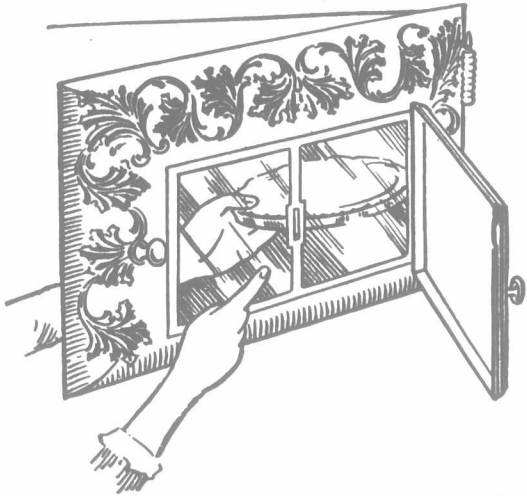


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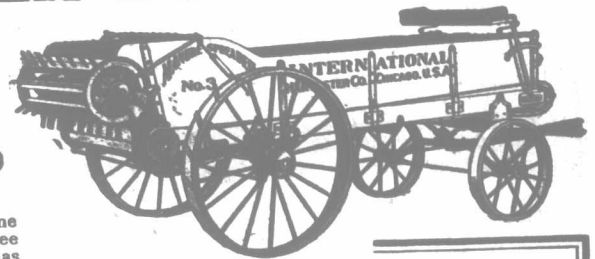
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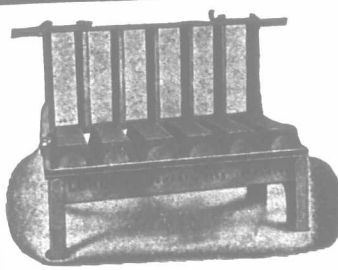
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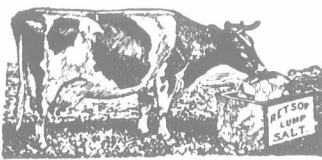
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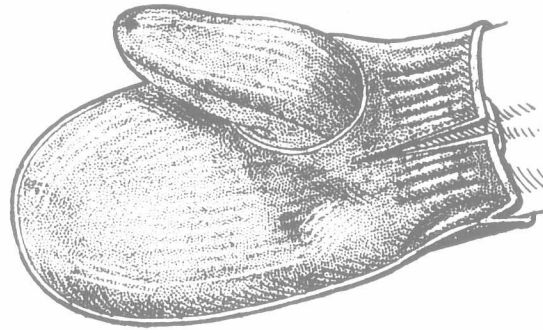
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VOL. XLI.

LONDON, ONT., NOVEMBER 8, 1906.

No. 737

## EDITORIAL.

### Sheep and the Labor Question.

It is, we believe, safe to say that no other branch of farming requires so little labor as sheep-raising. And the experience of those who have continued to give sheep a place in their farming operations through times of prosperity and of depression, is that no class of stock and no department of their business has been more profitable on the average, taking the years as they have come, than has the little flock of sheep. And yet, in this country, than which there is no other in the world better suited by climatic conditions and the ability to produce the most desirable forage and feed, we find not one farm carrying a flock of sheep where thirty years ago there were ten. The situation seems absurd, and is not easily accounted for on any sensible or reasonable grounds.

For more than half the year sheep will find for themselves, if given the run of the shortest pasture on the farm, requiring practically no attention, and in winter, with the cheapest of housing, and with feed conveniently stored, a hundred sheep may be fed in twenty minutes twice or three times a day, and virtually need no other care, no tying and untying, no daily cleaning of stables and bedding, and little extra care of any kind, except for a few weeks in the lambing season. Their winter feed may consist mainly or almost entirely of clover and pea haulms, the growing of which enriches the soil for the production of large farm crops of all kinds; and they seek the highest and poorest parts of a field for their lairage, fertilizing the land by their droppings. The natural increase of the flock is seldom less than one hundred per cent. annually, and often over one hundred and fifty per cent., while the wool—a crop no other farm stock produces—affords a dividend sufficient to pay for their winter's keep, and sometimes for the whole year's maintenance, leaving the lamb crop for profit, while they consume many noxious weeds which other stock will not touch, and thus help to clean the farm and keep it clean.

There is no more wholesome or palatable flesh food than lamb and mutton, which is becoming more popular with the people, and the demand for which is rapidly growing, as evidenced by the high market prices prevailing at the present time. And this demand will continue and grow with the growth of our cities and towns, to say nothing of our export trade, which would take much more of our mutton if we had it to spare.

We do not plead for specialization in sheep-farming, and would not advise the farmer putting all his eggs in this basket, as experience has taught that sheep do better in small than in large flocks, and we would not counsel buying heavily of high-priced stock to begin with in the case of those who have not had experience with sheep, but we do believe that on thousands of farms, where none are now kept, a small flock could be established and maintained at little expense and with very satisfactory profit. With this addition to the ordinary stock of horses, cattle and hogs kept on the farm, more of the land might be seeded to grass and devoted to pasture and hay, requiring less cultivation and grain-crop growing, and consequently less labor and less expense in running the farm. On cheap, rough lands unsuited to cultivation, sheep may form the principal stock, and, judiciously managed, might be made a specialty, with every confidence of being profitable; but even in this case it would be the part of wisdom to go slowly to begin with, and let the business grow with the expansion of the owner. We know of no country

in which diseases of sheep are less prevalent than in our own Dominion. Even in Old England, where sheep-raising is regarded as the sheet-anchor of successful farming, the wet, chilling climate is in great contrast to our bright, clear atmosphere, and ailments of the flock are there ten to one of ours, while, with their congested population and numerous towns, dogs—the other bugbear or excuse so often quoted by Canadians for not keeping sheep—are probably ten times as numerous and more destructive than here, yet English farmers do not think of quitting the raising of sheep, but, on the other hand, confess they could hardly hold their own without the flock. We commend to the consideration of our readers the claims of the gentle sheep as a panacea, in part at least, for the labor difficulty on the farm.

### Excessive Number and Width of Roads.

Discussion on the subject of roadmaking generally brings to mind the excessive number of public highways in the Province of Ontario, and also the excessive width between ditches that usually obtains. There are townships where the road allowance calls for a side-road every half mile and a cross-road every five-eighths. This means at least twice as great a mileage as there is any need for, although, now that people have built along these ways, it would be awkward, and in many cases unjust, to close them.

There are those who believe that a chain is a greater width than is necessary for ordinary roads. One consideration which had influence, no doubt, in reserving the common four-rod allowance, was the trouble from snowdrifts, which used to accumulate in the lee of the old rail fences, and, in ordinary cases, would not reach across the track if the fence were a couple of rods to windward. However, the removal of some fences altogether, and substitution of wire for rails in other instances, has altered the situation in this regard. While the change has probably increased the trouble from drifting, because the snow piles up in the track, whereas it used to lie under the fence, still it has obviated whatever advantage there used to be in having such wide roads, and, under the present order of things, we could do with three or even two rods of road allowance quite easily. What with superfluous roads and excessive width of the rest, we have in this Province about three times as much land in highway as there is any existing call for. This, however, is not saying that the width should be reduced. Once reserved, perhaps it is just as well to retain the allowance against the possibility of requiring it in the future for such contingencies as trolley-line rights-of-way, telephone lines, electric-power transmission, footpaths, automobile tracks—if we ever have need for these—avenues of trees, etc. Certainly, no corporation or municipality could hope to buy back the land as cheaply as it would sell now.

But if the present allowance is adhered to, there is one change which might be made. The width of the driveway could be reduced. There is no gain and much expense in having twenty-five or thirty feet of mud surface, merely because the allowance permits it. Wide roads are difficult to grade and drain, expensive to keep smooth with drag or leveller, are unsightly, and the extra five or ten feet serves no good purpose. Less width, well kept, would make a better highway, at less expense. We might do well to follow the example of some city engineers. In the City of London, where this paper is published, the street allowance is exceptionally wide, but instead of paving all, they pave the residential streets about wide enough for three teams to pass, and the rest of the street is seeded to a beautiful and economical

boulevard. As a result, they have attractive and excellent, yet not expensive, streets. A similar policy might, with advantage, be pursued by township councils. Just what width should be adopted, we would not like to say positively; it would depend somewhat upon circumstances. The matter is one on which we invite opinion.

Having narrowed the driveway, another good step might be to lease, on certain conditions, to each farmer whose land adjoins, a portion of the roadside, reserving enough for walks and other immediate purposes. In this way the land would be put to good use and the townships relieved of the too-often neglected responsibility of keeping that area free from seeding weeds. The lease, of course, should be terminable at any time, according to stipulated conditions. Even if little or no rental were obtained, there would still be an advantage to the Township on the score of economy, and, as the taxpayers are the landholders, they would be benefiting through what they might make from the land, and the community would also be just so much the richer.

### The Winter Fairs.

Now that the long list of fall fairs has been exhausted, and their dates have been cancelled by the realization of the events, the mind turns to retrospection, and the question of their usefulness and profitableness, or otherwise, arises. The solution lies largely in the methods of their management and the use made of them by individual patrons. While the fall fairs are looked upon by the masses largely as holiday occasions, or as a means of recreation and entertainment, it is reasonably certain that those which have been to the largest extent managed with a view to a judicious combination of pleasure and practical utility have proven most effective in helpful results, and it is gratifying to know that the tendency of the times is to encourage the adoption of educational features in our fairs, making them a means of disseminating useful information, as well as providing for social intercourse and wholesome diversion. The character of the weather conditions of the autumn season in Canada is favorable to these cheerful open-air events, and our people do well to encourage and patronize them.

The winter fair, however, partakes of a more serious character, and, being less diversified in its appointments, and more concentrated in its area and aims, is better suited to educational work, and may fittingly be designated a short-course school of animal husbandry. Here, by the decisions of competent judges, the best types of meat-producing live stock are indicated, and in the slaughter tests comparison may be made of the character of the living beast with its dressed carcass, to determine the most salable and suitable product for the market. Here, free from the distractions of the sideshow and faker-stand, the time may be utilized in securing helpful information, in listening to lectures and discussions on agricultural and live-stock topics by practical men of experience, and lessons learned which may lead to the adoption of improved methods in the breeding and feeding of farm stock.

The poultry shows held in connection with the winter fairs are, by long odds, the most interesting and useful of the year, as at this season the birds are seen in their best plumage. Poultry is looming large in these times in the income of the farmer's family, and the field will bear enlarging to an almost unlimited extent. It is probably not too much to say that the poultry exhibit at the Ontario Winter Fair at Guelph is the finest to be seen anywhere in America, and is alone well worth the expense of a trip of a hundred miles or more.

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dairy department are also of special interest, and, while there is room for expansion of this feature of the show, much beyond what it has yet attained, yet there is much of interest to farmers in this section of the show, as it is on the improvement of our milking stock very largely that the profit of the dairy business depends.

The importance of good seed and of pure seed is becoming more and more generally acknowledged and appreciated, and a seed section has been inaugurated in connection with the winter fairs which should prove of interest to all farmers.

In addition to all these features, a live-stock judging competition for young men under 25 years of age is instituted, in connection with which liberal cash premiums are offered, which will doubtless prove an attractive and interesting feature.

The Maritime Winter Fair, at Amherst, Nova Scotia, to be held this year December 3rd to 6th, though only in its four-year-old form, has proved a decided success, and is now regarded as the most instructive and useful, as well as interesting, exhibition in the Provinces by the Sea. This fair was in its first year so favorably regarded by the town of Amherst that they offered to equip a building for its purposes at a cost of about \$20,000, under agreement with the Maritime Stock-breeders' Association, to hold the Winter Fair there for a period of ten years. Last year the prize-money offered was about \$8,000, which will be increased this year. This show has adopted practically all the features of the Guelph event, and the indications are that this year's exhibition will be the best in the history of the institution.

The Ontario Provincial Winter Fair, at Guelph, slated for the dates Dec. 10th to 14th, gives promise of being better in every respect than any of its predecessors, the prize-list being unusually attractive, while it is believed that more first-class stock than ever is being prepared for this show this year.

The Eastern Ontario Live-stock and Poultry Show Association, having its headquarters at Ottawa, has hitherto held its exhibitions in March, and has not yet published its dates for this year, but we are assured that no effort will be spared to make the next show better than those of the past. Their new exhibition building for the purposes of their Winter Fair has had an unfortunate experience, but has at last been securely constructed, and will be ready for the accommodation of the next show, and will be admirably adapted for the purpose. We commend, without reservation, the winter Fairs to the support and patronage of farmers willing to profit by the example and experience of successful breeders and feeders, as evidenced by the exhibits at these events, to learn from the lectures and discussions by practical farmers at the meetings during the days of the show, and to catch the spirit of enthusiasm that counts for much in the prosecution of intelligently-conducted farming and stock-raising.

## Over Two Thousand.

Over two thousand questions a year are answered in our "Questions and Answers" columns. These columns contain volumes of the most timely and practical information, boiled down to a concentrated extract. A year's files of "The Farmer's Advocate," provided with indexes (supplied semi-annually on request), are an invaluable encyclopedia. Wear old clothes, eat plain food, work an extra day—if necessary—but never, never, never allow yourself to be one year without "The Farmer's Advocate and Home Magazine." It will help you to greater prosperity, better clothes, better board, and a happier life, if anything can. There is no other paper for the farm home just as good, nor half so good. No Canadian farmer who consults his own and his family's best interests will ever do without the farmer's champion, friend and adviser, "The Farmer's Advocate." It is the first necessity of all.

## Our Maritime Letter.

The exhibition at Charlottetown effected a great concourse of people, mostly Islanders. Those who came over the Straits were badly tossed-up by the high winds and surging waves, and even in the summer season they would, we opine, elect some other system of transportation besides navigation. A fine week preceded and a fine week followed the exhibition period, which was windy at best, if bright and clear for the most part. Indeed, such a pleasant fall as we have had all through September and October, it would be hard to excel anywhere.

The people came out then in great crowds—they always come out to the exhibition—and seemed to take a keener interest than usual in the educational phases of the fair. Of course, when the bell rang for racing, there was a general stampede in the direction of the track; but even with such racing as is had here, with such horses as usually enter, the educational, as we have said at the National Stock-breeders' Association at Ottawa, is never very seriously eliminated. Dr. Hugo Reed, of Guelph, who presides, sees that pure racing is indulged in, and nothing else. The people seem to enjoy it, too, and we have come over to the belief that rural populations want all the unobjectionable amusements possible. Extremists on either side of this question are dangerous.

Judging the pure-breds and Thoroughbreds at the fair was an exciting hour, as was, indeed, the time spent in the ring in all the horse classes. There was a large exhibit, and it, unlike the other animal classes, was almost entirely of Island stock. Some said that our horses, on the whole, were not up to other years; others thought they never looked better. With such

sires as are now available, it would be in the highest sense discreditable if we deteriorated in horses. We do not think that we have; but the big prices, the persistent solicitations of the buyers, have picked off about everything for sale at all. Good young mares should never be sacrificed, even at fabulous prices; they are the hope of the land in horseflesh. The question of sires will look after itself.

The sheep, swine and cattle classes were well filled, and highly praiseworthy. The poultry was never better. There was much from without, and this department is extending yearly. There is nothing the Island is making more money out of than poultry; and, whilst the market in eggs or meat is not half discriminating enough, there is evidence of a desire on the part of farmers generally to breed purely and profitably. Fancy stock may not be found, as in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, but utility birds render excellent service on almost every steading. Mr. Landry, who judges here, knows his business. Indeed, the judges all round are a careful, capable, creditable bunch. It is, however, placing almost too much upon the public servants to discriminate against the animals of prominent men who are daily in contact with the departments, and where pique or whim may affect their positions at Ottawa. "Hell hath no fury like a woman's scorn," the poet says; next to that, then, may be the disappointed ambition of professional exhibitors of the politician class. It's dangerous to cross their path.

In the Main Building, the fruit and dairy show was the chief feature. In both industries are we deeply interested, as the Island's future is bound up in them principally. The dairy show was never equalled here—never excelled in Maritime Canada. The long rows of cheese-boxes, with their rich contents—some rounds, some squares—give one the idea at once that the Island is a great dairy country. The butter business was also excellently represented. "I have never seen a better exhibit anywhere," said Judge Daigle to us. We hope to see it bettered every year here. If we continue to hold exhibitions, we must show up the great dairy branch of our work appropriately.

And the fruit! "I am more convinced than ever of the excellence of your apples," said the veteran pomologist judge, R. W. Starr, of Nova Scotia. This was an off year here; very much so, indeed, and such a peculiar season; even in October all winter fruits were immature and undeveloped. Still, the whole range of apples were on exhibition, and we competed with the Annapolis Valley, much more advanced as to season and methods of orcharding. Our takings were highly satisfactory to our exhibitors. We have much to do here yet, it is true, but we have made the start, and the commercial side of the business will do the rest. Island Gravensteins were, to our mind, superb, but the colored varieties were redder and more beautiful than anything to be seen anywhere.

In field roots we were not so prominent as in other years, and the Island alone competed. Garden truck filled the whole section devoted to that sort of thing. Our potato crop is very inferior and late, and the turnip crop is short, too. Still, there were many wonderful specimens of all kinds of roots and vegetables to be seen, abundantly manifesting our supremacy here. The grains and seeds were out in array, and in seeds we should, with our comparatively clean fields, excel. There were beautiful samples in all the classes, and the judges expressed their appreciation of Island grains in no uncertain sound.

It would take a day to go into the arts and manufactures, with any kind of satisfaction. This feature was enhanced by a big display of textiles from Ontario. The handwork of the weaver in linen and wool, in all their combinations, was much admired, and undoubtedly will be imitated by our clever farm women. The dainty work in silk and fine fabrics, and the attempts at a fine-arts display, were not so encouraging. Still, this is hardly the sort of place to produce high-class artists.

The exhibition was under the management of President Hazard and Secretary Smallwood. They both did their best. Whilst there is always room for improvement, it is long to say that

a steady advance in show matters has distinguished the years. The question is often asked—was asked perhaps oftener than ever this year—“What, after all, is the value of such fairs to general agriculture?” and, admitting for the moment that the professional exhibitor is not representative of the masses generally, we may return to the discussion of the practical question when leisure and space permit.

A. E. BURKE.

“The Farmer's Advocate” is, above everything else, reliable. Unlike the newspapers and many so-called farm journals, it does not publish items for the sake of novelty or sensation. It does not exaggerate or misrepresent. It is open to all variety of honest opinion, but withholds editorial sanction except where thoroughly assured. Endorsation by “The Farmer's Advocate” is the best evidence of credibility.

“The Farmer's Advocate” is the stockman's paper. In addition to its many other strong features, it posts its readers on the live-stock situation in Canada, the United States, Great Britain, and the world at large, as no other journal pretends to do. It is the exponent of all that is latest and best in live-stock circles.

## HORSES.

### Horse-breeding in Prussia.

In view of the Ontario Government's exhaustive investigation of the horse business, looking to legislation in its interest, the following particulars of measures taken in Germany to promote the horse industry will be read with interest:

In the case of horse-breeding, it appears from a Foreign Office Report on the State of Agriculture in the Rhenish province that considerable assistance is afforded to this industry through the Provincial Chambers of Agriculture. In that Province regulations are in force requiring the licensing of stallions and providing for the appointment of district commissions authorized to issue licenses. These regulations are given below, and it is stated that they are enforced by the State and are very strictly adhered to:

Sec. 1.—Only such stallions may serve mares as are approved by the State and have received a serving license, which has to be renewed annually. The following are excluded, and need not have any license: (a) The sires owned by the State; (b) Thoroughbred sires charging a fee of £2 10s.; (c) sires owned by private owners, and only used to serve the mares belonging to that same individual owner of the sire; (d) sires belonging to horse-breeding associations and subsidized by the Government, and still under the supervision of the State officials.

Secs. 2 and 3.—The Province is divided into three districts, and each district has a breeding commission, which consists of: (1) The director of the royal stud at Wickrath; (2) an expert who is appointed by the Chamber of Agriculture for a period of six years for the whole Province; (3) an expert appointed by the Province for six years; (4) the president of the horse shows; (5) an expert appointed by the Chamber of Agriculture for six years for the particular district; (6) a veterinary surgeon, appointed by the Provincial authorities. All appointments have their substitutes. A chairman is appointed by the combined commission. The commission has annually to appoint and fix days in every district for shows and for issuing licenses.

Sec. 4.—Only such sires get a serving license are approved by the commission appointed; they must invariably belong to some recognized breeds.

Sec. 5.—The commission's decisions are absolute; the votes are taken by secret ballot. In case of equal votes, the chairman's vote decides the point in question. Every sire receiving a serving license is registered and minutely described; the places where the stallion may serve are fixed, the name of the owner is stated, and registers of the mares served have to be kept by the responsible person. Besides the sire's owner and the stallion's description, the amount of the fee charged for service is fixed and made public.

Sec. 6.—When a stallion has received a serving license, the owner is obliged to renew his license every year; the license is only given for twelve months. If the license is not renewed, the sire is not allowed to be used for serving purposes again.

Sec. 7.—The owner of a serving stallion is obliged to keep a register of the mares served, and an accurate description of them has to be

entered; these lists are periodically checked by the authorities.

Sec. 8.—Every owner of a sire who shows him as a candidate for a license, pays a fee to cover the costs of the show and commission expenses.

Sec. 9.—The owner of a sire not having a license and using the stallion for breeding purposes is fined £1 10s. for every individual case, and the owner of the mare is fined 15s. Should it be proved that the registers are not properly kept according to instructions, the owner is fined 15s. in each case.

Horse-breeding associations exist which are subsidized by the Government through the Chamber of Agriculture, and these purchase good brood mares at reasonable prices from the best breeders. They encourage horse-breeding among the smaller farmers and assist them financially, as well as with advice. There seems to be a good demand for horses. The army requires a large number for its artillery and cavalry. At a recent show of horses, the Government bought a large number from farmers; the average price was £62 10s.; the prices varied from £50 to £70, chiefly for rising four-year-olds. The great iron industries and coal mines also require a very large supply of horses, and for these purchasers the farmers breed the Belgian class. The associations buy annually about twenty Belgian mares of the very best blood and sell them to their members. At the last sale, £50 to £90 were paid for 1½ to 2½-year-olds.

### How to Reduce the Grain Ration in Autumn.

We have about come to the season when most teams will cease work. Unless the feed is reduced, many horses will suffer from lymphangitis and other derangements of that kind. On the other hand, sudden cessation of heavy feeding will result in staring coats, and lack of condition to go through the winter in good health. So here is the dilemma. Where possible, the work and feed should be reduced gradually. If it is not practicable, care should be taken to let the horses exercise daily in the barnyard, or on some meadow which is to be broken up in spring. Then attend to the stable, chinking up cracks, putting in window panes where needed, and making things bright and comfortable as possible.

These things attended to, reduction of grain rations may be accomplished without upsetting the horse's digestion or injuring his health by standing inactive and ill-fed in a drafty stable. To keep horses as many as are kept every year is inhuman, and should be made a penal offence.

### Knife Liked as Well as Ever.

Received premium knife all right. It is well worth trying to get a new subscriber for. Will try to get a few more for some of the other premiums. R. M. BELL, York Co., Ont.

### Feeding of Horses.

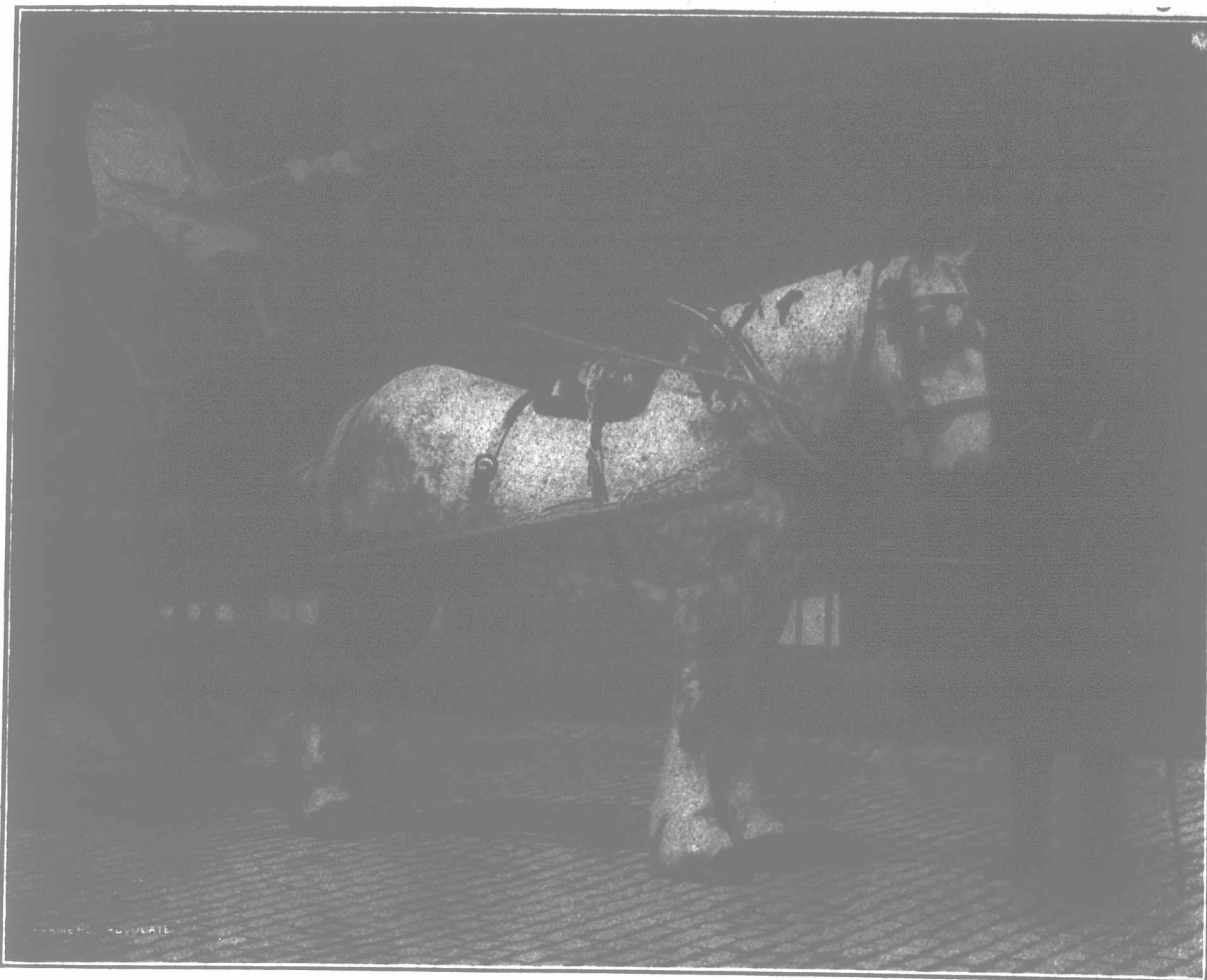
Skillful feeding goes hand in hand with skillful breeding, and in this respect the following hints from a French paper are of interest:

Three meals are necessary and sufficient, with an interval of four or five hours between, to keep a horse in good condition. Oats take at least two hours to digest, hay takes three hours, and, because it takes so long to digest, it should be given when the day's work is over. The evening meal should be a full meal, the animal being then at rest and able to digest its food at leisure. There should be an interval of half an hour between the return of the horse to the stable and his getting his evening feed. Too much food at a meal, or too long abstinence between meals, followed by voracious feeding, is conducive to colic and indigestion. Irregularly fed, he is given to showing his impatience by letting his hoofs play about the woodwork of his stall. Giving “refreshers” at odd times is also bad. Remember that both stomach and bladder should never be loaded in work time, whether light or heavy work is done. A horse, therefore, should not be ridden or driven immediately after a meal, on the same principle that it ought not to be fed sooner than half an hour after work is over. Between one end of the year and another a horse consumes an amount of dry, heating food which calls for special regimen to neutralize the excessive proteid consumption that has taken place. Thus, in autumn, a ration of carrots given before the evening meal of oats is good; and so in spring, at the fall of the winter coat, a little green meat is beneficial, mixed with hay and oats, for the evening meal. Another maxim much disregarded in practice is that the horse should be watered long before being put to work, and then very sparingly.

### Feeding Idle Horses.

Clover or alfalfa, fed in limited quantity and moistened to lay the dust, is the best feed for idle horses in winter, especially for those that have recently knocked off work. It keeps the bowels looser than timothy and nourishes the system better. Emphasis, however, must be laid on the adjuration to be sparing of the amount fed. Horses are fond of clover, and some of them prefer alfalfa to oats, hence they are liable to overload their stomachs, of either, and this is the primary cause of heaves. Dust also aggravates the trouble. This latter difficulty may be easily overcome by sprinkling the hay before feeding. It is a good plan to give a small forkful of hay, followed by a quantity of bright oat straw. Idle horses getting clover or alfalfa hay, can use considerable straw to advantage. Clover or alfalfa combined with straw makes a cheaper and better winter ration than timothy.

Brood mares in foal should have exercise, and liberal feed, with good quarters.



Shire Gelding.

Winner of three society medals at London Shire Horse Shows.

### Training a Horse for Saddle Purposes.

As the value of a saddle horse depends greatly upon his mouth and manners, and as mouth and manners are largely due to his early training, it will readily be seen that the man who undertakes the making of a saddler out of a colt should be a man of some experience in handling green horses under the saddle. A green man and a green horse make a combination from which good results cannot reasonably be expected. In order that any man may be able to make a satisfactory saddler out of a colt, the animal must have the necessary individuality; he must have quality, spirit, ambition, and the desirable size and weight. He must have Thoroughbred blood close up, and the nearer he approaches the Thoroughbred in general conformation and action, the better. The man about to school or train a horse should have experience in handling green horses; he should be able to ride well, and have both good hands and a good seat. Supposing the colt be perfectly green, the first thing to be attended to is to give him a mouth, or, in other words, get him accustomed to the bit. This should be well done before the colt is mounted, else his mouth is very liable to be spoiled, and he will either become afraid of the bit or become a puller, either of which is very undesirable in any class of horse, and cannot be tolerated in a saddler. His first lessons should consist in putting an ordinary riding bridle with a plain, jointed snaffle bit on him, and he should be allowed to run in a paddock or large box stall a few hours each day with the bit in his mouth. This should be continued until he ceases to fight the bit and feels quite at home with it in his mouth. Special bits, which are quite large, jointed, and have dangling from the center several pieces of iron which hang down over the tongue, are manufactured for this purpose, but our experience has taught us to favor the plain snaffle. After he has become accustomed to this, gentle pressure should be put upon it to teach him to press slightly upon it and yield to its restraint. This can be best done with a dumb jockey (a contrivance made especially for the purpose). It consists in two pieces of wood or gutta percha, crossed somewhat like an end of a sawhorse, such as is used by a busksawyer. This is attached to a back pad, which is buckled around the girth, a strap passed backwards from each stick to a crouper, to keep the jockey in position. On the front aspect of each stick are several large screw-eyes. The reins should have about a foot of rubber or spiral wire at each end, to which a snap is attached. The snap is snapped into a screw-eye well up, passed forward through the ring of the bit, brought back and snapped into a screw-eye lower down. The reins should be adjusted so as to give very gentle pressure, and the colt allowed to run in the paddock for a few hours. The next day a little greater pressure should be given. This teaches the subject to yield to pressure upon the bit, arch his neck, and incline the mouth slightly towards the breast. The elastic ends on the reins will allow the colt to stretch his neck and protrude his nose, but will fetch the parts back to the desired position as soon as pressure is released, and gives him the habit of arching the neck nicely upon slight pressure being exerted upon the bridle reins. If a dummy cannot be obtained, a handy man can make one, or it can be substituted with reasonable satisfaction by an ordinary surcingle, with a strap from each of the withers to the bit; a single strap will do, but it will give much better satisfaction if it or a part of it be elastic. It is generally considered good practice to lunge a horse every day during this part of his education. That is, besides the bridle, put a strong halter on his head and attach a long rein to the noseband, and lead the colt out to a lot and drive him either straight away or in a circle. It is better to have the lunging rein attached to the noseband of the halter than to the bit, as the former does not worry his mouth, while the latter will. When he has got sufficient education in this way, the next thing is to mount. We think that the plain snaffle bridle should be used, and great care should be taken in mounting in order to not frighten him, as a good saddler must stand still to be mounted and dismounted. It is good practice, in most cases, to get him accustomed to having a boy or a man on his back before a saddle is used. This can be done by gently lifting a boy on and off many times while he is undergoing his preliminary education in the paddock or stall. When the saddle is on, the man about to mount should give him a lesson or two in having weight put upon the stirrup on the near side, by putting his foot in the stirrup and gently putting weight upon it, but not attempting to mount. When the colt will stand for this, the trainer should mount slowly and carefully. He must not get in a hurry, but slowly lift himself into the stirrup, and, slowly fetching his right

leg over the saddle, seat himself gently in the saddle and place the other foot in the stirrup. It is good practice to mount and dismount several times before asking the colt to go forward. If necessary, it is well to have an assistant to hold the colt by the bit while the lesson is being given. Having taught the colt to stand while being mounted and dismounted, he should be required to go forward with the rider in the saddle. It is better to give him the first few lessons at a walking gait; teach him to walk well; a good walker is desirable in any class of horse, but especially so in a saddler. The rider must be very careful of his mount's mouth. He should be able to ride well and balance himself well in the saddle without the aid of reins, as the man who depends upon the assistance of the reins for his balance will soon spoil the mouth of a green horse.

The gaits to be taught are the walk, trot and canter. The colt should be taught to break into a trot promptly at the signal from the rider, whether this signal be given by word, chirrup, heels or reins, and he should be taught to promptly break into a canter from either walk or trot at whatever signal the rider chooses to use. One signal should be used for the trot and another for the canter. For instance, if he is taught to trot at a slight touch of the heel or spur, and to canter on pressure by the knees of the rider, he would soon learn to obey these signals promptly. He should be taught to canter slowly and collectedly; a fast canter—almost a gallop—is not cor-

should be such that he must experiment upon a green one, he should by all means avoid the use of both curb and spur. "WHIP."

### Cobalt and Horses.

According to report, the mineral discoveries at Cobalt, Ont., are expected to have an indirect effect on the horse's occupation. Edison thinks that, by substituting cobalt for lead, he can so lighten and improve the electric storage battery as to make it a practical success in running delivery wagons, busses, and such vehicles. At present we have automobiles propelled by electricity carried in storage batteries, but the batteries hitherto in use have been too heavy to be an economical means of propulsion. It is said Mr. Edison has located commercial supplies of cobalt in several States of the Union, as well as in Ontario. If the great inventor can produce successful motor-delivery wagon, he will relieve man's faithful servant of a most unenviable occupation. We wish him success.

Battens and shiplap on stables are cheaper than oats—and more humane.

## LIVE STOCK.

### Our Bacon in Britain.

In a recent report to the Department of Trade and Commerce, at Ottawa, Lord Strathcona, Canadian High Commissioner in London, transmits a few remarks on the Canadian export bacon trade, which he had received from a prominent produce house:

"The popularity of Canadian bacon and hams has been steadily growing in the United Kingdom, though, owing to certain conditions existing in respect of the price of live hogs, the trade had not shown the expansion during 1904 which might have been expected. In the opinion of my directors, the position of the hog-packing is at the present somewhat critical. It is a matter of common knowledge that for the last eighteen months the price of hogs in Canada has been out of all reasonable proportion as regards the price of the finished product in the United Kingdom. This condition of affairs appears to have arisen in Canada, probably from the fact that the number of packing-houses which have been established in Canada is now largely in excess of the supply of hogs in that country. Competition amongst the Canadian packers of a more or less reckless character in the buying of hogs has led to an artificial price being paid for the live hog, so that constant and serious losses have been incurred by the Canadian packers. There appears to be no immediate probability of any relief from this position till the raising of hogs in Canada assumes larger proportions, or till the Canadian packers realize the impossibility and hopelessness of competing successfully against cheap European hogs, with relatively dear raw material. If the present state of matters goes on, what promises to be a healthy and growing industry for Canada will be seriously crippled and probably be set back for some years. If the Canadian packers would combine in a friendly way, arranging to pay only such prices for hogs as would insure them a reasonable probability of making a profit on their product in the United Kingdom, the industry would once again assume a healthy state of affairs. The quality of Canadian bacon has continued to improve, and the British taste is undoubtedly steadily growing in the direction of Canadian produce; but what is not realized in Canada is that, however fine their bacon may be, it cannot still be considered as choice an article as is shipped from Denmark, and that without there is an advantage in the price of the large hog, as compared with the Danish and Irish hog, the Canadian cannot prosper. The conditions under which the Danish hog is raised are totally different to the conditions existing in Canada, and though the Canadian hog is an infinitely superior hog for English bacon purposes to the United States hog, yet, on the other hand, the Danish and Irish hog is again superior to the Canadian, and this state of affairs is not likely to be changed in the immediate future. The present state of affairs, by which packing-house after packing-house is being built in Canada, in the face of the fact that there is not a supply of the raw material to give such undertakings a reasonable chance of success, is bound to end in disaster sooner or later."

The packages now used by most of the shippers in Canada are spoken of as being superior to those coming from other quarters, as they keep the bacon in better condition than when it is shipped in bales, and permit of other cargo being stowed with it.

### A Kindness to His Neighbors.

I take pleasure in forwarding you two new names for your grand farm paper. I always think I have done a neighbor or friend a kindness when I induce one to start receiving weekly visits by "The Farmer's Advocate," as it is conducive to good farming, as well as a splendid home paper. Leeds Co., Ont. MORLEY G. BROWN.



A Prizewinning Saddle Horse.

rect. Of course, there is little trouble in teaching him to gallop; all that is required is to urge him faster when cantering. During all these gaits he should be taught to go with only slight pressure upon the bit, and be taught to exchange direction promptly upon slight extra pressure being exerted on one rein. When he has had sufficient education to go well, as described, he should be ridden with a slip-head bridle and a curb and snaffle bit, and, of course, a double rein. No man is properly mounted when using a single rein and snaffle bit, and, while a single bit is probably the better to use at first, a saddler must be taught to go with the double bit. The Pelham bit is supposed to be a combination that answers for curb and snaffle, but in our opinion it is an abomination. The two separate bits is the proper thing, both as far as form is concerned and for the comfort of the horse. Of course, when riding with a curb, very little pressure should be exerted on the curb rein—just sufficient to keep the horse's nose in the proper position. A good saddler does not require a martingale. When a horse is inclined to poke his nose, gentle pressure upon the curb rein will remedy the defect. A martingale may be allowed when a horse is ridden with simply a snaffle bit and double reins, but when a curb bit is used a martingale cannot be tolerated. The good man, riding a green horse, will take pride in the fact that each time he mounts him he can see an improvement in gait, mouth and manners. Of course, it must be understood that if the trainer is a green man he must not use either curb bit or spurs, as, while rough usage of the reins in any case is more or less disastrous on the horse's mouth, rough usage or irregular pressure upon a curb rein is simply ruinous. So, also, is the use of spurs on the heels of a green rider. As before stated, a green man should not attempt to educate a green colt; he should acquire experience and skill in the saddle by riding educated horses, but if circumstances

### Making Butcher Beef for Next May and June.

A neglected line of animal husbandry to which more good feeders might turn their attention is the buying of cheap young store cattle in the fall and feeding them for the butcher trade of the following May and June. It is decidedly more profitable in most localities than the feeding of exporters, for several reasons:

1. It is far cheaper to put a pound of gain on a yearling butcher beast than on a two-year-old or three-year-old exporter.

2. The butcher steer, while he may not fetch quite so much per pound as the finished exporter, will have probably cost less to buy, and the difference per pound between buying and selling price will usually be as great or greater.

3. The animal for the local trade does not have to be finished quite so highly, and it is well demonstrated by experiment that the last few pounds on a heavy beast cost the most to produce. Inasmuch as this extra weight is all meat and fat, whereas the original frame consists partly of bone, there is generally economy in bringing export cattle to a pretty thick condition, but it is not quite so imperative in the case of the butcher stock as with the exporter, and this is a factor to be considered, since it often enables one to push his steers off on a good market, instead of missing the chance for the sake of bringing them "to an edge," as is necessary to obtain a paying price for exporters to cross the ocean, at so much freight charge per head, and sell against keen competition.

That there is such a good chance open to the man who buys scrawny yearlings and calves to feed for the butchers, is a reflection on those who have these for sale; but the astute man will not waste substance in regret—he will go out and buy. The truth is that on many farms the practice in cattle feeding is all awry. Many are content to raise stunted calves in the summer, winter them over—just a little more than holding their own—and turn them on pasture in spring to recuperate and get another start, only to be checked again the succeeding winter. In spring they are once more put on grass, and in fall sold to some wide-awake export feeder for a full cent a pound less than they should be worth. The waste in this system of stock-raising is shocking. It recalls a remark we once heard from an intelligent miller. One of his customers was telling him about some pigs he was intending to winter over and kill as yearlings the next fall. The miller had done a little pig-feeding himself, and asked the customer, "Did you ever keep track of the cost of raising yearling hogs?" "No," was the uncertain reply. "Well, don't, or you'll never raise any more." The principle is exactly the same in feeding cattle to be sold as feeders at two and a half or three years of age. It is all right for the finisher who buys them cheap enough, but the stock-raiser who wishes to keep on at such business had better not count the cost. It would be rather discouraging.

The sign of the times, pointed out by experimenters as clearly as the sun in a cloudless sky, is that "baby beef" is the most profitable kind to raise. We believe that a man who is rearing and finishing his own cattle might better take 4 cents a pound for handy butchers' beasts of 18 months, than 5 cents for ripe, 30-month exporters, although, as a matter of fact, the difference need not be that great. In some localities good butcher beef will bring as much per pound as exporters, especially when the butcher cattle are sold on the high market that usually prevails in May and June. This still allows a wide margin to offset the several incidental advantages ordinarily claimed for the practice of growing large steers. It is a mistake to depend on pasture to put on the gains, content with a mere maintenance ration in winter. A few dollars' worth of oil meal, bran, crushed grain and roots added to a maintenance ration will be returned with big interest in growth. It is a shame to see cattle eating up good hay, straw and roots in winter, giving no return whatever in increase of live weight. Such are simply eating their heads off. The usual argument of their owners is that they are converting these coarse foods into manure. But they would make fully as much manure, of better quality, if fed some meal in addition. It is possible, and exceedingly profitable, to make young cattle gain nearly as fast on winter rations as on good pasture. What it needs is a warm, dry, clean stable, well lighted and ventilated, a kindly, attentive herdsman who will fuss with the stock a bit; good clover or alfalfa hay, ensilage, roots, and a little bran, oil cake and meals. Better if the cattle are dehorned and run loose in the pens, tied up in evening to be fed, and left tied, perhaps, till after they are fed next morning. If the younger ones can be given a little skim milk, even a quart apiece each day, diluted in their drinking water, it will do wonders for them. There is no reason why ordinary well-bred, skim-milk-fed calves should not weigh 700 pounds each or over at 12 months of age. We have had them do much better than this with an expenditure of less than \$2.00 a head for bran and oil meal. Of

course, a great deal depends on the herdsman, and it must be admitted there are very few who attain such results. But it is worth knowing that such can be accomplished, and it is also worth while for all who have to do with the feeding of young stock to strive toward just such results. Unless we can learn the secret of feeding calves so as to keep them "coming," right from birth to block, having them ready to turn off to local butchers at eighteen months, or to ship to Britain at thirty months or less, there is little hope of making a downright financial success of beef-raising on high-priced land.

Meantime, those who have feed and stabling, and possess the "knack" of caring for young stuff, should be on the lookout for well-bred, likely spring calves, to be put into comfortable quarters, and given conditions a little better than they have been used to at home. It is astonishing how such will pick up and go ahead. And there is no better way than this to market alfalfa or clover hay, ensilage and roots. Properly fed, such calves will be worth twice or three times as much next spring as is spent in purchasing them this fall.

### Lumpy Jaw: Cause and Treatment.

The United States Department of Agriculture, in a bulletin recently issued, recommends iodide of potassium as a remedy for actinomycosis, or lumpy jaw, in cattle, a disease that has long caused much trouble to stock-raisers in many sections, and was, until recently, supposed to be communicable from one animal to another, and even to people, but now known to be caused by a fungus which is conveyed into the tissues by various foodstuffs through slight wounds of the mucous membrane of the mouth, decayed teeth, or during the shedding of milk teeth. The ray fungus, as it is called, is found in nature vegetating on grasses, on the awns of barley and spears of oats and other grains. The danger, therefore, comes from the eating of infected food, rather than from the association of healthy animals with affected ones. The disease is caused by the multiplication of the fungi in the tissues, which pro-



Victor and King Edward.

Prizewinning Shorthorn yearling steers, Canadian National Exhibition, 1906. Owned by Israel Groff, Alma, Ont.

duce tumors. The head is usually the seat of the affection, the disease being frequently located in the soft tissues, the tongue or the bone. The iodide of potassium is given in doses of 1½ to 2½ drams once a day, dissolved in water and administered as a drench. The dose should vary somewhat with the size of the animal and with the effects that are produced. If the dose is sufficiently large, there appears signs of iodism in the course of a week or ten days. The skin becomes scurfy, there is a weeping from the eyes, catarrh of the nose and loss of appetite. When those symptoms appear, the medicine may be suspended for a few days and afterwards resumed in the same dose. The cure requires from three to six weeks' treatment.

### Thirty-three Thrifty Pigs from One Sow in Eleven Months.

John H. Drewery, Wellington Co., Ont., in a letter to "The Farmer's Advocate," mentions a brood sow which farrowed 11 pigs on November 28th, 1905; 11 more on May 6th, 1906, and the same number again on October 12th. She has raised every one, and there has not been a cull among the lot. He would like to hear from anyone with a sow that has done better. It is to be hoped the sow pigs are being kept for breeding purposes. We need all we can get of such mortgage-lifting stock.

### Saskatchewan Fat-stock Show.

The secretary of the Saskatchewan Stock-breeders' Association advises us that the Third Provincial Fat-stock Show will be held on Wednesday and Thursday, March 20 and 21, 1907, at Regina. At the same time and place, the Second Provincial Horse Show will also be held.

### Feeding Values of Alfalfa vs. Red Clover

According to figures in Prof. Henry's book, "Feeds and Feeding," red-clover hay contains about 6.8 per cent. protein, 35.8 per cent. carbohydrates, and 1.7 per cent. fat. Alfalfa hay contains 11 per cent. protein, 39.6 per cent. carbohydrates, and 1.2 per cent. fat. Analyses by experiment stations give a higher protein content to alfalfa hay than indicated above. Some samples of alfalfa hay, analyzed at the Nebraska station and one or two other Western stations, have shown a protein content of as high as 17 per cent. It is safe to say that well-cured alfalfa hay is worth 25 per cent. more than red clover, and, for milking cows or growing young stock getting straw and ensilage, alfalfa would be worth perhaps 50 per cent. more than clover, being so very high in protein. Some claim the difference is even greater than we have stated. Now and then a man complains that he tried alfalfa, and his stock did not like it. Cattle have whims, as have men; we have heard of people who did not relish peaches, but no one denies that peaches are an appetizing fruit. The cow which prefers clover to good, early-cut alfalfa is rare, and we have yet to find one that did not prefer the alfalfa once she had become really accustomed to it.

### Fall Litters of Pigs.

Fall pigs that come right together in September, properly fed and housed during the fall and winter, are as profitable as spring litters. I grant they require a little more attention because of the season of the year, and perhaps a trifle more feed, but only a very little. As an offset against this, they more than make up by fattening so much easier and cheaper in the spring of the year, when grass feeds are the best for hogs (and let me say grass is the cheapest feed on earth), and they are on the market in the early summer, after the last end of the previous spring crop is out of the way and before many of the sows that raised spring litters are ready, at a time when receipts are generally light and prices good, with a premium for good, smooth hogs of medium weight.

Few farmers raise fall pigs, for two reasons: First, they generally breed only gilts, which are fed for the market as soon as the pigs are weaned. Second, the pigs come along in May and June (on grass, as they say), and by the time pigs are weaned and sows ready to breed it would throw the fall litters right close to the door of winter. No wonder they don't want to raise fall pigs. But with the pure-bred breeder it is differ-

ent. He wants to keep his best brood sows over from year to year—as long, in fact, as they breed regularly—and selects a choice gilt now and then. They do best when they are not idle too long. Two litters a year are necessary to put them at their best. Now, it is the question to make that fall litter pay.

First, get the right start by having the spring litter come early, so that the pigs may be weaned and sow gotten ready for breeding for early fall farrow. In order to do this, the best time for the spring litter is March. I admit there are times when it is hard to take care of the little fellows, when March roars like the proverbial lion, and some are lost out of these early litters, but you don't have to raise as many March pigs to make as much profit from each sow. An early March boar is worth two May or June pigs, and often sells for more than that, besides being much easier to sell, and they stay sold better. Everybody wants the early March boar, and is willing to pay for him if he can get him good. That has been our experience. There is lots of truth in the old saying, "the early bird catches the worm." Now, what is true of the early spring pig is doubly so of the early fall pig. One good early September pig is generally worth a whole litter of late November pigs. You can't have early fall litters if your spring litters are late. Get started right, and use care not to get behind either in spring or in fall. A late fall litter means a late spring litter, the same vice versa.

One word more about an error that we have made and seen others make. That is to keep the sows too thin on grass, while they are carrying the fall litter. It is seldom that the sows are



thus neglected during the winter while carrying the spring litter. There is not the temptation of the good grass pasture, as in summer. Grass is the best thing in the world for hogs, but it is not sufficient alone as feed for a pregnant sow. She should have an addition of grain feed, corn and oats sufficing to balance the grass ration. They are suckled down thin when bred, and need to recuperate themselves as well as grow the litter. To have good, strong, lusty fall pigs that will grow from the start, have the sow in a good, nice, thrifty condition when she farrows.

Have your best sows—those you want to keep—farrow in March and then again in September, just as near six months apart as you can figure it, and it will be even money which litter makes you the most profit.—[American Swineherd.]

## THE FARM.

### Clover After Rape.

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":

In your issue of Oct. 18th, I notice J. E. M. asking the advisability of sowing rape on a field that missed a catch of clover last year. You recommend sowing barley, and again seeding with clover. Perhaps that would be all right, but circumstances alter cases. The field, having grown two crops of oats, I would not consider in very good shape for barley without an application of manure, and the chances for clover would be slim. Having had considerable experience with rape succeeded by clover, I would advise sowing rape 4 pounds broadcast, or, if land is dirty, 2 pounds in drills, and scuffle several times. The following year sow barley, and seed with clover—8 or 10 pounds clover. I have followed this plan for several years, and never missed a good stand of clover. I think it is a great mistake to sow clover on land that is not in proper shape for a catch; it is too expensive to have only one-tenth grow. I do not mean to say it will not help enrich the land if it will grow; I believe it one of the best fertilizers we have. But if the land is properly handled we will get a good stand nine times out of ten. Would some others give their opinions on this subject?

Grey Co., Ont.

JNO. R. PHILP.

[We advised sowing barley and seeding to clover because we deemed it advisable to get the land speedily back into sod, and, with a thin seeding of barley and 10 pounds of clover, the chances of a catch, we judge, should be fair, especially if, as we ought, perhaps, to have advised, a top-dressing of well-rotted manure be given. However, we welcome our friend's experience in seeding clover after rape. Doubtless, if the ground were manured and the rape not pastured too closely, but a reasonable growth left to turn under, a good seeding could be subsequently secured. There is always room for difference of opinion on matters of field practice, but, in general, we believe it wise to adhere to the short-rotation system, seeding to clover at least every four years.—Editor.]

### Threshing in South Perth.

From all appearances a fortnight ago, the uninitiated would say that winter had set in without any needless formalities. But the native Canadian had a greater faith in the stability of his climate, and still believed that the sun would shine again and chase away the frost and snow, and allow ample time for finishing the season's harvest of root crops and corn. And so it has proved, although we are having rather more rain than is desirable; the ditches are running, and fall work is being retarded. There is still much plowing to be done. Threshing is pretty well wound up, as, with the improved outfit, this disagreeable task can be done much more expeditiously than it used to be. The wind stacker does away with the many delays common where the straw-carriers were used. There is now no lengthening of chains, breaking of slats, or "bunging" with chaff or straw, especially where the self-feeder is used, as the latter insures steadier feeding without ever crowding the cylinder, and it will take either peas, sheaves or loose stuff as fast as any strong man would care to put it on for an hour. Of course, it does not reduce the number of hands required, but it does away with the arduous work of hand-cutting, and, altogether, it seems to be an even greater improvement than the wind stacker, although the latter "saves" three or four men at a big threshing. The use of a dust-collector behind the cylinder would now put this dirty work on a par with other farm jobs. The result of the threshing is, on the whole, fairly satisfactory. Oats, which are reported light in some other parts of the Province, are fair to good with us. Peas have yielded fairly well, and we cannot say that we have a really poor crop of anything. On the whole, the husbandman has little reason to complain.

J. H. BURNS.

### Removal of Dams.

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":

I would like to raise the question through the columns of your valuable publication, if, in this age of cheap electric power, the Ontario Government would be justified in taking the matter into their hands of removing dams off rivers, where a large area of good land is completely spoiled with water backed up by said dams, and to instal electric power in its place? I am an interested party, along with others, where the owners of one roller flour mill and a small woollen mill maintain a dam that drowns some five thousand acres of the best land in the county. The owners of these mills hold the dams because of peaceable possession for over twenty years. I claim that a good deal may be said why the law that ruled 40 years ago on this question should not rule now. In the first place, our fathers purchased these lands from the Crown in their naturally dry condition, paid for them, and never received a dollar for the damage the mill-owner did in placing his dam there. In the second place, in those early days the Government gave legal rights for dams on rivers for the purpose of floating the timber over the rapids, but now the timber is a thing of the past, at least in this part of Ontario. The question may naturally be asked, why did we not take measures to have those dams removed before the owners obtained legal possession? My first answer would be—and it is quite obvious—our fathers had land beyond the river farther back to keep them chopping and clearing for a period of perhaps 30 years, and the damage they were sustaining was not so apparent. This land along the river was not looked upon as being valuable, for the reason that they had then so much that was more easily cleared and gave quicker returns. If those dams were removed, these low, rich, alluvial portions of the farm would now be the very best and most productive part thereof. There is still another reason why the unwary farmer allowed his rights to slip out of his hands, and that is, in those early days flouring mills were few and far between, and, no doubt, at that time a flour mill was a convenience in a community, but now the local flour mill is not so important, since our railway system has brought these commodities within the reach of all.

ONTARIO SUBSCRIBER.

[Note.—We think that the Government would not be justified in doing what is proposed; it would, in our opinion, be beyond the proper scope of exercise of Governmental functions.—Editor.]

### Poisoning by Poison Ivy.

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":

In last week's "Farmer's Advocate" A. H. reported the suspected poisoning of the white noses and white feet of some horses pasturing where poison ivy was plentiful. Horses with no white were unaffected. I noticed that a correspondent advised him to apply sweet oil and carbolic acid.

The fact that thin-skinned farm stock, as well as human beings, are subject to poisoning by this common weed, as well as by its close relation, the poison sumach, makes the answer important. What is good for the horses is probably also good for the owners, if similarly affected.

This column would hardly hold all the alleviants and cures that have been seriously proposed for poisoning by poison ivy. In the absence of knowledge of the active poisonous principle which the plant contains, the remedies must be only empirical; the recoveries may be on account of the remedy, or in spite of it. It has been taught by some that the poison is an alkaloid, by others that it is of the nature of an acid. One eminent scientist published a paper in which he argued that the poison is bacterial. The latest theory is that of Dr. Franz Pfoff, who holds that the poison is an oil, to which he has given the name Toxicoderdrol. He extracted the oil, and at the time of reporting his investigations, thirteen months after its extraction, he found that a sample, exposed all that time in an open dish, had not, apparently, lost any of its virulence. On account of the nature of the poison, he would prohibit all remedies containing oil, unless they were used to dissolve the poison and removed immediately, otherwise they spread the poison over the skin. He claims that the poison oil of ivy is very soluble in alcohol, and that it makes a precipitate with acetate of lead (sugar of lead). The treatment he advises is repeated washing with alcoholic solution of acetate of lead. Alcohol alone, if applied copiously enough and not allowed to dry off on the skin, will dissolve and wash away the poison. Strong soapsuds, used in the same way, will be beneficial, if not entirely effective.

This treatment, if Dr. Pfoff's theory be true, will be of little avail after the skin has absorbed the poison and the underlying tissues have become inflamed. Some of the oil remedies that are so often advised might then be useful. Carbolic acid, while not an antidote for the poison,

is supposed to exert a mechanical effect upon the cutaneous blood-vessels that is probably helpful. A five-per-cent. solution of carbolic acid in Carron oil might, on account of the limewater which the latter contains, be better than carbolic acid and sweet oil (Carron oil, a standard remedy for burns, consists of one part limewater and two parts fresh linseed oil). Repeated washings with limewater alone is sometimes prescribed for ivy-poisoning. It is thought by some that the limewater has some curative effect on the nerve-endings, even if it is not antidotal to the poison.

Based on what I have observed and heard, had I to treat myself for this kind of poisoning, I would first make liberal use of alcoholic solution of acetate of lead as a lotion, followed, if convenient, with limewater, and then brush or touch the inflamed parts, if any, with a mixture of equal weights of chloral hydrate, gum camphor and carbolic acid in crystals—not the glycerine solution sold as carbolic acid. The chloral hydrate and camphor should be triturated until they liquefy, and then the dry carbolic acid added. Equal parts of this mixture and sweet or olive oil make an excellent household liniment.

Middlesex Co., Ont.

J. DEARNESS.

### Fall Work Against Insects.

(Press Bulletin from the Ontario Agricultural College, by Prof. C. J. S. Bethune.)

The time of year has now arrived when most of our insect foes have ceased their active work and are withdrawn from observation, and consequently most people come to the conclusion that the season's fight is over and that nothing need at present be done. But this is very far from being the case. There are many destructive insects that can be more easily dealt with now than at any other time of the year.

First and foremost, the pea weevil. The losses from this insect have been very much lessened during the last two seasons in Ontario, but this does not mean that we have got rid of the trouble. The insect is still with us, but being in greatly reduced numbers, can the more easily be dealt with. If there is the least suspicion of the presence of the tiny beetle in the newly-harvested peas, they, and in any case peas intended for seed, should be at once treated with bisulphide of carbon, which will kill every one that is exposed to its fumes. The method is familiar enough: Put the peas in an air-tight cask or bin, and place in an open pan on top of them one ounce of the bisulphide to every 100 pounds of peas (a bushel weighs about 60 pounds), cover up tightly and leave for forty-eight hours; then open up either out of doors or where there is a thorough draft of air; do not allow any fire or light to come near it, as the vapor is very inflammable and explosive. Every weevil or other insect among the peas will be dead, and non-infested seed will be available for next year. The same treatment should be used for the bean weevil, which is a serious pest in some parts of the Province.

In addition to this treatment of the peas themselves, the pea-straw and rubbish should be cleaned up and burnt, and all refuse where threshing has been done should be similarly got rid of. This will destroy any weevils that have already come out and are hiding away for the winter. It will pay to do this whether the insect is known to be present or not.

This brings us to the next important matter, namely, clean farming and gardening. All sorts of insects find their winter quarters in refuse. Many that infest grain take refuge in the stubble, others are sheltered by loose rubbish, others again hide in tufts of grass, among weeds in fence-corners, under bark, wherever, in fact, there is shelter of any kind. Now is the time to turn them out and expose them to the frost and wet. Clean up and burn weeds of every kind; this will destroy many seeds, as well as insects. Leave no heaps of rubbish anywhere. Gather up and add to the manure pile the leaves and stalks of roots, potatoes, etc. Plow up old pastures that are infested with white grubs or the larvae of rose beetles. Scrape the rough bark off the trunks and limbs of fruit trees, but this may be done later on in the winter. By keeping the farm, the orchard and the garden clean, myriads of insects will be prevented from finding on the premises the shelter they need during the winter, and will either perish or go somewhere else for a hiding-place, and thousands more that are in the egg or chrysalis stage will be destroyed. Many, no doubt, will think all this too much trouble, but if they faithfully try it, they will soon find that it pays.

I received the knife all right. I did not expect to get as good a one. I am more than pleased with it, and I am sure I will try to get two or three more new subscribers for your valuable paper before the end of the year. Thanking you very much for your valuable premium.

W. H. BROWN, Ont. JOHN H. DREWERY.

# Through the Midland Country to the Land of Evangeline

The situation of Truro reminds one of Guelph, Ont., an impression further borne out by the presence of the N. S. Agricultural College, whence a delightful prospect is obtained of the town in the valley, just across the winding river that ripples past the farm. Like the O. A. C., this juvenile sister light is set on a hill—an eminence that affords a commanding sweep of fertile farming country around, with low, blue-distant hills defining the horizon all about.

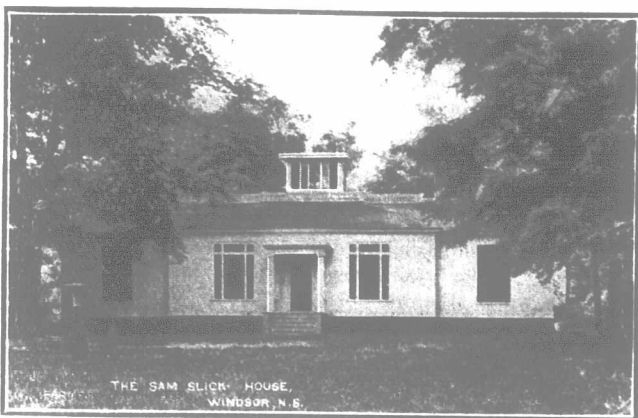
We shall not pause to describe the College. That we reserve for special treatment later on. Suffice, for comment, that we found farm and stock in such thrifty condition as we are accustomed to expect under the efficient management of F. L. Fuller, who had charge of the property for several years while it was being run simply as a Provincial farm. The stables contained some very choice additions to the breeding stud, which did credit to the judgment of Prof. Cumming, who personally selected the animals in the Old Country. The College had a successful year in 1905-1906, and prospects were bright for the reopening this fall, on October 31st.

We compared Truro to Guelph, in point of situation and scenery. The similarity does not hold in other respects. Guelph is hilly; Truro is level. Guelph is a city of limestone; Truro's residences are nearly all frame. In fact, this latter feature is characteristic of the Maritime Provinces, both rural and urban, for lumber is cheaper than in "The West." As a rule, east of Montreal, only business blocks and important public buildings are of masonry. Out in the country you often find houses with sides shingled as well as the roof. It makes a warm wall, but looks odd to a stranger's eyes. But if the houses are frame, their owners do not forget a coat of paint. Any who cannot afford paint use whitewash. The prevailing color of the houses is white, and a shabby, weather-worn, unpainted one is rare.

Truro's population is in the neighborhood of 6,000. The center of one of the best farming districts in the Province, it is also one of the prettiest of towns, and the girls are as pretty as the town. It is the seat of the Provincial Normal School, but its widest fame seems likely to depend upon the N. S. Agricultural College, which the citizens of the town seem to regard with becoming respect. Agricultural students here require no Macdonald Institute to add gaiety to college life.

At Truro the Intercolonial was left for a detour into Western Nova Scotia. Here the reader had better consult a good map, for the geography of this region is very perplexing. It is hard to realize that the Bay of Fundy is projected eastward into the lap of Nova Scotia, and that the shore of the Bay nearest to the Atlantic follows the parallel rather than the meridian. Yet such is the case, and Wolfville, seventy-six miles away (by railroad), in the heart of the orchard country, is not over ten or fifteen miles south of Truro. It is reached from the latter town by way of the Midland Division of the Dominion Atlantic Railway to Windsor, thence by the main line westward along the southern shore of Minas Basin.

The Midland Railway was built some few years ago by an independent company, and since sold to the D. A. R. It traverses a 58-mile stretch of country, which, until its advent, had no railroad facilities short of the two termini, Truro and Windsor. A trip over it rouses one's philosophy. Here may be seen in aggravated degree the effect on a neighborhood of the lack of facilities which other communities enjoy. Some of this country is quite fertile, and great orchard areas will be developed, but at present it is decidedly backward. Two years ago, on this road, a country lass pointed out to the writer an old lady, who lived midway along the line, and hard by the Kennetcook station at that, yet here she was taking her first car ride; it was the first time she had ever been as far from home as Truro! Strange to say, she was well dressed, and evidently a woman of some refinement. But then these are characteristics of the Bluesoes in general. Without casting aspersion upon any other Province, the writer is bound to admit that for intellectuality and culture the Nova Scotian stands almost in a class by himself. The crudest home in the most backward district shows signs of it. Whatever the farm and barns may be, and how-



Sam Slick's House, Windsor, N. S.

ever humble the dwellings, there will be hallmarks of refinement in the home, ascribable to the touch of mother and daughters.

But a country cannot prosper by culture alone. On this continent of great areas, and in this age of abounding opportunities, no community can afford not to progress. Failing, its young men and women, the very choicest of its lifeblood, will commence, sooner or later, to leave. They cannot be kept in ignorance of lands abroad, nor can they be kept at home without hope of a substantial chance of bettering their condition. The law of progress, implanted in all our natures, impels them to the scene of the wider opportunities and the fuller life. It has been so in Nova Scotia.

Her industries used to be fishing, mining, lumbering and wooden shipbuilding, with a little agriculture on the side. Fishing is not an occupation that tends to progressive improvement of individual conditions, nor is it an expanding industry, though it brings in an annual income of \$8,000,000. Lumbering cannot, in the nature of the case, be a growing business, although it will continue to rank important because the price of lumber is rising, and, fortunately, there are large areas of forest in southern Nova Scotia that reproduce fast enough to be cut every thirty years.

But lumbering has had a bad effect on agriculture, because too many farmers dabbled in it, preferring its ready dollar to the slower return resulting from improvement of the homestead. Sole reliance is the stern condition that, more than anything else, makes for improvement of agriculture. The Nova Scotia farmers did not get down to earnest study of their business, because they didn't have to, and, besides, the light soil prevailing (except in the marsh areas), held out scant encouragement. Worse than all was the lack of good agricultural periodicals and the distance from good agricultural regions from which they might learn. They never got well grounded in agriculture.



Cape Blomidon.

The Province is rich in mineral resources, but for many years their exploitation proceeded indifferently. Markets were precarious and capital timorous. As for shipbuilding, that was knocked in the head by introduction of steel in vessel construction, and those who had been depending on it found their occupation was gone. Like fish out of water, they gave up the ghost and settled down to live on the interest of their money. Halifax, Yarmouth and other places are full of such men and their descendants, most of whom are still comfortably well off. In fact, the Province is not only rich in resources, but in actual cash. But the cash has been held in a death-grip, and is only recently beginning to loosen up. The Province remained prac-

tically at a standstill for lack of confident enterprise by those who might have set the wheels of industry moving.

Where a country, a Province or a community lags, the individual is fettered. No one drop of blood can start much of a circulation, but where a volume is coursing through the arteries of commerce, each drop can play its part. In Nova Scotia there was general business pessimism, hence any courageous ones who may have essayed to wake things up, found their enterprise clogged by inactivity of the rest. So the eddies subsided and chronic stagnation ensued. Nothing was doing, no alluring future was held out to the young. What could they do but leave? They did leave in a despairing stream, until the country was bled almost white. The finest of bone and brawn, the greatest of intellects found their way to the New England cities and beyond, while home industry languished, and agriculture, which should have been their stay, was all but neglected. Boston was handy, and Boston held out inducements of wages and bustling life to the muscle and brains of the Maritime Provinces. Similar exodus took place from Ontario to the Central and Western States, but it was never quite so exhausting, and was checked ten years ago, while down here the outpouring has been only recently stemmed. Indeed, there is still an outward movement, but it is being diverted to the Canadian West, and is not so much deplored. For at last Nova Scotians have come to regard themselves as Canadians, and to feel a pride in the general development of our magnificent Dominion. This vitalizing patriotism, this broadening outlook, is one of the less conspicuous but potent influences helping to gird their loins, quicken their pulse and arouse them to an appreciative sense of their splendid Province as an integral part thereof. Results are already evident. Capital awakes from its lethargic slumber, investors look about, things are commencing to move, and the Maritime Provinces are plainly entering upon a belated era of development.

It is a wonderful country when you size it up, Nova Scotia especially. Immense deposits of iron and coal, to say nothing of all sorts of other minerals, in many cases almost contiguous, and all easily assembled by water carriage about its indented peninsular coast; great forests of timber, that grows as it can grow in a moist coast country; every facility requisite to extensive manufacturing for world markets, which are cheaply accessible by water routes from its numerous harbors; the most wonderful apple district in America; an unexcelled country for sheep husbandry; good climate and pastures for dairying; a sufficiency of soil, when more thrifly utilized, to provide the agricultural needs of several times its present population; and, best of all, a healthful, tonic, briny air, that fills the lungs and has helped to nurture a race of people renowned over a continent. With all this catalogue of advantages, what can prevent Nova Scotia from becoming a great and prosperous Province? What it has lacked was united courage and push—the pull-all-together-my-hearties kind of spirit—and it is being aroused.

As lucrative opportunities multiply, and the pick of the people remain at home, while other bright brains are attracted by one special line or another, the chronic process of adverse selection will cease. If Nova Scotia, handicapped as she has been by perpetual drain of her best blood, has continued to rear and send forth such splendid specimens of manhood and womanhood, what will she not do when she has a chance to breed from the best, and then develop the progeny, as it can be developed only in a flourishing country of abounding individual opportunities. Why have many young Canadians developed so remarkably in a few years in the United States? They were good to begin with, and then breadth of opportunities educated their faculties and developed their powers. There are three natural essentials in rearing a great race of men: (1) Good foundation stock; (2) selection of the best, and (3) conditions that will develop the progeny into its potential excellence. Nova Scotia, and, indeed, all Canada, have lacked in part the latter two factors, but they are now about to be supplied. Nova Scotia is well named; her people will in future, even more than now, be counted the salt of the New World, as old Scotia's are of Europe.

It will take time, however, and just now it must be

admitted that the specimens of young men seen on the Midland express of an afternoon, are not the choicest product of the genus homo. They are—principally a few loutish fellows, lacking the snap to spruce up and make something of themselves. Likely as not, they have been working about in the lumber woods, for farming they have not learned to regard except as something to avoid. Probably there are protruding from their pockets bottles of "Scotch," which they delight to display here where it is contraband. The railroad is yet new to them, and they are prone to that maudlin exhibition by which the unsophisticated endeavor to express contemptuous familiarity. But all this will change, and this territory, through the smiling valleys of the historic Shubenacadie (pronounced Shu-ben-a-kadie, accent on the third syllable), Five Mile, Kennetcook and St. Croix rivers, once the scene of bloody Indian warfare, when the Micmacs were allied with the French against the British, in the long fight for possession of Acadia, will some day boast as fine and up-to-date farming communities as one could wish to see. Orchard- ing should be successful here, as it has been in the Cornwallis and Annapolis Valleys farther west. In the great work of transformation the agricultural press and the N. S. Agricultural College have an indispensable part to play. It will take a generation or so, but such seed as can be sown will grow and reproduce, till the arable land is given over to fields, orchards and smiling homes.

Two and a quarter hours' musing brought us to Windsor, where one gets his first good taste of the peculiar entrancing beauty of Western Nova Scotia, the Land of Evangeline. Like all the rest of this wonderful country, Windsor is redolent of historical and literary associations, but here, as elsewhere, the local attractiveness and exquisite scenery focus the gaze. It is a town of several thousand people, at the junction of the St. Croix River with the estuary of the Avon, and is of growing importance as a shipping, mercantile and industrial center. Here Port Edward, and the curious old blockhouse, dating back about 160 years, remind the student of history that the early Indian and French trail from the Acadian settlements to Halifax ran through Piziquid, where Windsor now stands. The name Piziquid was descriptive, signifying to the Indian mind "the junction of two rivers." Two other interesting landmarks of the place are King's College, the oldest college in Canada, founded in 1797, and the home of the famous Nova-Scotian humorist, Sam Slick (Judge Haliburton).

Just back of the railway depot is a steep hill, which rewards the scaling by a fine view over the town, and another out north, along the estuary of the Avon, up which the muddy resistless tide sweeps twice a day, and twice a day sullenly slinks out to sea.

But the Flying Bluenose from Halifax soon pulls in, and we speed on westward to the heart of Evangeline's Land, skirting the shore of the widening channel past Falmouth, Hantsport and Avonport, till we come to Horton Landing, supposed to mark the eastern end of the historic old French village of Grand Pre. The Grand Pre station of the D. A. R., about a mile west, is supposed to locate the western limit of the fated village. Here, truly, is romantic ground, and surely Eden could not have been more fair. Off to the right and backward lie the broad Grand Pre diked meadows, which—but the poet has pictured it beyond the power of prose:

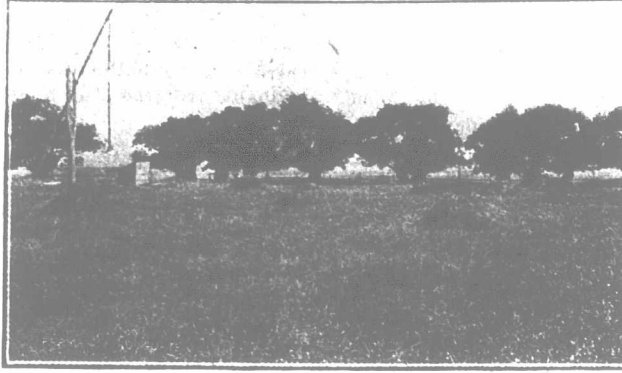
In the Acadian land, on the shores of the Basin of Minas,  
Distant, secluded, still, the little village of Grand Pre Lay in the fruitful valley. Vast meadows stretched to the eastward,  
Giving the village its name, and pasture to flocks without number.  
Dikes, that the hands of the farmers had raised with labor incessant,  
Shut out the turbulent tides; but at stated seasons the floodgates  
Opened, and welcomed the sea to wander at will o'er the meadows.  
West and south there were fields of flax, and orchards and cornfields  
Spreading afar and unfenced o'er the plain, and away to the northward  
Blomidon rose, and the forests old, and aloft on the mountains  
Seafogs pitched their tents, and mists from the mighty Atlantic  
Looked on the happy valley, but ne'er from their station descended.  
There, in the midst of its farms, reposed the Acadian village.

Thousands of cattle still graze in autumn on the rich salt-flavored aftermath of the marshes, but the flocks are now easily numbered. The Grand Pre diked lands comprise 5,000 acres—level as a prairie. The railway hugs the edge of the upland, giving a full view of the lush meadows, with the sheen of Minas Basin beyond, and across it the bastion-like North Mountain, jutting out eastward into the Basin, and abruptly terminating in the half-bald precipice of grim Cape Blomidon, renowned in verse, history and romance. All through this section Blomidon will be your landmark. It is almost due north of Grand Pre, and, being some twenty miles away, you must travel quite a distance

east or west before you can put the obtrusive cape any direction but under the polar star.

Hard by the track, on the right side, is an old French well and a clump of gnarled willows, which credulous American tourists readily accept as the site of the ancient home of the mythical Maid Evangeline. Longfellow did a great stroke of business for this country and the railroad that serves it, when he advertised with his pen these historic scenes. Thousands upon thousands of American tourists flock here every summer, and whatever they find to reward them in the way of old landmarks, the surpassing fragrance and loveliness of the whole region is worth crossing continents to see. Would that more Western Canadians might deem it worth the while.

We pause for a passenger at Grand Pre, and three miles more brings us to Wolfville, on the Cornwallis, and here we enter the real crescendo of Maritime scenery.



Old Well and Willows at Grand Pre.

## THE DAIRY.

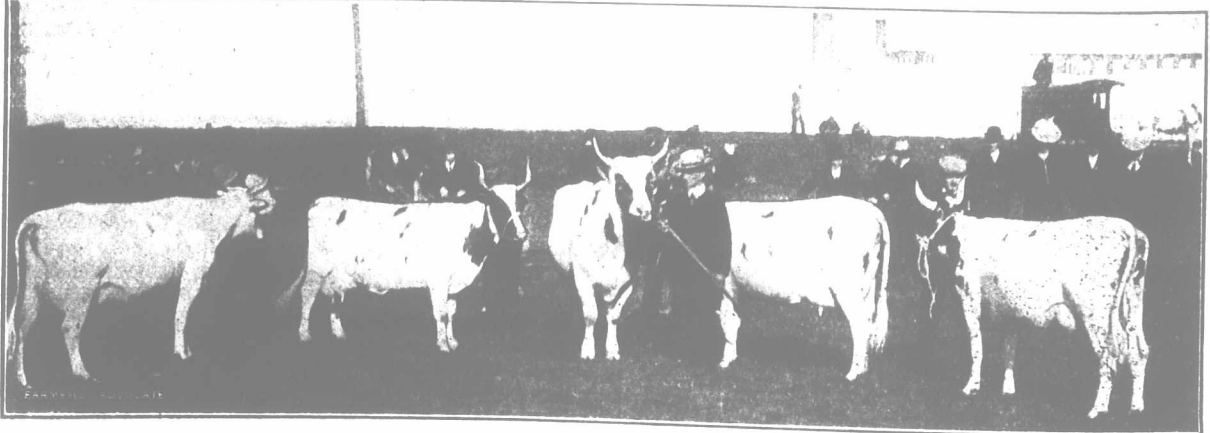
### Dairying in British Columbia.

Perhaps in no better way and in no shorter time can one form an idea of the quality of butter made in a country than by testing it at the local fairs and exhibitions, especially if the prize-list be such as to call out a good many entries.

I have had the opportunity of judging at a number of the fairs in this Province, and the uniformly good quality of the butter was a little surprise to me. The flavor was particularly clean and sweet, both in the dairy and creamery lots. I have noticed a tendency toward a lack of body or standing-up quality—a fault due, they say, to wet-weather grass.

There is a wholesome rivalry among the different creameries as to who shall carry off the honors, and the whole district shares in the glory, for a creamery is usually situated in a valley surrounded by mountains, and this seclusion gives it a distinction it otherwise would not have. A handsome range, donated by a local hardware merchant, and similar large prizes for dairy butter, acted as a stimulus for a good display from far and near at the New Westminster Exhibition. So often one finds good flavor entirely hidden by excessive salting. I think the large English population of British Columbia may take the credit for having created a market for lightly-salted butter. Seldom does one come across butter spoiled by too much salt.

It is an omen of prosperity to see so many creameries being established all over the Province, and also a pleasure to find many of them being operated by dairy students of the Ontario Agricultural College. When farmers settle down to keep cows and patronize a creamery, the future success of the locality may be assured. It shows they are not afraid of steady, toiling work; that they intend to improve their land, and that they appreciate the good local market for all dairy products. The price of butter ranges from 30c.



First-prize Aged Ayrshire Herd, Dominion Exhibition, Halifax, 1906.

Owned by R. R. Ness, Howick, Que.

to 40c. Best creamery is selling now for 40c. in Victoria, and 35c. in Vancouver. Milk in these towns sells for 10c. per quart. Surely, at these prices, even with high-priced feeding stuffs, money can be made in the dairy business, especially if coupled with its kindred industries—the keeping of pigs and chickens—eggs being now 50c. per dozen.

Cleared land is dear, making grazing expensive, but clover grows most luxuriantly and roots do well. It is possible to take two crops of potatoes from the same land in one season. I am glad to see that in some localities corn is grown and the silo is being introduced. I have heard many say corn would not do well on account of the cold nights, but if I were dairying here, I would try hard to get corn to succeed.

If the cattle at the shows were any guide to the breed most in favor, one would say that the Jersey takes first place. Many fine cows of this breed were exhibited, and I think that, for this Province, with its mild climate, they should prove economical and profitable producers of milk.

In quite remote and small settlements one will find a creamery established and doing good work. In all sections the opportunities for dairying are being appreciated, for conditions are about ideal, with no great extremes of heat or cold, and in most parts plenty of moisture; a very productive soil when properly tilled; an abundance of pure water; good roads, and one of the best home markets. In a valley I recently visited, in the Comox district, farmers are there keeping from thirty to fifty milking cows, and are prospering in the business.

But in the West is heard the same cry as in the East—labor is scarce and dear, and it is so hard to get men to properly look after cows, and especially to milk them. There is a great fever among the young men to leave the farm for the logging camp, where the wages are most enticing. These young men forget they are giving up all home comforts, and likely are breaking down their constitutions by exposure. In years to come they would be wealthier men by sticking to the farm.

Practically all the creameries only receive the cream, and in many cases each farmer takes his own cream to the creamery. Whether it be that the farmers of British Columbia are better educated in the proper care of cream, or that climatic conditions are so much in their favor, certainly there is not heard here the constant complaint against them for bringing in bad cream. I realize I am paying quite a high tribute to British Columbia, but, nevertheless, a true one, when I say that, in all my travels over the Dominion, I have never been in any Province where I got butter of such a uniformly good flavor as in this Western Province, whether taken from hotel tables or in private homes. This may be accounted for by the fact that it is largely creamery manufactured, and I think just here is the great solution of the raising of the standard of our dairy products. Thorough co-operation, which implies earnest effort and straightforward dealings on the part of everyone concerned, would make the rapid growth of the dairy industry phenomenal in this Province, where all conditions favor the keeping of the dairy cow.

LAURA ROSE.  
Victoria, B. C.

### The Profitable Dairy Cow.

That there is a good profit in dairying, the general thrift of dairymen bears witness, but that dairying can be made much more profitable by keeping better cows, is well illustrated in a recent event which occurred, and which gives us reliable data to show the profit in real good cows under average conditions.

Recently, Mr. Francis Stauffer, Washington P. O., Ont., had a sale, rendered necessary owing to his being in poor health. He, like a good many others in the dairy business, saw the neces-

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sity for a better class of cows, and for some years had been quietly improving his herd. Seven years ago he purchased a pure-bred Holstein heifer, 2 years old, with calf. He retained all the heifers from this cow and her daughters in the herd, and, at the time of the sale, the cow and the stock from her on hand realized \$1,326—a good showing in itself, but to this must be added the number of bulls that had been sold during the seven years, which is equivalent to \$300. If this was all that had been produced it would have been a very good showing, but, at the same time, the cow was producing a lot of milk yearly. At four years old she made an official test of 505 pounds milk in seven days. The milk was taken to a cheese factory (what was not used for feeding calves or for household purposes), and, during the last three years, the cows averaged him in returns from the factory \$70 each, so that we may take this \$70 as an average return from each cow, hence we have, besides the stock produced from the cow and reared from the surplus milk, the cow producing \$70 worth of milk yearly for seven years; a daughter producing \$70 worth for three years; another daughter producing \$70 worth of milk for four years, and also some of the others producing from one to three years, so that a very conservative estimate is that the cow and her heifers that had been milked had produced over \$1,500 worth of milk. We might further say that, allowing \$35 for the keep of a cow yearly, about half of this \$1,500 is profit. The increase of the herd, \$1,320 worth, sold at this sale, and the \$300 worth of bulls sold, is also profit, as we did not, in reckoning the milk produced by the cows, consider the milk fed to the calves the first year, and, as everybody well knows, that would be the largest cost charged for rearing them. While really good grade cows would make large profit, it is easily seen that a pure-bred cow makes a still larger profit, as the stock from her is so much more valuable. GEO. RICE.

#### Avoid Dilatory Stripping.

"Strip out the last drop," is a bit of orthodox advice on which every dairy writer and speaker has rung the changes, with that fine ardor peculiar to the man inspired by his own eloquence and unballasted by daily practical work.

The importance of careful milking can hardly be too well emphasized, and the effect of clean milking in maintaining a good flow is conceded. But there is a worse kind of milker than him who leaves a few drops of strippings—the one that sits loiteringly stripping when he should be up and away. Cows should be milked gently, but fast. Slow milking is distasteful to them, and some soon fall into the way of holding up part of their flow. Many a good cow has been reduced in value by a dawdling milker. The proper way to milk is to take quickly all that can be got, then quit. Dilatoriness is "catching"; it is communicated from milker to cow, resulting in an annoying tendency on her part to hold up her milk, and in gradually lessening yield.

In this connection, the experience of Primrose McConnell may fit the case. According to the London Dairy, about a year ago he stated his belief that stripping was absolutely necessary; he now begs to take it all back, as, since then he has tried his cows the other way, with the most satisfactory results. They are now milked out at one sitting, and if a small quantity be left in the udder, the professor argues, it does the cow no harm, but helps to swell the total yield at next milking time. If there is any possible gain, then, in stripping, he contends that it is discounted by the harm done to the cow by the stripper in starting her nervous force once more.

Of course, what Prof. McConnell means by stripping is going back to the cow and stripping her out at a second sitting. This we do not believe in at all, and are not surprised that he has discontinued it. Perhaps he now makes too light of the injury from leaving a little milk in the udder. In our opinion, every reasonable pains should be taken to milk the cow clean, but there is a difference between rapid, careful milking and tedious pulling at the teats.

Along with the cessation of stripping, another practice has been abandoned, viz., the changing round of the gang of milkers so that each cow is milked by each milker in rotation; every man now sticks to his own lot of cows, and as one cow drops out and another comes in, the lots are kept as equal as possible. As far as the professor can see, the results to the cows, to the milkers, and to the milk yield are eminently satisfactory, and he, for one, will not go back to the old system. There is, of course, nothing new in this, for dairy farmers have practiced it for a long time, and it is worth the while for others to do likewise.

H. B. Gurler, Illinois, commenting on the above, says: "I believe it is best to complete the milking at the first sitting. Nature's first effort is almost always the best, and when conditions require a repetition, after-efforts are not as vigorous as the first. Has not Professor Mc-

Connell good ground for his change of belief and practice as to stripping? We do not tolerate in our herds the practice of returning to the cow to strip out the little milk that may accumulate after the first sitting. To do so is to invite carelessness on the part of the milker and to encourage the formation of a bad habit by the cow."

#### London Dairy Show.

This show was brought to a successful termination on October 12th, when the results in the milking trials and butter tests were disclosed. In the former competition the results were not outstanding, but a greater number of cows qualified for cards than usual. Quite a number, however, dropped points on account of their milk not coming up to the standard, and many more only just escaped this handicap. Mr. Geo. Taylor's registered Shorthorn cow, Barrington Duchess XXXI., was again at the top with the splendid record of 126.7 points, her average daily yield of milk weighing 61 pounds 2 ounces, and containing over 3.5 per cent. butter-fat. Her herd companion, Melody, which won the Spencer Cup last year, was



Unaware.

First-prize Jersey cow, inspection classes, London Dairy Show, 1906.



Barrington Duchess 31st.

First-prize Shorthorn cow, inspection classes, London Dairy Show, 1906.

second, with 123.3 points. The winner of the Barham Cup was Mr. G. B. Nelson's unregistered Shorthorn, Red Rose, with the handsome record of 138.0 points, her milk being of exceptional quality, though not much heavier than that of the pedigreed cow. The Jerseys did not distinguish themselves in this contest, as only three scored the qualifying number of points, namely, 95. The winner, from Earl Cadogan, had a record of 97.9 points. Only one Red Poll cow qualified, one of the Tring Park exhibits, and her total was 115.7 points. Mr. W. Nisbet's first-prize Ayrshire was credited with 104.1 points; and a South Devon, belonging to Mr. J. Cundy, scored no fewer than 133.1 points, and won one of the Lord Mayor cups, and was reserve for the Barham Cup. The winner in the mixed class was Mr. Dunbar Kelly's Muriel II., with 129.1 points. This cow was a good second in the butter test, and secured the Spencer Cup as the best all-round cow in the show, the reserve going to Mr. Nelson's Red Rose. There was but one class for all the Shorthorns in the butter test. Mr. Nelson's Red Rose was first, with Mr. Stanhope's Dairymaid second. Dr. Watney was first and sec-

ond for the Jerseys, and in the mixed class Captain Smith-Neill was again first with the famous cow Doctor, now twenty-three years old. Having yielded 43 pounds of milk and 2 pounds 5 ounces of butter in the day, she scored 49 points, the highest total of any animal in the hall.

#### GARDEN ORCHARD.

##### Canadian Fruit in Britain.

According to Lord Strathcona, our High Commissioner in London, the past season was a fairly good one for our apples in England, and good prices were realized. The Canadian supply was said to be well graded, and he had heard no complaints as to quality. There has been a good demand for what are known as the "color" varieties, and, owing to the high reputation that is being established here for Canadian apples, there has been a sensible difference in the price obtained per barrel, as compared with fruit from other quarters.

An important firm in the fruit trade makes

the suggestion that apples from Canada should be graded according to size. Under present circumstances, No. 1 fruit is supposed to be of the best quality; but two seasons ago, when the fruit in general was so small, this brand represented only small apples at best. They, therefore, think the Government, in order to remedy this, should fix a standard of so many inches in circumference, so that in a season like the last there would be few or no parcels marked No. 1, and customers would know exactly the size of the fruit according to the brand. Another point, says the Commissioner, that is insisted upon by importers has reference to the sizes and weights of barrels and other packages. Some barrels have been found varying in weight from the standard recognized by most importers, and upon which they calculated when buying. If smaller barrels are received, there may be a loss per barrel, which the dealer resents. If boxes are used instead of barrels, there should again be greater uniformity in size.

[Note.—The Canadian horticulturists know full well the difficulty of fixing absolute size standards for apples, owing to the immense number of varieties and other embarrassing factors. However, it is well that we should realize the great desirability, from the purchaser's standpoint, of dependability in this respect. Hence, the above remarks are not amiss. —Editor.]

##### PRESERVED FRUITS.

Comparing the shipments of similar products in glass with those received from the United States, an importer writes as follows:

"We find that the American packed goods are always of the very highest class, and are packed with great care and attention in shapely jars, with small labels, which helps very much the sale of the goods. Those we have had from Canada of a similar nature have been, as a rule, poorly packed and in ugly packages. Could we get goods from Canada equal in all points to what we import from the States, not only would we give them the preference, but also our customers. The goods themselves, we think, are quite as good, but it is the manner of doing up the packages, cases, etc., which militates largely against the Canadian goods."

I beg to acknowledge the razor sent me as a premium for getting subscribers to your paper. I am well pleased with it, and only am surprised at so good a premium for so little labor.  
Middlesex Co., Ont. ROY McKENZIE.

### Heading Back Plum Trees.

Would you advise trimming plum trees in the fall; that is, cutting back this year's growth on the three-year-old trees? I want to spray the trees this fall, and it would be easier to spray if the trees were pruned.

J. J. W.

I would not advise severe pruning of trees in the fall of the year. The practice of heading back the new wood of plum trees is carried on to a great extent in some of the large plum orchards in New York State, and to a less extent in orchards in this country. The safest time to do pruning is in the spring, after severe frosts are over and before growth commences. This heading back is most desirable upon those varieties having a very strong upright growth, such as Abundance, Pond Seedling, etc., and it is sometimes desirable upon those which have a very sprawling habit of growth, such as Burbank. In all this heading back, however, it is well to keep in mind the natural habit of the tree, and those which have a very upright habit of growth, cut back to buds pointing outward, so as to spread the growth as much as possible; while those which have a sprawling habit should have the lower limbs cut back to the buds on the upper side, to cause new growth to grow in a more upright direction. It would be better, if spraying is necessary, to do it upon the unpruned trees, then head back as may be thought desirable in the spring.

O. A. C., Guelph.

H. L. HUTT.

### How to Improve the Apple Trade.

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":

Your article (Oct. 11th issue) on the Ontario apple trade has several excellent features. I am pleased to note that you place co-operation as the largest element in rescuing the apple trade from the difficulties that now beset it. In fact, co-operation would settle the main difficulties. Transportation would be very quickly arranged if we had to deal only with co-operative associations. The Fruit Marks Act would require comparatively few inspectors if the trade were in the hands of the co-operative associations. Even the cold-storage system will be of comparatively little value, unless we can secure something like co-operation in the use of it. The markets question, too, would be simplified. Even at the present time the business of marketing is being revolutionized. Direct buyers are here now to buy the output of the co-operative associations, and I have not the slightest doubt but nearly all the difficulties of marketing would disappear if there was proper organization among the apple-growers. You very properly point out that it is not the primary function of cold-storage warehouses to carry a crop unnecessarily. The most urgent need for cold-storage warehouses is for the purpose of cooling the early fruit before it begins its long journey to Great Britain or the Northwest, but certainly it would be a mistake to attempt to hold it for a later market.

A. McNEILL, Chief Fruit Division.

Ottawa.

## POULTRY.

### Selling Cockerels.

There is not much encouragement to keep cockerels for selling as breeders. There are so few people willing to pay the price one should have, considering the care and feed, along with the outlay necessitated in procuring good blood. A great many farmers think one dollar a very high price to be taxed for a good male bird, and they generally want to wait till spring to buy, at that. Such a price is not sufficient to remunerate the breeder. It would pay far better to chop off their heads at four months, get 40c. or 50c. each, and have done with them. Forty hens can be wintered in the same-sized pen as twenty cockerels, and they should lay \$2.60 worth of eggs each before spring; so what is the sense of trying to keep the cockerels and offering them at the sum of one dollar each.

Besides, a cockerel of right breeding is worth many times the sum mentioned, while one equally good-looking, or perhaps better, but wrongly bred, would be unprofitable to the receiver, even as a present. Take, for instance, a cockerel from a 200-egg hen, or better, and his pullets should lay one dozen eggs each more than pullets from the same hens mated with a male of poor-laying strain. If 50 pullets are raised, that would mean 50 dozens eggs extra the first year, to say nothing of the improvement of the stock for profits of future years. Let any one consider these items, and then a better idea can be formed of the real value of a good male bird.

From experience, I know that the male bird has a wonderful influence upon the offspring. Not only in the color is this seen, but also in the size and number of the eggs laid; and the disposition of his female ancestors is transmitted to his pullets also.

Parties wishing to increase the income from

their fowls, should see to it early in the season and secure the new blood that will fill the bill for them. And the breeder is worthy of a decent price as a reward for his labor and cash expenditures which he has been called upon to make striving to develop the desired qualities in his strain.

J. R. H.

### Remedy for Gapes.

The British Board of Agriculture have been informed that the following remedy has proved very effective in cases of gapes in poultry. A brick is placed on the fire until nearly red-hot. It is then taken out, put at the bottom of a large-sized pail, and a small quantity of ordinary carbolic oil poured on it. The chickens which require treatment should be previously placed in an old basket, which is placed on the mouth of the pail, but not touching the brick. The fumes from the oil rise and pass through the interstices of the basket, and are kept from escaping too fast by a cloth which is thrown over the basket. The chicks are kept here until nearly suffocated, and then immediately placed in the open air.

It will be seen that this remedy is a variation of the treatments with camphor, tobacco smoke, etc., all of which are intended to cause violent coughing for the purpose of ejecting the worms located in the trachea.

It is stated that the birds are unwell for a day or two, but that the treatment is so effective that only in a few cases has it to be repeated. The cost is trifling.

It will be understood, however, that it is only a local treatment for each individual case, and cannot be expected to eradicate the disease from the run, which should be attempted by a purification of the ground, either with gas-lime or by watering with a 1-per-cent. solution of sulphuric acid. Fresh ground should be used if possible, and strict attention should be paid to cleanliness.

### Modern Poultry Houses.

The modern idea in poultry-house construction is cheapness, secured by a single ply of batted siding, with a layer of building or tar paper on the north to protect the fowls during roosting; half the front (south) of the house open, but provided with hinged canvas fronts that may be dropped on cold nights; loft filled a foot or two deep with straw, to act as an insulator and to absorb dampness.

The straw-loft idea has been advanced for some years by certain poultrymen, but the first good example we saw of it was down at the Ontario Agricultural College, where Prof. Graham had a house in which a straw loft had been tried for three years, without even changing the straw. Our first thought was about vermin, but a poke with a stick into the straw overhead brought down a cloud of dust which answered the questioning. Prof. Graham assured us he had experienced no difficulty from lice here in the three years.

The hothouse system of keeping poultry is getting out-of-date. So are the old, elaborate systems of ventilation. The air is now kept pure by substituting a canvas front for a glass front, and not only is ventilation better, but the temperature is fully as high. The explanation is that through a glass window heat is lost by conduction, without any compensating advantage in admission of fresh air. With the canvas front, probably less heat is lost by conduction than through the glass window, and what heat is lost through the curtains by diffusion is compensated by the resulting purification of the atmosphere.

In poultry houses, as in some other things, we are getting back to the principles of simplicity.

### Weight of Eggs.

Egg production should be the essential feature of poultry-growing. About two ounces seem to govern the average size of eggs. Under this size they should sell for lower prices in the market. A case of thirty dozen eggs which weighs over sixty-five pounds is quickly claimed on the New York market. This allows full five pounds for the case, and over two pounds to the dozen of eggs. Seldom are such cases offered for sale. When they are, they bring a premium. No truer statement is made than that good-laying hens are born, not made. No matter how good she may be born, however, if not properly cared for and fed, she will not live up to her creation. Three demands are made positively for the best egg production—bred, fed and housed. If either one be absent, the chain is destroyed. Undoubtedly, the inheritance of the laying quality is the most valuable, for without it the best care and feeding of that hen would not bring equal results in egg-production as would the same attention given to one well born. For this reason, breeding must be placed first on all occasions.—[The Feather.

### Rules for Building Poultry Houses.

The following general rules for building poultry houses are given in a recent bulletin by Prof. W. R. Graham, of the Ontario Agricultural College:

Every hen should be allowed at least 6 square feet of floor-space. Each bird of the Plymouth-Rock, Wyandotte, and such breeds, requires about 9 inches of perch room; Leghorns, etc., about 8 inches; and Brahmas, 10 inches.

Roosts should be made low, or near the ground. There are several reasons for this. Fowls of the heavier breed cannot fly high, and those of the lighter breeds frequently injure the soles of their feet in jumping from high perches.

When dropping-boards are used, they should be moderately low down, to admit of easy cleaning. Dropping-boards should be made of matched lumber, and should be 20 inches wide for one roost, and 3 feet for two perches, the first being placed 8 to 10 inches from the wall.

Most poultrymen prefer roosts 2 inches by 2 inches, with edges slightly rounded.

Nests.—Many use only old boxes; but such nests, if near the ground, are apt to induce egg-eating. Dark nests prevent this.

Nests are usually made from 12 to 15 inches square.

Ground floors are more in favor than board floors, and cost much less.

In my own experience, the best results are obtained from keeping 20 to 25 birds in a flock. Some succeed with 60 to 75 in a flock; but these are the minority.

### Fattening Work.

The Alberta representative of "The Farmer's Advocate" was recently looking over the work at the poultry-fattening station at Wetaskiwin. Somewhere between seven and eight hundred birds were daily feasting on oatmeal and buttermilk, and changing these compounds into high-grade, white-colored chicken, worth twenty cents a pound. Good, well-bred birds thrive mightily on this feed; common stock do not do so well; mongrels are the worry of the feeder and the source of trouble to the poultry commissioner and the farmer.

When killing day comes, the operator takes the bird from the crate, hangs it head downwards, inserts a small knife through the mouth and upward to the brain, then the pluckers seize it, and presto! In a very few minutes it is dressed chicken. The market demand is very heavy. The entire product of the stations could be swallowed up in a few B. C. towns. Offers of twenty-five cents a pound have been received from outside the Province, but it is probable that local demand will take all the supply. What Alberta needs now is breeding stations to develop the different breeds of poultry to the highest standard, and to work out the various problems in connection with the poultry work in the Province.

### Poultry Clips.

Medium-sized roosters are most in demand.

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Satisfactory broilers are rarely made from mongrel stock.

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Inbred stock does not produce good market poultry.

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A poorly-dressed good carcass is worse than a neatly-dressed poor carcass.

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The chicken is no longer a broiler after reaching two pounds in weight.

\*\*\*

Tender and sweet meat is made only by quick growth and clean quarters.

\*\*\*

Never ship carcasses to market in which there is the least suspicion of animal heat.

\*\*\*

Constitution enables the bird to stand the feeding; that is why constitution is so important.

\*\*\*

### Another Worker Pleased with Knife.

I am writing to acknowledge knife as premium. Am delighted with it; think it is a beautiful present, and one I shall always prize. I will do all I can to get new subscribers, and gain more of your valuable premiums. Wishing your paper every success,  
Fallon Co., Ont.

ALBERT WARE.

**APIARY.**

**Bees as Hive-ventilators.**

The following item comes nearer the mark than do most fugitive paragraphs concerning bees:

It is not generally known, but most beekeepers will inform you that such is the case, that each beehive has a corps of what could properly be termed "ventilating bees." During the hot season these ventilators station themselves at the entrance to the hive and fan the interior with the incessant motion of their wings. These ventilating corps are usually in relays of from four to a half-dozen, and they are relieved at short intervals by fresh workers, who keep up the fanning process. They are kept at work by a sort of patrol of bees, which insures incessant activity on the part of the fanners during the time they are at work. This story may sound strange to those who know but little concerning the wonderful intelligence of bees, but it is a scientific fact that has often been authenticated.

It might be said, further, that not only may ventilators be found at the entrance, but also throughout the hive. To "fan the interior" sounds as though the ventilating bees at the entrance were blowing air into the entrance. Instead of that, one can easily tell by holding the back of the hand near the entrance that a stream of air is being forced outward. Instead of only "four to a half-dozen" being seen at the entrance, a much larger number may often be seen.—[American Bee Journal.]

**THE FARM BULLETIN.**

**Permanency of Land Values.**

An observer, interested in the development of Western Canada, asked us bluntly, says "The Farmer's Advocate," Winnipeg, if the rise in land values during the past five years was permanent, and on being answered in the affirmative, asked how permanent and to what extent permanent. This meant an analysis of the whole real-estate situation. Land is valuable only to the extent to which it produces in response to artificial or man-made conditions. In its wild state the standard of the value of land is its potentialities. Wild ranch land is valuable in proportion to the amount of stock it will carry when placed upon it by man, and wheat land is valued in the same manner, substituting wheat for stock. It naturally follows, therefore, that the extent and permanency of the value of lands will depend upon the nature of the artificial conditions and the extent to which they operate upon it. When we classify these conditions and note what are already operating, and what may yet be expected to operate, we are better able to give a reason for our faith in the ultimate increase in value of our farms. These conditions may be enumerated as follows: Improved markets (including transportation facilities), speculators' advertising and investments, a series of good crop years, and the readiness of money to invest in farm lands. These are what might be said to have a temporary effect upon prices, for it is easily conceivable how these all might become non-effective. So far in our development these conditions have had most effect in fixing values, but each year sees the further establishing of conditions that give greater permanency to values, and it is upon these that we build our confidence. These may be enumerated as follows: The increase of population and the diminishing quantity of free land, increased markets, and improving transportation facilities (including country roads), more careful cultural methods, resulting in the maintaining of the fertility of the soil; the addition of valuable work upon the land, such as fencing, building, tree planting, etc. And among those influences that are destined in the near future to operate are the electrical railroad, rural delivery of mails, telephones, and the growth of the cities and towns. The rise in values caused by these influences may be said to be permanent, and in proportion to the extent to which they are responsible for the rise in land values, these values will be permanent.

**Dr. Judson F. Clark's Resignation.**

Dr. Judson F. Clark, Ph. D., has resigned his position as Provincial Forester for Ontario, to undertake the management of a lumbering concern in British Columbia, with headquarters in Vancouver, where he will make his home after Dec. 1st. For some time Dr. Clark has been officially serving in the Department of Agriculture, to which he was transferred from the Department of Lands, Forests and Mines, which has to do with the public forest domain. It was understood last spring that he declined the Chair of Forestry at Yale University in order to be available for the proposed Chair of Forestry in the Provincial University. However, so far as we can learn, the Ontario School of Forestry proposal seems to be still very much "in the air," pending the inception of a policy of utilizing technically-trained forestry experts in the administration of the public forest domain. Dr. Clark is a native of Prince Edward Island, and a graduate of the Ontario Agricultural College, subsequently taking the degree of Ph. D. at Cornell, where he also was lecturer on forestry. He afterwards joined the United States Bureau of Forestry, where he remained until he accepted appointment under the Ontario Government. His resignation will take effect on Nov. 15th.

**Farmers' Institute Conference.**

Mr. Geo. A. Putnam, Supt. of Farmers' Institutes for Ontario, has instituted a new feature for the special equipment of speakers in that work, viz., a conference of Farmers' Institute lecturers and officers, to be held at the Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph, Nov. 20-23. It is also designed to afford men who are to attend Institute meetings as Departmental delegates for the first time, an opportunity to properly prepare themselves, and to start the work with a clear understanding as to the duties before them. Officers and members of Institutes, and farmers generally throughout the Province, are cordially invited. It is expected a large number will take advantage of the course. The greatest benefit will be derived by attendance at all sessions, but those who can remain for only one or two days will be made welcome. The programme allows sufficient time for a discussion, after the addresses, by speakers and officers. All Institute lecturers should come prepared to take part in the discussions of those topics in which they are specially interested. The presiding officers will be: Hon. Nelson Monteith, Minister of Agriculture, Toronto; C. C. James, Deputy-Minister of Agriculture, Toronto; G. C. Creelman, President, Agricultural College, Guelph.

On Tuesday there will be an address of welcome in Massey Hall by President Creelman, and a reply by Geo. A. Putnam. The programme will include visiting Departments of the College, and "Preparation of Material for Institute Lectures and Method of Presenting Same," by Prof. G. E. Day and Prof. J. B. Reynolds; discussion by delegates.

On Wednesday, (1) "The Beef Animal," by Prof. G. E. Day, and Jno. Gardhouse, Highfield, Ont. (2) "The Building up of the Dairy Herd," by Prof. H. H. Dean, and C. F. Whitley, Dominion Department of Agriculture, Ottawa. (3) "The Spraying of Fruit Trees," by Prof. H. L. Hutt, and D. Johnson, Forest, Ont. "Model Judging Class," by H. S. Arkell, O. A. C., and John Campbell, Woodville, Ont. (1) "Heavy and Light Horses," by Dr. J. Hugo Reed, and Dr. J. F. Lavery, Sunderland, Ont. (2) "The Dairy Animal," by Prof. G. E. Day, and R. S. Stevenson, Ancaster, Ont. (3) "Fungous Diseases and Insects Affecting Fruit," by T. D. Jarvis, O. A. C., and J. O. Orr, Fruitland. "Seed Grain: Production and Selection," by J. Buchanan, O. A. C., and J. S. Pearce, London, Ont. "Illustrative Material for Institute Speakers," by Prof. A. M. Soule, Blacksburg, Virginia.

On Thursday, "Co-operation in Agriculture: The Fruit Industry," by Robt. Thompson, St. Catharines, and E. Lick, Oshawa. Farmers' Institute Clubs, Superintendent and Institute Officers. "Co-operation," W. L. Smith, Toronto. "Beautifying Home Grounds, and Farm Forestry," E. J. Zavity, O. A. C., and H. Glendinning, Manilla, Ont. "Noxious Weeds and Weed Seeds," T. G. Raynor, Dominion Department of Agriculture, Ottawa, and W. S. Fraser, Bradford, Ont. "Method of Conducting Discussions at Institute Meetings," T. McMillan, Seaforth, and Maj. Jas. Sheppard, Queenston, Ont.

On Friday, "The Feeding of Live Stock," Prof. G. E. Day, and Dr. H. G. Reed, Georgetown. "Care in Production and Handling of Milk," G. H. Barr, London; G. G. Publow, Kingston, and J. N. Paget, Canboro. "The Utilization of Samples of Grain, Roots, Fruit, etc., Brought to the Regular Meetings," Prof. H. L. Hutt, O. A. C., Guelph; J. Buchanan, and A. E. Sherrington, Walkerton, Ont. "Principles of Cultivation and Rotation," W. H. Day, O. A. C., Guelph, and E. C. Drury, Crown Hill, Ont.

Please notify the Superintendent if you expect to attend the Convention. This is necessary, in order that suitable hotel accommodation may be secured. Be sure to get certificate from railroad agent at the point or points at which you purchase transportation. If 50 or more are in attendance, return fare will be only one-third of regular fare; if less than that number, the regular two-thirds fare will be charged.

**Temiskaming District.**

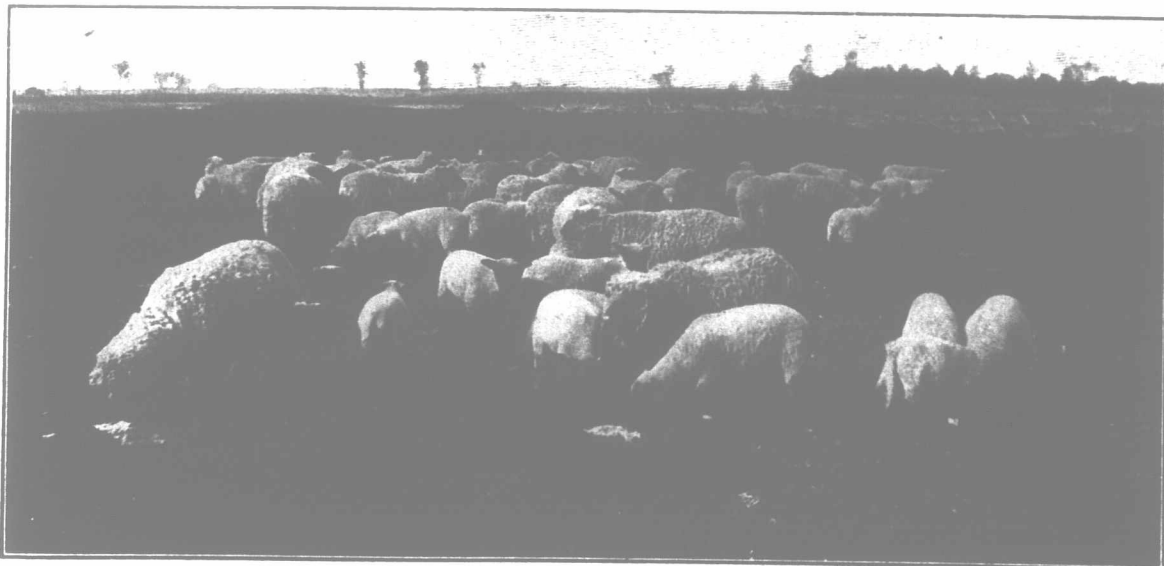
A lovely fall makes a fitting conclusion to a most glorious summer. The dry and sunny weather, with but short intervals, has continued all along, and we are enjoying sun and warmth even yet, although a little more rain is falling than we have been used to. On October 10th, however, we, in common with the rest of the Province, experienced somewhat of a shock. A very sharp frost and a couple of inches of snow came very hard after such hot weather. It did no damage, however, all crops, except turnips, being safely gathered in by most of us. The fall fair this year passed off successfully, so far as finances were concerned, but as an exhibition it was much below the standard of previous years. Several things operated against its success, including the mining craze, and the exceptional dryness of the season. It lacked advertising, too. The live stock was very fair, and the directors were fortunate enough to secure Mr. Thos. Southworth as judge. I hear that a new agricultural society is in process of formation farther north, taking one of the villages as a center. The settlers have several objections to New Liskeard, such as distance, and will therefore support the new organization. However it may be, it is certain that Liskeard must look to its laurels, if it would remain the district headquarters in such matters. As I estimated some time back, the potato crop was poor. No rain came, and the fall was as dry as the summer, and a poor yield is the consequence. Scab seems to be pretty common, and size is somewhat lacking; otherwise, quality is little complained of. There is less rot than anticipated. There were several lamentable failures on wet, spring-plowed land, the seed potatoes being plowed in. Result: Less dug than were planted.

With the increasing number of shipping mines, Cobalt is going ahead again. This time, however, the real boom is coming. That in the spring was but a preliminary flutter, and was based on prospects, rather than on actual production. In the spring one saw prospectors and mines wholesale, with the investor and capitalist chiefly minus. In the fall one sees special coaches and cars containing parties of smart, well-dressed New York, Buffalo, Chicago and Toronto speculators, brokers, bankers and other prominent business men. A leading local broker said to me the other day, "We shan't hear of Cobalt stock up here soon; Cobalt and neighboring properties will all be down on Wall St." The speaker added, "If Toronto and other Canadian cities had men in 'em, these stocks would be handled in Canada and England, not in the States." It certainly at present appears that most of the riches of this district will be in American hands before long, and it's ten times a pity. However, it's not all over the line yet, and Canadians may make up in time. I doubt if there's a man in a hundred up here without either shares or some interest in a claim. Many have every available cent in shares, and buy more as fast as they can get money. The recent T. & H. B. dividend has made a big stir here. This naturally has roused both interest and confidence in other mining concerns, and nearly every stock is slowly rising.

G. W. W.

**Gunn's New Packing-house.**

The firm of Gunn Co., Ltd., for over thirty years has been doing a large business in pork products, and, to meet the needs of their growing trade, have just about completed one of the most modern and up-to-date, as well as one of the largest, packing plants in Canada. The location was well chosen, being alongside the Union Stock-yards, at Toronto Junction, regarded as the coming Chicago of Canada, as far as the live-stock and packing industries are concerned. The plant embraces a group of structures, including the main building, slaughter-house, smoke-houses, fertilizer building, carpenter and repair shop, ice-house, boiler-room, stock-sheds, and stables—all of which have been erected in the most modern and up-to-date manner. The capacity of the plant is 6,000 hogs per week and 1,000 cattle, besides sheep and calves. The company expect to have the plant fully completed and in operation by the 1st of December, at the latest.



Money Makers and Farm Fertilizers.

## Language and Progress.

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":

I happened to pick up your issue of October 18th, 1906, lying on the library table, amongst other periodicals, when my eye was caught by the editorial, "London to Halifax by Rail." It was pleasant reading up to the last section, when my French blood was warmed up by the Anglo-Saxon arrogance with which the writer depreciates French Canada and the amazing ignorance of the people to whom he condescends to extend his pity. I am particularly well acquainted with the section of French Canada in question, and for truth's sake I must speak.

Of Ste. Anne de Bellevue, the site of the Macdonald Agricultural College, he says: "On every hand is heard the French patois." Oh! Mr. Editor, the French language a patois! A patois to the writer, it may be, since, no doubt, he does not know French. For if he did, he would know that French is one of the most polished languages, one of the richest in all kinds of literary works, and for centuries the most widely spoken in the world. Now a patois, as everybody knows, is "an illiterate and mostly local dialect." And if the writer means that the people of Ste. Anne, or the French-Canadians at large, have corrupted French into a patois, he is wrong again, for it is admitted by philologists that the French-Canadians have preserved the pure French of the seventeenth century. They don't speak Parisian, but they speak French.

"What a pity!" he cannot help feeling, says he. Here are two million people, multiplying fast, in most respects alien to the customs and impulses of their Anglo-Saxon compatriots, an overwhelming majority unable to speak or read English. It is my turn to exclaim: "What arrogance!" Who has constituted the Anglo-Saxon customs and impulses the standard customs and impulses of this country? True, true it is: the rural people of French Canada, as a rule, do not build as large and comfortable houses as their Anglo-Saxon compatriots. They do not wear as fine clothes. They may not be quite as far advanced in the technique of agriculture. They do not strive as strenuously after the almighty dollar. In a word, they are not so strongly bent on seeking the comfort and wealth this world can yield; but the so oft trumpeted Anglo-Saxon fair play should judge them from their own principles. They are a people strongly imbued with Christian faith. Considering this life merely as a stepping-stone to a better one to come, they are satisfied with a sufficiency of wealth. They do not slave beyond measure after a fortune; and, hence, their apparent lack of thrift and go-ahead, to an Anglo-Saxon eye. Yet, a further remark of the writer, that "in the main, they are away behind times," is undeserved. I invite the writer to step off his train, and travel with a horse and buggy through the Province of Quebec, and he will see with his own eyes the astonishing improvements in agricultural methods, under the influence of agricultural circles, conventions and periodicals. He would hardly believe his ears that such progressive work is done in the French patois. However, Mr. Editor, a good redeeming feature they have, these much-maligned French-Canadians, which would not disgrace the stock of customs and impulses of any race, not even of the Anglo-Saxon race: They are not guilty of race suicide. Their code of private morals is that of the Gospel of Christ, which they may read but little, but observe much; hence their wonderful increase, which seems to alarm so much our writer. "Two millions of people multiplying fast," he says, and bidding fair, I may say, to win the race of supremacy over Eastern Canada. What a pity for Canada!

Then our tourist goes on philosophizing on the woes attending a secluded community. His principles are quite true, but I must say I had a good laugh over the pitiful miscarriage of the whole argument. "Woe to the small community that lives within itself," says he of the French-Canadians. Is he talking about some forlorn band of Indians quartered in some lone Reservation somewhere on the coast of Labrador? The French-Canadians a small community! Why, they are two millions, nearly half of the total population of the Dominion. The Province of Quebec, mainly the home of French-Canadians, is a little larger than Ste. Anne de Bellevue; and it counts among its little villages the little town of Montreal, the Metropolis of Canada, if you please.

But the French-Canadians don't know English, which throughout America is the medium for the dissemination of progressive thought, and hence they are removed from the ever-increasing influences of high-class periodicals, outside travel, and leading platform talent; therefore, they are bound to lag behind. Such is the burden of a couple of paragraphs of the article. Indeed? Is it the exclusive privilege of the English language to possess high-class periodicals, to afford the so-called outside travel, and to foster leading platform talent? It would be worth the writer's trouble to learn the French patois, and enlarge the horizon of his intellectual vision. I daresay that little community of two million French-Canadians would be well supplied with high-class periodicals and platform talent, had they chosen to live by themselves, and ignore the English world, for their French patois is pretty well equipped with high-class periodicals and platform talent. But, as a matter of fact, it is a mistake to claim that the overwhelming majority of French-Canadians are unable to speak or read English; but one cannot know that from a train dashing through the country, even if he makes a short stop at Ste. Anne de Bellevue. English is taught at school, and much spoken by the people,

principally where there is a somewhat mixed population. This is true to the extent of arousing the fear of some fretful champions of the French race, that it may eventually be engulfed by the overspreading Anglo-Saxon maelstrom.

I will conclude with thanks to our writer, that he finds the French people not an undesirable people. For fear that the reader might imagine that we must be a lot of fresh imported immigrants from some over-congested city of Europe, I will remind him that the soil of Canada had already been conquered to civilization by the French-Canadians at the sweat of their brow and at the cost of their blood when the first Anglo-Saxon set his foot on it; therefore, in this country the French-Canadians are truly the hosts, and the Anglo-Saxons the guests. It ill fits the guests to decry their hosts. However, waiving our rights of hosts, we are quite willing, even desirous, to live with our fellow Anglo-Saxon citizens in the most friendly relations, but pray, whenever you look at us, take off your colored glasses of prejudice, and you will see us as we are.

A FRENCH-CANADIAN READER.  
Wikwemikong, Ont.

[Note.—We regret that the point of the remarks referred to should have been misunderstood, for certainly no reproach or opprobrium was intended in anything written. It may surprise our correspondent to learn that the writer of the article to which he takes exception, boasts not a drop of Anglo-Saxon nor yet of Celtic blood, but belongs to a race whose tongue is little heard in Canada—though it is the channel through which a great body of the world's advancement has found expression—and frankly avows the conviction that the less it is heard the more desirable, not only for those who are giving it up, but for the Dominion at large. Moreover, his acquaintance with French-Canadians is not confined to a stop-over at Ste. Anne, and he has, in conversation, invariably resented aspersions cast upon French-Canadians, because of their race and religion. He bears them no prejudice, but regards them as brothers in the great Canadian Dominion. In philosophizing about the disadvantage of Quebec's adhering to the French language, nothing was said that would not apply equally to Ontario, were conditions reversed.

If this were a French-speaking continent, and Ontario alone an English-speaking Province, with no current literature available but her own productions and those of remote England, then would this Province be handicapped. Of course, language is not everything, but dissimilarity of language is a grave disadvantage to Canada, as all economists and students of history know. Whether the tongue spoken in Quebec is a patois or not, we are willing to leave uncontended. It is not the Parisian French of to-day any more than Old English is the English of to-day. It is peculiar to Quebec, and that is all we meant to say. That some of the French-Canadians are progressing, was remarked with pleasure, and the fact was emphasized in the paper's report of the Ottawa Exhibition. That they are not guilty of race suicide stands to their credit. That they are contented and wholesome-living is also true; but that Quebec is what she would be if more closely in touch with the educational influences of the continent by which she is surrounded, few will believe. There is a common ground on which we in Canada should all agree—French, English, Irish, Scottish, German, Dutch, Yankee, and all. While it is unnatural and absurd to expect a Frenchman to feel a tender regard for Mother England, or an Englishman to sympathize with the traditions of French Canada, all may unite on a common ground of Canadian patriotism. It is on this ground that we appeal to our brother on behalf of the English language, not because it is the tongue of Great Britain, under whose liberal ideals and institutions we thrive, but because it is the prevailing language of the Dominion, to say nothing of the great Republic to the south, with which we have so much literary and commercial intercourse.—Editor.]

## Ontario Provincial Winter Fair.

The prize-list of the Fair, which will be held at Guelph, December 10th to 14th, 1906, has been distributed to all exhibitors whose names are in the Secretary's hands. Persons who are feeding high-class stock, but who have not exhibited at the Fair, should send for a prize-list. The classification provides good prizes for the different breeds of beef and dairy cattle, sheep, swine and poultry, also for farm seeds and potatoes. The various departments of the Fair, and the amount of prizes for each, are as follows: Live Stock, \$6,000.00; Judging Competition, \$200.00; Seeds, \$500.00; Dressed Poultry, \$300.00; Live Poultry, \$2,000.00; Poultry Special Prizes, \$1,000.00. This makes a total of \$10,000.00 to be distributed as prizes. Exhibitors will note particularly that entries should be sent to the Secretary before November 24th. Entry forms will be found in each prize-list. Any person wishing a list will receive one free upon application to A. P. Westervelt, Secretary, Parliament Buildings, Toronto.

## Favor Stallion Inspection.

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":

At a public meeting, held at Lansdowne, Ont., on Wednesday evening, Oct. 31st, Dr. Sinclair and Mr. H. S. Arkell, the two Commissioners appointed by the Ontario Government to canvass the horsemen of Leeds and other counties of Ontario, were present, representing the above county. The meeting was unanimously in favor of a law providing for compulsory inspection and licensing of all stallions advertised or travelled for service, the requirements for a license to be freedom from hereditary unsoundness that would be conveyed to the progeny, and all to have registered pedigree. The meeting was largely attended; there were those from Mallorytown, Escott, Caintown and South Leeds present. Mr. C. Rath, who occupied the chair, outlined the meeting in a very clear and impressive manner. The horsemen in this section are very anxious that the Government should take some steps to weed out those scrub stallions which are a great injury to the horse industry in this part of the country.

W. H. MALLORY.

## No Eastern Good Roads Meeting.

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":

Mr. A. W. Campbell, Highway Commissioner, has forwarded me your letter, with the enclosed letter from Mr. J. D. McInnes, of Glen Payne, in regard to the Eastern Ontario Good Roads Association, and requests that I should furnish you the information asked for by Mr. McInnes. The reason the convention has not been held has been due to the fact that the Ontario Government has refused the Eastern Ontario Association the customary grant of \$200 this year, without assigning any reason for its action. The Association has done splendid work in the past, and has received the grant of \$200 from the Government during the past four or five years. Under another cover you will find a copy of the last annual report of the Association. Not an officer of the Association receives a cent for his services. It is going to be a difficult matter for the Association to exist without this grant, as it has no means of raising funds.

H. B. COWAN, Secretary.

## A Modern Abattoir.

Martin & Leveck's abattoir, which was opened about a week ago at Toronto Junction, is one of the best-equipped buildings of the kind on the American continent. Besides making provision for the business of the Leveck Dressed Beef Co., Ltd., one department will be operated as a public abattoir, affording accommodation of the highest order to the local butchers who desire to avail themselves of modern facilities, including cold storage, at a moderate cost. This plant is furnished throughout with all modern, up-to-date devices for slaughtering animals, storing meat, and manufacturing by-products. It has a capacity of 5,000 cattle, 4,000 sheep, and 3,000 hogs per week.

## Under the Ban.

On October 25th, at New Orleans, a sweeping anti-liquor statute was adopted, by the Supreme Lodge, Knights of Pythias, an old and widespread secret fraternal society. The new regulation is intended to bar from entrance to the Order wholesale liquor dealers, and all hotelkeepers who run bars in connection with their hotels. It includes professional gamblers, saloon-keepers, bartenders, or dealers in spirituous or malt liquors. The new statute does not affect any who are already members of the Order.

## Cleaned the Ink Barrels.

Many thanks for your answer to my query re cleaning printer's ink-barrels. It did not need any petroleum applied, the coating being very inflammable of itself. I put a small quantity of straw in barrel and ignited it. When it got burning too much, turned the barrel down so as to subdue the flames and melt the ink, so it would run down. Three or four applications cleaned them, so now they are holding water, and the water is quite clean.

A SUBSCRIBER.

## Fair Dates for 1906.

Ontario Horticultural Exhibition and Honey Show: Massey Hall, Toronto .....Nov. 6-10  
International, Chicago .....Dec. 1-8  
Maritime Winter Fair, Amherst, N. S. ....Dec. 3-6  
Ontario Provincial Winter Fair, Guelph.....Dec. 10-14

Mr. Byron E. Walker, General Manager of the Bank of Commerce, confirms the estimate recently expressed in these columns on the emigration work of the Salvation Army. He says: "It is a business organization of a most interesting character, doing a great work. It is a piece of machinery of much greater importance than most Canadians really understand."

The new Manitoba Agricultural College, at Winnipeg, under the principalship of Mr. W. J. Black, B. S. A., formerly of "The Farmer's Advocate," was publicly opened on Nov. 6th. Seventy-eight applications were made from prospective students. In addition to the other officers, the Board has appointed a mechanical engineer and lecturer on mechanics.

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**MARKETS.**

**Toronto. LIVE STOCK.**

Receipts of live stock, both at the Junction and City markets, have been heavy. The quality of fat cattle was much the same as it has been for several weeks—a few good, with a very large number of common and inferior. Trade was good for the best cattle, but the worst of the season for the common to medium classes, the market being flooded—that is, the City market—with a lot of cattle that it seems the dealers are unable to sell.

Exporters.—Prices ranged from \$4 to \$4.80, the bulk going at \$4.30 to \$4.50; export bulls, \$3.50 to \$4 per cwt.

Butchers.—Prime picked lots sold from \$4.25 to \$4.60; medium to good sold at \$3.90 to \$4.15; good light heifers, \$3.40 to \$3.70; cows, \$2.25 to \$3.25; canners, \$1 to \$2 per cwt.

Stockers and Feeders.—Short-keep steers, 1,150 to 1,250 lbs. each, sold at \$3.80 to \$4; best steers, 1,000 to 1,100 lbs., \$3.50 to \$3.70; best steers, 900 to 1,000, \$3.25 to \$3.40; stockers of good quality, \$3 to \$3.25; common, \$2.25 to \$2.75 per cwt.

Milkers and Springers.—Trade in milkers and forward springers has been good. Prices strong at \$30 to \$64 each, several selling over \$60 each, the bulk selling at \$45 to \$55 each.

Veal Calves.—Trade not so good for the inferior to common kinds, but strong for good to prime vealers. Prices ranged from \$3 to \$7 each.

Sheep and Lambs.—Market strong, especially for export sheep, which sold at \$4.50 to \$4.90 for cwt.; lambs at \$5.50 to \$6.25 per cwt.

Hogs.—Prices have declined rapidly. Selects, \$5.75; light fats at \$5.50 per cwt., fed and watered at the market before weighing.

Horses.—The horse market is good for all horses suitable for lumber and railway camps, and all good blocks sell readily. In carriage horses, there is little doing, but expressors are in extra demand at good prices. Taken all around, there has been a fair trade at steady prices for the past week. Over 150 horses were offered at the Repository on Tuesday; at the close of the sale, there were few left that had not been sold. The buyers were principally from the city and vicinity, as well as from several of the near-by towns. Burns & Sheppard report sales as follows: Single roadsters, \$125 to \$175; single cobs and carriage horses, \$125 to \$180; matched pairs of carriage horses, \$325 to \$550; delivery horses, \$135 to \$165; general purpose, \$140 to \$175; draft horses, \$160 to \$225; second-hand workers, \$60 to \$80.

**COUNTRY PRODUCE.**

Butter.—Receipts light, with market brisk at firmer prices. Creamery prints, 27c. to 29c.; creamery boxes, 25c. to 26c.; tub, 23c. to 24c.; bakers' tub, 17c. to 18c.

Cheese.—Market easier, but prices not notably changed. Large, 13c. to 13½c.; twins, 14c.

Eggs.—Prices firmer at 22c. to 23c. for cold-storage, with practically no new-laid coming forward, which are worth at least 25c. to 27c. New-laid eggs on the

**THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE**

Paid-up Capital, \$10,000,000. Reserve Fund, \$4,500,000

HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO

R. E. WALKER, General Manager ALEX. LAIRD, Asst. Gen'l Manager

BRANCHES THROUGHOUT CANADA, AND IN THE UNITED STATES AND ENGLAND

A general Banking business transacted. Accounts may be opened and conducted by mail with all branches of this Bank.

**SAVINGS BANK DEPARTMENT**

Deposits of \$1 and upwards received, and interest allowed at current rates. The depositor is subject to no delay whatever in the withdrawal of the whole or any portion of the deposit

farmers' market are worth 30c. to 35c. per dozen.

Poultry.—Turkeys, 17c. to 18c. per lb.; geese, 11c. to 12c.; ducks, 11c. to 13c.; chickens, 9c. to 10c.; old fowl, 7c. to 8c. These prices are for dressed, dry-picked fowl of good quality.

Potatoes.—Prices firmer. Car lots of New Brunswick Delawares, 70c. to 75c. per bag, on track, at Toronto; Ontarios, 65c. to 70c.

Hay.—Light deliveries of baled hay have caused prices to be firm at \$10 to \$10.50 per ton for No. 1 timothy; No. 2, \$8.50 to \$9.

Straw.—Cars, on track, here, sell at \$5 to \$6 per ton.

Brans.—Prices at city mills, \$16 to \$17 per ton; shorts, \$20 to \$21 per ton.

Honey.—Receipts light; prices unchanged at 11c. to 12c. for 10-lb. tins; 60-lb. tins, 10c. to 11c.; combs, \$1.75 to \$2.25 per dozen sections.

**BREADSTUFFS.**

Grain.—Wheat—Fall red and white, 71c.; No. 2, mixed, 70c. Manitoba, No. 1 hard, 81c. to 82c.; No. 1 northern, 80c.; No. 3, 78c.

Barley.—No. 2, 51c.; No. 3X, 48c.

Rye.—71c. bid, and sellers asking 75c. at outside points.

Oats.—No. 2 white, 35½c. bid.

Corn.—No. 2 yellow, 53c. to 53½c. at Toronto.

Buckwheat.—54c. to 55c., outside.

**HIDES AND WOOL.**

E. T. Carter & Co., 85 Front St., Toronto, have been paying the following prices: Inspected hides, No. 1 steers, 12½c.; inspected hides, No. 2 steers, 11½c.; inspected hides, No. 1 cows, 12½c.; inspected hides, No. 2 cows, 11½c.; country hides, cured, 10½c.; calf skins, No. 1, city, 13c.; calf skins, No. 1, country, 12c.; pelts, 75c.; lamb skins, 85c. to 90c.; horse hides, \$3.25 to \$3.60; horse hair, per lb., 28c. to 30c.; tallow, 5c. to 5½c. per lb.

**SEEDS.**

There has been no improvement in the demand for alsike; no foreign demand. Red clover is steady. Timothy firm for good samples. The following prices are being paid at country points: Alsike, fancy, \$6.30 to \$6.60; alsike, No. 1, \$6 to \$6.20; alsike, No. 2, \$5.25 to \$5.40; alsike, No. 3, \$4.50 to \$4.80; red clover, No. 1, \$7 to \$7.35; red, No. 2, \$6.50 to \$6.75; timothy, No. 1, \$1.50 to \$1.80; timothy, No. 2, \$1.20 to \$1.40.

**FRUIT MARKET.**

The cool weather has affected the receipts considerably, receipts have fallen off. Market slow. Apples are in fair demand at following prices: Fall apples, \$1.50 to \$1.75 per bbl.; winter, \$2.50 to \$3; pears, Bartlett, 45c. to 75c. per basket; cranberries, \$10 per bbl.; choice snow apples, \$2.50 to \$3 per bbl.; grapes, 25c. to 30c. per basket.

**Buffalo.**

Cattle.—Prime steers, \$5.50 to \$6; shipping, \$4.75 to \$5.40; butchers', \$4.25 to \$5.30. Veals.—\$4.50 to \$9. Hogs.—Heavy, \$6.55 to \$6.60; mixed, \$6.50 to \$6.55; Yorkers, \$6.35 to \$6.50; roughs, \$5.70 to \$6.90; stags, \$4.25 to \$4.75; dairies, \$6.20 to \$6.40. Sheep and Lambs.—Lambs, \$5 to \$7.25; a few at \$7.35; yearlings, \$6 to \$6.25; Canada lambs, \$7 to \$7.25.

**Montreal.**

Live Stock.—Old Country cables have been showing improvement, and the better feeling has had an effect on the market for ocean freight. It is understood quite a quantity of space has been taken. Liverpool space has been taken at 30s. to 35s.; London at 27s. 6d. to 30s., and Glasgow and Manchester at 35s. In the local market, the feature is weakness in hogs, which have been declining a little from day to day. Choicest, 6½c., off cars; other qualities down to 6c. Easiness is due to the tone of the bacon market in England, and to heavier offerings of live hogs here. The local cattle market shows no change in price, quite a number of good range cattle being noticed, however. Choicest steers sell at 4½c.; fine, 4½c., and good, 3½c. to 4c., medium being 3½c. to 3¾c.; common, 2½c. to 3c., and inferior, 1½c. to 2½c. There was some demand for choice milch cows, at \$50 to \$60. An easier tone seemed to exist in sheep and lambs, but prices showed very little change, being about 3½c. to 4c., or 4½c. for sheep, and 5c. to 5½c. for lambs, inferior calves being 2c. to 3c., and good, 4c. to 5½c.

Horses.—The horse market is very dull at the moment, only a few horses selling in the city, and being required for outside points. Heavy-draft, 1,500 to 1,700 lbs. each, \$250 to \$300 each; light-draft, 1,400 to 1,500 lbs., \$200 to \$250; express, 1,100 to 1,300 lbs., \$150 to \$200; common drivers, \$100 to \$150; old, broken-down animals, \$50 to \$100 each, and choice carriage or saddle horses, \$850 to \$500.

Provisions.—Abattoir fresh-killed hogs, 9c. to 9½c. for choice, country-dressed being scarce and not wanted, at 8c. to 8½c., some say 8½c. Lard, 8½c. to 13c.

Hides, Tallow and Wool.—The tone of the market for hides was duller, and the offerings of everything, save calf skins, increased. Calf skins again declined a cent a pound, owing to the quality becoming inferior as the calves become older. They are now 13c. per lb. for No. 1, and 11c. for No. 2. Beef hides were steady, and dealers were paying 10½c., 11½c. and 12½c. per lb., for Nos. 3, 2 and 1, f. o. b., respectively, and selling to tanners at an advance of ½c. per lb. Lamb skins, steady, at 90c. each, and horse hides, \$1.50 to \$2 each, for Nos. 2 and 1, respectively. Tallow, 1½c. to 3c. per lb., rough, and 3c. to 5c. for rendered. Wool is unchanged and dull. Pulled lambs, brushed, 30c. to 32c. per lb., and unbrushed, 30c.; Canada fleece, tub-washed, 26c. to 28c., and in the grease, 18c. to 20c.; Canada pulled, brushed, 30c., and unbrushed, 27c. to 29c.; N.-W. Merinos, 18c. to 20c.

Cheese.—The attempt to depress prices succeeded moderately in the country, but a recovery took place last week before any of the cheaper goods arrived here. Exports for week ending Oct. 27th were light, being 49,000 boxes; total season's shipments, 1,980,000, against 1,873,000 for the corresponding period last year. Quotations for current receipts are 12½c. to 12¾c. for Quebecs; 12½c. to 12¾c. for Townships, and 12½c. to 12¾c. for Ontarios; Septembers, ½c. higher, but nothing doing in these.

Butter.—Firm, under fair domestic consumption. Practically nothing doing for export, prices being too high. Manitoba dairies, 19c. and better; Ontario creamery, (Continued on page 1746g.)

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## Life, Literature and Education.

### Our Literary Society.

STUDY NO III.

#### Break, Break, Break.

Break, break, break,  
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!  
And I would that my tongue could utter  
The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy  
That he shouts with his sister at play!  
O well for the sailor lad,  
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on  
To their haven under the hill;  
But O for the touch of a vanish'd hand,  
And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break,  
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!  
But the tender grace of a day that is dead  
Will never come back to me.

—Tennyson.

Read this poem very carefully, to get the central idea embodied in it, then study it minutely, and answer the following questions:

1. State in a single sentence the central idea in this poem.
2. Describe what the poet's mood likely was when he wrote it.
3. What effect is produced by the bringing in of the boy "shouting," and the sailor lad "singing" in his boat on the bay?
4. What connection of thought is there between lines 3-4, 11-12, 15-16, and those immediately preceding?
5. Does the poet's language seem to you to express his feelings? If so, explain how he has accomplished this harmony between the emotion and the language used to express it.
6. Can you quote lines from any other poet embodying thoughts in any way similar to those contained in lines 3-4, 15-16?
7. Why is the word "Sea" written throughout with a capital letter?
8. Comment on the form, rhyme, rhythm, etc., of this poem.
9. Write a critical essay, not exceeding 500 words (very much shorter will do) on the poem as a whole, explaining, especially, wherein its charm consists.

#### RULES.

1. Write only on one side of the paper.
  2. Answer questions by number.
  3. Send us your answer so that it may reach us by Nov. 29, at the latest.
- As before, a book or a pin will be sent to those who write us the best critical essays (No. 9), in addition to answering any six out of the nine questions. When writing, kindly state whether you would prefer a Literary Society pin or a book, giving the names of any two of the following which you would like to have: *Idylls of the King* (Tennyson); *Burns' Poems*; *Comedy of Errors* (Shakespeare); *The Light that Failed* (Kipling); *Last Days of Pompeii* (Lyton); *Treasure Island* (Stevenson). We request you to name two, in order that, in case of too many ask-

ing for the same book, we may substitute.

We shall also be glad to receive, in addition to this purely "study" work, essays on any live topics which may suggest themselves to our members. Our aim is not only to assist the members of our great society to a keener appreciation of the beautiful and noble in literature, but also to help each one to realize his or her own individuality, and to recognize the benefit which comes from independent thought. In no way, we think, can we accomplish this better than by always leaving it open to our members to select topics for themselves. So now, if you have a thought worth speaking, speak it. You will have a good audience in the readers of the *F. A. & H. M. L. S.* If your thought be such as is likely to stir up a little discussion, all the better. Let us hear from you. And remember that our columns are not confined to the discussion of literary and educational subjects alone. "Life" also figures in our *L. L. E.* heading, and we shall be pleased to receive any articles dwelling upon any phase of that most important of all subjects.

### Why Rev. C. W. Gordon is Known as Ralph Connor.

The query as to how the Rev. C. W. Gordon came to assume the name "Ralph Connor," which was again resurrected in the editorial rooms the other day, elicited so many versions that we determined to send to headquarters for the whole truth of the story, and consequently wrote about it to the Rev. J. Macdonald, editor of the *Globe*, who, at the time of the "finding" of Ralph Connor, was editor of *The Westminster*. As Mr. Macdonald's answer may be of interest to others beside ourselves, we are glad to publish it in full. He writes as follows:

"When Gordon sent me the MS. of his first sketch, as it appears in 'Black Rock,' he did not sign his name. Just before going to press I telegraphed him for a nom de plume. He replied, 'Sign sketch Connor.' He intended it to be 'Can Nor,' a contraction for Canadian Northwest; the telegraph operator made it one word. I changed it to 'Connor,' and put a front name to it, and so it appeared 'Ralph Connor.'"

The considerations which induced Mr. Macdonald to prefer "Connor," rather than "Connor," are interestingly told in an article from his pen, which appeared in the *Westminster Christmas number for 1900*, and which has been kindly forwarded to us, at his request, by the *Westminster Co.*

"We had decided upon a name for the story, but not for the man who wrote it. The manuscript reached me just in time for the issue for January, 1897. It would not do to give the author's name, for the text of the tale might be regarded by some as out of keeping with the conventions of the clerical profession. What name shall it be? was the question sent to Winnipeg. At the last moment a telegram came, 'Sign sketch Connor.' Connor? That would not do. That would betray the fact of a mask. He must have

a proper name. But why Connor? Perhaps the operator made a mistake. Should it be Connor? More likely. But he must be given a Christian name, even though he consorts with heathen of various types. What shall we christen this newborn Canadian litterateur? 'Frank'? 'Chris'? 'Fred'? No, none of these would suit. Here it is: 'Ralph,' 'Ralph Connor'! And it was so. Without his knowledge or consent, he was introduced to the world with that new-coined name, to make or mar. When he got his copy of the *Westminster* in Winnipeg that week, he turned to page 14, and saw the cross-page heading, 'Tales from the Selkirks. By Ralph Connor.'"

### The "Young Idea's" Views on Poetry.

A teacher in a public school in one of our larger cities thought to teach the Young Idea something about the beauty and meaning of poetry. Her class consisted of boys and girls from fourteen to eighteen years of age, and of fair average intelligence. She read them Browning's "Meeting at Night," and asked them to write out their opinions of the subject and its treatment. This they did with the unhesitating confidence of youth. Here is the poem:

I  
The gray sea and the long black land;  
And the yellow half-moon large and low;  
And the startled little waves that leap  
In fiery ringlets from their sleep,  
As I gain the cove with pushing prow,  
And quench its speed i' the slushy sand.

II  
Then a mile of sea-scented beach;  
Three fields to cross till a farm appears;  
A tap at the pane, the quick sharp scratch  
And blue spurt of a lighted match,  
And a voice less loud, through joys and fears,  
Than two hearts beating each to each!

Some of the more candid criticisms are here given, "as they were wrote," spelling, punctuation, and all:

"I think it presents a fine moonlight picture, it tell how far he has to travel and the greeting when he arrives, at the farm house. I think it is a sailor coming home from a voyage. The peace is wrote in Irving's style being compact and expresses a clear idea in a very few lines."

"Poor. Because it starts to quickly and because it tells nothing of where he was or how he came to be in the book and he skipped from the ocean to the moon & then back to the water."

"I think it is pretty good because it is taken from life and that when a man goes home he always kisses his wife."

"I don't like it because it is not natural and I don't think it is a piece of poetry."

"It is very pretty for the reason that it shows affection and because of the beautiful description of the road which the gentleman takes at sunset."

"It is no good. Because I think it is foolish."

"I think it is good because it tells

the hard time a man has in coming home sometimes."

"Good, because as a short passage it gives a good description from being to end of a Lovers course to his most Beloved."

"I think it has very good descriptions, but I don't fancy sentimental things, and that closes in that way."

"I think it is a very beautiful piece of poetry. For one reason I think it must have tickled the young girl to see her lover coming to see her and how happy she must have felt to be in his company for the remainder of the evening. As I am not interested in love and no but very little about it, I can give no further explanation in regard to it."

"Pretty Bum because its to wishy-washy and because I don't think it likely also because I don't like rhythm."

We think the above is very "rich." Nevertheless, "to point a moral," if not "to adorn a tale," we may observe that the criticisms given represent very fairly the half-formed ideas which a certain percentage of people, much older than from "fourteen to eighteen years of age," perhaps, have in regard to much of the very highest class of poetry. To merely read poetry, to give it such superficial study as is evident from the answers of these young people, is not sufficient. We must sift and probe and get to the heart of it, if we would appreciate it, and just this is one of the tasks we are setting for ourselves in our "studies" in the *L. L. E.*

Just here we may remark that our observations have been in no way drawn from the answers to the "Three Fishers" questions, which have been coming in lately on every mail. Before people write "to a paper" in regard to any matter, they study it, and such study is evident in every answer so far received. We do not insist that all answers shall be good, or even right; but we do hope to find in each evidence of thought, ear-marks by which we shall know that it is the very best possible to the writer. Work, thought, interest, appreciation—this is the sequence which, we trust, will be followed in all our literary endeavors during the Society's session of 1906-7. Don't be afraid. Get to work, anyway, and you will wonder how you will be able to think things out. Get the very best you can out of our work, and give the very best you can, also.

### Proverbs and Their Significance.

A proverb is a concise expression of some truth, or a maxim of wisdom. The most important collection of proverbs are those of Solomon in the Bible, but various other collections have been made.

Aristotle regarded the ancient proverbs as wrecks or vestiges of an extinct philosophy, and thought that they had probably been reserved on account of their brevity and their deep significance. The most ancient poem in the *Eddas*, "The Sublime Speech of Odin," consists chiefly of proverbs, peculiarly descriptive of the ancient Scandinavians. History assures us that, in the primitive ages

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of the world, proverbs were for an indefinite period the unwritten language of morality, and even of the arts. The name of the philosopher who formed or first sanctioned the apophthegm, or the metaphor, was in time forgotten, while the truth and the expression remained.

Ralph Waldo Emerson defined proverbs thus: "Proverbs are the literature of reason, of the statements of absolute truth, without qualification. Like the sacred books of each nation, they are the sanctuary of its intuitions."

When Johnson defined a proverb to be "a short sentence frequently repeated by the people," he stopped short of an adequate definition, as there are many proverbs not repeated by the people; nor does he designate the intrinsic qualities of a proverb. At the zenith of Grecian genius, the tragic and comic poets employed the proverbial style in their dramas. As epigrammatic shafts, proverbs were used by the learned of both Greece and Rome. Scaliger and Erasmus made collections of ancient proverbs. A favorite proverb of Erasmus was *Festina lente*—"Hasten slowly."

The earliest writings of every tribe or nation abound in the most homely proverbs, for these have more special reference to their wants. Franklin, speaking of the collection of proverbs in his almanacs, tells us: "These proverbs, which contained the wisdom of many ages and nations, when their scattered counsels were brought together, made a great impression." These noted almanacs were reprinted in Britain, and were translated in France and distributed among the people.

Much earlier than the reign of Elizabeth our ancestors had proverbs constantly in their view, on everything which afforded room for a piece of advice; they had printed in their tapestries, stamped on ordinary utensils—the blades of knives, the borders of plates, etc. The usurer, in Robert Greene's "Groat's Worth of Wit," compressed his philosophy into the circle of his ring, having learned enough Latin to understand the proverbial motto of "Tu tibi cura!" The popular proverbs of England were collected by old John Heywood, in 1561. The French long retained a fondness for proverbs, as also did the Italians and Spaniards. Some English proverbs are: "The calmest husbands make the stormiest wives." "Who feels love in his breast, feels a spur in his limbs." "Friends tie their purse with a cobweb's thread." "Those who will not be ruled by the rudder must be ruled by the rock," is appropriately suggestive of admonition to the sailor. The Scottish proverbs strike home. Kelly, who collected three thousand of these, tells us that in 1725 the Scotch were a great proverbial nation. A Scottish nobleman, having given a banquet, was rudely told that "Fools make feasts, and wise men eat them." He promptly replied, "Wise men make proverbs, and fools repeat them," a good illustration of the national shrewdness and humor. The border proverb of the Douglasses, "It were better to hear the lark sing than the goose cheep," was adopted by every border chief to express, as Sir Walter Scott observes, what the great Bruce had inculcated, that the woods and hills of their country were safer bulwarks than fortifications, inasmuch as the English excelled their neighbors in the arts of assault and defence.

Some of the French proverbs translated are: "He threatens who is afraid." "The pride of the rich makes the labors of the poor." "Opportunity makes the thief." "The friend of the table is very variable." Italian: "Who hunts two hares, loses one and leaves the other." "Who knows not to flatter, knows not to reign." "Make yourself all honey, and the flies will devour you." Spanish: "To give is honor, to ask is grief." "Wine wears no breeches," for men in wine expose their most secret thoughts.

A Chinese proverb is: "A grave and majestic outside is, as it were, the palace of the soul," suggesting an artificial civilization. There is a Japanese proverb that "A fog cannot be dispelled with a fan," which could only have originated with a people familiar, as the Japanese are, with fogs and fans. The Bengalese have a proverb, "He who gives blows is a master, he who gives none is a dog."

Lord Bacon condensed a wide range of philosophic thought when he wrote that, "The genius, wit and spirit of a nation are discovered by their proverbs."

Originating in various climes and eras, these memorials of the past and revealers of human nature, should enlist a share of our attention.

Though it is true that in our age of literature, we have ceased to commonly employ proverbs in conversation, as did our ancestors, yet it is equally true that proverbs have not lost their significance.

Kent Co., Ont. W. J. WAY.

### A Canadian at Lo Lo Hot Springs, Montana.

It is not without permission that I venture to pass on to you a somewhat unique bit of experience, as graphically related, without any thought of publication, by a Canadian friend well known to many readers of "The Farmer's Advocate." "Yes," she replies, in answer to my request, "you are welcome as the flowers in May to use any bits out of my 'Lo Lo' letter which you think may be of interest, and, perhaps, as you may possibly be asked by some who may read it, 'Well, what was the outcome of it all? Did it cure her rheumatism, etc. etc.?' you may tell them that those mineral baths certainly did me much good. I can walk without pain in my feet pretty well now, and can only hope the improvement is permanent; that, the future alone can show."

And now, having given, as it were, the postscript before the letter, the sequel before the story, let me begin my promised quotations. My friend writes: "Here I am right up in a wild glen in the Lo Lo Pass, where I have been for nearly a month taking the waters. How much I wish you could be here and see these grand and beautiful mountains—some very lofty, others only about 6,000 or 7,000 feet above tidewater. This is a pine and fir district, with no other but a few willows along the water-courses; trout streams everywhere; partridges, grouse, etc., plentiful.

There are wild animals also, many of them in cold weather, but they do not come down where people are camping during summer. Amongst these are bears, panthers, wolves, deer, wildcats, lynxes, and so on, many of them now within a mile or two, probably, but coming nearer every week as the cold weather advances.

"The valleys are rich in hot medicinal springs, which apparently pour out of the solid granite rocks, the like of which I could never have imagined. Volcanic agency supplies the heat, I suppose, although no signs of either crater or volcano can be seen.

"There is a sort of hotel here, with a small store attached. The post office is the landlord's writing desk. Some thirty-five cabins are scattered about the two valleys, and many tents have been pitched since I came. At first I was one of a party, but I have since moved over into a one-room log cabin in this valley, across the road from which is a hot plunge bath, with regular bathrooms a little farther off. In these latter I take what is called my 'sweat-bath,' which means getting into a tub full of water hotter than I can bear, and staying in it as long as patience and powers of endurance last. Then I cover myself up with quantities of wraps and lie on a table in the bathroom for some twenty or thirty minutes, during which one becomes almost washed away by perspiration. A rub-down, a putting on of dry clothes, followed by a most necessary rest, completes the process, which, I am bound to confess, leaves one for the time being, at any rate, very weak."

#### HER CABIN AND ITS VISITORS.

"My cabin has a bed, a table, stove and two chairs in it, besides several holes in the roof through which the rain pours freely, and several holes in the floor through which squirrels and mountain rats—a variety of the squirrel tribe—visit me at night. When these last are too noisy, I light the lamp, and bang loudly with my iron-shod alpenstock. Then follows a dead silence, whilst my visitors wait to know what my next move will be, which move is generally no move at all, for I drop asleep, a kind of armed neutrality existing on both sides."

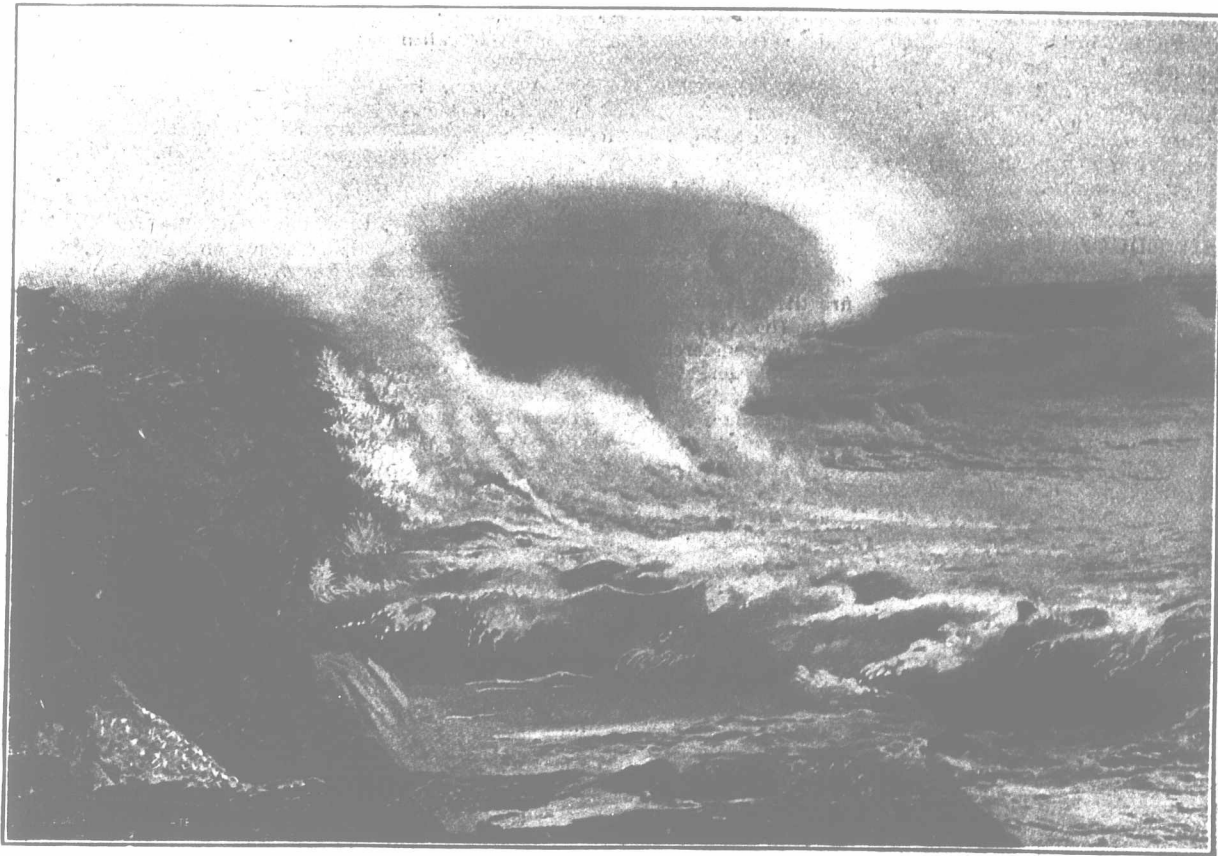
#### ABOUT HER SUNDAYS.

"In the Settlements it would be Sunday, but 'Sunday does not come aboon the Pass' in these parts. Just within hearing, a young man is washing his wardrobe at the hot-water

reservoir. In this he is assisted by a buxom maiden, to the accompaniment of much splashing and throwing of water and an endless ripple of laughter and jokes. Further off some men are pitching horseshoes, as being, perhaps, a more religious way of spending Sunday than loafing in the saloon. A party of laden pack-ponies, with two men in charge, have just arrived, en route to the Blacklead Mines, a few miles up the mountains. They have loosed the packs and just gone in to dinner. Yesterday, as I was seated upon my little platform, there filed quietly past me seven pack-ponies, with a man to lead, and the 'boss' on a fine chestnut, with Winchester ready for game or defence, at the rear. So noiseless were they, that they were abreast of me before I saw them. They looked neither to the right nor to the left, but seated, stern, firm and steady, in their saddles, wound their way around the Pass. I fancy that they were conveying very valuable ore.

"Wherever my eye rests I find beauty. The granite-bound creek flows singing by my cabin. The air is fresh and bracing, the sun warm. The birds sing merrily; the chipmunks dash wildly hither and thither, quite close to me when they think I do not see them. Fan-tailed pigeons sail to and fro, alighting on occasion to walk about with stately step in search of food, whilst the poor, tired pack-horses switch their tails, trying in vain to drive away the persistent flies.

"A little interlude has occurred just here, during which I ran to the rescue of an enterprising and inquisitive chipmunk, caught in a snare. The captive wriggled and writhed whilst I fetched a man to open the trap, and then, without a glance of gratitude, though probably a sadder and a wiser squirrel than ever before, started off, swift as a streak of lightning, to join its little comrades. Mine is truly the simple life, with much to interest and instruct. Our supply of literature is almost nil, a daily paper only coming in a semi-occasional fashion; but, by the time I have prepared my modest meals, washed my dishes, written a few letters, done a little bit of fancy-work, and gone through the bathing processes for which I came to the Lo Lo Hot Springs, I have not a dull moment to record; indeed, finding, after an interview with the stage-driver, that I must be here for a few days longer than I had intended, I am glad, rather than sorry, at the delay, the only regret being that some of my dear old friends in the



By permission.

Views of Canadian Scenery—The Churn, Yarmouth, N. S.

R. F. Guest.

Dominion are not with me to enjoy what would certainly be to them, as it is to me, a new and very enjoyable experience."

Those of us who are bound with ties of friendship to the writer of the above, and who have regretted the necessity which has made her a temporary resident of far-away Montana, will be glad, indeed, to welcome her back again to the land of her birth, of which she writes as "My dear Canada."  
H. A. B.

[Note.—A continuation of the short series upon "A Use for His Majesty's Mails," will follow in due course.]

## Current Events.

A very rich silver discovery has been made on Thunder Bay, east of Port Arthur.

Japan has been making a vigorous protest against the prohibition of Japanese children from attending San Francisco schools.

President Roosevelt has declared himself emphatically upon the side of Hughes, Republican candidate in the Hearst-Hughes election in New York State.

The British garrison has been withdrawn, as a matter of economy, from the Island of St. Helena, famed as the place where Napoleon spent the last six years of his life.

The recent military manoeuvres of the Chinese Imperial Army were, in some districts, said to be almost equal to those of European countries. All the latest appliances of scientific warfare, including a wireless telegraphy apparatus, which could be erected on the field in 30 minutes, were in evidence, and the artillery and principal equipment of the troops, having been manufactured in Japan, were of the first quality. The reviews in other provinces, however, notwithstanding the fact that Japanese were in command, displayed much more crudity, and gave evidence that China, as a whole, has still something to learn in regard to the art of modern warfare.

An interesting situation has developed in Morocco. About a fortnight ago, it will be remembered, the town of Azilda was taken by the bandit Borean, who successfully resisted the attacks of the Sultan's troops to dislodge him. Subsequently, however, the town was wrested from him by the bandit Raisuli, and more recently still, during Raisuli's absence, the neighboring villages were sacked by a third party of bandits. France and Spain have both despatched ships to Tangier, but as the Algeiras Convention has not yet, unfortunately, been ratified, the ships can do nothing more than stand in readiness to land troops for the protection of foreign residents.

### ENGLISH EDUCATION BILL.

The debate on the Education Bill, which is now before the House of Lords, promises to be one of the hottest ever witnessed in the British Parliament. There are several points of dissension, but the chief controversy centers about the clauses which deal with religious instruction, the majority of the Liberals holding that there shall be no denominational teaching at the public expense, while the Unionists are as fully determined as ever to amend the Bill so that the children of parents belonging to the English and Roman Catholic Churches shall have denominational instruction during school hours. The amendment to the first clause in the Bill was voted on in the Committee of the House of Lords on Oct. 29th, and resulted in a Government defeat by a majority of 200. By it, religious instruction is made compulsory during a part of the daily school hours in all elementary schools.

## The Quiet Hour.

### A Faithful Worker.

The men did the work faithfully.—2 Chron. xxxiv. : 12.

"Only work that is for God alone  
Hath an unceasing guerdon of delight,  
A guerdon unaffected by the sight  
Of great success, nor by its loss o'er-  
thrown.—  
All else is vanity beneath the sun,  
There may be joy in Doing, but it  
palls when done."  
—F. R. Havergal.

I have just been reading the wonderful life of "Father Dolling," a clergyman of the Church of England, who died about four years ago, after working with wonderful success among the poorest people in Portsmouth and London. I should like to let you have a glimpse of this life, if only to prove that the miracle of the burning bush is still being worked in our midst, that God still manifests Himself wondrously through men who truly consecrate themselves to His service and love not their lives unto the death. Father Dolling may have only been a man like other men, but he was certainly "afire with God." He seems to have won the name of "Father" as he won the more startling title of "Brother Bob," by proving himself a real father and brother to everybody needing a friend. He was so enthusiastic in his efforts on behalf of the Postmen's League that he soon became "Brother Bob" to all the postmen of London, and a letter directed "Brother Bob, London," was certain to reach him safely. Like most good men, he had a splendid mother and was the child of many prayers. He says himself, "I look back over forty-five years, and remember how my mother taught us children every day some little story from the life of Christ, and how real she made it by drawing pictures, and telling words, which made us almost see the actual event. As I sit writing this, I see them now, those pictures which, please God, I shall never forget." One result of this loving training was that he never seemed to have had to fight his way through doubts as most men do. His faith in Christ and enthusiastic love for Him was as free from strain or doubt as that of a little child. And his love for God flowed out in constant love for his neighbor, a love which won for him the answering devotion of thousands of hearts. Of him, like his Master, it might be said that the common people heard him gladly. In the Irish village, where he was brought up, he was the "brother, friend and helper of all the people, especially of all the lads of Killea." When only a lad himself he gathered the children around him for classes of various kinds, taught the boys to grow flowers and vegetables, and gave prizes for swimming contests. He encouraged the boys to read in his library, cared for sick neighbors, dressing wounds and carrying food and clothing when necessary.

Later on, when living in London, he was still always seen with a background of boys. One of his postmen friends says:

"When at Borough Road frequently on Sundays he had parties of poor boys—street scavengers, shoeblacks, newspaper sellers, and rough boys of that class. His method was generally to have the copper-fire lit, make them strip, and have a good bath (he very frequently providing them with new underclothes), give them a good tea, and send them away at least clean and well fed. I remember one Christmas in particular, a party he had who ate so heartily of the good dinner that they could find no room for the Christmas pudding; so presently the unusual spectacle was seen of a stout gentleman, followed by about twenty boys, running about six times round the squares. Then they came back and finished the puddings."

He was in the habit of calling his rough boys "angels," because their rags suggested wings. One starving lad once tried to steal from him, was caught in the act by "Brother Bob," and tenderly reclaimed and made into a good and brave soldier. Dolling bent over him as he was dying in hospital, and says that his last words were, "I have kept straight." Another tried to steal his watch and was also reformed by Dolling, sent to one of the colonies, and was

soon sending back money to help in the mission work of his kind friend at home.

Father Dolling was certainly startling in his ways. You might find him in the midst of crowds of rough men—mostly soldiers—adding his mite to the thick cloud of smoke which arose from many pipes, or singing the "Wearing of the Green" with great zest. Or you might find him in the little oratory beyond, where he prayed with his dear lads, and talked to them privately or publicly, in away which they never forgot. Or you might find him watching over one of his boys who had come home drunk, and whom he had put into his own bed. Sometimes he had grand services, with acolytes, incense, etc., and a congregation picked up from the streets who, many of them, had never entered a church in their lives before Father Dolling got hold of them. He would talk to these ignorant people about Jesus and His disciples as though he had seen them often. Or he would have a "prayer meeting," with extempore prayers for all his people, never forgetting to mention those who had passed out of sight into the Great Beyond. He tried to brighten the lives of the slum-dwellers in every possible way, by games of all kinds, dancing, a small theatre and a gymnasium, and all the time he kept before them the remembrance of God's love. Of course there were plenty of people to object to his way of helping. Some objected to the dancing and theatre, others to the "ritualism," others to the prayer meeting, and others to the prayers for the dead. He was constantly in hot water, but changed foes into friends whenever he could—the transformation was generally very swift and lasting—and went on his own way serenely, undisturbed by what anyone thought of him. All sorts of people were entertained in the parsonage. "All poor human odds and ends and wreckage on the stream of life were the objects of his special devotion. Before suffering he beat with reverence as if before the mystery of Calvary. The lonely, the misunderstood, the scorned, were the objects of his special and peculiar regard. He used to say, of such, 'They find a home within the Heart of God.' It must have been a wonderful service that was held in the large and beautiful church built by Father Dolling in his Portsmouth slum, when he said farewell to his dearly-loved congregation. Large as the church was, it was crammed with the people who loved him as a personal friend. Then he made a tour in America, preaching 261 times in seven months. He also held a mission in New Brunswick. This was in 1898, and his biographer says, "By the end of ten days he had won the hearts of all the people of St. John's Church. We are told that each morning of the mission he might have been seen plowing his way through the deep snow in the center of the street, looking thoroughly happy and cheerful, and that he was full of boyish hilarity." In Buffalo his preaching attracted large crowds of young men, but he never laid himself out to be a popular preacher. Indeed, his stern denouncing of popular sins brought down many a storm on his head—but he seemed to have an Irish love of fighting, when he felt that the cause was good. He explored the worst streets in Chicago, and seemed eager to "throw himself into the very center of its fierce life, and to claim that life for his Master." On his return to England, he started in again to work with his usual energy in the East End of London. "The redemption of the body was to Dolling a practical truth," says his biographer, "and a most vital part of the Christian religion. It supplied to him the motive power of his ceaseless efforts as a social worker. He was a scourge to anyone who degraded, dishonored or ill-treated the body of any human being, just as to those who stunted the mind, or polluted the soul, or made money at the expense of the innocence or happiness of others. Such people felt that a rat does for a terrier. They accused him of unceasingly worrying them, and with great truth, for he gloried in doing it. They hated him as vermin do the light."

He took great delight in his camps for boys and girls, and in the winter when outdoor recreations were out of the question he encouraged social and dancing classes in order to keep his young people off the streets. He set his heart on the uplifting of the children, and his days

schools, in connection with his church, were "the most efficient probably in East London, with clean, wholesome buildings, and every encouragement to the scholars to strive for proficiency in their studies."

But his greatest and most wonderful work was probably with individuals. Only God knows how many a broken-down man and despairing woman has been helped by Father Dolling to stand upright and walk again. He was full of tender kindness and patient trust, and roused men and women to believe that they were really made in the image of God, and able to grow into the likeness of Christ. I wish I could quote from some of the many letters from sin-sick souls who were healed by being brought by him to the Saviour of sinners. And there are also innumerable stories told of his acts of self-sacrificing kindness, such as on one occasion when he crossed Portsmouth Harbor in an open boat in order to baptize a dying baby, though he was suffering from an abscess in the jaw himself. He won the love of all sorts and conditions of men—rich and poor, ignorant and educated, Protestant and Roman Catholic, saint and sinner. A lady who managed one of his clubs for rough lads says: "I feel sure I could never have persuaded them to go and talk about their lives to anyone else. They said, 'Oh, he's different; we don't mind him.' I could tell of miracles of healing under Mr. Dolling's touch. One young soldier said to me, 'He laid his hand on my head, and I don't know why, I told him all I had ever done.' They always thought when they went to church and anything was said that fitted them, that Mr. Dolling was meaning them. When once he said, in an address, 'Are you a thief? Do you give as much of your wages as you should to your mother?' they had an idea that he knew all about them."

When Mr. Dolling was fifty years old, he wrote to his friends: "If you want to give me a really jubilee birthday present, you must help me to start my new buildings here. My ministerial life has been so short, for I was not ordained until I was over thirty, that I have not half had the chance of doing the things that I wanted to do before I lay down my ministry at my Master's feet." It was only a little more than a year later that he was called to lay down his ministry and enter into the joy of his Lord.

One sign of failing strength was his absence from the daily Celebration of the Lord's Supper that last Lent of his earthly life. As his friend and biographer says: "All through his life, whenever possible, this had been his strength and joy." When the last illness, so patiently endured, was over "his tired yet happy soul sank to rest as in an untroubled sleep. The peace of God folded him round as the perfected consecration of his strenuous life, or rather as the introduction to a life yet more strenuous, in the clearer air of the Great Beyond."

Thousands of Father Dolling's poor friends attended his funeral, feeling, as the Bishop of London said in his address, as if they had lost their best friend on earth, and often the only earthly friend they had. When everybody else had given a man up, it was always said, "Dolling will take him."

Though he was by no means faultless, his life was singularly lovely. A soul, white and unspiced as that of Sir Galahad, dwelt within a pure and healthy body. His love went out unsparingly in acts of service which wore him out early. He fought many fierce fights, but was followed to his grave by the love and prayers of thousands of hearts. As a "Free Church" preacher declared at a memorial service, "hundreds of men who had no sympathy with his creed found in Father Dolling a brother greatly beloved, a beautiful human soul, whose life was an inspiration, and whose memory is a treasured possession. How dwarfed do all the little things which separate us as Christians become in the light of that splendid devotion to the Lord Jesus Christ which was his all-pervading passion!" Is not that the real secret of his life of power, which was the instrument of turning multitudes to God and righteousness? Could such a life have been inspired—inspired such a life ever been inspired—by anything else than a pure and intense devotion to Christ? When other religions are making such miracles forward to themselves, claims,

we can begin to examine them seriously; as it is, Christianity stands supreme in its countless lives of devoted self-sacrifice. The lives of true Christians are, and have always been, the most convincing proofs of Christianity's claims. The responsibility lies on all professing Christians to witness for Christ. Are we doing it, in the place where He has stationed us?

"God asks not what, but whence thy Work is—from the fruit  
He turns His eye away, to prove the inmost root."

HOPE.

Dear Hope,—I am again sending you a poem for the "Quiet Hour." I am not at all satisfied with it; it comes so far short of expressing the thought in mind. However, I send it, hoping it may have in it a helpful thought for some reader of "The Farmer's Advocate." We appreciate your talks so much, dear Hope. Personally, I find in them, from week to week, an inspiration to better service, which we so much need in these busy days.

Yours, with best wishes,  
(MRS.) M. C. HAYWARD.

Corinth, Ont.

**Take Time.**

There are golden hours that pass our way;  
There are moments that might be sweet;  
There are heaven-sent opportunities  
Lying all about our feet.  
There are aching hearts that we might cheer,  
By a loving look or smile,  
Or a quiet talk, just dropping a word  
In the Master's name the while.  
There are little ones, too, about our way,  
Perhaps by our very side,  
Whose soft eyes plead for our tenderest love,  
And a gentle hand to guide.  
But the busy days pass swiftly by,  
Each filled with its round of care;  
There is much, so much, we would like to do,  
If we had the time to spare.  
But we must not lose in the race of life;  
We must toil and get and gain,  
Till burdened mind, and tensioned nerve,  
Feel the weight of the constant strain.  
But which, dear heart, when the race is run,  
In the light of Eternity,

The things we have missed, or the things we have gained,  
Of greater worth will be?  
We live in the rush of a fevered age,  
When the glamor of gold is bright;  
When material wealth seems in reach of all  
Who seek it with will and might.  
And labor is noble, a boon to man;  
God blesses the sons of toil;  
But we need to watch lest these souls of ours  
Become dwarfed in constant toil.  
Lest in gathering treasures that fade away,  
That we die and leave behind,  
We forget that treasure-house above,  
By our Father's love designed.  
That mansion fair into which He builds  
All the good that we do or say;  
Is it unadorned, or does it grow  
More fair with each passing day?  
For each deed of love, each kindly word,  
Each pure, unselfish thought,  
We will find again, in a setting rare  
By the Master Workman wrought.  
Oh! methinks 'twould be sad—if sadness could be—  
In that beautiful home above,  
To find in our mansion no treasures rare,  
No gems of unselfish love.  
Not the truly rich are they who hold  
The gold of earth in store;  
But they who use what God has given,  
By sending it on before.

For material wealth will have no place  
In the treasures God stores away.  
Not what we have, but what we have done,  
Will count in that last great day.  
Yes, time is precious, but soon, soon,  
'Twill be gone from you and me.  
Take time, while time is yours, dear heart,  
To build for Eternity.

M. CARRIE HAYWARD.

Your verses are beautiful, Mrs. Hayward. You have surpassed yourself this time. We can generally find time to do the things which seem to us most important, but your words are a reminder that it is well to make sure that the things we do find time for are the most important things—for us.

I wish to express my thanks to E. A. C. and Mrs. Hayward for their helpful encouragement. I am often afraid that our readers must grow tired of my attempts at sermonizing, and I know that I am very apt to harp on one string—talk "shop," you know.

HOPE.

Dear Hope,—Your Quiet Hour talks have helped me many times when I have been, oh! so weary and, often, faint-hearted with life's battle. I watch eagerly for your "talk" each week, and wish to thank you for your help.

E. A. C.

**Children's Corner.**

**The Little Brown Frog.**

Twenty little frogs were splashing about in a pool. It was a fine morning, and the sun was shining on the nice green water, so they were having a jolly time, chasing one another about in the mud, and taking headers off the bank. It was not so long since they had been poor little pollywogs, who, you know, have no strong back legs to jump with. This made them feel particularly jolly, and as the old frogs had been at a concert the night before and were taking an extra nap, there was no one about to bother. A frog concert must be very tiring, for instead of letting one or two people do all the singing, while the others sit comfortably listening with their eyes shut, at these queer concerts everybody sings with all his might. They take turns in stopping for a rest, but, all the same, it must be tiring, and I think the young frogs might have been quieter that morning. However, the old ones were quite too sleepy to say anything.

I remember now, there were only nineteen little frogs splashing in the sun. One was sitting all by herself on the bank behind a stone. Some of the others thought she was sulky, which was partly true; but still we must be a little sorry for the sulky little frog, who was very, very miserable. And the reason was this: while all the other frogs she knew had pretty green backs, and delicate pink or yellow legs, she was a dull brownish color, and not pretty at all. Don't you think this was enough to take away all her pleasure in the sunshine, so that she thought she would never want to play again? Until a week ago, she had been as happy a frog as any of them, for she had always supposed herself to be just like all her friends, and no one thought it worth while to tell her she was not.

But one day, an ugly old toad came waddling along the bank. She was very jealous of the frogs, because she could not see why she should not have been made a pretty green color, too, with springs in her hind legs like theirs. She was always cross and grumpy, and she despised her relations, the toads, so she led a very unhappy life. The only little bit of pleasure she ever had, she got out of making somebody else miserable. So here was a great chance for her! The Little Brown Frog had just returned to the bank after a long dive, and sat panting a little, and enjoying the warm sun on her wet back.

The old toad, her malicious eyes glittering in her ugly face, hopped over beside her. The Little Brown Frog moved away a little, because she hated anything ugly; but directly she was afraid she had hurt the toad's feelings, so she tried to think of something pleasant to say.

"It is a fine day, ma'am," she croaked, politely. One can always speak about the weather, if nothing better comes

quickly into one's head, and the good-natured little frog did not want to seem stiff. Then she prepared to take another dive.

"Don't go yet, my dear," said the old toad, in a hurry, softening her hoarse voice into what she thought a sympathetic tone. "I've been watching you a long time, and hoping for a chance to say a kind word to you. You must often be very sad, my poor dear, though you try to be cheerful."

"Me sad!" cried the Little Brown Frog, in such surprise that she quite forgot her grammar. "Oh! no, ma'am, never! What could I be sad about?"

The toad smiled sympathetically (at least she meant to, but what she really produced was a malicious grin).

"My poor young thing, you can't deceive an old person like me! Every young person likes to be at least as

But all day long, as she played about the pool, she kept thinking about it. In the evening, when the sun was getting low in the sky, she went off by herself for a quiet walk. She had not gone far from her own pool before she came to a cottage. The Little Brown Frog loved adventures, and she set out to explore the garden, which was full of sweet-smelling flowers. After a while she came to the backyard. The ground was quite bare here, so she kept close to the cottage wall among the long grass, for fear she might be seen. And that was how she ran into a big tub, which had been set there to catch rain water. There was a beard slanting against the tub, and the Little Brown Frog, being very curious to see what was at the top, began carefully to hop up it, looking round to make sure that no one was there.

and the Little Brown Frog was left to think her unhappy thoughts.

C. D.  
(To be concluded.)

**The Letter Box.**

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—My Papa takes "The Farmer's Advocate," and has taken it for a number of years, and likes it very much. I am going to High School now. I wrote on your composition, "Empire Day on a Farm," quite a long time ago, and got a prize, which I liked very much. I have a dear little cousin who lives quite near us, and comes to our place quite near us, and two years old, and talks so funnily. I often tell him he's Dutch, and he does not like it. I live about one and a half miles from the city of Hamilton, and I go there to school. I go to the Collegiate Institute, and like it very well. We have a different teacher every 45 minutes in the morning, and every 40 minutes in the afternoon. I have two brothers smaller than I am. We have a cow and one little calf and three horses, but we have no dogs, only one cat, but it is a very nice cat. We have a lot of grapes, peaches, berries, apples, pears, plums and cherries, but no grain. Now, I think I will close, and not take up any more room of the "Corner."

MYRTLE AWREY (age 12).  
Hamilton, Ont.

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—I have been going to write to you before, but I never got it done. I think children do not write enough letters to the Children's Corner, so I thought I would write and tell you that I would be glad to see this letter in print. I am in the Fourth Book, and I have a good many studies. I have one dog and four cats, two of which are lovely little woolly kittens. I like them the best. I must not take up too much room this time. I hope that every little boy and girl will write some time or other, for I enjoy reading the Children's Corner. I will give you a riddle next time if I see this in print.

HOMER W. McMULLEN (age 13).  
Zimmerman P. O., Ont.

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—As I saw a letter in "The Farmer's Advocate" from my cousin, I thought I would write, too. I live on a farm of one hundred acres. We have ten cows, eight calves, and four horses. Our horses' names are: Prince, Dick, Barney and Nellie. I have three sisters and three brothers. One of my brothers is in New Ontario; the other two built a silo this summer. I have about a mile to go to school. I will close now, wishing "The Farmer's Advocate" every success.

MAGGIE E. AGAR (age 9).

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—I thought I would write a small letter to the Children's Corner. I am in the Third Class at school, and expect to try for the Fourth at Christmas. We have taken



An Autumn Picnic Party.

beautiful as those around him. It is a terrible misfortune to be born ugly."

The poor Little Brown Frog was quite frightened at these words. She tried to think that the old toad was speaking of her own ugliness; but no, she plainly meant that something was the matter with herself. She lounged to ask what it was, but fright took away her voice, and she could only stare at the wicked old toad, who was delighted at the mischief she had done.

"Ah! my poor lamb," she croaked as she hopped off. "You have a miserable life before you. It may be a little comfort to remember that one person, at least, was sorry for you!"

The Little Brown Frog turned and twisted her head, but as her eyes had not been arranged for looking at herself, she could not tell what the old toad meant. If she had only given up trying to find out, she might have gone on being as happy as ever.

Well, when she got to the top, you can guess what she saw! The water in the tub was clear and still, like a looking-glass, and underneath her was the picture of a small frog, the queerest frog she had ever seen, for its color was what she thought a very ugly brown. Now, she knew enough to be sure that this must be a picture of herself. It was such a shock to her feelings that she almost fainted into the tub. For she knew now what the wretched old toad meant, and she believed that she must always be miserable, because she was ugly.

So for a whole week she sat under a stone, and wouldn't play with the other frogs, nor tell them what was the matter. No wonder they thought she was sulky! The poor little thing was sure they must be laughing at her behind her back. But they really wanted her to come and play, for she had always been a jolly little thing, and they missed her. However, in time they all gave her up,

"The Farmer's Advocate" for over twenty years, and like it very much. As soon as it comes, I look for the Children's Corner. I live on a farm of 67 acres. We have eight cows, five calves, four horses, twenty pigs and thirteen little pigs, and some poultry. There are five in our family—my father, two sisters and a brother. My brother's name is Bert, and my sisters' names are Mabel and Nellie. For pets, we have two dogs, two cats, three kittens. We call our dogs Collie and Haunch. Collie is the oldest; he is thirteen. I hope my small letter will escape the waste-basket. Would someone kindly correspond with me, please? Wishing "The Farmer's Advocate" much success.

MYRTLE GRAY (age 13).  
Oxford Centre, Ont.

#### "Half an Apple."

One cold winter morning about thirty years ago, a number of girls and boys sat talking by a stove in the school-room, and they did not seem to notice a new scholar, who stood away from them, and she was very lonesome, as she had never been to school before. Then the door opened, and a bright-eyed pretty little girl came in. She walked up to the stove and said good-morning to everybody. Then her eyes fell upon the new scholar.

"Good-morning," she said sweetly, across the stove.

The little girl brightened up and answered, shyly, "Cold, isn't it?" The newcomer put her hand in her pocket and pulled out a red apple, and with her strong fingers split it in two, and handed half of it to the new scholar, saying, "Do you like apples?"

The little girl did like apples very much, and thought she had never tasted any apple half so nice.

The newcomer said, "My name is Libby. What is yours?"

She answered, "Hetty."

They chatted till nine o'clock, and when the teacher saw Libby, she smiled and said the stranger was in good hands.

(Sent by) MARY CLARKE.  
Ballyduff.

#### A Post-card Collector.

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—I have never written to you before. I like to read the Children's Corner. I have a pet dog; his name is Sharp. I am in the Senior Second Class. I like going to school. We have six horses; we call them Doll, Dick, Dot, Pat, Mike, and Lady is

the little driver. We keep cows, pigs, horses and hens. I have four sisters and two brothers. I have a mile to walk to school. I will finish with a few riddles:

1. When was beef the highest? Ans.—

2. What goes up the road and down the road, but yet it never stops. Ans.—

3. Why is a colt like an egg? Ans.—

4. What two animals follow us everywhere? Ans.—Two calves.

5. As I went through the garden I picked up Dick Red-cap, with a stone in his throat and a stick in his hand. Ans.—

6. If you were away up ten feet in the air, how would you get down? Ans.—

7. Why have you got to go to school? Ans.—Because the school won't come and teach you.

Will someone please send me a picture post card?

LUCE LAURETTA GIBSON (age 10).  
Nelson, Ont.

#### A P.-C. Collector.

Dear Cousin Dorothy,—This is the first time I have written to "The Farmer's Advocate." I am in the Third Book, and go to school every day. I get the mail on my way home from school, and I always watch for "The Farmer's Advocate." We live on a farm, twenty miles east of Toronto, on the Kingston Road. I wrote on examination for the Senior Third class, and was lucky enough to succeed. I will close with a few riddles:

1. Why is a kiss over a telephone like a straw hat?

2. What time is it when the clock strikes thirteen?

3. What makes a spotty dog spotty?

4. A riddle, a riddle, as I suppose, a hundred eyes and never a nose?

Answers:

1. 'Cause it isn't felt.

2. Time it was fixed.

3. Spots.

4. Cinder sifter.

I am a post-card collector.

ALLAN BATH (age 11).  
Dunbarton, Ont.

#### King Edward's Birthday.

King Edward does not make much fuss about his birthday; he has been kind enough to let us go on keeping Queen Victoria's birthday in the merry month of

May. But we don't forget to wish him many happy returns when the 9th of November comes round. There was great excitement all over the British Empire 65 years ago, when the Queen's first little boy was born. There was even some quarrelling amongst some officers and mayors, who thought they ought to be promoted in honor of the occasion. But Little Albert Edward Witten (that was his private name) did not bother about anything outside his comfortable nursery, until he was a week old, when they wrapped him up in blue velvet and ermine and took him down to be shown to his relations, and to Her Majesty's Court. Not many weeks after he was christened in a font all made of pure gold. His Christening Cake was Eight feet across, but never a bit was there for the poor little prince. After the christening was over, he was taken back to his nursery, and well brought up by his mother and his father, Prince Consort. He did not go to school, but was well taught, first by a governess, and then by a tutor. I have no doubt he had a good deal of fun with all his brothers and sisters, and sometimes they even went to the circus. Prince Edward was fond of getting into dangerous places, like some other boys, and one day he fell off the top of a five-barred gate, and pretty nearly damaged his nose forever. The Queen was a very strict mother. She used to whip them all soundly, and send them to bed, if they broke the nursery rules, and they had only a few toys, though you might think princes and princesses would have everything they wanted. However, they were all very fond of their mother and father, who knew that spoiled children will never grow up either happy or good. The royal children were taught to work with their hands as well as their heads. The girls had a little Swiss cottage, where they cooked and scoured and washed, and the boys had each a little garden, and worked under a gardener, who, every week, gave their father an account of what they had done, and he paid them regular wages. Perhaps that is why the King is such a good farmer now. If you were in England, you might sometimes see him judging the cattle at a fall fair, for he is a great stock-raiser, and knows all about the best breeds. He is very particular that the tenants on his

land should have as good lodgings for their cattle as they have for themselves.

When the young Prince of Wales was seven, his father took him deer-stalking in Scotland, which shows that he was a manly little fellow. He must have had plenty of courage, for when he went to college, his master in chemistry used to take him into different manufactories to show him all sorts of experiments, and one day, when they were passing a caldron of boiling lead, he asked the Prince to plunge his hand into it. In went the hand at once, and came out unhurt. A boy who would do that must have been both brave and obedient, besides knowing more about chemistry than most boys do.

You see, the King does not live at all like a prince in a fairy tale. Although he has so many grand suits of clothes that it keeps two men busy all the time brushing and folding them, he generally wears an ordinary suit of clothes, and instead of his crown, a soft felt hat, which soon wears out from being lifted so often. Though he once slept in a solid silver bed when he was staying in Egypt, at home he uses more ordinary furniture. And although he has hundreds of servants, he works very hard almost all the time, going from one place to another, making speeches, and shaking hands with people. Every year he takes a holiday, and goes off to enjoy his favorite sport of shooting, and sometimes he makes a little trip to some other country. He has an easier time when people don't know who he is. Once when he was a young man, he and the Princess called themselves "Mr. and Mrs. Williams," and went shopping in Cairo like ordinary people, and, no doubt, took a great deal of amusement out of it.

Those of you who are old enough to be learning English history know how many bad kings there have been—kings who hated their wives and fought with their children, who robbed their subjects or taught them all kinds of wickedness. It is a good thing for us that we do not live in such bad times, and that we have a King who fears God, and is not ashamed to do what is right. Everybody knows how kind he is to the poor and the sick, and we know that he is really a gentleman because he treats his poor subjects as politely as the rich. We are proud of him, and we really mean what we say when we sing "God save our gracious King!" C. D.

#### Picture Post-card Collector.

James Landsborough, Shelbourne, Ont.

## With the Flowers.

### Dahlias and Roses.

Could you kindly inform me what month is best to take up Dahlia roots, and how best to take care of them through the winter? What kind of soil is best for Dahlias?

When is the best time to get new slips of rose bushes, in the spring or autumn? Is it better to get roots or slips? How is the best way to protect them through the winter? A LOVER OF FLOWERS.  
Norfolk Co., Ont.

Leave your Dahlias in the ground until

the tops have been frozen, then dig up, keeping the tubers together, and cut off the tops, leaving about a foot of stem. Place in a warm, airy place, or in the sun when the days are bright and warm, until thoroughly dry, then store in a cool, frostproof cellar, preferably on shelves. Dahlias will do well in any good, rich garden loam. Only very well-rotted manure should be used for enriching, and even this is the better of being put on the preceding fall.

In regard to your roses, I shall give you the words of two authorities on plant culture. Mrs. Ida Bennett says: "Rose cuttings are so easily and so quickly rooted in the sand-box that it seems a waste of time to try any other way. In cutting roses for bouquets during summer, one should be generous with

stems, cutting down to a robust leaf-bud in the axil of a leaf. After the roses have faded, the stems may be used for cuttings, dividing them into as many lengths as the buds allow, leaving two or three buds to a cutting. By this method one may have a large number of young rose plants with little trouble and no expense." The sand-box, by the way, is simply a shallow box of pure sand, which has been well washed to rid it of impurities. The sand should be kept constantly damp while the slips are rooting.

Professor Bailey speaks in regard to roses as follows: "In the open-air cuttings of ripened wood can be planted in spring in V-shaped trenches, in carefully-prepared and well-manured ground. They make strong plants in autumn. Wood of

the season's growth may be gathered before severe frost, cut into 6-inch lengths, and stored through the winter by burying in sand. When planted, only one eye should appear above ground."

Very hardy roses need but little protection in winter, a foot of strawy manure placed over the beds late in the fall (in November) and raked off in spring before growth begins being sufficient. For more tender varieties, put on six inches of manure, then a foot of leaves, and, last of all, a covering of cedar branches. This must be removed just as soon as the frost is out of the ground, or the roses will smother.

We should advise you to get roots rather than slips, which, in the hands of amateurs, are not always to be relied upon.

## Health in the Home

### Disinfecting Rooms.

The disinfection of rooms after cases of contagious disease have occurred in the home, is a very important matter which now receives more attention than in former times.

Dr. A. G. Young, Secretary of the State Board of Health, of Maine, having noticed that, by mixing potassium permanganate and formalin, formaldehyde gas was liberated, requested Dr. H. D. Evans, the chemist of the Board, to ascertain if that chemical reaction could be turned to practical account for disinfection purposes.

After a long series of experiments, Dr. Evans has suggested the following method, which is very simple: It consists in placing finely-powdered permanganate in a large earthen jar or basin and then in pouring formalin over it, the operator escaping from the room as quickly as he can. Six and a half ounces of permanganate of potash are to be used for every pint of formalin employed. A violent reaction immediately follows the pouring of the formalin, and formaldehyde gas is liberated in great quantities. After five minutes over 81 per cent. of the gas is liberated and spread all over the room with great force. This first reaction having taken place, sufficient gas is liberated during the following hours to compensate the leakage from the

rooms. After three hours, the microbicidal action of this disinfectant is as much done as after sixteen hours. The advantages of this method are obvious. As the author says: "The chemical reaction furnishes all the heat necessary to vaporize the formalin, doing away with all need of fire. The ordinary house can furnish all material necessary for a generator, while the reagents can be cheaply purchased at any drug store. The method of operation is so simple that any one can attend to it who can tell the difference between a solid and a liquid, requiring only the pouring of the measured amount of formalin upon the corresponding quantity of permanganate. Absolutely no care is required after mixing the reagents, the reaction setting and dying out of itself."

The more common plan is to burn a formaldehyde candle, which costs

about 25 cents, and can be procured at the drug store, in the tightly-closed room over night, thus destroying the disease germs. If you have had diphtheria or some other contagious disease in the house, and the attending physician overlooks this matter, call his attention to it or do it yourself, for the protection of the rest of your family and friends who may occupy the rooms in the future.

### Recipes.

Wheat Griddle Cakes.—One quart sour milk, 2 even teaspoons soda, 1 even teaspoon salt, enough "Five Roses" flour to make a batter. Fry in pan-cakes.

Lemon Flapjacks.—One pint milk, 4 eggs, juice of 1 lemon, a pinch of soda, and enough "Five Roses" flour to make a light batter. Fry in hot fat. Serve with sugar and nutmeg.

## The Ingle Nook.

A Noted English Authoress.



Miss Beatrice Harraden.

A few years ago, you may remember, the bookstores were deluged by a book, small, blocky, you could read it in an hour or two, and the chances were that if you began it, you kept on without stopping until the last page was turned. "Ships That Pass in the Night" was the name of the book, and varied indeed were the criticisms in regard to it. To some it seemed rather "queer" for a writer to choose a resort for consumptives as the scene of a novel. Others, again, criticised the abrupt literary style, while yet others could not understand "The Disagreeable Man," or see why he should be evolved as the hero of a story. Last of all, there were those who found fault with the disastrous ending, a rather common criticism of any book that does not bring things all out to peaches and cream for some of its characters, while administering a judicious dose of the bitter pill to others.

However, notwithstanding all these criticisms, the little, blocky book proved popular. Everybody read it; everybody asked everybody else, "Have you read 'Ships That Pass in the Night'?" and although, by some mistake, the publication only netted the author about \$700, the publishers made a fortune out of it. Indirectly, however, the venture brought Miss Harraden much more than appeared as her rather disappointing immediate share from it. It recommended her to future publishers and to the fiction-reading public, and henceforth she was not likely to stand in want of a profitable market for anything she might write.

And now, just a few words in regard to the life of this pleasing little authoress herself. She was born at Hampstead, on the 24th of January, 1864, and received a most liberal education, her school record showing courses at Dresden, Cheltenham College, Queen's College and Bedford College, with a final taking of the degree of B. A. from London University. She also travelled extensively in Europe and the United States. Her first book, "Things Will Take a Turn," was written for children, and was published in 1891. Two years later "Ships That Pass in the Night" appeared; then, at intervals of from one to three years, "In Varying Moods," "Untold Tales of the Past," "At the Green Dragon," "Hilda Strafford," "The Fowler," and "Katharine Frensham." This year she has published another, "The Scholar's Daughter," which, although not as strong a story as "Ships That Pass," has been described as "bright and buoyant, full

of outdoor sunshine and the scent of flowers."

Miss Harraden's home is at present in London, England. She is a talented musician, is very fond of society of the right sort, and takes a keen interest in English politics; and an invitation to her home is a guarantee of being splendidly entertained and of meeting people prominent in the affairs of the day.

### Oil Stains—Request for Tarts.

Dear Dame Durden,—It has been a long time since I visited your circle. I noticed in one issue of "The Farmer's Advocate" an inquiry, how to remove cod-liver oil stains. By experience, I find frequent scalding with Pearline and a final wash-out with Surprise soap the best I have tried for cotton; but for the little woollen garments, I simply use borax and a wool soap, as they shrink so badly with Pearline. The fruit salads were just what I was wanting to hear about. I am very much interested in the chatters' letters and useful hints published from week to week.

Could someone give me a reliable recipe for bakers' tarts (not home-made)? There is a vast difference in our pastry. Please give me one or two names of Toronto dealers in live poultry; I have a number of fine ducks to dispose of. I have very often been tempted to answer some of the chatters' letters on Institutes, and how to make money for the church, and many other letters, but being a busy mother of four the time is employed in other ways from morn till eve. Trusting my letter is not too long. Wentworth Co., Ont. JUANITA.

We shall be pleased to hear from you again. You will find the addresses of poultry dealers in the advertising columns of "The Farmer's Advocate." Why not write to Flavelles, London (see page 1747), who have established killing stations at many points in Western Ontario?

### Answer to Jack's Wife.

Dear Dame Durden,—Now that there is a direct opening to make a suggestion, I think I will write to the Ingle Nook, and at the same time help, if I can, Jack's Wife. If her house is large, or a fairly good size, I think "Homeward Hall" as pretty and as cozy as any, or, if she would rather, Homeward Farm. Summer Hill Farm might be very appropriate.

I have often thought of writing to the Nook, but have kept putting it off from time to time, until this sunny Saturday morning, when I have suddenly picked up courage. I might say, Dame Durden, that is, if you and the chatters care to listen, that my home has not always been on the farm; 'tis nearly three years now since I exchanged my city home for my present one, and there never was a more perfect "greenhorn" in regards country life than "yours truly"; but I have accomplished a great deal, and my liege lord often jokingly remarks that he would never be afraid to marry a city girl again.

The first winter after I was married was my first experience with a country winter, and it was the record-breaker of 1903-04. We were snow-bound here for twenty-eight days, with not even a line from the outside world. But why dwell on such hardship? I love my country home, and would not exchange for another in the world. We live close to town, part of our farm and the house being inside the corporation. I have two babies, aged one and two years respectively. We have a large farm, and manage a great deal of work.

"Wrinkles" has not sent in any wrinkles for a long time, has she? I have her "wrinkle" re a superannuated bedstead treasured away in my memory, but some summer day in the near future I am going to put it into execution.

Now, dear Dame Durden, if I have not written too long and too tiresome a letter, I will ask permission to call again. Au revoir. HELEN.

Bruce Co. I think we shall have to establish a telepathy school, if the Ingle Nookers keep on calling one another up from the "deeps," as they have been doing lately. You speak of Wrinkles, and who should appear on the selfsame mail but Dame Wrinkles herself! Try it again, won't you?

### Wrinkles with a New Wrinkle.

Dear Dame Durden,—I feel it is time for me to make my best bow to some of the Ingle Nook friends who have alluded so kindly to Wrinkles.

I hope to send an account of my poultry to the "Poultry" column very soon, but in the meantime I would like to whisper to Forget-me-not that my pullets are laying and have been for some time. My ducks and turkeys are beautiful to behold.

One more wrinkle I got this summer from "A Summer Girl": To launder a lawn waist, after washing, dip in borax and water instead of starch, and let dry, then dampen and iron. A tablespoonful of borax to a pint of water is sufficient for one waist. The borax seems to keep the article a good color, and there is no sticking to contend with. We tried the same for white linen centerpiece, and liked it very much, as it made the linen look like new—just the right stiffness. When ironing, we find a piece of sandpaper an excellent thing to rub the iron on. It is an original idea, and a good one. York Co., Ont. WRINKLES.

### Garden Huckleberries—Cooking Squash—Christmas Pudding.

Dear Dame Durden and Helpers,—May I put in a word too? I have long felt like joining your circle, but lack of time kept me from spending my time and taking up space which might be filled with much more interesting matter from someone else. Perhaps "Alpha's garden huckleberries" drew me out. I wish she would tell us what time she put them in her garden, and how she treated the plants when up. They are my favorite berry, and so hard to get. They are generally all picked up before the wagons reach our town.

I would like to say to Ruby that I think I have an easier way of preparing pumpkin and squash for the table and pies than steaming them. I cut the pumpkin in two, scrape out clean, turn each half on an old tin cover of any kind, and put in a hot oven, and, when soft, scrape out, season with salt, pepper and butter. If for the table, mash very fine—better put through a colander, of course. The squash, I bake whole, and use same as the pumpkin. We are very fond of them, especially the small table pumpkin.

I would be delighted to see more on the training of children in your columns, a subject I feel I need a lot of help in, for I have a goodly number to train, and feel the responsibility very keenly.

Am I taking up too much valuable space to give Ruby some ideas for inexpensive Christmas gifts? One that touched my heart was from a busy, careful woman, a dear friend of mine. It was a group of pin balls made of soft white yarn (the center can be any ordinary soft stuff a pin will go through) covered with a pale blue crocheted covering, hanging from a blue baby ribbon, with bows, and stuck full of dress pins; each ball hung a little lower than the other. The balls are three in number, and they are useful, hanging from your dresser, as well as dainty. Hair-pin holders can be made of white and yellow, or blue, or any shade of wool by making it in a chain very loosely, and looping up in different lengths and fastening with a bow of ribbon to match, and sticking in a few hairpins.

I, too, would like a few suggestions of how to make inexpensive gifts for Christmas from Ingle Nookers, also a recipe for a real boiled Christmas plum pudding. My recipe has no soda or cream tartar, and I am afraid to use it. Hoping I have not been too tedious. FAITH.

Very few of the Christmas-pudding recipes call for soda or cream tartar. Would you be afraid to use one in which breadcrumbs take the place flour? Here it is, anyway:

Half a pound stale bread (grated, about three cups),  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. beef suet (chopped fine). Add to the suet 2 cups seedless raisins, 1 cup currants,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup thinly-sliced citron, the grated rind of an orange or lemon, and 1 cup sugar. Mix together thoroughly, then add the bread,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon cinnamon,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon ground cloves, 1-3 teaspoon mace, and as many chopped almonds as preferred. When well mixed again, add the well-beaten yolks of 4 eggs, with half a cup milk, and, lastly, the stiffly-beaten whites of the eggs. Steam 2 hours in a well-

buttered mould, and serve with liquid sauce. Garnish with holly.

### A Mistake Corrected.

Dear Dame Durden,—Will you excuse me for bothering you so soon again, but I wonder if anyone has tried that chocolate-cookie recipe yet? I must have made a terrible mistake, folks, for it is just  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup grated chocolate, in place of the  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups. Can you forgive my mistake this time? I am in a big hurry, as my "little mother" is away on a visit, and you know what that means, girls. We girls have to try to look after things in her absence. How glad we girls should be that our mothers have taught us how to "keep house," and when she goes away, of course, things won't be done as mother does them, but, still, in a way that will bring credit to her kind teaching. But I must away, so bye-bye, dear Ingle Nookers, for this time; kind love to you, dear Dame Durden. DARLING.

Middlesex Co., Ont.

### Re Thanksgiving.

Mr. H. V. D., Huron Co., Ont., writes: "I am very much pleased with the new story, Bob, Son of Battle. Would you kindly tell me some reasons for holding Thanksgiving in October or November?"

The idea of a national thanksgiving day seems to have arisen out of the feeling that the Creator (the gods of the ancient nations) should be especially honored at a time when the grain and fruits were gathered in, and the land filled with plenty. In ancient Egypt, Greece and Rome, harvest festivals in which offerings were laid upon the altar of the gods of fruitfulness were regularly observed. The Jews also had their thanksgiving, their great annual Feast of Tabernacles, which continued from seven to fourteen days. From these nations the custom has spread to almost all civilized nations.

There is no arbitrary reason for setting the day either in November or in October. The first Thanksgiving Day observed in Canada was on the 28th of September, 1763, when the day was set apart as one of rejoicing because peace had been established between Great Britain and France. The day, it seems, must suit the convenience of the times, the only necessity being that it shall be held when the crops and fruits are garnered in.

### The Artist.

By Frank Roe Batchelder.

There came an unknown artist, sweet and shy,  
Into old Nature's studio one day.  
April was sketching there, and June and May;  
With careless glance they passed the stanger by,  
But Nature kindly bade her come and try  
Her skill among them; so, without delay,  
She set to work; and first she sketched a gray  
And cheerless landscape, with a frowning sky;  
Then with deft brush she laid fresh colors on,—  
Crimson and gold and green and russet-brown,—  
And over all the living sunlight shone.  
"Who art thou?" cried the students, looking down  
Upon her work, which put their own to shame.  
Blushing, she murmured, "Autumn is my name."

### An English Farmer's Toast.

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

## About the House.

### Christmas Gifts.

1. If a young girl is on your Christmas-box list, where could you choose a more suitable gift for her than one of the pretty little muslin or Persian lawn aprons, such as that shown in our illustration? These were originally called "chafing-dish" aprons, but proved so dainty, so becoming, that they have been seized upon for a variety of uses beside that of presiding over the chafing dish. They may, of course, be trimmed in any way that one's fancy dictates, but should never come below the knee. A tiny "bib" may be added, if preferred.

2. Fig. 2 shows a very useful work-bag, or spectacle and handkerchief bag for an old lady. It is made of strong black ribbon, trimmed with beads, and is to be pinned to the belt when in use.

3. A set of sachets, made of ends of ribbon, with batting liberally sprinkled with some good perfume powder, makes a very dainty Christmas gift. The sachets may be kept among linen or lingerie in the bureau drawer, or may be pinned to the corset cover, and worn inside the dress.

4. If you present any petticoated friend with a set of hangers, say two for coats and four for skirts; accompanying the gift with the suggestion that she have a slender pole or strong rod, upon which to suspend the hangers, placed across her clothes-closet, she will have reason a thousand times to arise and call you blessed. The number of garments that may be hung along such a pole without danger of being crushed is simply a revelation to anyone who has not tried the plan. These hangers may be bought at almost any clothing establishment or notion store, and at some of the hardware stores, for 5 or 10 cents apiece. As the gift is for Christmas time, it will be necessary to give it a "Christmassy" look. This may be done very nicely by tying a bow of cherry-colored ribbon on top of each hanger.

5. A fancywork bag, which your friend will appreciate when she wants to take her work out for an afternoon's visit, is made of pasteboard and Dresden ribbon. Cut an oblong of the pasteboard, say 7 or 8 inches long and four wide. Cover it neatly with the ribbon, then gather ribbon all around to form the bag. Finish the top with a drawing-string of ribbon long enough to form loops through which the arm may be slipped.

6. Very dainty strings of beads or watchguards may be made of tiny "gold" or steel beads and whole allspice. Take a strong double thread, slip on three beads then an allspice, and so on until the string is completed. Finish with small brass clasps.

### SOME COLD-WEATHER SOUPS.

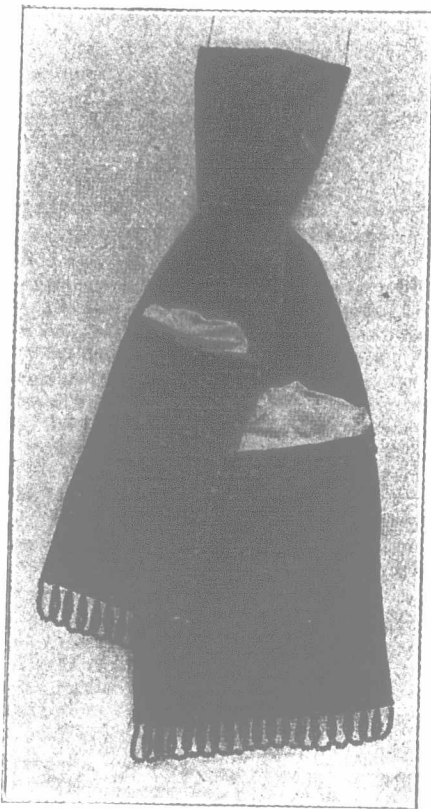
Soups are, of course, "the proper thing" for the introduction of dinner; nevertheless, if you have never tried them as your supper hot-dish during cold weather, and will just venture upon a few of the following, we think you will not be slow in adopting soup in some form for supper almost as an institution while winter lasts:

**Cream of Potato Soup.**—Boil 1 pint of water and 1 quart of good milk together. Add a piece of butter, salt and pepper, and two heaped tablespoons mashed potato. Beat yolks of 2 eggs light, add to them a tablespoon flour mixed smooth with a half cup of water, and pour into the boiling soup, stirring well. Just before serving, if you choose, add a small cup of whipped cream.

**Bean Soup.**—Soak 1 pint of beans in water over night, and next morning drain, and add 2 quarts water. Cook very slowly for three hours, stirring often. When soft, put through a sieve, having only the skins in the sieve. Return to the



1. A Persian Lawn Apron.



2. Handkerchief and Spectacle Bag.

kettle, season with butter, pepper and salt, and serve with toast.

**Delicious Soup.**—Fry one tablespoon of chopped onion and 1 tablespoon chopped parsley in 1 tablespoon butter for 5 minutes. Stir in 1 tablespoon cornstarch. Put half a can of tomatoes, or its equivalent of stewed tomatoes, in a saucepan or double boiler, and add to it one pint boiling water. Add 1 tablespoon (scant) of sugar, pepper and salt to taste, and 4 cloves. Add parsley, etc., and simmer twenty minutes. Add a tiny bit of soda, and serve with croutons. To make the croutons, simply butter and slice bread, cut into small squares, and brown slightly in the oven.

**Squash or Pumpkin Soup.**—For this soup the mealy Hubbard squash is best. Boil until soft, put through a sieve, pour in milk to make a rather thick soup. Season with butter, pepper and salt, and serve very hot. A little cornstarch or tapioca may be added, if desired.

### Come, Let us Go Into the Lane.

By Alfred Austin (Poet Laureate).

Come, let us go into the lane, love mine,  
And mark and gather what the autumn  
grows:

The creamy elder mellowed into wine,  
The russet hip that was the pink-white  
rose;

The amber woodbine into rubies turned,  
The blackberry that was the bramble  
born;

Nor let the seeded clematis be spurned,  
Nor pearls, that now are corals, of the  
thorn.

Look! what a lovely posy we have made  
From the wild garden of the waning  
year.

So when, dear love, your summer is de-  
cayed,  
Beauty more touching than is clustered  
here

Will linger in your life, and I shall cling  
Closely as now, nor ask if it be spring.

### Exiled.

It comes to me often in silence,  
When the firelight splutters low—  
When the black, uncertain shadows  
Seem wraiths of long ago;  
Always with a throb of heartache,  
That fills each pulsive vein.  
Comes the old, unquiet longing  
For the peace of home again.

I'm sick of the roar of the cities,  
And of faces cold and strange;  
I know where there's warmth of welcome,  
And my yearning fancies range  
Back to the dear old homestead,  
With an aching sense of pain,  
But there'll be joy in the coming,  
When I go home again.

When I go home again! There's music  
That never may die away,  
And it seems the hands of angels,  
On a mystic harp at play,  
Have touched with a yearning sadness  
On a beautiful broken strain,  
To which is my fond heart wording—  
When I go home again.

Outside of my darkening window  
Is the great world's clash and din,  
And slowly the autumn shadows  
Come drifting, drifting in.  
Sobbing, the night wind murmurs  
To the splash of the autumn rain;  
But I dream of the glorious greeting  
When I go home again.

—Selected.

### The Eternal Goodness.

I walk with bare, hushed feet the ground  
Ye tread with boldness shod;  
I dare not fix with mete and bound  
The love and power of God.

Yet in the maddening maze of things,  
And tossed by storm and flood,  
To one fixed stake my spirit clings,  
I know that God is good.

I know not what the future hath  
Of marvel or surprise,  
Assured of one, that life and death  
His mercy underlies.

And if my heart and flesh are weak  
To bear an untried pain,  
The bruised reed He will not break,  
But strengthen and sustain.

And so beside life's silent sea  
I wait with muffled oar:  
No harm from Him can come to me  
On ocean or on shore.

I know not where His islands lift  
Their fringed palms in air;  
I only know I cannot drift  
Beyond His love and care.

—J. G. Whittier.

### Let Something Good be Said.

By James Whitcomb Riley.

When over the fair fame of friend or foe  
The shadow of disgrace shall fall, in-  
stead

Of words of blame, or proof of thus and  
so,  
Let something good be said.

Forget not that no fellow-being yet  
May fall so low but love may lift his  
head,  
Even the cheek of shame with tears is  
wet,  
If something good be said.

No generous heart may vainly turn aside  
In ways of sympathy, no soul so dead  
But may awaken strong and glorified,  
If something good be said.

And so I charge ye, by the thorny crown,  
And by the cross on which the Saviour  
bled,  
And by your own soul's hope of fair re-  
nown,  
Let something good be said.

Let something good be said.

### The Uncaring.

Full many keep for those they love  
The bitter word, the tear,  
And lavish on a careless crowd  
Their benison of cheer.  
With laughter light for passing guest,  
Who soon from them must roam,  
They wound the ones they love the best,  
And dim the light of home.

—Lalia Mitchell.

### No Use.

What's the use o' kickin'  
When the air is soft an' warm,  
An' the sky is blue above you  
Without a hint o' storm?  
When the waves are softly singin'  
As they sparkle in the light;  
What's the use o' kickin'  
'Cause the fish

don't  
bite.

The fun of goin' fishin'  
Is to find a good excuse  
To sit and watch the ripples  
When the line is hangin' loose.  
To feel the breezes blowin'  
An' feel such calm delight  
That you never think of kickin'  
'Cause the fish

don't  
bite.

There's many an ambition  
Which is but a fruitless quest.  
But this world is full of sunshine  
An' of beauty an' of rest.  
An' we've had the fun of livin',  
Though we ain't successful quite,  
An' there ain't no use o' kickin'  
'Cause the fish

don't  
bite.

—Washington Star.

### Failures that are Good for Us.

To fail to attain our ideals is not a wicked or shameful thing. Our highest ideals are still far in advance of our attainment, and will always be in our present life. It is only wicked and shameful to accept our failures as final, and to cease from all further effort to attain. Indeed, our failures are meant to teach us much which otherwise we could not learn. And they are the best guarantee of ultimate success.

What I essayed to be  
And was not, comforts me.

It comforts us because it shows us that we are meant for more than we have realized. And it assures us that we have something yet to live for. This sort of failure is good for us.—R. E. Speer.

### The Four-leaf Clover.

I know a place where the sun is like  
gold,  
And the cherry blooms burst with  
snow,  
And down underneath is the loveliest  
nook,  
Where the four-leaf clovers grow.

One leaf is for hope, and one is for faith,  
And one is for love, you know,  
And God put another in for luck,—  
If you search, you will find where they  
grow.

But you must have hope, and you must  
have faith,  
You must love and be strong—and so,  
If you work, if you wait, you will find  
the place  
Where the four-leaf clovers grow.

—Ella Higginson.

### "Just for Fun."

One song lost to the summer day,  
Ah me! Ah me!  
One pair of flashing wings the less  
In the apple tree.  
Four moaning babies, motherless,  
In the home nest.  
A dying bird upon the ground  
With wounded breast.  
Who can in such a peaceful place  
The wrong have done?  
A little thoughtless-hearted boy—  
And just for fun.

### Something Profound.

Some Gottingen students who had a keen admiration for Klopstock, the German Milton, once found one of his stanzas unintelligible and begged him to explain its exact meaning to them. The poet read the stanza—then carefully re-read it—then read it again, while all looked on with bated breath. At last he spoke: "I cannot recollect what I meant when I wrote it, but I do remember that it was one of the finest things I ever wrote, and you cannot do better than devote your lives to the discovery of its meaning."

## Bob, Son of Battle.

By ALFRED OLLIVANT.

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### CHAPTER VIII.

#### M'Adam and His Coat.

To David M'Adam the loss of gentle Elizabeth Moore was as real a grief as to her children. Yet he manfully smothered his own aching heart and devoted himself to comforting the mourners at Kenmuir.

In the days succeeding Mrs. Moore's death the boy recklessly neglected his duties at the Grange. But little M'Adam forbore to rebuke him. At times, indeed, he essayed to be passively kind. David, however, was too deeply sunk in his great sorrow to note the change.

The day of the funeral came. The earth was throwing off its ice-letters; and the Dale was lost in a mourning mist.

In the afternoon M'Adam was standing at the window of the kitchen, contemplating the infinite weariness of the scene, when the door of the house opened and shut noiselessly. Red Wull raised himself on to the sill and growled, and David hurried past the window making for Kenmuir. M'Adam watched the passing figure indifferently; then with an angry oath sprang to the window.

"Bring me back that coat, ye thief!" he cried, tapping fiercely on the pane. "Tak' it aff at onst, ye muckle gowk, or I'll come and tear it aff ye. D'ye see him, Wullie? the great coof has ma coat—ma black coat, new last Michaelmas, and it rainin' nough to melt it." He threw the window up with a bang and leaned out.

"Bring it back, I tell ye, ondootiful, or I'll summons ye. Though ye've no respect for me, ye might have for me claithes. Ye're too big for yer ain boots, let alane me coat. D'ye think I had it cut for a elephant? It's burstin', I tell ye. Tak' it aff! Fetch it here, or I'll e'en send Wullie to bring it!"

David paid no heed except to begin running heavily down the hill. The coat was stretched in wrinkled agony across his back; his big, red wrists protruded like shank-bones from the sleeves; and the little tails flapped wearily in vain attempts to reach the wearer's legs.

M'Adam, bubbling over with indignation, scrambled half through the open window. Then, tickled at the amazing impudence of the thing, he paused, smiled, dropped to the ground again, and watched the uncouth, retreating figure with chuckling amusement.

"Did ye ever see the like o' that, Wullie?" he muttered. "Ma pair coat—pair wee coatie! it gars me greet to see her in her pain. A man's coat, Wullie, is aften unco sma' for his son's back; and David there is strainin' and stretchin' her nigh to brakin', for a' the world as he does ma forbearance. And what's he care about the one or t'ither?—not a finger-flip."

As he stood watching the disappearing figure there began the slow tolling of the minute-bell in the little Dale church. Now near, now far, now loud, now low, its dull chant rang out through the mist like the slow-dropping tears of a mourning world.

M'Adam listened, almost reverently, as the bell tolled on, the only sound in the quiet Dale. Outside, a drizzling rain was falling; the snow dribbled down the hill in muddy tricklets; and trees and roofs and windows dripped.

And still the bell tolled on, calling up relentlessly sad memories of the long ago, in just such another December, and not so many years gone by, that the light had gone forever out of his life.

The whole picture rose as instant to his eyes as if it had been but yesterday. That insistent bell brought the scene surging back to him: the dismal day; the drizzle; the few mourners; little David decked out in black, his fair hair contrasting with his gloomy clothes, his face swollen with weeping; the Dale hushed, it seemed, in death, save for the tolling of the bell; and his love had left him—and gone to the happy land the hymn-books talk of.

Red Wull, who had been watching him uneasily, now came up and shoved his muzzle into his master's hand. The cold touch brought the little man back to

earth. He shook himself, turned wearily away from the window, and went to the door of the house.

He stood there, looking out; and all round him was the eternal drip, drip of the thaw. The wind lulled, and again the minute-bell tolled out clear and inexorable, resolute to recall what was and what had been.

With a choking gasp the little man turned into the house, and ran up the stairs and into his room. He dropped on his knees beside the great chest in the corner, and unlocked the bottom drawer, the key turning noisily in its socket.

In the drawer he searched with feverish fingers, and produced at length a little paper packet wrapped about with a stained yellow ribbon. It was the ribbon she had used to weave on Sundays into her soft hair.

Inside the packet was a cheap, heart-shaped frame, and in it a photograph.

Up there it was too dark to see. The little man ran down the stairs, Red Wull jostling him as he went, and hurried to the window in the kitchen.

It was a sweet, laughing face that looked up at him from the frame, demure yet arch, shy yet roguish—a face to look at and a face to love.

As he looked a wintry smile, wholly tender, half tearful, stole over the little man's face.

"Lassie," he whispered, and his voice was infinitely soft, "it's lang sin' I've daured look at ye. But it's no that ye're forgotten, dearie."

Then he covered his eyes with his hand as though he were blinded.

"Dinna look at me sae, lass!" he cried, and fell on his knees, kissing the picture, hugging it to him and sobbing passionately.

Red Wull came up and pushed his face compassionately into his master's; but the little man shoved him roughly away, and the dog retreated into a corner, abashed and reproachful.

Memories swarmed back on the little man.

It was more than a decade ago now, and yet he dared barely think of that last evening when she had lain so white and still in the little room above.

"Pit the bairn on the bed, Adam man," she had said in low tones. "I'll be gaein' in a wee while noo. It's the lang good-by to you—and him."

He had done her bidding and lifted David up. The tiny boy lay still a moment, looking at this white-faced mother whom he hardly recognized.

"Minnie!" he called piteously. Then, thrusting a small, dirty hand into his pocket, he pulled out a grubby sweet. "Minnie, ha' a sweetie—an o' Davie's sweeties!" and he held it out anxiously in his warm, plump palm, thinking it a certain cure for any ill.

"Eat it for mither," she said, smiling tenderly; and then: "Davie, ma heart, I'm leavin' ye."

The boy ceased sucking the sweet, and looked at her, the corners of his mouth drooping pitifully.

"Ye're no gaein' awa', mither?" he asked, his face all working. "Ye'll no leave yer wee laddie?"

"Ay, laddie, awa'—reet awa'. He's callin' me." She tried to smile; but her mother's heart was near to bursting.

"Ye'll tak' yer wee Davie wi' ye, mither!" the child pleaded, crawling up toward her face.

The great tears rolled, unrestrained, down her wan cheeks, and M'Adam, at the head of the bed, was sobbing openly.

"Eh, ma bairn, ma bairn, I'm sair to leave ye!" she cried brokenly. "Lift him for me, Adam."

He placed the child in her arms; but she was too weak to hold him. So he laid him upon his mother's pillows; and the boy wretched his soft arms about her neck and sobbed tempestuously.

And the two lay thus together. Just before she died, Flora turned her head and whispered:

"Adam, ma man, ye'll ha' to be mither and father baith to the lad noo;" and she looked at him with tender confidence in her dying eyes.

"I wull! afore God as I stan' here I wull!" he declared passionately. Then she died, and there was a look of ineffable peace upon her face.

"Mither and father baith!"

The little man rose to his feet and flung the photograph from him. Red

Wull pounced upon it; but M'Adam leapt at him as he mouthed it.

"Git awa', ye devil!" he screamed; and, picking it up, stroked it lovingly with trembling fingers.

"Mither and father baith!" How had he fulfilled his love's last wish? How!

"O God!"—and he fell upon his knees at the table-side, hugging the picture, sobbing and praying.

Red Wull cowered in the far corner of the room, and then crept whining up to where his master knelt. But M'Adam heeded him not, and the great dog slunk away again.

There the little man knelt in the gloom of the winter's afternoon, a miserable penitent. His gray-flecked head was bowed upon his arms; his hands clutched the picture; and he prayed aloud in gasping, halting tones.

"Gie me grace, O God! 'Father and mither baith,' ye said, Flora—and I ha'na done it. But 'tis no too late—say it's no, lass. Tell me there's time yet, and say ye forgie me. I've tried to bear wi' him mony and mony a time. But he's vexed me, and set himself agin me, and stiffened my back, and ye ken hoo I was aye quick to tak' offence. But I'll mak' it up to him—mak' it up to him, and mair. I'll humble mase' afore him, and that'll be bitter enough. And I'll be father and mither baith to him. But there's bin none to help me; and it's bin sair wi'oot ye. And—but, eh, lassie, I'm wearyin' for ye!"

It was a dreary little procession that wound in the drizzle from Kenmuir to the little Dale church. At the head stalked James Moore, and close behind David in his meagre coat. While last of all, as if to guide the stragglers in the weary road, came Owd Bob.

There was a full congregation in the tiny church now. In the squire's pew were Cyril Gilbraith, Muriel Sylvester, and, most conspicuous, Lady Eleanor. Her slender figure was simply draped in gray, with gray fur about the neck and gray fur edging sleeves and jacket; her veil was lifted, and you could see the soft hair about her temples, like waves breaking on white cliffs, and her eyes big with tender sympathy as she glanced toward the pew upon her right.

For there were the mourners from Kenmuir: the Master, tall, grim, and gaunt; and beside him Maggie, striving to be calm, and little Andrew, the miniature of his father.

Alone, in the pew behind, David M'Adam in his father's coat.

The back of the church was packed with farmers from the whole March Mere Estate; friends from Silverdale and Grammocho-town; and nearly every soul in Wastrel-dale, come to show their sympathy for the living and reverence for the dead.

At last the end came in the wet dreariness of the little churchyard, and slowly the mourners departed, until at length were left only the parson, the Master, and Owd Bob.

The parson was speaking in rough, short accents, digging nervously at the wet ground. The other, tall and gaunt, his face drawn and half-averted, stood listening. By his side was Owd Bob, scanning his master's countenance, a wistful compassion deep in the sad gray eyes; while close by, one of the parson's terriers was nosing inquisitively in the wet grass.

Of a sudden, James Moore, his face still turned away, stretched out a hand. The parson broke off abruptly and grasped it. Then the two men strode away in opposite directions, the terrier hopping on three legs and shaking the rain off his hard coat.

David's steps sounded outside. M'Adam rose from his knees. The door of the house opened, and the boy's feet shuffled in the passage.

"David!" the little man called in a tremulous voice.

He stood in the half-light, one hand on the table, the other clasping the picture. His eyes were bleared, his thin hair all tossed, and he was shaking.

"David," he called again; "I've somethin' I wish to say to ye!"

The boy burst into the room. His face was stained with tears and rain; and the new black coat was wet and slimy all

down the front, and on the elbows were green-brown, muddy blots. For, on his way home, he had flung himself down in the Stony Bottom just as he was, heedless of the wet earth and his father's coat, and, lying on his face thinking of that second mother lost to him, had wept his heart out in a storm of passionate grief.

Now he stood defiantly, his hand upon the door.

"What d'yo' want?" The little man looked from him to the picture in his hand.

"Help me, Flora—he'll no," he prayed. Then, raising his eyes, he began: "I'd like to say—I've bin thinkin'—I think I should tell ye—it's no an easy thing for a man to say—"

He broke off short. The self-imposed task was almost more than he could accomplish.

He looked appealingly at David. But there was no glimmer of understanding in that white, set countenance.

"O God, it's maist mair than I can do!" the little man muttered; and the perspiration stood upon his forehead. Again he began: "David, after I saw ye this afternoon steppin' doon the hill—"

Again he paused. His glance rested unconsciously upon the coat. David mistook the look; mistook the dimness in his father's eyes; mistook the tremor in his voice.

"Here 'tis! tak' yo' coat!" he cried passionately; and, tearing it off, flung it down at his father's feet. "Tak' it—and—course ye!"

He banged out of the room and ran upstairs; and, locking himself in, threw himself on to his bed and sobbed.

Red Wull made a movement to fly at the retreating figure; then turned to his master, his stump-tail vibrating with pleasure.

But little M'Adam was looking at the wet coat now lying in a wet bundle at his feet.

"Curse ye," he repeated softly. "Curse ye—ye heard him, Wullie?"

A bitter smile crept across his face. He looked again at the picture now lying crushed in his hand.

"Ye canna say I didna try; ye canna ask me to agin," he muttered, and slipped it into his pocket. "Niver agin, Wullie; not if the Queen were to ask it."

Then he went out into the gloom and drizzle, still smiling the same bitter smile.

That night, when it came to closing-time at the Sylvester Arms, Jem Burton found a little gray-haired figure lying on the floor in the tap-room. At the little man's head lay a great dog.

"Yo' beast!" said the righteous publican, regarding the figure of his best customer with fine scorn. Then catching sight of a photograph in the little man's hand:

"Oh, ye're that sort, are ye, foxy?" he leered. "Gie us a look at 'er," and he tried to disengage the picture from the other's grasp. But at the attempt the great dog rose, bared his teeth, and assumed such a diabolical expression that the big landlord retreated hurriedly behind the bar.

"Two on ye!" he shouted viciously, rattling his heels; "beasts baith!"

### PART III.

#### The Shepherd's Trophy.

### CHAPTER IX.

#### Rivals.

M'Adam never forgave his son. After the scene on the evening of the funeral there could be no alternative but war for all time. The little man had attempted to humble himself, and been rejected; and the bitterness of defeat, when he had deserved victory, rankled like a poisoned barb in his bosom.

Yet the heat of his indignation was directed not against David, but against the Master of Kenmuir. To the influence and agency of James Moore he attributed his discomfiture, and bore himself accordingly. In public or in private, in tap-room or market, he never wearied of abusing his enemy.

"Feel the loss o' his wife, d'ye say?" he would cry. "Ay, as muckle as I feel the loss o' my hair. James Moore can



feel naethin', I tell ye, except, aiblins, a mischance to his meeserable dog."

When the two met, as they often must, it was always M'Adam's endeavor to betray his enemy into an unworthy expression of feeling. But James Moore, sorely tried as he often was, never gave way. He met the little man's sneers with a quelling silence, looking down on his asp-tongued antagonist with such a contempt flashing from his blue-gray eyes as hurt his adversary more than words.

Only once was he spurred into reply. It was in the tap-room of the Dalesman's Daughter on the occasion of the big spring fair in Grammoach-town, when there was a goodly gathering of farmers and their dogs in the room.

M'Adam was standing at the fireplace with Red Wull at his side.

"It's a noble pairt ye play, James Moore," he cried loudly across the room, "settin' son against father, and dividin' hoose against hoose. It's worthy o' ye wi' yer churchgoin', and yer psalm-singin', and yer godliness."

The Master looked up from the far end of the room.

"Happen ye're not aware, M'Adam," he said sternly, "that, an' it had not bin for me, David'd ha' left you years ago—and 'twould nob'but ha' served ye right, I'm thinkin'."

The little man was beaten on his own ground, so he changed front.

"Dinna shout so, man—I have ears to hear. Forbye ye irritate Wullie."

The Tailless Tyke, indeed, had advanced from the fireplace, and now stood, huge and hideous, in the very centre of the room. There was distant thunder in his throat, a threat upon his face, a challenge in every wrinkle. And the Gray Dog stole gladly out from behind his master to take up the gage of battle.

Straightway there was silence; tongues ceased to wag, tankards to clink. Every man and every dog was quietly gathering about those two central figures. Not one of them all but had his score to wipe off against the Tailless Tyke; not one of them but was burning to join in, the battle once begun. And the two gladiators stood looking past one another, muzzle to muzzle, each with a tiny flash of teeth glinting between his lips.

But the fight was not to be; for the twentieth time the Master intervened.

"Bob, lad, coom in!" he called, and, bending, grasped his fingers by the neck. M'Adam laughed softly.

"Wullie, Wullie, to me!" he cried. "The look o' you's enough for that gentleman."

"If they get fightin' it'll no be Bob here I'll hit, I warn ye," M'Adam, said the Master grimly.

"Gin ye sae muckle as touched Wullie d'ye ken what I'd do, James Moore?" asked the little man very smoothly.

"Yes—sweer," the other replied, and strode out of the room amid a roar of derisive laughter at M'Adam's expense.

Owd Bob had now attained wellnigh the perfection of his art. Parson Leggy declared roundly that his like had not been seen since the days of Rex son of Rally. Among the Dalesmen he was a heroic favorite, his prowess and gentle ways winning him friends on every hand. But the point that told most heavily for him was that in all things he was the very antithesis of Red Wull.

Barely a man in the country-side but owed that ferocious savage a grudge; not a man of them all who dared pay it. Once Long Kirby, full of beer and valor, tried to settle his account. Coming on M'Adam and Red Wull as he was driving into Grammoach-town, he leant over and with his thong dealt the dog a terrible sword-like slash that raised an angry ridge of red from hip to shoulder; and was twenty yards down the road before the little man's shrill curse reached his ear, drowned in a hideous bellow.

He stood up and lashed the colt, who, quick on his legs for a young un, soon settled to his gallop. But, glancing over his shoulder, he saw a hounding form behind, catching him as though he were walking. His face turned sickly white; he screamed; he flogged; he looked back. Right beneath the tail-board was the red devil in the dust; while racing a furlong behind on the turnpike road was the mad figure of M'Adam.

The smith struck back and flogged forward. It was of no avail. With a tiger-like bound the murderous brute leapt on the flying trap. At the shock

of that great body the colt was thrown violently on his side; Kirby was tossed over the hedge; and Red Wull pinned beneath the debris.

M'Adam had time to rush up and save a tragedy.

"I've a mind to knife ye, Kirby," he panted, as he bandaged the smith's broken head.

After that you may be sure the Dalesmen preferred to swallow insults rather than to risk their lives; and their impotence only served to fan their hatred to white heat.

The working methods of the antagonists were as contrasted as their appearances. In a word, the one compelled where the other coaxed.

His enemies said the Tailless Tyke was rough; not even Tammas denied he was ready. His brain was as big as his body, and he used them both to some purpose. "As quick as a cat, with the heart of a lion and the temper of Nick's self," was Parson Leggy's description.

What determination could effect, that could Red Wull; but achievement by inaction—supremest of all strategies—was not for him. In matters of the subtlest handling, where to act anything except indifference was to lose, with sheep restless, fearful forebodings hymned to them by the wind, panic hovering unseen above them, when an ill-considered movement spelt catastrophe—then was Owd Bob o' Kenmuir incomparable.

Men still tell how, when the squire's new thrashing-machine ran amuck in Grammoach-town, and for some minutes the market square was a turbulent sea of blaspheming men, yelping dogs, and stampeding sheep, only one flock stood calm as a mill-pond by the bull-ring, watching the riot with almost indifference. And in front, sitting between them and the storm, was a quiet gray dog, his mouth stretched in a capacious yawn: to yawn was to win, and he won. When the worst of the uproar was over, many a glance of triumph was shot first at that one still pack, and then at M'Adam, as he waded through the disorder of huddling sheep.

"And wheer's your Wullie noo?" asked Tupper scornfully.

"Weel," the little man answered with a quiet smile, "at this minute he's killin' your Rasper doon by the pump." Which was indeed the case; for big blue Rasper had interfered with the great dog in the performance of his duty, and suffered accordingly.

Spring passed into summer; and the excitement as to the event of the approaching Trials, when at length the rivals would be pitted against one another, reached such a height as old Jonas Maddox, the octogenarian, could hardly recall.

Down in the Sylvester Arms there was almost nightly a conflict between M'Adam and Tammas Thornton, spokesman of the Dalesmen. Many a long-drawn bout of words had the two ancient the respective merits and Cup chances of red and gray. In these duels Tammas was usually worsted. His temper would get the better of his discretion; and the cynical debater would be lost in the hot-tongued partisan.

During these encounters the others would, as a rule, maintain a rigid silence. Only when their champion was being beaten, and it was time for strength of voice to vanquish strength of argument, they joined in right lustily and roared the little man down, for all the world like the gentlemen who rule the Empire at Westminster.

Tammas was an easy subject for M'Adam to draw, but David was an easier. Insults directed at himself the boy bore with a stolidity born of long use. But a poisonous dart shot against his friends at Kenmuir never failed to achieve its object. And the little man evinced an amazing talent for the concoction of deft lies respecting James Moore.

"I'm hearin'," said he, one evening, sitting in the kitchen, sucking his twig; "I'm hearin' James Moore is gainin' to git married agin."

"Ye're hearin' lies—or mair-like tellin' 'em," David answered shortly. For he treated his father now with contemptuous indifference.

"Seven manths sin' his wife died," the little man continued meditatively. "Weel, I'm on'y 'stonished he's waited sae lang. Ain buried, anither come on—that's James Moore."

David burst angrily out of the room.

"Gaein' to ask him if it's true?" called his father after him. "Gude luck to ye—and him."

David had now a new interest at Kenmuir. In Maggie he found an endless source of study. On the death of her mother the girl had taken up the reins of government at Kenmuir; and gallantly she played her part, whether in tenderly mothering the baby, wee Anne, or in the sterner matters of household work. She did her duty, young though she was, with a surprising, old-fashioned womanliness that won many a smile of approval from her father, and caused David's eyes to open with astonishment.

And he soon discovered that Maggie, mistress of Kenmuir, was another person from his erstwhile playfellow and servant.

The happy days when might ruled right were gone, never to be recalled. David often regretted them, especially when in a conflict of tongues, Maggie, with her quick answers and teasing eyes, was driving him sulky and vanquished from the field. The two were perpetually squabbling now. In the good old days, he remembered bitterly, squabbles between them were unknown. He had never permitted them; any attempt at independent thought or action was as sternly quelled as in the Middle Ages. She must follow where he led on—"Ma word!"

Now she was mistress where he had been master; hers was to command, his to obey. In consequence they were perpetually at war. And yet he would sit for hours in the kitchen and watch her, as she went about her business, with solemn, interested eyes, half of admiration, half of amusement. In the end Maggie always turned on him with a little laugh touched with irritation.

"Hant' ye' got nothin' better'n that to do, nor lookin' at me?" she asked one Saturday about a month before Cup Day.

"No, I hant'," the pert fellow rejoined.

"Then I wish ye' had. It mak's me fair jumpety ye' watchin' me so like ony cat a mouse."

"Niver ye' fash ye'sel' account o' me, ma wench," he answered calmly.

"Ye' wench, indeed!" she cried, tossing her head.

"Ay, or will be," he muttered.

"What's that?" she cried, springing round, a flush of color on her face.

"Nawt, my dear. Ye'll know so soon as I want ye' to, ye' may be sure, and no sooner."

The girl resumed her baking, half angry, half suspicious.

"I dunno' what ye' mean, Mr. M'Adam," she said.

"Don't ye', Mrs. M'A—"

The rest was lost in the crash of a falling plate; whereat David laughed quietly, and asked if he should help pick up the bits.

On the same evening at the Sylvester Arms an announcement was made that knocked the breath out of its hearers.

In the debate that night on the fast-approaching Dale Trials and the relative abilities of red and gray, M'Adam on the one side, and Tammas, backed by Long Kirby and the rest, on the other, had cudgelled each other with more than usual vigor. The controversy rose to fever-heat; abuse succeeded argument; and the little man again and again was hooted into silence.

"It's easy laffin'," he cried at last, "but ye'll laff t'ither side o' yer ugly faces on Cup Day."

"Will us, indeed? Us'll see," came the derisive chorus.

"We'll whip ye till ye're deaf, dumb, and blind, Wullie and I."

"Ye'll not!"

"We will!"

The voices were rising like the east wind in March.

"Ye'll not, and for a very good reason, too," asseverated Tammas loudly.

"Gie us yer reason, ye muckle liar," cried the little man, turning on him.

"Becos—" began Jim Mason, and stopped to rub his nose.

"Ye' 'old ye' noise, Jim," recommended Rob Sanderson.

"Becos—" it was Tammas this time who paused.

"Git on wi' it, ye stammerin' stirk!" cried M'Adam. "Why?"

"Becos—Owd Bob'll not rin."

Tammas sat back in his chair.

"What!" screamed the little man, thrusting forward.

"What's that!" yelled Long Kirby, leaping to his feet.

"Mon, say it agin!" shouted Rob.

"What's owd addled egg tellin'?" cried Liz Burton.

"Dang his 'ead for him!" shouts Tupper.

"Fill his eye!" says Ned Hoppin.

They jostled round the old man's chair: M'Adam in front; Jem Burton and Long Kirby leaning over his shoulder; Liz behind her father; Sanderson and Tupper tackling him on either side; while the rest peered and elbowed in the rear.

The announcement had fallen like a thunderbolt among them.

Tammas looked slowly up at the little mob of eager faces above him. Pride at the sensation caused by his news struggled in his countenance with genuine sorrow for the matter of it.

"Ay, ye' may well 'earken, all on ye'."

'Tis enough to mak' the deadies listen. I says agin: We's'll no rin oor Bob for t' Cup. And ye' may guess why. Baint every mon, Mr. M'Adam, as'd pit aside his chanst o' the Cup, and that 'maist a gift for him"—M'Adam's tongue was in his cheek—"and it a certainty," the old man continued warmly, "oot o' respect for his wife's memory."

The news was received in utter silence.

The shock of the surprise, coupled with the bitterness of the disappointment, froze the slow tongues of his listeners.

Only one small voice broke the stillness.

"Oh, the feelin' man! He should git a reduction o' rent for sic a display o' proper speirit. I'll mind Mr. Hornbut to let auld Sylvester ken o't."

Which he did, and would have got a thrashing for his pains had not Cyril Gilbraith thrown him out of the parsonage before the angry cleric could lay hands upon him.

#### CHAPTER X.

##### Red Wull Wins.

Tammas had but told the melancholy truth. Owd Bob was not to run for the Cup. And this self-denying ordinance speaks more for James Moore's love of his best wife than many a lordly cenotaph.

To the people of the Daleland, from the Black Water to the Market-cross in Grammoach-town, the news came with the shock of a sudden blow. They had set their hearts on the Gray Dog's success; and had felt serenely confident of his victory. But the sting of the matter lay in this: that now the Tailless Tyke might well win.

M'Adam, on the other hand, was plunged into a fervor of delight at the news. For to win the Shepherds' Trophy was the goal of his ambition. David was now less than nothing to the lonely little man, Red Wull everything to him. And to have that name handed down to posterity, gallantly holding its place among these of the most famous sheep-dogs of all time, was his heart's desire.

As Cup Day drew near, the little man, his fine-drawn temperament strung to the highest pitch of nervousness, was tossed on a sea of apprehension. His hopes and fears ebbed and flowed on the tide of the moment. His moods were as uncertain as the winds in March; and there was no dependence on his humor for a unit of time. At one minute he paced up and down the kitchen, his face already flushed with the glow of victory, chanting:

"Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled!"

At the next he was down at the table, his head buried in his hands, his whole figure shaking, as he cried in choking voice: "Eh, Wullie, Wullie, they're all agin us."

David found that life with his father now was life with an unamiable hornet. Careless as he affected to be of his father's vagaries, he was tried almost to madness, and fled away at every moment to Kenmuir; for, as he told Maggie, "I'd sooner put up wi' your h'airs and h'impereces, miss, than wi' him, the wemon that he be!"

At length the great day came. Fears, hopes, doubts, dismays, all dispersed in the presence of the reality.

Cup Day is always a general holiday in the Daleland, and every soul crowds over to Strivendale. Shops were shut; special

trains ran in to Grammoche-town; and the road from the little town was dazed with char-a-bancs, brakes, wagonettes, carriages, carts, foot-passengers, wending toward the Dalesman's Daughter. And soon the paddock below that little inn was humming with the crowd of sportsmen and spectators come to see the battle for the Shepherds' Trophy.

There, very noticeable with its red body and yellow wheels, was the great Kenmuir wagon. Many an eye was directed on the handsome young pair who stood in it, conspicuous and unconscious, above the crowd: Maggie, looking in her simple print frock as sweet and fresh as any mountain flower; while David's fair face was all gloomy and his brows knit.

In front of the wagon was a black cluster of Dalesmen, discussing M'Adam's chances. In the centre was Tammas holding forth. Had you passed close to the group you might have heard: "A man, d'yo' say, Mr. Maddox? A h'ape, I call him;" or: "A dog? more like an 'og, I tell yo'." Round the old orator were Jonas, 'Enry, and oor Job, Jem Burton, Rob Saunderson, Tupper, Jim Mason, Hoppin, and others; while on the outskirts stood Sam'l Todd prophesying rain and M'Adam's victory. Close at hand Bessie Bolstock, who was reputed to have designs on David, was giggling spitefully at the pair in the Kenmuir wagon, and singing:

"Let a lad aloan, lass,  
Let a lad a-be."

While her father, Teddy, dodged in and out among the crowd with tray and glasses: for Cup Day was the great day of the year for him.

Past the group of Dalesmen and on all sides was a mass of bobbing heads—Scots, Northerners, Yorkshiresmen, Taffies. To right and left a long array of carriages and carts, ranging from the squire's quiet landau and Viscount Birdsaye's gorgeous barouche to Liz Burton's three-legged moke-cart with little Mrs. Burton, the twins, young Jake (who should have walked), and Monkey (ditto) packed away inside. Beyond the Silver Lea the gaunt Scaur raised its craggy peak, and the Pass, trending along its side, shone white in the sunshine.

At the back of the carriages were booths, cocoanut-shies, Aunt Sallies, shows, book-makers' stools, and all the panoply of such a meeting. Here Master Launcelot Bikks and Jacky Sylvester were fighting; Cyril Gilbraith was offering to take on the boxing man; Long Kirby was snapping up the odds against Red Wull; and Liz Burton and young Ned Hoppin were being photographed together, while Melfa Ross in the background was pretending she didn't care.

On the far bank of the stream was a little bevy of men and dogs, observed of all.

The Juvenile Stakes had been run and won; Londesley's Lassie had carried off the Locals; and the fight for the Shepherds' Trophy was about to begin.

"Yo're not lockin' at me noo," whispered Maggie to the silent boy by her side.

"Nay; nor niver don't wush to agin," David answered roughly. His gaze was directed over the array of heads in front to where, beyond the Silver Lea, a group of shepherds and their dogs was clustered. While standing apart from the rest, in characteristic isolation, was the bent figure of his father, and beside him the Tailless Tyke.

"Doest' o' not want yo' feyther to win?" asked Maggie softly, following his gaze.

"I'm prayin' he'll be beat," the boy answered moodily.

"Eh, Davie, hoo can ye?" cried the girl, shocked.

"I's easy to say, 'Eh, David,'" he snapped. "But if yo' lived along o' them two"—he nodded toward the stream—"appen yo'd understand a bit. . . . 'Eh, David,' indeed! I never did!"

"I know it, lad," she said tenderly; and he was appeased.

He'd give his right hand for his bless'd Wullie to win; I'd give me right arm to see him beat. . . . And oor Bob there all the while,—he nodded to the far left of the line, where stood James Moore and Owd Bob, with Parson Leggy and the Squire.

When at length Red Wull came out to run his course, he worked with the savage dash that always characterized him. His

method was his own; but the work was admirably done.

"Keeps right on the back of his sheep," said the parson, watching intently. "Strange thing they don't break!" But they didn't. There was no waiting, no coaxing; it was drive and devilry all through. He brought his sheep along at a terrific rate, never missing a turn, never faltering, never running out. And the crowd applauded, for the crowd loves a dashing display. While little M'Adam, hopping agilely about, his face ablaze with excitement, handled dog and sheep with a masterly precision that compelled the admiration even of his enemies.

"M'Adam wins!" roared a bookmaker. "Twelve to one agin the field!"

"He wins, dang him!" said David, low.

"Wull wins!" said the parson, shutting his lips.

"And deserves too!" said James Moore.

"Wull wins!" softly cried the crowd. "We don't!" said Sam'l gloomily.

And in the end Red Wull did win; and there were none save Tammas, the bigot, and Long Kirby, who had lost a good deal of his wife's money and a little of his own, to challenge the justice of the verdict.

The win had but a chilling reception. At first there was faint cheering; but it sounded like the echo of an echo, and soon died of inanition. To get up an ovation, there must be money at the back, or a few roaring fanatics to lead the dance. Here there was neither; ugly stories, disparaging remarks, on every hand. And the hundreds who did not know took their tone, as always, from those who said they did.

M'Adam could but remark the absence of enthusiasm as he pushed up through the throng toward the committee tent. No single voice hailed him victor; no friendly hand smote its congratulations. Broad backs were turned; contemptuous glances levelled; spiteful remarks shot. Only the foreign element looked curiously at the little bent figure with the glowing face, and shrank back at the size and savage aspect of the great dog at his heels.

But what cared he? His Wullie was acknowledged champion, the best sheep-dog of the year; and the little man was happy. They could turn their backs on him; but they could not alter that; and he could afford to be indifferent. "They dinna like it, lad—he! he! But they'll e'en ha' to thole it. Ye've won it, Wullie—won it fair."

He elbowed through the press, making for the rope-guarded inclosure in front of the committee tent, round which the people were now packing. In the door of the tent stood the secretary, various stewards, and members of the committee. In front, alone in the roped-off space, was Lady Eleanor, fragile, dainty, graceful, waiting with a smile upon her face to receive the winner. And on a table beside her, naked and dignified, the Shepherds' Trophy.

There it stood, kingly and impressive; its fair white sides inscribed with many names; cradled in three shepherds' crooks; and on the top, as if to guard the Cup's contents, an exquisitely carved collie's head. The Shepherds' Trophy, the goal of his life's race, and many another man's.

He climbed over the rope, followed by Red Wull, and took off his hat with almost courtly deference to the fair lady before him.

As he walked up to the table on which the Cup stood, a shrill voice, easily recognizable, broke the silence.

"You'd like it better if 'twas full and yo' could swim in it, you and yer Wullie," it called. Whereat the crowd giggled, and Lady Eleanor looked indignant.

The little man turned.

"I'll mind drink yer health, Mr. Thornton, never fear, though I ken ye'd prefaire to drink yer ain," he said. At which the crowd giggled afresh; and a gray head at the back, which had hoped itself unrecognized, disappeared suddenly.

The little man stood there in the stillness, sourly smiling, his face still wet from his exertions; while the Tailless Tyke at his side fronted defiantly the serried ring of onlookers, a white fence of teeth faintly visible between his lips.

Lady Eleanor looked uneasy. Usually the lucky winner was unable to hear her little speech, as she gave the Cup away, so deafening was the applause. Now



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there was utter silence. She glanced up at the crowd, but there was no response to her unspoken appeal in that forest of hostile faces. And her gentle heart bled for the forlorn little man before her. To make it up she smiled on him so sweetly as to more than compensate him.

"I'm sure you deserve your success, Mr. M'Adam," she said. "You and Red Wull there worked splendidly—everybody says so."

"I've heard naethin' o't," the little man answered dryly. At which some one in the crowd sniggered.

"And we all know what a grand dog he is; though"—with a reproving smile as she glanced at Red Wull's square, truncated stern—"he's not very polite."

"His heart is good, your Leddyship, if his manners are not," M'Adam answered, smiling.

"Liar!" came a loud voice in the silence. Lady Eleanour looked up, hot with indignation, and half rose from her seat. But M'Adam merely smiled.

"Wullie, turn and mak' yer bow to the ledly," he said. "They'll no hurt us noo we're up; it's when we're doon they'll flock like cobbies to the carrion."

At that Red Wull walked up to Lady Eleanour, faintly wagging his tail; and she put her hand on his huge bull head and said, "Dear old Ugly!" at which the crowd cheered in earnest.

After that, for some moments, the only sound was the gentle ripple of the good lady's voice and the little man's caustic replies.

"Why, last winter the country, was full of Red Wull's doings and yours. It was always M'Adam and his Red Wull have done this and that and the other. I declare I got quite tired of you both, I heard such a lot about you."

The little man, cap in hand, smiled, blushed, and looked genuinely pleased.

"And when it wasn't you it was Mr. Moore and Owd Bob."

"Owd Bob, bless him!" called a stentorian voice. "Three cheers for our Bob!"

"Ip! 'ip! 'ooray!" It was taken up gallantly, and cast from mouth to mouth; and strangers, though they did not understand, caught the contagion and cheered too; and the uproar continued for some minutes.

When it was ended Lady Eleanour was standing up, a faint flush on her cheeks and her eyes flashing dangerously, like a queen at bay.

"Yes," she cried, and her clear voice thrilled through the air like a trumpet. "Yes; and now three cheers for Mr. M'Adam and his Red Wull! Hip! hip!"

"Hooray!" A little knot of stalwarts at the back—James Moore, Parson Leggy, Jim Mason, and you may be sure in heart, at least, Owd Bob—responded to the call right lustily. The crowd joined in; and, once off, cheered and cheered again.

"Three cheers more for Mr. M'Adam!" But the little man waved to them.

"Dinna be bigger heepocrites than ye can help," he said. "Ye've done enough for one day, and thank ye for it."

Then Lady Eleanour handed him the Cup.

"Mr. M'Adam, I present you with the Champion Challenge Dale Cup, open to all comers. Keep it, guard it, love it as your own, and win it again if you can. Twice more and it's yours, you know, and it will stop forever beneath the shadow of the Pike. And the right place for it, say I—the Dale Cup for Dalesmen."

The little man took the Cup tenderly. "It shall no leave the Estate or ma hoose, yer Leddyship, gin Wullie and I can help it," he said emphatically.

Lady Eleanour retreated into the tent, and the crowd swarmed over the ropes and round the little man, who held the Cup beneath his arm.

Long Kirby laid irreverent hands upon it.

"Dinna finger it!" ordered M'Adam.

"Shall!"

"Shan't! Wullie, keep him aff." Which the great dog proceeded to do amid the laughter of the onlookers.

Among the last, James Moore was borne past the little man. At sight of him, M'Adam's face assumed an expression of intense concern.

"Man, Moore!" he cried, peering forward as though in alarm; "Man, Moore, ye're green—positively verdant. Are ye in pain?" Then, catching sight of Owd Bob, he started back in affected horror.

"And, ma certes! so's yer dog! Yer dog as was gray is green. Oh, guid life!"—and he made as though about to fall fainting to the ground.

Then, in bantering tones: "Ah, but ye shouldna covet—"

"He'll ha' no need to covet it long, I can tell ye," interposed Tammas's shrill accents.

"And why for no?"

"Becos next year he'll win it fra ye. Oor Bob'll win it, little mon. Why? thot's why."

The retort was greeted with a yell of applause from the sprinkling of Dalesmen in the crowd.

But M'Adam swaggered away into the tent, his head up, the Cup beneath his arm, and Red Wull guarding his rear.

"First of a' ye'll ha' to beat Adam M'Adam and his Red Wull!" he cried back proudly.

(To be continued.)

### The Management of Forest Reserves.

[Excerpts from a paper by Mr. Roland D. Craig, Inspector of Dominion Forest Reserves, before the forestry convention, Vancouver.]

A wise husbandman studies the capabilities of the various parts of his domain, and devotes each to the production of the crops for which it is best adapted.

Some land is suitable for grain-growing, some for ranching, some for mining, and some for the production of wood. Fortunately forests will grow where agricultural crops will not, and it is possible to distinguish agricultural from forest lands.

Recognizing this, and the necessity of keeping up timber production to avert a timber famine, the government of all the most enlightened countries have set or are setting aside areas for the production of timber and for the preservation of the other beneficial influences of the forest.

For several years the Dominion Government has withheld portions of its timber land from settlement, but it was not until the passing of the Forest Reserves Act last session that they were definitely and permanently set aside for forest purposes. These Dominion forest and game reserves are situated in Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta and in the railway belt in British Columbia, and cover in all about 5,500,000 acres.

The objects in setting aside these reserves are to protect and improve the forests for the purpose of maintaining a permanent supply of timber, to maintain conditions favorable to a continuous water supply, to protect the animals, fish and birds within the reserves, and to ameliorate the climate.

The lands so reserved are withdrawn from sale, settlement, occupancy or other trespass, which may interfere with the objects of the reserves.

It is not, however, the purpose to prevent the use of timber which is produced, but its exploitation shall be under the direction of the Superintendent of Forestry, and conducted in such a way that the perpetuation of the forest shall be assured.

Every lumberman knows from experience the incompatibility of agricultural settlement and forestry. The farmer finds the forest an obstacle in the cultivation of his land, and the task of removing it is so great that he usually comes to consider all trees as his enemies, which should be destroyed as quickly and completely as possible. Fire is the most effective weapon at his command, and, in using it, he very frequently destroys the forest, not only on his own land, but for many miles round. Examples are everywhere to be found, where fires, started for the purpose of clearing, have destroyed more timber than the land will ever be worth for agricultural purposes.

It has been found necessary, therefore, as the first step in the administration, to prevent settlement within the areas to be used for forestry. The protection thus afforded the lumberman from encroachment of settlers, will place his business on a much more stable basis, and the increased security will naturally have an appreciative effect on the revenue of the Government.

On account of the long time required to produce a forest crop, it is impossible to secure as high returns from forestry as from agriculture on good rich soil, and as agriculture will probably always be the chief industry of Canada, it is

necessary not to interfere with agricultural progress, and the greatest care is being exercised to eliminate as far as possible agricultural land from the forest reserves. In the majority of cases, however, it is impossible to avoid including some land which might be cultivated, but where the areas of such lands are small, the increased danger of allowing settlers within a forest more than offsets the benefit to be derived from the more productive utilization.

Perhaps the most difficult problem which now confronts the Forestry Branch in the administration of the reserves is that of the squatters, who, before the reserves were definitely set aside, in spite of the warnings of the land agent, settled on the withdrawn lands, and have endeavored by destroying the timber to have the land thrown open in order that they may receive their patents. Many of the squatters are foreigners, who, having now come to a free country, do not consider any protection of the natural resources necessary. Being unacquainted with Canadian conditions, and especially Western conditions, they are incapable of judging the value of lands, and have settled on soil which will never be profitable under cultivation, but would produce good forests. These squatters must now be removed from the reserves, either peaceably, or, failing that, by forcible eviction.

It is clearly the duty of the Government to direct the incoming settlers to good arable lands, for a few disappointed ones can undo much of the work of the Immigration Branch, aside from the destruction which they cause. It is, therefore, necessary that the establishment of forest reserves precede the settlement, in order to guide the settlers into the proper localities, and to prevent endless administrative difficulties in protecting the forests. It is very much easier to prevent settlers going into a country than to get rid of them after they are established and have made homes for themselves.

Fire is undoubtedly the most destructive agent to be overcome in forest administration, but though it is not possible to entirely prevent fire, it is possible, under a protective system, to greatly reduce the danger, as has been clearly demonstrated by the fire-rang system now in vogue in the railway belt. It is possible under the reserve system to give much more effective protective service to the forests since the danger from settlements is removed and the Government retains complete control of the land, and can, if necessary, prohibit anyone entering the reserve when there is danger of life. Though no definite regulations have yet been made, it is probable that prospectors, hunters and others, who wish to enter the reserve, will have to obtain permits to do so in future.

The reservation of the land for forest purposes does not in any way interfere with the development of mines within their boundaries, but, on the contrary, the supply of timber being produced in the vicinity will greatly facilitate mining operations.

The value of maintaining forests at the headwaters of streams used for irrigation and water-power is most important, and this is the chief object of those reserves which have already been set aside in British Columbia.

It is absolutely necessary, if the country in the interior of British Columbia and on the east slope of the Rocky Mountains is to develop along agricultural lines, that a forest cover may be maintained on the watersheds to protect and regulate the streams which will bring wealth and prosperity to an otherwise unproductive waste. If the forests are removed, it will cost millions of dollars to build dams and reservoirs to control the spring freshets and conserve the water for the use of the crops, and in the end they will not be so effective as a good forest cover.

Not least among the objects of those reserves is the preservation of game in the forests and the fish in the waters within the reserves. By maintaining the forests about headwaters of the streams, the spawning-beds of the salmon and other fish will be protected. It is lamentable to see the rapidity with which our magnificent game-animals, such as the moose, elk, and caribou, are being destroyed, and we hope to be able to afford them such protection in these forests and

game reserves that they shall not have a fate similar to that of the buffalo.

Since the game laws are framed by the various provinces, the Dominion officers have not, heretofore, had any authority to protect the game, but I have arranged with the Alberta and Manitoba Governments to have all our rangers appointed game guardians in their respective districts, and hope to secure similar powers from the Saskatchewan and British Columbian Governments.

Being constantly in the woods, our rangers will be able to give very efficient service in the protection of the game.

Regulations governing the disposal of timber on the forest reserves are under consideration, but have not yet been definitely decided upon.

It is impossible to frame regulations suitable for all the reserves situated as they are in such varying conditions as regards species of trees, climate, market and the object of their maintenance. On some whose function is primarily to protect the watersheds, and where reproduction is not sufficient to perpetuate the stand, it will be necessary to prohibit all cutting. On others, situated near agricultural districts, and where the forests do not warrant extensive lumbering operations, the product of the forest will be disposed of under the settlers' permit system in order that the local population may obtain supplies of fuel, fence and building material at a price sufficiently cheap to encourage settlement. Under the regulations now in vogue, homesteaders not having supplies of their own, are allowed to take, free of charge, the following amount of timber:

- 9,250 feet B. M. of lumber logs.
- 400 roof poles.
- 500 fence posts.
- 2,000 fence rails.

Where available, similar amounts will be granted to any bona-fide settler upon receipt of small dues varying with the species used. In order to encourage the removal of dead timber, which is a constant menace from fire, insect and fungous pests, each settler is annually allowed to take for his use 25 cords free of charge, and 100 cords may be removed for sale at the nominal charge of 25c. per cord.

On several of the reserves where the green timber is limited, and it is necessary to preserve seed trees, as in the spruce woods, Turtle Mountains and Cooning Lake Reserves, the cutting of green wood is prohibited.

The value of these reserves to the surrounding agricultural settlement in the Prairie Provinces can hardly be over-estimated, and every winter the farmers come from fifty and sometimes seventy miles to secure supplies of fuel, fence and building material from these patches of timber, protected from the fires which have cleared the prairie.

The cutting done by permit-holders will be directed by the officer in charge to restrict cutting areas, in order that the removal may be systematically conducted, and the utmost care will be exercised to have the cutting done so that another crop will follow, and that the fullest utilization will be made of the timber cut. Infractions of the regulations are to be punished by cancellation of all rights to future permits, a charge of double dues on the wood cut, and such other punishment as may be inflicted by the courts for trespass or timber stealing. For the purpose of protecting the reserves, each of the forest rangers is given the powers of a Justice of the Peace within his district.

On the other reserves, which contain merchantable timber in sufficient quantities to make more extensive lumbering operations possible, a different policy will have to be adopted. It is, I think, patent to everyone that the present system of selling limits on the bonus system discourages rather than encourages the perpetuation of the forests, and that on these reserves a more conservative policy should be adopted.

It is directly contrary to principles of good forestry to prevent the harvesting of mature forest crops, but owing to the necessity in this country of depending almost entirely on natural reproduction, care and skill is required in removing the mature timber in such a way that reproduction will take place, and, therefore, the timber should be sold in such a way that a premium would not be placed on overcutting, and yet that the Government shall receive a fair compensation for its timber. From the standpoint of a forester it is advisable that the Govern-

ment either conduct the lumbering itself or sell the timber on a stumpage basis, and maintain close supervision of the cutting.

In the first place, no timber should be sold before it is examined by the forester in charge, and the silvicultural conditions found to make the cutting advisable. The timber should be measured, and in some cases marked for cutting, and then placed on the market for public competition, sufficient time being allowed for all interested to examine the tract before bidding. Regulations regarding the kind and size of timber to be cut, disposal of debris, height of stumps, etc., should be stipulated in every sale in order that there may be no misunderstanding afterwards.

Owing to the long-time element in producing forest crops, it is hardly practicable for private individuals or corporations to carry on the highest type of forestry, but the Government, whose duty it is to provide for the welfare of succeeding generations, can and should be the forester and allow the lumbermen to harvest the crop when ripe. It is necessary, though, that the co-operation of the lumberman be secured, or the efforts of the forester will be futile.

There is every reason to expect the support of the lumbermen of Canada, since it is they who, through this Association and individually, have been responsible for practically all the advance made in forestry of late years in Canada.

The setting aside of the forest reserves is very largely due to the efforts of this Association through the recent Forestry Convention in Ottawa, and whether the hopes of the promoters are to be fulfilled or not will depend on the support now afforded the Forestry Branch in its administration.

**SURVEY WORK.**

The work conducted by the Forestry Branch on the reserves has so far been confined to making forest surveys of the Turtle Mountain, Moose Mountain and the Riding Mountain reserves in Manitoba. In the forest surveys, we have made a rough topographical examination in order to be able to locate trails and means of guarding and exploiting the timber, and have measured the mature timber and the extent of the reproduction. We have also measured the rate of growth of the various species in order to determine the yield that may be expected, and the age at which it matures. It is expected to carry on similar investigations on the other reserves, and to secure data on all the important species of Canadian forest trees. The results of this work will be of great value, not only to the scientific forester, but to the lumberman in enabling him to decide the size at which it is most profitable for him to cut in case he expects to hold his limits for future cutting.

In the Spruce Woods Reserve in Manitoba, we have planted 40,000 Scotch pine seedlings with most gratifying results, and we hope to extend this work where necessary on other reserves.

**AREA RESERVED.**

As stated before, the area of land now set aside for forest purposes on Dominion lands is five and a half million acres. Mr. Stewart, who is perhaps the best informed man on this subject, estimates that the timber land owned by the Dominion is about 500,000,000 acres, and the reserves, therefore, form about 1.1 per cent. of that area, and as a large part of the land reserved can never be expected to produce much besides fuel, it can readily be seen that in order to have any appreciable effect towards perpetuating the forest wealth of Canada, the reserves must be greatly increased.

Large as is the timber land under the Dominion Government, the provinces control perhaps our most valuable forests, and the duty of forest conservation rests as heavily upon them. Ontario has already set aside 11,500,000 acres; Quebec, 3,289,600 acres, and New Brunswick is preparing to reserve a large tract. It would seem that British Columbia, which now depends and may always depend largely on her forests for her revenue, should inaugurate a conservative forest policy, and set aside her non-agricultural lands permanently for the purpose of timber production. The \$500,000 appropriated this year for the forest protection is an infinitesimal amount compared with the value of the interests affected. The forests of British Columbia are

unrivalled in any other part of the globe, and if, through lack of protection from fire and destructive lumbering, they are removed from these mountains, not only will the revenues from this source cease, but the spring floods will rush down and destroy the fertile agricultural valleys, and in the summer the streams which now afford spawning grounds for the salmon, which mean so much to British Columbia, will be dry canyons. Even the mines cannot be operated without large supplies of timber, and the future of this land, which has been so bountifully supplied with natural resources, and which is looked upon as the chief source for the future of timber, minerals and fish for the rest of the Dominion, will be blighted.

It is, therefore, of the utmost importance that the people of British Columbia come to realize the importance of their forests, and adopt measures before too late to perpetuate this great asset, and I may say that any support or co-operation which the Forestry Branch is able to give in this direction, will be gladly extended.

**Markets.**

(Continued from page 1741.)

23 cents. Some fancy Townships creamery brought 24c. Exports for week ending Oct. 27th dropped off sharply, being 4,800 packages, 200 less than corresponding week last year, bringing total for season to 358,000 packages, as against 539,000 a year ago.

Eggs.—Market very firm. Receipts of fresh-laid light. Straight receipts 22c. to 23c. when fine; selects from these, 25c., remainder about 20c.; cold-storage selects about 23c. High winter egg market is considered probable.

Potatoes.—Cooler weather has had a firming influence on the market. Dealers paying 58c. to 68c. per 90 lbs., carloads, on track, and selling at advance of 10c., large lots, or 15c. for small lots.

Turnips.—\$11.00 to \$11.50 per ton for best white Quebecs, and selling at \$11.50 to \$12.50 per ton, or 70c. to 75c. per cwt. Some of the stock is very fine.

Hay.—Tone easier, but prices show little change, notwithstanding somewhat larger stocks on spot. Some think, though, that with end of navigation approaching, prices will ease off. No. 1 timothy, \$13 per ton; No. 2, \$12, and shipping, \$11.

Millfeed.—Demand less active. Manitoba bran, in bags, \$20 per ton; shorts, \$22.

Grain.—Oats, 38c. to 40c.; buckwheat, 56c.; No. 2 yellow corn, 57c., and No. 3 yellow, 56c.; store; No. 2 peas, 86c.; wheat, dull, at 85c., store, for No. 1 northern, Manitoba, and 80c. for Ontario white winter.

**Chicago.**

Cattle.—Common to prime steers, \$4 to \$7.30; cows, \$2.65 to \$4.75; heifers, \$2.60 to \$5.35; bulls, \$2.40 to \$4.50; calves, \$3 to \$7.50; stockers and feeders, \$2.40 to \$4.50. Hogs.—Choice to prime heavy, \$6.35 to \$6.45; medium to good heavy, \$6.20 to \$6.30; butchers' weights, \$6.30 to \$6.45; good to choice, mixed, \$6.10 to \$6.25; packing, \$5.80 to \$6; pigs, \$5.50 to \$6.25. Sheep and Lambs.—Steady to strong; sheep, \$4 to \$5.75; yearlings, \$5.50 to \$6.85; lambs, \$6 to \$7.75.

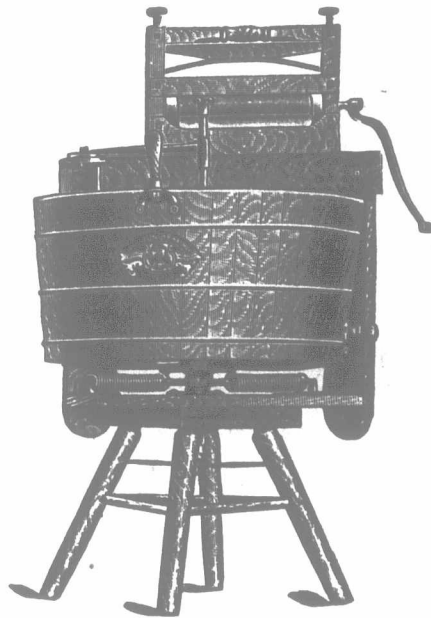
**British Cattle Markets.**

London.—Canadian cattle in the British markets are quoted at 11c. to 13c. per lb.; refrigerator beef, 10c. to 10c. per lb.

**Representative Cheese Board Prices.**

Woodstock, 12 5-16c. for white, and 12c. for colored; Picton, 12 7-16c.; Madoc, 12 9-16c.; Kingston, 12 5-16c.; Brantford, 12 11-16c.; 12c. and 12 13-16c.

**WOMAN'S \$15 Fall Tailored Suits \$6.95.** Send for fashions, cloth samples, and catalogue showing everything you use wholesale. SOUTHCOTT SUIT CO., DEPT. 27, LONDON, ONT.



**Let this Machine do your Washing Free.**

There are Motor Springs beneath the tub. These springs do nearly all the hard work, when once you start them going. And this washing machine works as easy as a bicycle wheel does.

There are slats on the inside bottom of the tub. These slats act as paddles, to swing the water in the same direction you revolve the tub.

You throw the soiled clothes into the tub first. Then you throw enough water over the clothes to float them.

Next you put the heavy wooden cover on top of the tub, and press them down.

This cover has slats on its lower side to grip the clothes and hold them from turning around when the tub turns.

Now, we are all ready for quick and easy washing. You grasp the upright handle on the side of the tub, and, with it, you revolve the tub one-third way round, till it strikes a motor-spring.

This motor-spring throws the tub back till it strikes the other motor-spring, which in turn throws it back on the first motor-spring.

The machine must have a little help from you, at every swing, but the motor-springs, and the bearings, do practically all the hard work.

You can sit in a rocking chair and do all that the washer requires of you. A child can run it easily full of clothes.

When you revolve the tub the clothes don't move. But the water moves like a mill race through the clothes.

The paddles on the tub bottom drive the soapy water THROUGH and through the clothes at every swing of the tub. Back and forth, in and out of every fold, and through every mesh in the cloth, the hot soapy water runs like a torrent. This is how it carries away all the dirt from the clothes, in from six to ten minutes by the clock.

It drives the dirt out through the meshes of the fabrics WITHOUT ANY BUBBLING, without any WEAR and TEAR from the washboard.

It will wash the finest lace fabric without breaking a thread, or a button, and it will wash a heavy, dirty carpet with equal ease and rapidity. Fifteen to twenty garments, or five large bed-sheets, can be washed at one time with this "1900 Junior" Washer.

A child can do this in six to twelve minutes better than any able washerwoman could do the same clothes in TWICE the time, with three times the wear and tear from the washboard.

This is what we SAY; now, how do we PROVE it? We send any reliable person our "1900 Junior" Washer, free of charge, on a full month's trial, and we even pay the freight out of our own pockets.

No cash deposit is asked, no notes, no contract, no security.

You may use the washer four weeks at our expense. If you find it won't wash as many clothes in FOUR hours as you can wash by hand in EIGHT hours you send it back to the railway station,—that's all.

But, if, from a month's actual use, you are convinced it saves HALF the time in washing, does the work better, and does it twice as easily as it could be done by hand, you keep the machine.

Then you mail us 50 cents a week till it is paid for.

Remember that 50 cents a week till it is paid for, is a child's savings bank, and you own the machine every week on your own, or on a washwoman's labor. We intend that the "1900 Junior" Washer shall pay for itself and thus cost you nothing.

You don't risk a cent from first to last, and you don't buy it until you have had a full month's trial.

Could we afford to pay freight on thousands of these machines every month, if we did not positively KNOW they would do all we claim for them? Can you afford to be without a machine that will do your washing in HALF THE TIME, with half the wear and tear of the washboard, when you can have that machine for a month's free trial, and let it PAY FOR ITSELF? This offer may be withdrawn at any time it overcrows our factory.

Write us TODAY, while the offer is still open, and while you think of it. The postage stamp is all you risk. Write me personally on this offer, viz: J. L. M. Bach, Manager "1900" Washer Co., 855 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

**Men Wanted**

to advertise and introduce our stock and poultry compounds to farmers and dealers. Work during spare time or permanently. This is an exceptional opening for a hustler. Write for particulars. GOLDEN CREST CO., 48 BATHURST STREET, LONDON, CANADA.

**POULTRY AND EGGS.**

Too late for classified position.

HOUDAN cockerels, April hatch, from my imported Peterson's stock, \$2 each. Satisfaction guaranteed. Order at once. Veroy Charlton, Ilderton, Ont.

WRITE at once to Jas. McCormack, Brantford, and get prices on White Leghorn cockerels hens and pullets. Bred from winners at Toronto and London.

When Writing Please Mention this Paper.

### QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

1st.—Questions asked by bona-fide subscribers to the "Farmer's Advocate" are answered in this department free.

2nd.—Questions should be clearly stated and plainly written, on one side of the paper only, and must be accompanied by the full name and address of the writer.

3rd.—In veterinary questions, the symptoms especially must be fully and clearly stated, otherwise satisfactory replies cannot be given.

4th.—When a reply by mail is required to urgent veterinary or legal enquiries, \$1 must be enclosed.

#### Veterinary.

##### INJURY TO HOCK—HEAVES.

1. Three-year-old colt sprained his hock seven weeks ago. He holds it up when standing, and the joint is swollen.

2. Ten-year-old horse is taking heaves.

W. H.

Ans.—1. Keep the colt as quiet as possible. Blister the hock with two drams each biniodide of mercury and cantharides, mixed with two ounces vaseline. Clip hair off joint; tie colt so that he cannot bite the parts; rub well, once daily, with the blister for two days; on the third day wash off and apply sweet oil. Let head down now, and oil every day. As soon as the scale comes off, blister again, and every four weeks after that as long as necessary.

2. Heaves cannot be cured. Feed small quantities of bulky food and a little more grain to make up. Moisten everything he eats with lime water. Feed nothing but food of first-class quality. Careful feeding will relieve the symptoms, but not cure.

V.

##### PERIODIC OPHTHALMIA.

Is there any cure, if taken in time, for periodic ophthalmia. Give description and cause of it coming on a two-year-old colt. I see an advertisement in your paper, Barry Co., Iowa City, Iowa, stating they can cure it. Is that advertisement to be relied on or not?

S.

Ans.—Periodic ophthalmia (moon blindness) is a constitutional and hereditary disease, which veterinarians consider non-preventable. The attacks reappear at variable intervals. Sometimes a month, or several months, intervenes between attacks, and in most cases it results in cataract in one or both eyes, producing total blindness. When attacks come on, give a gentle purgative, as 4 drams aloes and 1½ drams ginger; keep in a partially-darkened stall, excluded from drafts and sun. Bathe the eye, three times daily, with warm water, and, after bathing, put into the affected eye a few drops of the following lotion: Sulphate of atropia, fifteen grains; distilled water, two ounces. We have had no experience with, nor complaints about, the specific above mentioned.

#### Miscellaneous.

##### WIDTH OF HORSE STALLS—WEIGHT OF STOCK BY MEASUREMENT.

1. What width of stalls are needed for large draft horses?

2. Please give a correct rule for determining live weight of fat cattle, and, also, of horses by measurement.

Ans.—1. Five and a half feet is wide enough for any but the very largest horses.

2. There can be no reliable rule for estimating weight by measurement, although there are various approximations. A trained eye is better than rules, and much better than either is a good set of scales.

##### CIDER VINEGAR.

1. Give the best way to make vinegar from fresh cider.

2. If sweet cider is put into a barrel and nothing more done to it, will it turn into good vinegar? If so, how long will it take?

SUBSCRIBER.

Ans.—1. To every ten gallons of cider, add one gallon of fresh-fallen soft water, boiling hot, also toast a large, thick slice of bread, soak thoroughly in good fresh yeast, and put into the barrel. Then add a liberal amount of "mother of vinegar," the more the better. Set at the back of the kitchen stove, or any warm place. Keep the bung-hole open, with a bit of cheese cloth tacked over to keep out flies, dust, etc. Don't expect good vinegar in less than 5 or 6 months, and, if not satisfactory in that time, put in a few pounds of good brown sugar or coarse molasses to give more "body."

2. We have never tried leaving the fresh cider to turn into vinegar, as our corre-

spondent suggests, but would expect it to prove a slow and uncertain process. Possibly some readers will give their experience, if they have succeeded in making good vinegar in that way.

##### STARTING HERD OF YORKSHIRES—VARIETIES OF APPLE TREES—VALUE OF MANURE—MIXING FEED.

1. Will you be kind enough to give the necessary information of how to manage a beginning of a Yorkshire herd in regard to registration? How is it carried on with the breeder and registrar's office?

2. Will it pay to haul manure two and a half miles from a good horse stable, where good hay and oats and bran are fed largely, say at rate of five or six loads manure for one load of straw?

3. Have a young orchard, mostly Ben Davis. About fifteen trees died last year from severe winter two years ago, some not till this summer. What is your choice of trees to fill up with? Baxter, Baldwin and Ben Davis are recommended by agent. Have plenty of variety, besides, for home use.

4. Would a good load of manure balance up for the selling of one ton of hay; that is, as far as the value to farm is concerned?

5. What do you call middlings?

6. Can you recommend mixing cut feed, say hay and straw and pulp turnips together, in a pile for two or three days ahead?

SUBSCRIBER.

South Ontario, Ont.

Ans.—1. Having secured breeding stock, registered or eligible to registry, write the Registrar, Mr. J. W. Nimmo, Dept. of Agriculture, Ottawa, for blank forms of application for registry, stating number of animals you wish to record. On these forms are printed the necessary instructions for filling them, when they should be mailed to the registrar with the necessary fees, on receipt of which certificates of registry will be furnished.

2. Yes, most assuredly.

3. Unless there is distinct evidence that the variety to which the winter-killed tree belonged is non-hardy in your section, we would advise replanting in each case with the same sort that occupied the ground before. To have trees of various sorts scattered here and there through an orchard is a nuisance in spraying, picking, and other ways, besides being an eyesore. Among the most desirable varieties for commercial planting, we should place Baldwin about at the top. In the bulletin, "Fruits Recommended for Planting in Ontario," prepared by the Provincial Fruit Experiment Station Board of Control, after careful tests at the various fruit experiment stations, we find the following among other varieties recommended for the Bay of Quinte district by W. H. Dempsey, of Trenton: King, Greening, Baldwin, Ontario, Seek-no-Further, Spy, Talman, Ben Davis, Stark. For the Burlington district, A. W. Peart recommends the following fall and winter sorts: Astrachan, Duchess, Wealthy, Ribston, Bleenheim, King, Greening, Baldwin, Spy.

4. Hardly, unless about two tons of manure were hauled per load. According to Warrington, a ton of average manure contains about 10 pounds nitrogen, 12 pounds potash, and 6 pounds phosphoric acid. According to Henry, a ton of clover hay contains 40 pounds nitrogen, 44 pounds potash, and 7.6 pounds phosphoric acid; a ton of timothy hay contains 25.2 pounds nitrogen, 18 pounds potash, and 10.3 pounds phosphoric acid; a ton of wheat straw contains 11.8 pounds nitrogen, 10.2 pounds potash, and 2.4 pounds phosphoric acid. For purposes of comparison, nitrogen might be valued at 10 cents a pound. It would cost about 14 cents a pound in the form of commercial fertilizer, but no ordinary farmer would buy it in that form, since he can entrap it from the air more cheaply. Phosphoric acid and potash might be valued at about 6 cents a pound. According to the above estimates, the manurial constituents of a ton of manure would be worth \$2.08; of a ton of clover hay, \$7.09; of a ton of timothy, \$4.20, and of a ton of wheat straw, \$1.93. Of course, we must take into consideration the fact that under ordinary conditions, only about half the above constituents of hay and straw would be secured and preserved for application as manure, if the fodders were fed to stock.

5. Middlings consist partly of that part of the wheat grain between the bran

layers and the portion from which flour is made. It often contains, in addition, the germs of the wheat grain. It is rather finer and more floury than the grade called shorts, which, nowadays, is often little more than fine bran.

6. No, we deem it a waste of labor to cut and mix good hay and roots. It is all right, however, to mix chaff or cut straw with silage, as it will be rendered softer and more palatable.

##### WHEAT TURNING YELLOW—ELEPHANTIASIS—MAMMOTH AND ALSIKE CLOVER WITH ORCHARD GRASS.

1. What is the probable reason for the fall wheat turning yellow? The soil is clay loam, a crop of clover being plowed about a month before sowing. The high parts of the field are the yellowest. A neighbor plowed some straw in his summer-fallow with same result.

2. Is a month long enough time between plowing clover and sowing wheat? 3. Can anything be done to prevent the attacks of elephantiasis? Is it right to give aloes when the disease is first noticed.

4. What is your opinion as to sowing Mammoth clover, alsike and orchard grass on clay soil for hay and pasture? We are delighted with "The Farmer's Advocate."

J. M.

Ans.—1. The most common cause of the yellowing of fall wheat is the presence of Hessian fly. The first effect of the fly's attack is a darkening of the leaf, and a noticeable broadening. Subsequently it turns yellow or brown, and the central part of the whole plant dies. Any agency that interferes with nutrition may cause the leaves to become yellow or discolored—insects, too much moisture, or even excessive richness of the soil. J. D.

2. If the ground is promptly rolled, immediately harrowed, to conserve moisture, and worked at intervals thereafter, a good seed-bed may be prepared in a month on inverted clover sod; though, if the land can be plowed early enough to admit of longer tillage, it would be better.

3. Elephantiasis is a chronically-enlarged condition of a horse's leg, resulting from recurrent attacks of lymphangitis (Monday-morning disease). The causes of lymphangitis are irritation to the lymphatic glands by chyle rich in nutritive material, and, in some rare cases, to the blood being in a highly fibrinous condition. The latter condition may occur when the animal has not been feeding well for some time. The most common cause, however, is the first-named, produced by overfeeding and want of work. Prevention consists in moderate feeding, with regular exercise. Keep bowels and kidneys acting freely by use of laxative food when horse is idle. Elephantiasis is incurable.

4. We are not partial to Mammoth clover, preferring common red, which is finer, and produces a good aftermath, often yielding profitable crops of seed. An objection to Mammoth in the mixture mentioned is that it is some two weeks later than red, and would not work in well with alsike, for if the Mammoth were left till the proper stage for cutting, the alsike would be too ripe. Over-ripe alsike is unpalatable, fibrous and indigestible, and fed to cows it makes the milk bitter. Orchard grass is good for pasture, but has a rather bunchy or tufty habit of growth. Three or four pounds per acre might be added to a timothy-and-clover mixture, when seeding with a view to pasturing the second year.

##### PRICES OF SEEDS IN TORONTO.

Where can I get clover seed, alsike and red, No. 1, at from \$6 to \$7 per hundred, as quoted in October 18th issue of "The Farmer's Advocate"?

Ont. AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.

Ans.—Our quotations then were: \$6.80 to \$7 for new red clover seed, \$6.50 to \$6.60 for old, and \$6.30 to \$6.60 for fancy alsike. These are prices dealers were paying for seed, not the prices at which they offered it. Along towards spring, when seed ceases to come in, and only selling prices are quoted by dealers, quotations will take a leap upward. If desirous of doing business, correspond with Wm. Rennie & Co., Ltd., Toronto, or with other firms that advertise regularly in our columns. Any persons having seed to sell should advertise it through "The Farmer's Advocate."

##### WINTER STORING OF CELERY.

How may celery be kept for winter use?

A READER.

Ans.—We quote from Green's Vegetable Gardening: "For home use, a good way to keep celery is to pack the plants closely together, upright, in boxes twelve to eighteen inches wide, with the bottom covered with several inches of moist sand, a little of which should be worked in among the roots. There is no need of having sand between the plants. These boxes, when packed, should be kept in a cold, damp cellar. In storing for market use, where there is plenty of storage room, the plants are sometimes "heeled in" in sand on the floor; the cheapest practicable way, however, is to pack them between boards about nine inches apart. To do this, place the first board on one side of the cellar or shed, about nine inches from the wall, with its upper edge at a height from the floor a little less than the length of the celery. The boards may be supported by stakes, and should not rest upon the ground. In this narrow division, the celery should be packed upright, as described for packing in boxes. As soon as the first tier is filled, erect another board division at nine inches from the first, and so continue until the whole surface is covered. No soil or sand is packed among the stalks of celery, but three or four inches of either is placed on the floor, into which the roots are bedded. The temperature of the celery should be kept very low, and even a little frost in the cellar will not hurt it. If dry, it must be watered, but water must not be put upon the leaves, as it may bring on rot. If celery is wanted for immediate use, it may be stored in barrels or troughs containing an inch or two of water. This is also a very good way of hastening the bleaching process.

The green stalks of celery do not become white, and the term "bleaching" is a misnomer. The "bleaching" of celery is simply the result of the plant making growth in a dark place. Bleached celery will keep but a short time, and should be used as soon as white. Celery for use in the latter part of winter should be quite green in color when put into winter storage; for early winter use, it should be partly bleached when stored. For winter use, celery should be left out as late as is safe in the fall, so that the cellar, or pit, where it is to be stored may be thoroughly cooled off before it is put in.

##### BORDER KING—RUPTURE IN COLT.

1. Can you tell me the pedigree number of a Clydesdale horse called Border King? I believe he was owned in King Township, where he was a short time, and died.

2. I have a colt that was a year old last 24th of May. About two months after it was foaled, it got ruptured at the navel. Can anything be done to it now? If so, would you kindly let me know in your valuable paper?

W. H. S.

Ans.—1. Border King [2541], bred by Robt. Davies, Toronto; foaled, June 21st, 1899; sire Border Kiever (imp.) (10171), dam Queen Bell [2193], by Queen's Own (imp.) (7176), etc.

2. You might try a truss by placing a surcingle around the body in such a way as that it will hold the rupture up. A pad of felt or cork might be used under the rupture to keep it pressed up. This, if kept on for a month or six weeks, often effects a cure. If not, an operation by means of a clam may be necessary, in which case a veterinarian should be employed.

##### He Made a Mistake.

The following is told of an American gentleman who was recently stopping with his wife at the Hotel Cecil, in London. On the first evening there he happened to retire somewhat later than his spouse. Arriving at the door of what he imagined was his own room, and finding it locked, he tapped and called "Honey!"

No answer came, and he again called more loudly, "Honey!"

Still he got no reply, and becoming somewhat uneasy, he shouted the endearing term with his full lung power.

This time a reply came, and in a male voice:

"Go away, you blithering idiot! This is a bathroom, not a blooming beehive!"

## Avoid the Knife for Itching Piles

A FAR SAFER, CHEAPER AND MORE  
CERTAIN CURE IS

### Dr. Chase's Ointment

It is customary for physicians to recommend a surgical operation as the only cure for piles, and on the strength of such advice many a person has undergone the suffering, the expense, and the enormous risk of such an operation only to be disappointed by a return of the old trouble.

A safer, cheaper, and even a more certain cure is found in Dr. Chase's Ointment. And, while this is a strong statement, it is fully corroborated by the positive evidence of well-known people, who have been cured by this treatment, even after surgical operations had failed.

A strong point about Dr. Chase's Ointment is the promptness with which it brings relief from the torturing, itching, stinging sensations which make this disease almost unbearable. Complete cure is often brought about by one or two boxes of this ointment, even in chronic cases of fifteen or twenty years' standing.

Dr. Chase's Ointment is the only positive and guaranteed cure for every form of piles, 60 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Company, Toronto.

## Grand Trunk Ry. System

### NEAR-BY HEALTH RESORTS

A few days at the mineral springs of St. Catharines, Mt. Clemens, and Preston, has benefited the health of hundreds. Nothing is equal to the treatment. Best of hotel accommodation at moderate rates.

### TRY IT.

All situated on the G. T. R.

For tickets and full information call on

E. de la Hook, City Pass. & Ticket Agt.

E. Ruse, Depot Ticket Agent.

LONDON, ONT.

### QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS. Veterinary.

#### RUPTURE—LUMP ON HOCK.

1. Lump, the size of a pint measure, appeared on cow's flank. It rapidly increased in size to that of a twelve-quart pail, and is getting larger.

2. Last spring a lump, half the size of a robin's egg, appeared on the side of the point of my three-year-old colt's hock. I have treated it without results. P. K.

Ans.—1. This is a rupture, and cannot be successfully treated. I would advise you to put a bandage around the cow to endeavor to keep the rupture from enlarging, and feed her for the butcher. Keep her as quiet as possible, and if the rupture continues to enlarge, slaughter her at once.

2. It is quite probable this lump is not removable, except by an operation by a veterinarian, and, at all events, it is so small it is not serious, and I would not advise an operation, as such are always more or less dangerous in such close proximity to a joint. Take 2 drams each of iodine and iodide of potassium, and mix with 2 ounces vaseline, and rub well with this every day. This may reduce the lump. V.

#### CHRONIC SPINITIS.

Since the 1st of September my two-year-old colt has been ailing. He moves clumsily with his hind quarters, and when he makes a sudden turn, he falls on his hind quarters. The trouble seems to be in his back. He eats well, and is doing well in other ways. J. McE.

Ans.—Your colt has a disease of the spine called chronic spinitis, and treat-

ment will be slow. In some cases only a partial recovery takes place. The disease is liable to assume an acute form, and probably cause total paralysis and death. Keep him as quiet as possible in a roomy box stall. Purge him with six drams aloes and two drams ginger. After purgation ceases, give one and a half drams nux vomica three times daily. Repeat the purgative in about five weeks, and again if necessary. V.

#### ABORTION IN COWS.

What will stop cows aborting? I have several cows that lost their calves at from three to seven months. If it is contagious, at what stage will a cow take it? What can I do to stop any more aborting that are already well gone in calf? FARMER.

Ans.—This is evidently contagious abortion, which is a grievous scourge. At its commencement in a herd, it generally occurs from the sixth to the seventh month of gestation, but is liable to occur at any time from six weeks to seven or eight months of pregnancy. It is believed to be caused by a disease germ, which gains entrance via the vulva to the vagina and the womb, and is contracted by association with affected animals in the stable, or by lying on the same ground where an affected animal has lain, and that it is also carried from one affected animal to another by the service bull. It is advised to isolate the affected animals and flush the vagina with disinfectants, but this is hardly practicable in a herd of any considerable size, when the disease has gained headway. The free and liberal use of disinfectants and administering of carbolic acid internally appears to be the best treatment known. Sprinkle stalls and stable gutters freely with Zenoleum or other disinfectant, and wash the vulva and tail of all aborted cows daily with the same, also inject the same into sheath of service bull before mating. Cows that have aborted should not be bred again for at least three months; and, in the meantime, should be given 25 drops of pure carbolic acid three times daily diluted in a pint of water, and this given in bran or other feed, or if refused in feed, give as a drench. Continue for three or four weeks, and commence again near the same period of gestation she previously aborted. Cows that have been stabled with aborters should also be given the carbolic treatment for prevention, giving the 25-drop dose twice a day for a few days at intervals. It is a tedious business at best, and it may take two or three years to rid a herd thoroughly of the trouble. Some aborting cows cease to breed, while others, after aborting two or three times, seem to become immune, and breed regularly after. Some persons claim to have got rid of the trouble by mixing carbolic acid with the salt at the rate of 4 ounces of crude, undiluted carbolic acid to 12 quarts of salt, thoroughly mixed, and kept under cover, where cattle can take it at pleasure.

#### ABORTION.

We have a young cow that calved when she was something over two years old. We bred her again, and in about four and a half months she aborted, caused by nothing that we are aware of. In about six weeks after abortion, and after all discharge had stopped, she was again bred; but between four and five months afterwards she aborted again—about two weeks ago. Now, how should we treat her so that she will carry a calf to maturity, and can it be done without the aid of a veterinarian? D. M.

Ans.—See answer to Farmer in this issue, on similar case.

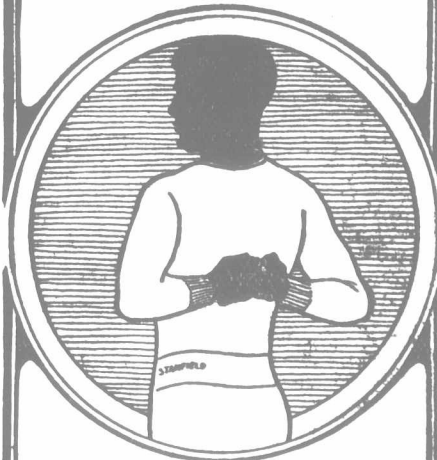
#### ABORTION IN MARE.

I have a well-bred Clydesdale mare, weighing 1,550 lbs. in good condition. I bred her to an imported Clydesdale in May, 1905. She dropped her colt in January. I bred her again in May, and she is in foal. Is she liable to drop it about the same time again? Will you advise me how to take care of her, and the best kind of feed for her? M. G.

Ans.—Give daily, gentle exercise, either at light work, or by running loose in barnyard. Feed moderately of nourishing and laxative food. Avoid contact with blood or unpleasant smells. About the same period in gestation at which she aborted last year, if she shows any symptoms, give two ounces laudanum in half pint of water as a drench, and repeat every two hours till symptoms disappear.

You  
will find just the Underwear you  
want—right size and right weight

## Stanfield's "Unshrinkable" Underwear



Made in sizes to perfectly fit  
every man—and in the right  
weights for every Canadian  
climate from Halifax to the  
Klondyke.

Guaranteed unshrinkable, too.

Ask your dealer for  
STANFIELD'S.

#### TRADE TOPIC.

OF VALUE TO HORSEMEN.—Do you turn your horses out for the winter? If so, we want to call your attention to a very important matter. Horses which have been used steadily at work, either on the farm or road, have quite likely had some strains whereby lameness or enlargements have been caused. Or perhaps new life is needed to be infused into their legs. Gombault's Caustic Bal-

sam applied as per directions, just as you are turning the horse out, will be of great benefit; and this is the time when it can be used very successfully. One great advantage in using this remedy is that after it is applied it needs no care or attention, but does its work well and at a time when the horse is having a rest. Of course, it can be used with equal success while horses are in the stable, but many people in turning their horses out would use Caustic Balsam if they were reminded of it, and this article is given as a reminder.

#### GOSSIP

##### ACKROW'S SHORTHORN SALE.

On Wednesday, Nov. 21st, at his farm, Mt. Pleasant, five miles from Weston, on the G. T. and C. P. R., also street cars from Toronto ever half hour, where conveyances will be at the Eagle House, for all morning trains, to convey intending purchasers to the farm, Mr. J. W. Ackrow, Highfield, Ont., will sell by auction, without reserve, as he intends to keep a dairy herd, 12 head of Scotch and Scotch-topped Shorthorns, including his stock bull, Imp. Deeside King, bred by John Young, Tilbouris, sired by Sittytton Choice, dam Rosetta 15th, by Scottish Prince. He is a Marr Roan Lady, red, rising two years, a low-down, mellow-handling chap, and, from his rich breeding, should be a valuable sire. The cows, with the exception of one Miss Ramsden, Lady Ramsden 70216, a two-year-old, by Imp. Chief Ruler, dam Imp. Miss Howe 9th, are bred up from Beauty (Imp.), by Snowball, Lady Jane (Imp.) 281, and Flora (Imp.) 190, and are nearly all sired by the Toronto winner, Imp. Prince Louis, and the Toronto first-prize bull and senior champion this year, Scottish Prince, and Imp. Scotland's Fame. Among them are two three-year-olds, by Imp. Prince Louis; three two-year-olds, one by Imp. Chief Ruler, one by Imp. Prince Louis, and the other by Imp. Scottish Prince, also one yearling by Scottish Prince, and there will also be sold one eight-months-old bull calf, red, by Imp. Scottish Prince, and out of a daughter of Imp. Prince Louis. The cows are exceptionally good milkers, and, being so richly topped, should be a very desirable offering. There will also be sold 16 head of grades, including two three-year-old steers and two two-year-olds, in good shape to go into winter feeding. Sale will commence at 12 o'clock sharp. Terms are twelve months at 5 per cent. on approved paper. Col. J. K. McEwen and J. Saigeon will wield the hammers.

# POULTRY!

Alive  
or  
Dressed

Collecting  
stations have been  
established at nearly all  
points in Western Ontario.

If our representatives have  
not called on you, write for  
booklet "C" and full particulars.

Watch your local paper for name of  
buyer and next date of delivery.

Flavelles  
LIMITED.  
LONDON, ONT.



## AN EXTRA QUART OF MILK.

In a herd of ten cows, an extra quart of milk per day given by each cow for ten months, amounts to three thousand quarts. At 2c. per quart this means \$60. Now, \$60 is worth looking after, and if that amount can be added to the profits of ten months' feeding, it should be done. An extra quart per day per cow will do it, and if the cows are fed Herbageum regularly twice daily, they will give the extra quart, and show this extra profit less the cost of the Herbageum, which, for ten cows for ten months, would be \$12, leaving a net profit from its use of \$48. This is a very modest estimate. Those who have tested the matter report a gain of two quarts per day per cow, in which case the net profit on the use of Herbageum for ten months would amount to \$108.

We give here a letter from a practical man who has tested the matter. His letter more than bears out the estimate above, and every feeder of milch cows, who reads it, owes it to himself to make a personal test of Herbageum.

"I feed Herbageum regularly to 20 cows and 4 horses. At different times I have tested the value of Herbageum by dividing my cows into different lots of five cows each, and in this way I have found that cows getting Herbageum give about two quarts a day more than they do when not getting it. I have also fed it to cattle I was fattening, and find it keeps them toned up, and keeps them from going off their feed when they are being fed heavy.

"I have used Herbageum for two years now, and have proved that it pays well to feed it to stock when they are fed on dry feed. My wife has tested it for chickens, and says it is fine.

T. S. MIDDLETON,

Amherstburg, Ont."

## A FREE BOOK WHICH EVERY FARMER SHOULD HAVE.

A remarkable little book is now being prepared for publication. It is a collection of photographs of prizewinning Canadian stock. The best flocks and herds in the country are represented. The collection includes Shorthorn, Jersey, Guernsey, Polled Angus, Ayrshire and Holstein cattle, all great prizewinners at the greatest shows—bacon hogs, winners at the World's fairs and at Toronto; pens of sheep, International winners, of many breeds. In poultry, the book is particularly strong. It contains photos of the breeders themselves, as well as of their birds, and these are the most noted breeders in Canada, and winners of the best prizes at the greatest shows in America. The horse pictures are not so plentiful, although there are two or three cuts of strong prizewinners.

The book is being published by The Beaver Mfg. Co., of Galt, Ont., and they are distributing it without charge to all who write for it. It is an advertising scheme, of course, but that does not make the pictures less interesting, or the information contained in the book less valuable. Readers of "The Farmer's Advocate" should not miss this opportunity. Send in your name and address now, and the book will be sent to you as soon as it comes from the press. Address—The Beaver Mfg. Co., Galt, Ont.

### GOSSIP.

**DUGALD ROSS' CLYDESDALE SALE.**  
Attention is again called to the important auction sale of 40 imported Clydesdale mares and fillies, advertised by Mr. Dugald Ross, of Streetsville, Ont., to take place at the Repository, Toronto, on Thursday, November 15th. This importation, selected in person by Mr. Ross, is said to be well up to the standard in size and quality, while in breeding they are very attractive, being daughters of many of the best sires in Scotland, and a number of them bred to high-class horses, which should add materially to their attractiveness and value to buyers. Mr. Ross' former importations found ready purchasers, and his previous success has given him confidence in bringing out a larger consignment than ever before and submitting them at public sale.

### GOSSIP.

Attention is directed to the new advertisement of Shorthorn cattle for sale by Mr. F. W. Scott, Highgate, Ont., on Michigan Central and Pere Marquette Railways. Young bulls and heifers, home-bred and from imported stock, are included in the offering. The sire in service is Imp. Lord Lieutenant—50050—, of the favorite Broadhooks family.

Mr. George D. Fletcher, in ordering a change of advertisement, writes: "My Shorthorns, though they have not been fitted for show this fall, are in fine condition to go into winter quarters. I have a very choice lot of Joy of Morning heifers ready to breed this winter. I have, also, three very promising young bulls, five, eight and ten months old. The ten-months-old calf (now ready for sale or service), rich red in color, large and strong, has the appearance of making a grand show bull, and should be a valuable herd header. Among recent sales, I wish to note one made to Joseph Haffey, Mono Mills, of two choice Joy of Morning heifers—a Cruickshank Mysie and a Nonpareil. These should make a good foundation for a herd. Though I have had a lot of enquiry for Yorkshires during the past six weeks, I have the choicest lot on hand now I have ever been able to offer, having quite a number of either sex direct from imported stock, six weeks old, three months old, and seven months old."

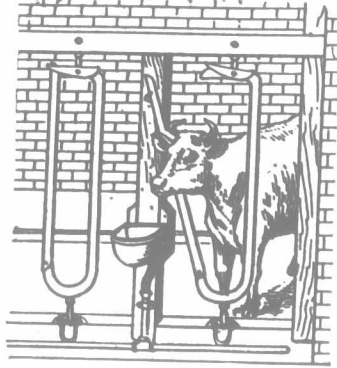
### PROUSE'S CLYDESDALE SALE.

Western Ontario farmers will have a rare opportunity to buy at their own price good young registered Clydesdale mares at the auction sale, at Exeter, 30 miles north of London, on Friday of this week, November 9th, of 40 imported mares and fillies just landed from Scotland, by Mr. S. J. Prouse, of Ingersoll, personally selected by him for their suitability to the need of this country. Most of them are big, strong-boned, deep-ribbed, roomy fillies, likely to make the right kind of brood mares to produce the class of horses fit for heavy work and to sell for the highest prices in the market. Others are of the finer-quality kind preferred by some buyers. Their ages are from one to four years, and many of them are so much alike in size and build that matched pairs may readily be secured. Strong, flat bone, springy pasterns, good colors, and true action are qualities that have not been overlooked in this selection, while their breeding will bear the closest scrutiny, combining, as it does, the blood lines of the best Clydesdale sires in the home country of the breed, being sired by such noted horses as Baron's Pride, Hiawatha, Mains of Airies, Clan Chattan, Pride of Blacon, Royal Favorite, Up to Time, Montrave Ronald, King's Crest, Moncrieffe Marquis, Baron Bobgill, Danure Castle, Baron's Crest, and others.

There is no question about the need in this country of more first-class heavy-draft brood mares, to produce this class of horses to supply the ever-increasing demand incident to the rapid growth of our towns and cities, the building of railways, and the settling of our newer provinces, to say nothing of the export trade which is taking all the good big horses that can be had at almost any price asked. It is true that a lot of this class of mares have been imported in the last year or two, and have found ready buyers, but the number, compared with the room and the need for brood mares of a good class in Ontario, is but as a drop in a bucket. The advantage to the farmer in buying a draft mare is that she will be ready for work at an early age, and will do a lot of work on the farm, while raising a colt that will soon be ready for work or to sell at a price that will go a long way towards repaying the original investment. Former importations of Mr. Prouse's have taken exceptionally well in this country, some of them being first-prize winners at Toronto in their new owners' hands, and some of the present importation have been prize-winners at prominent Scottish shows. There should be a large attendance of farmers at Exeter on Friday to see these mares sold, as there will doubtless be good chances for bargains. Trains leave London at 8.15 a.m. and 4.50 p.m.; returning, leave Exeter, 5.05 p.m. Catalogues, with pedigrees, will be ready for day of sale.

## MODERN Stable Fittings

Endorsed by Leading Stockmen Throughout the Dominion.



### Rush's Rotary U Bar Steel Stanchion

is without a doubt the best cow tie in the world.

Cheaper to install, and gives cows greater freedom than chains. No partitions necessary, therefore the stable is light and airy, consequently more healthful.

### Our Galvanized Steel Water Bowl,

fitted with brass valve, has no equal for strength, durability and general utility.

The water supply is regulated automatically, so that there is a constant supply of fresh water of even temperature before the animals.

They are easily and cheaply installed, and they will increase returns from your stock fully fifteen to twenty per cent.

### Beath's Feed and Litter Carrier

enjoys the reputation of being the best.

This Carrier has solved the problem of removing the manure from your stable at a minimum of expense.

A boy 8 to 10 years old will do as much with our Litter Carrier as two men can do with wheelbarrows. The load can be dumped on wagon or spreader and drawn to the field at once. This saves one handling.

Our Catalogue No. 16 tells all about our complete line of STABLE FITTINGS. Write for it now.

THE METAL SHINGLE & SIDING CO., LIMITED.  
PRESTON, ONTARIO.

## Ontario Provincial Winter Fair

GUELPH, ONT.,

DECEMBER 10th to 14th, 1906

The exhibits and lectures combine to make the Fair most valuable to all farmers. Entries should be sent to the Secretary before Nov. 24. RAILWAY RATES: SINGLE FARE ON ALL LINES EAST OF PORT ARTHUR. For entry forms, programme of lectures, etc., apply to the Secretary.

ARTHUR JOHNSTON,  
President.

A. P. WESTERVELT, Secretary,  
Parliament Buildings, Toronto, Ontario.

## Shorthorns by Auction

At the farm, 5 miles from Weston, on the G. T. and C. P. R., also street cars from Toronto, on

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 21st, 1906

MR. J. W. ACKROW will sell, without reserve, 12 HEAD OF SCOTCH AND SCOTCH-TOPPED SHORTHORNS, including the stock bull, Imp. Deeside King, a Marr Roan Lady. The females are all topped by imp. sires. Also there will be sold 16 HEAD OF GRADE CATTLE, among which are some 2 and 3 year-old steers. Terms: 12 months at 5% on approved paper. Teams will be at Eagle House, Weston, for all morning trains. Sale at 12 o'clock sharp.

COL. J. K. McEWEN and J. SAIGEON, Auctioneers.

Messrs. John Dryden & Son, Brooklin, Ont., write: "The trade in Shropshires has been steady, and every day someone is writing for a few ewes or a ram. The ewes that are bred, and which we offer, are all good ones, and mostly from imported dams, and all sired by imported rams. They will be sold in a lot or in pairs. Some are imported, and some are home-bred. All are true to type and

should make good foundation for the establishment of a breeding flock. The price will be found right, and first come first served."

Milk in Toronto is retailing for 7c. a quart, and it is expected that bottled milk may shortly be advanced from 7c. to 8c.

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29th, 1906

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Write for 13  
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Address: W

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Majestic Bldg.,

RAILWAY VIEW

M. C. Ry.,  
P. M. Ry. Station



**TENDERS FOR SUPPLIES, 1907.**

THE UNDERSIGNED will receive tenders up to noon on Thursday, 15th November, 1906, for supplies of butchers' meat, creamery or dairy butter, flour, oatmeal, potatoes, cordwood, etc., etc., for the following institutions during the year 1907, viz.:-

At the Asylums for the Insane in Toronto, London, Kingston, Hamilton, Mimico, Brockville, Cobourg, Orillia and Penetanguishene; the Central Prison and Mercer Reformatory, Toronto, and the Hospital for epileptics at Woodstock.

Exceptions—Tenders are not required for the supply of meat to the asylums in Toronto, London, Kingston, Hamilton and Brockville, nor for the Central Prison or Mercer Reformatory, Toronto.

A marked cheque for five per cent. of the estimated amount of the contract, payable to the order of the Provincial Secretary, must be furnished by each tenderer as a guarantee of his bona fides. Two sufficient sureties will be required for the due fulfillment of each contract, and should any tender be withdrawn before the contract is awarded, or should the tenderer fail to furnish security, the amount of the deposit will be forfeited.

Specifications and forms of tender may be had on application to the Department of the Provincial Secretary, Toronto, or to the Bursars of the respective institutions.

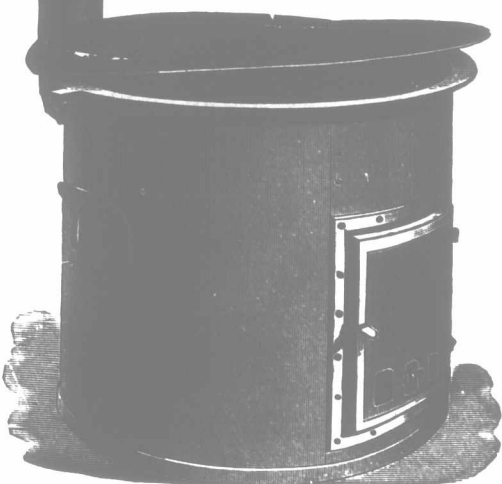
The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

Newspapers inserting this advertisement without written authority from the Department will not be paid for it.

W. J. HANNA,  
Provincial Secretary.

Parliament Buildings, Toronto, October 29th, 1906.

**The Windsor Stock Feed Cooker.**



Write for 132-page catalogue, giving prices of cookers and showing 1,000 other articles every farmer needs, including Home Repairing Outfit.

Address: WINDSOR SUPPLY CO., Windsor, Ont.

**Are You DEAF?**



I was deaf myself for 25 years. I perfected and patented a small, invisible ear drum in order to help my own hearing. It is called "The Way Ear Drum," and by the use of these drums I can NOW HEAR WHISPERS. I want all deaf people to write me. I do not claim to "cure" all cases of deafness, neither can I benefit those who were born deaf. But I CAN HELP 90 per cent. of those whose hearing is defective.

Way Ear Drums are manufactured in Canada under Canadian patents.

Won't you take the trouble to write and find out all about me and my invention? Tell me the cause of your deafness. Geo. P. Way, 1141 Majestic Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

**RAILWAY VIEW STOCK FARM SHORTHORNS**



Herd headed by Lord Lieutenant, imported, =50050=. Present offering: Two extra good bulls, 14 and 21 months old. Cows and heifers, imported and home bred. Prices reasonable.

F. W. SCOTT,  
Highgate P. O., Ont.

**GOSSIP.**

Messrs. A. Cameron & Sons, Brechin, Scotland, breeders of Shorthorns and Leicester sheep, in their advertisement in this paper invite interested Canadian breeders to inspect their herd and flock, or to write for prices and particulars. Their herd of Shorthorns ranks among the best in Scotland, as also does their flock of Leicesters, which is of long standing, and in which the best class of sires has been used, regardless of cost.

Mr. G. A. Brodie, Bethesda, Ont., near Stouffville Station, on the Midland branch of the G. T. R., writes: "I have just landed from Scotland with a fresh importation of Clydesdale fillies and two stallions, and now offer for sale 50 imported Clydesdales of high-class quality and breeding." Mr. Brodie's importations have been well received, and his sales in the last year have been numerous.

**A GREAT BUTTER RECORD.**

Coomassie of Bleakhouse, a two-year-old Jersey heifer belonging to Mr. H. S. Gail, of East Aurora, N. Y., is reported, under affidavit of the herd manager, to have yielded in fourteen days, July 16th to 29th, last, 557 lbs. 9 ozs. milk, from which was made 86 lbs. 8 ozs. of butter, salted 1 oz. to the pound and worked dry. This is claimed to be an unequalled two-year-old two weeks' record. It is certainly a remarkable performance.

The auction sale of imported Clydesdale fillies, advertised by Mr. James Dalgety, to take place at London, Ont., on Wednesday, November 14th, should attract the attention of farmers desiring to secure good heavy-draft brood mares, from which to breed high-selling horses. Mr. Dalgety's experience and reputation as a judge of Clydesdales is a guarantee of the kind of mares that may be expected in this offering, as it is well known he goes for plenty of size, with quality to match, and that his methods of dealing with his customers gives confidence that what he brings out may be depended upon to be well up to the standard of the best of the breed.

Results at the sale of Holstein-Friesian cattle of the Pierce Land & Stock Co., Stockton, Cal., at Chicago, last week, were highly gratifying to all concerned, seventy-three cattle being sold at an average of \$224.24. Considering the fact that calves, born the day before the sale, were sold separately, and as high as \$105, it is the more remarkable.

A calf born Feb. 13, 1906, Alcartra Polkadot of Riverside, sold at the astonishing price of \$530, and Mr. T. R. Friese, of West Newton, Pa., was offered \$700 for her before the sale was over, but refused to take less than \$1,000.

The mother of this young thing, Alcartra Polkadot, with a record of 29 lbs. 1 oz., 7 days; 120 lbs. 2 ozs., 30 days, sold at \$1,350.

**AN IMPORTANT SHEEP SALE.**

The extensive sale of registered Lincoln sheep, advertised in this issue to take place at the village of Ilderton, Ont., a G. T. R. station, 12 miles north of London, on Thursday, November 22nd, should attract the attention of breeders and of farmers desiring to found a flock, or strengthen an existing flock by the introduction of fresh blood. The Lincolns are a strong, hardy, thrifty breed, yielding heavy fleeces of fine long lustrous wool, and holding their wool into old age, perhaps better than any other. They have sold at higher prices in England in recent years than any other breed, and are in great demand for South America and the Western range country of the United States. The flocks of Mr. Geary and Capt. Robson are descended from importations made in 1879, '82, '83, '84 and '85, on which first-class imported rams have been continuously used, and Mr. John T. Gibson's Manor flock, which has a continental reputation, has been replenished by fresh importations almost annually for many years. It is rarely, indeed, that so many pure-bred sheep are offered at auction, as are included in this sale, and from the reputation of the flocks, and the fact that in the case of two of them it is a dispersion sale, it affords an exceptionally favorable opportunity to secure good stock at the buyers' own prices.

**IMPORTANT DISPERSION SALE**

OF

**200 Regist'd Lincoln Sheep**

At the Village of ILDERTON, ONT., on the L., H. & B. branch of the G. T. R., 12 miles north of London, on

**THURSDAY, NOV. 22, 1906**

CONSISTING OF

**100 Breeding Ewes, 65 Ewe Lambs,  
10 Yearling Rams, 25 Ram Lambs.**

The property of John Geary, T. E. Robson, John T. Gibson, and R. S. Robson. All are young and in healthy breeding condition, and the ewes are being bred to first-class imported rams.

All have been bred straight from imported stock or imported direct.

Mr. Geary and Mr. T. E. Robson having rented their farms, their entire flocks are included in the sale, together with drafts from the Manor flock of Mr. Gibson and that of Mr. R. S. Robson.

**Sale to commence at one o'clock.**

Terms:—10 months' credit on approved joint notes. A discount of 6 per cent. per annum allowed for cash.

Train leaves London 8.15 a. m., returning from Ilderton at 5.46 p. m.

From north, via Lucan Crossing, train arrives at Ilderton 9.20 a. m., returning at 5.15 p. m.

**T. E. ROBSON, Auctioneer.**

**Clydesdale Fillies**

DALGETY BROS., DUNDEE, SCOTLAND,

will offer for sale by PUBLIC AUCTION at Fraser House, King Street, London, Ont., on

**Wednesday, 14th Nov., 1906**

AT 1.30 P. M., TWELVE choice imported fillies, two and three years old, by some of the most noted sires in Scotland.

CAPT. T. E. ROBSON } Auctioneers.  
A. M. HUNT }

Address all correspondence to

**James Dalgety, Glencoe, Ont.**

**Granite** NO OTHER ROOFING  
TRADE MARK HAS SUCH A RECORD

**ROOFING**

The ordinary ready roofing roll of 110 square feet is about half the diameter of a roll of Granite Roofing. That is because Granite Roofing is so much thicker and stronger, and contains so much more material. Granite Roofing is not a light-weight, flimsy paper, but a high-grade permanent roofing, adapted for structures of all kinds. It is used by railroads, manufactories, and on all kinds of brick and stone buildings, where it gives good service for ten to twenty years, without requiring repairs of any kind. Its price is low. Drop us a postal, and we will send you a free sample and booklet.

**Eastern Granite Roofing Co., New York, Chicago, St. Louis.**  
For sale by RUFUS R. GAGE, HAMILTON, ONT.





Advertisements will be inserted under this heading, such as Farm Properties, Help and Situations Wanted, Pet Stock, and miscellaneous advertising.

**TERMS**—Three cents per word each insertion. Each initial counts for one word and figures for two words. Names and addresses are counted. Cash must always accompany the order. No advertisement inserted for less than 50 cents.

**A 200-ACRE farm for sale**, in high state of cultivation; 40 acres good bush. Good house with 12 large rooms and woodshed, with cistern in kitchen. Barn 50 feet by 40 feet, with cement stables. Driving shed 24 feet by 40 feet, and a good pigpen. Young orchard. School on farm. A never failing well at the house, and a spring creek at barn. Apply Messrs. E. & D. Schwandt, Williamsford, Ont.

**ALBERTA FARM LANDS** in a banner district. Real bargains. J. S. Pineo, Crossfield.

**FOR SALE**—One hundred-acre farm, lot 10, concession 2, Nelson, 11 miles east of Hamilton, in garden of Canada. Brick house; basement barn; good stabling; abundance of water and fruit; in good cultivation. Possession at once if desired. W. Clifton, Appleby P. O., Ont.

**FOR SALE**—150 acres in Burford Township, Brant County; all under cultivation. Good lying, valuable farm land; soil gravelly loam. Splendid brick house, 12 rooms; good tenant's house; barns and orchard. Two good wells, never dry. A good grain and dairy farm 1 1/2 miles from nearest post office and church, 4 miles from school, 2 1/2 miles from shipping station, 10 miles from Brantford. This is the farm of the late Chas. Rand, last male line, and has been in the family for about 100 years. In good condition, and must be sold. Immediate possession can be given. Terms favorable. Mrs. Chas. Rand, Scotland, Ont.

**IDEAL wheat lands** in Sunny Southern Alberta. Write before buying. Call when you come. Geo. C. Millar, Tabor, Alberta.

**IMPROVED farms for sale** in the Edmonton district. Candy & Co., Edmonton, Alta.

**STRAWBERRY PLANTS**—\$4 per thousand, or 50c. per hundred—Late Cronje, Early Michaels, Avalanche, Bidwell, Parker, Gansey (late); all kinds of trees, shrubs, vines, etc., at the Nursery, Ridout and Brick Sts. C. Baker, London.

**WANTED**—Married man. All-round good farm hand and milker. Comfortable house; garden; land for potatoes, and fuel. State wages. W. W. Ballantyne, Stratford Ont.

**PARTNER WANTED FOR A DAIRY FARM.**

The farm is over 200 acres, clay loam. 37 miles west of Montreal, on the Ottawa River. C. P. R. station and steamboat wharf on the property. Forty head of pure-bred and grade Holsteins, carefully selected for performance. Milk shipped daily to Montreal. Dwelling house, furnace, hot and cold water, barns, silos, dairy, ice-house, wagon shed. Farm fully equipped. Horses, wagons, implements, etc. A man of experience and ability wanted as a partner. He to supply necessary labor and properly run the farm. Profits to be divided. Cottages nearby, and good help available. Alfalfa clover and corn do well. The chance of a lifetime for the right man of experience with the necessary help. Apply, stating references.

**JAS. J. RILEY, JR.,**  
P.O. Box 953. Montreal.



Condensed advertisements will be inserted under this heading at two cents per word each insertion. Each initial counts for one word, and figures for two words. Names and addresses are counted. Cash must always accompany the order for any advertisement under this heading. Parties having good pure-bred poultry and eggs for sale will find plenty of customers by using our advertising columns. No advertisement inserted for less than 30 cents.

**BRONZE turkeys** (Bell's strain). Toms, \$3; hens, \$2.50. Barred Rocks and Buff Orpingtons, \$1 each. Pair, \$1.75. S. L. Anderson, Crossland, Ont.

**CHOICE White Wyandottes** (Hawkin strain) one dollar each. Large Toulouse geese, two dollars each. Emerson Tufts, Welland, Ont.

**FOR SALE**—Mammoth Bronze turkeys, bred from prize-winning stock. Mrs. Calvert, Burnhouse, Ont.

**FOR SALE**—Mammoth Bronze turkeys, imported and home-bred; Imperial Pekin ducks White, Silver and Partridge Wyandottes. Barred Rocks—a number of the above mentioned were prizewinners this fall. D. A. Graham, Wanstead, Ont.

**FOR SALE**—White Leghorns, White Wyandottes. Have a few choice cockerels at dollar each. E. W. Burt, Paris, Ont.

**FOR SALE**—Twenty young Cornish Indian Game winners, three dollars a pair. Messell Oliver, St. Mary's Ont.

**FOR SALE**—Barred Rocks. Eggs from choice exhibition matings. Grand imported cockerel heading every pen. Write for full particulars before buying elsewhere. W. W. Dods, Alton, Ont.

**MAMMOTH Bronze turkeys**—Fine heavy birds, good plumage; 1st flock headed by Fishel's tom, full brother to first prize winner St. Louis; 2nd flock headed by Liddle's Empire King strain; won 1st at Lockport, N. Y., and from 20-lb. hens; pairs mated not akin. J. H. Robson, Telfer, Ont.

**WHITE WYANDOTTES**. Good blocky young birds ready to ship. W. D. Monkman, Bond Head, Ont.

**GOSSIP.**

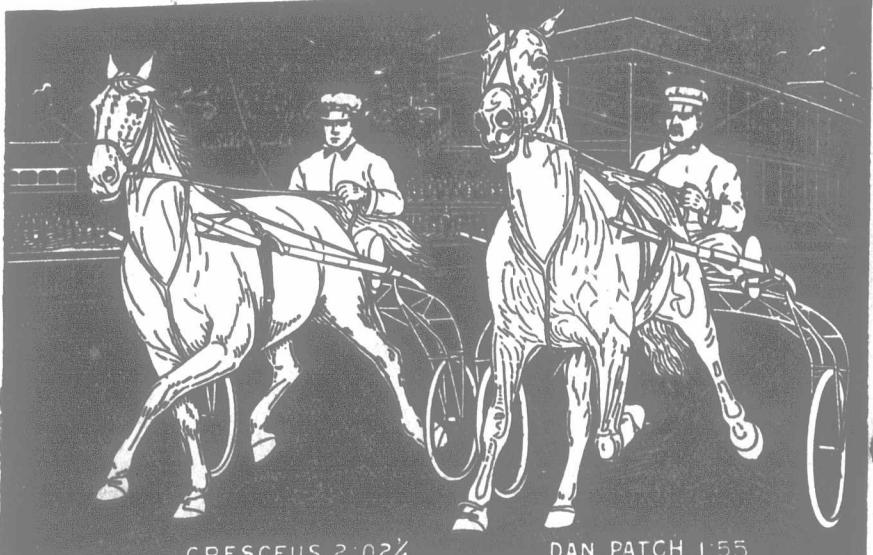
**SCOTCH SHORTHORNS.**

Referring to the character of the cattle and the enthusiasm manifested and the prices paid at the recent Scottish sales of Shorthorns, the following striking passage appears in the Banffshire Journal descriptive of a scene at the Duthie-Marr sale:

"It is at the close of such a week as this that the true significance of all that the Shorthorn means to the North of Scotland flashes upon one. At one of the sales, the writer, happening to look at a certain corner of the ring, saw Mr. Duthie, Collynie, and Mr. Deane Willis, Bapton Manor, in conversation. Just below them sat a representative of Argentina, and at once the whole of the latter-day history of Scotch Shorthorn breeding flashed through the memory. There was the old grey-headed man carrying out his final transaction with Mr. Robert Bruce, Great Smeaton, acting for a syndicate in Argentina. Then there was the financial failure in the Argentine which prevented the transporting of the whole herd from Sittytown to that country, and subsequent purchase by Mr. Duthie of the matrons of the herd, and by Mr. Willis of the younger stock. It was an epoch in cattle history; a chance in fortune's wheel that has no parallel in the annals of any race of cattle, and what the North of Scotland owes to the non-completion of the initial bargain with Mr. Amos Cruickshank, could not but occur to the mind, as one saw the representatives of these three countries sitting together, and looking once more round the ring, beheld the vast assemblage from all parts of the Kingdom, from Canada, New Zealand, and the great Republic of the South, all worshipping at the shrine of the Scottish Shorthorn."

**D. MILNE'S SHORTHORNS.**

A visit to Maitland Bank Stock Farm, the property of Mr. D. Milne, at Ethel, Ont., a few days ago, and an hour or two spent in looking over his splendid herd of 60-odd head of Scotch Shorthorns, was a treat thoroughly enjoyed. As usual, we found Mr. Milne in one of his happy moods, although very, very busy; for the first thing that drew our attention was a splendid new house in course of erection, that, as planned, will be a model of convenience and comfort. Never before in the long years' history of this noted herd has the standard of excellence been so high, either in point of breeding or in the deep, thick-fleshed type that characterizes the whole herd, representing such noted and fashionable strains as Campbell Bessies, Rosebuds, Clarets, Marr Beautys, Scottish Maids, Claras, W. F. Nare's Vanities, Crimson Flowers, and the grand old thick-fleshed, heavy-milking strain, Strawberries, at the head of which is the richly-bred Broadhooks bull, Broadhooks Prince (Imp.), a son of the noted Border Raider, a bull of exceptionally even build, with remarkably true lines, and quality all over, and he is proving an extra good sire, his calves coming strong and showing a wonderful uniformity of type, covered with a wealth of soft hair; are splendid handlers and good doers. Nearly all the young things under a year are sired by him; those older, of which there are about 20 heifers, one and two years of age, are sired by Imp. Scotland's Fame, a bull that left a name for himself as a sire of grand good stuff. Among the young bulls for sale are half a dozen, one year old and under, solid reds; among which are show animals, a thick, mossy, grand-looking lot, some of them out of imported dams, that will make herd headers of a high order. Also for sale are the above mentioned heifers, all making an offering that will well repay a visit by intending purchasers. The herd, especially the older ones, are in fine condition. The younger ones, now in the stables, are coming rapidly in selling trim. As soon as the house is completed, Mr. Milne intends installing a long-distance 'phone, which will bring Maitland Bank Stock Farm strictly up-to-date. Also for sale are about 20 registered Leicester sheep (lambs and shearlings), all females, an ideal lot. Write Mr. Milne, to Ethel P. O., Ont., for particulars and prices.



**THIS BEAUTIFUL COLORED PICTURE MAILED FREE**

We have just published a beautifully colored reproduction of the above picture, showing Dan Patch 1:55, the World's Champion Harness Horse, and Cresceus 2:02 1/4, the World's Champion Trotting Stallion. This picture shows Dan and Cresceus in their natural colors and would sell for \$2.00 if gotten out in a small edition. We will be very glad to forward you one of these attractive lithographs absolutely free, postage prepaid by us.

**WRITE FOR IT AT ONCE**  
1st. Name this Paper. 2nd. State the number of head of live stock you own. Picture will not be mailed unless questions are answered.

Address **INTERNATIONAL STOCK FOOD CO., TORONTO, CANADA.**

**LARGEST STOCK FOOD FACTORIES IN THE WORLD**

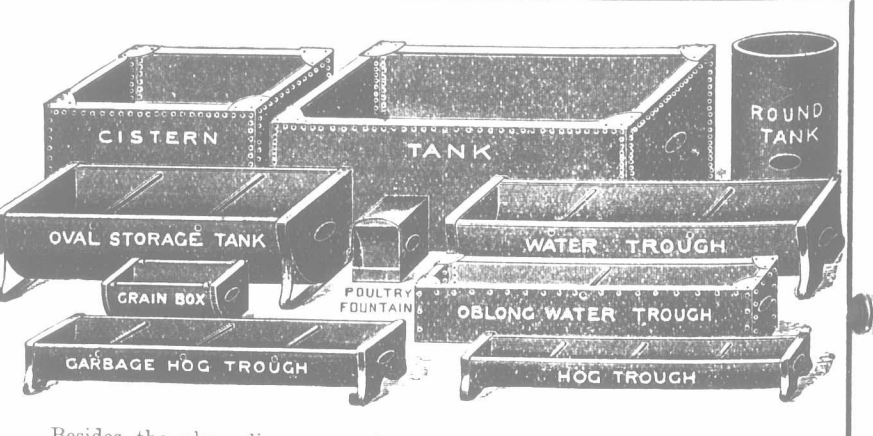
Minneapolis, Minn., U.S.A. Toronto, Canada.  
Cash Capital Paid In \$2,000,000

- We Manufacture and Guarantee**
- "International Stock Food"
  - "International Poultry Food"
  - "International Louse Killer"
  - "International Worm Powder"
  - "International Heave Cure"
  - "International Colic Cure"
  - "International Harness Soap"
  - "International Foot Remedy"
  - "International Hoof Ointment"
  - "International Pheno-Chloro"
  - "International Compound Absorbent"
  - "Silver Pine Healing Oil"
  - "International Gall Cure"
  - "International Stock Dip"
  - "International Distemper Cure"
- Every one of these preparations are sold on a "Spot Cash Guarantee" to refund your money in any case of failure. Ask any one of our One Hundred and Twenty-five Thousand Dealers about our goods and our guarantee.

Write for catalogue of our Jewell Incubators, Jewell Brooders.

**International Stock Food Co.**  
TORONTO, CANADA 33

Danger in accepting cheap and inferior substitutes. There is always a personally profitable reason for a dealer trying to sell you something by claiming it "just as good."



Besides the above lines, we also manufacture **Steel Threshers' Tanks, All-Steel Cheese Vats, Steel Whey Tanks, Stable Fittings, Feed Cookers, Steel Mangers, Storage Tanks to Hold Grain, Machinist Lathe Boxes.**

Get our prices on Galv. Steel Water Bowls, double and single Stable Trough. Our price is very low on these.

**Steel Trough & Machine Co., Ltd., Tweed, Ont.**

**When Writing Please Mention Advocate**

## Important Auction Sale

—OF—

# 40 CLYDESDALE FILLIES AND MARES

Also 5 High-class Hackneys  
AT THE REPOSITORY, TORONTO, ON

## Thursday, November 15th, 1906

THE PROPERTY OF DUGALD ROSS, STREETSVILLE, ONTARIO.

They were all selected for size, quality, and the best breeding that Scotland can produce. They are got by such notable horses as Baron's Pride, Everlasting, Royal Favorite, Up-to-time, Mains of Airies, Drumflower, Prince Shapely, King's Crest, Majestic, and others—Scotland's greatest sires. Fillies and mares bred to such horses as Everlasting, Pride of Blacon, Baron Hood, Rozelle, Benedict, Moncreiffe Marquis and others—all premium horses. For catalogues and full particulars, apply to

### DUGALD ROSS, STREETSVILLE, ONTARIO

Or the Auctioneers, BURNS & SHEPPARD, The Repository, Toronto.

**GOSSIP.**

**INTERNATIONAL LIVE-STOCK EXPOSITION, DECEMBER 1 TO 8, 1906, CHICAGO.**

Dean Curtiss, of Iowa Agricultural College, was asked to write an article on the International, and here follows his testimony:

"The educational influence of a great live-stock show, such as the International, can not be fully estimated. The success of the International has been phenomenal. Each year it appeals to a wider constituency. It is truly international in its scope. The magnitude and excellence of its exhibits has been a marvel to foreign visitors. The magnificent new pavilion was overtaxed the first year, and the ring has been extended to make room for the coming show. No other show on either continent brings together such an array of superior breeding stock and prime animals fit for the block, as may be seen at this show. This feature is particularly interesting and instructive. The block test furnishes the final proof of excellence, and affords a standard to measure the value of types and breeds. This is the one great contest where breeds meet in competition after individual excellence has been measured within the breeds.

"A feature of marked interest in this battle royal is the work of the foreign judge, who annually passes on the championship classes. For this exacting task, the most competent judges of Great Britain have been selected. Sheep and swine measure strength for supremacy in the show-ring and on the block. In the carload classes, the competition is equally as sharp, and here, again, animal excellence is measured by the practical standard of market demands.

"Probably the keenest and most inspiring battle of the show is seen when the great draft horses in harness, of all breeds and all countries, meet on the tank, clad in the armor of peaceful though mighty warfare. It is this final challenge of the best of each breed, and of breed to breed, in the form of an ultimatum following the scrimmages down the State fair circuits, that gives an intense interest to International rings. The 1906 International promises to be in every way a fitting climax to a show season of unparalleled records."

**Rapidity of Growth of Trees.**

Beginning with a three-inch sapling, the following named varieties of trees will, in twenty years, under favorable conditions, attain a diameter approximately as follows:

	Inches.
White, or Silver, Maple	21
American White Elm	19
Basswood	17
Red Maple	16
Yellow Locust	14
Box Elder	14
Hard Maple	13
Red Oak	13
Scarlet Oak	13
White Ash	12
White Oak	11
Hackberry	10

The height which each species may be expected to attain is omitted here, as it will assume the usual proportion to the diameter.—[From the report of the New York Forestry Commission.



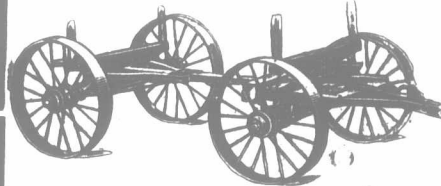
## Tudhope Sleighs

You don't pay a cent extra for the 56 years' experience that goes into Tudhope Sleighs. You don't pay a cent extra for a dozen little improvements that mean extra strength and service. You pay only for what the BEST MATERIALS and WORKMANSHIP are worth. Every Tudhope Sleigh is sold with a guarantee that has been lived up to for 56 years.

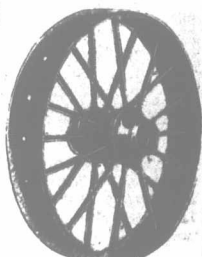
**TUDHOPE No. 67**

This is an all-round, serviceable sleigh. Built for rough roads—an easy, comfortable runner for hard driving. Write for free booklet showing different Tudhope styles. THE TUDHOPE CARRIAGE CO., Ltd. • ORILLIA, Ont. 11

## HANDY WAGONS and WIDE-TIRE IRON WHEELS FOR THE FARM



Made low to facilitate loading. They run easy, and carry a heavy load. Guaranteed to give satisfaction. Write for illustrated catalogue to



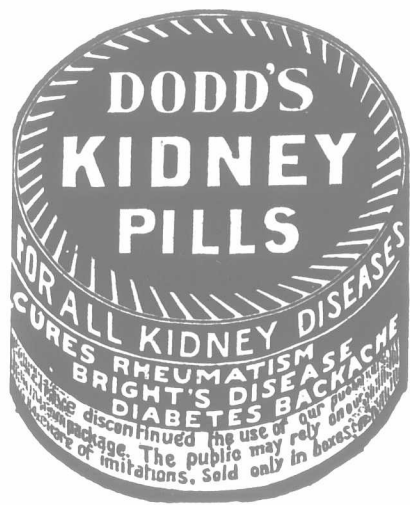
DOMINION WROUGHT IRON WHEEL CO., Limited, ORILLIA, ONTARIO.

## RIVERSIDE HOLSTEINS

THE RIVERSIDE HERD of Advanced Registry Holsteins has for immediate sale a dozen young bulls from 3 to 11 months of age, sired by Johanna Rue 4th's Lad, whose five nearest dams have butter records averaging 22.86 pounds of butter in seven days, and out of A. R. dams and their daughters.

M. RICHARDSON & SON, Caledonia, Ont.

At the dispersion sale, on October 11th, of the Blacon Point Stud of Clydesdales, owned by the late Mr. Thos. Smith, of Chester, England, some good prices were realized. The famous mare, Royal Rose, brought 515 guineas, being purchased, it is understood, for the late manager of the stud, who has taken a farm in Cumberland. Belle of Fashion went to Mr. J. Ernest Kerr, Sandilands, at 200 guineas, and Fickle Fortune Princess, dam of the Cawdor-Cup winner, Cedric Princess, fetched 110 guineas. The stallion, British Chief, which has an engagement for next season, fell to Mr. Wm. Renwick, Meadowfield, at 750 gs. Other stallions sold for 250 to 400 gs. each.



## Fistula and Poll Evil

Any person, however inexperienced, can readily cure either disease with Fleming's

**Fistula and Poll Evil Cure**

even had cases that skilled doctors have abandoned. Easy and simple, no cutting; just a little attention every fifth day—and your money refunded if it ever fails. Cures most cases within thirty days, leaving the horse sound and smooth. All particulars given in Fleming's Vest-Pocket Veterinary Adviser. Write us for a free copy. Ninety-six pages, covering more than a hundred veterinary subjects. Durable bound, indexed and illustrated.

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

## Seldom See

a big knee like this, but your horse may have a bunch or bruise on his Ankle, Hock, Stifle, Knee or Throat.

### ABSORBINE

will clean them off without laying the horse up. No blister, no hair gone. \$2.00 per bottle, delivered. Book 8-C free. **ABSORBINE, JR.,** for mankind, \$1.00. Removes Soft Bunches, Cures Varicose Veins, Varicocele, Hydrocele, Ruptured Muscles or Ligaments, Enlarged Glands, Allays Pain. Mfd. only by **W. F. Young, P. O. Box 78, Monmouth St., Springfield, Mass.** Canadian Agents, Lyman, Sons & Co., Montreal.

## The Repository

**BURNS & SHEPPARD, Props.**



Cor. Simcoe and Nelson Sts., Toronto

Auction Sales of Horses, Carriages, Buggies, Harness etc., every Tuesday and Friday, at 11 o'clock

Special Sales of Thoroughbred Stock conducted

Consignments solicited. Correspondence will receive prompt attention.

This is the best market in Canada for either buyer or seller. Nearly two hundred horses sold each week.

## Dr. Page's English Spavin Cure.

For the cure of Spavins, Ringbone, Curbs, Splints, Windgalls, Capped Hock, 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. Fredrick A. Page & Son, 7 and 9 Yorkshire Road, London, E. C.** Mailed to any address upon receipt of price, \$1.00. Canadian agents: **om J. A. JOHNSTON & CO., Druggists, 171 King St. E., Toronto, Ont.**

## N. Wagg, Claremont, Ont.

I have on hand a few choice

### Clyde Stallions & Mares

Imp. and Canadian-bred. Size and quality, with true action. Write me before buying. Claremont P. O. and Stn. C. P. R.

### Clydesdale Stallions

Gallant Roy, imp. (3834) (11044), 7 years old; first-class stock horse. Celtic Clan, imp. (12936), 3 years old; a large, heavy horse and good foal-getter. **W. O. EDWARDS, Plattville, Ont. Bright, G.T.R. Phone.**

**No more blind horses—For Specific Ophthalmia, Moon Blindness and other eye cures, BARRY CO., Iowa City, Iowa, have sure cures.**

### QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS. Veterinary.

#### COUGH AND ENLARGED GLANDS.

Yearling and two-year-old colts had distemper. They are getting better, but the glands in their throats are enlarged, and they cough.

Ans.—Rub the enlarged glands well once daily with compound iodine ointment. For the cough, take 6 ounces chlorate of potassium and 1 ounce quinine. Mix, and make into 48 powders. Give each colt a powder every night and morning.

#### Miscellaneous.

#### FALL FROM TILE OUTLET.

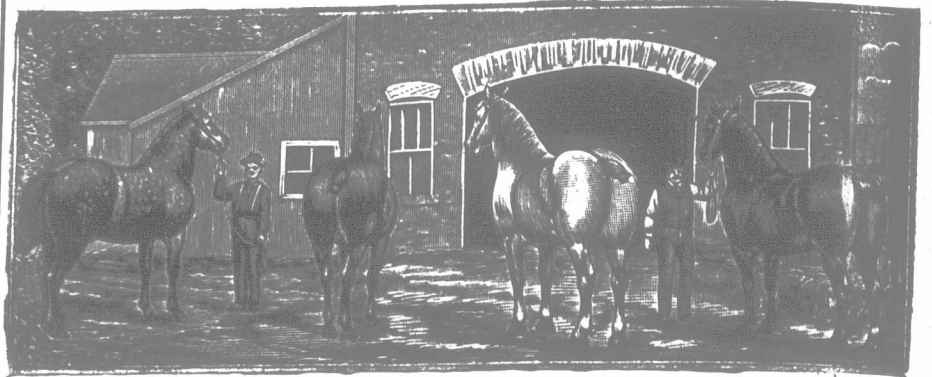
I have a field through which I wish to run a tile drain, 65 rods long. In the first 50 rods, there is a fall of about 6 feet, the remaining 15 is almost dead level. The open drain into which it runs is on a level with the mouth of the tile drain, and has very little fall for 12 rods, it then falls rapidly. I cannot deepen this drain without a lot of labor and expense. If four-inch tile are used (there being a large flow of water), do you think it would clear itself? It runs through a stiff clay soil without any sand.

Ans.—We infer from our correspondent's letter that the trench for the tile has already been dug. If not, he might grade the bottom so as to have a uniform fall throughout the 65 rods, and still allow a half-inch or inch drop where the tile discharges into the open ditch. If the underdrain has been dug and partially laid, this may be impracticable, in which case we could clean out the open ditch carefully, widening the bottom a little if possible, and see how it worked. From description, we fancy, perhaps, the ditch will not require to be deepened, if kept clear of obstruction, though something will depend upon the depth of tile, and the probability or otherwise of it being injured by frost when full of pent-up water, a condition that might occur if the outlet got clogged. This opens up the unsettled question as to how much danger there is of buried tile being destroyed by frost when containing water. On the whole, we should be inclined to risk leaving the ditch till we saw how it answered.

#### GOSSIP.

#### MERTON LODGE HOLSTEINS.

Seventy head of big, square-bodied, wedge-shaped cows, carrying immense udders, represent the Merton Lodge Holstein herd just now, the property of Mr. H. E. George, whose splendid farm lies 1 1/2 miles south of Crampton Station, on the Ingersoll-St. Thomas branch of the C. P. R., at the head of which is the richly-bred bull, Pontiac Hermes, bred at the Eastern Michigan Asylum farm, sired by the great Hengerveld De Kol, known as the greatest sire of A. R. females the breed has produced. Purchased in 1905 for \$1,500, his owner refused an offer of \$100 per cow for 10 cows for his services, his book being then full. His dam, Magadora, has a record of 15 lbs. 12 ozs., and his grandam, Netherland Hengerveld, has a record of 26 lbs. 10 ozs. in seven days. Pontiac Hermes' dam, Pontiac Atropos, has a seven-day record of 23 lbs., thus making him one of the richest-bred bulls alive. His get should be eagerly sought after. At present only one cow in the herd has been officially tested, Blondeau De Kol Star, who, at two years, made 15 lbs. 7 ozs. in seven days. Mr. George is busy building a new barn and stables, which, when completed will be one of the handsomest and best-arranged in the county, and as soon as he gets his cows in their new quarters he intends to have them officially tested as fast as they come in, as his ambition is to have a herd second to none in the country. That they will show up remarkably well in the test, we have no doubt, as there are 70-lb. cows in the herd. For immediate sale are 4 five-months-old bull calves, by Johanna Rue Lad 34989 and Sarcastic Lad, the St. Louis champion, and 4 seven months old, by Sir Heuwte De Pietertje 34581, whose dam has a milk record of 82 lbs. a day, also a few cows and heifers of all ages.



## 30 PERCHERONS

Also Shires, Hackneys and Clydes and 12 Percheron Mares (8, 2 and 1 year old) have just arrived with our new importation from Scotland, England and France, of high-class stallions and mares. Many of them prizewinners in their native lands. Bred by the best breeders. Percherons, blacks and grays, weighing 1,600 to 2,000 pounds. Shires at two years old weighing 1,700 pounds. Clydes, bays and blacks, 4 and 5 years old, weighing 1,800 to 2,000 pounds, bred by the best in Scotland. Our Hackneys are bays and chestnuts, combining size, quality and breeding that cannot be beaten. These horses can be seen at Toronto and London fairs, and all for sale at reasonable prices.

**HAMILTON & HAWTHORNE, Simcoe, Ont.**  
82 miles south-west of Toronto on the G. T. R.



## GRAHAM BROS.

"Cairnbrogie," CLAREMONT,

IMPORTERS OF

HACKNEYS and CLYDESDALES

Established 30 years, and winners at all large shows in Canada and United States. Best of stock always on hand for sale. New importation of Royal winners just arrived.



## T. H. HASSARD

Millbrook, Ont.

Has on hand 40 head of Clydesdale, Percheron and Hackney stallions, and 25 Clydesdale fillies, representing Scotland, France and England's richest prizewinning blood and most noted sires. An essentially high-class lot. Will be sold on terms to suit purchaser.

**MILLBROOK P. O. AND STATION**  
Long-distance 'Phone.



## Graham & Renfrew's

CLYDESDALES and HACKNEYS

Our Clydes now on hand are all prizewinners, their breeding is glib-edged. Our Hackneys, both stallions and mares, are an exceedingly high-class lot. We also have a few high-steppers and carriage horses. Yonge Street cars pass the door every hour. 'Phone North 4483.

**GRAHAM & RENFREW, BEDFORD PARK, ONT.**

## 42 Imp. Clydesdale Fillies and One Stallion



Just arrived from Scotland, representing the blood of Scotland's greatest sires; one, two and three years of age. Several of them in foal. A number of them Old Country winners. Size and quality was my standard. They are all for sale at living prices.

**Geo. A. Brodie, Bethesda P. O., Stouffville Sta.**  
Local Phone connection.

## DUNROBIN STOCK FARM

BREEDERS OF

CLYDESDALES, SHORTHORNS and YORKSHIRES

In Clydesdales we can offer a splendid selection of fillies, including many prizewinners from famous sires. Our brood mares won more prizes than those of any other exhibitor at the Canadian National Exhibition, 1906.

**DONALD GUNN & SON, BEAVERTON P. O. & STN.**  
Farm Three-quarters of a Mile from Station.

## SMITH & RICHARDSON,

COLUMBUS, ONT.,



have now on hand a choice selection of Clydesdale Stallions, combining size and quality with straight, true action. Breeding unsurpassed. Individuality unexcelled. Scotland prizewinners. Also a few Canadian-bred stallions, and imp. and Canadian bred fillies.

Long-distance 'Phone Myrtle Station, C. P. R.  
Brooklin or Oshawa, G. T. R.

## WM. COLQUHOUN, Mitchell, Ont.

I have on hand for sale



## 10 Clydesdale Stallions

Lately imported, from 2 to 8 years of age. Carrying Scotland's richest blood, noted winners, noted sires; weighing a ton and over, with style, quality and true action. Come and see them.

## Imported Clydesdale Stallions and Fillies

My new importation comprises 3 stallions, two 2 years old and one 1 year old, by Everlasting, Baron Buehlyvic and Ascot, and 5 fillies, from 1 to 4 years old, by Baron's Pride, Elator, Favorite's Heir and Ascot. They are a high-class lot, as good as ever crossed the water. Come and see them. All are for sale at living prices.

**A. AITCHISON, Guelph P. O. and Sta.**

**J. B. HOGATE, Weston, Ont.**



To the people of Canada I wish to say, I have now on hand for immediate sale, at tempting prices and on terms to suit the purchaser,

- 23 CLYDESDALE STALLIONS,
- 3 SHIRE STALLIONS and
- 4 PERCHERON STALLIONS,

Representing the richest breeding and most fashionable types of the breeds; large, flashy, quality horses.

Also, that, on **December 20th, at my stables, Weston, Ont.,** I will sell by auction **30** of the best **CLYDE FILLIES** that can be bought in Scotland for cash.

If you want a stallion, come and see me.

Long-distance Telephone.

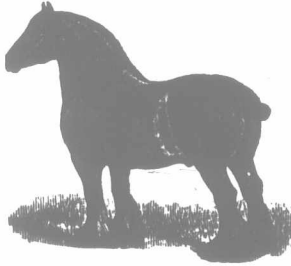
**My New Importation of Clydesdales & Hackneys**



Have just arrived in their own stables. I want to point out to the breeders of Ontario, Manitoba, British Columbia, that without doubt I have the best consignment of Clydesdales and Hackneys that I have ever handled. Combining size, action and quality, I think I am quite safe in saying that they are the best lot ever brought by one importer to Canada. My Clydesdales consist of stallions aged 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. Fillies aged 1, 2 and 3 years. Hackneys are 2, 4 and 5 years old. Many of them were prizewinners this year and last in some of the leading shows in Scotland and England. Parties wishing anything in my line will save money by seeing my stock and getting prices before buying elsewhere.

**THOS. MERCER, MARKDALE, ONTARIO.**

**HODGKINSON & TISDALE, BEAVERTON, ONT.**



**Importers and Breeders of Clydesdale and Hackney Horses.** We have on hand at present the choicest specimens of Clydesdale fillies in Canada, also a few extra fashionably-bred young Clyde stallions. People wanting good ones should see these before buying. Our farm, "Simcoe Lodge," is situated near Beaverton, on James Bay and G. T. Railways. Long-distance phone No. 18. Visitors will be met at Beaverton on notification.

**THOS. IRVING**

Winchester, Ont.

Established for over 30 years. Importer and exporter of

**HACKNEY, CLYDESDALE and SHIRE STALLIONS and MARES.**

New importation of winners just arrived, 90 miles west of Montreal on C. P. R.

**CLYDESDALES AND FRENCH COACHERS, IMP.**



Scottish and Canadian winners at the leading shows of both countries. The Clydes represent the blood of such noted sires as Baron's Pride, Up-to-Time, Royal Favorite, Ethiopia and Acme. They combine size, quality and action. The French Coachers are a big, flashy, high-stepping lot, and are winners in both France and Canada. Our prices are right, and our horses as good as the best. Long-distance telephone.

**ROBT. NESS & SON, Howlok, Quebec.**

**W. C. KIDD, LISTOWEL, ONT.**

Importer of Clydesdales, Shires, Percherons, Belgians, Hackneys, Standard-breds and Thoroughbreds

of highest possible quality and richest breeding. Have sold as many stallions the last year as any man in the business, with complete satisfaction in every case. I have always a large number of high-class horses on hand. My motto: "None but the best, and a straight deal." Will be pleased to hear from any one wanting a rare good one. Terms to suit. Long-distance phone. **LISTOWEL P. O. AND STATION.**

The only medium which conveys weekly to the farmers of Canada, the advertiser's place of business, 52 times a year, is **THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE AND HOME MAGAZINE.** Subscription, \$1.50.

**USE CARNEFAC STOCK FOOD FOR THAT THIN HORSE.**

**GOSSIP.**

**SCOTTISH SHORTHORN SALES.**

The sale, at Inverness, of Shorthorns from the herds of Lord Lovat and Messrs. J. D. Fletcher and C. M. Cameron, the week following the Duthie-Marr vendue, was uncommonly successful, Lord Lovat's average for his offering of 12 yearling heifers and 8 heifer calves being £129, the highest price being 320 guineas for Countess of Groom 9th, purchased for Matthew Marshall, Stranraer. Mr. Fletcher's average for 37, ten of which were heifer calves and 12 bull calves, was £66 16s. Mr. Cameron's 18 made an average of £130, his two-year-old heifer, Golden Pansy, selling for 550 guineas, the top price of the day, to Mr. Miller for Argentina, and a yearling Marchioness heifer to the same buyer at 420 guineas. The average for the whole offering of 75 head from the three herds named was £98 13s. At the Perth sale, on Oct. 13th, the 44 head sold made an average of £85 17s., the 21 from the herd of Mr. A. Robertson, Ballechin, averaging £113. The highest price of the day, 320 guineas, was reached for the Ballechin two-year-old, Cherry Ripe, for South America, and for Captain Stirling's heifer, Mabel, Lord Calthorpe paid 220 guineas.

**W. C. KIDD'S CLYDESDALES, ETC.**

For many years, the name of Kidd Bros., Listowel, Ont., has been associated with the handling of high-class horses. Clydesdale stallions and fillies, Shire stallions and fillies, Hackney stallions and fillies, Percheron stallions, Belgian stallions, Standard-bred stallions, Thoroughbred stallions, high-steppers, jumpers, in fact, everything in the category of high-class horses was certain to be seen in the commodious stables of Kidd Bros., at Listowel, which to-day is the property of Mr. W. C. Kidd, the other brother being deceased. During the last year, Mr. Kidd sold probably more stallions of the above breeds than any other man in the business in Ontario, with complete satisfaction in every case. His motto is none but the best and a strictly square deal, which is the secret of his phenomenal success in selling horses. At the present time in his stables are a number of stallions of the above breeds, among which are such grand good Clydesdales as the Ottawa champion, Rejected (imp.), the black six-year-old son of Ethiopia, a horse that has won probably as many showing honors as any horse in Canada. The Charmer (imp.), another black four-year-old, by Prince Romeo, dam by Lord Charming, grandam by Cedric, is a grand good kind, with size, quality and natty, stylish action. Still Another (imp.) is a bay four-year-old son of Pride of Blacon, dam by Mountain King, a big, ton-weight, quality horse. Among the Hackneys are sons of the great Garton Duke of Connaught and Langton's Performer, ideal types of the breed, showing beautiful conformation and high, true action. Among the Standard-breds is Monbars, 2.11½, a son of Eagle Bird, with 51 in the list from 2.07½ up; Kid Macgregor, 2.12, a straight trotter, a three-year-old son of Kentucky's greatest sire, J. Macgregor. As will be seen by those mentioned, no better breeding can be found in the respective studbooks. The Percherons and Belgians on hand are an exceedingly choice lot, with size, quality and beautiful action. Mr. Kidd lately sold to a company of breeders, at Wroxeter, the high-class quality Shire stallion, Nateby King (imp.), a horse that never took second place in the show-ring. Anyone wanting a high-class stallion should see Mr. Kidd before purchasing. Every one will be guaranteed exactly as represented, and sold on terms to suit. Long-distance phone, Listowel, Ont.



Warranted to give satisfaction.

**GOMBAULT'S CAUSTIC BALSAM**

A safe, speedy and positive cure for

Curb, Splint, Sweeny, Capped Hock, Strained Tendons, Founder, Wind Puffs, and all lameness from Spavin, Kingbone and other bony tumors. Cures all skin diseases of Parasites, Thrush, Diphtheria. Removes all Bunches from Horses or Cattle.

As a HUMAN REMEDY for Rheumatism, Sprains, Sore Throat, etc., it is invaluable. Every bottle of Caustic Balsam sold is warranted to give satisfaction. Price \$1.50 per bottle. Sold by druggists, or sent by express, charges paid, with full directions for its use. Send for descriptive circulars, testimonials, etc. Address THE LAWRENCE-WILLIAMS COMPANY, Toronto, Can.

**Veterinary Experience**



Infallible guide to horse health. 100 page book, free. Symptoms of all diseases and treatment, by eminent veterinary compounder

**TUTTLE'S ELIXIR.**

Sure cure for curb, colic, splint, recent shoe boils, most horse ailments. \$100. reward for failure where we say it will cure. Tuttle's American Worm Powders never fail. Tuttle's Pasteurizer, Greatest of all household liniments. Write for the book.

**TUTTLE'S ELIXIR CO., 69 Beverly Street, Boston, Mass. Canadian Branch, 22 St. Gabriel St., Montreal, Quebec.**

**BROXWOOD HEREFORDS.**

A few choice bull calves from my imported stock.

**R. J. PENHALL, NOBER P. O., ONT.**

**FOREST VIEW FARM HEREFORDS** Four bulls from 8 to 15 months old; prize-winners and from prize-winning stock. Several heifers bred on the same lines; choice individuals for sale. **JOHN A. GOVENLOCK, Forest Sta. and P.O.**

**NEREFORDS**—We are now offering a few thick, smooth young bulls and a number of females—a few-down, even, beefy lot. If in want of something extra good, come and see us. We can please you. **J. A. LOVERING, Coldwater P.O. and Sta.**

**Aberdeen-Angus bull for sale, Black Diamond, No. 226, 3 years old this spring. A good individual and extra stock-getter; has never been beaten in show-ring. Price reasonable. Also one Chester White boar, old enough for service. A. G. SPAFFORD, Compton, Que.**

If you want ANYTHING in Aberdeen-Angus, at a reasonable price, write: **JAMES SHARP, "Tweedhill," Rockside, Ont. Chatham Station, C. P. R. and G. T. R.**

**B. Bartlett & Sons, Smithville, Ont.** Breeders of Shorthorns and Dorsets. For sale: Young cows and heifers at all ages. Dorset shearlings and lambs of both sexes, of choice quality, suitable for show purposes, at moderate prices. P. O. and Station: Smithville, Ont.

**ARLINGTON Shorthorns and Leicester.**—Present offering: 4 choice young bulls (8 mos.) and 2 heifers rising 2 years. Sired by imp. Trout Creek Guard and Christopher's Heir, Vol. 20. All out of heavy-producing dams. An extra choice lot. Also ram and ewe lambs. **John Lishman, Hagersville P.O. & Sta.**

**Shorthorn Bulls and Leicester Sheep**—Imp. Scottish Peer—4044—4 years old, sure, and a good sire. Also 3 excellent young bulls of his get. Rams and ewe lambs. Come and see, or address **JAMES SNELL, Orton, Ont.**

**CURING DISEASES.**—On another page of this issue of "The Farmer's Advocate" appears a thirty-day trial offer of that widely-known remedy, Vita-Ore, which is certain to attract attention at this season, when cases of rheumatism, stomach trouble, blood and kidney disorders are so prevalent in the country, and which should be rectified before winter sets in. Read what the Vita-Ore people propose.

**WILLOWBANK SHORTHORN HERD**



ESTABLISHED 51 YEARS.  
FOR SALE: Young bulls and heifers from imp. sires and dams, of most fashionable breeding and type; exceedingly choice. Prices to suit the times.  
**JAMES DOUGLAS,**  
Caledonia P.O. and Sta.

**Shorthorns, Cotswolds and Berkshires.**



For sale: 9 yearling bulls, cows, heifers and calves. Over 50 head to select from. Nothing to offer in Cotswolds or Berkshires.

**CHAS. E. BONNYCASTLE,**  
P. O. and Sta. Campbellford, Ont.

**GREEN GROVE SHORTHORNS**



Fairy Queens, Urys, Floras, Claretis, Isabellas, Rose of Autumn, Village Girl. Females of all ages 3 choice young bulls. Prices right. Breeding unsurpassed.

**W. G. MILSON,**  
Goring P. O. Markdale Station

**C. Rankin & Sons, Wyebidge, Ont.**

Importers and Breeders of

**SHORTHORN CATTLE and OXFORD DOWN SHEEP.**

FOR SALE—Females and bulls, of all ages, from noted Scotch families.

**ROWAN HILL SHORTHORNS**

Herd bull for sale: Greengill Archer, imp. 45184, as some of his heifers are of breeding age, and herd is not large enough to keep more than one bull; also a few young bulls and heifers.

**A. DUNCAN & SONS, Carleton, Ont.**

**Shorthorns, Clydesdales and Shropshires.**

In Shorthorns we have 100 head to select from, of both sexes and all ages. No fancy prices asked. Several choice young Clyde mares and fillies. 75 Shrop. lambs of both sexes. Small profits and quick returns is our motto.

**EDWARD E. PUGH,**  
Claremont P. O. and Station.  
Telephone connection.

**White Hall Shorthorns**

Missies, Cecillas, and Lady Victorias. 4 young bulls, 7 heifers, and a few older females. Bred right and will be sold right.

**N. A. STEEN, Meadowvale P.O. and Station, Peel Co.**

**MAPLE + GROVE + STOCK + FARM**  
**Scotch and SHORTHORNS**  
**Scotch - Topped**

Present offering: Two choice nine-month-old bulls, by Captain Mayfly 2nd; also young cows and heifers at very reasonable prices. For particulars write to

**L. B. POWELL,**  
Elmira Stn. and Tel. Wallenstein P. O.

**J. BRYDONE,**

Breeder of pure Scotch Shorthorns. Breeding females imported. Headed by the pure Cruickshank (Duthie bred) bull, Sixtyton Victor (imp.) = 50093 = (87337). 11 young bulls from imp. dams for sale.

Prices reasonable. Telegraph, Telephone, R. R. Sta. and P. O., Milverton.

**J. Watt & Son**  
**SHORTHORNS**

A number of extra good young cows for sale, three of them each raising a nice heifer calf; also a number of yearlings, just bred.

**SALEM P.O. Elora Stations, G.T.R. and C.P.R.**

**SHORTHORNS**  
Shropshires and Berkshires.

Present offering: One yearling bull, several choice calves. Ram and ewe lambs, and a few young sows.

**JOHN RACEY,**  
Lennoxville, Que

**SMITHFIELD STOCK FARM**  
**Shorthorns & Yorkshires**

Present offering: Young stock of both sexes, sired by the Missie bull, Aberdeen Beau, by (imp.) Scottish Beau. Also young Yorkshire sows.

**R. E. WHITE,** Balderson, Ont.

**MAPLE LEAF STOCK FARM**

4 Choice Young Bulls for Sale. Also some cows and heifers, and prize-winning Berkshire pigs. Terms reasonable.

**ISRAEL GROFF, Alms P.O. & Sta., G.T.R.**

**Suffered Terrible Agony**

FROM PAIN ACROSS HIS KIDNEYS.

**DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS**  
**CURED HIM.**

Read the words of praise, Mr. M. A. McInnis, Marion Bridge, N.S., has for Doan's Kidney Pills. (He writes us): "For the past three years I have suffered terrible agony from pain across my kidneys. I was so bad I could not stoop or bend. I consulted and had several doctors treat me, but could get no relief. On the advice of a friend, I procured a box of your valuable, life-giving remedy (Doan's Kidney Pills), and to my surprise and delight, I immediately got better. In my opinion Doan's Kidney Pills have no equal for any form of kidney trouble."

Doan's Kidney Pills are 50 cents per box or three boxes for \$1.25. Can be procured at all dealers or will be mailed direct on receipt of price by The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

Do not accept a spurious substitute but be sure and get "D—'s."

**SCOTCH Shorthorns**

FOR SALE

Have still on hand some choice young imported bulls that were not catalogued; bred right; good colors; good individuals. Also imported and Canad an-bred cows, heifers and calves, both sexes, at all times, for sale at easy prices; many of them eligible to record in the American Herdbook. Write to or call on

**H. J. Davis,**  
WOODSTOCK, ONT.

**Plaster Hill Shorthorns and Icolns**

About a dozen heifers from 6 to 24 months of age, 7 young bulls from 6 to 15 mos. of age. The low-down, thick sort, Berkshires of both sexes, some sows in pig.

**F. Martindale & Son,**  
York P. O. Caledonia Station.

**Maple Hill Shorthorns:** For immediate sale are two yearling bulls—one a Crimson Fuchsia, the other a Duchess of Gloster; both by Imp. Royal Prince, and both herd headers. Also a number of heifers that are strictly high-class. Send for catalogue.

**DAVID BIRELL, Greenwood P. O.,**  
Pickering, G. T. R. Claremont, C. P. R.

**JOHN LEE & SONS, Highgate, Ont.**

**SHORTHORNS & LINCOLNS**

The champion herd of Elgin, Kent and Essex counties. For Sale: 6 choice young bulls, 3 reds and 3 roans, of grand type and quality; also good selection of young cows and heifers. Visitors welcome.

**KENWOOD STOCK FARM.**  
**SHORTHORNS.**

Headed by (imp.) Jilt Victor—46187—, 10 grand young bulls; also heifers; from imp. and home bred cows, for sale. Choice Lincoln sheep Berkshire and Tamworth hogs offered.

**HAINING BROS., Highgate, Ont. Kent Co.**

**SHORTHORNS AND LEICESTERS**

Present offering: 4 choice young bulls from 8 to 12 months old. All sired by Rosicrucian of Dalmeny (imp.) = 45220 =, and from grand milking dams. Prices away down for quick sale. Also a grand lot of young registered ewes now bred to our stock ram, and a few good rams at reasonable prices. Address:

**W. A. DOUGLAS,**  
Caledonia Station. Tuscarora P. O.

**SHORTHORNS, LINCOLNS & OXFORD DOWNS**  
Herds headed by imp. Royal Prince and imp. Abbotford Star. For sale: Nine bulls, six months to one year, three from imp. dams and imp. sires; also females, Oxford Down sheep and Barred Rock cockerels. **John McFarlane & W. H. Ford, Dutton, Ont., Elgin County.**

**QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.**  
Miscellaneous.

**FINE FLAVOR IN BUTTER.**

I have a pine box cradle churn, and the butter always seems to have a pine flavor, sometimes more than others. Could you advise me what to do to help me out of the difficulty? The churn is always well washed and scalded, and kept perfectly clean.

Ans.—Fill churn with buttermilk, and allow to stand for 2 or 3 days, then scald with hot water, or, what is better, hot water with salt dissolved in it. Sometimes simply allowing the churn to stand with brine in it for several days will overcome the woody flavor.

C. H.

**CATTLE DYING AFTER SALE.**

1. We farmers in selling stock—sheep, lambs and cattle—generally have to keep them quite a few days between time of sale and delivery. In the meantime, if one of the animals dies, who should be at the loss, seller or buyer?

2. Would it make any difference if no money was paid?

Ontario.

Ans.—1. The seller, unless there is an express agreement between them to the contrary.  
2. No. The seller must be the loser, for the reason that the transaction is not complete until there has been delivery in good order of the animal sold. There cannot be such delivery if the animal has died, and, consequently, the seller is not in a position to recover the price.

**METAL ROOFS AND LIGHTNING.**

To the question asked in your last issue, do lightning-rods protect, I would add, does sheet-iron or tin roofing protect from lightning? Hardware men claim that it does. The material to use for roofing is an important problem with all who have roofing to do, and if our hardware men's contention is correct, would certainly be a great inducement to roof with tin or iron.

A SUBSCRIBER.

Ans.—A building entirely encased in metal—not the roof only, but the sides as well—would be absolutely lightning-proof. If only the roof is of metal, there ought to be metallic connections with the earth at the corners of roof before it could be said to be protected from lightning-stroke. In the case of buildings furnished with sheet metal eavestrough and conductor pipes, this connection is almost formed. Where the conductor pipes enter the ground, the connection is complete, and where they end a short distance above ground, it is an easy matter by means of a wire cable or a strip of sheet metal to make the needed connection with damp earth. Such a building, that is, one where the roof, eavestrough and conductor pipes are of metal, with deeply-grounded earth connections, would, in our opinion, be as efficiently protected from lightning as would be possible by being fitted up with lightning-rods.

T. B.

**Veterinary.**

**MISCELLANEOUS.**

1. Mare has very itchy legs. Last winter they were the same. She stamps and rubs and bites them until she rubs the hair off and they bleed, and some scars are left.

2. She has a very tender mouth, and her mother is the same.

3. What will make the hair grow on a scar of six months' standing, that was caused by cracked heel?

H. E. T.

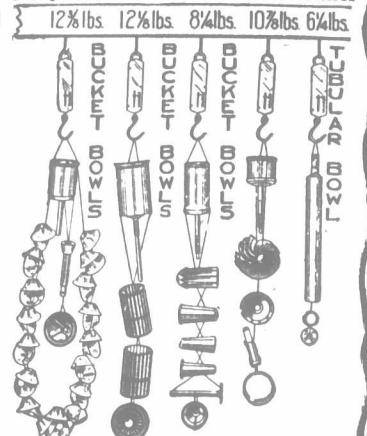
Ans.—1. Some horses are predisposed to this condition, and are likely to give trouble frequently. Purge her with 8 drams aloes and 2 drams ginger. Follow up with 2 ounces Fowler's solution of arsenic, sprinkled on her food twice daily every alternate week for six weeks. To the legs, apply, three times daily, a solution of corrosive sublimate, 30 grains to a quart of water.

2. This is a congenital condition, and all that can be done is to use an easy bit, as a plain snaffle bit covered with rubber or leather, and drive her with light hands.

3. The hair roots have been destroyed and cannot be reproduced. The growth of hair may be encouraged by the daily application of vasoline or sweet oil, with 20 grains cantharides to the ounce. V.

**Saves Hours of Cleaning**

Of course your wife would try to wash even the worst cream separator bowl properly twice every day. But why ask her to slave over a heavy complicated "bucket bowl," like either



of the four on the left? Why not save her hours of cleaning every week by getting a Sharples Dairy Tubular Cream Separator with a simple, light, Tubular bowl, easily cleaned in 3 minutes, like that on the right? It holds the world's record for clean skimming.

Sharples' Tubular Cream Separators are different—very different—from all others. Every difference is to your advantage. Write for catalog M-193 and valuable free book "Business Dairying."

**THE SHARPLES SEPARATOR CO.,**  
West Chester, Pa.  
Toronto, Can. Chicago, Ill.

**GREENGILL HERD**  
of high-class

**SHORTHORNS**

We offer choice Scotch bulls and females, representing such families as Duchess of Gloster, Village Girl, Rosebud, Orange Blossom, Mysie, Victoria, and other popular families, either imp. or Canadian-bred.

**R. MITCHELL & SONS,**  
Nelson P.O. Ont.; Burlington June 8th

**Glover Lea Stock Farm**

**SHORTHORNS**

FOR SALE: Choice bull calves by Golden Cross (imp.). All dark roans. Some from imported sire and dam. Visitors met at Ripley station.

**R. H. REID, PINE RIVER, ONT.**  
Ripley Station, G. T. R.

**Queenston Heights**

**SHORTHORNS**

One yearling bull, red, straight Scotch, a high-class herd-header. Also a few choice bull calves and heifers, Canadian and American registration.

**HUDSON USHER, Queenston, Ont.**

**JOHN GARDHOUSE & SONS, Highfield P.O., Ont.**

Breeders of

Scotch and Scotch-topped Shorthorns, Lincoln and Leicester Sheep and Shire Horses.

A good selection of young stock of both sexes always on hand for sale. Scottish Prince (imp.), Vol. 49, at head of herd. Royal Albert (imp.) 45867, at head of stud. Farms 3 1/2 miles from Weston, G. T. R. and C. P. R., and electric cars from Toronto.

**SHORTHORNS AND BERKSHIRES.**

Eight grand young bulls of choice breeding. Ten choice young sows being to our imported boar, and thirty younger ones of prolific families and sired by prize-winning boars.

**S. J. PEARSON, SON & CO.,**  
MEADOWVALE, ONT.

Stations: Streetsville and Meadowvale, C. P. R.

**GEORGE D. FLETCHER,**

Breeder of Scotch Shorthorn Cattle and Yorkshire Pigs.

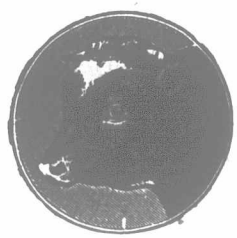
Our herd of the most noted Scotch families is headed by the \$2,000 Duthie-bred bull, Joy of Morning (imp.) = 32070 =, winner of 1st prize at Dominion Exhibition, Toronto. A few very choice young bulls from 4 to 9 months old, also females for sale. In Yorkshires are a choice lot of either sex, 7 months old, from imp. sire and dam. Sows bred to imp. hog if desired.

**BINKHAM P. O., ONT. ERIN STATION AND TEL.**

**For Sale: Scotch Shorthorn**

Young bulls and heifers.

**H. K. FAIRBAIRN, THEDFORD, ONT.**  
Rose Cottage Stock Farm.



## SCOTCH SHORTHORNS

9 heifers, yearlings. 4 bulls, yearlings.  
29 heifers, calves. 27 bulls, calves.

All out of imported sires and dams.  
Prices easy. Catalogue.

**JOHN CLANCY, H. CARGILL & SON,**  
Manager. Cargill, Ont.

## Maple Shade Shropshires AND CRUICKSHANK SHORTHORNS.

We offer seventeen home-bred yearling ewes, seventeen imported yearling ewes, and twelve imported yearling rams, bred by Buttar and Farmer. All are for sale at moderate prices.

**JOHN DRYDEN & SON, Brooklin, Ont.**  
Stations: Brooklin, G.T.R. Myrtle, C.P.R. Long-distance telephone.

## WESTSIDE SHORTHORN HERD AND BORDER LEICESTER FLOCK.

All Registered in the Herd and Flock Books of Great Britain.

We invite all interested to inspect the cattle and sheep on this farm. The Shorthorns are long-bred families, tracing to the pioneer herds of Scotland through channels of repute. The Border Leicester flock is one of the oldest in Scotland, and embraces blood of the highest breeding. Selections for sale. Visitors from the States and Canada will be cordially welcomed.

**A. Cameron & Sons, Westside Farm, Brechin, Scotland.**

## MAPLE GROVE SHORTHORNS



My present offering: Several imp. cows with calves at foot; also 4 young bulls. Heifers 6 months to 2 years old. Prices and terms reasonable.

**C. D. WAGER,**

Enterprise Stn. & P.O., Addington Co.

**R. A. & J. A. Watt, Salem, Ont.**  
Home Station on the G. T. and C. P. Ry.  
Home of the first and third prize aged herds, Canadian National, Toronto, 1905. Mayflower grand champion Toronto and Winnipeg, 1904-05; Olga Stamford, grand champion New York State Fair, 1905; Gem of Ballechin, grand champion Toronto, 1905; Tiny Maude, reserve senior champion Toronto and Winnipeg, 1905; Mildred's Royal and other leading winners. A choice number on hand to make your selection from at all times.

## Shorthorn Cattle and Lincoln Sheep

Shorthorn bulls, cows and heifers for sale at greatly reduced prices for the next 60 days.

**J. T. GIBSON, Denfield, Ont.**

## Glenoro Stock Farm SHORTHORNS and LINCOLNS.

Three grand young Scotch bulls, eleven months old, at prices low enough to sell at sight. Young cows and heifers in calf for sale. Twenty very choice Dudding-bred ram lambs at very reasonable prices. Write at once if you want a flock header. Also a few ewe lambs from imported sires and dams. Long-distance telephone.

**A. D. MCGUGAN, RODNEY, ONTARIO.**

## Pleasant Valley SHORTHORNS

We are offering several high-class young bulls from first class (imp.) bulls and from imp. and Canadian-bred Scotch cows; also young heifers of various ages, with good Scotch breeding.

**GEO. AMOS & SON, MOFFAT, ONT.**  
Farm 11 miles east of Guelph on G. & G. R.  
One-half mile from station.

## High-class Shorthorns

The well-known Duthie-bred bull, Scottish Bess (imp.) (36099), by the great Silver Plate, formerly at head of R. A. & J. A. Watt's herd, now heads my herd. Young stock usually on hand for sale.

**N. S. ROBERTSON, ARNPRIOR, ONT.**

## SCOTCH-TOPPED SHORTHORNS

Young stock of both sexes for sale, sired by Scottish Baron (Imp.). Prices reasonable.

**H. GOLDING & SONS, Thamesford, Ontario.**

**Brown Lee Shorthorns**—Present offering is 9 to 15 months old, a nice straight, good-looking lot, sired by Blenheim Stamp; also females of all ages, daughters of Imp. Sir Christopher and Imp. Beaucomp. Prices very reasonable.  
**DOUGLAS BROWN, Av. P.O. and Station**

**MAPLE HILL STOCK FARM**—Scotch Shorthorns of the best families. Young stock for sale of either sex, sired by the grandly-bred bull, Wanderer's Star—50825—  
**Wm. R. Elliott & Sons, Guelph, Ont.**

## PURE SCOTCH SHORTHORNS

Herd bulls: Imp. Prime Favorite—48214—, a Marr Princess Royal.

Imp. Scottish Pride—36106—, a Marr Roan Lad

Present offering  
2 imported bulls.  
15 young bulls.  
10 imported cows with heifer calves at foot and bred again.  
20 one- and two-year-old heifers.

Visitors welcome. New catalogue just issued

**W. G. PETTIT & SONS, Freeman, Ont.**  
Burlington Jct. Sta. Long-distance telephone in residence.

## BELMAR PARK SHORTHORNS

10 bull calves.  
16 heifers under two years.  
All of the choicest breeding and practically all of show-yard quality. You can buy anything in the herd at a reasonable figure.

**JOHN DOUGLAS, PETER WHITE, JR.,**  
Manager. Pembroke, Ont.

## SHORTHORNS

Imp. Keith Baron 36050. Six young bulls from 10 to 18 months old. A lot of 2-year-old heifers in calf and a few young cows. A bunch of heifer calves, cheap.

**CLYDESDALES**

Just now: One pair of matched goldings 5 and 7 years old; show team.

**JAS. McARTHUR, Goble's, Ont.**

## Pine Grove Stock Farm.

Breeders of

High-class Scotch Shorthorns,

Choice Shropshire Sheep, Clydesdale and Hackney Horses.

Herd catalogue on application. Address:

**JAMES SMITH, Supt., Rockland, Ont.**

**W. C. EDWARDS & Co., Limited Props. on**

**Oak Grove Shorthorns**—Present offering

Several imp. cows heifers and young bulls, all sired by Imp. Nonpareil Duke and out of imp. dams; also the stock bull, Imp. Nonpareil Duke, a choice offering. Prices right. **W. J. ISAAC, Cobourg Station, Harwood P. O.**

## BONNIE BURN SHORTHORNS

For immediate sale: Two 2-year-old heifers, safe in calf; four bulls, two of them out of imp. dam. All by imp. sire. Shropshires, both sexes—lamb and shearlings. Berkshires, both sexes, by imp. sire and dam. **D. H. Rusnell, Stouffville P. O. & Sta.**

## Glen Gow Shorthorns

Our present offering is 9 bulls, from 6 to 14 months of age, sired by Imp. Ben Lomas and Imp. Joy of Morning, and out of imp. and Canadian bred cows. Also a number of very choice heifers. No fancy prices asked. Long distance telephone. **WM. SMITH, Columbus, P.O., Brooklin and Myrtle Stns.**

## SPRING VALLEY SHORTHORNS

Herd headed by Imp. Bapton Chancellor—42859—(78295). A choice lot of females, mostly with calves at foot or safe in calf. Also a good six-month-old bull calf. Inspection and correspondence invited.

**KYLE BROS., Av. P.O.**

Av. C.P.R.; Paris, G.T.R.

**For Sale**—The stock bull, Queenston Archer—48898—, by Derby (Imp.) dam Veronica (Imp.) by Brave Archer (Imp.); also a number of choice Shropshire ram lambs at reasonable prices.

**BELL BROS., Bradford, Ont.**

## QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS. Miscellaneous.

### HAND-FEEDING PIGS.

I have some young pigs, a week old, that I have to feed by hand; have been giving them cows' milk, but they do not seem to be very thrifty. Could you tell me the best way to feed them? They always seem ready to eat, and I feed them every two or three hours, but there seems to be something else needed besides the milk.

Ans.—We know of no feed better suited for feeding young pigs than sweet skim milk, fed lukewarm in small quantities often.

### TRESPASS ON SIDEROAD.

Between me and my neighbor there is an unopened sideroad. My neighbor has lifted his fence on his line, thereby compelling me to maintain the whole fence between us. He has also joined his cross fences to my sideroad fence. What steps can I take in regard to the matter? Ontario.

Ans.—We do not see that it is legally open to you to do more than to bring to the attention of your township council the fact that your neighbor is making use of the sideroad in the manner described.

### MUSHROOMS—HOW LONG TO CONTINUE THE CARBOLIC-ACID TREATMENT—BREEDING OF C. P. COLLINS.

1. How long will it be necessary to continue the carbohc-acid treatment for cows failing to breed, as per your answer to my question of June 28th, 1906, Advocate?

2. Will mushroom spawn grow if planted in the open in an old pasture?

3. A horse called C. P. Collins, purporting to be a Standard-bred trotter, travelled here a number of years. If living, he would now be about 20 years old. Many here claim that he was not registered, and his breeding is in dispute. Could you state if he is registered, and give his breeding? R. H. M.

Ans.—1. It is not claimed that the carbohc-acid prescription will cause a cow to conceive, but where there has been contagious abortion in the herd, or in the case of an individual cow, it is believed to be a healing and cleansing treatment, destroying disease germs, and a preventive of abortion. It is well to continue the treatment until after conception, and to renew it when the term of gestation has been about six months gone, as abortion is more liable to occur in the seventh month.

2. Sometimes they will, but conditions are seldom right for a crop.

3. We would advise writing the editor of the American Trotting Register, 355 Dearborn St., Chicago, for this information.

### RESEEDING OLD LAWN—SPLINT.

1. When is the best time to plow up a lawn, and sow lawn grass seed? What kind of seed should I sow? It is an old lawn, and quite weedy.

2. I have a colt that has a splint coming on each leg. How may I best remove them? H. A. B.

Ans.—1. You might plow it up now, work down a little, top-dress, and seed in spring. Since it is so weedy, however, a better plan would be to plow next June or July, work thoroughly, and seed in the early part of September. As for seed mixtures, Prof. Macoun, of Ottawa, recommends Kentucky blue grass and white clover. Park Commissioner Pearce, of London, Ont., has what he considers a better mixture. He got it from a Philadelphia park superintendent, and has used it a great deal with excellent results. It is equal parts timothy, Kentucky blue grass, fancy red top, English perennial rye grass and white clover. Sow at the rate of a pound per square rod, with nurse crop of German millet. For sandy soils, he has a special mixture of ½ part fancy red top, ¼ Kentucky blue grass, ¼ white clover, ¼ red or creeping fescue, and ¼ creeping bent.

2. Don't try to remove them. When the splints have been formed, lameness will likely cease, since it is caused merely by stretching of the periosteum during the process of development of the splint. If no lameness is evident, therefore, let well enough alone. If lame, give rest, reduce inflammation by bathing with hot water, and rub the parts thoroughly, but gently, with a leather-covered piece of wood once a day, 15 minutes at a time.



## Boog Spavin

Cure the lameness and remove the bunch without scarring the horse—have the part looking just as it did before the blemish came.

**Fleming's Spavin Cure (Liquid)** is a special remedy for soft and semi-solid blemishes—Bog Spavin, Thoroughpin, Splint, Curb, Capped Hock, etc. It is neither a liniment nor a simple blister, but a remedy unlike any other—doesn't irritate and can't be imitated. Easy to use, only a little required, and your money back if it ever fails.

**Fleming's Vest-Pocket Veterinary Adviser** describes and illustrates all kinds of blemishes, and gives you the information you ought to have before ordering or buying any kind of a remedy. Mailed free if you write.

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

## Shorthorns ARTHUR JOHNSTON Greenwood, Ont.,

Offers for sale, at moderate prices,

- 7 Imported Cows and Heifers (calves at foot).
- 11 Yearling Heifers (all Scotch).
- 2 Yearling bulls, including a Marr Clara.
- 1 Crimson Flower, and One Daisy.

## HOLLYMOUNT SHORTHORNS



Pure Scotch, imported, and the get of imp. stock.

**25 HEAD**  
Anything for sale, 5 young bulls. Breeding gilt-edged and unsurpassed. A few heifers. Prices right.

**W. J. Thompson, Mitchell P. O. & Sta.**

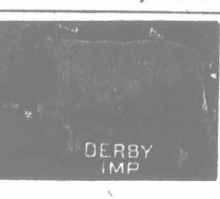
## A. EDWARD MEYER, Scotch Shorthorns.

The Sunny Slope herd comprises Cruickshank Bellonas, Mysias, Villages, Brawith Buds, Broadhocks, Bruce Augustas, Mayflowers, Campbell Bessies, Urys, Minas, Clarets, Kilbless Beautys. Herd bull, Scottish Hero (Imp.) (3008), a Sheth-in Rosemary, and Chief Ramsden—4848—, a Miss Ramsden. Correspondence solicited. Visitors welcome. Long-distance phone in house.

## Maple Lodge Stock Farm, 1854-1906.

**SHORTHORN BULLS**—good ones. Several from heavy-milking cows. Choice heifers also. **LEICESTER EWES**, and a lot of extra good rams.

**A. W. SMITH, MAPLE LODGE, ONT.**



## SHORTHORNS.

We have for sale a 12-month-old Mayflower bull by Derby Imp. He was first-prize winner at O. S. this fall in a strong class. Also several choice heifers of the highest breeding for sale cheap. **W. J. Shean & Son, Box 856, Owen Sound, Ontario.**

## DON JERSEYS

Don Jerseys rank second to none in Canada. Present offering is 3 year-old bulls, bred from prizewinners and producers, and are a grand lot; as herd headers they have few equals. A few females could be spared.

**D. DUNCAN, Don P.O.**  
Close to Toronto.

## HIGHGROVE JERSEY HERD.

Our present offering is: a few choice heifer calves from 2 to 8 months old, which, considering quality, will be sold reasonable.

**ROBT. TUFTS & SON, Tweed P.O. & Sta.**

**Brampton Jersey Herd** For sale: 10 bulls, from 6 to 18 mths. old, descended from St. Lambert or imported stock; also females of all ages. For full particulars address: **B. H. BULL & SON, Phone 68, Brampton, Ont.**

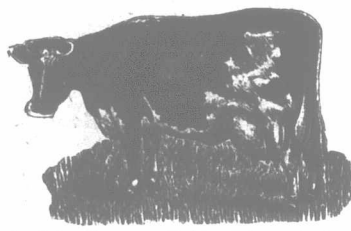
# Red Rose Tea

"is good tea"

Always exactly the same quality  
Those who have used it for years  
are the ones who give it the name  
of "good tea."

T. H. ESTABROOKS, St. JOHN, N. B. WINNIPEG.  
TORONTO, & WELLINGTON ST., E.

## HOLSTEINS FOR SALE



Four imported and one home-bred bulls, from 8 to 19 months old; also our entire crop of spring bull calves, from week old up, sired by the grandly-bred imp. bull, Sir Howitt B. Pietertje, whose dam record is over 82 lbs. milk in one day, and from great-producing cows of the most fashionable strains. Can spare a few cows and heifers, from one year up; 75 head to select from. Cheese 13c. Don't delay if you want one from this herd.

H. E. GEORGE, Crampton, Ont.

## A HOLSTEIN BULLS

At for service, for sale at reasonable prices. Choice females, all ages. If you are willing to pay good prices for good stuff, write me.

G. W. CLEMENS, St. George, Ont.

## Lyndale Holsteins.

For Sale A number of bull calves from one to four months old, out of Record of Merit cows, and sired by Beryl Wayne Paul Concordia, whose four nearest dams have official butter records averaging 23 lbs. 11 oz each. BROWN BROS., LYN, ONT.

## MAPLE GROVE HOLSTEIN-FRIESIANS

For Sale: Three bull calves, sired by Lord Wayne Mechthilde Calamity, and all out of Advanced Registry cows. Apply

WALBURN RIVERS, Felden's Corners.

## "GLENAROHY" HOLSTEINS

48 head of big, deep flanked, heavy-producing Holsteins, many of them milking from 50 to 80 lbs. a day on grass. Young stock of both sexes for sale. A straight, smooth lot. G. MACINTYRE, Renfrew P. O. and Stn

## GROVE HILL HOLSTEINS

We now offer for sale our stock bull, Verhelle 4th's Count Calamity. Born December, 1902. Only two of his daughters have been tested, and both are in Record of Merit. He is a show animal, and a persistent stock getter. If you want a bargain write: F. R. MALLORY, Frankford P. O. and Stn., C. O. R. Trenton Stn., G. T. R.

## MAPLE PARK HOLSTEINS

Home of the great De Kol Pietertje and Posch families. Schulling Sir Posch, son of Annie Schulling, testing over 4% butter-fat officially, and grandson of Althe Posch, stock bull. S. MACKLIN, PROP., STREETSVILLE.

## CENTRE AND HILLVIEW HOLSTEINS

Bulls 1 year and under for sale, from great-testing dams and sires, all in A. R. O. Records. Our prizes in milk test in America's A. R. O. Records is, 1st prize in 30-day; 5th in 7-day; 5th in 7-day, over 8 months milking. P. D. EDE, Oxford Centre P. O. Woodstock, C.P.R. or G.T.R.

## DEHORNING STOPS LOSS.

Cattle with horns are dangerous and a constant menace to persons and other cattle. Debhorn them quickly and with slight pain with a KEYSTONE DEHORNER. All over in 3 minutes. Not a harsh method. Leaves a clear, clean cut. Cows give more milk, steers make better beef. Send for free booklet. E. J. McKenna, Picton, Ontario, Can.



When Writing Please  
Mention this Paper.

## Cows from the ANNANDALE HOLSTEIN HERD

Have won during the past show season at Ottawa first and sweepstakes on cow, first on 3-year-old, first on 2-year-old class. At Guelph (dairy test) first and sweepstakes on cow, first and second in heifers. At Chicago (National) first and sweepstakes on cow, also second-prize cow second and third on 3-year-olds, second on 1-year-old heifers, and a host of other prizes (different cows at different shows). Bull calves, 4 months and under only, for sale from great dams and greatest of sires. Buy young if you want them from Annandale Stock Farm.

GEO. RICE, Tillsonburg, Ont.

## WOODBINE HOLSTEIN

Herd headed by Sir Mechthilde Posch, absolutely the best official-backed sire in Canada. Dam Ianthe Jewel Mechthilde, 85.8 pounds butter in seven days. Champion cow of Canada over all breeds. Sire's dam, Aalthe Posch 4th, holds the world's largest two-day public test record—8.5 pounds butter. Young bulls of the choicest quality for sale. A. KENNEDY, Agr. Ont. O.P.B.; Paris, G.T.R.

## HOLSTEINS AND YORKSHIRES

R. HONEY, Brickley, offers for sale a choice lot of young boars fit for service; also sows ready to mate.

## Greenwood Holsteins and Yorkshires

For sale: A few richly-bred bulls from one to eighteen months old. Also a few choice females of all ages. Yorkshires of either sex. D. Jones, Jr., Caledonia P. O. and Sta.

## QUEEN CITY HOLSTEINS

If you would like to purchase a young Holstein bull whose sire's dam has an official record of 550 pounds of milk and 25 pounds of butter in seven days, write to R. F. HICKS, Newton Brook P.O., York Co.

## Holsteins at Ridgedale

A few choice bull and heifer calves on hand for sale, sired by Prince Pauline DeKol 6th. Ages up to ten months. Write for what you want, or come and see them. Shipping stations: Port Perry, G. T. R., and Myrtle, C. P. R., Ontario Co. R. W. WALKER, Utica P.O., Ont.

## Springbrook Holsteins & Tamworths

Will exhibit Holsteins at Toronto. Come and see my stock, and compare quality and prices. Some choice young bulls to offer. A number of Tamworth boars and sows of all ages for sale. A. C. Hallman, Breslau, Ont., Waterloo Co.

## SHANNON BANK STOCK FARM

FOR AYRSHIRES AND YORKSHIRES. Young stock of both sexes for sale from imported stock. W. H. TRAN, Cedar Grove, Ont.

## SPRINGBROOK AYRSHIRES.

Gave over 7,000 lbs. of milk, testing 3.9 per cent butter-fat, during 1905. For sale: One bull 4 years old, Comrade's Fancy of Glenora 15730; bull calves of this year; also females of all ages. W. F. STEPHEN, Huntingdon, Que. P.O. Box 163.

## AYRSHIRES FROM A PRIZEWINNING HERD

Have some nice bull and heifer calves for sale at reasonable prices. For particulars, etc., write to WM. STEWART & SON, Campbellford Stn., Menie P.O., Ont.

## Stockwood Ayrshires for Sale.

Have some nice yearling heifers, also a few two-year-olds due to freshen in Nov. and Dec. Write or call and see them. D. M. WATT, ST. LOUIS STATION, QUE.

## QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS. Miscellaneous.

### RESPONSIBILITY FOR LACK OF INSURANCE.

A owns a farm. He gives a mortgage to B, in which he is bound to keep buildings insured. C does the business for B. C subsequently takes a second mortgage on same property, and demands insurance policy, which was in favor of B. A rented to D, and moved away for two years, during which time C did the business for A, B and D. During A's absence policy expired, and, soon after A's return, the buildings were burned by lightning. A went to C to ascertain particulars of insurance, and finds C had not renewed the policy. Can B or C be held liable for the loss, and which?

Ontario. FARMER. Ans.—We do not see that B is liable. As to C, it would depend mainly upon the extent of instructions given him and responsibility which he assumed in the matter. It does not appear from your statement that he has incurred any legal liability.

### ROUP—LAME MARE.

1. What is wrong with my hens and chickens? They get dumpish, and will not eat, but are very thirsty; their eyes swell and water, and their throats rattle when breathing. They are fed mostly on cracked corn. They have plenty of grit and free grass range, also plenty of fresh water.

2. Are crooked tails in chickens hereditary?

3. Why don't White Wyandotte breeders advertise their stock?

4. Mare is lame in right fore leg. She has been lame for nearly a year. She is worse when driven on hard road. Veterinary says it is in her hoof, but can not find any sore place. Blacksmith says it is in her shoulder. Sometimes when she is standing still she will put it out in front of her and other times put it back.

H. W. J.

Ans.—1. Poultry diseases are hard to diagnose from a few positive symptoms only, but, from the rattling noise, we feel reasonably certain the chickens have a bronchial form of roup. In cases of roup there is a peculiar and very offensive smell. Destroy badly-affected birds, and separate the slightly-affected from the well ones. Disinfect all the roosts, nests and houses; destroy, or, at least, thoroughly cleanse with disinfecting fluid all drinking and feeding utensils. Use Epsom salts in the drinking water or in a mash—about a dessertspoonful to a gallon of drinking water. Each affected bird should be given a teaspoonful of dry salts. Bathe the heads of affected birds with a solution of any of the commercial roup cures, or a five-per-cent. solution of permanganate of potash, or a Seiler's tablet dissolved in a cup of water. On the dropping boards use air-slacked lime, to a bushel of which has been added a pint of crude carbolic. It may be well to spray the inside of the house with a whitewash containing five per cent. of carbolic acid. Change the grain from corn to mixture of oats, wheat, peas, and, perhaps, a little corn.

2. The tendency is an hereditary one.

3. We trust some of them will answer for us by sending in advertising copy.

4. We rather suspect the veterinarian is right, and that the trouble is navicular disease, though in this complaint the usual symptom is pointing (standing with the foot forward). Navicular disease (commonly called coffin-joint lameness) begins with inflammation in the parts of the foot, caused by concussion on hard roads, standing on hard dry floors, high-heeled shoes, irregular exercise, etc. It comes on very gradually, though the symptoms are irregular, the horse being lame one day and sound the next, till finally he becomes constantly lame. In the first stages, the object is to arrest inflammation. This is best done by paring the hoof well down, especially at the heels; stand in water for a time, then apply a poultice, held on by a strong leather pouch. Blister about the coronet with a mixture of two drams each biniodide of mercury and cantharides, with two ounces vasoline. Rub well in; so that she cannot bite the parts. In 24 hours rub well again, and 24 hours longer wash off and apply sweet oil. Let her head down now, and oil every day. Repeat the blistering monthly. This should relieve the symptoms, but will not entirely cure.



## Dr. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP

Cures COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, HOARSENESS and all THROAT AND LUNG TROUBLES. Miss Florence E. Mailman, New Germany, N.S., writes:—I had a cold which left me with a very bad cough. I was afraid I was going into consumption. I was advised to try DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP. I had little faith in it, but before I had taken one bottle I began to feel better, and after the second I felt as well as ever. My cough has completely disappeared.

PRICE 25 CENTS.

## Hillview Herd of Prizewinning AYRSHIRE CATTLE.

All animals bred and carefully selected for size, constitution, long teats and deep-milking qualities. Select animals of both sexes for sale at reasonable prices. For further information and prices write

A. KENNEDY & SON, Hillview Stock Farm, Vernon, Ont. Winchester Station, C. P. R.

## AYRSHIRES—Choice stock of either sex, different ages, for sale. Prices reasonable. For particulars apply to

N. DYMMENT, Hickory Hill Stock Farm, Dundas St. & Tel. Clappison, Ont.

## Ayrshires and Yorkshires

We always have on hand choice animals of above breeds, of any desired age. Prices reasonable. Write us before buying. Intending purchasers met at Hoard's. Alex. Hume & Co., Menie P. O.

## CLAYFIELD STOCK FARM

### COTSWOLDS and HAMPSHIRE

We now offer 150 head of high-class Cotswolds for sale at reasonable prices, including some extra good imported and home-bred shearing stud rams; also imported and home-bred ewes of different ages, and a car of ranch stock. We won both open and home-bred flock prizes this year, both at Toronto and London. Correspondence and inspection invited.

J. C. ROSS, Prop., Box 61, Jarvis, Ont.

## SHEEP DIP

SPECIAL PRICE: 1 gallon, \$ 1 00  
2 gallons, 2 00  
FREIGHT PAID: 5 gallons, 5 00  
10 gallons, 10 00

The West Chemical Co., Toronto, Ont.

## Hampshire Sheep

For sale: rams (imported and home-bred), yearlings and lambs. Correspondence or inspection invited. FREEBORN BROS., Denfield Station and P. O.

## Suffolk Sheep

### JAMES BOWMAN, Elm Park, Guelph

### SHROPSHIRE

Can sell about 20 Ram Lambs. Mostly by an Imp. Butar bred ram. GEO. HINDMARSH, Allea Craig, Ont.

## FOR SALE—Pure Shropshire Ram and Ewe Lambs.

Born from 15th March to 15th April. Price from \$7 to \$10, including pedigree. Also fine St. Lambert Jerseys—all ages—male and female. Prices right. Write for particulars. H. E. WILLIAMS, Sunnylea Farm, Knowlton, P. Q.

## Oxford Down Sheep, Shorthorn Cattle, Yorkshire Hogs.

Present offering: Lambs of either sex. For prices, etc., write to John Cousins & Sons, Buena Vista Farm, Harriston, Ont.

## Leicesters

Bred from Stanley Winchester rams. Shearing ewes, ewe lambs, ram lambs; also one aged ram. Prices reasonable. DUNNET BROS., CLANBRASSIL, ONTARIO.

## Shropshire Sheep, Chester White Swine and Mammoth Bronze Turkeys.

Write for prices. W. E. WRIGHT, GLANWORTH, ONTARIO

**Sweet Marie, 2.02.**

The queen of harness mares, Sweet Marie, the champion trotter, possibly the greatest campaigner of all times, was bred by a poor colored man, who knew nothing of blood lines or pedigrees, and was developed by accident, as the following sketch of her history shows:

One March morning in 1889, Charles Durfee, the well-known driver and breeder, left Los Angeles for the east for the purpose of purchasing a young stallion. He was accompanied by Charles Lockhart, who was about to secure the nucleus of a breeding farm, which he was about to start near Burbank, Los Angeles County. Durfee purchased the then two-year-old McKinley, by Alcyone, a son of George Wilkes and Cannon Ball, a three-year-old stallion, by Simmonds. Everyone posted on light-harness topics knows that McKinley has become the greatest sire of speed in the world, having more 2.10 trotters to his credit than any other stallion, living or dead. Among the brood mares purchased by Lockhart was Lady Rivers, by Carr's Mambrino, dam Susie, by Vermont. He secured this mare from D. K. Edwards, who bred her when a resident of Salinas. Susie was used as a buggy mare. Lockhart did not make a success of his breeding venture, owing to the drop in the value of all harness horses, and Lady Rivers was sold to E. K. Benchly, of Los Angeles. She proved to be a very bulky mare, and of no use for driving purposes. Consequently, Benchly assigned her to the sales-ring, where she was acquired by John Schurmacher, the Los Angeles photographer, for \$180. Schurmacher could do nothing with the mare, as she absolutely refused to be driven. After she broke a couple of carts, Schurmacher determined to get rid of Lady Rivers at any cost. But no one wanted the high-strung mare.

The Schurmacher family employed a colored man named Billy Smart to cart away the refuse at \$1 per week. Frank Schurmacher told Smart that he would give him Lady Rivers if he continued to take away the refuse. Smart refused the proposition, but said that he would take the mare, provided that she was bred to some stallion. As Schurmacher had the privilege of breeding to McKinley, who was then an unknown quantity, the bargain was consummated. Frank Schurmacher saved \$52, and Smart got Sweet Marie, as that was the result of the mating of McKinley and Lady Rivers. Smart kept Sweet Marie in pasture until she was three years old, at which age she was broken. In the fall, Smart turned her over to a colored trainer, named Sam Washington. She showed a mile in 2.26½, and was purchased by Mile M. Potter, the well-known hotelman. He drove her at the matinee races, held at Agricultural Park, for a couple of years. Potter finally decided to sell all his light-harness horses, including Sweet Marie. Garland, the present owner, was the purchaser of Sweet Marie, paying \$3,150 for the daughter of McKinley.

Sweet Marie was a big-gaited mare, and slow to get into her stride at that time, and Potter is entitled to the greatest credit for the development of Sweet Marie. It required six months of hard work after she could trot a mile in 2.15 before she could make the first quarter better than 35 seconds. Potter had her worked with Primrose, 2.10, and before the sale she could get away in such good style that she showed two miles in 2.12 and 2.12½. That is the early history of Sweet Marie, the queen of all harness mares, and who has been invincible on the Grand Circuit this year.

Sweet Marie made her first professional start in 1903 at Seattle, where she captured several races. Then came the memorable race at the Oregon State Fair, at Salem, where she was beaten by Dr. Hammond, owing to the refusal of Durfee to start Marie in the third heat. There was a scandal, and her driver was ruled off, but subsequently reinstated.

Sweet Marie made her debut on the Grand Circuit in 1904. She took the 2.14 trot at Detroit, Mich., in straight heats of 2.10, 2.10½ and 2.10½. She was beaten at Buffalo, after taking the second heat in 2.09½.

At Providence, Sweet Marie attracted world-wide attention when she won a five-heat race, taking the last three in 2.06½, 2.08½ and 2.08½.

At Lexington, in 1905, in a five-heat contest, Sweet Marie reduced her record

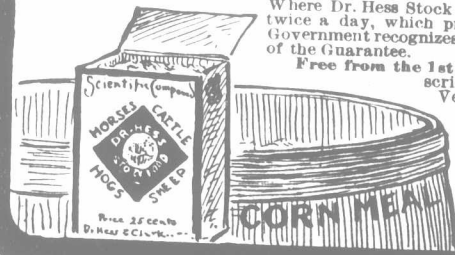
# Beef Making As a Business

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## DR HESS STOCK FOOD

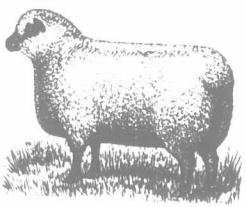
the prescription of Dr. Hess (M. D., D. V. S.) was designed for this particular purpose. Dr. Hess being a doctor of medicine and also veterinary surgery learned from his experience in the practice as well as from such authorities as Professors Winslow, Dun, Quitman and all the most noted writers that bitter tonics would increase digestion, iron would make rich, red blood, and that nitrates of soda and potassium would assist nature in throwing off the poisonous waste material from the system. These ingredients he combined with nature's roots, herbs, barks, seeds, etc. and this formula has become so successfully famous that every pound is **Sold on a Written Guarantee.**

**100 lbs. \$7.00. 25 lb. pail \$2.00**  
Smaller quantities at a slight advance. Duty paid.



Where Dr. Hess Stock Food differs in particular is in the dose—it's small and fed but twice a day, which proves it has the most digestive strength to the pound. Our Government recognizes Dr. Hess Stock Food as a medicinal tonic and this paper is back of the Guarantee.  
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T. A. COX, Manager, Brantford, Ont.

### FARNHAM FARM OXFORDS

We are offering for sale 100 strong, vigorous, good-quality ram lambs, a number from best imported sires. We also have for sale 50 yearling and two-shear ewes, and a number of ewe lambs. **Telegraph Guelph.**  
**HENRY ARKELL & SON, ARKELL, ONT. R.**  
Guelph, G. T. R.

### Shropshires and Cotswolds

I am offering for sale 100 shearing ewes, home-bred and imported; also an extra good lot of yearling rams and ram lambs of both breeds, some of each fitted for showing.

JOHN MILLER, Brougham, Ontario.

### Southdowns

New importation of rams and ewes on offer; also home-breds by Royal prizewinning imported rams **COLLIES**—Puppies by imported Holyrood Clinker.

**Robt. McEwen, Byron, Ont.**  
Long-Distance Phone.

### Canadian Agents for the Original McDougall's Sheep Dip & Cattle Dressing

Imported direct. Price: Imperial pints, 35c.; imperial half gallon, \$1.25; imperial gallon, \$2.25. Sold by druggists, or charges prepaid on one gallon tin. **THE WORTHINGTON DRUG CO., Toronto, Ontario.**

### SHROPSHIRE

Good young rams and ewes **FOR SALE.**

**W. D. MONKMAN, Bond Head, Ont.**

### Leicesters!

A grand lot of one and two-shear rams and ram lambs, also ewes of various ages.

**Mac. Campbell, Harwich P. O., Ont.**

### Leicesters For Sale

Of good size and quality. Various ages.

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5 choice Imp Rams. 15 choice Imp. Ewes. 20 good breeding Ewes. 25 good Rams.

**LLOYD-JONES BROS., BURFORD, ONT.**

### My Shropshires Won the Flock Prize at Toronto.

And I have imported and home-bred **RAMS and EWES**

for sale that are of the same stamp. All kinds of good

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Prices always reasonable.

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HIDES, SKINS, etc.

### FAIRVIEW SHROPSHIRE RAMS

The flock is retired from fall-fair showing. It took the lead for 22 years.

**25 good to choice** yearling rams and **30 first-class** ram lambs now offered.

Sires: Champions and producers of winners. Dams: Many of them imported, and all choice. Do you need a moderate priced flock header? If so, come, or write for circular and quotations to

**JOHN CAMPBELL, Woodville, Ont.**

### Dorset Sheep, Shorthorn Cattle

Specialties. Choice young stock for sale.

**R. H. HARDING, "Mapleview Farm," Thorndale, Ont.**

### Morrison Yorks. and Tams.

on hand, for sale. Are both sexes of both breeds. Bred from prizewinners and extra choice. Prices right.

**Charles Currie, Morrison P. O., Shaw Sta., C. P. R.**

### NEWCASTLE HERD OF TAMWORTHES and Shorthorns.

We have for immediate sale several choice boars ready for service, and sows bred and ready to breed, together with a lot of beautiful pigs from two to four months old. Also a few choice heifers in calf to Donald of Hillhurst No. 44690, and a few nice bull calves and heifer calves. All correspondence answered promptly. Daily mail at our door, and prices right. **Colwill Bros., Newcastle.**

### Mount Pleasant Herd of Tamworthes and Heistons.

A large herd of choice pigs of all ages on hand. Mount Pleasant type of hogs are profitable breeders and ideal bacon hogs. Fats not skin. Herd headed by Colwill's Choice No. 1248. Won sweepstakes and silver medal at Toronto, 1901-2-3. Also a few bulls. **Bertram Hoskin, The Gully.**

### Tamworthes and Dorset Horn Sheep.

A choice lot of pigs of different ages and both sexes. Some fine shearing rams and ewe lambs. **JAMES DICKSON, Orono, Ontario** "Glensira Farm."

### LARGE ENGLISH YORKSHIRES

Pigs of the most approved type, of both sexes, all ages, for sale at all times. We have more imported animals in our herd than all other breeders in Canada combined. We won more first prizes at the large shows this year than all other breeders combined. We won every first but one and all silver medals and Bacon prizes at Toronto and London, and at St. Louis we furnished all the first-prize hogs in the breeding classes except two; also supplied both champion and grand champions. Prices reasonable.

**D. G. FLATT & SON, Millgrove, Ont.**

### Meadowbrook Yorkshires

Young stock of both sexes. A number of sows old enough to breed, all sired by Imp. Dalmeny Topsman. Everything guaranteed as represented.

**J. H. SNELL, HAGERSVILLE P. O. & STATION.**

### For Sale—Ohio Improved Chester Whites, the

largest strain, oldest established registered herd in Canada; young sows in farrow; choice young pigs, six weeks to six months old; pairs not skin; express charges prepaid; pedigree and safe delivery guaranteed. Address:

**E. D. GEORGE, Putnam, Ont.**

### IMPROVED LARGE YORKSHIRES.

Choice young stock from imported prizewinning stock for sale.

**GEO. M. SMITH, HAYSVILLE, ONT.**

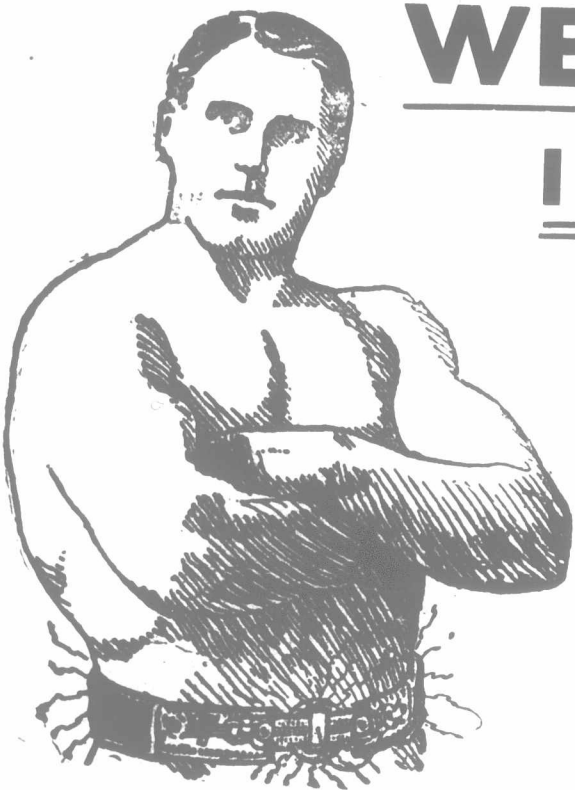
### ELMFIELD YORKSHIRES

Have a few young sows from 4 to 7 months, bred and ready to wean from imp dam and sire. **G. S. Muma, Arr. Ont.**

### Yorkshires!

Have some grand spring litters farrowed in Feb., Mar., April, May from A1 stock. Will sell at living prices. **L. MOONEY, Peewie's Corners P. O., Fenelon Falls Station.**





# WEAK MEN, LISTEN!

## I Can Make You Strong

Have you lost the fire and strength of youth? Have you "come and go" pains in your back and shoulders? Are you growing old too soon? If you have those symptoms, or any other sign of breaking down of your nerves and vitality, you will find new life in electricity as applied while you sleep.

### DR. McLAUGHLIN'S ELECTRIC BELT

is for you—it is the best way to use electricity. It pours a gentle stream of life into the weakened parts continually for hours every night. It refreshes the nerves, expands the vital powers, enriches the circulation, and makes you feel bright, active and vigorous in one night's use. You get stronger each day, and in a few weeks you are stronger and younger in the fire of youth. It cures to stay cured Nervous Debility, Weakness, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Kidney and Stomach Trouble, Indigestion and Constipation. It is grand, this method of mine. **Business Men, Professional Men, Ministers, Athletes, Men of National Renown** and men in every walk of life who have used it are praising it.

#### The Following were Cured and are Now Happy:

##### SCIATICA AND CONSTIPATION CURED SIX YEARS AGO—STILL CURED.

Central Kingsclear, York Co., N.B.  
Dr. McLaughlin,—

Dear Sir,—When I purchased the Electric Belt from you about six years ago, I was suffering very much with sciatica in the hip. When I began to wear the Belt it acted like a charm. The sciatica left me, and to-day I am entirely free from it. I also suffered from costiveness, and had for years been taking medicine to keep my bowels right. Since wearing the Belt I have scarcely ever taken any medicine for that cause, and I can confidently recommend your Belt to anyone suffering as I was. I am, yours very truly,

D. F. KNIGHT.

To prove the confidence I have in the curative power of my Belt, I am willing to take your case, and

### After I Have Cured You Pay Me

All I ask is that you give me security for the price of my Belt, and I will send it to you with all necessary attachments suitable for your case.

Write to-day for my Free Illustrated Book and full information.

CALL TO-DAY!

If You Can't Call Send Coupon For Free Book.

##### RHEUMATISM AND WEAKNESS CURED TO STAY.

Grand Mere, Que.

Dr. McLaughlin,—

Dear Sir,—I must apologize for being so long in answering your letter, and at the same time I must say that I was surprised to receive same, asking for results by the use of your Electric Belt. It must be fully two years ago that I wrote you to the effect that the Belt did the work O.K. I wore it then for some time, and gradually but surely both rheumatism and weakness disappeared. I then laid the Belt aside, and have proclaimed it a real cure. Yes, the Belt cures. I wrenched my back last fall and immediately applied the Belt, and am again well. I repeat it—I believe the Belt is a wonderful appliance for the relief of suffering humanity. Yours truly,

G. DUVAL.

##### WAS A POOR CRIPPLE—CAN NOW STOOP AND PICK UP A PIN.

Riviere aux Pins,  
St. Gabriel P.O., Que.

Dr. McLaughlin,—

Dear Sir,—I take this opportunity of letting you know the benefit your Belt has given me. I was a poor cripple before I got it, now I can stoop and pick up a pin with ease. It was worth a great amount of money the good it has done me. My advice is that no home should be without one. I thank you for the benefit it has done me. Yours truly, PHILIP MCGAHEY.

##### DYSPEPSIA.

Lunenburg, S. S.

Dr. McLaughlin,—

Dear Sir,—The Belt bought from you last October, when suffering from dyspepsia, has proved a great benefit; in fact, I may say that I am quite well now. Yours sincerely,

(REV.) G. C. WALLIS.

##### PAINS AND AGES ALL GONE

Dr. McLaughlin,—

Dear Sir,—I received your Belt, and am well pleased with it. I wore it steady for a month, and it has given me perfect satisfaction. All the aches and pains have disappeared, and I find it invaluable for any sprain, as we often sprain our legs in jumping off of cars.

I remain, yours truly,

H. T. SIMPSON.

##### FEELS LIKE A NEW MAN.

Springfield, N. S.

Dr. McLaughlin,—

Dear Sir,—I am pleased to be able to tell you that I now feel like a new man in every way. Wishing you all the success that you deserve in your endeavor to relieve suffering humanity, I remain, yours sincerely,

F. A. OUELLET.

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Dear Sir.—Please forward me one of your Books, as advertised.

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Instead of exhibiting, we advertise and do a mail-order business.  
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Bred from imported and Canadian-bred sires and dams, and bred on prize-winning lines. My brood sows are large, choice animals. Young stock of both sexes. Some sows bred to imp. boars.  
HENRY MASON, SCARBORO P.O.  
Street cars pass the door.

#### GLENBURN HERD OF YORKSHIRES

Winner of gold medal three years in succession. Offers for sale: 12 young boars, 4 months old; a large number of sows, same age also 30 suckling pigs, both sexes. Also a grand good Shorthorn bull (roan), 10 months old.

David Barr, Jr., Box 3, Renfrew, Ont.

#### SUNNYMOUNT BERKSHIRES.

Sunnymount Berkshires are unsurpassed for ideal bacon type and superior breeding. For immediate sale: 3 sows 11 months old, in pig; several sows from 5 to 7 months old; 3 boars 11 months old, and several 5 to 7 months old, and younger ones of both sexes. Imp. sires and dams. JOHN McLEOD, Milton P. O. and Sta., C. P. R. and G. T. R.

#### BERKSHIRES

Imported and Canadian-bred  
H. M. VANDERLIP, Cainsville,  
on T. H. & B. and B. & G. division of Grand Trunk. Telephone and telegraph, Cainsville.



#### ROSEBANK BERKSHIRES

FOR SALE: Young stock from six to eight weeks old, sired by Maple Lodge Doctor and Concord Professor. Some choice sows bred and ready to breed. Express prepaid.

Lefroy Station, G.T.R. JOHN BOYES, JR., Churchill P.O.

#### Ohio Improved Chester Whites

100 Pigs to Offer of the long, deep, heavy sort. Breeding stock selected from the most noted families, with a view to size and quality. Booking orders for choice spring pigs; also a few fall pigs for sale. Pairs furnished not akin. Express charges prepaid. Pedigree and safe arrival guaranteed.

H. E. GEORGE, Crampton, Ont.

#### Glenhodson Yorkshires.

Sows bred or ready to breed. Young pigs from three to six months old. Pairs not akin. Satisfaction guaranteed.

GLENHODSON COMPANY, Myrtle Station, Ont.  
Long-distance phone at farm. Lorne Foster, Mgr.

#### MONKLAND YORKSHIRES

Imported and Canadian-bred.

We keep 35 brood sows, and have constantly on hand between 100 and 300 to choose from. Can supply pairs and trios not akin. Quality and type unsurpassed. Prices right.

JAS. WILSON & SONS, FERGUS, ONT., G. T. R. and C. P. R. Long-distance Phone

#### Oakdale Berkshires

Of the largest strains imported fresh from England. The produce of these and other noted winners for sale reasonable. Let me book your order for a pair or trio not akin.

L. E. MORGAN, Milliken Stn. and P. C.

to 2.05, but two weeks later, at Memphis, she won the 2.10 trot in 2.04, and 2.06. Later in the season, Sweet Marie reduced her record to 2.04. Sweet Marie won numerous other races on the circuit. This year she displayed further improvement, and there was nothing on the Grand Circuit capable of giving her a race. During the Syracuse meeting, she trotted a first heat in 2.04, and a second in 2.03. These are the fastest two heats ever trotted to a sulky, supplanting the Cresco record of 2.03 at 2.04, made in 1901. Sweet Marie has accomplished the extraordinary feat of having trotted eight heats in 2.05 or better, which is a better race record than made by Cresco, Tiverton and Lou Dillon combined.

In a special exhibition against time at Columbus, on Sept. 21, Sweet Marie stepped a mile in 2.02, going to the half in 59.3 seconds. Sweet Marie is ten years old, and as sound as a new-milled dollar.

At an auction sale, on September 23rd, at the Palermo Show, in the Argentine Republic, the champion Lincoln ram was sold for 4,100 dollars of the currency of that country (€300 sterling, or \$1,800 in Canadian money). The champion Short-horn bull sold for 22,000 dollars, or €2,200 sterling in our money. The first prize merino Lincoln ram was sold for 2,000 dollars (€200 sterling, or our currency).