and out of the crowded aisles trying to get some photographs, but there was so much movement it was almost impossible to get anything. It was a wonderful scene—a huge field of shifting color, with a fascinatingly medieval background.

Freiburg is only a town of 80,000, but it has a magnificent opera house, one of the finest we have seen in Germany. I wonder when Canadian towns of that size will have anything so fine. Even the biggest cities in Canada have nothing to compare with it. Freiburg is the central point for excursions into the Black Forest. Before the war began, the streets were full of hob-nailed pedestrians with rucksacks and canes and complexions like brown leather.

There are many picturesque places near the city which can be reached by trams. Every afternoon we went off on a jaunt some place. The trip I remember most vividly is the one we took to Luise Hoohe, because on that particular occasion we had a thrilling auto ride, and saw a most wonderful rainbow. We went by tram to a point several miles out of the city, and then changed to an auto, and corkscrewed up an awful hill to the summit, where there was a restaurant and a view.

We selected a table and sat down; it was too windy. Changed to another table; too sunny. Moved to the veranda; too warm. Finally we captured a vacant table around the corner in the shade—delightful. We sat and sat and sat. No waitress. At last she came and took our order, and after what seemed an interminable time, reappeared with coffee and cake. Meanwhile storm clouds were gathering in the east and the green hills were darkening to an inky blackness.

Just as soon as we began to eat, an ominous drop of rain fell; then another, and another. We gulped the coffee and bolted the cake, but the rain drops came thicker and faster, so hastily gathering up the dishes, we made for shelter.

So did all the rest of the people. In a few minutes everybody was crowded under the veranda, and the rain was coming down in great slanting sheets. But in the west the sun was still shining, and the slopes of the western hills gleamed like polished emeralds. In a few minutes the storm passed, but all the east was a gloomy mass of gray. Suddenly, on this dismal background flashed a rainbow, blindingly vivid, a perfect bow, its end boring right into the roof of a farmhouse on the slope of a nearby hill. How happy that farmer would be if the story about the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow were only true. He would become a millionaire in a day—in an hour—in a minute.

But then he didn't even know the rainbow was there, and the people who did know wouldn't tell him.

For nearly twenty minutes that rainbow gleamed like polished jewels—fluctuating sometimes, now brighter and now fainter, but never quite disappearing.

Everyone was in ecstasies. They all said they had never seen one so perfect, so bright, or one that lasted such a long time.

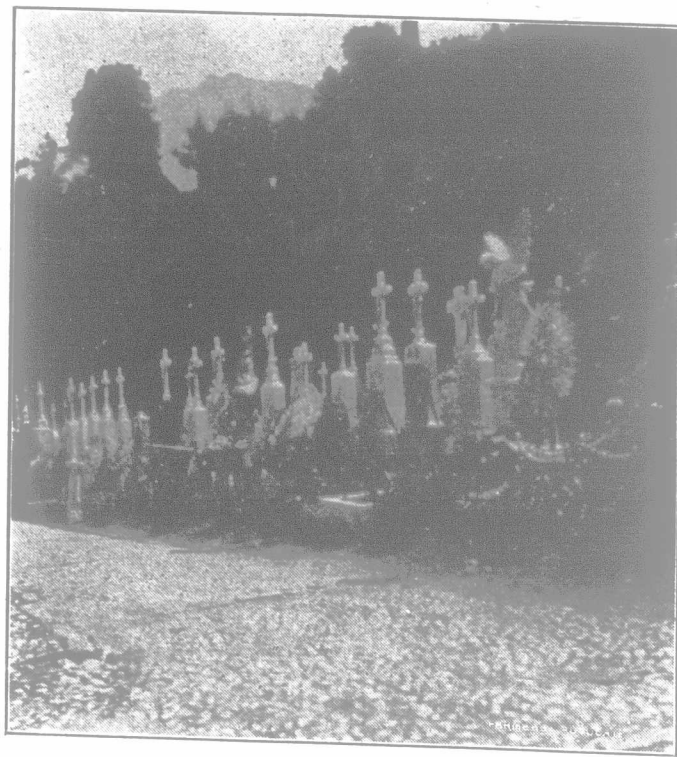
I wouldn't have missed it for ten automobile scares—and going up the hill wasn't a patch compared with the thrills of going down.

Our next stop was at Sachseln, a little Alpine village near Lucerne.



The Picture of St. Nicholas in the Church at Sachseln.

They have a saint in Sachseln—or had—of course they didn't know he was a saint till after he was dead. You can't escape from him now. He fairly haunts the district. Every time you go out walking you see him many times; he is painted on the houses; he is painted on the wayside shrines; and he is sculptured



The Graveyard at Sachseln.

in stone at the fountains—with a horrible wire halo fastened to his head.

His earthly name was Bruder Klaus, but when they canonized him they called him St. Nicholas. His skeleton is preserved in the village church, and the sacristan will proudly exhibit it for a few centimes. It is a gruesome sight. Any kind of a skeleton is bad enough, but the particular awfulness of this one

is intensified by the addition of glass eyes. It gives you chills just to look at it. I used to wake up at night and see those glittering eyes staring at me out of the darkness.

Bruder Klaus lived and died before America was discovered. He was born in Sachseln, was a prosperous farmer, was married, had ten children, and lived happily with his family. But when he was fifty years old he became very pious and decided to retire from the world and be a hermit. So he cast aside his ordinary clothes, donned a coarse brown robe, took his staff and his rosary, said good-bye to his wife and his ten lachrymose children, and hatless and barefooted trudged off to an awful gorge near Sachseln, where he lived for twenty years in solitude.

And now comes the wonderful part of the story. During this entire period he fasted, nothing whatever passing his lips except once a month when he partook of the holy communion.

Incredible as this seems, it is proved beyond a doubt (to the entire satisfaction of the author), in a book on the Life of St. Nicholas. The author also takes great pains to prove, with the aid of biblical quotations, that Bruder Klaus was perfectly justified in deserting his wife and ten children and going away to be a hermit if he felt that way.

Naturally, the saintly name of Nicholas is very popular in Sachseln and its neighborhood. Every family has a Nicholas of its own, and the graveyard is full of them.

The graveyard is in a small space around the church, and very crowded. Every twenty years they dig up all the graves, dump the bones in a heap under the church, and start over again. The tombstones are nearly all of one type—a white cross on which is fastened a crucifix and—a photograph of the person or persons buried there. It seemed to me that all the photographs were of very old people.

The main hotel of the village fronts on the graveyard. Not a cheerful outlook, but I suppose one gets used to it and does not mind it. The hotel is also very old. It was there before America was discovered. It has been owned by the same family for five hundred years. Or is it four hundred? Anyway, it is either one or the other. The family live in patriarchal style, and they say twenty-five of them—four generations—dine together every day.

Quite a large family party.

formed twenty-six squadrons, and had behind them, as a support, Lefebvre Desnouette's division, composed of the one hundred and sixty gendarmes, the chasseurs of the Guard, eleven hundred and ninety-seven sabres, and the lancers of the Guard, eight hundred and eighty lances. They wore a helmet without a plume, and a cuirass of wrought steel, and were armed with pistols and a straight sabre. In the morning the whole army had admired them when they came up at nine o'clock, with bugles sounding, while all the bands played "Veillons au salut de l'Empire," in close column with one battery on their flank, the others in their center, and deployed in two ranks, and took their place in that powerful second line, so skilfully formed by Napoleon, which, having at its extreme left Kellermann's cuirassiers, and on its extreme right Milhaud's cuirassiers, seemed to be endowed with two wings of steel.

The aide-de-camp, Bernard, carried to them the Emperor's order: Ney drew his sabre and placed himself at their head, and the mighty squadrons started. Then a formidable spectacle was seen: the whole of this cavalry, with raised sabres, with standards flying, and formed in columns of division, descended, with one movement and as one man, with the precision of a bronze battering-ram opening a breach in the hill of the Belle Alliance. They entered the formidable valley in which so many men had already fallen, disappeared in the smoke, and then, emerging from the gloom, reappeared on the other side of the valley, still in a close, compact column, mounting at a trot, under a tremendous canister fire, the frightful muddy incline of the plateau of Mont St. Jean. They ascended it, stern, threatening, and imperturbable; between the breaks in the artillery and musketry fire, the colossal tramp could be heard. As they formed two divisions, they were in two columns: Wathier's division was on the right, Delord's on the left. At a distance it appeared as if two immense steel lizards were crawling towards the crest of the plateau; they traversed the battlefield like a flash.

Nothing like it had been seen since the capture of the great redoubt of the Moskova by the heavy cavalry: Murat was missing, but Ney was there. It seemed as if this mass had become a monster, with but one soul; each squadron undulated, and swelled like the rings of a polype. This could be seen through a vast smoke which was rent asunder at intervals; it was a pell-mell of helmets, shouts, and sabres, a stormy bounding of horses among cannon, and a disciplined and terrible array; while above it all flashed the cuirasses like the scales of the dragon. Such narratives seemed to belong to another age; something like this vision was doubtless traceable in the old Orphean epic describing the men-horses, the ancient hippanthropists, those Titans with human faces and equestrian chest whose gallop escalated Olympus—horrible, sublime, invulnerable beings, gods and brutes.

It was a curious numerical coincidence that twenty-six battalions were preparing to receive the charge of these twenty-six squadrons. Behind the crest of the plateau, in the shadow of the masked battery, thirteen English squares, each of two battalions and formed two deep, with seven men in the first lines and six in the second, were waiting, calm, dumb, and motionless, with their muskets, for what was coming. They did not see the cuirassiers, and the cuirassiers did not see them: they merely heard this tide of men ascending. They heard the swelling sound of three thousand horses, the alternating and symmetrical sound of the hoof, the clang of the cuirasses, the clash of the sabres, and a species of great and formidable breathing. There was a long and terrible silence, and then a long file of raised arms, brandishing sabres, and helmets, and bugles and standards, and three thousand heads with great mustaches shouting, "Long live the Emperor!" appeared above the crest. The whole of this cavalry debouched on the plateau, and it was like the commencement of an earthquake.

All at once, terrible to relate, the head of the column of cuirassiers facing the English left reared with a fearful clamor. On reaching the culminating point of the crest, furious and eager to make their exterminating dash on the English

Browsings Among the Books.

A SURPRISE: BATTLE OF WATERLOO From "Les Miserables," by Victor Hugo. They were three thousand five hundred in number, and formed a front a quarter of a league in length; they were gigantic men mounted on colossal horses. They

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squares and guns, the cuirassiers noticed between them and the English a trench, a grave. It was the hollow road of Ohain. It was a frightful moment,—the ravine was there, unexpected, yawning, almost precipitous, beneath the horses' feet, and with a depth of twelve feet between its two sides. The second rank thrust the first into the abyss; the horses reared, fell back, slipped with all four feet in the air, crushing and throwing their riders. There was no means of escaping; the entire column was one huge projectile. The force acquired to crush the English, crushed the French, and the inexorable ravine would not yield till it was filled up. Men and horses rolled into it pell-mell, crushing each other, and making one large charnel-house of the gulf, and when this grave was full of living men the rest passed over them. Nearly one-third of Dubois' brigade rolled into this abyss. This commenced the loss of the battle. A local tradition, which evidently exaggerates, says that two thousand horses and fifteen hundred men were buried in the hollow way of Ohain. These figures probably comprise the other corpses cast into the ravine on the day after the battle. Napoleon, before ordering this charge, had surveyed the ground, but had been unable to see this hollow way, which did not form even a ripple on the crest of the plateau. Warned, however, by the little white chapel which marks its juncture with the Nivelles road, he had asked Lacoste a question, probably as to whether there was any obstacle. The guide answered no, and we might almost say that Napoleon's catastrophe was brought about by a peasant's shake of the head.

Other fatalities were yet to arise. Was it possible for Napoleon to win the battle? We answer in the negative. Why? On account of Wellington, on account of Blucher? No; on account of God. Bonaparte, victor at Waterloo, did not harmonize with the law of the 19th century. Another series of facts was preparing, in which Napoleon had no longer a place: the ill-will of events had been displayed long previously. It was time for this vast man to fall; his excessive weight in human destiny disturbed the balance. This individual alone was of more account than the universal group: such plethoras of human vitality concentrated in a single head—the world, mounting to one man's brain—would be mortal to civilization if they endured. The moment had arrived for the incorruptible supreme equity to reflect, and it is probable that the principles and elements on which the regular gravitations of the moral order as of the material order depend, complained, streaming blood, overcrowded graveyards, mothers in tears, are formidable pleaders. When the earth is suffering from an excessive burden, there are mysterious groans from the shadow, which the abyss hears. Napoleon had been denounced in infinitude, and his fall was decided. Waterloo is not a battle, but a transformation of the universe.

AMATEURS IN THE ART OF LIVING.
(From "The Human Machine," by Arnold Bennett.)

Considering that we have to spend the whole of our lives in this human machine, considering that it is our sole means of contact and compromise with the rest of the world, we really do devote to it very little attention. When I say we, I mean our inmost spirits, the instinctive part, the mystery within that exists. And when I say, "the human machine," I mean the brain and the body—and chiefly the brain. The expression of the soul by means of the brain and body is what we call the art of "living." We certainly do not learn this art at school to any appreciable extent. At school we are taught that it is necessary to fling our arms and legs to and from so many hours per diem. We are also shown, practically, that our brains are capable of performing certain useful tricks, and that if we do not compel our brains to perform those tricks we shall suffer. Thus one day we run home and proclaim to our delighted parents that eleven twelves are 132. A feat of the brain! So it goes on until our parents begin to look up to us because we can chatter of cosines or sketch the policy of Louis XIV. Good! But not a word about the principles of the art of living yet! Only a few detached rules from our parents, to be

blindly followed when particular crises supervene. And, indeed, it would be absurd to talk to a schoolboy about the expression of his soul. He would probably mutter a monosyllable which is not "mice."

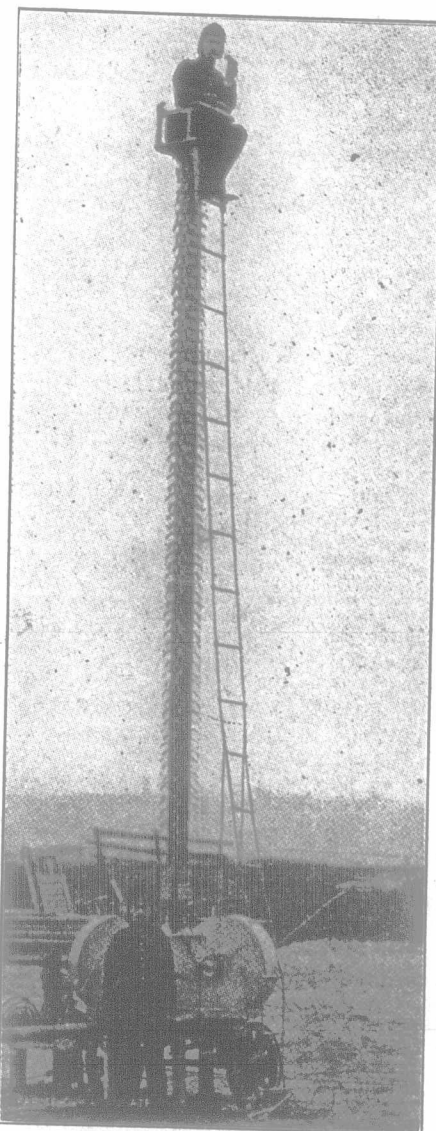
Of course, school is merely a preparation for living; unless one goes to a university, in which case it is a preparation for university. One is supposed to turn one's attention to living when these preliminaries are over—say at the age of about twenty. Assuredly one lives then; there is, however, nothing new in that, for one has been living all the time, in a fashion; all the time one has been using the machine without understanding it. But does one, school and college being over, enter upon a study of the machine? Not a bit. The question then becomes, not how to live, but how to obtain and retain a position in which one will be able to live; how to get minute portions of dead animals and plants which one can swallow, in order not to die of hunger; how to acquire and constantly renew a stock of other portions of dead animals and plants in which one can envelope oneself in order not to die of cold; how to procure the exclusive right of entry into certain huts where one may sleep and eat without being rained upon by the clouds of heaven. And so forth. And when one has realized this ambition, there comes the desire to be able to double the operation and do it, not for oneself alone, but for oneself and another. Marriage! But no scientific sustained attention is yet given to the real business of living, of smooth intercourse, of self-expression, of consciousness adaptation to environment—in brief, to the study of the machine. At thirty the chances are that a man will understand better the draught of a chimney than his own respiratory apparatus—to name one of the simple, obvious things—and as for understanding the working of his own brain—what an idea! As for the skill to avoid the waste of power involved by friction in the business of living, do we give an hour to it in a month? Do we ever at all examine it save in an amateurish and clumsy fashion? A young lady produces a water-color drawing. "Very nice!" we say, and add, to ourselves, "For an amateur." But our living is more amateurish than that young lady's drawing; though surely we ought everyone of us to be professionals at living!

When we have been engaged in the preliminaries to living for about fifty-five years, we begin to think about slacking off. Up to this period our reason for not having scientifically studied the art of living—the perfecting and use of the finer parts of the machine—is not that we have lacked leisure (most of us have enormous heaps of leisure), but that we have simply been too absorbed

in the preliminaries, have, in fact, treated the preliminaries to the business as the business itself. Then at fifty-five we ought at last to begin to live our lives with professional skill, as a professional painter paints a picture. Yes, but we can't. It is too late then. Neither painters, nor acrobats, nor any professionals can be formed at the age of fifty-five. Thus we finish our lives amateurishly, as we have begun them. And when the machine creaks and sets our teeth on edge, or refuses to obey the steering-wheel and deposits us in the ditch, we say, "Can't be helped!" or

"Doesn't matter! It will be all the same a hundred years hence!" or, "I must make the best of things." And we try to believe that in accepting the Status quo we have justified the Status quo, and all the time we feel our insincerity.

You exclaim that I exaggerate. I do. To force into prominence an aspect of affairs usually overlooked, it is absolutely necessary to exaggerate. Poetic license is one name for this kind of exaggeration. But I exaggerate very little indeed, much less than perhaps you think. I know that you are going to point out to me that vast numbers of people regularly spend a considerable portion of their leisure in striving after self-improvement. Granted! And I am glad of it. But I should be gladder if their strivings bore more closely upon the daily business of living, of self-expression without friction and without futile desires. See this man who regularly studies every evening of his life! He has genuinely understood the nature of poetry, and his taste is admirable. He recites verse with true feeling, and may be said to be highly cultivated. Poetry is a continual source of pleasure to him. True! But why is he always complaining about not receiving his deserts in the office? Why is he worried about finances? Why does he so often sulk with his wife? Why does he persist in eating more than his digestion will tolerate? It was not written in the book of fate that he should complain and worry and sulk and suffer. And if he was a professional at living he would not do these things. There is no reason why he should do them, except the reason that he has never learnt his business, never studied the human machine as a whole, never really thought rationally about living. Supposing you encountered an automobilist who was swerving and grinding all over the road, and you stopped to ask what was the matter, and he replied, "Never mind what's the matter. Just look at my lovely acetylene lamps, how they shine, and how I've polished them!" You would not regard him as a Clifford-Earp, or even as an entirely sane man. So with our student of poetry. It is indubitable that a large amount of what is known as self-improvement is simply self-indulgence—a form of pleasure which only incidentally improves a particular part of the machine, and even that to the neglect of far more important parts. My aim is to direct a man's attention to himself as a whole, considered as a machine, complex and capable of quite extraordinary efficiency, for travelling through this world smoothly, in any desired manner, with satisfaction not only to himself but to the people he meets en route, and the people who are overtaking him and whom he is overtaking. My aim is to show that only



Watching for the Enemy.

In addition to observation work, the officers on these collapsible towers, which are a German invention, direct the artillery fire by observing through field-glasses its effect on the enemy.



R. C. H. Artillery on Parade, Valcartier.

By courtesy of the Canadian Northern Railway.

an inappreciable fraction of our ordered and sustained efforts is given to the business of actual living, as distinguished from the preliminaries to living.

The Windrow.

Sienkiewicz, the famous Polish author, has been imprisoned by the Austrian authorities for advising the Austrian Poles to fight on the side of Russia.

The one hundred and twenty-five United States Red Cross nurses who have gone to Europe receive \$60 a month, an amount scarcely to be counted in the balance against the hard work they do and the risks they run. Theirs is surely a labor of love.

Even the United States, neutral as she is, cannot escape the loss consequent upon war. It is estimated that a dollar a head on every man, woman and child in the country, is the amount that must be levied to make up the loss of customs receipt up to the present. The tax will be levied, however, chiefly upon luxuries. The bill of the Ways and Means Committee provides for a tax of three per cent. on railroad freight, and a tax on beer and domestic wines.

One of those disappointed of the privilege of bearing arms, says Literary Digest, was the distinguished Belgian poet and author, Maurice Maeterlinck. He offered to enlist, but was declared too old, so he turned out into the fields with the women and helped gather the crops. At first he found it impossible to write: "The thought that only a few hundred kilometers away men are ranged against one another to kill," he said, "blots out every other thought." Subsequently, however, he managed to gather his forces, and has written "the bitterest arraignment of Pan-Germanism so far printed."

The Franco-German war, which lasted 190 days, cost Germany \$450,000,000. Germany, however, levied an indemnity of \$1,000,000,000 from France, and got every cent of it. . . The Russo-Japanese war of 1904-5, cost Japan \$600,000,000, a loss of \$100,000,000, since her indemnity from Russia amounted to only \$500,000,000. During the war, which lasted from February, 1904, to September, 1905, the combined expenses of Russia and Japan totaled \$2,250,000,000. . . The total cost of the Crimean War was \$1,565,000,000. . . That of America's struggle for independence cost Britain \$605,000,080. . . The Napoleonic wars which ended with Waterloo, cost France \$1,250,000,000, and Great Britain \$4,155,000,000.

The Admirals of the British Navy in command to-day are all comparatively young men. In the First Fleet, the oldest officer, Vice-Admiral Sir Douglas Gamble, in command of the Fourth Battle Squadron, is 57, and the youngest, Rear-Admiral Sir David Beatty, is 43. Sir John Jellicoe, who is in chief command in the North Sea, is not yet 55, while Vice-Admiral Sir Lewis Bayly, in command of the First Battle Squadron, is 56. Vice-Admiral Sir George Warrender, who commands the most powerful battle squadron, the second, is 54; Vice-Admiral Bradford, in the Third Battle Squadron, is 55.

This comes from Valcartier: "An army of athletes" is the title to be accorded to the Canadian contingent which recently left Valcartier. It is doubtful if any fighting force of this size the world over numbers so many well-known athletes as have been in training here for service on the continent. Every sport seems to have been robbed of its most shining lights, who have taken up arms in response to Canada's call for volunteers.

"Is there any good reason why I should give you five cents?" asked the well-dressed elderly man of the youth who accosted him.

"Well," said the small boy, as he retired from the danger zone, "if I had a nice high hat like yours I wouldn't want it soaked with a snowball."

Hope's Quiet Hour.

The Home Guard.

As his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff: they shall part alike . . . he made it a statute and an ordinance for Israel unto this day.—1 Sam. xxx: 24, 25.

Thousands at his bidding speed, And post o'er land and ocean without rest: They also serve who only stand and wait.—Milton.

David, with his six hundred men, returned home from an expedition into the land of the Philistines, to find that the Amalekites had burned his city and carried off all the women captives. The little army of 600 started off in hot pursuit, but 200 men broke down on the way, and were left in a state of exhaustion by the brook Besor. The 400 pursuers soon returned victorious, having recovered their wives and children, and won great spoil from the enemy. When they reached Besor, the men who had been left behind came out to meet them, and David gave them courteous greeting. But some of his warriors, boastfully pleased with themselves, declared that their weaker brethren had no right to any of the spoils; so David made the law contained in our text, which was based on God's command to the Israelites, given through Moses, 400 years earlier.—Num. xxxi: 25-27.

If this law is fair and just; it can only be so because those who tarry at home do not shirk their share of the burden of war. We have seen, in these strenuous weeks, that there is much necessary work demanded from those who stay at home. Everybody can help, and the help of millions of individuals points up to a huge total. If Canada has reason to be proud of the courage and self-sacrifice of her sops, she has also reason to be proud of the self-forgetting spirit shown by her daughters.

War is a terrible tragedy, and we who call ourselves by the Name of the Prince of Peace may feel that only an awful necessity can justify us in going out to kill thousands of our fellow-Christians. We shudder at the thought of the desolated homes in Germany, of the women and children weeping for those who have been killed by our soldiers. We may not be able to see how this slaughter could have been avoided, without national dishonor and disgrace, and yet—Well, my own personal feeling is that I am thankful that I am not a man, that I am not called to go out and kill my fellows.

But we who stay at home, who are spared the deadly work at the front, must not be shirkers. If we are to share in the joy of victory, we must take our share of the conflict. St. Paul says of the churches of Macedonia that they gave joyfully and liberally out of their deep poverty, that they were willing, "to their power and beyond their power."

Canada has been eagerly giving money and food—not out of her deep poverty, but out of her long-continued prosperity—and she will continue to give, even when it means real sacrifice. Our Lord told us that we should have the poor always with us; and the excitement of patriotic funds and work must not make us indifferent to the sufferings of our poorer neighbors. We must not divert our usual offerings into a new channel, leaving the clergy to struggle unaided against the tide of home-poverty. This war has ground under its iron heel many people who will not receive help from the patriotic funds. Let us—for a time at least—give up our lazy selfishness, and do something in the way of bearing the heavy burdens of others. Each of us can find chances of helping, right where we are. Let us try to adopt the motto of the boy scouts, and do at least one kind deed every day, remembering our Lord's unseen Presence in each of the least of His brethren. It is a high privilege to do some service for Him. It will be a sad thing if He is neglected,

and if He is forced to say to us: "Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to Me." He does not say that a gift to some especially interesting fund is necessarily a gift to Him. "One of the least" of His brethren probably means someone uninteresting and obscure. We must be careful lest gifts to patriotic funds be taken from these "least" brethren of Christ. I mean, if we have laid aside a tenth for charitable purposes, as usual, and take a slice away from this tenth for a patriotic fund, we are not giving from our own pockets, but from those who would—in any ordinary year—receive help from us. We must not act like the rich man in the parable, who spared his own flocks and herds when a traveller visited him, and feasted on the one ewe lamb of his poor neighbor.

Then there is another important duty laid upon us, a duty which all may perform. Many cannot give money, and have no time to work for anything except their daily food, some are helpless and suffering, but all who read this Quiet Hour can pray. This is the most practical help of all. When the enemy fought with Israel in the plain, Moses, Aaron, and Hur, went up to the top of a hill, "and it came to pass, when Moses held up his hand, that Israel prevailed: and when he let down his hand, Amalek prevailed. But Moses' hands were heavy; and they took a stone, and put it under him, and he sat thereon; and Aaron and Hur stayed up his hands. . . . and Joshua discomfited Amalek and his people with the edge of the sword."

You see what practical and valuable help Moses gave, although he was sitting quietly on a stone away from the battle, and Aaron and Hur gave practical help, too. It is not only the prayers of great prophets and saints that are needed. We must all pray, and pray together. One good result of this war is that it has brought people into the Presence of the King of the universe. Day after day earnest prayers go up from millions of hearts. People of different denominations meet together, and, forgetting their differences in their common sorrow, send up their prayers as one.

Some people are praying in humility and trust, acknowledging past selfishness and worldliness, leaving the issue of the war in God's hands, yet confident that their prayers can and do bring down daily blessings on the soldiers in camp, in battle, and in hospital. They remember the inspiring words of Isaiah: "I have set watchmen upon thy walls, O Jerusalem, which shall never hold their peace day or night: ye that make mention of the LORD, keep not silence, and give Him no rest, till He establish, and till He make Jerusalem a praise in the earth." We are not trying to win God's Love—it is already ours. We are not trying to secure the help of an unwilling Ally. He is already seeking our real and lasting good—and also the good of our harassed and brave enemies.

We often hear the objection that both sides are praying for victory, and that God cannot answer conflicting prayers. Shall we give up praying because God does not allow us to use prayer as a magic talisman? Christ, our Captain, prayed in agonizing trust "that the cup of sorrow might pass. His prayer brought down not ease and comfort, but strength, patience and courage—ininitely greater gifts than He was asking for. Were His prayers unavailing? The disciples slept at His side, when asked to watch and pray in fellowship with His sorrow, and when danger threatened them they all forsook Him and fled. How ashamed they must have been of their weak cowardice, and how differently they might have acted if they had not slothfully neglected the urgent call to "watch and pray."

Some people are praying now, because the soul instinctively seeks Divine help in times of terrible testing, and yet they may have little faith in the availing power of prayer. Let such people go on praying, and their faith will grow stronger by being used. They have not used the weapon of prayer often enough to feel at home in its exercise—prayer needs practice, like every other valuable art. But doubtful people can learn faith by coming to God. A man once brought his suffering child to JESUS, saying, "If Thou canst do anything, have compassion on us, and help us." When asked to show stronger faith than this, the poor

father cried out, in tears, "Lord, I believe; help Thou my unbelief." His faith was still weak, but he received the desired blessing. The fact that he brought his son to Christ, proved that he had some faith; and those who pray for their dear friends and for their loved nation, in this time of distress, prove that they have some faith.

Don't stay away from the special prayer-meetings, which are being constantly held now, even if you have very little faith that prayers can do any good. St. Thomas could not believe that the Lord had risen, yet he was with those who gathered together for prayer on the Sunday after Easter—and because he was there he found the Master he loved. What a pity it would have been for him if he had stayed away because his faith was weak. When our faith is as insignificant as a grain of mustard seed, we can stand beside our comrades—or kneel at our Lord's feet—and say, "If Thou canst do anything, have compassion on us, and help us." That weak faith—if it is alive and real—may grow strong with exercise.

Some people think that it is useless to pray about physical things, because science teaches us that physical events happen according to unchanging laws. But we ourselves can interfere with natural law. A man with blood-poisoning in his hand would die if left to natural laws, but the skilled surgeon interferes and defeats approaching death. Our Lord has told us to pray for physical blessings. He warned the disciples of the terrible distress coming upon Jerusalem, and said that they could, and should, avert some of the distress by their prayers: "Pray ye that your flight be not in the winter, neither on the Sabbath day." He said, "Shall we not feel emboldened to pray also that this war may be over before the winter?"

Then, having committed our cause to our Father, let us trust His ordering of events. Our faith is not in our own prayers, but in the One to Whom our prayers are addressed. His will is ours, even when it means the Cross. Are we not sworn soldiers of the Cross? Shall we complain if called upon to endure it? God is our Commander-in-Chief—is it likely that He will explain beforehand His reasons for all the sorrow He permits? Our business is to obey trustfully.

"Sometime, I know not when nor how, All things will be revealed, But until then, content am I To sail with orders sealed."

DORA FARNCOMB.

A Prayer.

O God, who hast made of one blood all nations of men to dwell on all the face of the earth, and Who in Thy Holy Word hast taught us that One is Our Father, even God, and that all we are brethren: We pray Thee in this dark hour of international strife that Thou wilt open the eyes of the people, and those who in Thy Name are entrusted with the authority of governance, to see and understand their right and true relation to Thee, and through Thee to one another. Teach them by Thy Spirit that hatred and violence are not strength, but weakness, that the true safeguarding of a nation is not to be found in weapons of war, but in those eternal principles which make for righteousness and truth, and brotherhood and peace. Give to those who shall suffer in the war which is raging now the consolations of Thy grace. Heal the sick; comfort the wounded; minister to the dying, and bind up the broken heart. Bring, we pray Thee, to a speedy end this international strife; and hasten the time when peace shall flourish out of the earth, and all shall dwell together in unity and love, and war shall be no more. We ask it in the Name of our Saviour Jesus Christ. Amen."

WHERE DOES IT GO?

A correspondent of "The Farmer's Advocate" living in British Columbia sends the following query, made by his neighbor's little son. The father was putting the boy to bed, and was about to put out the light when the bright little fellow remarked: "Papa, where does the light go when you blow it out?" Who can answer?

The

[Rules for communications: (1) All communications must be in plain English. (2) All communications must be signed with the name of the sender. (3) All communications must be stamped with the date. (4) All communications must be addressed to the Editor. (5) All communications must be sent to the Editor. (6) All communications must be sent to the Editor. (7) All communications must be sent to the Editor. (8) All communications must be sent to the Editor. (9) All communications must be sent to the Editor. (10) All communications must be sent to the Editor.]

Dear Ingle, the other night between midnight that seemed than any I ginning of usual at such all—the the carnage. I me that to powers of blessing;—one times falls, I mally fall w and so the I think I h trenches—and exaggerated filthy because cleanliness; i impossibility food; homesi sickness of m ever seeing because of the coverings; he agonies, too hand.—Overl shrapnel and yond, the bo yon! Now someone wou of the dying horses—piled behind, red m red mounds, the putrefying week, were st pulsing blood —Over all, with searchlig every poor d rain, such as great battle, the misery of low,—for Nat ping, and the must needs c tonations of s humanity has or not. —Truly, "a fare, as a Fre some of the c cessed, has ca and one with in the words after the lon American Civ te spoke—"We Perhaps you war's atrocitie draw. Were i be in the thic to write so v and horror th little towards, hatred of wa everlasting pe brush mine, I Verestchagin, I painter killed war—bring wa all the peopl could bring it tion towards a For the pen such ways,—a known. Only culation of a Lamszus—a sim that he had lo by order of th But now to vision: While wounded, the thousands up strewn over t Europe, it sud the part of it of us have see so keen, must of the tremen Europe. If w revelation at creed—we must personality live think of it,—th the sodden bat story. What thousands of s upon those sam

The Ingle Nook.

[Rules for correspondence in this and other Departments: (1) Kindly write on one side of paper only. (2) Always send name and address with communications. If pen name is also given, the real name will not be published. (3) When enclosing a letter to be forwarded to anyone, place it in stamped envelope ready to be sent on. (4) Allow one month in this department for answers to questions to appear.]

Dear Ingle Nook Friends,—Lying awake the other night, in the eerie hours between midnight and dawn, a thought that seemed freighted with keener vision than any I had had before since the beginning of the war, came to me. As usual at such times I had been seeing it all—the dreadfulness of the fields of carnage. Indeed it sometimes seems to me that to be possessed of too vivid powers of imagination is a doubtful blessing;—one sees, and hears, and sometimes feels, so much more than can normally fall within the compass of one life, and so the burden becomes over-heavy. I think I had been looking over the trenches—and seeing them not with any exaggerated vision: the wearied men, filthy because of no opportunity for cleanliness; ill-nourished because of the impossibility of having properly-prepared food; homesick with the terrible homesickness of misery and a fading chance of ever seeing loved ones again; footsore because of the blistering of worn foot-coverings; heartsick with the sight of agonies, too terrible for words, on every hand.—Overhead the sharp scream of shrapnel and whistling of bullets! Beyond, the booming of deep-throated cannon! Now the short, sharp cry of someone wounded, and now the groans of the dying! Here bodies—of men and horses—piled in one ghastly horror; there behind, red mounds, and red mounds, and red mounds, hastily thrown up to cover the putrefying masses which, but last week, were strong in the strength of pulsing blood and acting brain.

—Over all, perhaps, gathering darkness, with searchlights mercilessly seeking out every poor device for shelter;—gathering rain, such as falls during almost every great battle, cold and pitiless, to add to the misery of the shivering wretches below,—for Nature's laws know no stopping, and the moisture of the upper air must needs condense, shaken by the detonations of shot and shell, whether poor humanity has already borne to the limit or not.

—Truly, "a dirty business," this warfare, as a French detail, after describing some of the awful details that he witnessed, has called it,—a "dirty business, and one with no romance in it."—Truly, in the words of General Sherman, who, after the long-drawn horrors of the American Civil War, well knew whereof he spoke—"War,—hell."

Perhaps you do not like this listing of war's atrocities. But I do not overdraw. Were it possible I should like to be in the thick of it, were it given me to write so vividly of every ghastliness and horror that my pen might do some little towards spreading the horror and hatred of war that alone can make for everlasting peace. Were the artist's brush mine, I should ask to do as did Verestchagin, the famous Russian war-painter killed during the Russo-Japanese war—bring war itself before the eyes of all the people as strongly as canvas could bring it,—Verestchagin's contribution towards world-peace.

For the pen and the brush can help in such ways,—as the war-lords have well known. Only a year or so ago the circulation of a book written by William Lamszus—a simple recital of war-scenes that he had looked upon—was suppressed by order of the Kaiser.

But now to my thought of further vision: While seeing in the night the wounded, the dying, the dead—so many thousands upon thousands of them, strewn over the long battlefields of Europe, it suddenly occurred to me that the part of it that you and I and all of us have seen, be our mind's eye ever so keen, must be in reality but a tittle of the tremendous events going on in Europe. If we believe in the Christian revelation at all—no matter what our creed—we must believe that the human personality lives on after death. Then think of it,—the falling, dying men on the sodden battlefields are but half the story. What of the thousands upon thousands of souls, liberated every hour upon those same battlefields? What are

they doing? What are they seeing? Do they stand for a moment, clothed in a spiritual body, looking down upon the pitiful, ghastly model of stiffening flesh and blood which was once theirs—a little surprised, perhaps, then exultant to be rid of so hampering a mortal coil? Do they try their new powers, wondering, joyful to find out a new freedom, a liberty transcending all that they had dreamed? Do they hover for a while about the battlefield, conscious of all, remembering all, patient at the sight of suffering because they have been through the terrible way and can now see the end from the beginning? Do they find

by so many ties of affection and sympathy.

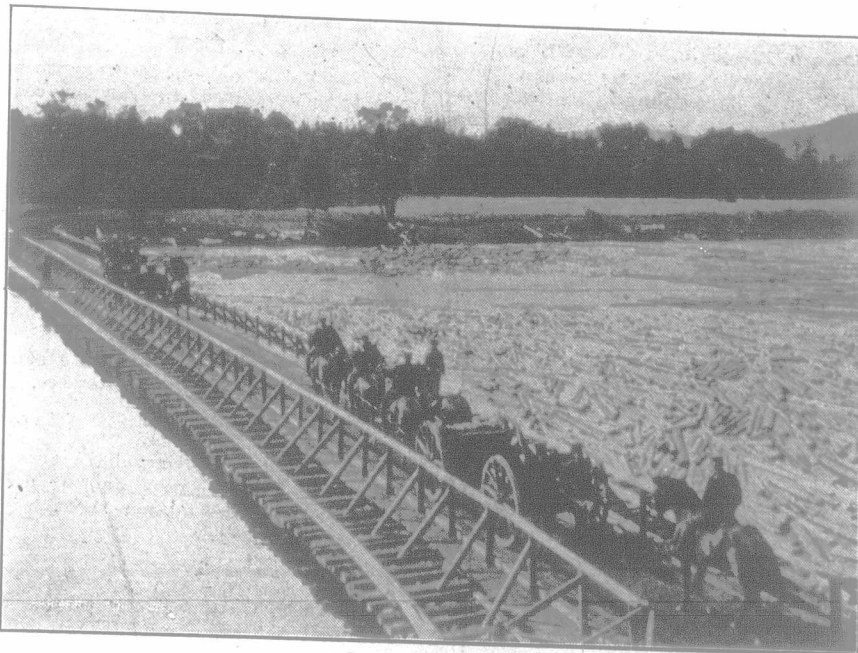
And so above the darkness and the groans along the River Aisne, one may catch, perhaps, the faint effulgence of an ineffable glory, and hear the far-off echoes of a transcendent, celestial song.

JUNIA.

A GUEST ROOM.

Dear Junia,—I have long been one of the silent members of the Nook, but am now coming forward to introduce myself and a budget of questions.

We wished to renovate our guest room,



Artillery Crossing Pontoon, Valcartier. By courtesy of the Canadian Northern Railway.

spiritual voices and call out a glad "hello!" to each soul as it steps over? Do they minister to the dying and the wounded? Do they see bright ministering spirits on every hand, recognizing among them, perhaps, many friends who have long ago solved the Great Mystery? Wondering about all this there in the night, it seemed to me that the distant battlefields over the sea became transformed into a fluttering vision,—spirits and hopefulness and light hovering above the hopelessness, and misery, and awfulness of all that mortal eye could see.

Do not take my dream from me. I am aware that there are as many theories in regard to what happens to the soul

but do not know what to do about the walls and ceiling. The woodwork is white, and the large, old-fashioned furniture is finished in white enamel, with a tiny gilt trimming. I would like to dispense with carpet or large rug on the floor, and wondered if it would be quite the thing to finish it with one of the stains—used so much now for floors—and have a few small rugs. What color would you suggest for the floor stain? Would hooked rugs be equally as nice as the woven rag rugs?

I had thought some of using one of the flat wall-finishes on the fresh-plastered wall, as I am very fond of the walls in plain color. What would you suggest



Getting Ready for Sunday, Valcartier. By courtesy of the Canadian Northern Railway.

at death as there are creeds; but I have never heard that any one theory has been incontrovertibly proved. Christ appeared on earth after His death; why not these brave souls passing over every hour in far-away Europe? It is pleasant to think that one's very own personality—but with broader vision—remains after death; and to some of us, it seems quite impossible that any continuing, remembering soul, can find satisfaction in any other way than in busy, helpful work, work sometimes for the poor mortals here to whom even liberated souls must still be bound

for the wall? What color would be nice if the plain color is used? The woodwork in the adjoining room is pale green. Would you use a picture-moulding? I thought gilt moulding would be pretty, but understand that it is not used much now. I am quite ashamed to ask so many questions and be so much trouble to you on my first visit to the Ingle Nook, but, like so many others, I am trusting to your infinite fund of patience and wisdom, and I know that you will find some clever way out of my difficulty which I was too dull to see.

Wishing this good journal, the Nook, the Nookers, and yourself, Junia, every success, and thanking you in anticipation of your aid, I am yours sincerely, AMBER.

Middlesex Co., Ont.

You have some very good ideas in regard to your guest room. I am quite sure that you will be delighted with the stained floor and small rugs—not too many of them. There are excellent floor stains and floor finishes to be bought all ready for use. Dark oak, walnut, and fumed oak, are all good colors. Get a dustless mop and find out how beautifully clean you can keep the room with little labor.

Hooked rugs are very pretty and suitable if the colors are artistic, e. g., Dutch blue for a blue-and-white room, old rose for a gray-and-rose room, tobacco-brown for an autumn-tinted room, etc. Unless you are very artistic indeed, you will find it better not to attempt working in a design on your rugs; stripes across the end, in white, or some harmonious color, will be sufficient. Some of the Navajo rug or blanket patterns (Indian) are very effective in hooked rugs, but one needs to use both coloring and design with discretion. By the way, do you know that the old-fashioned braided rugs of our grandmothers are now much in favor on "the other side"? Also woven "rag-carpet" rugs in plain colors, with stripes across the ends.

Flat-tone, dull-finish paint, will be excellent for the walls. The color must depend on your own taste, and the tone of the hangings, etc., that you want in the room. How would you like this for the room in which your white-enameled furniture is to be used?—Drop ceiling in very pale pink or ivory-white; walls warm stone-gray; rugs gray, with old-rose ends; furniture upholstered in rose-besprinkled chintz; curtains of cream scrim with an applied band of the rose chintz; the picture-moulding enamelled in cream, and the picture-frames the same.

If you choose, you might have lavender tones instead of pink, carrying out the chintz design in wistaria.

Or you might have the walls deep cream instead of gray, and carry out the rugs and upholstery in plain coloring, rose, or green, or dull blue. Scrim curtains stencilled or applied to match, would look well.

LEAKING PIPES.

We have a double chimney on house. A black liquid keeps running down pipe-hole in bedroom, and down pipes, dropping on floor. Chimney was covered last fall, but did not help any. Can anyone give a cure for this?

See page 1738, in our issue of October 1st, for answer to this question.

The Scrap Bag.

TO FASTEN A TILE.

If a tile becomes loose in the fireplace, make a mixture of plaster of Paris and water, and use it as a cement for resetting the tile.

INKSTAIN IN FLOOR.

Sometimes an inkstain in a hardwood floor proves very hard to remove. Try rubbing it thoroughly with very fine sandpaper, then apply strong ammonia. Finally wash with a potash solution.

SAGGING RATTAN CHAIRS.

To tighten sagging rattan chair bottoms, stand the chairs in a tub and pour two or three kettlefuls of boiling water through the rattan, then set the chairs in a bright sunlight to dry.

USES FOR KEROSENE.

Blood stains on wash material can be removed by saturating the stained portions with kerosene and then dipping in boiling water. Half a cupful added to the warm water with which windows are washed will be found a great help. If oilcloth or linoleum should become badly spotted, put a cupful of kerosene into a pail of warm water and wash; never use soap. If the sewing-machine runs stiffly, saturate the parts with kerosene and leave on all night; in the morning wipe dry, then oil with the machine oil as usual. Kerosene will be found helpful in cleaning the dark rim that sometimes forms in bath-tubs and wash-basins, especially when hard water is used; a few

drops will remove the grime from the outside of pots and kettles, or clean specks from mirrors, while a dustless duster may be quickly made by soaking a piece of cheesecloth in the oil, then hanging it in the air for a few minutes.

TO MAKE MERINGUE FLUFFY.

Add half an eggshell of cold water for each white of egg before beating. It will increase the quantity of meringue without injuring the quality. Just before any meringue is placed in the oven, beat in a saltspoonful of baking powder. This will prevent its falling after it is taken from the oven.

AN EXCELLENT IRON-STAND.

Procure a piece of soapstone, heat it to begin with, and use it as a stand for putting the iron on. It will not cool the iron as nearly all stands do.

STIMULANT FOR PLANTS.

It is said that the residue which is left of the carbide from acetylene lamps, when it can be procured, will act like magic in making plants grow and blossom. A few bits of stick glue put in the soil about a fern two or three times a year is also beneficial.

NEW ENAMELLED DISHES.

Before using a new enamelled cooking utensil grease the inside with butter. This prevents the cracking of the enamel. To remove the odor of onions, fish, etc., from a utensil, wash it well with soap and water, then nearly fill it with cold water, add a tablespoonful of dissolved washing soda for each quart, place the pan on the fire and let the water boil; finally rinse and dry. Most of the cleansing preparations now to be bought all ready for use will clean grime from the outside of enamelled vessels very easily. In case they are not at hand, use soda, coal oil, or a little fine ashes.

Seasonable Cookery.

Green Tomato Pickles.—Wipe 1 peck green tomatoes and slice thin. Peel 4 medium-sized onions and slice thin. Sprinkle alternate layers of tomatoes and onions thinly with salt, about a small cupful will be enough. Cover, and let stand over night. In the morning, drain, put in a kettle and add $\frac{1}{2}$ ounce cloves, $\frac{1}{2}$ ounce allspice, $\frac{1}{2}$ ounce peppercorns, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown mustard seed, 1 lb. brown sugar, and 4 green peppers finely chopped. Add vinegar to cover, heat gradually to boiling point, and simmer 40 minutes.

Mock Steak.—Put 1 pound of lean beef through the meat-chopper, add a level teaspoon of salt, a dash of pepper, and 2 tablespoons water. Mix, and form into a cake, sear both sides on a hot pan on top of the stove, then finish cooking in the oven. Fifteen minutes will be enough. Put on a hot platter, baste with a little butter, and serve very hot with brown gravy or tomato sauce.

New Turnips with Cream.—Pare the turnips and cut them in cubes; cook in boiling water until tender, adding salt just before the cooking is completed. For a pint of cubes, melt three level tablespoons butter in a saucepan, put in the turnip, and shake the pan over the fire until the butter has been absorbed, then add nearly a cup of hot cream, with salt and pepper, as desired. A thin, white sauce may be used instead of the cream if preferred.

Chili Sauce.—Wipe and peel 12 medium-sized, ripe tomatoes, and cut in slices crosswise. Put in a preserving kettle and add 4 onions peeled and chopped, 2 tablespoons salt, 2 red peppers chopped, 2 tablespoons celery seed, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar, and 2 cups vinegar. Bring to the boiling point and let simmer three hours.

Apples on Bread.—Cut a round loaf of bread in rather thick slices; butter the slices well and lay on a shallow baking-dish. Cut the cores from rather large, mellow apples, then pare carefully and cut in halves crosswise. Lay half an apple on each round of bread, place a large raisin in the core cavity of each, sprinkle a mixture of sugar and nutmeg over all, and bake until the edges of the bread are slightly browned and the apple is tender. Serve at once.

Matrimony Tart.—Lick a pie tin with

short pie pastry. Cover with sliced apples, sprinkle with currants and bits of candied lemon peel, also a little freshly-grated lemon rind and a few drops of the juice. Sprinkle with sugar, grate a little nutmeg over, dot with bits of butter, then cover with strips of paste laid crosswise over the top. Bake for half an hour in a quick oven.

Apple Snow.—Use mellow, tart apples, and make into apple sauce with a very little water. For a small bowl of the apples, allow whites of three eggs. Beat them until very stiff, then fold them gently into the stewed and sweetened sauce. Serve with fresh sponge cake. Any flavoring liked may be added to the sauce.

Tomato Preserves.—Use small, not-too-ripe tomatoes. Wash them, and prick each with a darning-needle so that they will not burst in cooking. Weigh them, and put over them their equal weight of sugar, and let them stand over night. In the morning pour off all the juice, put it in a preserving kettle and boil down to a thick syrup. Clarify this with the white of an egg dropped into it and skimmed off after boiling. Now add the tomatoes and cook gently until done. A few sticks of ginger may be added, or a lemon, seeded and sliced thin. The small, yellow, pear-shaped tomatoes, are always best for preserves.

Grape Punch.—Boil together one pound of grape and half a pint of water until it spins a thread. Take from the fire and when cool add the juice of six lemons and a quart of grape-juice. Let stand over night. Serve with plain water or soda water.

Cold Chicken Glace.—Boil a chicken until tender in salted water containing a little celery seed, a bit of bay leaf, a slice of onion, and a little lemon peel. Cool, disjoint, and remove the skin. Cook down the broth to one-fourth of the original amount. While still warm, dip the chicken pieces in it, drain and cool. The meat will then be covered with a glossy gelatin, which makes it look very appetizing.

Grape Chutney.—A quart of grapes, $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. tart apples. Pulp the grapes, stew the pulps and rub through a sieve to remove seeds, then add skins. Add the apples, peeled and cored, also 1 ounce each of garlic, grated horseradish, mustard, ginger, 4 teaspoons salt, a saltspoon of cayenne pepper, 1 pint vinegar, and a cupful of stoned raisins. Simmer slowly until thick, then beat well, adding $\frac{1}{2}$ pint brown sugar. Seal and keep in a dark, cool place.

A Letter from Woking, England.

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":

It may be of interest to the farmers' wives of Canada to know that there has been a training school established at Woking, in Surrey, England, by the Hon. Rupert and Lady Gwendolen Guinness, for the purpose of training Englishwomen for Canadian farm life, under conditions as nearly as possible like those found in Canada.

A Canadian stove has been imported, and the person in charge of the school is a graduate housekeeper of Macdonald Institute, Guelph.

The students are trained in all branches of housework, including canning and preserving of fruits, also poultry and dairy work, and while they are not the servant class, they are anxious to go to the colonies, and are willing and ready to make themselves useful, most of them preferring country life.

It must be remembered that conditions in England are quite different from those in Canada, and some training is necessary for Englishwomen, accustomed to servants on every hand, before they could become used to the entirely opposite conditions found in many Canadian homes; and while these women of the educated class in England are willing to sacrifice many home comforts which do not exist in Canada, they cannot be expected to be treated as servants. Many have said that they are tired of doing nothing in England, and when they come to the training school, soon know whether they

are going to like the colonial life or not.

For those students that prove efficient and wish to obtain positions in Canada, the superintendent is desirous of securing suitable places, and would be glad to hear from any of the more prosperous farmers who are willing to make it worth while for these young women to leave their own country to take up the busy life on a Canadian farm.

Any letters of inquiry should be addressed to Miss N. C. Goldie, Hoebridge Overseas Training School, Woking, Surrey, England.

News of the Week

Provisional schools in military training are to be started in various centers throughout Ontario.

Hon. W. H. Hearst has succeeded Sir James Whitney as Premier of Ontario, and Hon. Finlay G. McDiarmid has succeeded Hon. J. O. Reame as Minister of Public Works.

Eighteen British steamers were sunk by German warships during September.

Many priceless paintings have been sent to London from Belgium and France to avoid possible destruction through German bombardment.

The British Government is taking steps to prevent the supplying of coal to German cruisers still at large.

The Russian Minister of Finance has received an order to the effect that the prohibition of the sale of vodka shall be continued indefinitely after the war. This order has been based on the tremendously improved condition of the country since the Czar issued the edict prohibiting all traffic in this liquor.

It is announced that the British Government will gladly accept donations of oats, beans, potatoes, apples, cheese, and butter, for the use of the army. These commodities will be forwarded by the Canadian Government without expense to the donors. The British army is said to be badly in need of army blankets.

During the past week but little actual news from the battle-line has been permitted to pass the censors, beyond the fact that "the general situation is satisfactory." Heavy fighting has taken place in the neighborhood of Soissons, where the Germans have been dislodged from their trenches, and a gradual advance of the Allies on both east and west wings of the Germans is reported. Heavy fighting has also taken place in the vicinity of Antwerp, where the Germans have bombarded several of the outer forts. Meanwhile the terrible battle, which has continued almost uninterruptedly for over three weeks, with 3,000,000 men in the fighting ranks, still continues. In the vicinity of Cracow, events have not taken place as rapidly as had been anticipated, and dispatches from Petrograd state that the Czar is on his way to the front.

"Language" Hath Charms.

Few people enjoy a joke more heartily than Sir Oliver Lodge, the Principal of Birmingham University and a foremost authority on many things in this world and on some few in the next. Among the stories he is fond of telling is that of a bishop who was walking along a canal towpath when he heard a bargee using very strong language to the horse. The bishop remonstrated in stately terms and pointed out that such profanity was most unseemly. The bargee listened respectfully and then scratched his head ruefully as he replied: "It's all right, guv'nor, I sees what yer mean, and I'll speak quieter like. But I'm afeard as how it'll be a bit lonesome like for the hoss."

The Marriage of Jim.

By F. B. Dowding.

Jim was to be married!

To the old folk that was the one fact that mattered. It filled their horizon, cast a dark, malignant veil over the very sun, oppressed them with a sense of disaster incomprehensible and vast.

They had married late in life, this quaint, simple couple. She had been held from marriage by a sense of duty to an invalid mother, and to a large family of thankless brothers and sisters. An only son, with parents aging and querulous, he had been bound by ties no less gallant and strong. Their romance had been one of steady, patient, uncomplaining waiting; and when at last the ties were gone they had come together with the sober calm joy of those who had earned their reward.

After two years Jim had come. As they looked back now they could still remember how they had waited for him, how the future had loomed before them, a rosy cloud, shot with an ecstasy that yet had the quality of fear. They recalled, too, the great moments that came as they sat together in the evenings, when the world would miraculously be glorified and they would together gaze far down into the infinite purpose and meaning of things. Then, when the baby had come, and the clasp of his tiny fingers sent thrills to their very hearts, and the touch of his velvet flesh was an ecstasy almost too exquisite to be borne, they could remember the beginnings of that jealousy that slowly had killed the first bloom of their love, that insidiously had separated them, till now the perfect understanding of their first married life was but a memory growing dim.

It was a jealousy that had few outward ebullitions. They had never been a wrangling couple, nor did either of them try to undermine the authority of the other over the child. But each little childish preference that the boy showed, and every caress he gave to the one was a secret wound to the other. If other children had come the love of the old people would have had opportunity to diffuse itself, and the jealousy battering affection would perchance have weakened and died. But Jim was their only child, and on his sole heart and mind they had rival claims that kept them continually antagonistic and embittered.

Most children would have been spoiled irredeemably by this unremitting attention and affection; but from the very beginning there had been a sturdy independence and common sense about the lad that resisted all attempts to make him sentimental, soft, or girlish. He loved his parents as earnestly as most boys do, but he submitted to their caress with a sense of aching shame, and broke from them at last as from an ordeal irksome and unbearable. While a mere baby he would turn impatiently from fondlings and endearments to pay attention to some object that had attracted his infantile attention. As he grew older he seemed filled beyond the ordinary measure with an insatiable curiosity about the things around him. He was continually tasting, smelling, feeling, or prying with curious fingers into the nooks and corners of objects. As long as "stories" continued—stories of the rain, of the thunderman, of the fairies that hid in the lilies, of how cups were made of mud and paper of rags, he would be content and keenly interested in the arms of either parent. But directly this lore was temporarily exhausted and either tried to cuddle up his chubby form or kiss his parted rosy lips, he would push impatiently away and scramble down to toddle off on fresh voyages of discovery. Directly he went to school it became evident that these were the outward signs of an unusual mental endowment and activity. He rapidly passed all his fellows at the village school, and to the choking delight of his parents he took a board scholarship at the age of 11. He was a manly little fellow, too; was good at outdoor games and pastimes, and outclassed his clumsy schoolmates as easily in running and cricket as his mind outstripped their dull and stumbling intellects in school.

The old people had sent him to the high school, and later to the Auckland



INCORPORATED 1864

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University. They scraped and pinched and denied themselves common necessities to pay his expenses and to maintain him in decent comfort in town. Their farm was a poor one—a hundred acres or so of cold barren clay, not all cleared of ti-tree, and poorly grassed and watered. They milked a few scrubby cows, kept a couple of hundred fowls, and eked out a painful livelihood by the sale of fruit and vegetables. Though age was creeping upon him and sapping his youthful vigor, the old man spurred himself to continual effort, and even obtained occasional work on the roads. The mother denied herself the comforts due to her advancing age, went shabby and ill-clad, planned, and considered and worried over every penny she spent, so that Jim might carve out his career unhampered. To do him simple justice Jim had been neither thankless nor undeserving. If he could not give the old couple the demonstrative affection their souls longed for, he at least respected and honored them, and he was deeply thankful for the sacrifices he knew they were making. He had been too single-minded in his pursuit of success to waste their hard-earned money in pleasure or dissipation, and he had honestly striven to keep down his expenses to the smallest possible limit, and to make himself independent of his parents as soon as possible. When at last he had obtained a well-paid position as science-master, he had at once tried to make return for the help they had given him, and of late years—thanks to his bounty—their home had been brighter and their life less arduous than had been the case for a long time past.

The old people had drifted steadily apart. They did not openly quarrel; one very rarely crossed the will of the other; but all the old understanding and intimacy between them seemed forever past and dead. They had no thoughts for each other. Their lives flowed in parallel, separate channels. Day after day, from sunlight till dark and often through the long silent hours of the night, their minds would be away with Jim—with Jim and his cleverness, Jim and his triumphs, Jim and his future.

His weekly letter was a recurring crisis in their simple lives. It was read over and over again until it was almost learnt by heart. The father as he rested while digging, and the mother as she wrung out the floorcloth, would mentally repeat choice phrases, and form all sorts of wild speculations about mysterious things they might possibly hint. A thoughtless and casual expression of regard for one without mention of the other would cloud and darken their world for days.

But the big events in their lives were his visits home during the holidays. There was wild ecstasy, strangely blended with poignant pain, in having him so near them—ecstasy to see him so manly, so handsome, so filled with the joy of life and success—pain in the reluctant discovery that all their ardour of affection could stir no answering warmth in his exultant young heart. In his boyish, careless way he loved them, indeed, and knew and performed every filial duty; but from all affectionate demonstration he would strive instinctively to escape as from something shameful, incomprehensible, or foolish. He would drop his father's convulsive, trembling hand as soon as possible, avoid those watering yearning eyes, and begin to talk brightly about his successes and his prospects, or perhaps about some improvements he had noticed on the farm. He would kiss his mother perfunctorily, hastily remove her clinging arms from around his neck, and boisterously drag her out to show him her fowls, her latest brood of ducks, and her garden, in which things he feigned an absorbing interest. Always he shrank from that intimacy for which the old people longed.

Perhaps it was only natural that things should be so—natural, and indeed inevitable. The parents were old, and older than their years, by reason of their unremitting toil. On the other hand, despite his college success and his responsible position, he was a mere happy boy whose life had as yet entered no deep waters. To him the depth and warmth of the old people's affection was something to be respected indeed, but something disturbing, incomprehensible, vaguely unpleasant. Perhaps, too, some of his apparent coldness was due to that sturdy British

manliness that regards displays of emotion as effeminate or childish. But the old people could not understand these things, and their warm old hearts ached for a return of the affection in which was concentrated their whole waking life. When he went back to town they pathetically persuaded themselves that they had been mistaken—that various little acts and words, unnoticed at the time, had been the sure tokens of the warmth of Jim's affection; but always, in the next holidays, his coldness, his shrinking from all fond intimacy, would wound and lacerate their fold old hearts again.

Time went on, and at last, in fulfillment of apprehensions that secretly had long troubled the old people; Jim fell in love.

The first intimation came in the form of vague hints in his letters home—hints that caused his parents to glance uneasily at one another with a world of troubled surprise in their eyes. Then quite suddenly came the intimation that he was engaged.

The letter was a shattering thunder-bolt no less from the intelligence it gave than from its tone. Like many men who have given themselves single-mindedly to work and disdained the petty and transient amours of the average man, he had fallen victim to love at last, with a surrender complete and unreserved. The fiery ardour of his affection had temporarily shattered, overflowed, and melted the barriers of reserve and coldness which had encircled his soul through life. He had written a letter such as the old people would previously have judged him incapable of writing.

"She is all that I ever hoped or dreamt to find in a woman," he wrote. "She is beautiful, accomplished, good; and all I can offer her, though it be my all, seems a poor and paltry gift to such a woman. I marvel daily that she should love me, and despair daily of ever being worthy of that love." And so on for many pages.

But the sting to the old couple lay in the utter absence of a similar warmth towards them. He did not seem to have considered in the least the shock that all this must inevitably cause them. His thoughts were all of his new-found love, and he ended a long letter of love's ecstasies with a brief postscript of casual and perfunctory regard to his parents.

The epistle came in the late afternoon, and the old man, just in from milking, held it to the window, and through his iron-framed spectacles read it stumblingly and with a shaking voice, while the mother, with white-face and blank, tearless eyes, sat plucking nervously at her coarse holland apron with gnarled and withered fingers.

Silently the old man folded the letter and put it away behind the old-fashioned clock on the mantelpiece, and silently they sat to their meagre tea, each avoiding the eyes of the other and making a miserable pretence of eating. When at last it was over, the mother hastened to wash up and to hide her blind, tearful old eyes in her room; while the old man took his pipe outside into the callous moonlight and sat motionless on the woodheap till far into the evening.

Next day they went about their work almost without speaking; yet somehow their common sorrow seemed to have drawn them closer together, and the secret jealousy that had so long held them apart to have weakened with the knowing of their common defeat.

That evening they set themselves to write a reply. It was a difficult composition. Not until late that night had the old man scrawled the last shaky line of their final draft, and sealed and addressed the envelope. It was a letter unspeakably pathetic from its very avoidance of all complaint and reproach—a letter that touched even Jim's exultant and preoccupied young heart, and brought back from him some of the warmest expressions of regard for his parents he had ever penned.

The months flew by, and letters from Jim became more and more infrequent. The old people spent many silent and bitter days waiting for the letter that so seldom came. When the father came in at night he would eye his wife with a silent question, and she would shake her head mournfully and go about her work with a choking sob in her throat.

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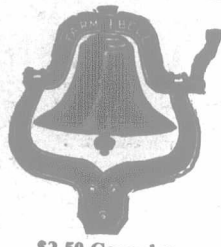
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LARGEST FEED MILLS IN CANADA
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The farm bell is the farmer's private wireless telephone. You never hear "L-I-N-E-S busy" with this system. You can signal your neighbor or father, son John, or the hired man, at the far end of the farm, in case of fire, sickness or danger and without delay.

CODE { 1 Ring.....Father } TO THE HOUSE { Fast ringing in case of fire—danger or sickness. Dinner call: We'll answer.

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EIGHT MONTHS OLD FOR SALE

Dam's record, 10,000 lbs. milk in one year (private). Official record of sire's dam, over 14,000 lbs. milk as a three-year-old. Dam is a regular breeder, which quality is likely to be transmitted to her son. This is a very important point. For price, write: **Manager, Overlake Farm, Grimsby East, Ont., or H. H. Dean, College Heights, Guelph, Ont.**

A traveller in the dining-car of a Georgia railroad had ordered fried eggs for breakfast. "Can't give yo' fried aigs, boss," the negro waiter informed him, "lessen yo' want to wait till we stops." "Why, how is that?" "Well, de cook he says de road's so rough dat ebbery time he tries to fry aigs dey scrambles."—I.ife.

When at last a brief note did come there was no comfort in it, for his thoughts were all of himself, of his successes, of his love, and of the round of pleasures into which he seemed to have been drawn. The next holiday, for the first time in his life, he spent in town. If he could have known, or even guessed, the unspeakable misery this action must cause his parents, he would surely have foregone his pleasures, and foreborne to be so cruel. But he had never known weakness, failure, or sorrow, and his heart was hard with the uncomprehending hardness so often the quality of unbroken strength, success, and happiness.

Then quite suddenly came the news that Jim was to be married in a few weeks. The relations of the young lady were leaving the colony. Jim had been an ardent and persistent wooer, and consent had been won for their marriage before the home was broken up. The old people were invited to town to the wedding.

Though they felt the natural repugnance of the old at leaving things familiar and dear, they hastily obtained the services of a neighboring lad to milk the cows, furnished up Sunday clothes long carefully folded in boxes, and, when all preparations were completed, set out in the rickety mail coach for the steamer.

They landed at the Auckland wharf, lonely, pathetic morsels of old-fashioned simplicity, and rusticity in the maelstrom of modern life. Since their brief honeymoon 25 years ago they had not visited the city. Then, though it had seemed to them big and crowded and confusing, it yet had a friendly air of simplicity, of rustic common-place, not

so very different from their own sequestered life. But this Auckland—this was a town utterly strange and foreign and hostile. They stood on the busy wharf in the dazzling summer sunshine, amid a bustle of urging trucks, of backing horses, of shouting hand-cart men, and of the hurrying crowd, bewildered, dazed and frightened.

Jim had obtained a holiday, and had brought a motor car to take them to the home of the young lady. Almost speechless with fright, they rushed into the palpitating car and whirled up Queen Street through the dense traffic of a very busy day. They sat, terrified at the electric trams, at the crowds, at the glitter of the shops, at the car itself. They grasped the seat with clutching hands, while Jim, uncomprehending and happy, chatted of their voyage, of his approaching wedding, and of his exultant hopes.

Out in the suburbs their panic subsided somewhat, and they began to note what a new Jim this was that was speaking to them. On his visits home he had always attuned his ways to theirs, and he had always seemed inalienably their boy. Now for the first time they saw with clear eyes how education and success and his rise in the social scale had changed him. In spite of his forced kindness he was not their Jim. In some subtle way he seemed an ally of this new spirit of bustle and life so foreign and antagonistic to the old folk.

At the grand house nestling in its gardens they were received kindly and tactfully; but they were so overwhelmed by the unusual splendor that they were speechless, unhappy, and embarrassed.

Jim's fiancée was a tall, athletic, modern girl, fresh as the breeze of spring, joyous and healthful as a daughter of the gods. She made kind advances to the old folk, but they were so awkward and unresponsive that she soon gave up the attempt to gain their affection, and speedily left them and played a vigorous game of tennis with Jim.

They spent three miserable days. The old man sought refuge from the unaccustomed splendor of the house in congenial chats with the occasional gardener. The mother spent many surreptitious moments in the kitchen, talking to the cook. Meals, with their complications of plates, knives, and forks, were ordeals of misery. Worse than all, Jim, their Jim, whose baby fingers had opened heaven to their hearts, seemed farther and farther away from them every day.

One morning the old man found him in the garden, and tried to pour out some of the sorrow in his heart. Jim listened with flushed, guilty face.

"You're quite mistaken, dad," he said at last. "Of course, I love you as much as I always did. I can't forget all that you've both done for me, and I shall do my duty by you as long as you live. But you must see that nowadays my time is filled—Yes, Margaret?"

His fiancée had appeared on the balcony and called to him.

"I want to show you something, Jim," she said in her clear, cultured voice. "Come inside, will you?"

With a muttered excuse he ran lightly up the steps, while the old man paced sadly away. Later, the mother found them in a windowed recess. Margaret's arm was round his neck, where his mother's arm had never been allowed to rest, and he was looking into her eyes with an ardent affection that his mother would have given her life to gain. The old woman crept silently away, and betook herself to her knitting with eyes suffused with tears.

At last came the wedding. The great house was filled with happy young people, and rang with laughter and gaiety, in the midst of which the old folk were submerged and neglected. Unnoticed they watched the marriage ceremony, and no one in the whole gay company guessed the feelings in their poor old hearts. Even Jim forgot them until he and his bride were driving away in the motor car, and then, seeing them standing disconsolately apart, he waved a laughing, casual farewell to them.

Silently and sadly they walked away and sat down together on a secluded seat, gazing with unseeing eyes out over the harbor. Slowly the evening shadows crept around them. The great house be-

hind them began to flash with brilliant lights, and to resound with music and light laughter. Still they sat, silent, stricken and forgotten.

"It's in the nature of things," said the old man at last, suddenly breaking the silence, and unconsciously speaking his thoughts rather than addressing his wife—"it's in the nature of things, and it can't be helped. Jim's a good boy. He'll never let us starve. But he can't love us as we love him. He's young, and his life lies bright before him. We're old, and our work is past and done. The world's gone past us. The plant lives for seed; but when the ear is full and the corn is ripe the old leaves wither and die. That's all there is for us now—slowly to wither and die!"

He was silent once again. Beside him he could hear his wife sobbing softly. He felt a sudden desire to clasp her to him, to comfort her as he would have done in the days long past; but the long years of separation and of misunderstanding lay between them, and he sat gazing straight before him.

Suddenly she clasped his arm. "Is it all, John?" she whispered.

He turned and gazed at her. The light from one of the windows fell full on her wrinkled, tear-stained old face. In it he could see a frantic look of appeal.

"Don't—don't say it is all, John. Surely—surely there is something more. Tell me there is, John—tell me there is."

Slowly his arm stole round her, and slowly her weary old head sank on his shoulder, where her weeping slackened and ceased. A long time they sat thus in silence, and the mists of misunderstanding that so long had blinded their hearts seemed to lift and part as they sat.

"We've been fools, Anne—fools, and blind," said the old man shakily at last, smoothing back the silver hair from her brow. "We've both sought in Jim all these years what we should have found in each other. Do you remember, Anne, the first two years we were together? It's a long, long way back to the land of happiness we lived in then; but we'll go back to the farm and seek the way there, and, please God, we shall find it."

She raised her head and kissed him. "I think we are there already," she quavered.

The stars came out, and the summer night closed round them, and the gentle breeze from the sea rustled the leaves of the garden, and cooled their faces with its hand of healing peace.—Otago Witness.

British Army War Song of Troops in France.

"It's a Long Way to Tipperary" has become the marching song of the British army. Everywhere on the march it is whistled or sung.

Up to mighty London came an Irishman one day,
As the streets are pav'd with gold, sure every one was gay;
Singing songs of Piccadilly, Strand and Leicester Square,
Till Paddy got excited, then he shouted to them there:

CHORUS.

It's a long way to Tipperary,
It's a long way to go;
It's a long way to Tipperary,
To the sweetest girl I know.
Good-bye Piccadilly, farewell Leicester Square;
It's a long, long way to Tipperary,
But my heart's right there.

Paddy wrote a letter to his Irish Molly O' Saying: "Should you not receive it, write and let me know;
If I make mistakes in spelling, Molly dear," said he,
"Remember, it's the pen that's bad, don't lay the blame on me."

CHORUS.

Molly wrote a neat reply to Irish Paddy O' Saying: "Mike Maloney wants to marry me and so
Leave the Strand and Piccadilly, or you'll be to blame
For love has fairly drove me silly, hop-ing you're the same."

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The Beaver Circle

Our Senior Beavers.

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

There's Gold at the Rainbow's End.

There's a great big pile of yellow gold
At the end of each rainbow;
And if you walk quick and your heart
is bold,
You'll find it yourself, I know.

It happened one day that a wicked
witch
Was riding across the sky,
With a broom for a steed, and a little
switch
To make her broom-horse fly.

Her great big pockets were full of
money,
And bright, new gold, at that,
While her ugly mouth was filled with
honey,
On her shoulder stood a cat.

The witch laughed loud in wild delight
As swift through the air she flew,
While the cat snarled loud at every
cloud,
Purred where the sky was blue.

Now, a kind little fairy dwelt on earth,
As good as she could be;
And all around her was joy and mirth
And laughter rang out free.

A beautiful rainbow of wonderful tints
Led to her home like a road;
While at its top sat a sorrowful prince,
Whom the witch had changed to a toad.

As the witch came riding by one day
The toad-prince grabbed her tight,
And told her that he would millions pay
If she would remove her blight.

Then the wicked witch, in her greed for
gold,
Opened her pockets wide;
But when they were filled with all they'd
hold
She began to slip and slide.

Down she slid on the rainbow, flat!
The prince laughed long and loud,
And as for that horrid, spitting cat,
Why, it sailed away on a cloud.

And all the gold that the witch did own
She lost it then and there;
The fairies all laughed to hear her groan
As she looked for it everywhere.

And there to this day it still remains
At the end of the great rainbow;
And if you walk quick and your heart is
bold,
You'll find it yourself, I know.
—G. Herb Palin, New York.

Funnies.

ISN'T IT?

The teacher was instructing the young-
sters in natural history.
"Can any little boy or girl," said she,
"tell me what an oyster is?"
The small hand of Jimmy Jones shot
into the air.
"I know, Miss Mary! I know! An
oyster," triumphantly announced Jimmy,
"is a fish built like a nut."—Christian
Register.

It was his first visit to the Zoo, and
he held his father's hand very tightly in-
deed.

"What's that?" he asked, pointing to
one of the animals.

"Why, that's a tapir," said his father.
Bobbie puzzled silently for a moment,
then—

"Which end do they light?" he asked.

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Will all Beavers who entered the Beaver
Circle Garden Competition this year,
kindly send in their letters and photos
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is increasing the wealth, the resources, of the Empire, it is
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to Canada's welfare, and it is supplying the sinews of war
to Britain, it is helping to fight the enemy.

The new patriotism seizes every opportunity to help—
the enlightened patriot insists that everything he buys be
"Made in Canada."

PATRIOTISM PRODUCES PROSPERITY

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pieces of cloth. I am thinking of buying a suit—overcoat.*

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Full Address.....

* If you only want overcoat patterns, cross out the word
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confidence in Canadians was never greater than it is to-day.
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and for this reason we thank you all for past orders and in anti-
cipation of continued patronage during present strenuous times.

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offer stands, which is that we guarantee to sell you a Suit or Overcoat,
made of fine English cloth, cut in the latest Canadian, New York,
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a fairer offer than that. So mail that coupon now.

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miles from station; half mile from saw and
chopping mills. Six acres in hardwood bush. Two
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Farm 206 acres, clay loam, good fences; 140
acres level land can be cultivated, balance bush
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person from a distance desiring to see farm write
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Located on concession 8, West Williams. Apply:
James T. Cadman, R. R. No. 1, Arkona, Ont.

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married man on farm; good milker and trust-
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Under instruction from the Minister of Agriculture, there will be held at

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At 1 p.m., on

Thursday, October 29th, 1914

A Public Sale of surplus stock, the property of the Ontario Department of Agriculture.

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FOR CATALOGUE APPLY TO

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

Make the letters as interesting as you can, and be sure to give name and age at end of letters; also on back of each photo sent. Be sure also to give name of post office. Address letters to "The Beaver Circle," "The Farmer's Advocate and Home Magazine," London, Ont.

Senior Beavers' Letter Box.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—I thought I would write to your interesting Circle. I go to school nearly every school-day. I like going to school. I am what they call a "bookworm." The books I have read are: "Water Babies," "Cat School," "Robinson Crusoe," "Southwest Wind, Esquire." I have two sisters and one brother. Their names are, Martha, Hilda and Oswald. For pets, I have a cat, and a dog called Sailer. We have five horses and two colts. The name of our farm is Maple Leaf Farm, and my brother's farm is called Hill View Farm. My brother built a red-brick house last summer. It is a beauty. I guess I will close with a few riddles.

Why are some girls like an old musket? Ans.—Use lots of powder, but won't go off.
I'm in everyone's way, yet no one I stop; my four arms in every way play, and my head is nailed on at the top. Ans.—Turnstile. **NORA EBERT.**
(Age 12, Jr. IV.)

Nelles' Corners, Ont.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—Being very much pleased in seeing my name in the Honor Roll, I am again writing to your Circle, hoping that it will escape the waste-paper basket. I go to school nearly every day, and enjoy it very much. Our teacher's name is Mr. Drury. He gives us examinations quite often, so that will keep us busy. From the hill, we can see our teacher coming, so we know when to go back to school. I enjoy reading books very much, especially books about battles and robbers. I live on a farm of two hundred acres. For pets I have a cat named Darkey, and two dogs named Rover and Chum. Chum will pull me in the cart or sleigh. My best pet is my white pigeon; we call it Jimmy. He stays down in the furnace-room, but when the door is opened he will toddle up-stairs and sit on the wood-box. When you tease him he will bite you and say, "Look at the c-o-o-n," "Look at the coon!" He eats nothing but wheat, and drinks water. He is just repeating his song again. We have about one mile and a half to go to school, but sometimes we get a ride. Well, I think I am taking up too much room, so good-bye.

(STANLEY LAUGHLIN.)

(Age 13, Sr. III.)
P. S.—Tell some of the Beavers to write to me.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—I enjoy reading the Circle very much, and thought I would like to become a member. We have just started taking "The Farmer's Advocate" this year, but we like it better than any farm paper we have taken. I live on a farm in Prince Edward County, about two and a half miles from Wellington. I do not go to school now, as I passed the Entrance two years ago, in 1912. We call our school "Swamp College." Perhaps you have heard of the Sand Banks; they are just a short distance from Wellington. We often go there in motor-boats in the summer and have picnics. They are just like large hills of sand, only there are a great many of them. Wellington is becoming quite a summer resort. People come here in summer for the holidays. We are going to build a harbor, and that will be a fine thing for the village. I think this is getting pretty long for an introduction, so will close, wishing the Circle every success. **ANNA M. CLARK.**
R. M. D. No. 1, Wellington, Ont.

Our Junior Beavers.

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

Junior Beavers' Letter Box.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—This is my first letter to your charming Circle, and I hope it will escape the waste-paper basket. I am in the Third Book at

school. Our teacher's name is Miss McKinnon; we like her fine. There are about twenty-three going to our school. We had a new school put up lately. We have taken "The Farmer's Advocate" for as long as I can remember. I will close now, as my letter is getting kind of long. **JEAN MacTAGGART.**
(Age 11, Book III.)
R. M. D. No. 1, Cresswell, Ont.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—This is my first letter to your Circle. I like to have the Beaver's letters read to me. I live on a farm with my uncle and aunt. I have a dog; his name is Sport; I also have a hen and little chickens. I am in the Senior First, and like to go to school. Good-bye.

ETHEL McMULLEN.

R. R. No. 4, South Woodslee, Ont.

Dear Puck,—I have been a silent member. My father owns two farms; we live on one and my brother lives on the other. We have seventeen turkeys and seventy chickens. We have one dog; his name is Hero. I have a mile and a half to go to school. I have five brothers and two sisters. Their names are Susan and Cecilia. Cecilia passed her Entrance this year, so that I have to go to school alone. I hope the old, greedy, w.-p. b. isn't hungry. Good-bye. **ORA DUNFORD.**
(Age 9, Class Sr. II.)
R. R. No. 4, Lakefield, Ont.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—We have been taking "The Farmer's Advocate" for about two years, and I like reading the letters very well, and I thought I would write one. I go to school; it is about one mile away. I have five sisters, but no brothers. I guess this will be all for this time. I hope to see my letter in print. **CLAIRE McMURRAY.**
(Age 11 years.)
R. R. No. 4, Lakefield, P. O.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—My father has taken "The Farmer's Advocate" for a number of years, and we all like it fine. I have a quarter of a mile to go school. Our teacher's name is Miss Uhrick, and we all like her fine. We have a horse that I can drive and ride. We have a dog named Collie. He has a sore foot; one of the horses trod on it. As this is my first letter, I will close. **ALTON WAGNER (age 9, Sr. I Class).**
R. R. No. 3, Mildmay, Ont.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—I am enjoying my holidays very much. I live on a farm near the Newmarket Canal, and often go fishing and swimming; I catch catfish, bass, and carp. We have a bush with ten acres of raspberry - canes in it, and I often go picking berries. Besides this, I help to milk the cows sometimes. I have to mind the cows and watch that they do not get into the grain, but I do not like that job. Wishing the Beaver Circle every success, I remain your little Beaver. **WILLIE McMILLAN.**
(Age 11, Jr. III.)
Newmarket, Ont.

"The Careful Messenger."

"A pound of tea at one-and-three,
A pot of raspberry jam,
A dozen eggs, two new-laid eggs,
And a pound of rashers of ham.
There in the hay are the children at play,
They're having such jolly fun!
I'll go there, too, that's what I'll do.
As soon as my errands are done,
A pound of tea at one-and-three,
Er . . . pot of raspberry jam,
Two new-laid eggs, a dozen eggs,
A pound of rashers of ham.
There's Harry White, flying his kite!
He thinks himself grand, I declare!
I should like to make it fly
Up, up, sky high,
Ever so much higher than the old church spire,
And then . . . but there!
A pound of tea—er—one-and-three,
A pound of—raspberry jam,
A dozen eggs, two new-laid eggs,
And a pot—er—rashers of ham.
Now, here's the shop, outside I'll stop,
And say my errands through again;
I haven't forgot, no, not a jot.
It shows I'm pretty cute, that's plain!
A pound—of—tea—of—one-and-three,
A pound—of—raspberry—jam,
Two new-laid eggs, a dozen eggs,
And—a pot—of—rashers of jam!"

Our Serial Story.

PETER.

A Novel of Which He is Not the Hero

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Chapter XIII.

The Scribe is quite positive that had you only heard about it as he had, even with the details elaborated, not only by Peter, who was conversation itself in his every statement, but by Miss Felicia as well—who certainly ought to have known—you would not have believed it possible until you had seen it. Even then you would have had to drop into one of Miss Felicia's cretonne-upholstered chairs—big easy-chairs that fitted into every hollow and bone in your back—looked the length of the uneven porch, run your astonished eye down the damp, water-soaked wooden steps to the moist brick pavement below, and so on to the beds of crocuses blooming beneath the clustering palms and orange trees, before you could realize (in spite of the drifting snow heaped up on the door-steps of her house outside—some of it still on your shoes) that you were in Miss Felicia's tropical garden attached to Miss Felicia's Genesee house, and not in the back yard of some old home in the far-off sunny South.

It was an old story, of course, to Peter, who had the easy-chair beside me, and so it was to Morris, who had helped Miss Felicia carry out so Utopian a scheme, but it had come to me a complete surprise, and I was still wide-eyed and incredulous.

"And what happens out the cold?" I asked Morris, who was lying back blowing rings into the summer night, the glow of an overhead lantern lighting up his handsome face.

"Glass," he laughed.

"Where?"

"There, just above the vines, my dear Major," interrupted Miss Felicia, pointing upward. "Come and let me show you my frog pond—" and away we went along the brick paths, bordered with pots of flowers, to a tiny lake covered with lily-pads and circled by water-plants.

"I did not want a green-house—I wanted a back yard," she continued, "and I just would have it. Holker sent his men up, and on three sides we built a wall that looked a hundred years old—but it is not five—and roofed it over with glass, and just where you see the little flight of stairs is the heat. That old arbor in the corner had been here ever since I was a child, and so have the syringa bushes and the green box next the wall. I wanted them all the year round—not just for three or four months in the year—and that with Holker said he could do it, and he has. Half the weddings in town have been begun right on that bench, and when the lanterns are lighted and the fountain turned on outside, no gentleman ever escapes. You and Peter are immune, so I sha'n't waste any of my precious ammunition on you. And now what will you wear in your button-hole—a gardenia, or some violets? Ruth will be down in a minute, and you must look your prettiest."

But if the frog pond, damp porch and old-fashioned garden had come as a surprise, what shall I say of the rest of Miss Felicia's house which I am now about to inspect under Peter's guidance.

"Here, come along," he cried, slipping his arm through mine. "You have had enough of the garden, for between you and me, my dear Major—here he looked askance at Miss Felicia—"I think it an admirable place in which to take cold, and that's why—" and he passed his hand over his scalp—"I always insist on wearing my hat when I walk here. Mere question of imagination, perhaps, but old fellows like you and me should take no chances—" and he laughed heartily.

"This room was my father's," continued Peter. "The bookcases have still

some of the volumes he loved; he liked the low ceiling and the big fireplace, and always wrote here—it was his library, really. There opens the old drawing-room and next to it is Felicia's den, where she concocts most of her deviltry, and the dining-room beyond—and that's all there is on this floor, except the kitchen, which you'll hear from later."

And as Peter rattled on, telling me the history of this and that piece of old furniture, or portrait, or queer clock, my eyes were absorbing the air of cosy comfort that permeated every corner of the several rooms. Everything had the air of being used. In the library the chairs were of leather, stretched into saggy folds by many tired backs; the wide, high fender fronting the hearth, though polished so that you could see your face in it, showed the marks of many a drying shoe, while on the bricks framing the fireplace could still be seen the scratchings of countless matches.

The drawing-room, too—although, as in all houses of its class and period, a thing of gilt frames, high mirrors and stiff furniture—was softened by heaps of cushions, low stools and soothing arm-chairs, while Miss Felicia's own particular room was so veritable a symphony in chintz, white paint and old mahogany, with cubby-holes crammed with knickknacks, its walls hung with rare etchings; pots of flowers everywhere and the shelves and mantels crowded with photographs of princes, ambassadors, grand dukes, grand ladies, flossy-headed children, chubby-cheeked babies (all souvenirs of her varied and busy life), that it was some minutes before I could throw myself into one of her heavenly arm-chairs, there to be rested as I had never been before, and never expect to be again.

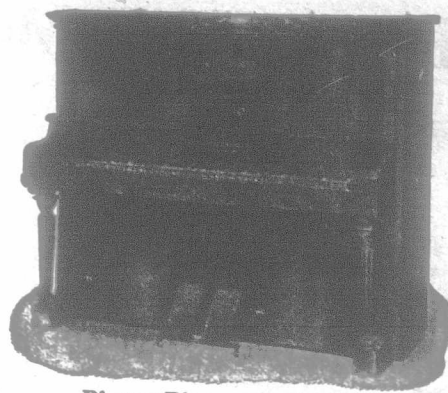
It being Peter's winter holiday, he and Morris had stopped over on their way down from Buffalo, where Holker had spoken at a public dinner. The other present and expected guests were Ruth MacFarlane, who was already upstairs; her father, Henry MacFarlane, who was to arrive by the next train, and last and by no means least, his confidential clerk, Mr. John Breen, now two years older and, it is to be hoped, with considerable more common-sense than when he chucked himself neck and heels out into the cold world. Whether the expected arrival of this young gentleman had anything to do with the length of time it took Ruth to dress, the Scribe knoweth not. There is no counting upon the whims and vagaries of even the average young woman of the day, and as Ruth was a long way above that medium grade, and with positive ideas of her own as to whom she liked and whom she did not like, and was, besides, a most discreet and close-mouthed young person, it will be just as well for us to watch the game of battledoor and shuttlecock still being played between Jack and herself, before we arrive at any fixed conclusions.

Any known and admitted facts connected with either one of the contestants are, however, in order, and so while we are waiting for old Moggins, who drives the village 'bus, and who has been charged by Miss Felicia on no account to omit bringing in his next load a certain straight, bronzed-cheeked, well-set-up young man with a springy step, accompanied by a middle-aged gentleman who looked like a soldier, and deliver them both with their attendant baggage at her snow-banked door, any data regarding this same young man's movements since the night Peter wanted to hug him for leaving his uncle's service, cannot fail to be of interest.

To begin then with the day on which Jack, with Frederick, the second man's assistance, packed his belongings and accepted Garry's invitation to make a bed of his lounge.

The kind-hearted Frederick knew what it was to lose a place, and so his sympathies had been all the more keen. Parkins's nose, on the contrary, had risen a full degree and stood at an angle of 45 degrees, for he had not only heard the ultimatum of his employer, but was rather pleased with the result. As for the others, no one ever believed the boy really meant it, and everybody—even the maids and the high-priced chef—fully expected Jack would turn prodigal as soon as his diet of husks

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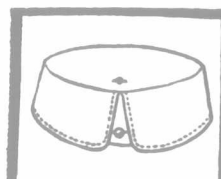
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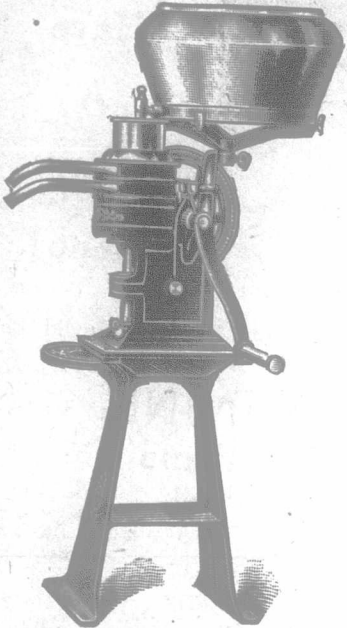
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had whetted his appetite for dishes more nourishing and more toothsome. But no one of them took account of the quality of the blood that ran in the young man's veins.

It was scheming Peter who saved the day.

"Put that young fellow to work, Henry," he had said to MacFarlane the morning after the three had met at the Century Club.

"What does he know, Peter?"

"Nothing, except to speak the truth."

And thus it had come to pass that within twenty-four hours thereafter the boy had shaken the dust of New York from his feet—even to resigning from the Magnolia, and a day later was found bending over a pine desk knocked together by a hammer and some ten-penny nails in a six-by-nine shanty, the whole situated at the mouth of a tunnel half a mile from Corklesville, where he was at work on the pay-roll of the preceding week.

Many things had helped in deciding him to take the proffered place. First, Peter had wanted it; second, his uncle did not want it, Corinne and his aunt being furious that he should go to work like a common laborer, or—as Garry had put it—"a shovel-spanked dago." Third, Ruth was within calling distance, and that in itself meant Heaven. Once installed, however, he had risen steadily, both in MacFarlane's estimation and in the estimation of his fellow-workers; especially the young engineers who were helping his Chief in the difficult task before him. Other important changes had also taken place in the two years: his body had strengthened, his face had grown graver, his views of life had broadened and, best of all, his mind was at rest. Of one thing he was sure—no confiding young Gilberts would be fleeced in his present occupation—not if he knew anything about it.

Moreover, the outdoor life which he had so longed for was his again. On Saturday afternoons and Sundays he tramped the hills, or spent hours rowing on the river. His employer's villa was always open to him—a privilege not granted to the others in the working force. The old tie of family was the sesame. Judge Breen's son was, both by blood and training, the social equal of any man, and although the distinguished engineer, being well born himself, seldom set store on such things, he recognized his obligation in Jack's case and sought the first opportunity to tell him so.

"You will find a great change in your surroundings, Mr. Breen," he had said. "The little hotel where you will have to put up is rather rough and uncomfortable, but you are always welcome at my home, and this I mean, and I hope you will understand it that way without my mentioning it again."

The boy's heart leaped to his throat as he listened, and a dozen additional times that day his eyes had rested on the clump of trees which shaded the roof sheltering Ruth.

That the exclusive Miss Grayson should now have invited him to pass some days at her home had brought with it a thrill of greater delight. Her opinion of the boy had changed somewhat. His willingness to put up with the discomforts of the village inn—"a truly dreadful place," to quote one of Miss Felicia's own letters—and to continue to put up with them for more than two years, while losing nothing of his good-humor and good manners, had shaken her belief in the troubadour and tin-armor theory, although nothing in Jack's surroundings or in his prospects for the future fitted him, so far as she could see, to life companionship with so dear a girl as her beloved Ruth—a view which, of course, she kept strictly to herself.

But she still continued to criticise him, at which Peter would rub his hands and break out with:

"Fine fellow!—square peg in a square hole this time. Fine fellow, I tell you, Felicia!"

He receiving in reply some such answer as:

"Yes, quite lovely in fairy tales, Peter, and when you have taught him—for you did it, remember—how to shovel and clean up underbrush and split rocks—and that is just what Ruth told me he was doing when she took a telegram to her father which had come to the house

—and he in a pair of overalls, like any common workman—what, may I ask, will you have him doing next? Is he to be an engineer or a clerk all his life? He might have had a share in his uncle's business by this time if he had had any common-sense," Peter retorting often with but a broad smile and that little gulp of satisfaction—something between a chuckle and a sigh—which always escaped him when some one of his proteges were living up to his pet theories.

And yet it was Miss Felicia herself who was the first to welcome the reprobate, even going to the front door and standing in the icy draught, with the snowflakes whirling about her pompadoured head, until Jack had alighted from the tail-end of Moggins's 'bus and, with his satchel in his hand, had cleared the sidewalk with a bound and stood beside her.

"Oh, I'm so glad to be here," Jack had begun, "and it was so good of you to want me," when a voice rang clear from the top of the stairs:

"And where's daddy—isn't he coming?"

"Oh!—how do you do, Miss Ruth? No; I am sorry to say he could not leave—that is, we could not persuade him to leave. He sent you all manner of messages, and you, too, Miss—"

"He isn't coming? Oh, I am so disappointed! What is the matter, is he ill?" She was half-way down the staircase now, her face showing how keen was her disappointment.

"No—nothing's the matter—only we are arranging for an important blast in a day or two, and he felt he couldn't be away. I can only stay the night." Jack had his overcoat stripped from his broad shoulders now and the two had reached each other's hands.

Miss Felicia watched them narrowly out of her sharp, kindly eyes. This love-affair—if it were a love-affair—had been going on for years now and she was still in the dark as to the outcome. There was no question that the boy was head over heels in love with the girl—she could see that from the way the color mounted to his cheeks when Ruth's voice rang out, and the joy in his eyes when they looked into hers. How Ruth felt toward her new guest was what she wanted to know. This was, perhaps, the only reason why she had invited him—another thing she kept strictly to herself.

But the two understood it—if Miss Felicia did not. There may be shrewd old ladies who can read minds at a glance, and fussy old men who can see through blind millstones, and who know it all, but give me two lovers to fool them both to the top of their bent, be they so minded.

"And now, dear, let Mr. Breen go to his room, for we dine in an hour, and Holker will be cross as two sticks if we keep it waiting a minute."

But Holker was not cross—not when dinner was served; nobody was cross—certainly not Peter, who was in his gayest mood; and certainly not Ruth or Jack, who bubbled away next to each other. Peter's heart swelled with pride and satisfaction as he saw the change which two years of hard work had made in Jack—not only in his bearing and in a certain fearless independence which had become a part of his personality, but in the unmistakable note of joyousness which flowed out of him, so marked in contrast to the depression which used to haunt him like a spectre. Stories of his life at his boarding-house—vaguely christened a hotel by its landlady, Mrs. Hicks—bubbled out of the boy as well as accounts of various escapades among the men he worked with—especially the younger engineers and one of the foremen who had rooms next his own—all told with a gusto and ring that kept the table in shouts of merriment—Morris laughing loudest and longest, Peter whispering behind his hand to Miss Felicia:

"Charming, isn't he?—and please note, my dear, that none of the dirt from his shovel seems to have clogged his wit—" at which there was another merry laugh—Peter's, this time, his being the only voice in evidence.

"And she is such fun, Miss Felicia" (Mrs. Hicks was under discussion), called out Jack, realizing that he had, perhaps—although unconsciously—failed to include his hostess in his coterie of listeners. "You should see her caps,

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 No, they won't fall when colder.
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and the magnificent airs which she puts on when we come down late to breakfast on Sunday mornings."

"And tell them about the potatoes," interrupted Ruth.

"Oh, that was disgraceful, but it really could not be helped—we had greasy fried potatoes until we could not stand them another day, and Bolton found them in the kitchen late one night ready for the skillet the next morning, and filled them with tooth powder, and that ended it."

"I'd have set you fellows out on the sidewalk if I'd been Mrs. Hicks," laughed Morris. "I know that old lady—I used to stop with her myself when I was building the town hall—and she's good as gold. And now tell me how MacFarlane is getting on—building a railroad, isn't he? He told me about it, but I forget."

"No," replied Jack, his face growing suddenly serious as he turned toward the speaker; "the company is building the road. We have only got a fill of half a mile and then a tunnel of a mile more."

Miss Felicia beamed sentimentally when Jack said "we," but she did not interrupt the speaker.

"And what sort of cutting?" continued the architect in a tone that showed his entire familiarity with work of the kind.

"Gneiss rock for eleven hundred feet and then some mica schist that we have had to shore up every time we move our drills," answered Jack quietly.

"Any cave-ins?" Morris was leaning forward now, his eyes riveted on the boy's. What information he wanted he felt sure he now could get.

"Not yet, but plenty of water. We struck a spring last week" (this time the "we" didn't seem so preposterous) "that came near drowning us out, but we managed to keep it under with a

six-inch centrifugal; but it meant pumping night and day."

"And when is he going to get through?"

"That depends on what is ahead of us. Our borings show up all right—most of it is tough gneiss—but if we strike gravel or shale again it means more timbering, of course. Perhaps another year—perhaps a few months. I am not giving you my own opinion, for I've had very little experience, but that is what Bolton thinks—he's second in command to Mr. MacFarlane—and so do the other fellows at our boarding-house."

And then followed a discussion on "struts," roof timbers and tie-rods, Jack describing in a modest, impersonal way the various methods used by the members of the staff with which he was connected, Morris, as usual, becoming so absorbed in the warding off of "cave-ins" that for the moment he forgot the table, his hostess and everybody about him, a situation which, while it delighted Peter, who was bursting with pride over Jack, was beginning to wear upon Miss Felicia, who was entirely indifferent as to whether the top covering of MacFarlane's underground hole fell in or not.

"There, now, Holker," she said with a smile as she laid her hand on his coat sleeve—"not another word. Tunnels are things everybody wants to get through with as quick as possible—and I'm not going to spend all night in yours—awful damp places full of smoke—No—not another word. Ruth, ask that young Roebling next you to tell us another story—No, wait until we have our coffee and you gentlemen have lighted your cigars. Perhaps, Ruth, you had better take Mr. Breen into the smoking-room. Now, give me your arm, Holker, and you come, too, Major, and bring Peter with you to my boudoir. I want to show you the most delicious copy of

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Shelley you ever saw. No, Mr. Breen, Ruth wants you; we will be with you in a few minutes—"Then after the two had passed on ahead—"Look at them, Major—aren't they a joy, just to watch?—and aren't you ashamed of yourself that you have wasted your life? No arbor for you! What would you give if a lovely girl like that wanted you all to herself by the side of my frog pond?"

A shout ahead from Jack, and a ripping laugh from Ruth now floated our way.

"Oh!— Oh!—" and "Yes—isn't it wonderful—come and see the arbor—" and then a clatter of feet down the soggy steps and fainter footfalls on the moist bricks, ending in silence.

"There!" laughed Miss Felicia, turning toward us and clapping her hands—"they have reached the arbor and it's all over, and now we will all go out on the porch for our coffee. I haven't any Shelley that you have not seen a dozen times—I just intended that surprise to come to the boy and in the way Ruth wanted it—she has talked of nothing else since she knew he was coming. Mighty dangerous, I can tell you, that old bench. Ruth can take care of herself, but that poor fellow will be in a dreadful state if we leave them alone too long. Sit here, Holker, and tell me about the dinner and what you said. All that Peter could remember was that you never did better, and that everybody cheered, and that the squabs were so dry he couldn't eat them."

But the Scribe refuses to be interested in Holker's talk, however brilliant, or in Miss Felicia's crisp repartee. His thoughts are down among the palms, where the two figures are entering the arbor, the soft glow of half a dozen lanterns falling upon the joyous face of the beautiful girl, as, with hand in Jack's, she leads him to a seat beside her on the bench.

"But it's like home," Jack gasped.

"Why, you must remember your own garden, and the porch that ran alongside of the kitchen, and the brick walls—and just see how big it is and you never told me a word about it! Why?"

"Oh, because it would have spoiled all the fun; I was so afraid daddy would tell you that I made him promise not to say a word; and nobody else had seen it except Mr. Morris, and he said torture couldn't drag it out of him. That old Major that Uncle Peter thinks so much of came near spoiling the surprise, but Aunt Felicia said she would take care of him in the back of the house—and she did; and I mounted guard at the top of the stairs before anybody could get hold of you. Isn't it too lovely?—and, do you know, there are real frogs in that pond and you can hear them croak? And now tell me about daddy, and how he gets on without me?"

But Jack was not ready yet to talk about daddy, or the work, or anything that concerned Corklesville and its tunnel—the transition had been so sudden and too startling. To be fired from a gun loaded with care, hard work and anxiety—hurled through hours of winter travel and landed at a dinner-table next some charming young woman, was an experience which had occurred to him more than once in the past two years. But to be thrust still further into space until he reached an Elysium replete with whispering fountains, flowering vines and the perfume of countless blossoms—the whole tucked away in a cosy arbor containing a seat for two—and no more—and this millions of miles away, so far as he could see, from the listening ear or watchful eye of mortal man or woman—and with Ruth, too—the tips of whose fingers were so many little shrines for devout kisses—that was like having been transported into Paradise.

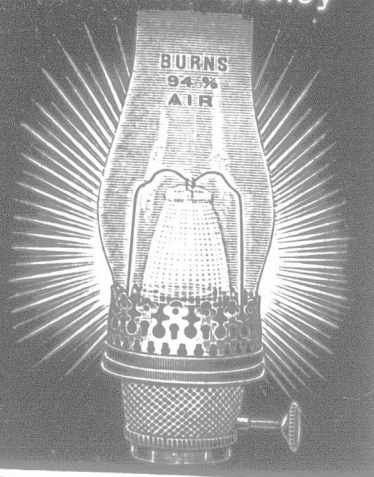
"Oh, please let me look around a little," he begged at last. "And this is why you love to come here?"

"Yes—wouldn't you?"

"I would not live anywhere else if I could—and it has just the air of summer—and it feels like a summer's night, too—as if the moon was coming up somewhere."

Ruth's delight equalled his own; she must show him the new tulips just sprouting, taking down a lantern so that he could see the better; and he must see how the jessamine was twisted in and out the criss-cross slats of the trellis, so that the flowers bloomed both

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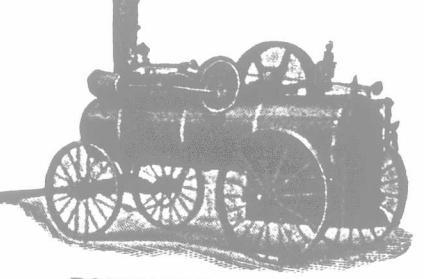
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outside and in; and the little gully in the flagging of the pavement through which ran the overflow of the tiny pond—till the circuit of the garden was made and they were again seated on the dangerous bench, with a cushion tucked behind her beautiful shoulders.

They talked of the tunnel and when it would be finished; and of the village people and whom they liked and whom they didn't—and why—and of Corinne, whose upturned little nose and superior, dominating airs Ruth thought were too funny for words; and of her recently announced engagement to Garry Minott, who had started for himself in business and already had a commission to build a church at Elm Crest—known to all New Jersey as Corklesville until the real-estate agencies took possession of its uplands—Jack being instrumental, with Mr. MacFarlane's help, in securing him the order; and of the dinner to be given next week at Mrs. Brent Foster's on Washington Square, to which they were both invited, thanks to Miss Felicia for Ruth's invitation, and thanks to Peter for that of Jack, who, at Peter's request, had accompanied him one afternoon to one of Mrs. Foster's receptions, where he had made so favorable an impression that he was at once added to Mrs. Foster's list of eligible young men—the same being a scarce article. They had discussed, I say, all these things and many more, in sentences, the Scribe devoutly hopes, much shorter than the one he has just written—when in a casual—oh, so casual a way—merely as a matter of form—Ruth asked him if he really must go back to Corklesville in the morning.

"Yes," answered Jack—"there is no one to take charge of the new battery but myself, and we have ten holes already filled for blasting."

"But isn't it only to put two wires together? Daddy explained it to me."

"Yes—but at just the right moment. Half a minute too early might ruin weeks of work. We have some supports to blow out. Three charges are at their bases—everything must go off together."

"But it is such a short visit."

Some note in her voice rang through Jack's ears and down into his heart. In all their intercourse—and it had been a free and untrammelled one so far as their meetings and being together were concerned—there was invariably a barrier which he could never pass, and one that he was always afraid to scale. This time her face was toward him, the rosy light bathing her glorious hair and the round of her dimpled cheek. For an instant a half-regretful smile quivered on her lips, and then faded as if some indrawn sigh had strangled it.

Jack's heart gave a bound. "Are you really sorry to have me go, Miss Ruth?" he asked, searching her eyes.

"Why should I not be? Is not this better than Mrs. Hlick's, and Aunt Felicia would love to have you stay—she told me so at dinner."

"But you, Miss Ruth?" He had moved a trifle closer—so close that his eager fingers almost touched her own: "Do you want me to stay?"

"Why, of course, we all want you to stay. Uncle Peter has talked of nothing else for days."

"But do you want me to stay, Miss Ruth?"

She lifted her head and looked him fearlessly in the eyes:

"Yes, I do—now that you will have it that way. We are going to have a sleigh-ride to-morrow, and I know you would love the open country, it is so beautiful, and so is—"

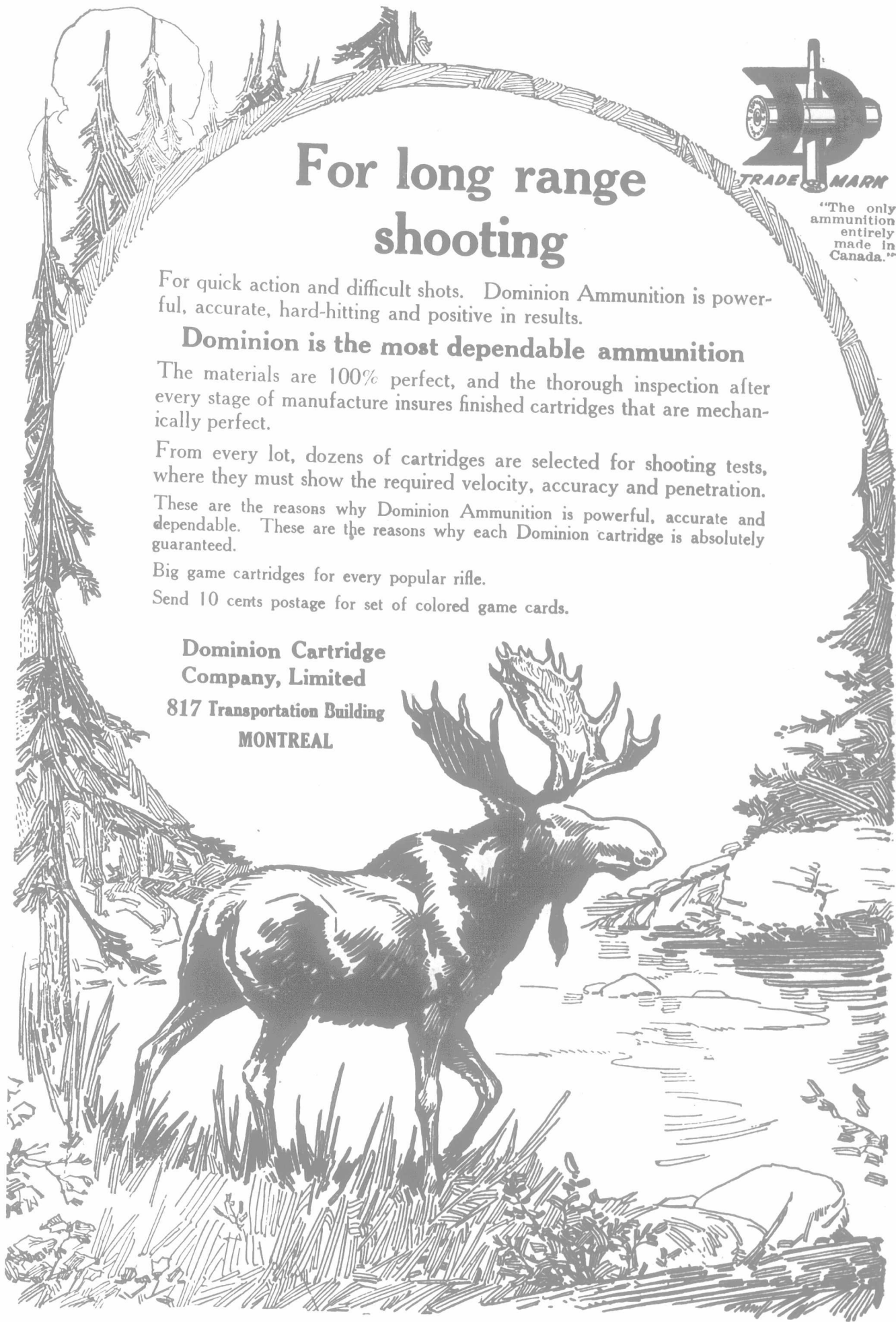
"Ruth! Ruth! you dear child," came a voice—"are you two never coming in?—the coffee is stone cold."

"Yes, Aunt Felicia, right away. Run, Mr. Breen—" and she flew up the brick path.

For the second time Miss Felicia's keen, kindly eyes scanned the young girl's face, but only a laugh, the best and surest of masks, greeted her.

"He thinks it all lovely," Ruth rippled out. "Don't you, Mr. Breen?"

"Lovely? Why, it is the most wonderful place I ever saw; I could hardly believe my senses. I am quite sure old Aunt Hannah is cooking behind that door—" here he pointed to the kitchen—"and that poor old Tom will come hobbling along in a minute with 'dat



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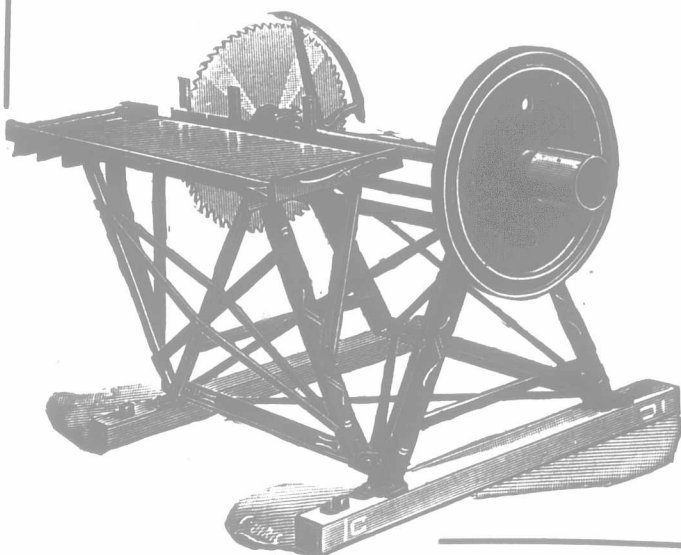
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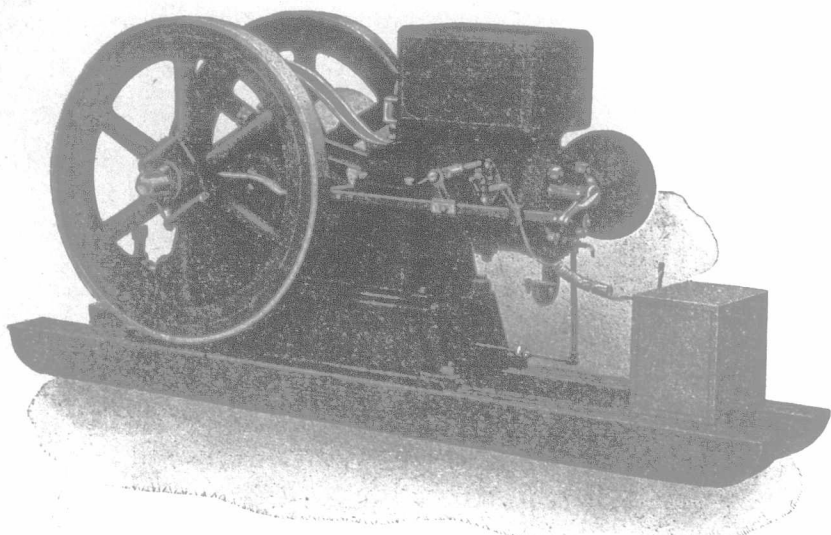
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mis'ry' in his back. How in the world you ever did it, and what—"

"And did you hear my frogs?" interrupted his hostess.

"Of course he didn't Felicia," broke in Peter. "What a question to ask a man! Listen to the croakings of your miserable tadpoles with the prettiest girl in seven counties—in seven States, for that matter—sitting beside him! Oh!—you needn't look, you minx! If he heard a single croak he ought to be ducked in the puddle—and then packed off home soaking wet."

"And that is what he is going to do himself," rejoined Ruth, dropping into a chair which Peter had drawn up for her.

"Do what!" cried Peter.
"Pack himself off—going by the early train—nothing I can do or say has made the slightest impression on him," she said with a toss of her head.

Jack raised his hands in protest, but Peter wouldn't listen.

"Then you'll come back, sir, on Saturday and stay until Monday, and then we'll all go down together and you'll take Ruth across the ferry to her father's."

"Thank you, sir, but I'm afraid I can't. You see, it all depends on the work—" this last came with a certain tone of regret.

"But I'll send MacFarlane a note, and have you detailed as an escort of one to bring his only daughter—"

"It would not do any good, Mr. Grayson."

"Stop your nonsense, Jack—" Peter called him so now—"You come back for Sunday." These days with the boy were the pleasantest of his life.

"Well, I would love to—" Here his eyes sought Ruth—"but we have an important blast to make, and we are doing our best to get things into shape before the week is out."

"Well, but suppose it isn't ready?" demanded Peter.

"But it will be," answered Jack in a more positive tone; this part of the work was in his hands.

"Well, anyhow, send me a telegram."

"I will send it, sir, but I am afraid it won't help matters. Miss Ruth knows how delighted I would be to return here and see her safe home."

"Whether she does or whether she doesn't," broke in Miss Felicia, "hasn't got a single thing to do with it, Peter. You just go back to your work, Mr. Breen, and look after your gunpowder plots, or whatever you call them, and if some one of these gentlemen of elegant leisure—not one of whom so far has offered his services—cannot manage to escort you to your father's house, Ruth, I will take you myself. Now come inside the drawing-room, every one of you, or you will all blame me for undermining your precious healths—you, too, Major, and bring your cigars with you. So you don't drop your ashes into my tea-caddy, I don't care where you throw them."

It was late in the afternoon of the second day when the telegram arrived, a delay which caused no apparent suffering to any one except, perhaps, Peter, who wandered about with a "Nothing from Jack yet, eh?" A question which no one answered, it being addressed to nobody in particular, unless it was to Ruth, who had started at every ring of the door-bell. As to Miss Felicia—she had already dismissed the young man from her mind.

When it did arrive there was a slight flutter of interest, but nothing more; Miss Felicia laying down her book, Ruth asking in indifferent tones—even before the despatch was opened—"Is he coming?" and Morris, who was playing chess with Peter, holding his pawn in mid-air until the interruption was over.

Not so Peter—who with a joyous "Didn't I tell you the boy would keep his promise—" sprang from his chair, nearly upsetting the chess-board in his eagerness to hear from Jack, an eagerness shared by Ruth, whose voice again rang out, this time in an anxious tone, "Hurry up, Uncle Peter—is he coming?"

Peter made no answer; he was staring straight at the open slip, his face deathly pale, his hand trembling.

"I'll tell you all about it in a minute, dear," he said at last with a forced smile. Then he touched Morris's arm and the two left the room.

(To be continued.)

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ABSORBINE, JR., antiseptic liniment for mankind. Reduces Painful, Swollen Veins, Gout, Wens, Strains, Bruises, stops pain and inflammation. Price \$1.00 per bottle at dealers or delivered. Will tell you more if you write.

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Sydney Basic Slag

The Fertilizer that gave Ontario farmers such excellent results last season.

Moderate in Price

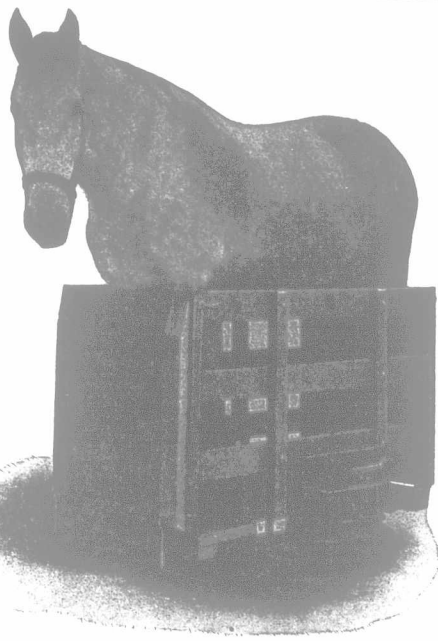
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OUR representatives are now traveling in Ontario appointing agents in unrepresented districts. If you have some spare time during the winter why not employ it in introducing SYDNEY BASIC SLAG into your district? SYDNEY BASIC SLAG is different from all other fertilizers hitherto sold in Ontario, and while it is obtainable at a much more reasonable price it will give the highest results. It is no untried fertilizer, however, as hundreds of thousands of tons have been used in the Old Country for the past 25 years, and in the Maritime Provinces of Canada, where it has been employed for the past 15 years, the consumption last season amounted to 20,000 tons.

If you take a carload and distribute same among your neighbors you will be conferring a boon on the farmers in your district, but in any case, you will require some for your own use.

Drop us a line and let our representative call on you.

The Cross Fertilizer Co. Limited
SYDNEY, NOVA SCOTIA



"Grey Dan," weight 1,612 lbs., being weighed on an

Aylmer Three-Wheel Wagon Stock Scale

CAPACITY 2,000 LBS.

Delivered at any Railway Station in Ontario, complete with rack.

\$35.00

Government Certificate accompanies each scale. Scale shipped same day as money received.

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1914 Stallions--CLYDESDALES--Fillies 1914

We made the grade on a darkened ship without meeting a Kaiser cruiser. Our 1914 importation are home. Stallions and fillies specially selected for character, quality and breeding. If you want a topper, come and see them.

SMITH & RICHARDSON Columbus P.O.
Myrtle C. P. R. Brooklin G. T. R.

Royal Oak Clydesdales Present offering: 5 Imported Mares (4 with foal by side), 3 yearling Fillies (1 Imp. and 2 Canadian Bred), 1 Canadian Bred Yearling Stallion, 1 Canadian Bred 2-year-old Stallion, 1 Canadian Bred 6-year-old Stallion. Parties wishing to complete their show string should inspect this offering or communicate with me. G. A. Attridge, Muirkirk, Ont. P.M. and M.C. Ry. L.D. Phone, Ridgerton

A few choicely-bred young stallions always on hand and for sale. Prices and terms right. Visitors welcome.

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Clydesdales and Shires If you want Stallions, Fillies or Foals of the above breeds, personally selected from A. & W. Montgomery's Clydesdale Stud and the Bramhope Shire Stud, Cheshire, and home-bred of the most fashionable strain, see and select from the large stock now offered. Prices and terms will please. D. McEACHRAN, Ormsby Grange, ORMSTOWN, QUE.

Royal Oak Clydesdales Present offering: 5 Imported Mares (4 with foal by side), 3 yearling Fillies (1 Imp. and 2 Canadian Bred), 1 Canadian Bred Yearling Stallion, 1 Canadian Bred 2-year-old Stallion, 1 Canadian Bred 6-year-old Stallion. Parties wishing to secure a good brood mare or stallion should inspect this offering or communicate with me at earliest convenience. G. A. Attridge, Muirkirk, Ont. P.M. and M.C. Ry. L.-D. Phone, Ridgerton

Questions and Answers. Miscellaneous.

Storing Corn.

I have more corn than I can possibly store in the barn. What outside method would you advise? I am delighted with your valuable paper. J. W. B.

Ans.—The best practicable means of storing corn outside is to stand it fairly straight against a fence, or if fences are not handy, arrange some poles on posts at a convenient height to stand the corn against. It will keep very well in this manner. Too many layers should not be put against the fence in one place.

Polled Durham Cattle.

Will the progeny of a Polled Durham sire, crossed on Shorthorn cows, register in Canada? M. H. M.

Ans.—We referred this question to the Accountant, National Live-stock Records, Ottawa, who replied as follows: "The progeny of a Polled Durham bull and a Shorthorn cow is eligible for registration in the Dominion Shorthorn Herdbook, providing the Polled Durham bull is double-standard, that is, eligible in the ordinary way for registration with us. He must trace in all his crosses, to animals recorded in the 40th or preceding volumes of the English Shorthorn Herdbook."

Branding Dairy Butter.

I saw something in a recent issue of "The Farmer's Advocate" regarding the Dairy Industry Act, and I did not quite understand it. Do farmers taking their butter to the city have to have the butter papers branded "Dairy Butter"? G. M.

Ans.—The clause in the Dairy Industry Act relative to dairy butter must be interpreted as it reads. In order to protect all the different branches of the dairy industry, the Legislators agreed that it would be in the interest of all to have the parchment papers wrapping the butter branded "dairy butter" if such it be. The cost for wrapping and branding is comparatively small, and it was hoped that much of the product known as dairy butter would be improved by this special legislation.

Dum-Dum Bullets.

Kindly advise what I might understand by the term "Dum-Dum bullets." I have asked many persons, and their answers are all different. As Webster's dictionary has not got the word, I appeal to you. B. E. J.

Ans.—The Dum-Dum bullet takes its name from a town and cantonment in the presidency division of Bengal, in British India. It is a hollow-nosed bullet, and its chief peculiarity consisted in its expanding on impact, and thus creating an ugly wound. They were adopted in India frontier fighting, owing to the failure of the usual type of bullets to stop the rushes of fanatical tribesmen. The commonest method of securing expansion was to file down the point until the lead core was exposed, and to make longitudinal slits in the nickle envelope. When the object was struck, the envelope would spread with direful consequences.

Veterinary.

Joint Ill.

When about a week old my colt's knee swelled. I bathed and bandaged it, and the swelling subsided. Then swellings appeared on sides, breast and croup. She is now three months old and growing well. Some days the swellings are scarcely noticeable, and other times well marked, when she goes stiff in hind quarters. D. C.

Ans.—This is a metastatic form of joint ill. Very few make a complete recovery, but if pus does not form there is a possibility of recovery. Bathe the swollen parts often with hot water, and after bathing rub well with one ounce camphor dissolved in a pint of alcohol. Give her eight grains iodide of potassium three times daily in a little of the dam's milk as a drench. Be very careful not to allow exposure to cold or wet weather. V.

Lump Jaw

The first remedy to cure Lump Jaw was

Fleming's Lump Jaw Cure

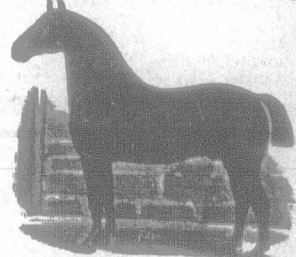
and it remains to-day the standard treatment, with years of success lack of it, known to be a cure and guaranteed to cure. Don't experiment with substitutes or imitations. Use it, no matter how old or bad the case or what else you may have tried—your money back if Fleming's Lump Jaw Cure ever fails. Our fair plan of selling, together with exhaustive information on Lump Jaw and its treatment, is given in

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Most complete veterinary book ever printed to be given away. Durable bound, indexed and illustrated. Write us for a free copy. FLEMING BROS., Chemists, 75 Church Street - Toronto, Ont.

DR. PAGE'S ENGLISH SPAVIN CURE

For the cure of Spavins, Ringbones, Curbs, Splints, Windgalls, Capped Hocks, Strains or Bruises, Thick Neck from Distemper, Ringworm on cattle, and to remove all unnatural enlargements.



This preparation, unlike others, acts by absorbing rather than blistering. This is the only preparation in the world guaranteed to kill a Ringbone or any Spavin or money refunded, and will not kill the hair. Manufactured by Dr. Frederick A. Page & Son, 7 and 9 Yorkshire Road, London, E.C. Mailed to any address upon receipt of price, \$1.00.—Canadian agents:

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can be quickly removed and old sores healed by applying



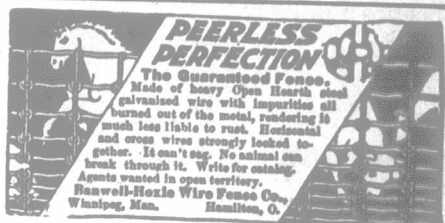
The way this Liniment cleans out and heals a festering wound is simply marvellous. For Sale at all Dealers. Free Sample on request.

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Court Lodge, Egerton, Kent, England
Exporters of Pedigree Live Stock of all descriptions

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DR. BELL'S Veterinary Medical Wonder. 10,000 \$1.00 bottles FREE to horsemen who will give The Wonder a fair trial. Guaranteed to cure Inflammation, Colic, Coughs, Colds, Distemper, Fevers, etc. Agents wanted. DR. BELL, V.S., Kingston, Ontario

ABERDEEN-ANGUS CATTLE For Sale—Several young bulls from the imported sire and prize-winner, "Pradamere." Address: A. Dinsmore, Manager "Grape Grange" Farm Clarksburg :: Ontario

ABERDEEN-ANGUS CATTLE OXFORD SHEEP For Sale—Good young show bulls and females; also a few Oxford rams. Thos. B. Broadfoot, Fergus, Ontario. G.T.R. and C.P.R.

Shorthorns Young bulls and heifers of the best type and quality; reds and roans; growthy; good stock from good milking dams. R. R. No. 3 THOMAS GRAHAM Port Perry, Ont.



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

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WYOMING :: ONTARIO

1854 MAPLE LODGE STOCK FARM 1914

Shorthorns and Leicesters

We have on hand for sale three extra quality shearing rams; also some very choice lambs of both sexes at very reasonable prices. Situated one mile east Lucan Crossing.

Miss C. Smith, R.R. 1, Clandeboye, Ontario

Spruce Lodge Shorthorns and Leicesters.

Have always on hand to offer a good selection of young bulls and heifers from the best milking families; also a choice selection of Leicesters of both sexes including a choice imp. three-year-old ram suitable for show purposes.

W. A. Douglas, Caledonia, Ont., R.R. No. 2

Oakland 53 Shorthorns

Parties wishing to purchase good dual purpose Shorthorns should inspect our herd of breeders, feeders and milkers. One right good bull for sale, a sure calf-getter; good cattle and no big prices.

JNO. ELDER & SONS, HENSALL, ONTARIO

Spring Valley Shorthorns

Herd headed by the two great breeding bulls, Newton Ringleader (Imp.) 73783, and Nonpareil Ramsden 83422. Can supply a few of either sex.

KYLE BROS. :: Drumbo, Ont. Phone and Telegraph via Ayr.

Shorthorns For Sale

3 bulls from 9 to 12 months, 2 young cows soon to freshen, 3 two-year-old heifers choice bred and from heavy milking strain. Prices easy.

Stewart M. Graham, Lindsay, Ont.

Fletcher's Shorthorns.

Imp. stock bull, Royal Bruce = 52938 = (180000) 273843, for sale or exchange. Royal Bruce is a choice-bred Bruce Mayflower; was imported by Mr. Arthur Johnston for his own use. Young stock of either sex for sale.

Geo. D. Fletcher, Eriy, R.R. No. 2, Long-distance Telephone. Elm Station, C.P.R.

The Farmers "Innings"

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":

Crop Bulletin 120, August, 1914, is just to hand. In it fifty farmers have given short reports of local conditions of farm labor. These reports are good, comic reading. One report sets forth the fact that some laborers, after working for a week or so, get so dry they can stand it no longer.

There is a serious side to these reports. Twenty per cent. of them claim that farmers are so arranging their farming methods as to enable them to dispense with the necessity of hiring labor. One says: "Nearly every farm in our district could produce considerably more if labor could be obtained at a reasonable rate." A Middlesex farmer says: "We reduce our sowing to less than half the capacity of our farms." With a great surplus of labor in the cities, farms are being managed so as to dispense with the necessity of employing more than about fifty per cent. of the labor that could be utilized on them. When farm produce is a good price, and the cities have so many unemployed, it is lamentable that lack of farm labor prevents increased production. It is surprising that such conditions should exist in as fertile and attractive a rural section as that of Old Ontario.

The writer, in discussing this matter with a graduate of the Ontario Agricultural College recently, was told this: "Were my wife willing to live in the country, I would be farming myself now." There is reason to believe that this man has company. The lure of the land is great to the son of the soil whose inherent instincts tend to the home of his childhood are strengthened by four years at an Agricultural College. He would greatly appreciate the chance to come back to the farm and urge by example rather than precept the possibilities of mother earth. "But he has married a wife, and therefore he cannot come."

The latest census showed that while in practically every rural constituency in the Province there were more men than women in the constituency of North Toronto there were several thousand more women than men. A Toronto paper the other day stated that an advertisement for a stenographer brought forth 500 applications. Men have in the past shown their antipathy to country life. The feeling is slight on their part, however, as compared with the pronounced views of the fair sex on this subject. The figures of last census will prove this statement.

To overcome our present difficulty it has been suggested by some that the Government should go into the farming business. Had the agricultural industry not been neglected in the past, there would have been no necessity for such an agitation. All the farmers asked in the past was a fair field and no favors. This they were denied.

But the monarch of all he surveys is the farmer. We glory in the fact. For decades the producer of farm produce labored for small reward. "He was our conscript on whom the lot fell." The actual producer of wealth has been getting small remuneration in this country, while the promoter and exploiter who could procure some valuable concessions, revelled in luxury and affluence. But it has been said:

"And he shall reign a goodly king,
And sway his hand o'er many clime,
With peace writ on his signet ring,
Who hides his time."

Ontario farmers have bided their time, and are now enjoying a well-deserved "innings" while those who depend on importation and credit for their financial life are somewhat hand-capped. Prosperous as the farming industry is in Ontario, it is scarcely more than half-managed. The trouble is that all sorts of labor is now available except that skilled in farming. An intimate knowledge of agriculture is daily becoming a more valuable asset. Before long they may even be teaching it in our schools.

The short courses in agriculture given by the District Representatives should be very popular the coming winter. Although it is claimed by some very good authorities that it takes three generations to make a farmer, there are excep-

Penmans Hosiery

NOTHING adds more to the comfort of good footwear than first-class hosiery.

When you buy Penmans Hose, you get the acme of quality without paying more

Knitted into shape so they fit perfectly, light and durable, seamless too.

Made in cotton, cashmere, lisle and silk, for men, women and children.

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ABERDEEN - ANGUS CATTLE ELMPARK SUFFOLK SHEEP

Choice young bulls that have won their colors. Choice cows and heifers that have done the same. Suffolk flock headers of highest quality, also shearing and ewe lambs. Come where the best is bred for your breeding stock. JAMES BOWMAN, GUELPH, ONTARIO.

100 Escana Farm Shorthorns 100

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

MITCHELL BROS., Props., Burlington P.O., Ont. Jos. McCrudden, Mgr. Farm 1/2 mile from Burlington Junct.

SHORTHORNS

I have ten young Shorthorn bulls, some fit for service now. Part of them are bred and made so that they are fit to head the best herds in any country: some of them are bred from the best-milking Shorthorns, and the prices of all are moderate. I have SHROPSHIRE and COTSWOLD rams and ewes of all valuable ages. Write for what you want.

Robert Miller, Stouffville, Ontario

SHORTHORNS and CLYDESDALES

We have a nice bunch of bull calves that will be year old in Sept. and are offering females of all ages; have a choice lot of heifers bred to Clansman = 87809 = One stallion 3-years-old, a big good quality horse and some choice fillies all from imported stock.

A. B. & T. W. Douglas, Long-distance Phone Strathroy, Ont.

10 Shorthorn Bulls, 9 Imported Clydesdale Mares

Our bulls are all good colours and well-bred. We also have Shorthorn females of all ages. In addition to our imported mares, we have 7 foals and yearlings. Write for prices on what you require.

Burlington Jct., G.T.R., 1/2 mile. W. G. PETTIT & SONS, Freeman, Ontario

Blairgowrie Shorthorn, Shropshire and Cotswold Sheep

This stock is all ready for service. Cows with calves by side. Cows and heifers ready to calve. In sheep there are shearing and ram lambs ready to head good flocks, also a number of good ewes.

JNO. MILLER, Jr., Ashburn, Ontario

Scotch—SHORTHORNS—English

If you want a thick, even fleshed heifer for cows with calves at foot, or a thick, mellow, beautifully-fleshed young bull, or a right good milker bred to produce milk, remember I can surely supply your wants. Come and see.

Myrtle, C. P. R.; Brooklyn, G. T. R. A. J. HOWDEN, Columbus P. O.,

SALEM SHORTHORNS

Herd headed by the undefeated champions, Gainford Perfection and Lavendar Scot

Will sell fifteen heifers, and fifteen young bulls, at prices you can afford to pay

J. A. WATT :: ELORA, ONT.

Springhurst Shorthorns

Shorthorn cattle have come to their own; the demand and prices are rapidly increasing, now is the time to strengthen your herd. I have over a dozen heifers, from ten months to two years of age, for sale; every one of them a show heifer, and some of them very choice. Bred in my great prize-winning strains. Only one bull left—a Red, 18 months old.

Harry Smith, EXETER STN., HAY P.O., ONT.

BELMONT FARM SHORTHORNS

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

FRANK W. SMITH & SON :: R.R. No. 2, Scotland, Ont. Scotland Station, T. H. & B. L.-D. Phone.

IRVINE DALE SHORTHORNS

Herd is headed by Gainford Selsel (a son of the great Gainford Marquis). A number of young bulls of choice breeding and out of good milking strains. Also a few heifers.

J. WATT & SON :: Elora Station :: SALEM, ONTARIO

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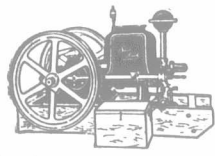
We are busy. Sales were never more abundant. Our cows on yearly test never did better. We have some bulls for sale from Record of Performance

cows. These bulls are fit for any show ring. B. H. BULL & SON, BRAMPTON, ONTARIO.

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always do "stay right" because we have done away with a lot of springs, hooks, trinkets, etc., common and troublesome in many makes of engines.

When you get a "Sta-Rite" you are sure that it will always be "on the job" when you want it—*"they stay right"* and "Sta-Rite."



Mail the coupon at the bottom for the book that tells you why.

If you are interested in a Separator learn about the *Empire*—or, if your herd is small, the *Baltic*, the smallest of which sells at \$15.

Active Agents wanted in territories where we are not now represented.

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brings quicker returns, because of its relative cheapness and because it purifies the blood—cleans the skin—opens the bowels and keeps all livestock healthy. Write to-day for our free booklet, "Facts to Feeders."

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2 Yearling Holstein Bulls 2

and several younger females, all ages; cows in R.O.P. and R.O.M. Will sell half interest or all of our old herd. Sire and show bull, "King Fayne Segis Clothilde," five years old.

R. M. HOLTBY
Phone. R.R. No. 4, PORT PERRY, ONT.
Manchester and Myrtle Stations.

Woodbine Holsteins

Young bulls and bull calves, sired by Duke Beauty Pieterje; sire's dam's record 32.52 lbs. butter, and his two granddams are each 30-lb. cows, with 30-lb. daughter, with 30-lb. granddaughter. Three generations of 30-lb. cows. If you want a bull that will prove his value as a sire, write: A. KENNEDY & SON, R.R. No. 2, Paris, Ont. Stations: Avy, C.P.R.; Paris, G.T.R.

Maple Grove Holsteins

Do you know that Tidy Abbekirk is the only cow in the world that produced three sons who have each sired 30-lb. butter cows, and two daughters with records greater than her own. She was bred, reared and developed at Maple Grove. Do you want that blood to strengthen the transmitting power of your herd, at live and live live prices, then write: H. BOLLERT TAVISTOCK, ONT. R.R. No. 1.

Holstein-Friesian Association of Canada

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

W. A. CLEMONS, St. George, Ontario

The Maple Holstein Herd

Headed by Prince Aaggie Mechthilde. Present offering: Bull calves born after Sept. 1st, 1913 All sired by Prince Aaggie Mechthilde and from Record of Merit dams. Prices reasonable.

WALBURN RIVERS
R.R. No. 5 :: Ingersoll, Ont

Allancroft Dairy & Stock Farm

BEACONSFIELD, P.O., CANADA.

A FEW Pure-bred Ayrshire and Pure-bred French-Canadian Bulls for Sale

Correspondence or visit solicited.

E. A. SHANAHAN, Secretary,
Merchants Bank Building, Montreal, Canada

High-class Ayrshires

If you are wanting a richly bred young bull out of a 50-lb. a-day and over cow, imported or Canadian-bred dam or sire, write me. Females all ages. Prices are easy.

D. A. MACFARLANE :: KELSO, QUEBEC

tions to the rule. The problem of assisting those who are moving to the land is an important one. Every home of agricultural instruction should be worked at its fullest capacity, for it is apparent that in this Province, more people are needed on the land where "the harvest would be greater were the laborers not so few."

Rainy River District. —GURTH.

Questions and Answers. Miscellaneous.

Not Law.

Is this Canadian law? I was told that a lecturer stated it at a lecture:

1. If a woman leaves her husband and he cannot find her for three days and nights, she can no longer compel him to support her.

2. A man may will his children away from his wife to anyone, say, the wash-woman?

Ans.—1 and 2. We never heard of any Canadian law like either of these.

Cement Work—Corn for Husking—Distributing Pipe for Silo.

1. How do you put a cement cover over a well, make forms, trap-door, etc.?

2. How should an outside, concrete water-tank be made to keep out frost? Does it require a dead air space?

3. When corn is to be shocked in the field, at what stage of ripeness should it be cut to make best feed?

4. It always seems to me that years, like this year, when the corn is so well cobbled, and when it seems as if there was nothing but cobs, that if a person could let corn ripen and husk and shell it, they would get more and better feed if put through the grinder and fed to fattening cattle. Am I right?

5. The Americans husk and shred considerable of their corn crop. What is done with the shredded corn?

6. What gauge of galvanized iron should be used, and what diameter should a distributing pipe be made for filling silo?

G. J. B.

Ans.—1. The form need be of no special construction, yet it will be stronger if curved, and high in the center. Some reinforcing, such as wire, old tires or rods, should be embedded. A box of the right size will do to make the opening for a trap-door.

2. In making a tank of any size, it will not be necessary to leave an air space. Many cement tanks are constructed outside, yet very little trouble ever accrues from frost when the tank is covered.

3. The glazed stage is perhaps the best time to cut corn for shocking.

4. In a year like this, the suggestion offered is commendable. Some claim they get better results from feeding the shelled corn, but this is no reason why the stalks and leaves should go to waste. The ears could be pulled off and husked, and the remaining part of the crop ensiled. The stalks and leaves will make very good silage without the ears.

5. Shredding is done to quite a large extent, and in this case the shredded product is fed to cattle, but in the majority of cases in the United States the corn is simply grown for the grain, and the stalks and leaves go to waste.

6. The distributing pipe used at Weldwood has given satisfaction, and was built in the following manner. The hood, which fits over the mouth of the blower-pipe, has an opening fourteen inches square, and is reinforced with two bands of iron, each provided with a pair of ears placed near the upper corners. Through these pass the ropes by which the pipe is suspended. The second length tapers from square to a round shape, eight inches in diameter, and is five feet long, as is every length below that. The regular lengths of pipe are about nine inches in diameter at the upper end, and eight inches at the lower end, thus giving free play. The various lengths of pipe are coupled with rings, chains, and snaps. After the two upper turns they are placed on the quarter turn, so as to make it more easy to bend the pipe in any direction desired. Of course, the bottom end of each length fits loosely into the top of the length below it. The hood is constructed with an extra heavy thickness of galvanized iron, most of it being No. 24, while the back was still stronger (No. 22). The round sections of the pipe were constructed of No. 26.

BUY THIS CANADIAN SEPARATOR NO TROUBLE TO GET PARTS

DURING the continuation of the war, purchasers of cream separators should exercise great care in the selection of their machines. They should make certain that they can get quickly all parts of their machines, in case of accidents. And accidents will occur once and awhile, you know—and generally at the most inconvenient times.



European separator factories in the war zone are now closed up, and it will be impossible to get repair parts for their machines, beyond the stock on hand in this country. But owners of

Standard

Cream Separators can get their repair parts quickly. If our agent happens to be out of a part, he can get it for you immediately from the factory, where a complete stock of repair parts are always on hand.

A cream separator that stands idle is a dead loss to you. To avoid the possibility of such a contingency, let your choice be the Canadian-made Standard.

Made in Canada

The 1915 Model is now on exhibit at our agencies. It is a big step in advance of others. Some say years ahead. The interchangeable capacity feature alone is sufficient reason for selecting it in preference to other makes. But there are 22 main features that make it supreme. Get our nearest agent to explain, or write for the latest edition of our separator catalogue.

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Offers a very choice young bull, evenly marked, born Sept. 4th, 1913. His dam gave 20,650 lbs. milk in one year as a four-year-old. Grand dam 97 lbs. a day. Her full sister 112 lbs. a day. He is by the same sire as Jennie Bonerges Ormsby, the only cow in the world to make over 30 lbs. butter in 7 days for four successive years. We have a dozen others just as good. Come and see them. They will be sold very reasonable.

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Can furnish you a splendid young bull ready for immediate service, and sired by such bulls as PONTIAC KORNDYKE, the greatest producing sire of the breed, and also the sire of the greatest producing young sires of the breed: one of his sons already has six daughters with records above 30 pounds, RAG APPLE KORNDYKE 8TH, now heading our herd, and a few by a good son of PONTIAC KORNDYKE, and out of officially tested cows. Come and look them, and the greatest herd of Holsteins you ever saw, over, or write just what you want.

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

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Willowbank's **Holstein-Friesian Cattle**—Herd headed by King Korndyke Inka De Kol and Grace Fayne 2nd. De Kol, whose sire, Pontiac Korndyke (No. 25982), is the world's greatest dairy sire. Will offer a number of both sexes from this grandly-bred young bull and from dam with official 7-day records from 16 to 25 lbs. butter in 7 days.

COLLVER V. ROBBINS, Riverbend, Ont., Welland County. Bell Phone.

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Herd headed by Pontiac Norine Korndyke No. 18773 whose grand-dam's record averaged 27.10 lbs. butter in 7 days and 4.48% fat. We have but one bull left for sale; he is 2 yrs. old, sure and quiet; also a few choice Holstein grade heifers.

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Shorthorn Cattle, Yorkshire Hogs—Present offering: Lambs of either sex. For prices, etc., write to: **John Cousins & Sons,** "Buena Vista Farm," Harriston, Ont.

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30 April Ram Lambs, from ten to twelve dollars each, including pedigrees. A few yearling rams, ewe lambs and young sheep at moderate prices; these are sired by one of J. & D. J. Campbell's best rams; also St. Lambert Jerseys, H. E. Williams, Sunnyside Farm, Knowlton, P.Q.

Tower Farm Oxfords—A choice lot of ram and ewe lambs, sired by Hamptonian, No. 279, imported, a prizewinner at the Royal; also a few yearling rams and ewes.
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200 Head

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Our brood sows, in view of the above, could not be of a very high class, combining great size, true type, and easy feeding qualities. For Sale—20 sows in farrow, 10 boars fit for use. A great lot of young stock. Write us to-day.
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We are sold out of Tamworths; also females in Holsteins, but still have some choice bulls for sale, from two to six months, officially backed and right good ones. **R. O. Morrow & Son, Hilton, Ont.**
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R.R. No. 4, Essex (Formerly Edgar's Mills)

Questions and Answers.
Miscellaneous.

Muskrats.

Would muskrats do well in water that tastes a little of salt? It is a drilled well. I would have a pen of them.

A. E. R.

Ans.—We have had no experience in the raising of muskrats, but would think that unless the water was too salty for drinking purposes, it would have no evil effects.

Bloody Milk.

I have a cow that gives bloody milk out of one teat. It is just like clotted blood. There seems to be a small lump at the top of the teat on the inside. What would you advise me to do for it?

M. I. G.

Ans.—Bloody milk is generally due to rupture of some of the small blood vessels of the udder, usually induced by congenital or inherited weakness. Treatment consists in bathing the affected parts, long and often, with cold water, and giving one ounce of tincture of iron in a pint of cold water as a drench three times daily until blood flow ceases. If the cow becomes constipated, give a pint of linseed oil. If this does not effect a cure, try giving three drams of nitrate of potash three times daily in a pint of water. This will probably correct the stringiness in the milk. Obstructions in teats can only be removed by a delicate operation, which cannot be done with positive assurance of success. It requires a veterinarian.

Sowing Salt.

Does it pay to sow salt, and how much to the acre, on land that straw falls down? When should I sow it, before sowing grain or after; this fall or next spring?

M. M.

Ans.—Common salt contains none of the constituents usually considered essential to the growth of plants. Sometimes it is beneficial in promoting the decomposition of potash, lime and magnesia compounds already present in the soil. It is believed to increase the solvent action of soil water upon phosphates and silicates, and is also considered to enable soil to hold water a little better. Sown at 200 lbs. per acre, it sometimes proves beneficial on mangels. On grain crops its value is problematical. It tends sometimes to stiffen and brighten straw, but under some conditions it is even injurious, and often of no value. We would advise sowing a regular fertilizer in its stead. It is not valuable on fall wheat, and when sown on the spring grain should be put on in the spring, at about 200 lbs. per acre. Put it on as a top dressing.

Killing Bindweed.

I have some small patches of bindweed on my place. I have tried smothering, but failed. Would covering over with a coat of fresh-burned lime, say, two or three inches deep, then let it air slake, kill the weed, or what is the best and cheapest way of getting rid of this pest?

H. J. M.

Ans.—Killing bindweed is one of the most difficult tasks a farmer has to face. It is one of the most persistent of our many weeds. We have been fighting it at Weldwood ever since we got the place three years ago last spring, and we still have some. The lime on small patches might kill it. If the patches are quite small, we should be inclined to try salt, put on thick enough to kill all vegetation. Smothering it out is next to impossible. If it is covered with manure, unless the covering extends well over the outer edges of the patch, it will creep outside and grow luxuriantly. You might be able to kill it by this method, however, if great care is used. We have seen patches covered with tar or felt paper, weighted down with stones. It is difficult to keep it down, however. We have it at Weldwood spread over a field. We have greatly weakened it by clean cultivation. Two years ago the field was summer-fallowed and cultivated thoroughly at least once a week, and sometimes oftener. Last year it was in corn, kept cleaned by frequent cultivations. This year the bad part of the field is in buckwheat, sown thickly, and the bindweed, while there still is some, has been greatly weakened down.



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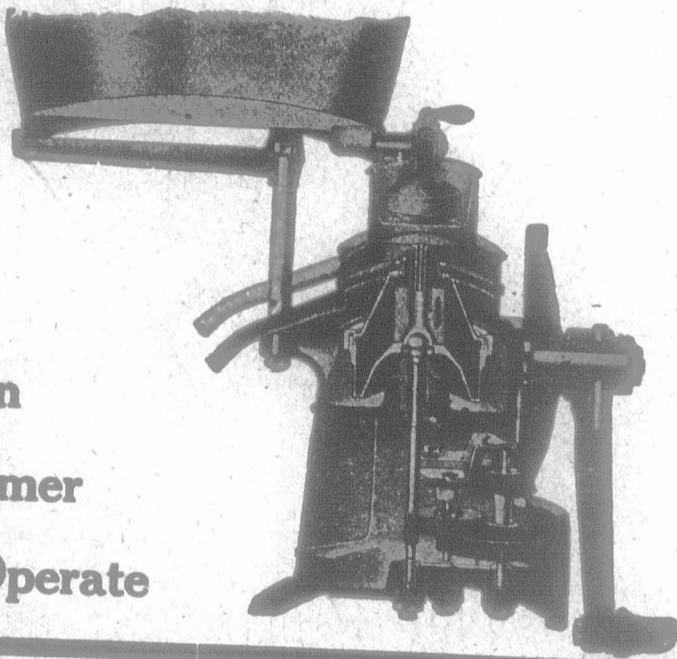
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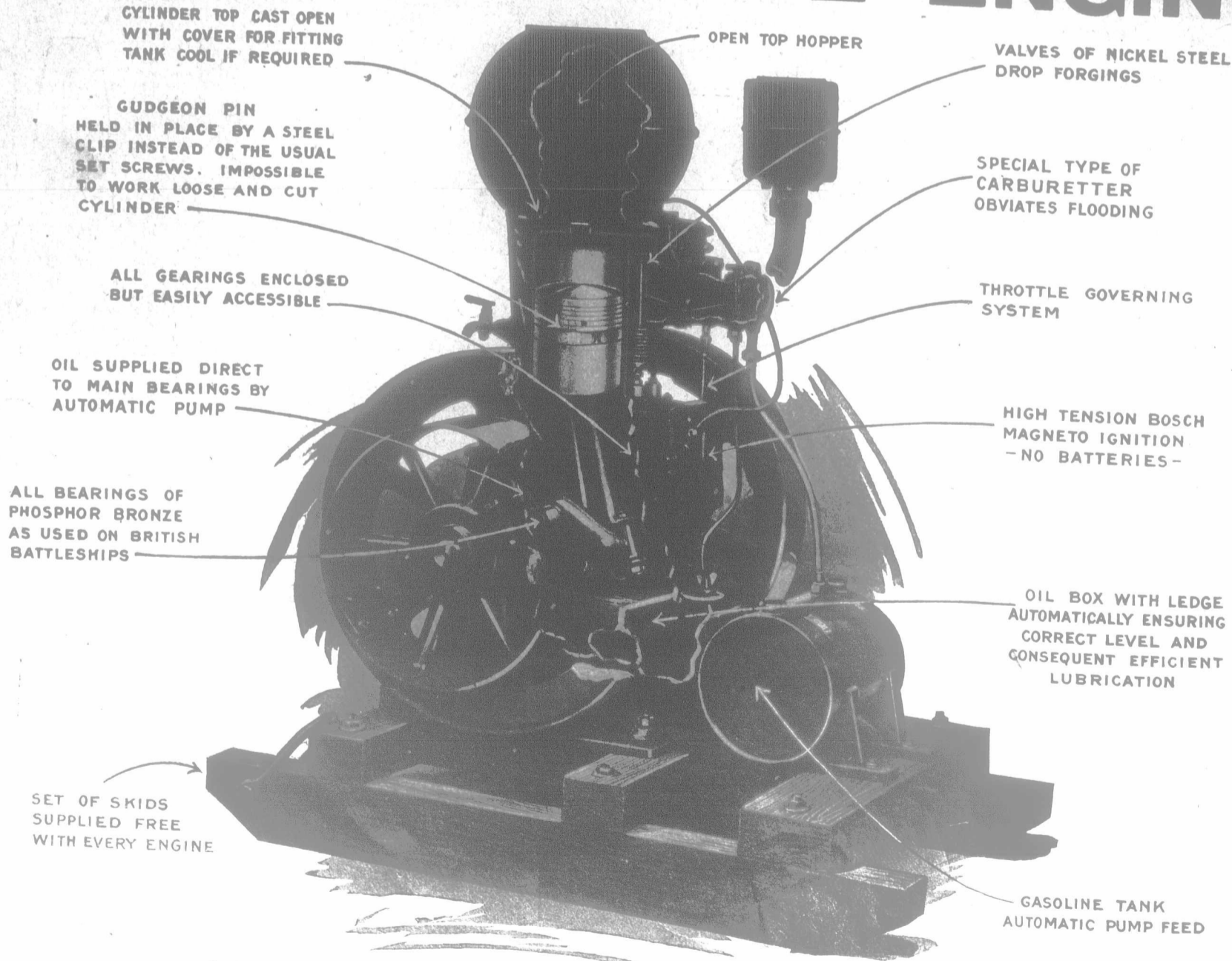
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