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\*AGRICULTURE, STOCK, DAIRY, POULTRY, HORTICULTURE, VETERINARY, HOME CIRCLE.\*

Vol. XLIX.

LONDON, ONTARIO, DECEMBER 24, 1914.

No. 1161

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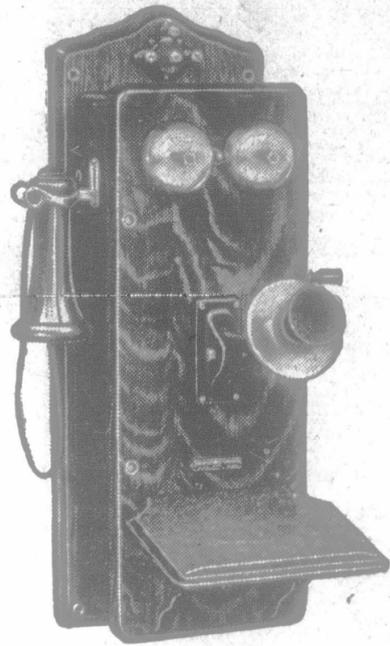
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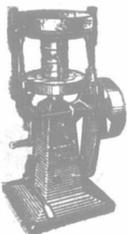
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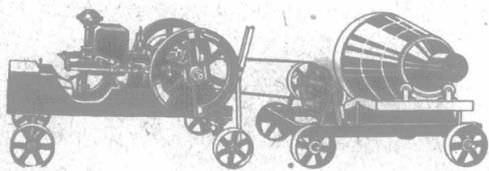
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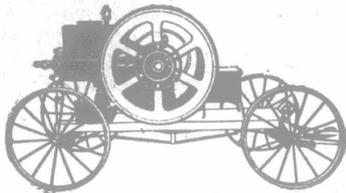
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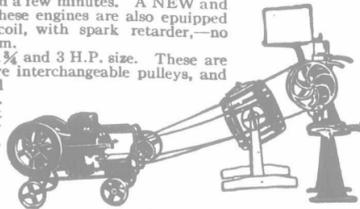
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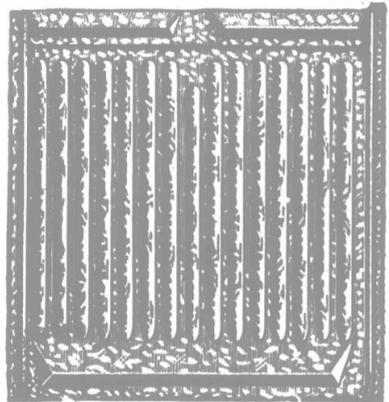
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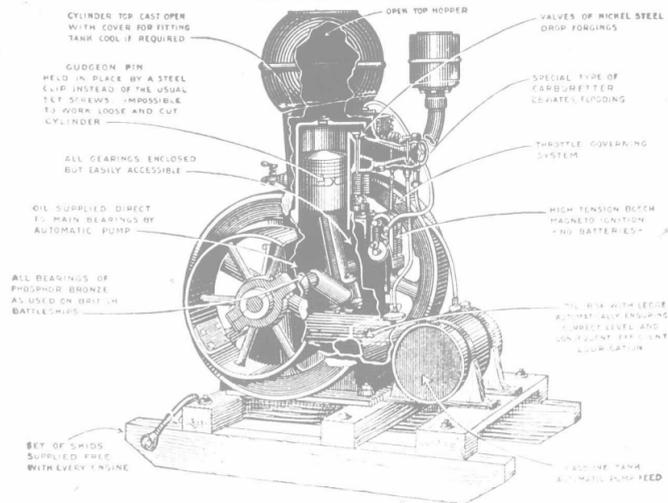
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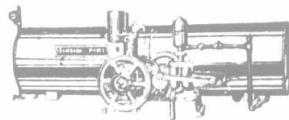
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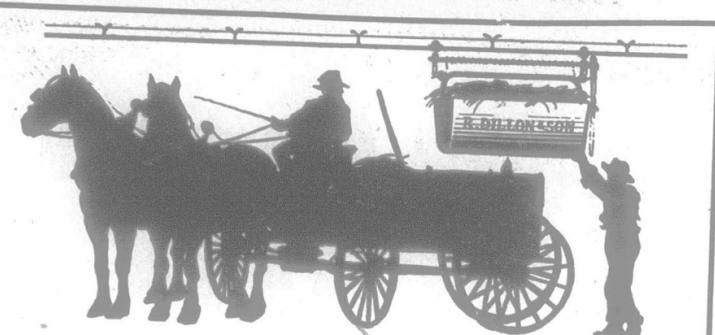
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Vol. XLIX.

LONDON, ONTARIO, DECEMBER 24, 1914.

No. 1161

## EDITORIAL.

Merry Christmas.

Buy your seed corn early and buy it on the ear.

"Your Christmas Number eclipsed all others" writes a subscriber.

Conserve the feed, but do not stint the stock below a maintenance ration.

All speakers at Guelph Winter Fair urged more attention to live stock.

Let us have seed centers established all over the Province, yes the Dominion.

Agricultural education must be taken to the farmer. Help us to accomplish this end.

The threshing machine stands condemned as one of the greatest spreaders of noxious weeds.

Horses may not be so numerous at the big shows as formerly, but they still attract the crowds.

The breeder of good seed is doing a work equally important with the breeding of high-grade live stock.

Co-operation makes greatest strides when members are few in number, but energetic, honest and enthusiastic.

Planting corn by the check-row method makes for clean farming if the proper amount of cultivation is afterwards given.

A comparison of live-stock conditions with those in the United States shows much room for improvement in this country.

Unauthorized and fake newspaper canvassers are still doing business. We ask all our subscribers to beware of these "crooks."

A steady stream of products to market means a steady flow of money to the producer's pocket. Rushes are costly, and the seller is the loser.

Now for the most profitable winter's reading yet. We invite practical farmers to discuss all matters pertaining to farming in our columns.

"Never before in the history of the live-stock industry was the future brighter than right now." These are the words of a prominent live-stock man who should know.

It must not be forgotten that Canada's boys and girls are her most important crop, and that education in the calling to which they are to engage is the best cultivation for the crop.

A correspondent called the other day and told us that our Questions and Answers columns had saved him several dollars. He is a careful reader, and also stated that by preserving his copies he had been saved the trouble of writing us many times by seeing the same question previously answered.

### Variety in Crops.

There was a time when on the average farm little attention was paid to variety in crops, but that time is gone forever. And yet we have too many varieties in nearly all our most commonly-grown crops. Take corn for instance. Most any corn-growing farmer could name off-hand two dozen varieties, and yet of flints and dents only seven are recommended, as follows: flint—Compton's Early, Longfellow, Salzer's North Dakota, and dent—Bailey, Wisconsin No. 7, White Cap Yellow and Golden Glow.

Potatoes are another crop with altogether too many commonly-grown varieties. They number up near to the hundred mark. Ninety-five varieties have been grown on the Experimental Farm, Guelph, in a single year. Could growers not get along better, and would yields not be larger if, for early, efforts were confined to one or two varieties like Early Eureka, and for late such varieties as Empire State, Rural New Yorker No. 2 and Davies' Warrior. This is saying nothing against many other good varieties, but we have too many.

Likewise other grains. If one takes the trouble to look over Field Crop Competition awards he generally finds Dawson's Golden Chaff at the head of winter wheats. Then, why not more Dawson's and fewer other kinds? The same is true of oats where we find O. A. C. No. 72 and Banner leading. In six-rowed barley O. A. C. No. 21 is surely outstanding, and should replace most other varieties. Our aim should be to reduce the number of varieties and improve the few selected.

### Home Made Sugar.

Among the many articles in the Christmas issue of "The Farmer's Advocate" attracting a keen and general interest was that relating to the Canadian sugar industry. The sharp advance in prices, which has been levied for months past upon consumers of a product so heavily and universally used, has awakened no little complaint, because of the feeling that beyond the exceptional demand it was uncalled for. It is not easy to forecast what course the trade may take later on, though easier prices for "granulated" have been predicted after the New Year. Farmers, and their name is legion, who are the fortunate possessors of maple bushes, can relieve the situation as far as they are personally concerned, and also bring a wholesome product into more widespread use at very fair returns, by preparing to extend and improve their sugar and syrup operations next spring. These products, while they do not actually take the place of the fine, white, refined sugar are pure and wholesome sweeteners, and may well be used as substitutes for the yellow grades. Maple syrup ought to enter into more general use in Canadian homes, and a campaign on its behalf might not be an inappropriate sequel to the apple campaign of the Minister of Trade and Commerce. When it is remembered that Canada annually consumes about 600,000,000 lbs. of sugar, including some 25,000,000 or 30,000,000 lbs. of the fine beet product, and the output of the maple industry in sugar or its equivalent in syrup is approximately but 22,000,000 lbs. produced by some 25,000 farmers, there is surely room for expansion. The sugar shanty should, therefore, be put in good order, and the evaporating and finishing outfit overhauled during the winter. If not done so already the boiling

ark can be repaired during the first spell of mild weather, and if the outfit is out of date and repair it should be replaced by something better so that when the first run comes the sap can be properly cared for, and operations conducted upon such a scale warranted by the number of trees and help available. The new Dominion legislation enacted as a safeguard both to producers and consumers should lend security to the industry by preventing the improper use of the word maple as a cover to the sale of imitation products. "Business as usual" and a little better, ought to be the working motto in every maple syrup and sugar plant the coming season.

### Canada Under-Stocked.

According to figures given in an address by Prof. Barton, of Macdonald College, at the Guelph Winter Fair, Canada is far from being over-stocked. Canadians, and justly so, pride themselves on having a great live-stock country, and some of the best live stock in the world, but there is not enough of it. Just think, we have only 1-63 of the world's cattle, 1-47 of the horses, 1-28 of the sheep and 1-58 of the swine. United States with a smaller area, has  $\frac{1}{2}$  of the world's cattle, about  $\frac{1}{2}$  of the horses, 1-12 of the sheep, and almost  $\frac{1}{2}$  the swine. Even on a per capita basis, the United States outdoes Canada in this respect. This great contrast should serve to stimulate our stockmen to greater effort. Everyone recognizes the natural aptitude of this country from east to west for live-stock production; everyone is agreed that our foundation stock is right; and all are sure that we have as good live-stock breeders as any in the world. Then let us have a live-stock boom, a little more activity, a little more demand for good stock and an increase in number as well as in quality.

### The Seed Center.

What the live-stock breeders' associations and breeders' clubs are to the live-stock industry, Seed Centers are destined to be to the seed industry. Perhaps no other equally important branch of the farmer's business has been so neglected as breeding and selection of pure, clean, sound, plump, virile seed grain. While a man would search the country for the best bull to head his herd and the best stallion to mate with his mare, he would at the same time sow any seed that he could get at least expense and least trouble and take chances as to the crop. The result has been poorer and poorer seed and smaller and smaller yields, with an increasing quantity of noxious weeds and a lower grade of grain all around. The Seed Center should remedy this condition. All that is needed is a band of men in each locality, (those with experience tell us twelve is enough) to get together, decide on a specialty of one class of grain or seeds and one variety of that class, and then cooperate to improve that seed until it is pure-bred and registered, and just as worthy of a pedigree as the most fashionably-bred Shorthorn or Clydesdale in the world. It is being done right now, and a success is being made of it. One young man at the Guelph Winter Fair told how when a Seed Center had been established in his locality and registered seed produced, they had on his own farm increased the yield of winter wheat by ten to twelve bushels per acre, and the price of this wheat forty cents per bushel above the current market price for ordinary wheat

## The Farmer's Advocate AND HOME MAGAZINE.

THE LEADING AGRICULTURAL JOURNAL IN THE  
DOMINION.

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JOHN WELD, Manager.

Agents for "The Farmer's Advocate and Home Journal,"  
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of the same variety. Another Seed Center Secretary outlined how twelve men in Haldimand Co., Ont., are making alfalfa history in Canada. These men are specializing in growing alfalfa seed, and from their Center this year ten separate and distinct bushel entries, all grading No. 1, were shown at the Guelph Winter Fair. The first year of operations they sold \$1,291.70 worth of seed at a cost of \$47.35, and they are introducing the hardest variety of seed known and are sure to boost alfalfa growing in Ontario, because northern-grown seed is best. What is possible with wheat and alfalfa is possible with oats, barley, peas, corn and all other farm crops. Get together. Organize seed centers with a few live, energetic members in each and help double the output from Canadian farms. There will always be a large number of men with dirty farms or specialists in other branches of agriculture and who desire good seed to make a sure market. Seed centers should cover the country.

Canada is not the only place where men have become surfeited with party politics, and draw a breath of relief with a respite from rabid party journalism. Fridtjof Nansen, the eminent traveller, author and geographical professor, in his recent book, "Through Siberia, the Land of the Future," describes an area where there were no newspapers and few could read them if they were printed. Then he naively adds: "I wondered, after all, whether this was as great a loss as people generally imagine. Think of all the mud they are spared, and all the dirty politics they don't have to touch."

A herd of 88 cows were bought and sent West, and they averaged over 1,100 lbs. of milk each in one month. How many herds of 8 cows average that in this country? How many know how much their herd averaged? Testing has done a great deal but it is only just begun.

## Nature's Diary.

A. B. Klugh, M.A.

One of the serious insect pests with which the horticulturist has to contend with is the Codling Moth. The damage which is done to the apple crop of the United States is estimated at 12,000,000 dollars annually. I know of no estimates of the damage done in Canada, but it must run into a large sum of money. The eggs of the Codling Moth are laid upon the leaves or fruit. There are usually two broods of the insects, and consequently two egg-laying periods, in spring and in midsummer. The eggs hatch in from nine to eighteen days, and the larvae ("worms" "grubs") immediately hunt for the fruit, and boring into it spend from ten to thirty days feeding upon the seeds and the flesh around the core. At maturity the larvae emerge, chiefly at night and seek sheltered places, such as holes or cracks in the trees or ground, crevices under the bark, or refuges under boards or other litter, in which to spin their cocoons. Here they either pupate (that is spin their cocoons) at once, or if winter is near, pupation is postponed until the following spring. The adults fly mostly at night.

The orchardist in his fight against the Codling Moth has very valuable allies in the birds, the most efficient of these being the Woodpeckers and the Chickadees. These birds attack the insect when it is in the larval and cocoon stages, and the way in which the woodpeckers find these cocoons or larvae when hidden beneath the bark, is told in the following words by Isaac P. Trimble, an early American ornithologist, writing in 1865. "This little bird (the Downy Woodpecker)" finds the concealed larvae under the bark, not from any noise the insect makes; it is not the grub of a beetle having a boring habit and liable to make a sound that might betray its retreat, in seasons of the year when it is not torpid. A caterpillar makes scarcely an appreciable noise even when spinning its cocoon, and when it is finished it rests as quietly within it as an Egyptian mummy within its sarcophagus. There is no evidence that the Downy Woodpecker ever makes a mistake; it has some way of judging. The squirrel does not waste time in cracking an empty nut. There is no reason to believe that this bird ever makes holes through the bark scales merely for pastime or for any other purpose except for food. He knows before he begins that if he works through, just at that spot, he will find a dainty morsel at the bottom of it, as delicious to him as the meat of the nut is to the squirrel. But how does he know? By sounding—tap, tap, tap, just as the physician learns the condition of the lungs of his patient by what he calls percussion. Watch him. See how ever and anon he will stop in his quick motions up and down, and give a few taps upon the suspected scale, and then test another and another, until the right sound is communicated to that wonderful ear."

The examination of the stomachs of Downy Woodpeckers has confirmed observations in the field, and in some cases as many as twenty of the insects have been found in a single stomach. This species has also been seen to extract the larvae from growing apples, and to perform this operation without any serious injury to the fruit.

Other Woodpeckers besides the Downy feed upon the Codling Moth, for instance the Hairy Woodpecker, the Red-headed Woodpecker, and the Red-shafted Flicker.

Yet these are the birds which are so often regarded as destructive in the orchard and are frequently shot! Many of our birds need protection, but few of them need it worse than the Woodpeckers. They are misunderstood, and also offer an easy mark for shotgun or rifle or even a stone.

Next to the Woodpeckers the Chickadees are the most important enemies of the Codling Moth. Their habits of searching every nook and cranny, however small or difficult of access, and the thorough way in which they go over trees and stumps, enable them to find the favorite hibernating quarters of the larvae.

Practically every entomologist who has written on the subject substantially agrees with Slingerland "that the most efficient aids for man in controlling the Codling Moth are the birds," and it has been calculated from very careful observations that birds destroy from sixty to eighty-five per cent. of the hibernating larvae.

The Guelph Winter Fair was a great success. Those who missed it missed a treat, and all should have read our reports in last week's issue. No other paper went into such detail in report of lectures, live stock, etc. Also a comprehensive report was given in the same issue of the Maritime Winter Fair, and the great Toronto Junction Live-stock Show.

## THE HORSE.

### The Significance of Blood.

There is an undercurrent of information at every live-stock exhibition which some discover and others do not discern. A student of fair catalogues would have been impressed by the remarkable impression Baron's Pride has made on the Guelph Winter Fair. Although this wonderful Clydesdale sire never saw Canada his progeny is so thoroughly spread over this country as well as other lands where Clydes are popular that it would be almost impossible to have a really high-class exhibit of the breed without having somewhere in the class, and usually at the top, an offspring of Baron's Pride. No horse of any breed is so frequently referred to as sire and progenitor of show horses as this getter of good stock. The prepotency, or ability to stamp his character upon the progeny, of Baron's Pride is marked indeed, and nowhere has it been more in evidence than at the Provincial Winter Fair.

In the aged class of stallions (open) which was made up of eighteen entries five candidates were sired by Baron's Pride and one by Baron o' Buchlyvie, which is an offspring of the old horse. In the conclusion all the Baron's Pride colts were standing within the first eight, and one was first in the class. There were in the Clydesdale department open to imported or Canadian-bred horses four classes for stallions, and three of them were won by sons of Baron's Pride, while another was won by a son of Cedric's Baron, which traces back through Baron Hedderwick to Baron's Pride. The winner of the two-year-olds was a son of Baron's Pride, and was made champion of all the classes and considered the best horse, male or female, in the show. Again in the Canadian-bred classes the stock of Baron's Pride was prominent. For these Clydesdales there were five classes for stallions, and three of them were won by horses which traced back directly, usually in the second generation, to Baron's Pride. One class was won by a horse tracing back to Macgregor, and another by a horse tracing back to Prince Gallant, and Top Gallant. Through the entire Canadian-bred classes, speaking particularly of the male classes, the progeny of Baron's Pride wherever it appeared was usually in the money, and the winner of the yearling class, a Pride colt, received the championship of the Canadian-bred classes.

Baron's Pride, however, is not the only horse that has influenced the Clydesdale show-ring. There is Hiawatha, Macgregor, McQueen, Top Gallant and many such famous horses, but as time goes on people only begin to realize the importance of Baron's Pride.

There is a lesson in it, namely the significance of blood, and those countries which have paid most attention to it to keep it pure and undiluted have reared the best horses. Let Canadian breeders study the history and pedigree of the animals to which they breed, and use those that are likely to build up rather than tear down the standard of our live stock. Baron's Pride is not the only good sire in the horse world, there are many of them; but there are many more to be avoided, and in all kinds of breeding, as in horses, it is worth the breeder's time to acquaint himself with the standing of sires and dams that are before the public and patronize the kind that will maintain or improve the quality of the breed.

### The Horse Situation in France.

We have just received the following letter from Gerald Powell, commission agent, formerly of Nogent Le Rotrou, France, and well-known to many importers of Percherons in this country. Mr. Powell is now in England, and writes thus: Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":

"I left France some weeks ago, owing to no business being done in the importing line. Although I had several stallions and mares bought before the war broke out, I could not get permission to ship any of them out of the country. Among the horses I had bought, was "Lagor," the three-year-old grey that won first prize at the big Percheron Show at Nogent Le Rotrou, last July. One was for Messrs. Truman Bros., Bushnell, Illinois. When we shall get permission to export anything one cannot say. Some of the aged Percheron mares were taken for war purposes, but no stallions, and I understand that no mares of any breed will be allowed to leave France for five years hence, but this news is not official."

"As regards stallions they will not be affected by the war, as the Germans never got anywhere near the Perche district. The French Government bought about forty stallions last week for their Government Stables. Of course France will not take any of their best pedigreed stock of any breed for war purposes. Nearly all the prominent breeders in the Perche district are on (service militaire) and many of the young ones have been killed in action, amongst them Monsieur Jules Thibault (son-in-law of Monsieur Leon Moulin),

well known to Canadian and U. S. A. importers, also Mr. Emile Aveline, of Launay, both of whom were young married men. Of course the country's horse trade will be interrupted for many years to come. In poor little Belgium, nearly every stallion and mare was taken by the Germans. England is just full of Belgians, and I am continually meeting Belgian breeders and dealers, most of them ruined, their premises burnt to ashes, and no home to go to when all is over. Such is the prospect over here."

### The Care of Horses' Feet.

We all recognize the importance of good feet in a horse. There is a great deal of truth in the old adage, "No feet, no horse." While some horses have congenitally weak feet and require very careful usage to prevent disease, many go wrong in their feet from careless or ignorant treatment. The foot of the horse is a complex organ and subject to many diseases, the causes and symptoms of which we will not discuss in this article, but rather discuss the means of preventing disease. The main points to be observed are to keep the feet in as natural a shape as possible, see that sufficient moisture is supplied, and when it is necessary to shoe, see that the shoeing is done by a competent smith, who, not only understands the art, but is always anxious to do a good job. There is, under normal conditions, a constant growth of all the horny or insensitive parts of the foot, and we can readily understand that if there be not also an equally constant waste or wear, the organ will assume abnormal size, and, as a consequence, become ill-shaped. Of course, during youth, while the animal is growing, the growth exceeds the waste, hence the feet increase in size. In the state of nature, the natural wear and tear on the unshod foot equals the growth, hence the feet remain normal, but owing to the artificial manner in which horses are, of necessity, reared in cold climates, their feet require more attention than they frequently receive. In young animals interference is seldom necessary until the first winter, as during the summer months, when the colts are at large, the natural wear will suffice to prevent overgrowth, but when the weather becomes cold and they are kept in the stable the greater part of the time, often in stalls that are not regularly cleaned (which condition favors the growth of horn), the wear will be slight, and unless attention be given, the feet will become abnormally large, deep in the heels, long in the toes, and abnormal in general shape to such an extent as to render it impossible for the animal to stand or move naturally. This condition abnormally increases the tension on some of the tendons and ligaments and correspondingly decreases that of others, hence predisposes or excites to disease. If this be allowed to continue the future usefulness of the animal will be permanently affected. In order to prevent this the feet should be pared or rasped down to the natural shape every few weeks during the season of stabling. The heels should be kept well pared or rasped down, the wall rasped off on the bearing surface all the way around and the toes not allowed to grow too long. It is seldom necessary to pare either the frog or the bars.

In order to prevent thrush or other disease of the frog from an accumulation of filth, it is wise to clean out the foot regularly with a foot hook. In the spring we often see colts with long toes and deep heels and with the lower margin of the wall turned inwards. When walking, the colt treads largely upon his heels, the toes turning upwards and probably not touching the ground until the foot be lifted to take the next step. In such cases the owner will decide either that "they will soon wear down" and turn him out, or that it will be wise to correct the fault before turning him out. When such a foot is lifted and the sole cleaned out preparatory to trimming, it will be noticed that the frog is narrow and shallow and often there is a foul-smelling discharge from its cleft. All this is due to neglect in observing the precautions mentioned. The frog should be large and strong and so deep that when the foot is planted it presses upon the ground and supports its share of the animal's weight, which tends to prevent contraction of the heels. It can readily be seen that anything that tends to a decrease in size or prevention of development of this important part of the foot is a serious matter.

Regular attention should be paid to the feet, whether the animal be on grass or in the stable, until the time arrives at which he is to be shod, after which the shoeing smith will cut and rasp away at each shoeing a sufficient amount of horn to keep the foot in proper shape. The intelligent horseshoer will be careful to not cut the bars down nor pare any off the frog or sole except what has become partially detached. Horse owners should see that there is not too much cutting or rasping, nor yet too much burning with the hot shoe done to make the shoe fit. The foot should be trimmed to the normal shape by the use of knife and rasp and the shoe then fitted to the foot, only sufficient heat being used as noticed by the slight singeing done to indicate

where any high places may still exist. We must always remember that most shoeing smiths have made more or less of a study of shoeing and know more about the art than the average horse owner, hence, unless the owner has studied the matter carefully, he should think carefully before finding fault with the smith. The shoeing smith is often blamed for causing lameness when he has done his part faithfully and well. Too many horse owners place the blame for lameness on the shoeing. It is a fortunate fact that a large percentage of horseshoers do fair work, but are generally open to suggestions for better work by a man who has a better knowledge of the anatomy of the foot and the better method of shoeing to keep the feet sound than he has. At the same time, the smith who has shod a horse, and in a few days the horse is brought back to the shop lame, and the owner says the lameness is due to faulty shoeing, but cannot find out in what particular the job is faulty, is liable to say things that are not complimentary to the owners, hence a man should be sure of his ground before blaming the smith. Shoes should be removed and carefully reset every four weeks or at most every five weeks.

Probably the most frequent fault in shoeing in cold weather is using too high calkins. This tends to economy, as when the calkins become dull there is still enough left to allow of them being re-sharpened, probably several times, while if they be short at first, new shoes are the sooner necessary. Even at the expense of more new shoes it is unwise to use high calkins. The closer the foot is to the ground the more naturally and easily the horse travels and the less liable he is to sprain or other injury, provided always, of course that there are sufficient sharp calkins to

any continued length of time, as by standing the horse in a tub of water (called tubbing); by applying poultices to the feet; standing in wet clay; the application of soaking pads, which consist of felt or other materials that have been soaked in water; by buckling around the coronet and allowing the pad to lie against the wall of the foot; by the use of soaking boots that can be purchased from dealers; or by packing the soles of the feet every night with clay or other material that will retain moisture for a long time. Any of these plans gives the feet the opportunity of absorbing moisture, which prevents a drying and hardening of the feet, which, if long continued, tends to inflammatory action and consequent contraction. If more attention were paid to some of these matters we would see fewer lame or groggy horses on the roads and streets.

WHIP.

## LIVE STOCK.

### Our English Correspondence.

#### ENGLAND'S FAT STOCK SHOW SEASON.

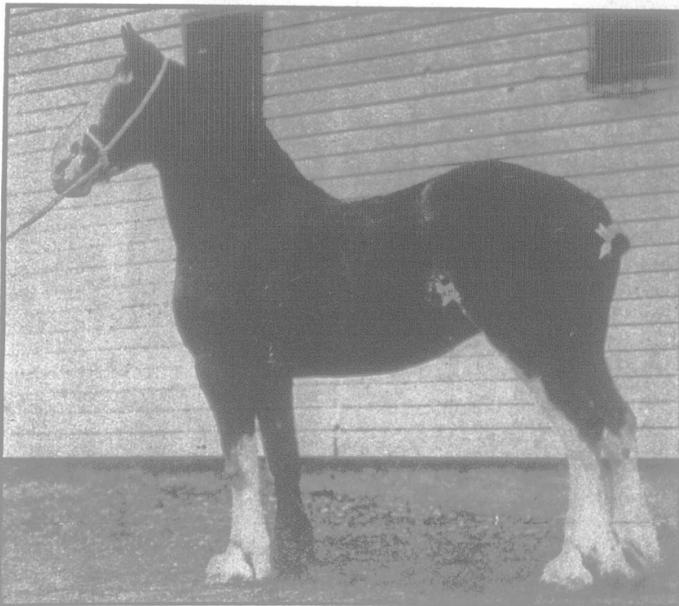
England's fat stock show season has commenced, as usual with the Norwich Exhibition where a yearling Shorthorn steer, W. M. Cazalet's Newtonian, a roan bred by Captain A. T. Gordon, Loanhead, was champion. This steer has grown to fair weight, being over 1,456 pounds, and showing quality, character and even flesh. Reserve was the same gentleman's Shorthorn heifer Cadboll Mina 7th, bred by T. G. Young, Tarral. This heifer scaled 1,848 pounds at two years and nine months old. She beat J. J. Cridlan's Aberdeen-Angus heifer for the female championship. This animal was Estelle of Maisemore, which as a yearling was first at the Highland show and was of good weight, i. e., 1,690 pounds at 31½ months old and handled well. Some think this heifer was rather unfortunate. Other class winners included Cazalet's Cairncosh Conqueror, a Shorthorn steer scaling 1,952 pounds at two years; and Sir H. S. Leon's Cross-bred steer Moonstone III., a black "cross," showing the remarkable weight of 2,268 pounds at two years and eleven months. He too was Scottish bred—a great day all round for over the border breeders.

Birmingham's cattle show, which follows that at Norwich, was noticeable for the placing of a Hereford as champion, and that for the fact that King George, on the eve of his departure to the front, won three first prizes, three thirds, two

reserves for breed specials and several commendations. The Royal Farms won classes in Hereford and Devon heifers and in Southdown fat wether sheep.

In the contest for the fat cattle championship was a struggle between Sir John E. Cotterell's two-year-old Hereford steer and Sir Richard Cooper's two-year-old cross-bred heifer, and so close was it that only when one of the sheep judges was called in as referee did the verdict go to the Hereford. The champion is a typical Hereford, however, of great width, length and depth, the three essentials, and carrying a lot of evenly-distributed flesh, the vital necessity, and scaled 2,068 pounds at 34 months. The Cooper cross-bred, about two months younger, scaled just 1,680 pounds and had plenty of good meat for her size laid on fine bone. There would be no waste here. She was sired by an Aberdeen-Angus, and her dam was a cross-bred Shorthorn. She was attended by two hairdressers in the ring, and they curled her lovely coat until the steward said the judges couldn't see the fashionable dame because of the zealous body-guard. The Norwich champion, a yearling Shorthorn steer, was well "licked" now, but then Birmingham is a show at which the judges go out and out for the breed they love best, and it was all "Lombard Street to a China orange" that the referee, who is a Hereford man, would give his casting vote that way.

J. J. Cridlan, the Aberdeen-Angus expert, won a prize in Shorthorns with a heifer Mayflower. He says he doesn't mind feeding any breed if they will feed, and he seems to have found the knack. He won the breed prize in Aberdeen-Angus with



Nell of Aikton.

Champion Clydesdale mare at the Guelph Winter Fair, 1913. Exhibited by T. H. Hassard, Markham, Ont.

prevent slipping. Keeping horses' feet in good condition in cold weather is not as difficult as in warm weather in horses that are kept in the stable. All that is necessary is to have them properly shod and regularly cleaned, both the wall and sole. The principal cause of trouble due to inattention to the feet when the above mentioned care is observed, is lack of moisture.

During cold weather, the natural moisture of the feet is not as rapidly consumed as in hot, dry weather, and there is usually a more regular supply from wet roads, snow etc.; hence we may say that it is seldom necessary to supply moisture; but in hot, dry weather things are different. Even then the horse that is turned out on grass at night will generally get sufficient moisture from the ground and dew to suffice, but those that are kept in stables practically all the time that they are not in harness should have attention. There are many hoof dressings on the market, that are claimed to supply moisture, keep the feet soft, etc., and as a consequence prevent disease. We must admit that dressing the feet regularly with some of these dressings adds to their appearance, but of any real benefit derived from any of them we are doubtful. Many claim that they are harmful as they occlude the pores through which moisture enters the feet, but this contention probably has little force. Those who have studied the matter carefully, have, with few if any exceptions, decided that the moisture required is "water." Hence the feet of a horse that is kept in the stable and worked or driven in dry, hot weather should be systematically supplied with water. This, of course, can be done by any device by which water comes in contact with the feet for

**Estelle of Majsemore.** The heaviest beast in the show was W. & H. Whitley's Devon, which scaled 2,912 pounds.

Captain J. A. Morrison's Hampshire Downs won the sheep championship, and he also got the special for the heaviest pen of three, i. e., 656 pounds.

Sir Gilbert Greenall's large white pig held sway in their section. The local breed of Tamworths were headed by W. H. Mitchell's meaty trio.

**NOTED SCOTS BREEDER DEAD.**

Sir John Macpherson Grant, of Ballindalloch, Scotland, has just died, and as a breeder of high-class Aberdeen-Angus cattle he had a high reputation. It was in 1861 that the herd at Ballindalloch was founded by the late Baronet's father, who purchased the cow "Erica" for 50 guineas at one of Lord Southesk's sales at Kinnaird Castle. Never was a purchase more fortunate for she became the foundress of the premier family of the breed. The highest price paid in Scotland at a public sale for a Ballindalloch bull calf was £504. In America, however, a bull bred at Ballindalloch sold for £1,820. At the last draft sale at Ballindalloch in 1913, the average was £50 11s. 7d. with the highest price of 110 guineas for a yearling heifer.

London, Eng. G. T. BURROWS.

**THE FARM.**

**Building a Concrete Silo.**

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":

While the wintry winds are whistling about the eaves and snow sifting in under the door, doubtless there are many readers of "The Farmer's Advocate" who wish they had a silo in which was safely stored this year's big corn crop. Instead they look forward to digging their corn out of the snow this winter, or, if they are lucky enough to have barn room enough for it, to pitch out next spring a dried-out, mouldy mess of corn, which, to say the least, is not very appetizing to a milk cow or any other animal. A good New Year's resolution for many a farmer would be, "A silo before another winter." One factor which deters many a man from building is the initial cost. Possibly some have not a very clear idea of the cost of building a silo. It is not very difficult to ascertain the cost of the stave silos, which are sold all ready put up, or ready to put up, but the concrete silo seems to be rather an uncertain quantity as regards cost. Some time ago I was told of a man who had built a concrete silo for less than \$100, of another who put one up for \$150. The former was an experienced concrete worker, and with the assistance of his own farm force practically built it himself. But a farmer should put a fair value on his own time when counting the cost of any building or improvement on his farm.

Below is a statement of the labor and material used in constructing a concrete silo in 1914, and although prices may vary somewhat in different localities, the reader will be able to make a fairly close estimate of what his silo should cost him. I might say here, the silo in question is the size commonly erected in this locality, viz., 35 feet high, 12 feet diameter inside, with wall 12 inches thick at bottom and about 8 inches at top:

66 yds. gravel at \$1.00 per yard delivered	\$36.00
23 loads stone at 25 cents load	5.75
1 yard sand for plastering	1.00
82½ bbls. cement at \$1.80 per bbl.	58.50
500 ft. matched pine for roof and chute at \$30.00	15.00
Nails, etc.	1.50
Gas pipe	2.00
8 men 9½ days at \$3.00 per day (including use of mixer)	85.50
1 laborer 8 days	12.00
Use of poles, plank for scaffold, etc.	6.00
Use of rings	10.00
Carpenter 4 days at \$2.50 (building roof and chute)	10.00
Carpenter's assistant 4 days	6.00
Painting lumber for roof before erecting	1.25
Excavating foundation, 2 men 2 days	6.00
<b>Total</b>	<b>\$256.50</b>

Some of these items may look a little high, for instance, gravel had to be hauled three miles, which I consider worth 85 cents per yard. Owing to location I had to use more lumber for the chute than would be the case with most silos. The lumber used for both roof and chute was matched pine 5 inches wide, and was given a coat of paint before putting on and another while erecting it. I am satisfied that I have a first-class job in every respect, and this helps a lot in forgetting the cost. The old adage that "quality remains long after price is forgotten" should hold good in this case.

My short experience of three weeks scarcely justifies me in saying much about the feeding value of silage, but I must say that the cattle are crazy for it, and have actually gained at a time when they have always failed in other years both in flesh and milk.

Prince Edward Co., Ont. MORRIS HAFF.

**Repairing Cracked Silo.**

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":

In a recent issue a subscriber asked how to repair a cracked silo. I have seen two repaired in this way: Procure from any wholesale hardware, or through an agent for stave silos a number of rods as used for stave silo, these should be bent round a water tank, of much smaller circumference than the silo, as they will spring back considerably. They are easily bent by putting a post in ground close to tank; then insert end of rod between tank and post and walk around tank holding the other end of rod, this makes a perfect circle which fits snugly all round silo. Then with a long open wrench he can tighten nuts on rods and can close up cracks quite a little bit, also ensuring no further cracks.



**Dandy.**

Champion fat animal at the Guelph Winter Fair. Exhibited by Pritchard Bros., Fergus, Ont. Readers will recognize four prominent stockmen in the rear.

A week or two ago I noticed an enquiry re "pigs drinking urine." I have had same trouble years ago, and was advised by several farmers to salt them every day for a week, and then about three times weekly. I have not been troubled since.

Oxford Co., Ont.

FARMER.

**Silo Cracking.**

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":

In regard to cement block silo cracking I may say that I built one in 1911, and it was placed on a 10-ft. wall of solid cement that was built 4 years before and was perfectly solid. I put the blocks up 20 feet higher, making it 30 feet. It cracked when we were filling within 2 feet of the top the first year. We put wire cables around it right away to hold it, and the next summer we took 2 x 4 scantlings and stood them up about 4 feet apart all the way around it, and we held them up with common black wire. You can drive nails in the joints to hold them up. And then we took ½-inch rods and rodded the same as a stave silo, about 4 feet apart at the bottom and a little farther apart at top, and we filled the cracks with cement mixed 2 to 1. Mine has never bothered since; been filled three times since.

Oxford Co., Ont.

FRED JULI.

The boy that is satisfied with his present knowledge of agriculture will never be the most successful farmer. Agriculture is a calling of which even the most experienced admit they know little, and have only touched the fringe of its possibilities.

Besides taking our part in feeding Europe we may be called upon to supply no small proportion of the breeding stock needed when the great war draws to a close and industry and production begin to find new foundations over there.

**Protect Game and Birds.**

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":

When reading over an address given at the Royal Canadian Institute, Toronto, by Dr. C. W. Hewitt, Dominion Entomologist, of Ottawa, relating to the preservation of Canadian birds for the country's welfare, the thought came to me that such addresses should also be given to our rural communities before an interest will be awakened in the agricultural minds of our Province for the preservation of their best friends, the birds. Dr. Hewitt says all Canadian birds should be preserved, for instance: The Crow is invaluable for the destruction of the army-worm. Insects and weed-seeds, also are destroyed by all the common Canadian birds, the twenty species of native sparrows, swifts and swallows.

Farmers were urged to cultivate birds even to the extent of building nests for them and providing food, water and shelter to keep them in Canada during the winter time.

If addresses having this end in view were delivered at our Farmers' Institute meetings much good might be accomplished. If such men as our Dominion Entomologist, and the Editor of

"Nature's Diary," were to present themselves to our township and county council meetings, and lay the matter plainly before the important bodies, we might have very beneficial additions to our by-laws, re, hunting, but until our townships take the matter up within themselves and for themselves we can not look for much improvement along this line. The most formidable enemy our birds and squirrels have is the 22 calibre rifle, and from a humane, as well as an economic standpoint, would suggest that the ratepayers petition township fathers to pass by-laws prohibiting hunting in their respective townships, and in order to make such by-laws effective, offer a suitable reward for the conviction of any offender. The "trespassers will be prosecuted" sign is effective only in one way, it simply means there is game here, get it. I certainly hope the farmers of Ontario will rise in a body and ask for better protection for their feathered and furry friends before it is too late.

Middlesex Co., Ont.

E. DUNN.

**Grain and Seeds at the Winter Fair.**

In its usual place upstairs in the city hall was to be found the exhibit of grain and seeds. There was very little new to report in this exhibit; entries were in number about 70 greater than in 1913, and the exhibit all through was very creditable, and the quality pronounced higher than has been seen at former shows. Oats were remarkably good with the exception of being a little off color. Barley was also colored more than good judges like to see it. Wheat was a fine sample, and as good as anything that has been shown previously. There was a great exhibit of corn, and it was a close competition throughout, especially in some of the special sweepstakes trophy classes. The best twenty-five ears of flint corn at this show were exhibited by L. D. Hankinson, Aylmer the variety being Longfellow. The cup for this exhibit was won last year by A. S. Maynard, of Chatham. Potatoes made the strongest showing ever seen at Guelph, and alfalfa was a feature of the exhibition, with twenty-one separate entries. There were ten entries from Haldimand county alone, all made by separate growers. Alsike and red clover were about equal to a year ago. On the whole the seed was particularly pure and free from weed seeds. There was only one rejected sample in twenty-one, and nineteen out of twenty-one graded number one. A new thing in the seed department was an exhibit of Swede turnips and sugar beets, there being a few entries in each class. A number of special exhibits were made by various corn-growing associations and seed-growing organizations. Essex county also had a special corn exhibit, and it was very interesting and instructive indeed to look over some of these special exhibits and learn how seed corn is cared for in Ontario's corn belt, and also become

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Bingham;  
Potatoes, 1

a little better fitted to select the right kind of seed for the farm. The entire seed exhibit is doing a great deal toward better seed throughout Ontario.

STANDING FIELD CROP AWARDS.

**OATS.**—1, Foster Bros., Clarksburg, Lincoln; 2, Fletcher Foster, Banner; 3, J. A. Cockburn, Puslinch, O. A. C. 72; 4, H. L. Goltz, Bardsville, Imp. Scotch; 5, Andrew Schmidt, Mildmay, Abundance; 6, W. J. Douglas, Galt, O. A. C. 72; 7, Smith Griffin, Acton, R. R. No. 2, Abundance; 8, John McDiarmid, Lucknow, Abundance; 9, J. & F. Laidlaw, Walton, Reg. Banner; 10, W. J. Fraser, Huttonville, O. A. C. 72.

**BARLEY.**—1, F. E. Wickham, Walters' Falls, O. A. C. 21; 2, Geo. Simpson, Kingsville, O. A. C. 21; 3, W. R. McDonald, Ripley, O. A. C. 21; 4, S. W. Bingham, Brisbane, O. A. C. 21; 5, John F. Ford, Milton, O. A. C. 21.

**FALL WHEAT.**—1, Wm. Edgar, Ayr, Dawson's Golden Chaff; 2, Geo. R. Barrie, Galt, Dawson's Golden Chaff; 3, W. Harding, Anderson, Dawson's Golden Chaff; 4, Wm. Johnstone, Galt, Dawson's Golden Chaff; 5, Alex. Hall, Ayr, Dawson's Golden Chaff.

**SPRING WHEAT.**—1, R. S. Frisby, Victoria Square, Goose.

**POTATOES.**—1, H. L. Goltz, Bardsville, Davies' Warrior; 2, Alex. Barron, Bracebridge, Abundance; 3, A. Lamont & Son, Mt. Brydges, Dooley; 4, D. McNeill, Strathroy, Dooley; 5, J. Walker, Mt. Brydges, Dooley.

**TURNIPS.**—1, Short Bros., Elora; 2, J. Clark, Fergus; 3, A. Hannah & Sons, Dundalk; 4, R. T. Pritchard, Fergus.

**PEAS.**—1, Roland Cameron, Spry.

**SUGAR BEETS.**—1, Foster Paterson, Alvinston; 2, David Payter, Alvinston.

**CORN (FLINT).**—1, E. Murphy, Silver Hill, Compton's 12 Rowed; 2, Jas. Kelly, Rodney, 8 Rowed; 3, W. H. Ford, Dutton; 4, A. J. Rogers, Lyndoch, Smut Nose; 5, G. Attridge, Blenheim, Longfellow.

**CORN (DENT).**—1, T. Totten, S. Woodslee, Wisconsin 7; 2, J. Martin, Amersburg, Wisconsin 7; 3, Jas. Hedrick, South Woodslee, Wisconsin 7; 4, E. J. Mullins, South Woodslee, Wisconsin 7; 5, R. J. Wilson, Charing Cross, Wisconsin 7.

SEEDS.

**Awards.**—Fall Wheat, white: 1, John Smith, Walkerton; 2, Alex. Morrison, Creemore; 3, D. Carmichael, West Lorne; 4, F. G. Hutton, Welland; 5, T. W. Stephens, Aurora; 6, A. R. Wood, Fergus. Red: 1, Andrew Schmidt, Mildmay; 2, J. M. Fischer, Mildmay; 3, Jas. Waugh, Chatham; 4, D. H. Taylor, Moffat. Spring Wheat: 1, J. P. Trewin, Blackstock; 2, A. R. Wood; 3, John Wylie, Streetsville; 4, Scanlon Bros.; 5, Sam. W. Bingham, Brisbane. Goose Wheat: 1, Geo. E. Foster, Honeywood; 2, A. R. Wood; 3, John Smith; 4, Leslie & Pearen, Acton; 5, Scanlon Bros. Oats, Banner: 1, J. M. Fischer; 2, A. Elcoat, Seaforth; 3, F. W. Bingham; 4, F. G. Hutton; 5, R. M. Mortimer & Sons, Honeywood. Oats, O.A.C. No. 72: 1, J. A. Cockburn & Son, Puslinch; 2, R. H. Gresby, Markham; 3, W. E. Steen, Streetsville; 4, Wm. J. Douglas, Galt; 5, W. J. Fraser, Huttonville; 6, J. C. McClure, Brampton; 7, Neil McLean, Rockwood. Oats, any other white variety: 1, J. A. Cockburn & Sons; 2, Andrew Schmidt; 3, John McDiarmid, Lucknow; 4, Short Bros., Elora; 5, Isaac T. Knight; 6, Jas. Carnochan, Seaforth; 7, Robt. Talbot & Son, Everton. Oats, any black variety: 1, Andrew Schmidt; 2, Wm. Thompson, Aurora; 3, T. W. Stephens; 4, J. M. Fischer; 5, J. Lerch, Preston. Barley, any six-rowed variety: 1, J. M. Fischer; 2, Geo. R. Barrie, Galt; 3, Andrew Schmidt; 4, J. Lerch; 5, John P. Trewin; 6, Robt. Howie, Smithdale; 7, Reuben Smith, Smithdale; 8, Alex. Worrison, Creemore. Rye: 1, J. Lerch. Buckwheat: 1, Andrew Schmidt; 2, J. Lerch; 3, A. R. Wood; 4, Robt. Talbot & Sons; 5, Short Bros.; 6, Scanlon Bros. Field Peas, any large variety: 1, Alex. Mielhousen, Lions Head; 2, Wm. Jenkins, Emsdale; 3, Scanlon Bros.; 4, J. Lerch, Preston. Field Peas, any small variety: 1, Peter McLaren, Hillsburg; 2, S. E. Griffin; 3, A. R. Wood; 4, V. Tolton, Guelph; 5, Donald Cameron; 6, R. M. Mortimer & Sons; 7, Robt. Talbot & Sons. Beans, any field variety, white: 1, W. C. Pearce, Fingal; 2, B. R. Cohoe, South Woodslee; 3, R. Mortimer & Sons; 4, John McDiarmid. Beans, any field variety, colored: 1, Jas. S. Waugh, Chatham. Red clover: 1, Jas. Martin, Amherstburg; 2, J. A. Fletcher, Berlin; 3, J. M. Fletcher. Alsike: 1, Wm. Roth, Fisherville; 2, J. A. Fletcher, Merlin. Alfalfa: 1, H. Windcoker; 2, Levy Bradt; 3, F. Martindale & Sons; 4, J. H. Glenn; 5, Hugh Anderson; 6, Arthur Bain; 7, J. Thompson & Son, Mount Healy. Timothy: 1, Andrew Schmidt; 2, B. R. Cohoe. Potatoes, late, long white: 1, Alvin Goltz, Bardsville; 2, R. M. Mortimer & Son; 3, H. L. McConnell & Son; 4, A. E. Wood; 5, J. B. Reynolds, Guelph; 6, Sam W. Bingham; 7, Robt. McQueen, Courtland. Potatoes, late, round white: 1, A. A. Goltz; 2,

Wm. Naismith, Falkenburg; 3, Scanlon Bros.; 4, A. R. Wood; 5, S. E. Griffin. Potatoes, any other variety, early: 1, Wm. Naismith; 2, J. B. Reynolds; 3, S. E. Griffin; 4, A. A. Goltz; 5, Sam W. Bingham. Best ten ears Compton's Early corn: 1, Edmond E. Murphy, Silver Hill; 2, Arch. MacColl, Rodney; 3, J. A. Fletcher; 4, Jas. S. Waugh. Corn, best ten ears Longfellow: 1, Walker Bros., Walkerville; 2, L. D. Hankinson; 3, R. H. McClelland; 4, E. J. Johnson; 5, Neil Foster; 6, Jas. S. Waugh. Corn, best ten ears Salzer's North Dakota: 1, D. S. Maynard, Kent Centre; 2, R. J. Johnston, Chatham; 3, A. S. Maynard; 4, A. S. Campbell, Blenheim; 5, Wm. Drury, Kent Centre; 6, Robt. Morrison, Chatham. Corn, best ten ears any other variety, 8-rowed Flint: 1, F. A. Smith, Port Burwell; 2, J. A. Page, Wallacetown; 3, Wm. E. Ford, Dutton; 4, R. H. McClelland, Aylmer; 5, E. J. Mullins,

Corn, best ten ears, A. O. V. Sweet: 1, John McKee, Norwich; 2, W. M. Smith; 3, A. H. Woodbridge; 4, F. A. Smith, Port Burwell; 5, R. H. McClelland; 6, L. D. Hankinson. Autumn wheat sheaf: 1, Robt. Cochrane, Ayr; 2, T. J. Shepley; 3, G. Carmichael; 4, F. G. Hutton, Welland; 5, Arch. MacColl. Spring wheat, sheaf: 1, Leslie & Pearson, Acton. White oats, sheaf of any variety: 1, Fletcher Walker, Royston; 2, A. A. Goltz; 3, D. Carmichael; 4, F. G. Hutton; 5, Leslie & Pearson; 6, Arch. MacColl. Six-rowed barley, sheaf of any variety: 1, H. L. Goltz; 2, Arch. MacColl; 3, D. Carmichael. Autumn Wheat, any variety: 1, Robt. Cochrane, Ayr. Spring wheat, any variety: 1, Robt. McKay, Maxville. White oats, any variety: 1, Andrew Schmidt; 2, I. T. Knight, Arkell; 3, H. L. Goltz; 4, R. H. Crosby, Markham; 5, W. J. Fraser, Huttonville; 6, John G. McClure, Brampton; 7, Geo. E. Foster, Honeywood. Six-rowed barley, any variety: 1, Andrew Schmidt; 2, Geo. R. Barrie, Galt. Any 8-rowed variety, Flim (any color): 1, L. D. Hankinson; 2, A. S. Maynard; 3, F. A. Smith; 4, Wm. H. Ford. Any 12-rowed variety, Flim (any color): 1, Arch. MacColl. Any variety White Dent, (W.C.Y. Dent included): 1, John Parks, Amherstburg; 2, T. J. Shepley; 3, B. R. Cohoe; 4, Jas. Martin; 5, Thos. Totten; 6, E. J. Mullins; 7, Arch. MacColl. Any variety, (Yellow Dent): 1, F. A. Smith; 2, L. D. Hankinson. Any variety, sweet corn: 1, B. R. Cohoe; 2, L. D. Hankinson; 3, John McKee. Best bushel round white potatoes: 1, H. L. Goltz; 2, L. D. Hankinson; 3, H. L. McConnell; 4, R. H. Crosby. Best bushel potatoes, long white: 1, H. L. Goltz; 2, R. M. Mortimer & Sons; 3, H. L. McConnell & Son; 4, Fletcher Walker; 5, Robt. McQueen. Best bushel potatoes, Rose Type, as early Rose Rochester Rose, Early Northern etc.: 1, H. L. Goltz. Best 25 ears Dent corn, De Lava Trophy: 1, B. R. Cohoe. Special for Flim corn, The Bate Cup: 1, L. D. Hankinson. Special Sweepstakes Trophy: 1, Andrew Schmidt. Special, Dufferin County Exhibitors, best bushel white oats shown by exhibitor of county: 1, R. M. Mortimer & Son; 2, Geo. E. Foster. Special, Haldimand County Exhibitors, alfalfa: 1, J. W. McRae; 2, H. Windecker; 3, L. Bradt; 4, John Glenn; 5, W. E. Mirdock.

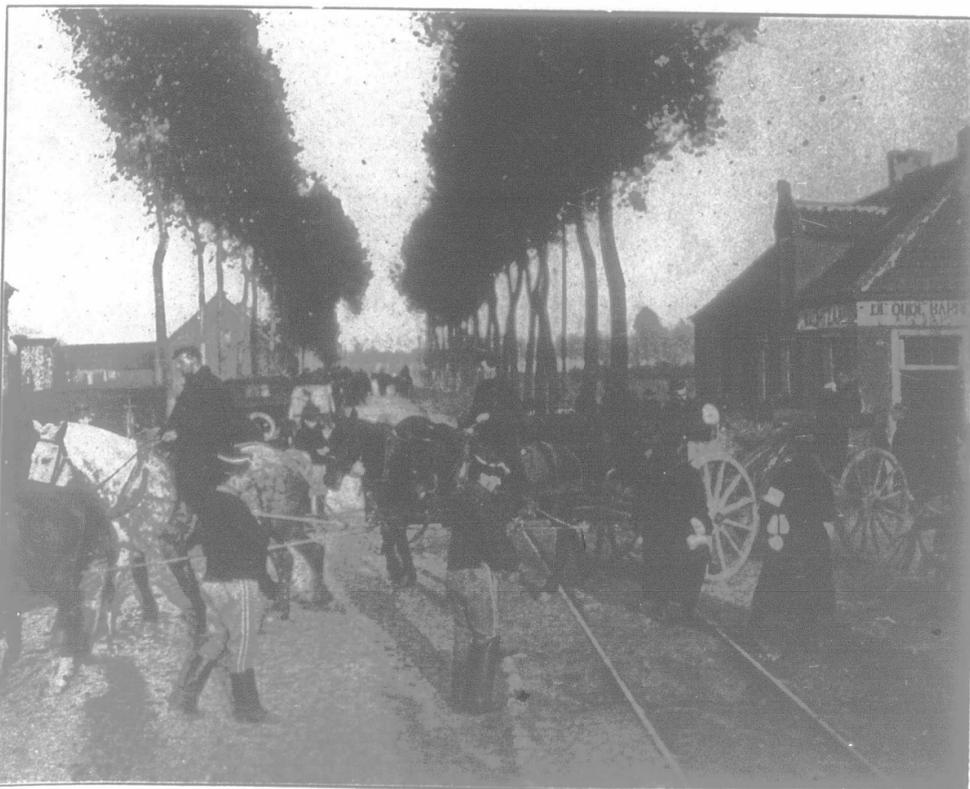


Drummond Cup Winners.

Five Southdowns shown at Guelph Winter Fair, 1914, by Robt. McEwen, Byron.

Woodslee; 6, Jas. Brisley, Northwood. Corn, best ten ears, A. O. V. 12-rowed Flint: 1, R. J. Johnston; 2, A. S. Maynard; 3, F. A. Smith; 4, Milton Backus; 5, R. H. McClelland. Corn, best ten ears, Bailey: 1, F. A. Smith; 2, Alvin Oulette, Walkerville; 3, J. H. Hedrick; 4, J. A. Fletcher. Corn, best ten ears, improved Leaming: 1, Jas. Martin; 2, J. A. Fletcher; 3, Cecil Jackson, Cottam. Corn, best ten White Cap Yellow Dent: 1, Alvin Oulette; 2, B. R. Cohoe, South Woodslee; 3, Fred Foynton, South Woodslee; 4, Jas. S. Waugh; 5, J. A. Fletcher; 6, J. O. Duke, Ruthven. Corn, best ten ears, Wisconsin No. 7: 1, Walker Bros.; 2, John Parks, Amherstburg; 3, J. H. Hedrick; 4, B. R. Cohoe; 5, T. J. Shepley; 6, Jas. Martin. Corn, best ten ears, A. O. V. Dent: 1, Walker Bros.; 2, Achille Mousseau, Woodslee; 3, L. D. Hankinson; 4, Jas. Martin; 5, A. H. Woodbridge, Kingsville; 6, E. J. Mullins, Woodslee. Corn, best ten ears, Golden Bantam Sweet: 1, F. A. Smith; 2, L. D. Hankinson; 3, A. H. Woodbridge; 4, B. R. Cohoe.

Dent): 1, F. A. Smith; 2, L. D. Hankinson. Any variety, sweet corn: 1, B. R. Cohoe; 2, L. D. Hankinson; 3, John McKee. Best bushel round white potatoes: 1, H. L. Goltz; 2, L. D. Hankinson; 3, H. L. McConnell; 4, R. H. Crosby. Best bushel potatoes, long white: 1, H. L. Goltz; 2, R. M. Mortimer & Sons; 3, H. L. McConnell & Son; 4, Fletcher Walker; 5, Robt. McQueen. Best bushel potatoes, Rose Type, as early Rose Rochester Rose, Early Northern etc.: 1, H. L. Goltz. Best 25 ears Dent corn, De Lava Trophy: 1, B. R. Cohoe. Special for Flim corn, The Bate Cup: 1, L. D. Hankinson. Special Sweepstakes Trophy: 1, Andrew Schmidt. Special, Dufferin County Exhibitors, best bushel white oats shown by exhibitor of county: 1, R. M. Mortimer & Son; 2, Geo. E. Foster. Special, Haldimand County Exhibitors, alfalfa: 1, J. W. McRae; 2, H. Windecker; 3, L. Bradt; 4, John Glenn; 5, W. E. Mirdock.



The Bombardment of Antwerp.

A section of Belgian artillery setting out to defend the town.

## THE DAIRY.

### Frenzied Finance With Holsteins.

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":

Our American friends are doing some amazing things in the way of boosting prices of Holsteins. For some time a certain breeder has been gaining a great deal of notoriety on account of having at the head of his herd a \$10,000 bull. Another speculator made a bid of \$15,000 for a bull offered at auction. Not to be out done, the first man comes back with an announcement that he has sold a half interest in his \$10,000 bull for \$25,000. The procedure enables him to value his bull at \$50,000. It will now be in order for the suckers in Canada, one of whom is said to be born every minute, to tumble over one another to secure a son of the \$50,000 bull. Some may say the writer has no right to mix up in the business. I will agree with them providing our Canadian soil is not invaded with advertising matter of this kind. When a male animal of any kind in Canada has an extremely high value placed upon him, it is after he has proven himself a producer. If the \$50,000 bull in question has proven himself as a sire of wonderful producers then this article is out of order.

The operations of our American friend with his \$50,000 bull remind me of the old days when Poland China boars were selling at auction from \$10,000 to \$15,000 each. The modus operandi was quite simple. Some of the leading speculators in Poland Chinas formed a ring, and one after another would hold an auction sale. When Mr. Jones was selling Mr. Smith would run up Jones' boar and finally buy him at perhaps \$10,000 or \$15,000. When Mr. Smith's sale came along some other member of the clique would pay a similar price for his old boar, thus establishing in the minds of the uninitiated an utterly fictitious sale of values. The next step was the offering of sows bred to these high-priced boars. A young sow, worth probably \$50.00, would be brought into the ring, and the seller would offer to pay \$500.00 for first choice of a male pig in her first litter. The sucker would naturally figure that with reasonable luck she should raise a litter worth \$4,000 or \$5,000, and he would pay perhaps \$1,000 for the young sow. Needless to say he didn't sell many pigs at \$500.00 each. The inevitable result follows. In a few years it became almost impossible to sell Poland Chinas at auction at any price, and the same state of affairs still exists.

Now, I am very much afraid that these \$25,000 and \$50,000 bulls belonging to our friends over the border have their principal value at present—as a bait for suckers, and the men behind will reap a rich harvest for a time, but the ultimate effect on the breed is bound to be disastrous, and it is high time that Canadian breeders were taking a tumble to themselves.

A FRIEND TO THE HOLSTEIN COW.

Wentworth Co., Ont.

### Bitter Milk in Winter.

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":

There seems to be two kinds of bitter milk as regards season—one in summer and one in winter. The summer variety is frequently found at cheese factories producing the well-known "bitter-flavor" in curds and cheese. It was thought at first that this summer-cheese-bitter-flavor was due to an organism which grew on trees, as it appeared to grow best in cans of milk set on open milk stands under shade trees by the roadside. Later investigations indicate that in all probability the real source of the trouble is road-dust which settled on the leaves of trees and from there got into the milk. The ultimate source of the organisms causing the trouble is probably the digestive tract of animals, material from which is found in road-dust to large degree.

In the winter time this trouble appears to be more common in dairies where but one or two cows are kept. A number of letters recently from one-cow dairymen living in different parts of the country would indicate that one set of conditions prevail which bring about the results known as bitter milk. These conditions are: cow has been milking for some time and due to freshen in two or three months; cow fed on dry feed; cow receiving little or no exercise.

In his book "Practical Dairy Bacteriology," Conn Says:

"The causes of the bitterness (in milk) are, at least three. 1. Sometimes it happens that the milk has a bitter taste as soon as it is drawn from the cow. In such a case it must be attributed to some food which the animal has been eating. It is known that if the cattle feed upon lupine or ragweed, a certain amount of bitterness develops in the milk. The remedy is simply

to change the food of the cow. 2. Sometimes it happens that milk tastes perfectly sweet when freshly drawn, but in the course of a few hours—sometimes not for a day or two—a bitter taste develops in the milk. Here the taste is due to the growth of bacteria in the milk, which produce certain bitter products. Two different bacteria have been found to give rise to the bitter tastes. The source of the organisms was traced, in one case, to the udders of certain cows, but in the other cases the source was not found. In all such cases the only remedy is, to trace the trouble to its source so as to be able to prevent a recurrence of the trouble, and then to clean thoroughly the udders of the cows and disinfect all milking utensils—cans, vats, etc. 3. The third type of bitter milk is of less importance to dairymen. It occurs in milk which has been subjected to heat for the purpose of sterilizing it. Such action destroys most of the bacteria present, but sometimes leaves alive some of the spore-bearing organisms. When such milk is kept for some days, although it will not sour, and usually will not curdle, it does undergo other changes, and frequently becomes bitter."

We thus see that from a bacteriological viewpoint the causes of bitter milk are considered to be two—food and a certain bacteria which produce bitter products in the milk. But it would seem as if there were at least another cause, namely, some abnormal condition of the cow which uniformly occurs after a milking period of six to eight months, and when the cow is in calf and rather advanced in gestation. While it may be true that such a condition of the cow makes it favorable for the development of the bitter organisms, it would appear more likely that the trouble arises in the mammary region, where products of a bitter nature are secreted by the cow under a certain more or less abnormal state of health, associated with milk-giving and nourishment of the well-developed foetus.



Grandsons and Granddaughters of Pontiac Korndyke.

Will be sold at "Willowbanks" December 30. See C. V. Robbins' advertisement of sale, this issue.

It may also be true that the feed of the cow has something to do with bitter milk in winter. The hay might have ragweed, or some other weed, which would cause the trouble, hence the person who has a cow giving bitter milk should look carefully into the feed and, as Conn suggests, change it, should this prove to be the cause.

If, however, it is concluded that neither feed nor organisms are the cause, the latter being ascertained by allowing the milk to stand when if the flavor grows worse it is likely due to bacteria, it would be advisable to conclude that the cow herself is the cause. In this case, she should be given a dose of Epsom salts—about 1½ lbs. in the form of a drench. If not accustomed to drenching a cow, the veterinary or some other experienced person should be got to do the work. The cow may also need a tonic.

Sometimes when milk or cream is kept for too long a time in winter, it remains sweet to the taste, but at the same time has a slightly bitter flavor. Many people think that so long as milk or cream is kept cold, it may be held on the farm for a week or more and be all right. There is always more or less risk in following this plan as bitter flavors may develop. It is safer to ship frequently rather than keep the milk or cream too long, even in winter. Dairy products are the most perishable and easily tainted products of the farm, hence extreme care and cleanliness are necessary at all times—winter as well as summer.

H. H. DEAN.

Do not be like the man, who, when looking over the champion steer, said, "Well, I have fed a lot of cattle, but I cannot finish them like that." Yes you can. If you do not know how begin to learn now. No animal is perfect. There is always room to excel.

## POULTRY.

### Some Reasons Why Farmers Do Not Get Winter Eggs.

During the past few years one of the main efforts being put forth by poultry experts is in the direction of bred-to-lay stocks and increasing the interest of the average farmer in getting his hens to lay in winter. It is the hen that lays in winter that pays best. In discussing mistakes made by the average farmer perhaps the first to be considered should be the breed and strain of fowls kept. If one pays a visit to one hundred farms in any neighborhood he will find that a very large percentage, generally around 75 per cent. keep no particular breed, have a large flock of all ages, all sizes and colors, throw the feed to them by the pailful but get very few eggs.

This is the biggest mistake of all. In the first place the farmer should decide upon what breed he is going to keep and then if he is after eggs, should make it a point to lay his foundation with stock from a bred-to-lay strain of the breed he decides upon. In getting the bred-to-lay stock, however, he should be careful not to get utility birds which are not strong in constitution, these, will not likely prove profitable.

On the average farm, chickens are not usually hatched until late in the season, more being brought out in May and June than in any other months. Now, in order to get eggs in winter, when eggs pay best, it has been proven necessary to have the pullets hatched earlier than May and June if possible. A June pullet will rarely commence laying in the fall, and if she does not commence before the real cold weather sets in it is more than likely that her first egg will not be laid until the warm spring days come. It is, therefore, imperative that pullets, to be winter layers, are hatched in March and April in place of the later months. This is a mistake that could be easily rectified on most farms by a little care and attention.

A third mistake, and one which is all too common, is in the selection of breeding stock even on farms where pure-breds are kept. The general practice is to gather the eggs and take out thirteen or fifteen, whichever is considered a good-sized setting, and use these without any great effort at grading or selection. Now to make the best success it would be far better to select from the laying hens twelve or fifteen of the best individuals and the heaviest layers and mate these with the strongest male bird on the farm. If a good bird is not available one should be purchased from another farm. Then, a further selection of the eggs should be made and nothing but uniform, even-colored, medium-sized, shapely eggs go under the hen or in the incubator as the case may be.

After the chickens are hatched the general practice is to allow the whole flock to run together, no culling, no grading, no extra care being given to bring some of them along to full development early in the fall so that winter layers are assured. It would not be a very difficult matter on most farms to feed the chickens a little better, to grade them according to size and sex, and to feed those pullets which have been selected for the laying pen for the coming winter a little extra in the form of mash intended to hasten development and maturity.

Then when fall comes most farmer poultrymen hustle all the poultry into one pen, the old hens, the male birds and the pullets and expect good results. Often they are allowed to roost in the trees until after the snow comes. This is not conducive to early laying. A better plan would be to carefully go over the flock, cull out all the hens to be discarded, sell them, fill their places with pullets, keep the cockerels separate and feed them off early and give the laying pen for the coming winter more attention. While on this point we may say that as a general thing it is not advisable to keep hens after two years of age and all birds should be carefully leg-banded each season so that no mistakes will result in selecting and discarding.

No one is in a better position than the farmer to give his hens green feed and no poultry-keeper in winter gives them less of this material. In feeding hens, as in feeding live stock on the farm, it is necessary that we keep as close to nature as possible. The hen must have green feed. Why not keep a few mangels, cabbages, or other such material hung in her pen so that she can help herself? She must also have grit and shell-producing material. These may easily be supplied,

but are very often neglected with the average farm flock. The main form of feeding on the farm is to take a pail of grain, throw it on the ground or the bare floor and let the hens help themselves; this with a little water is about all they get, whereas if the whole grain were fed in about six inches of clean litter, covered up so that the hens had to work for what they got, if the grain feed were supplemented by rolled oats as a dry mash or by boiled potatoes, meat scraps, boiled bran or some such material as a wet mash and plenty of green food and grit given, better results would be invariably obtained. It is just the difference between carelessness and indifference and good attention which causes so many farm flocks to be failures and so few to be successes.

**Pointers for Canadian Poultry Shows.**

FROM THE "SHOW ME" STATE.

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":

The Missouri State Poultry Show that was held in St. Louis the last week of November had so many exceptionally interesting features, a brief description of it may be acceptable to the poultry breeders of Canada, and especially so to those who manage exhibitions of a similar nature. There have been bigger shows in Canada, such as the one held in connection with the National Live Stock and Dairy Exhibition in Toronto a year ago, but I have never seen one there or here that surpassed, or even equalled, this one in uniform quality of stock shown, in all-round attractiveness and in educational features. There were nearly 3,500 entries in the poultry department and 700 pigeons. Thirty-seven women entered birds in their own names, to say nothing of a large number of other exhibits represented by women, the entries being in their husbands' names. The ladies were especially encouraged to show their birds, and still more encouragement will be given next year.

The coops were arranged in single tiers from one end of the building to the other, and placed at a proper height from the floor to enable the visitors to look across the show-room and see the whole exhibition at one glance. This is a feature that could well be copied at countless other shows where it has been the custom to pile the coops two and three deep and thereby block the views in all directions. On top of the rows of coops were placed at intervals pots of foliage plants that added greatly to the appearance. The coops were without solid partitions and gave the visitors an unobstructed view down the entire line. The fowls were classified and placed in the building according to the classification of the American Poultry Association standard, beginning with Barred Rocks in the first tier of coops, and so on. Special coops were prepared for game and wild birds, such as pheasants, Canadian wild geese, wild ducks, storks, etc., and placed together in the centre of the hall.

The best male bird in the show was a White Rock cockerel, owned by L. H. Wible, of Chanute, Kansas. It was awarded a gold medal by the American Poultry Association. This bird took first prize in a class of twenty-eight, two of the losers having been listed in the "sales bureau" of the show at \$150 each.

Some of the comparatively new breeds of poultry were strongly in evidence, such as Buff Minorcas, Campines, Buttercups and White Fluffs. There were over one hundred Buckeyes, and their merits deserved the attention that they received.

**A FIFTEEN-POUND CAPON.**

The Capon exhibit was said to be the largest ever cooped in one show. It comprised fifty-seven birds. First prize went to a Barred Rock capon which weighed fifteen pounds, shown by George Beuoy, of Cedar Vale, Kansas. Throughout the week's period of the show many demonstrations in caponizing were given by Mr. Beuoy and others. This proved to be one of the most instructive features of the exhibition. No other attraction drew larger crowds.

While all varieties and breeds of poultry were to be seen, the public seemed to be attracted most by the white varieties. The exhibitors of these were well repaid, therefore, for the extra attention and care that such varieties require for best appearance in the show room. They had to be washed and rinsed and blued and in other ways made presentable, even to having their leg scales and toe-nails cleaned. In regard to this latter point, a word from an address by Prof. S. T. Patterson, of Mountain Grove, Mo., where is located the State Poultry Experiment Station, may be of interest. "For utility, select the birds with short toe-nails, not long ones," he said. "Short toe-nails are a sure indication that the bird is a hustler."

**FOWL FEATHERS FOR MYLADY'S HAT.**

Feathers from a Missouri-bred chicken may become the vogue in millinery creations, according to Mrs. J. D. Rice, Hickory, Mo., who displayed a new breed at the show. This variety is the latest creation in chic'endom, and has been named the Missouri White Fluff.

The breed originated in a freak or "sprig" of the White Plymouth Rock. The first chick was found in a nook raised by Mrs. Rice five years ago. When matured it had feathers with small quills. In form and color they resemble the White Rocks. They cannot fly on account of the lack of tail and wing feathers.

Mrs. Rice is striving to produce a breed that will produce feathers fine enough and fancy enough for millinery purposes. She has had plums made out of the feathers, and says that they are very attractive. The feathers can be cleaned easily and will remain fluffy after washing in soap suds.

Another interesting exhibit was a White Rock pullet that at seven months of age had a clutch of chickens of her own. According to an affidavit on her coop, this pullet was hatched on April 1st, stole her nest in fall, laid the eggs and appeared on November 1st, with a brood of four chicks.

**A CHAMPION HEN.**

At the International egg-laying contest conducted at Mountain Grove, Mo., during the past year ending November 30th, the championship for individual production was won by a Nebraska single comb White Leghorn, with a record of 286 eggs. Her egg production by months was as follows:—December, 17; January, 23; February, 18; March, 18; April, 30; May, 30; June, 27; July, 27; August, 28; September, 21; October, 26; and November, 21. At the poultry show in St. Louis, a sister of the champion was exhibited, and a prize of \$5.00 was offered to the person suggesting the most suitable name for the champion. Thousands of names were submitted. The selection has not yet been made. This created much interest and fun, and might be adopted in some way or another at shows elsewhere.

There was in the hall an exceptionally large showing of turkeys and ducks. Bronze turkeys and Bourbon Reds, a beautiful breed, were out in large size and fine quality. In ducks, Indian Runners predominated. The turkeys were shown in large coops placed where all might see, and not stuck in a corner out of the way as is the case at most shows. Entries in geese were almost nil. There was a curiosity, however, in the shape of a goose that had three wings.

**SHOW OPEN ON SUNDAY.**

The show was concluded on a Sunday, but no business was conducted on that day, although sight-seers were admitted. The feature of this final day was a "champion parade," whereby all the first-prize birds were arranged in coops just inside the entrance to the hall.

An important feature of the show was the display of poultry appliances, representing complete equipment for poultry yards and farms, including incubators, brooders, automatic feeders, trap nests, exhibition and shipping coops, cartons for sending eggs by parcel post, etc. Booths for these things, as well as for representatives of the poultry and farm press, were arranged in a continuous line around the walls of the building. Such a systematic arrangement helped the general scheme of attractiveness. Soliciting for subscriptions was not allowed outside of the allotted space for press booths.

An excellent feature was an "information bureau" located immediately inside the main entrance. There was a ways someone in this booth to give information to visitors, exhibitors, judges and officials regarding the daily program, the winnings, names of breeders, and other facts about the show, as well as best hotels to stop at, and anything else that they might be asked. This lightened the work of the secretary, superintendent and assistants, and was a boon to everyone.

A "sales department" also was maintained with always someone in charge who attempted to dispose of birds listed there for sale. Exhibitors were required to state on the entry blank the price of any birds that they would have at the show for sale, and also, if they wished, the numbers and prices of cockerels and pullets that they had at home for sale.

**IN THE LECTURE ROOM.**

Lectures, demonstrations and short courses continually took place, morning, afternoon and evening, in the lecture room during the entire week of the show. Many business and directors' meetings also were held. The whole question of poultry breeding and raising, from start to finish, for beginners and for professionals, was dealt with. In order to help and encourage the young people in and around the city of St. Louis to raise more and better poultry, a short course was given during the week. Each afternoon about 4.30 o'clock, the young folks were instructed by an expert and great interest was taken in the proceedings. The Missouri State Poultry Experiment Station offered a trio of standard-bred chickens each to the girl and boy having the highest grade examination papers covering the course, and a prize of \$2.50 was offered to the boy and another to the girl rating second in the examinations. Many of the children attended also the lectures for grown-ups to get as much information as possible.

One evening toward the end of the week, a banquet was held at a leading hotel of the city, at which the Governor of the State, the secretary of the State Board of Agriculture and other prominent persons delivered addresses. A number of ladies were present and some of them spoke. All through the proceedings of the week, at the show, in the lecture room and at the banquet, the work and enthusiasm of the lady poultry raisers were potent factors in contributing to the success of the event.

One of the lecturers, Prof. H. L. Kempster, of the College of Agriculture, Columbia, referred, in conversation with the undersigned, to his friendship and admiration for Prof. W. R. Graham, of the Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph, saying that he spends a day or more every summer at Guelph with Professor Graham in order to keep in touch with the work that is being done at Guelph so ably for the benefit of the poultry industry of Canada and of all America.

St. Louis, Mo. A. B. CUTTING.

**HORTICULTURE.**

**Building Up the Fruit Market for British Columbia.**

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":

The British Columbia Apple Growers have been endeavoring to capture the Alberta market because they feel it is theirs, in a sense, on account of its proximity. We are growing good stuff and putting up, in general a highly graded pack. The British Columbia Government is certainly working to do all it can to assist the apple growers. It has good men well trained as advisers and lecturers and is helping us to solve our problem of markets.

At Summerland they have established a pre-cooling plant where experiments for the treatment of soft fruits have been wonderfully successful and statistics have been compiled that will govern our future actions and will be immensely valuable in handling cots and peaches.

The Market Commissioner, F. Smith, under Government employ was instructed to work with the wholesalers in order to organize the B. C. apple week. The financing of this came out of the sale of apples. The following editorial appeared in the Calgary Herald and speaks for itself:—

"B.C. apple week in Calgary was a wonderful success. Never before in the history of this city have the people bought apples in such quantity, and never before have they been given such splendid opportunity to make their purchases. In the results of the exhibition there are at least two lessons not likely soon to be forgotten. So far as the people are concerned, thousands have been converted to the apple eating habit—a habit they will not willingly abandon. As for the apple growers they have learned a wonderful lesson in the value of judicious advertising. The apple week campaign was wisely planned. Every agency necessary for its success was made use of, and there was no skimping at any point. Merchants gave their assistance, and the growers used newspaper space generously to acquaint the people with every detail of the scheme. It no doubt cost the growers a good deal of money to put the show on, but it was money well spent. Calgary to-day eats B.C. apples, and eats them in immense quantities. So long as the growers continue to ship in the fruit, and the price is right, Calgary will be a B.C. apple centre."

During Apple Week, at Victoria, Mr. Robertson, the manager of the Okanagan United Growers was speaking at an apple luncheon held by the Victoria Rotary Club and assured his hearers that the fruit sent from the Okanagan for Apple Week was not selected but the usual pack. He commended the movement and its broadening tendency and the influence it would have on the marketing of the ever increasing output of the Okanagan, where in 1900 only 8,000 acres were under fruit in all of British Columbia, and where now 38,000 acres, which are still being increased, produced this year 6,000 carloads of fruit. He mentioned also that \$20,000,000 were invested in the fruit industry in this province. From this investment and its product they have been able to control, for the first time the Alberta market and have shut out American fruit completely.

Still there remains much to be done in the apple situation. Mr. Winslow is trying to find out what apple is really the best suited to the Okanagan and is going at it in a scientific way. That this is much needed can easily be seen. From one place in the valley a car with twenty different varieties was shipped out and it stands to reason that the majority must be of inferior quality because they are not suited to the climate. So far he knows that Jonathan, Wagner and old Winesap are the best so far planted. He claims that the proper way to investigate is to find out the number of heat units developed during the season in a locality and then find out the apple that requires that many to develop it. To this

and he is experimenting with some English varieties and we hope may in a few years secure the apple we can grow to absolute perfection.

B.C.

WALTER M. WRIGHT.

### Root Killing.

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":

Probably no one agent in the past year has been so actively engaged in reducing the number of bearing fruit trees throughout this Province as that of root killing. Judging by the number of requests for information which generally suggest the workings of some mysterious insect or disease, it might also be safely said that an indispensable knowledge of this injury is limited to a very few of the fruit growers whose orchards have suffered heavily enough to warrant special attention.

Though our knowledge up to date is confined to the symptoms by which injury can be readily recognized and to preventive measures, it is of the utmost importance to the fruit grower in all parts of Ontario to become thoroughly familiar with those factors which influence this form of injury one way or the other. Consequently, he should make a determined effort to stay the progress of this injury and avoid those cultural methods with which we see root killing associated, and with the information received from the studies of the fruit grower combined with our observations taken from a great variety of these injuries over the Province, it may be possible to get very close to the exact cause of the injury, and finally to produce a remedy which as yet no one will stake their reputation on being able to do.

Root killing can best be described by the character of the letters requiring information on this subject. One letter (and I think it conveys the average impression), says, "Can you give me any assistance in the matter of a blight which is seriously affecting my trees, causing the leaves to assume a wilted and poorly-nourished appearance soon after leafing out in the spring." While there are several other indications on the trunk and branches of decadence, the one other important mark is a dead area where the tree enters the ground. Often the dead area is exposed by the bark lifting and splitting.

In all cases the tree leafs out a little on the late side, and is to all appearances perfectly healthy. As soon as the flower buds appear the leaves cease to show any further development, and any growth after this period is as a struggling industry and is dead by next spring. The symptoms are always the same. The buds after their first effort are not supported by the roots, and the growth made is the utilizing of the stored up energy in the tree.

Believing that the roots would present some facts for study, I followed a number of these from the trunk to their extremities. The depth of several of these roots ran at six inches beneath surface till they were five feet from the trunk, where they angled down to a depth of eighteen inches. The part of the root with the shallow covering of six inches of soil was either dead or injured to the extent of being incapable of supporting a flow of sap, whereas the root with a deeper covering was still white and attempting to throw up shoots. No doubt the owner has plowed deeper at five feet from the tree than closer in, thus making the root strike deeper, and giving greater protection against a deeply penetrating frost.

The outstanding truth in this condition of a live top and dead root is that the stock or root is not as hardy as the top. Two preventive measures that might best be adopted would be the obtaining of a harder stock for the nurseryman, and avoiding those conditions which we believe bring about root killing.

It must seem absurd to a man when he selects a hardy variety like McIntosh to find out that this, as well as other varieties, is grafted on a French seedling of uncertain hardiness. There are two means of correcting this condition, one is to test out in a commercial way a crab or some equally hardy stock; the other is to develop a lower depth of planting. Deep planting invariably forces roots above the graft, and as these will be as hardy as the top, the roots can be safely depended upon to come through the winter. Many examples can be readily found for the conviction that shallow planted trees suffer from root killing considerably more than others, and this accounts to some extent for the spotted killing in an orchard.

It is a very common viewpoint to isolate root killing and winter injury to the northern sections of Ontario, but the comparatively mild winter of southern Ontario is a blind to many, for the

lack of sufficient snowfall as a protective covering for the roots has been the evident cause of some of the most severe cases of root killing. Proof of this relation of a snow blanket to root killing is plainly evident in all the orchards where this injury is to be found, as the ridges and knolls invariably give the first indications. When the careful observer has been finally convinced that a light snowfall allows of deeper penetration for frost, his thoughts are directed at once to a cover crop as the most efficient substitute, and at present the most popular preventive measure for root killing.

As cover crops could be very easily made to occupy our attention as a separate subject, just a few words need be said as to selection of a suitable crop for this purpose. Viewing these from the standpoint of economy of labor, it has been found that rye and vetch are particularly difficult to turn under close to the trees, as these make a rapid rank growth before the land is suitable for working. Oats, buckwheat and clovers are excellent workmen as a cover crop in the orchard.

The objection has been raised to rape as being dirty to work in while picking and packing. By mowing the tops just prior to picking this difficulty is overcome at small cost, and the plants will continue growth if not cut off too low.

A rather costly experiment has recently proved to what extent the exposure of roots is affected by frost. In a small orchard near Toronto soil was removed from the base of several trees that appeared to have plenty of soil covering and some to spare. The soil was taken away in the late fall, and although none of the roots were laid bare, the following spring brought all the symptoms of root killing, and dead trees in the fall.



Apple Tree Over a Century Old.

To carry this point further, it can be readily seen that under certain conditions plowing away from the trees in the fall would give to a slighter extent perhaps the same result.

While these points offer some explanation for root killing in general, they have no importance in solving the riddle as to why a certain tree is killed and its neighbor enjoying the best of health, or what certain climatic conditions affect the trees most unfavorably. However, the explanations already advanced should be of assistance to some and a means of advancing further information for others.

O. A. C.

G. J. CULHAM.

### An Old Veteran.

In another column there is illustrated an apple tree which is 115 years of age. It was planted by the grandfather of Andrew Anderson, who now resides on the next farm and is 82 years of age. It has borne about 10 barrels of apples each year for the last 65 years and is still bearing. Blossoms were picked off every alternate branch one season, and since then it has borne every year. The stump of the tree is sixteen feet in circumference and five feet above the ground. The apples are of good quality and very much resemble the Rambo. The tree was a seedling from England or Scotland. It has seen five generations come and go and is now owned by G. H. Corsan, Swimming Instructor of the University of Toronto, and is in an orchard located at Islington, Ont.

## FARM BULLETIN.

### P. E. Island Notes.

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":

The annual meeting of the P. E. Island Central Farmers Institute was held in Charlettetown early in December. There was a large attendance of delegates from the local Institutes from all parts of the Province.

The President, D. N. McKay, in his opening address called attention to several important matters relating to P. E. Island agriculture, which were discussed and acted upon. One of the principal of these subjects was the co-operative marketing of eggs through the "Egg

Circles." S. A. Benson, "Dominion Poultry Representative" led the discussion, and gave a very clear statement of just where we are in the matter of egg marketing. "We had succeeded in a great measure in face of the tremendous opposition aroused by the former shippers," but he assured the farmers present that greater success will come in the future on account of the establishment of independent candling stations by the "Central Co-operative Egg and Poultry Association," as well as from the system of marketing, which is now being successfully worked out.

He assured egg producers that success was theirs if they would provide the quality that the market demands. There are now nearly seventy local circles shipping eggs from the Island. Formerly they shipped to many different firms. Now it is proposed to ship all through the Agency of "The P. E. Island Co-operative Egg and Poultry Association." The farmers here seem determined to stay with the co-operative movement, and make a success of it rather than go

back to the old system of selling full count at a flat rate for a very small price. This new system of marketing, thanks to the untiring efforts of Mr. Benson, has already done great things for our poultry interests, and promises in future to greatly increase the profits of poultrymen who take pains to provide the quality of eggs that will always command high prices.

Another subject that brought forth a lively discussion was "The Midway" at our Provincial Exhibition. At our last Provincial Exhibition here side shows were much more strongly in evidence than ever before, and exhibitors claimed that the midway did a rushing business while

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Agriculture

the stock pens and the judging rings were largely neglected. From the discussion of the matter it seemed to be the unanimous opinion of the meeting that there was no place for fake shows at an agricultural exhibition. Two members of the executive of "The Exhibition Association," who were present by invitation and took part in the discussion, seemed willing to meet the wishes of the farmers by eliminating most of what was complained of before the next exhibition.

Another important matter brought up was the recent raise in rates on government railways. The claim was made that our rates on the P. E. Island railway were too high, taking into account the service we get and the first cost of the railroad. It was argued that lower rates would bring much more freight and passenger traffic to the road, as farmers rather than pay what they considered exorbitant rates would market much more of their produce by team as well as drive their own conveyances to the towns when shopping.

Fruit growers were holding their annual meeting and "Fruit Show" at the same date. Their membership is small, but some who are paying particular attention to fruit growing are making a good success of it. But most apple growers complain of poor yield this year and very low prices. The show of fruit was small, but the plates contained as good specimens of many kinds of standard apples as can be shown at any fruit show.

P. E. I. W. SIMPSON.

**Good Prices in York County, Ont.**

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":

Hay was very light and the price is high in this county, and will likely be higher in spring. Pastures were also short. All grain crops were very good, considering the drouth; very few heavy rains fell during the summer. Prices are high. Peas selling as high as \$1.60 per bushel, and buckwheat is 75 cents. Other grains are a good price at the local markets.

Corn was a good crop, and the farmer with a silo will not want for silage this winter. Potatoes and all garden vegetables were a big crop, and prices are flat. Some gardeners can hardly give their vegetables away.

In October a vote was taken in the county on the hydro-electric railway and power line which carried by a large majority in 11 out of 13 municipalities. These two places will be given another chance, and it is hoped that they will see fit to lend their support. The work is expected to be started in the spring.

The horse market is quiet at present, a number were bought for the army, and yet the prices have not advanced very much. Cattle are selling well, good milk cows sell well, up to the \$100 mark. Not many sales are being held this fall. Hogs and sheep are a good price. A large acreage of fall wheat was sown and is looking well.

York Co., Ont. R. E. RATCLIFF.

**A Convenience.**

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":

Since the advent of the Rural Mail Delivery, a two-fold object has been accomplished. The one object is known to all, that of having the mail left daily at the door. The second is that of imparting the name of the occupant of the property to the passer-by. How profitable and how very convenient it is if the doctor or veterinarian knows just where one lives. It is also a pleasure to any one travelling along a highway traversed by the rural mail courier to become acquainted with the names of residents of the district. Often, however, the mail boxes are turned with the "named" side away from the road. This could be overcome by having the name placed on both sides. Sometimes through the action of the elements the name becomes unreadable, and should be re-stenciled. By keeping the mail boxes in good repair and the owner's name plainly printed on both sides, a favor will be conferred upon the travelling public as well as upon Medical men, assessors, tax collectors, agents and others.

Oxford Co., Ont. SUBSCRIBER.

**Further Import Regulations.**

The Order under "The Animal Contagious Diseases Act," of date the 9th day of November, 1914, as amended by Orders of date the 11th, 13th, 19th, 23rd, 24th, 30th of November, and 10th of December, 1914, is hereby further amended as follows:

"Carcases of dressed mutton and lambs, with head and feet removed, will be admitted into Canada from the States of Washington and Oregon, when accompanied by the export certificate of a Bureau of Animal Industry Inspector that the said meat has been inspected and passed according to the Regulations governing the meat inspection of the United States Department of Agriculture, and an additional certificate signed

by a Bureau of Animal Industry Inspector stating that the said meat is the product of animals grown and fed in the States of Washington or Oregon."

"Pet cats will be admitted without restriction."

**The Martindale-Douglas Sale.**

Despite most adverse weather conditions a large and representative gathering of Shorthorn breeders met at the big clearing-out sale of F. Martindale & Son and W. A. Douglas, at Caledonia, on Wednesday, Dec. 16th. The catalogue showed a total of 69 listed, but only 59 were sold, for by that time the cold and damp north-wester had done his work and driven by far the greater number of visitors up-town to cosy fire-sides. It would appear that one or more object lessons might be with advantage taken to heart by others contemplating the holding of an auction sale in the near future from observations at this sale. One was that to get the best results the number of animals to be sold should not exceed 40 at the most. Another was that some proper shelter with comfortable seating should be supplied. The entire offering was brought out in the nicest kind of field condition, they were an exceptionally useful lot, and the prices obtained were considered 'most satisfactory' by a number of breeders present with whom the writer spoke. The 59 head made a total of \$7,619.50, 42 females made a total of \$6,101.00, an average of \$145.26. The highest price, \$345.00, was paid by J. Senn & Son, of Caledonia, for Bessie Lowbanks 2nd, winner of the Shorthorn Dairy Test at Guelph last year. Fifteen bulls brought \$1,461.00, an average of \$97.40, two calves averaged \$57.50 each. Following are all selling for \$100.00 and over, distributed to various points in Ontario:

Princess May, W. J. Douglas, Caledonia.....	\$145.00
Roan Beauty, Wm. McDunna, Montrose.....	155.00
Autumn Rose.....	200.00
Daisy of Strathallan 22nd, C. McIntyre, Scotland.....	200.00
British Victoria, Smith & Son, Smithdale.....	155.00
British Lady 3rd.....	125.00
Beauty's Rose, C.T. Ware & Son, Allandale.....	225.00
Beauty 23rd, A. Hall Ayr.....	145.00
Lady May, C. McIntyre.....	165.00
Village Belle, H. Robson, Ilderton.....	180.00
Eugenie Gem, John Douglas, Caledonia.....	155.00
Clara's Pride, H. Robson, Ilderton.....	300.00
Beauty's Rose 35th, A. Hall, Ayr.....	100.00
Daisy of Strathallan 23rd, John Douglas, Caledonia.....	100.00
Bessie of Lowbanks 2nd, John Senn & Son.....	345.00
Bessie of York, Dunkenson & Laidlaw.....	140.00
Snow Queen, Pettit Bros., Freeman.....	160.00
Florence, Jas. Douglas, Caledonia.....	250.00
Dalmeny's Duchess, W. H. Crowther, Welland.....	180.00
Greenbush Missie, Pettit Bros., Freeman.....	165.00
Red Missie, W. H. Calder, Hamilton.....	135.00
Mira Lass 20th.....	145.00
Empress Beauty, A. Snyder.....	175.00
Lavinia Countess, Merryweather, Bridgeburg.....	140.00
Clara's Pride.....	150.00
Waterloo Lady, J. H. Pierce, Hagersville.....	100.00
Lady Anne, A. Merryweather.....	185.00
Waterloo Duchess, A. B. Rose, Cainsville.....	105.00
Sunrise Queen, A. Merryweather.....	135.00
Lady May, Dunkenson & Laidlaw, Hagersville.....	170.00
Countess.....	135.00
Mabel, C. Bailey, Brantford.....	165.00
Carnation.....	150.00
The Junior Sultan.....	100.00
Snowball, A. Telfer, St. Pauls.....	125.00
Blucher.....	121.00
Gipsy King, A. McKay, Lucknow.....	150.00
Red Count, T. Andrews, Brampton.....	105.00
Emperor.....	100.00
Beauty Hero.....	100.00

**The "Brighton Brae" Ayrshire Sale.**

At "Brighton Brae" stock farm three and one-half miles west of Strathroy, Ont., a goodly number of lovers of Ayrshire cattle gathered for the dispersion sale of Walter W. Bowley's fine herd, Wednesday, December 16th. The day was bitter cold, but nevertheless bids came fairly fast, and, on the whole, the sale was a distinct success. The cattle were in fine fit, and ready to go on and make money for their purchasers as they have done for their past owner. The herd was strictly a business herd, as the udder development, and official record figures proved, and some good bargains were made by the purchasers, most of whom came from points outside Middlesex county. E. F. Tietz, of Springvale, secured the highest-priced cow, Beauty of Brighton Brae, for \$170. N. Dymont, R. R. No. 4, Brantford, and J. Passmore, North Bay, were heavy purchasers. None of those over two years of age

went below \$100, and the 31 head including several young things averaged \$109.27, while the 20 head of mature cattle averaged \$133 each, or a total for the sale of \$3,387.50. The following is a list of those selling for \$100 or over with their purchasers:

Teena 5th of Rambo Creek, N. Dymont, Brantford.....	\$140.00
Teena's Babe, N. Dymont.....	150.00
Teena 2nd, N. Dymont.....	140.00
Scotia's Jean, Geo. Bawden, Lucan.....	105.00
Dairy Queen, J. Passmore, North Bay.....	140.00
Gertrude, J. Passmore.....	140.00
Snow Drop, H. MacPherson, Orkney.....	140.00
Jean 2nd, McConnell, London.....	140.00
Blossom 2nd, W. J. Connolly, Theford.....	150.00
Blossom 3rd, A. Garland, Orkney.....	155.00
Blossom 4th, H. MacPherson.....	150.00
Lady Clare 2nd, J. Passmore.....	120.00
Lady Clare 3rd, E. F. Tietz, Springvale.....	130.00
White Lily, J. Passmore.....	125.00
Beauty, E. F. Tietz.....	170.00
Lady Drummond, Geo. Apple, Mitchell.....	145.00
Lily's Pet, Ab. Letts, Strathroy.....	110.00
Rosie, Ab. Letts.....	110.00
Myrtle, J. Passmore.....	140.00
Ena, A. Hughes, Sarnia.....	102.50

**Township Councils.**

By Peter McArthur.

Whenever the editor of "The Farmer's Advocate" or a correspondent asks me to write a special article on some subject I always try to be agreeable, but this week I am stumped. The editor has forwarded to me, with his endorsement, a letter from a correspondent who wants me to write fearlessly about our township councils. As soon as I read the letter I protested with Benedick: "Will your grace command me any service to the world's end? I will go on the slightest errand now to the Antipodes that you can devise to send me on; I will fetch you a toothpick now from the furthest inch of Asia; bring you the length of Prester John's foot; fetch you a hair off the great Cham's beard; do you any embassy, to the Pigmies; rather than hold three words conference about township councils." It is all well enough to write fearlessly about Politicians, the Big Interests and the banks and the railroads—I am not in danger of meeting them when I go to the post-office. And even if I did meet them it would be different. If I meet a politician or a lobbyist I am quite prepared to thrust my chin in his face and say harsh things to him for I know he will give me back as good as I send, and when our row is over we will go and have a "made in Canada" cigar together, or even have dinner. And when we part it will be with much courtesy despite the fact that he knows that if I get the chance I shall smite him under the fifth rib, and I know that if he gets the chance he will do the same to me. But everything will be done in knightly fashion, as befits men who have read "The Morte d'Arthur" and "The High History." With councillors and reeves it is different. They are neighbors and they have feelings. Besides, I do not know enough about the doings of township councils to be able to write anything authoritative about them. I pays my taxes whenever they axes and let it go at that.

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My correspondent, however, has evidently been keeping his eye on the councils, and as he has some real grievances to voice I shall let him speak for himself.

"When we look at how our taxes are going up annually, and not much improvement being made, it is time to get the best men we can. I have before me an instance where a councillor was put in power last election who can neither read nor write, and who has to vote for his party—just a figure-head. Now, it is time to cut out this party business in township councils, and the sooner we do it the better for us. These men only keep better men out of our councils, because they are in a clique and because jobs are promised ahead to certain taxpayers to get their votes. A lot of needless money is paid out year after year, and we see no improvement for it. This has occurred in our own township and in others too. Now I say, men, go to the council meetings and voice your complaints and appoint some sound and level-headed men this next year. It is no child's play to run a council, and it is hard-earned money that they spend and we want value for it."

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The state of affairs outlined in this letter is serious and should be corrected. Politics should not be allowed to enter into elections for the council. Liberals and Conservatives have equal rights when it comes to such matters as good roads and drainage, and such matters as the councils deal with. I am glad to record the fact that in the township with which I am most familiar I have seen no evidence of voting along political lines. Men of the same party have run for the same office, and I have heard no rumors

of the corrupt practice of promising jobs to voters. As for improvements I see stone and gravel roads extending, and cement bridges and culverts taking the place of wooden ones. Improvements of this kind are permanent, and even though they may come high they are the cheapest in the end. So far the candidates who have canvassed me for my vote have done so on personal grounds, and not on any program of reform or retrenchment. And this, by the way, has its embarrassments. To be canvassed by two men with whom you are on friendly terms and with whom you went to school as a boy, and to be forced to decide on purely personal grounds is somewhat trying. I had to claim the privilege of the secret ballot. If either had suggested a program of public work to which the other was opposed I would have had something to form opinions about, but the policy of making permanent improvements appears to be well established. I think the township where the only dispute is about the personnel of the council is to be congratulated, for it shows that the voters as a whole are agreed about the policy of those whom they honor with offices.

Although it is fairly safe to say that in normal times the men selected to serve in the council should be men who are at once economical and progressive,—men who will see that necessary improvements are made without waste and with an eye to permanence,—we have need of a somewhat different type this year. The far-reaching influences of the war are likely to raise problems for even our Reeves and Councillors, and it is desirable that they should be men of wide outlook so that they may adequately represent their constituents. Some people seem to think that the right men to fill these positions are men who can see a dollar afar off, jump for it quicker than anyone else and hold it tighter. But this year our generosity is likely to be tested to the limit, and we need in our councils men who are patriotic and public spirited. In most communities it is unfortunately possible to find men lacking in patriotism, local pride or sense of public duty, and who can be relied upon only to keep down expenses whatever may happen. This is no time to put such men in office, even though they may be useful as a brake on the council in ordinary times. This year the test for a number of the

council should be the quality of public spirit he has shown in trying times rather than his private or public thrift or economy. With the poor and needy of the world being increased every day by the war, we shall have much to do in the way of giving public assistance and of making places for new settlers who will undoubtedly seek Canada as a land of refuge. Even councils can do something of the world's work next year as well as parliaments, and we should have the best men possible in office.

### Appreciated.

Herewith we publish a few of the many letters we have received commenting upon our unexcelled Christmas Number recently issued, and upon the general excellence of our regular issues:

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":

I beg to acknowledge with thanks receipt of the Christmas Number of "The Farmer's Advocate," and must congratulate you on the excellent appearance of your paper and the mass of information contained in it. I have also been very much impressed with the artistic nature of your photographs, particularly the one shown on page 2099. I have read with much interest the article on University Extension Work, by Miss Mary B. Orvis, of Wisconsin University.

Macdonald College, P. Q. F. C. HARRISON.

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":

The 1914 Christmas Number of "The Farmer's Advocate and Home Magazine" has just been placed on my desk, and I am so struck with the excellence of your cover illustration that I wish to write and congratulate you upon it. I think you could hardly have excelled for appropriateness, accuracy to detail, and color effect, the illustration you have gotten up of the home gathering and Christmas dinner "down on the farm." It certainly shows enterprise of a high order.

Toronto, Ont.

H. H. MORRIS.

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":

We were delighted when we looked through the Christmas issue of "The Farmer's Advocate" received this morning. Undoubtedly it is the best printed edition that you have yet put out. The text is also very interesting and of an educative and instructive nature.

Toronto.

GEO. BRIGDEN.

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":

"Allow me to congratulate you on the excellent Christmas Number of 'The Farmer's Advocate', a marked copy of which I received last week. The 'Advocate' is in a class by itself among Canadian agricultural journals—in fact, no other publication of similar nature, which I read, can be compared with it."

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":

Renewal time has come once more, and with the renewal I wish to add a word of appreciation for the great benefit your paper is to any one engaged in the business of farming. One thing has been noted during the past year, that with the feeding season coming on and readers perhaps wondering how we can combine the feeds, we have to make the most of them, when lo, the next weeks "Farmer's Advocate" has it all there, just what we wanted to know and a lot we had forgotten. The timeliness of the topics discussed has made your paper more valuable to everyone.

B. C.

ANDREW SINCLAIR.

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":

We have taken your paper for at least forty years, and I must say it is second to none.

Leeds Co., Ont.

WM. TACKABERRY.

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":

Allow me to congratulate you on this year's issue of the Christmas Number, which I think is the best yet and certainly worth more than the subscription price for the year.

Bruce Co., Ont.

R. H. REID.

An Oxford Co., Ont., correspondent writes that he considers the Questions and Answers Department one of the most helpful features in "The Farmer's Advocate," but thinks a good many are needlessly asked and others repeated.

## Toronto, Montreal, Buffalo, and Other Leading Markets.

### Toronto.

Receipts at the Union Stock-yards, West Toronto, on Monday, December 21, were 57 cars, comprising 780 cattle, 1,702 sheep and lambs, 40 calves, and 23 horses. No choice cattle on sale. One or two good lots sold at \$7; medium, \$6.25 to \$6.50; common, \$5.75 to \$6; cows, \$3.50 to \$6.50; bulls, \$4.50 to \$6.75; stockers, \$4 to \$5.50; feeders, \$5.75 to \$6.50; milkers, \$55 to \$85; veal calves, \$4 to \$9.50. Sheep, \$3.50 to \$5.50; lambs, \$7 to \$8.50. Hogs, unchanged, at \$7.25 fed and watered; \$6.90 f. o. b. cars, and \$7.50 weighed off cars.

### REVIEW OF LAST WEEK'S MARKETS

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

	City.	Union.	Total.
Cars	67	457	524
Cattle	930	6,988	7,918
Hogs	1,170	9,297	10,467
Sheep	544	2,962	3,506
Calves	90	541	631
Horses	28	190	218

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

	City.	Union.	Total.
Cars	48	504	552
Cattle	1,071	7,447	8,518
Hogs	288	10,243	10,531
Sheep	560	4,256	4,816
Calves	74	477	551
Horses	56	28	84

The combined receipts of live stock at the Union and City Stock-yards show a decrease of 28 carloads, 600 cattle, 64 hogs, 1,310 sheep and lambs; but an increase of 80 calves and 134 horses, compared with the corresponding week of 1913.

The receipts of live stock at Toronto for the past week were very heavy, especially in the beef-cattle class. Commencing on Monday, and each succeeding day there were far more than the demand called for. The result of this was that prices declined from 40c. to 75c. per cwt. Cattle that sold for \$8.25 to

\$8.50 the previous week were sold at \$7.50 to \$7.75. Nearly all the drovers reported having lost heavily, and the packers and wholesale butchers also will be heavy losers, having bought heavily before, and at the time of the Christmas Fat-stock Show, paying high prices for nearly all their purchases. In stockers and feeders there was little change. Milkers and springers sold from \$5 to \$10 less than for some time past. Veal calves sold for less money, than at any time since a year ago, but is yet higher than it should be. About the only demand is for the good to choice classes as coarse grass calves are not wanted. There is little change in the values of sheep and lambs, excepting for the coarse, heavy class of lambs which sold from 25c. to 50c. per cwt. lower. Prices for hogs have ruled steady all week.

Butchers' Cattle.—We give the closing prices in each class. Choice butchers', \$7.25 to \$7.75; medium to good, \$6.50 to \$7; common to medium, \$6 to \$6.25; common, Eastern, light steers and heifers, \$5 to \$5.75; choice cows, \$6.25 to \$6.50; good cows, \$5.50 to \$5.75; medium cows, \$5 to \$5.25; common cows, \$4.50 to \$5; canners, \$3.75 to \$4; cutters, \$4 to \$4.40; bulls, \$4.50 to \$6.75. Stockers and Feeders.—Choice feeders, 800 to 900 lbs., sold at \$6.25 to \$6.50; good feeders, \$5.75 to \$6; stockers, \$4 to \$5.25.

Milkers and Springers.—Milkers of good to choice quality were about \$5 per head cheaper, and the common and medium class of cows were fully \$10 per head lower in value. Early in the week there were two or three cows sold at \$100 each, and one choice Holstein went at \$125. The closing prices were from \$40 to \$99, the bulk going at \$60 to \$75 each.

Veal Calves.—Choice veal calves sold at \$9 to \$9.50; good calves, \$8 to \$8.50; medium, \$7 to \$7.50; common, \$6 to \$6.50; common, rough, grass calves not wanted, and sold at \$3 to \$5.

Sheep and Lambs.—Sheep, ewes sold at \$5 to \$5.75; heavy ewes at \$3 to \$4; culls and rams sold at \$2 to \$4; heavy, rough lambs, sold from \$5.75 to \$7.50; choice, light lambs, at \$8 to \$8.25, and a few lots at \$8.50, and one lot at \$8.75.

### TORONTO HORSE MARKET.

The horse market, as usual for some time past, was very quiet during the past week. At the army inspection of horses at the Union Stock-yards on Tuesday, 29 horses were selected, and on Thursday 45 more passed inspection and were bought. The prices paid were from \$150 to \$155, on an average. There is practically nothing doing in any other classes.

### BREADSTUFFS.

Wheat.—Ontario, No. 2 red, white or mixed, \$1.10 to \$1.12; Manitoba, No. 1 northern, new, \$1.24½, track, bay points; No. 2 northern, new, \$1.21½; No. 3 northern, \$1.16½.

Oats.—Ontario, No. 2 white, new, 50c. to 51c., outside. Manitoba oats, No. 2, 50c.; No. 3, 56½c., lake ports.

Rye.—Outside, 88c.

Peas.—No. 2, \$1.60 to \$1.65, outside.

Barley.—For malting, 68c. to 70c., outside.

Buckwheat.—No. 2, 71c. to 73c., outside.

Rolls Oats.—Per bag of 90 lbs., \$3.10 to \$3.25.

Corn.—American, new No. 2 yellow, 70½c., track, Toronto; Canadian corn, 81½c., Toronto.

Flour.—Manitoba flour—Prices at Toronto were: First patents, \$6.60; second patents, \$6.10; in cotton, 10c. more. Ontario, 90 - per - cent. winter-wheat patents, \$4.70 to \$4.75, Montreal.

### HAY AND MILLFEED.

Hay.—Baled, car lots, track, Toronto, No. 1, \$16 to \$16.50; No. 2, \$14 to \$14.50 per ton.

Straw.—Baled, car lots, track, Toronto, \$8.50 to \$9.

Bran.—Manitoba, \$25 to \$26, in bags, track, Toronto; shorts, \$27 to \$28; middlings, \$29 to \$30.

### COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Butter.—Prices were unchanged. Creamery pound rolls, 29c. to 31c.; creamery solids, 28c. to 29c.; separator dairy, 27c. to 28c.

Eggs.—New-laid eggs sold at 60c. by the case; cold-storage, 28c. to 29c.

Cheese.—New, large, 16c.; twins, 16½c.

Honey.—Extracted, 12c.; comb, \$2.50 to \$3 per dozen sections.

Beans.—Hand-picked, per bushel, \$3, primes, \$2.75.

Potatoes.—Per bag, 60c. to 65c. for car lots of Canadians, track, Toronto. New Brunswick, 70c., track, Toronto.

Poultry.—Turkeys per lb., 12c.; spring ducks, 10c.; hens, 7c. to 10c.; spring chickens, live weight, 8c. to 11c.; squabs, per dozen, \$4; geese, 8c. per lb.

### HIDES AND SKINS.

City hides, No. 1 inspected steers and cows, 14c.; No. 2, 13c.; city butcher hides, 15c. flat; country hides, cured, 16½c. to 17c.; green, 13c. to 14c.; lamb skins and pelts, 90c. to \$1.25; calf skins, 17c.; horse hair, per lb., 40c. to 45c.; horse hides, No. 1, \$3.50 to \$4.50; tallow, No. 1, per lb., 5½c. to 7c. Wool, unwashed, coarse, 17½c.; wool, unwashed, fine, 20c.; wool, washed, coarse, 26c.; wool, washed, fine, 28c.

### FRUITS AND VEGETABLES.

Receipts of fruits and vegetables have been liberal for the past week.

Apples, Canadian, Spy, \$1 per box; \$2.75 to \$3.50 per barrel; Russets, 85c. per box, \$2.50 per barrel; Talman Sweet, 75c. per box, \$2.75 per barrel; Baldwin, 90c. per box, \$2.50 to \$2.75 per barrel; Ben Davis, 75c. per box, \$2.25 per barrel; Snows, \$1.50 box, \$3.50 per barrel; Bananas, \$1.50 to \$1.75 per bunch; cranberries, \$5.50 to \$7.50 per barrel, \$2.50 per box; malaga grapes, \$5.50 to \$6.50 per keg; grape fruit, \$2.25 to \$3.25 per case; limes, \$1.25 per cwt.; lemons, Messina, \$2.75 to \$3 per box; California, \$3.75 per box of 300; oranges, Florida, \$2 to \$2.75 per box; California navel, \$2.75 to \$3.25 per box; Mexican, \$2.25 per box; pears, Canadian, 40c. to 75c. per 11-quart basket; pineapples, \$3 to \$3.50 per case; beans, \$3.50 to \$4 per hamper; beets, 60c. per bag; Brussels sprouts, Canadian, 35c. for 11-quart basket; cabbage, 25c. to 40c. per dozen; carrots, 50c. per bag; celery, Canadian, \$3 to \$3.50 per box of 5½ and 6 dozen; California, \$4.25 per case; cauliflower, 60c. to 85c. per dozen; cucumbers, hot-house, \$1.50 to \$2 per dozen; onions, Spanish, \$3.50 to \$4 per crate; Canadian Yellow Danvers, \$1.35 to \$1.50 per bag of 90 lbs.; parsnips, 60c. per bag; spinach, \$1.25 per hamper; tomatoes, hot-house, 16c. to 17c. per lb.; turnips, 30c. to 35c. per bag.

**THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA**

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 Capital Paid Up - - - 11,500,000  
 Reserve Funds - - - 13,000,000  
 Total Assets - - - 180,000,000

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**Montreal.**

**Live Stock.**—The supply of cattle during last week was quite liberal, and the demand showed some improvement. As a consequence there was no great change in prices. The bulk of the offerings were not of very choice quality, being fit for little more than canning purposes. Orders from the war office seem to be occasioning a good demand for this class of cattle, at from 4c. to 5c. per lb. Butchers' cattle range from 7½c. to 8c. for the best, but medium to fine stock ranged generally from 6½c. to 7½c., at which range the bulk of the trading took place. Some of the lower grades in butchers' stock sold at 5½c. The market for lambs was good, and Ontario stock sold at 7½c. to 7½c., and Quebec stock at 7c. to 7½c. Sheep were 4½c. to 5c. per lb. Calves were not very plentiful, and prices ranged as high as \$15 to \$20 each for some fancy stock. Lower grades were \$5 to \$7, and medium from \$10 to \$15. There was a good demand for hogs, and prices ranged from 7½c. to 7½c. per lb. for selects, weighed off cars.

**Horses.**—Only real good horses were bought at more than \$150 to \$200 each. However, heavy draft horses, weighing from 1,500 to 1,700 lbs., were quoted at \$225 to \$300 each, and light draft, weighing from 1,400 to 1,500 lbs., at \$150 to \$200 each. Broken-down, old animals, were quoted at \$75 to \$100 each, and fancy saddle and carriage animals sold at \$300 to \$400 each.

**Dressed Hogs.**—Dressed hogs were in good demand, and prices were higher, at 10½c. to 11c. per lb. for abattoir-dressed, fresh-killed stock. Country-dressed hogs were 9½c. to 10c. for best, and 9c. to 9½c. for heavies.

**Poultry.**—Poultry is not dear this season, all things considered, and consumption is moderately large. Quotations were 14c. to 16c. for turkeys; 13c. to 15c. for good chickens and ducks, and 9c. to 11c. for geese and old fowl.

**Potatoes.**—Supplies were fairly large, and prices steady. Choice Green Mountains were quoted at 60c. per bag, carloads, ex track, single bags being 70c. to 75c.

**Honey and Syrup.**—There was little new in this market. Maple syrup was quoted at 60c. in small tins, and up to 80c. in 11-lb. tins. Sugar was 9c. to 10c. per lb. White-clover comb honey was 16½c. to 17½c. per lb.; extracted, 12c. to 13c.; dark comb, 14½c. to 15c., and strained, 7c. to 8c. per lb.

**Eggs.**—So-called new-laid eggs were quoted at 48c. to 50c. per dozen, but many declare these were little better than the selected cold-storage stock, which sold at 31c. to 32c. per dozen. No. 1 cold-storage stock was firm, at 29c. to 30c., and No. 2, 25c. to 26c. per dozen.

**Butter.**—Demand for creamery improved slightly because of the Christmas trade, but there was no change. Choice stock was quoted at 27c. to 27½c. per lb. and white fine was 26½c. to 27c., and

seconds, 25½c. to 26c. Ontario dairy was 25c. to 26c. per lb., and Manitoba 24c. to 25c.

**Cheese.**—The market for cheese was very quiet and steady. September Ontario cheese was 15½c. to 15½c. per lb. for either white or colored, and October makes were ½c. below these figures. September Eastern cheese was 15½c. to 15½c., and Octobers were a fraction under.

**Grain.**—Ontario and Quebec oats were offered at lower prices than Western oats. No. 2 white were quoted at 54c.; No. 3 at 53c., and No. 4 at 52c. per bushel, ex store. Holders of Canadian Western were asking 60 to 60½c. for No. 2; 58½c. to 59c. for No. 3, and 58c. to 58½c. for No. 1 feed, and 56½c. to 57½c. for No. 2 feed. Argentine corn was 83c. per bushel.

**Flour.**—Ontario patents were \$6 per barrel in wood, and straight rollers were \$5.50 to \$5.60, bags being \$2.70. Manitoba first patents were \$6.70, seconds being \$6.20, and strong bakers', \$6 in jute.

**Millfeed.**—The tone of the market was firm. Bran was \$25 per ton in bags; shorts, \$27; middlings, \$30 including bags. Mouille sold at \$35 to \$36 per ton for pure, and \$31 to \$32 for mixed. Hay.—No. 1 pressed hay, Montreal, ex track, was \$20.50 to \$21 per ton; No. 2 extra was \$19.50 to \$20, and No. 2, \$18.50 to \$19.

**Hides.**—The market for hides was unchanged, at 16c., 17c. and 18c. for Nos. 3, 2 and 1, respectively. Calf skins were 16c. and 18c. for Nos. 2 and 1, respectively. Sheep skins were \$1.20 each, and horse hides \$1.50 for No. 2, and \$2.50 each for No. 1. Tallow was 6c. per lb. for refined, and 2c. to 2½c. for crude.

**Buffalo.**

**Cattle.**—Bad trade on cattle all of last week. Reason, excessive supplies at all marketing points. The Western markets showed the largest receipts for many weeks past, a turning loose of cattle which had to be held for six weeks during the quarantine. Chicago, for instance, had 42,000, and prices, under the worst demoralized market since the panicky days, were rated as much as 75 to a dollar on some steers. Buffalo's market was not quite so bad, but the take-off figured a full quarter to forty cents on plenty of shipping kinds of steers, bulk of which came out of Canada, but including supplies of these kinds from the States. A light drove of Canadians sold up to \$9, top for the day, but bids were made on choice grades at from \$8.50 to \$8.75, and were declined. After Monday, some shipping steers went East to New York, and small orders came in which cleaned up most of the offerings. Butchering cattle sold steady to a dime lower, some choice, handy steers bringing steady prices. A medium, in-between kind of steers, sold very badly. Big, heavy, fat cows, showed about as heavy a decline as many cattle offered, it taking choice cows now to bring \$6.50 and \$6.75. Medium and common cow stuff was not so much lower, canners bringing about steady prices, under a strong demand. Bulls reached the lowest level for a couple of years back, and sold a full quarter to half a dollar lower, the wide range of from \$4 to \$7 being had, and it takes the real prime kinds to reach the seven-cent notch. There is not much of encouragement for the immediate future for the cattle trade. Hogs are selling considerably lower, in comparison. The trade is handling more pork than beef of late, and the coolers are pretty well filled with beef, which does not seem to move at the price. Pork, at present prices, appears to be preferred. Some authorities are predicting a bad trade all through December, and well into January, but this will depend, in a large measure, on the runs. Scant supplies for the next few weeks, some of the knowing ones say, will undoubtedly turn the tide. Receipts here last week totaled around 3,675 head, as against 4,745 for the preceding week, and 8,200 for the corresponding period last year. Quotations: Shipping steers—Choice to prime, \$8.75 to \$9; fair to

good, \$8.25 to \$8.60; plain, \$7.50 to \$8.10. Butchering steers—Choice heavy, \$8.25 to \$8.50; fair to good, \$7.75 to \$8; best handy, \$8 to \$8.50; common to good, \$7 to \$7.50; yearlings, \$8 to \$9. Cows and heifers—Prime, weighty heifers, \$7.75 to \$8; best handy, butcher heifers, \$7.25 to \$7.50; best heavy, fat cows, \$6.50 to \$7; good butchering cows, \$5.75 to \$6.25; cutters, \$4 to \$4.25; canners, fair to best, \$3.50 to \$3.80. Bulls—Best heavy, \$7 to \$7.25; good butchering, \$6.25 to \$6.75.

**Hogs.**—Liberal runs last week, being 40,500; previous week, 20,072; year ago, 51,200. Monday was the low day, bulk of good hogs \$7.25, with lights up to \$7.50. Next couple of days prices were stronger, best grades reaching up to \$7.60 to \$7.75, and on Thursday pigs reached \$8. Friday trade was lower; Saturday best grades, under liberal receipts, dropped to \$7.30, with light hogs \$7.40 to \$7.50. Six decks of Canadian light hogs sold Tuesday at \$7.60, and on Friday a deck of pigs from Winnipeg reached \$8. Roughs, \$6.25 to \$6.65, and stags, \$5.50 to \$6.25.

**Sheep and Lambs.**—Erratic market on lambs last week, range on tops being from \$8.75 to \$9.50, Thursday being the high day, while Saturday prices dropped to \$8.75. Culls the fore part of the week brought up to \$7.50 and \$8, and not many on the closing day sold above \$7. Sheep were steady the first half of the week, and the last half values were a quarter to fifty cents lower, Saturday's range on wether sheep being from \$5.75 to \$6, while ewes sold from \$4.50 to \$5.25, heavy ones going at \$4.50 and \$4.75. Receipts last week totaled 25,700 head, as compared with 13,727 head the previous week, and 44,200 head a year ago.

**Calves.**—Top veals on the opening day last week sold at \$10.50, and for the next three days values were higher, best reaching from \$11 to \$11.50, while the closing day tops moved at \$10.25 to \$10.50. Culls fore part of the week sold up to \$8.50, and on the closing day outside quotation was \$7.50, grassers ranging from \$4 to \$4.50. Receipts were 2,075, as against 1,710 week before, and 1,425 for the same week last year.

**Chicago.**

**Beeves,** \$5 to \$10; Western steers, \$4.90 to \$7.65; cows and heifers, \$2.90 to \$7.75; calves, \$5.50 to \$8.25. **Hogs.**—Light, \$6.85 to \$7.30; mixed, \$6.90 to \$7.35; heavy, \$6.85 to \$7.35; rough, \$6.85 to \$7; pigs, \$5.75 to \$7.30; bulk of sales, \$7.05 to \$7.30. **Sheep and Lambs.**—Sheep, native, \$5.25 to \$6.30; yearlings, \$6.40 to \$7.30; lambs, native, \$6.40 to \$8.40.

**Cheese Markets.**

Montreal, finest Westerns, 15½c. to 15½c.; finest Easterns, 15½c. to 15½c.; New York, specials, 16c.; average fancy, 15½c. to 15½c.; white and colored fresh specials, 15½c.; average fancy, 14½c. to 15c.; skims, 3½c. to 13½c.

**Gossip.**

In our report of the sheep awards at the Provincial Winter Fair, Jas. Roy was credited with the champion Leicester wether. It was shown by John Kelly & Son, Shakespeare.

Attention is directed to the advertisement in this issue of the Ottawa Winter Fair, to be held January 19, 20, 21 and 22. Let all co-operate to make this big show an unqualified success. The management have decided to have entries close on January 8th, instead of January 6th, as announced. Get your entries in early and help the fair.

**DATES TO REMEMBER.**

Eastern Ontario Dairymen's Association Convention, Peterboro, January 6 and 7.

Western Ontario Dairymen's Association Convention, St. Thomas, January 13 and 14.

Ottawa Winter Fair, January 19, 20, 21 and 22.

Live-stock Association meetings, Toronto, first week in February (full announcement later).



**Farmers' Accounts**

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

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

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

We invite you to use as your bank

**The Bank of Nova Scotia**

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

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

**Gossip.**

In our Christmas Number, Gossip for H. M. Vanderlip, the reference to nine imported boars should have read nine imported sows. Mr. Vanderlip has about thirty sows in breeding.

**LIST OF SALE DATES CLAIMED.**  
 Dec. 30th.—Southern Counties Ayrshire Breeders' Club, J. L. Stansell, Sec. Treas., Straffordville, Ont.; Ayrshires.

Dec. 30th.—C. V. Robbins, R. R. No. 3, Wellandport, Ont.; Holsteins.  
 Jan. 20, 1915.—A. Kennedy & Sons, Paris, Ont.; Holsteins.

Jan. 27, 1915.—Brant District Holstein Breeders' Club; Holsteins.  
 First Tuesday after Holstein - breeders' meeting, Southern Ontario Consignment Sale, Tillsonburg, Ont.; Holsteins.

Wednesday following the annual meeting of the Holstein-Friesian Association—East Elgin Holstein-breeders' consignment sale at Aylmer, Gordon Newell, Springfield, Secretary.

**Questions and Answers.**  
**Miscellaneous.**

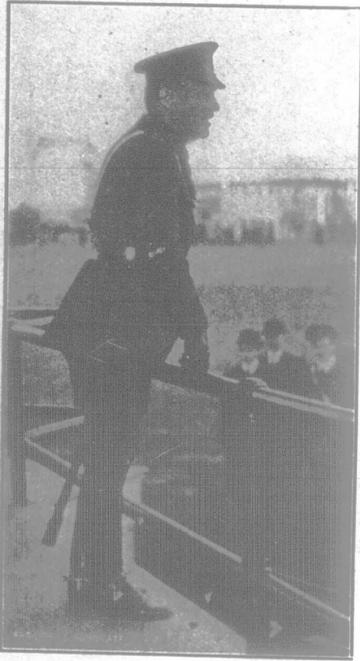
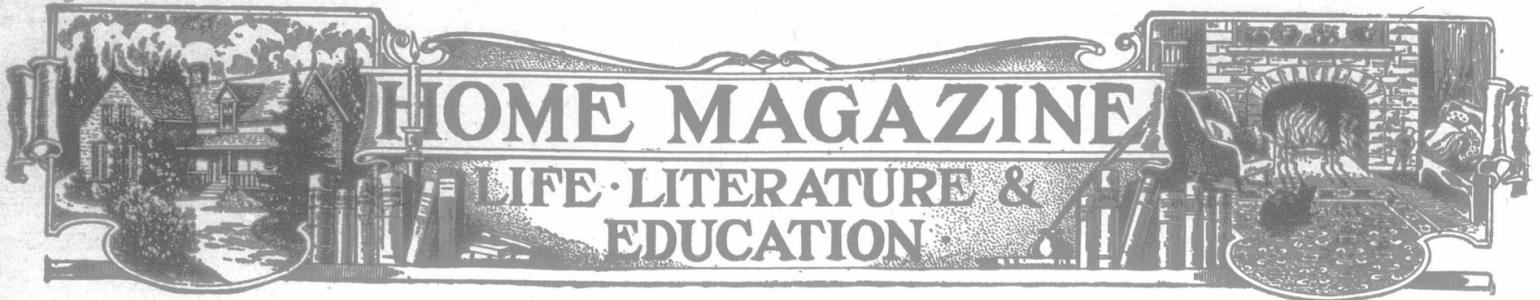
**Holidays.**  
 What are the holidays for a farm-hand in a year? H. S. M.  
 Ans.—New Year's Day, Good Friday, Easter Monday, Victoria Day, Dominion Day, Labor Day, Christmas Day, and any other day appointed by official proclamation.

**Big Guns.**  
 There is a good deal of talk here about the length and weight of the big guns in use in the present war. Please let me know, through "The Farmer's Advocate," the cost of one shot. I have been told some of the guns are 70 feet long, and that one shot costs \$12,000. J. M.

Ans.—We have heard and read so many conflicting stories about these guns that we have decided not to volunteer any information.

**Feeding Horses.**  
 My horses did a lot of work this fall, and the ground has been very hard and dry, and though I fed them heavy they failed in flesh some. Now it has frozen up they will have nothing to do, and I would like to get them up in flesh again without feeding too many oats. I fed six quarts of oats and some oil-cake meal each feed. What would you recommend as a tonic for them? G. E. J.

Ans.—We are not in favor of tonics unless the horses are ill. Feed the oats and oil cake, and possibly a little bran, and give plenty of good hay, and in idleness they should soon pick up.



**General Lessard.**  
Speaking to the troops, Exhibition Grounds, Toronto.

**Souls of the Slain.**

Do the birds still follow now  
After horses, after plough?  
Ploughmen's brothers of the air  
Following the keen ploughshare?  
We are dead, we know full well,  
We are dead and cannot tell.

Do the little children sweet  
Crowd around their father's feet?  
Are they tossed in glee aloft?  
Do they nestle warm and soft?  
We are dead, we know full well,  
We are dead and cannot tell.

We would like to bend and say  
To our children every day,  
"How is mother? Does she mind?"  
"You must thoughtful be and kind,"  
We are dead, we know full well,  
We are dead, and fighting fell.

We forget the rags and rain,  
We forget the pangs and pain,  
Let the freedom that we bought  
Rest on those for whom we fought.  
We are buried, row by row,  
We are dead, but we shall know.

—By Gunner John Gurnett.

**Browsings Among the Books.**

**"THE ANGLO-GERMAN PROBLEM."**  
[A synopsis of "The Anglo-German Problem," by Charles Sarolea; Thomas Nelson & Sons, Publishers, Tyrrell Building, 95-97 King St. East, Toronto.]

On the principle of striking while the iron is hot, dozens of books dealing with the Great War, and written since the fateful 4th of August, 1914, are flooding the market of the booksellers. Practically all of these have been hastily thrown together to meet a demand, although some show the marks of a long previous study of the European situation. Among all, however, whose titles bear upon the stirring questions of the day, none is more worthy of interest than one actually published three years ago, "The Anglo-German Problem," by

Charles Sarolea, D.Ph., D.Litt., F.R.S., a Belgian who is now one of the professors in Edinburgh University. Ostensibly the book was written as the result of a profound study of the whole European situation, but so perspicacious has been the author, and so accurate his forecast of events as they have actually taken place during the past four months, that the work seems almost uncannily of the nature of prophecy; at the same time, in the course of argument, an interesting summary of recent history—of which most people know lamentably little—is presented. Last, but not least, Professor Sarolea indicates how the distressful "problem" may, as he sees it, be finally solved.

The very first sentence of the Introduction, in the light of present events, grips the attention: "Europe is drifting slowly, but steadily, towards an awful catastrophe, which, if it does happen, will throw back civilization for the coming generation, as the war of 1870 threw back civilization for the generation which followed, and which inherited its dire legacy of evil."

From that, the author goes on to show the causes which have brought about so dire a condition,—the aggressive Imperialism of Germany, pushed ahead by the "Bundesrat," which controls the Reichstag; international suspicions; feelings of dissatisfaction in France consequent upon the Franco-German War and the taking of Alsace-Lorraine; clashings of commercialism and bitterness over annexations of territory, as when, four years ago, Austria, supported by Germany, annexed Bosnia-Herzegovina; exasperation of Germany at finding herself too late in most of the foreign fields of colonization; the opposition of Slav and Teuton. Sarolea does not blame Nietzsche for the war, although he touches upon him. Nor does he even saddle the responsibility for the military spirit of Germany greatly upon him, nor upon the earlier Treitschke. That, and the tremendous "system" which has re-made Germany into a vast military camp, he lays rather to the credit of Bismarck, and those who with him "saved" Germany, when, forty years ago, the country fell under the political domination of militant and business-like Prussia. To General Bernhardi, however, and his book, "Germany and the Next War," he devotes an entire chapter, evidently considering this Prussian General an exponent of the popular thought of Germany to-day.

Keen is the vision with which Professor Sarolea foresees Germany's first move in the war to come—which has to-day arrived. "With characteristic naivete and insular selfishness," he says, "some jingo imagine that if only the naval armaments of Germany could be stopped, all danger to England would be averted. But surely the greatest danger to England is not the invasion of England: it is the invasion of France and Belgium. For in the case of an invasion of England, even the Germans admit that the probabilities of success would be all against Germany, whilst in the case of an invasion of France, the Germans claim that the probabilities are all in their favor. It is therefore in France and Belgium that the vulnerable point lies, the Achilles heel of the British Empire."—Precisely the mode of attack carried out by the Germans, but the heel of Achilles has not yet been pierced past redemption. "The German navy," he continues, "might eventually be useful to keep England in check, but, after all, the decisive weapon of attack is the German army, and the German people have only been prevented by their Anglo-phobia and megalomania from seeing this. In the past, the battles of Eng-

land have been mainly fought on the Continent, and so they will be in the future. A crushing defeat of France in the plains of Flanders or Champagne, with the subsequent annexation of Northern Belgium and of Holland, would be a deadly blow to English supremacy. Well may the British people cling to the French entente as a *Versicherungsvertrag*, and the sooner the entente is transformed into an alliance the better for England."

Is it a flash of intuition, too, or hard reasoning which makes the author say, "The war of to-morrow, therefore, will not be like the war of 1870, a war confined to two belligerent forces; it will be a universal European war. Nor will it be a humane war, subject to the rules of international law, and to the decrees of The Hague Tribunal: it will be an inexorable war; or, to use the expression of Von Bernhardi, it will be a 'war to the knife.' Nor will it be decided in a few weeks like the war of 1870: it will involve a long and difficult campaign, or rather a succession of campaigns; it will mean to either side political annihilation or supremacy."

Interesting is the description given of Germany's scheme for expansion to the Eastward, on past Baghdad and to the Persian Gulf, a scheme towards which the building of the Baghdad Railway—unfortunately for Germany, compelled by outside pressure to "end in a desert"—has been but the herald. At some length the author tells of the rapid ascendancy of German influence over the Turks, and here again, he foretells exactly a scheme which Germany seems to be trying to carry out in the present campaign. In substantiation he quotes from Dr. Rohrbach, a German of note. "One factor, and one alone, will determine the possibility of a successful issue for Germany in such a conflict: whether or not we succeed in placing England in a perilous position. A direct attack upon England across the North Sea is out of the question; the prospect of a German invasion of England is a fantastic dream. It is necessary to discover another combination in order to hit England in a vulnerable spot—and here we come to the point where the relationship of Germany to Turkey, and the conditions prevailing in Turkey, become of decisive importance for German foreign policy, based as it now is upon watchfulness in the direction of England. . . . England can be attacked and mortally wounded by land from Europe only in one place—Egypt. The loss of Egypt would mean for England, not only the end of her dominion over the Suez Canal, and of her connections with India and the Far East, but would probably entail the loss also of her possessions in Central and East Africa. The conquest of Egypt by a Mohammedan Power, like Turkey, would also imperil England's hold over her sixty million Mohammedan subjects in India, besides prejudicing her relations with Afghanistan and Persia. Turkey, however, can never dream of recovering Egypt until she is mistress of a developed railway system in Asia Minor and Syria, and until, through the progress of the Anatolian Railway to Baghdad, she is in a position to withstand an attack by England upon Mesopotamia. The Turkish army must be increased and improved, and progress must be made in her economic and financial position. . . . The stronger Turkey grows, the more dangerous does she become for England. . . . Egypt is a prize which, for Turkey, would be well worth the risk of taking sides with Germany in a war with England. The policy of protecting Turkey, which is now pursued by Germany, has no other object but the desire to effect an insurance against the danger of a war with England."

Beginnings of this policy may be seen in the developments of the past few weeks, the entrance of Turkey into the war, and the expeditions now en route towards the Suez Canal and Egypt; but the Mohammedan world has not been as responsive as expected. British good government in Egypt has not been without its effect, and, on this 18th of December, word has come that Turkish suzerainty of Egypt is a thing of the past, and that the country along the Nile has passed into the protectorate of Great Britain. . . . The author concludes: "The interests of the German and of the Russian people, as well as their temperaments, continue to be irreconcilable, and the day is drawing near when Russia—which in 1930 will number two hundred millions of people—will block the way of German expansion in the East."—By fifteen years the Russians have anticipated the prophecy of Prof. Sarolea.

The failure of the Socialists in Germany to prevent the military spirit, Professor Sarolea lays to two causes, (1) the comparative impotence of Socialism in Germany, where even Socialists are peculiarly "law-abiding citizens," (2) to the fact that in that country "hundreds of thousands of citizens who record a Socialist vote are not Socialist at all,"—to vote for Socialism being the only way, though indirect, of voting against the Government. Indeed, he regards the presence of Socialism in Germany as one of the causes that might actually lead to war, since, however mild, there is always the danger that its growth may contain an ultimate threat wherever exists a bureaucracy. "It would scarcely be a paradox to say that the nearer the approach of the Socialistic reign, the greater would be the danger to international peace. German contemporary history illustrates once more a general law of history, that the dread of a civil war is often a direct cause of a foreign war, and that the ruling classes are driven to seek outside a diversion from internal difficulties. Thus political unrest ushered in the wars of the Revolution and the Empire; thus the internal difficulties of Napoleon the Third brought about the Franco-German War; thus the internal upheaval of Russia in our days produced the Russo-Japanese War. . . . It may be true that power is slipping away from the hands of the Prussian Junkertum and the bureaucracy, although Prussian reaction is far stronger than most critics realize. But whether it be strong or weak, one thing is certain, a power which has been supreme for two centuries will not surrender without a struggle. The Prussian Junkers may be politically stupid, but they have not lost the fighting spirit, and they will not give way to the 'mob.' Before Prussian reaction capitulates, it will play its last card and seek salvation in a European conflagration."—Incidentally, as this is in course of being written, the papers are quoting from an article published in Berlin by Herr Liebknecht, Socialist member of the Reichstag, words that, if true, bear out this contention: "This war was not desired by any of the peoples affected, nor was it kindled to promote the welfare of the Germans or any other people. It was created by the common action of the German and Austrian war parties, in the obscurity of self-absolutism and secret diplomacy, in order to anticipate their adversaries. At the same time, the war is a Napoleonic attempt to unnerve and crush the growing labor movement." . . . The recent reported defection of certain officers of the second line of the Landsturm from serving, men between 17 and 45, who, for any reason, have received

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no military training, also appears to be explained in the following from Prof. Sarolea: "As a matter of fact, hundreds of thousands of German youths are not called upon to serve . . . because the Government have not sufficient confidence in their loyalty. The majority of the military contingent ought to come from the cities, which represent the majority of the population. As a matter of fact, the majority come from the country, which represents the minority of the population. The Government prefers to rely on the loyalty of the rural recruits, even as the Russian Government in an emergency prefers to rely on the Cossacks."

There is a temptation to quote wholesale from this interesting book, its history of the beginnings of the Triple Entente, its account of the loosening of Italy from the Triple Alliance, its summing up of the character of the Kaiser and his influence in bringing about a possible war—the war that has actually transpired—but it is necessary to close, and how better than by quoting Professor Sarolea's solution of the problem of ending and preventing war forever.

Referring to his expectation of the conflict which, since his writing, has come, he says: "We would even go so far as to say that war is actually unavoidable, if the present forces continue to be operative; if the world continues to be given over to territorial greed and overweening pride, to national selfishness, to perverted patriotism, and to imbecile ignorance. But, then, those forces making for war may be neutralized, those motives may be altered, for they are based, to use the expression of Mr. Angell, on an 'optical illusion'; for the whole fabric of military imperialism rests on groundless assumptions. Let us prove to the man in the street the reality of that illusion, the baselessness of those assumptions, and the nightmare of war must vanish.

"War can be avoided, but on those terms alone, and not on any other. War cannot be avoided merely by the tactics of diplomacy, by the time-honored and time-worn devices of secret negotiations. The repeated 'conversations' between England and Germany have invariably led, and must inevitably have led, to a deadlock. War cannot be avoided unless for the military ideals of the past we substitute the new ideals of our industrial civilization. War cannot be avoided so long as both the people and their rulers believe that war may be a fruitful source of material and moral blessings, that it is not in itself evil, that it calls out the noblest traits of human character, and that it is to a successful war rather than to industry and honest, hard work, that a nation must look in order to reach the pinnacle of prosperity."

And the prevention of such ideals?—

- (1) The Schools: "At present the intellectual training of the schoolboy is hopelessly antiquated. The mind of the schoolboy imbibes from his earliest years the poison of militarism and of the old imperialism. He only learns about the glamour and the romance of the wars of olden days; he learns nothing about the horrors and realities of the war of to-day." (2) The Churches: "At present they are doing least of all." (3) The Press: "The one thing urgently needed to-day is to bring the whole influence of education to bear on the conversion of the people. And this conversion cannot come from an impulse of the heart; it must be reached mainly as a conclusion of the brain. One book, like the masterpiece of Mr. Norman Angell (*The Great Illusion*), if spread in hundreds of thousands of copies, would do more for the cause of peace than all the resolutions of a dozen peace conferences. Peace, above all, will have to be achieved by hard thinking."

"Let the world be first converted, and disarmament must needs follow."

**A Wish.**

I would live long enough to know  
The worth and fairness of my foe;  
But never long enough to say,  
"One was my friend but yesterday."  
I would live long enough to wring  
New laughter from old blundering;  
But never long enough to find  
That age left all of tears behind.  
—Theodosia Garrison.

**Hope's Quiet Hour.**

**What Shall I Do With Christ?**

Pilate saith unto them, What shall I do then with Jesus which is called Christ?—St. Matt. 27: 22.

'Tis the weakness in strength that I cry for!  
My flesh that I seek  
In the Godhead! I seek and I find it.  
O, Saul, it shall be  
A Face like my face that receives thee; a  
Man like to me.  
Thou shalt love and be loved by forever;  
A Hand like this hand  
Shall throw open the gates of new life  
to thee! See the Christ stand!  
—Robert Browning.

Do you ever consider that question of Pilate's, and realize its significance. He was the Roman governor, and boasted that the power to condemn or release the Prisoner was his, yet he tried to throw the responsibility on the ignorant mob. What shall I do with Jesus? he asked weakly; and when the multitude shouted, "Let Him be crucified!" Pilate attempted to wash his hands of the whole matter. Giving the order for crucifixion, he yet sought to free himself of guilt by declaring that Jesus was innocent. He tried to remain neutral, and that very attempt placed him—unwillingly, but disastrously—in the ranks of Christ's enemies. It was a disastrous choice for him, and it has made his name infamous to the end of time. The World will never forget that JESUS "suffered under Pontius Pilate."

of its Master. Some have tried to stop the march of the Church—as easily might they stop the world in its orbit round the sun. Some have tried to ignore the life-giving Presence of the invisible Christ in our midst. So it is possible to ignore the existence of the sun—if one is blind and sceptical about the statements of innumerable witnesses.

Long ago the church of St. Sophia was built in Constantinople, and built into the wall was a figure of Christ. For eight hundred years the people looked up to that face on the wall and were reminded of the invisible Lord Who is always in the midst of those who meet in His Name. Then the Turks took the city and changed the church into a mosque, "blotting out with white-wash the face of Jesus Christ." The Rev. Stuart Robertson says: "He could not be hid; for as often as it is painted over, soon and surely the Face begins to show through what would hide it. Regularly it is blotted out, and regularly it reappears; and the Christians in Turkey think that is a prophecy of the day when the great church will again be Christian and the face of Christ be clear once more."

What shall we do with Christ? Many turn their backs upon Him and plunge into worldly work or pleasure, as if they thought the question did not concern them. They are men and women of the world, and perhaps look down in amused pity or contempt on those who still believe the Gospel story. But sorrow comes, or pain and helplessness. Death is no longer a half-forgotten dream of the future, but stands facing them. The business of the world fades, like withered flowers in a child's hand, and they want to know what—if anything—lies on the other side of death. There is only One Who can answer their heart-sick ques-

of Christianity. Christ has preached by word and act the beauty of love. His command to all disciples is that they should love God with all the heart, mind and spirit; and all other men as themselves. He demands a perfection of holiness like that of the Father in heaven. If the disciples fail to reach the standard set before them, is that a reason for rejecting the Master? It is not Christianity, but the lack of real Christianity, which men find fault with.

Some may say tauntingly, as they watch the Christian nations at war, "See how these Christians hate one another!" yet still Pilate's great saying rings out: "Behold the Man!" Find fault with Christians if you will—they are only like yourselves—but what will you do with JESUS? Can you, even in imagination, conceive a higher type of manhood than He lived and demanded? Men need a leader. Seek where you will, in the world to-day or in history, and you will find this Leader stands peerless and unequalled. He is not first among equals, He towers high above all the men who have ever lived, and every century that fact is proclaimed more convincingly. Unless He is the Son of God how can you explain His absolute sovereignty over the hearts and lives of an innumerable company of earth's noblest sons and daughters? If He is the Son of God, what right has any man to refuse obedience?

There is an old legend about an artist who sold himself to Satan. His soul was the price demanded in return for superhuman skill which brought him fame and riches. When the time drew near for the fulfilment of the contract the artist sought the advice of a priest, who told him to paint the face of Jesus Christ. The artist was overcome with sorrow for his sins as he gazed into the face he had painted, and Satan dared not touch that repentant spirit. Camillo, the artist, gave a supper to his old companions. The picture was veiled, but in the midst of the feast Camillo drew aside the veil. There was a sudden silence and then the guests fled. They could not face those appealing eyes. Day after day Camillo gazed at the pictured Christ and felt the constraining Presence of the invisible JESUS. He felt a growing horror for sin, bought up his old pictures and destroyed them, because they were evil in conception, and did all the good he could, longing for the approval of his Master. One morning he was found at the feet of the pictured Christ. His spirit had gone to meet his Lord, and a smile of peace on the dead face spoke of forgiveness and hope.

It is only a story, but God alone can count the souls won from sin and misery by the attraction of that one Life of perfect beauty. Though He has not been visibly among us for nearly two thousand years, He has more power in the world to-day than any earthly king has ever known. A foreign sailor once strayed into a prayer-meeting in a British seaport. No one could get into touch with him through conversation, but at last he uttered two words—"Jesus Christ"—which were the same in his language as in English. That Name at once admitted him to fellowship. It is always a key to hearts that know Him.

What will you do with JESUS? Turn your back on Him and the universe at once becomes an inexplicable mystery—there is then no meaning in pain or sorrow, no certainty of God's love, and death becomes a blank wall, shutting off hope and light.

Accept JESUS as your King, and every moment is filled with meaning, while death is an open door to fuller life. Browning says

"The acknowledgment of God in Christ Accepted by thy reason, solves for the All-questions in the earth and out of it."  
DORA FARNCOMB.

**A Dream.**

As I sat by the fireside one evening,  
watching my children play, thinking how  
much better they were than those ill-  
bred waifs and strays of the street.  
I said to myself, "They are no good,  
What is the use helping them?"  
Soon I fell asleep and I had a dream.  
I thought I had died, and I met the  
Master at the door of heaven, but he  
did not seem to know me.  
I told Him that I had served Him all



Students of the School of Practical Science, Toronto.

Who are going to the front to serve as officers of the engineers.

See the Christ stand! We, like Pilate, cannot remain neutral. Unless we are fighting under and for Him, we are fighting against Him. He cannot be neutral. Those who try to stand aside, making no definite choice, are against Him. Who has said: "He that is not with Me is against Me; and he that gathereth not with Me scattereth abroad."

Some people try to evade the necessity of choice. They cannot fail to see the beauty of Christ's Life, and they must own that never man spake like this Man. They cannot deny that His Church has grown from weakness to strength, that the little band of Apostles has become a mighty army, marching into many lands and winning millions to His allegiance. The first impetus has shown no sign of weakening. On the contrary, during the last century it has gone ahead with renewed energy. The hundred missionaries of a hundred years ago have multiplied to 22,000. "A hundred years ago a few thousand dollars were given annually to Foreign Missions; to-day, annual missionary contributions amount to about twenty-five million dollars." The Christian Church is a great world-power, which cannot be ignored, and it declares with unfaltering voice the world-authority

tions. Place any religion beside the religion of Christ and it pales like a candle in the sunlight. Never man spake or lived or died like this Man. No other man has inspired innumerable millions of men and women with a deathless hunger after righteousness. No one else has changed sinners into saints and put glad songs into the hearts of the dying.

We have one life on earth to live. To lay that life at the feet of Christ, and spend it in His service and under His direction, is to make the most of it. We all want to live as well as possible—why should we hesitate about openly proclaiming our allegiance to Him?

A man of the world once came to a clergyman and said: "I myself am unable to accept Christianity, but I want my children instructed, because I wish for them a peace which I never had." The father, who acknowledged in this way the attraction and beauty of Christianity, soon joined his children and enlisted in the army of the Great Commander.

Some men are held back by the evident fact that many professing Christians are just as selfish and covetous as those who openly disregard the claims of Christ. But the sins of those who do not obey their Master are no proof of the failure

my life on earth, but he shook his head and said, "I was a waif and a stray, and you had no compassion on me.

"You have allowed the spirit of self-righteousness to make it impossible for you to enter the kingdom of heaven, but you must look and behold the joy of those who have entered in."

I looked and saw a large number of beautiful and happy faces, and among them I noticed some that I had thought hopeless and not worth a prayer.

And the Master said, "Unto whom little is given shall little be required. You and your children were given much and much shall be required."

All the opportunities that had been given me for helping the homeless came back to my mind, and the agony and remorse that filled my soul words fail to describe.

Suddenly I awoke, and how glad I was to find myself alive, hoping that the Master would give me a little longer to make use of the opportunities that might still be mine. Since then I have found out that

"Down in the human heart,  
Crushed by the Tempter,  
Feelings lie buried that grace can restore;

Touched by a loving hand, wakened by kindness,  
Chords that were broken will vibrate once more."

Dear Hope.—Enclosed please find five dollars. Spend it on some of the needy ones. I know you know where to find them. Your Quiet Hour has helped me very much.

#### READER OF "THE ADVOCATE."

The "Dream" and letter, given above, reached me a few days ago—with the five dollars enclosed. I will gladly use the gift to bring Christmas cheer to several families in need. HOPE.

### Peace and Goodwill.

"Peace on the earth, goodwill to men!"  
The Christmas anthem brings  
A message sweet to troubled hearts,  
From the Great King of Kings.  
For "Peace" our hosts have sternly fought,

We know its priceless worth,  
"Goodwill to men" we long to show,—  
To all the men on earth.

"Peace and Goodwill!"—the day will dawn,  
Clear shining after rain,  
When Peace shall heal the wounds of war,  
And Goodwill come again.

DORA FARNCOMB.

## The Beaver Circle

### Our Senior Beavers.

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

### Christmas Night.

(By Ruth Raymond.)

Come, chile, de dark am creepin' round  
Our little cabin door,  
Dar's snow upon de frozen ground,  
I's scrubbed de kitchen floor

Un' hung de holly berries high  
Dar in de candle light;  
Look from dis window towar' de sky,  
Fo' dis is Christmas night.

See all de stars am shinin' down  
Laik jewels ebery one,  
Fit for to make a priceless crown  
Fo' Gawd's own holy Son,

Who was a baby, pure an' sweet,  
In spotless robes of white,  
An' angels worshiped at His feet,  
One blessed Christmas night.

De moon hangs like a cradle there,  
To rock some little chile,  
Now, honey, say yo' ebenin' prayer,  
Pears how de angels smile,

When yo' am here on mammy's knee,  
Yo' fingers folded tight,  
Da love each happy chile to see,  
On holy Christmas night.

Now, honey chile, go fast asleep,  
We's gwine to hab a call  
From Santa Claws. I's suah he'll heap  
Yo' stockings, till da fall

Wid presents fine, most eberyting  
Dat's round an' soft an' bright,  
To make yo' laugh an' dance an' sing,  
Dis blessed Christmas night.

### The Garden Competition.

Below are some of the letters written by prizewinners in the Garden Competition. Ruby Breadner, as you will notice by the photo which she sent, had a very fine display of flowers, while Howard Jamieson's garden looks very neat and well kept. Most of the photos sent in were very poor, quite too dim for reproducing in our paper, but the letters told a pretty story of Beavers, busy as usual with their gardens, and glad to have vegetables all of their own for mother's table, and flowers for the house and to give away. We are sure you will read the prize letters with much interest.

in the house in boxes. I had stored some soil in the cellar for early planting, as my experience from the year before taught me that early sowing is the best.

I planted cauliflowers, and in four days they were up. If they had been Irish potatoes I would not have been surprised, but it beat the Irish how they did grow! I also sowed tree-tomatoes, cabbage, and celery. I warmed the soil in the oven, then screened it to make it fine, then planted the seed and watered the soil every morning. As soon as frost was over I planted the little plants in the garden. I had a bed of beets and carrots, rows short, and lettuce and

the garden without seeing a toad, looking wise. There were plenty of honey bees and "bumble-bees," and humming-birds with long beaks sucking honey out of the flowers, also lots of canaries and graybirds and robins, keeping the worms from my garden.

I gave to my friends many large bouquets and never missed them. Not one-quarter of my flowers show in the photo, as it was one mass of bloom. I was delighted with it, and wished that dear Puck and Beavers could come and see it for themselves. I am glad I started, for I learned many things I would not know until I got a good deal older, or I might never have taken an interest in plants.

I sold from my garden twelve squashes and two baskets of tomatoes, six bunches of spinach, two cauliflowers, and several bunches of beets and lettuce, besides having lots for table use. I had nice beans and celery, harvested a peck of beets and carrots, half a peck of popcorn, three dozen. I only had a few hills. I had six heads of nice-sized cabbage.

I hope all the little Beavers enjoyed their gardens, and hope they all had good success with them. Wishing you all success, I remain yours ever,

RUBY BREADNER (age 14).

Fort Erie, Ont.

#### HOWARD JAMIESON'S GARDEN.

Size of Plot.—Fifty yards by ten yards. Names of Seed Sown.—Flowers: Phlox, marigold, sunflower, candytuft, carnation, zinnia, petunia, aster, nasturtium, balsam, stocks, everlasting sweet peas, cockscomb, alyssum. Vegetables—Corn, onions, tomatoes, beans, cabbage, lettuce, radishes, beets, carrots, pumpkins, muskmelon, cucumbers, citron.

Photos were taken—No. 1, first of August; No. 2, tenth of August; Nos. 3 and 4, third of September; No. 5, first of October.

October has come and Puck has given us a hint to send in our essays.

Hasn't this been an excellent fall? Nature has certainly done her best to make it beautiful.

Although it was a dry summer, scarcely any rain for two months, the garden did fine. Never before did I have flowers bloom so long, starting to bloom when a few inches high and flowering until they were frozen, and the vegetables, after bearing well in the dry weather, took up a new growth when the rains came and had a second crop. Fresh radishes, which I planted at intervals through the summer, and crisp lettuce, went just fine, while early tomatoes and cucumbers were such a treat.

The flowers were in one long bed. The California poppy, with its bright face sparkling in the sunlight, the ever-flowering petunias and sweet peas. Those bright-colored zinnias and nasturtiums, bordered with alyssum, with dahlias and double sunflowers at the back, certainly made the flowers the most attractive part of the garden.

The candytuft, the seed of which came from Germany, did extra fine this year. Flowers, green and ripe seed, were along the stem at the same time.

I must not forget to tell you about my four plots of oats with a different kind on each plot. I seeded them with clover and timothy, except one plot which I did not seed, and it did the best. I got first prize at the Cobourg Fair on the sheaf from this plot. They were called the Stirling oats.

The tomato plants seemed to be the home of a large, ugly, green worm. They devour the green leaves, and when disturbed can make quite a clicking noise. The cabbage worms were very plentiful, but a dusting of Paris green and ashes soon conquered them. Other than these, the flowers and vegetables were clear of injurious insects.

I did not know toads were such fly-destroyers until I watched them catching flies. They certainly are a great help, especially during a dry year like this.

Nobody except those who love nature knows the pleasure of having a garden. Nature in all her beauty is shown in the beautiful dahlias, and what could be more perfect than the way seeds are placed in a sunflower head? They are all arranged in such perfect order.

Then the birds: Nature has provided a different song for each; surely they are fascinating enough to draw anybody to



Ruby Breadner's Garden.  
(Taken 25th August.)

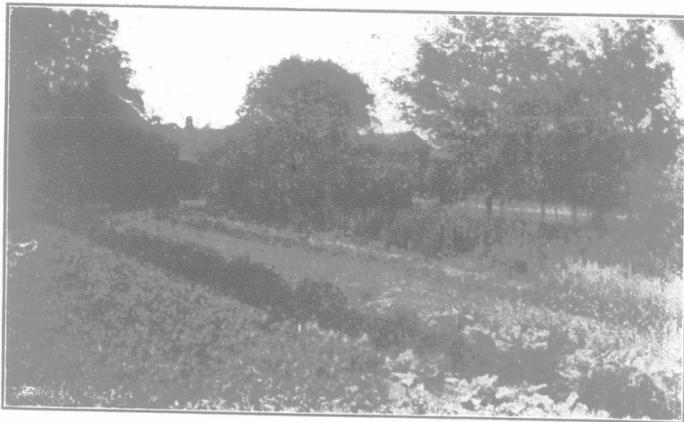
#### RUBY BREADNER'S GARDEN.

Dear Puck and Beavers.—Now that the end of our Garden season is over and harvested, we can see the results of our labor, and I must say it has been a great deal of enjoyment to me. I have kept a diary of the work done and the progress of my garden, which helped me, for we sometimes forget our dates if left to memory. I know I do.

I have learned so much about gardening since I commenced last year that I am thankful I started. It instructs one in the study of nature, and makes us see how wonderful everything is that

grows from the planting of seeds to onions for outer border; then a bed of squash ("crook-neck"), then tomatoes, cabbage and cauliflower, then pop-corn, and radishes for border. I hoed the soil after every rain to hold moisture in the ground, and found it better than watering, except at transplanting-time. I also hoed when weeds made their appearance. Of my flowers, many were started in a hotbed, asters and snapdragon, salpiglossis and daturas, petunias, zinnias, balsams.

Each side of the walk I planted pansies and daisies, then candytuft of mixed colors, then balsams and salpiglossis, then



Howard Jamieson's Garden.

grows from the planting of seeds to harvesting.

But I must get to my method now, as we must make our letters short.

My aunt gave me the front of the garden and my uncle plowed it for me, as it was a large piece of ground, twenty-four feet by ninety, twelve feet each side of the walk. Close to the walk was planted with flowers, and on the other side of the flowers I had vegetables, which do not show in the photo.

It was on the 17th of Ireland—St. Patrick's Day—that I started my seeds

petunias, then zinnias and daturas, and the end of the border was perennials of phlox and peonies, lupinus, columbine, larkspur, and foxglove. I also had tulips and hyacinths, and asters of various colors.

I was kept busy fighting weeds all summer, for which I used a hand cultivator. I put everything in rows so I could walk through with it, and in that way the ground was kept moist and free from weeds.

I have a lot more to tell, but must not take up space. I never went out in

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the garden. There was a pair of cat-birds nested in a small plum tree near the garden, and the way they could mock other birds was wonderful. Often I have mistaken them for our old cat. I might have got some better photos of my garden if the camera had taken the dark flowers, but alas! all the scarlet petunias and dark zinnias were left out. Even the sunflowers seemed to turn their backs.

I will close, hoping I have made the essay interesting and helpful.

HOWARD JAMIESON,  
Camborne, Ont.

MARGARET SORLEY'S GARDEN.

Size of Plot.—87 x 30 feet.  
Seeds Sown.—Flowers: Gourd, asters, nasturtiums, phlox, sweet peas, mignonette, morning glories, orange daisies, verbena, pinks, sunflower, candytuft. Vegetables: Peas, beets, beans, carrots, radishes, onions, lettuce, sweet corn, popcorn, parsnips, tomatoes.

Photo taken.—Vegetables, July 24th; flowers, Sept. 5th.

First thing after the snow had gone I began to prepare for my garden. About March 20th I filled a shallow box with earth and brought it into the house to get dry and warm. In a few days it was ready, and I sifted it to take the stones out and to make it finer. It was then put in a long box and set in a warm, sunny window, and the seeds were soon planted. How anxiously I watched for them to come up.

Early in the spring the first sod was turned in my new garden, which was to be a good deal larger than last year's. After that it had to be dug and raked, and a great many stones taken out, and by the time the ground was ready for the plants in my box they were ready for it. Along one side of my garden there was a fence along which I had planted sweet peas, morning glories, and climbing nasturtiums. Transplanting from my box to the garden was a new experience for me, and I learned that there was more in it than I at first thought. After patient working the box was emptied and the little plants were ready for the sun and the rain.

About a month after my garden was planted the flowers and vegetables began to look very pretty. Some of the flowers that looked especially bright were the little orange daisies, which I had in a border. They blossomed from the end of May till frost. The sweet peas bloomed all summer. The asters, phlox and verbenas just covered the garden with blossom.

One of the things that interested me most was watching the little humming-birds as they darted from one flower to the other. They came every morning, and sometimes in the afternoon. One day as I was picking my sweet peas, there was a bumblebee going about gathering honey. Soon a little hummingbird came to the garden, and after it had fluttered from flower to flower it shot into the one where the bee was. When it was gone the bee was dead. I wonder if it was the bird that killed it. I gave some of the flowers away to my friends, and with the remainder decorated the house.

In my vegetable garden everything grew very well, and it was a pleasure to go out and get all the vegetables we could use. The beans were harvested, and what fun we had threshing them. The popcorn was picked, and we had a husking bee to husk it.

MARGARET SORLEY (age 14).  
R. R. 1, Ottawa, Ont.

CECIL SIMPSON'S GARDEN.

Dear Puck and Beavers.—As I was much interested in last year's Garden Competition, my sister and I thought we would try, so we got ready a piece of land. We had it plowed and then we dug it, all up. Our land during the winter was a sheep pen, so it was nice and rich. We first dug it up into beds, running a walk between about a foot wide. We next ran a walk up the middle to separate the vegetables from the flowers.

On the west side we had our flowers. At the back we had sweet peas, which grew about seven feet high, but did not do much in blooming till late in the season. Next we had dahlias, which kept up a continuous bloom from July as long as the frost kept away. We had four colors of cactus, pink, or "Krem-

shield." It is a great bloomer, with as many as twenty blossoms at one time. Deep crimson is a very pretty dahlia, with a very wide bloom; pink, with a white center, or "Constancy," and a purple. We then had a mixed bed, which was lovely after they came in bloom. We had our seeds put away wrapped up in paper, when the mice got at it and mixed it all up, so we just sewed it. We had in that bed, chrysanthemums, candytuft, and four o'clocks.

We had a bed of zinnias; there were six colors. They were late blooming on account of the late spring. They are very pretty in the garden, but are a hard, or stiff flower, which make them look odd in a bouquet.

We had next a bed of mixed clarkia, a plant that grows about two feet high. They are branchy, and start blooming at the bottom and bloom to the top. They were lovely about the middle of August, but a bad storm broke them down and they started to bloom again later. Over in the north-east corner we made a bed about the 1st of July and got some plants out of mamma's hotbed. There were green vermin on the blooms of the dahlias. If you look at them through a magnifying-glass they are quite pretty, with spots on them; if you observe closely you can see that they are all hard at work.

When the flower show met in Charlottetown in August, we took first prize for a bouquet out of our garden, entered as a school-children's garden. It was only a red ribbon, but still it was worth the trouble. At the Provincial Exhibition we took a second prize in chrysanthemums, which was 50 cents. During the summer we had many visitors to see our garden. When the Women's Institute met here, all the women went out to see it, and said it was very good.

During the summer we noticed many birds, toads, and insects. Well, I think this is all about the flowers, so I must write about the vegetables.

Our vegetables were all good except the cabbage and cauliflower, which were injured by the club root. Our peas and beans were good. We ripened all our peas for seed, as they were an extra good kind, and came from the Experimental Farm, Charlottetown. Our beans were the golden waff. We used part of them on the table, and some were canned for winter use. Our tomatoes were an extra good crop. We sold a bushel off eight plants, and got eighty cents for them. This, with our prize money, we are going to save to buy seeds for next year's garden.

I am sending along with this a picture of our garden. It is a very dim one. It must have been the fault of the film, and as we were so far from town we did not get another.

CECIL M. SIMPSON (age 12).  
Hunter River, Bay View, P. E. Island,  
R. R. No. 1.

A Christmas Wish.

(By Mabel Gunning, age 12.)

On Christmas Day we hear the bells  
Sending out their silvery chime;  
They ring to let the people know  
It is glad Christmas-time.

We always get nice presents  
When Christmas-time is here,  
But when we think of the Belgians,  
It sometimes brings a tear.

Can we help these needy orphans?  
Why, yes! and we will try  
To make their Christmas cheerful,  
With a happy smile, and not a cry.

We should think of those poor soldiers  
Fighting on the battlefield,  
Trying to save our king and country  
With their sword and shield.

So we'll make them a merry Christmas,  
At least, we'll do the best we can,  
To help those homeless children ...  
Over there in Belgium land.

Now, I must my poem conclude,  
Or Puck will think it's stunning,  
So I will close with my best wishes,  
From your beaver, Mabel Gunning.

Puck.—I made this poem up myself without a bit of help. It was my first attempt. I hope the busy Beavers will not forget the poor little children in Belgium. I must close, wishing the Beavers a merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

MABEL GUNNING (age 12).

The Ingle Nook.

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



A Woman Who Tried.

One Who Tried.

Invariably I have noticed the interest aroused among you whenever sketches of the lives of eminent women have been published in these columns; letters have come thanking us for telling about Madame Curie, Dr. Montessori, Jane Addams, even Mrs. Pankhurst—and asking for "more."

It's the old principle of hero-worship, I suppose, carried on into heroine-worship. And yet—Carlyle notwithstanding—is it really hero-worship that makes us like to read the intimate history of the people who have "done things"? Look a little beneath the surface and see if you do not recognize that the most of us like biography chiefly because in reading the life-story of those who have achieved we so often find inspiration to go on with our own life-story—so much less spectacular, in all probability, yet of importance enough to us and to those bound up with us.

It is not that we want to emulate these great folk. Comparatively few of us, perhaps, care anything about "shining," but we all want to be as useful as we can in this world, do we not?—and to be somehow conscious of advancement within ourselves. We don't want to stand this year precisely where we stood last year, and it is to our discredit if we do. But there is one thing that sometimes holds us back: We become impatient if reverses come our way, or if we can't do exactly as we like; we want to hold all the reins in our own hands, and if we find that impossible we have too great a tendency to give up and take the line of least resistance, with a despairing "what's the use?"

Now it is just here that we find the outstanding helpfulness in reading biography. Through it we find that in the lives of the people who have achieved, progress has always come as a result of effort and experience, and in no other way. Almost never has the path been easy,—sometimes, indeed, it has been distressingly weary and painful,—but always there has been in those who walked it, the faculty of "never-give-up," of rising after falling, of stepping on a mistake to gain a landmark: "We rise on stepping-stones of our dead selves to higher things."

Grit, hope, perseverance, and a steady determination to be of use in the world—born of the love that must help—these are the qualities that bring one, not eminence, perhaps, not riches, but some-

thing still better, the satisfaction that comes of having done the best one can.

And so we come, to-day, to a woman who tried, an Austrian woman, too. We are somewhat at odds with Austria these days, but that need not keep us from finding out excellence in an Austrian, need it?—nor anywhere else for that matter.

This woman did not achieve that at which she aimed; the terrible war in Europe is a direct overthrowing of her one grand dream; but, though temporarily, she has suffered defeat with a glorious company, with Norman Angell and all those who, with him hold it more worthy to save life than to kill;—she has taken stand with The Master Himself, who has been called The Prince of Peace. Such defeat is not defeat. But a turn of the wheel and it will be victory, as all good effort must be when the whole story has been told.

—And this woman?—The late Baroness von Suttner, who died on the 21st of June last, mercifully too soon to see that which would have distressed her beyond anything else that could have occurred in this world,—Baroness von Suttner, whose book, "Lay Down Your Arms!" brought for the gifted and earnest author one of the Nobel peace prizes, and it is said, promised to do for the peace movement in Europe, had not events precipitated themselves so disastrously, "something like what 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' did for the anti-slavery movement in America."

Baroness Bertha von Suttner was born on the 9th June, 1843. She was gifted with a fine voice, and in early life thought of becoming a public singer, but that plan was brushed aside when she fell in love with the Baron von Suttner, and eloped with him because his family opposed the match. It was nine years before a reconciliation took place, and during that time she became a writer. Somewhat later she became acquainted with Alfred Nobel, and it is generally believed that it was due to her influence that he became so strongly devoted to the cause of international peace.

Her interest in that movement, we are told by Rev. Frederick Lynch, in a very interesting article in "Christian Work and Evangelist," "took its rise from several sources. First of all, her immediate experience of the effect of wars. She saw the flower of Austria's youth brought home either dead or mutilated; she saw the suffering of wives, mothers, and little children; she saw that as a general thing these wars all arose out of petty disputes, and that very rarely any great principle was at stake. Another thing that aroused her indignation against militarism was the fact that in all the conversation which she heard in court circles, war was treated simply as a great game. The officers spoke of it in the most heartless way, and considered the peasantry of Austria as nothing but pawns and machines, to be used for their winning of the game. She also saw how war continually destroyed all the civilization that years had gained, so that the world was simply going around in a circle. It built up a beautiful structure of mind, soul, and material things during the years of peace, and then proceeded to knock it all down again. There then began to come to her a vision of a new order for the nation: It was simply the already old order in which individuals lived. Individuals no longer went to war over their disputes; they settled them by judicial methods. There was no reason why nations should not do the same. In her mind she conceived the idea of a court for nations similar to that which existed for men."

The outcome of her thinking was her book, "Lay Down Your Arms!" which eventually sold by hundreds of thousands, and was translated into all civilized languages, although at first the Baroness found it almost impossible to find a publisher in Austria who would risk having anything to do with it.

This book at once placed the author among the leaders in the peace movement, which she continued to serve in many capacities: as President of the Austrian Peace Society, Hon. Pres. of the International Peace Bureau of Berne, member of the Advisory Council of the Carnegie Peace Foundation, etc. It also brought her the Nobel Peace Prize of

\$40,000, with a note from Alfred Nobel himself: "I have just finished reading your admirable masterpiece. We are told that there are two thousand languages—1,999 too many—but certainly there is not one into which your delightful work should not be translated, read, and studied. How long did it take you to write this marvel? You shall tell me when next I have the honor and happiness of pressing your hand,—that Amazonian hand which so valiantly makes war on war."

From the standpoint of appreciation, Baroness von Suttner's great book was successful. It did not suffice, any more than Norman Angell's, "The Great Illusion," the Peace Palace at The Hague, the numerous peace conferences that have been held, to prevent the great war of this present year; but when the conflict is over it will still live, and its message will have gained force from the awful illustration of war's hideousness today presented on the fields of Europe.

To-morrow will be Christmas Day. I wish you all a very happy Christmas and New Year.

#### UNHEALTHY FERN.

Dear Ingle Nook Friends,—I am coming again to your corner for a little advice. We have a beautiful fern and other house-plants which were just doing fine. Lately we noticed the fern not looking as healthy as it did. We found a large number of worms about half an inch long in the earth, but did not like to molest it this time of year. If any of the Ingle Nook friends know of anything which would kill the worms without hurting the fern I would be glad to see their reply as soon as possible. We have had "The Farmer's Advocate" coming so long to the house, we really think we could not do without it. I will not take any more of your valuable space.

Wentworth Co., Ont. J. W.  
 Pour lime water on the soil to drive out the worms. To prepare the lime water, take a piece of fresh lime as large as a coffee-cup, put it in an ordinary-sized pail of water and let it dissolve and settle; pour off and apply enough to the soil to thoroughly saturate it.

#### CLEANING A SWITCH.

For "Sweetheart," Perth Co., Ont.: Clean your switch either by washing it with castile soap and soft water, or with gasoline. The gasoline is less likely to fade the hair, but if you use it be sure that you do the work in a room where there is no fire of any kind. Even a lighted match might cause an explosion. Any hair dealer will dye the switch for you.

#### Manuscripts Without Postage.

Almost every day articles, stories, etc., arrive in the editorial-rooms quite unaccompanied by postage for return, if unavailable. Once more we must say that we cannot undertake to send back any manuscript for which this is neglected. The invariable rule, when sending articles to any publishing house, is that stamps must be enclosed if their return, in case of not being used, is desired.

#### The Heating of Our Houses.

No one will question for a moment the bad effects on health of improper ventilation. We emphasize the beneficial effects of open-air treatment of tuberculosis and pneumonia, forgetting that the same fresh-air treatment, if as rigidly carried out, would prevent a large proportion of cases of both of these diseases.

In the heating of our homes, the three cardinal points are: Proper temperature; proper humidity or moisture, and a current of air—in short, the securing of proper climatic conditions.

The normal out-door air contains from 65 per cent. to 75 per cent. of moisture. Pass this through a hot-air furnace, and by the time it reaches our living or sleeping rooms it will not contain more than 40 to 50 per cent. of moisture. The same is true in houses heated by hot

water where no provision is made for supplying moisture. The result is that this dried-out air craves moisture, and will take it up from all surrounding bodies—from our skins, the mucous membrane of our mouths, noses and throats; and is in a large measure responsible for the dry, hacking laryngeal coughs so prevalent in winter. Furthermore, from an economic standpoint, this method of heating without moisture is very extravagant, for very dry air requires a higher temperature to produce the same sensation of warmth and comfort than does an atmosphere with a proper percentage of moisture.

To overcome this dryness, small reservoirs for heating water have been attached to the furnaces; but these are rarely kept full, and even when they are, they are not at all adequate; for instance, air at 25 degrees Fahrenheit (7 degrees of frost), even if saturated with moisture, if heated to 70 degrees, would require the addition of a half pint of water to every 1,000 cubic feet to give it a humidity of moisture of 65 per cent., which is practically normal.

Some conception of the amount of moisture required, and how far the air in our homes, schools and factories falls short of it, can be had from the following description of the precautions taken by the American Bell Telephone Company in their chief building in Boston, which has a capacity of 450,000 cubic feet, and a day population of 450 persons.

The fresh air, which is distributed by a mechanical system, is drawn into the building at the rate of 26,000 cubic feet per minute, and has moisture added so as to contain about 50 per cent. of relative humidity. To secure this condition, 675 gallons of water, in the form of steam, are mixed with the air in ten hours, or about one and one-half barrels per hour. Certain parts of the building which had been heated with difficulty before, are now made more comfortable; and in the whole building three degrees less heat is required to maintain a comfortable temperature. There has been a noticeable absence of coughs during the winter among the employees.

Various humidifiers have been suggested, of which a very efficient and simple one is the exposing of the air from a register or radiator to moisture, by having it pass through a surface of cotton wick—one end of which is submerged in a reservoir or vessel containing water, and which is attached to the radiator. It has been demonstrated that by means of this contrivance the relative humidity of a room can be kept between 55 and 60 degrees Fahrenheit by evaporating about 4½ quarts per day; and a temperature of 65 degrees so maintained is as comfortable as one of 70 in a dry atmosphere.

A practical illustration of this is the fact that we can sit and read in comfort on our verandas in a temperature of from 60 to 65, having a normal humidity, while the same temperature in our homes, with a dry atmosphere, would be very uncomfortable, owing to the more rapid evaporation of moisture from the surface of our bodies in the drier atmosphere.

Obviously, then, whatever the method of heating may be, it is imperative that provision be made for having the air sufficiently charged with moisture.—From Health Bulletin issued by the Department of Public Health, Toronto.

#### Seasonable Cookery.

Cranberry Pie.—Stew 1 quart of ripe cranberries, sweeten and add the juice of a lemon. Fill pastry with it, put on a top crust, and bake.

Eggless Doughnuts.—One cup sugar, 2 tablespoons melted butter, dash of nutmeg, 1½ cups sweet milk, level teaspoon salt, ½ cup sour cream, ½ teaspoon soda, 1½ teaspoons baking powder, flour to roll out. Roll ½ inch thick, and fry in deep, hot fat.

Stuffed Beefsteak.—Order a slice of round of beef 1½ inches thick, and have the butcher make a slit on one side to form a pocket. Make 1 pint stuffing with stale bread-crumbs, salt, pepper and thyme, and 1 tablespoon melted butter. Stuff the meat and close with a skewer. Put on a rack in a pan in which place 1 tablespoon chopped onion, ½ cup canned tomatoes, ½ teaspoon salt, and 1 pint stock or boiling water. Cover closely,

and bake in a moderate oven 2½ hours, just removing cover long enough to let the beef brown.

Mince Pie.—Two lbs. each raisins and currants, 1 of citron, 1 cup candied lemon peel, 2 lbs. brown sugar, 1 lb. tongue, minced, 1 lb. ground beef, 1 lb. chopped suet, 1 lb. chopped sour apples, 1 teaspoon each of cinnamon, allspice and nutmeg, and ½ teaspoon cloves, 2 pints cider. Cook all, then use as pie filling.

Carrot Pickles.—Cut carrots in thick slices and boil in salted water until tender. For two quarts carrots take ½ cup sugar, 1 cup vinegar, 1 cup water, 6 cloves, a little cinnamon. Boil all together, then add the carrots and cook again slowly. Bottle.

Parsnip Chowder.—Cut fat salt pork in small pieces; there should be one-third cupful. Try out and strain. To fat thus obtained add four slices of onion, finely chopped, and cook, stirring constantly until onion is slightly browned, the time required being about six minutes. Again strain fat in saucepan and add one cupful of potatoes, cut in one-third-inch cubes, and one-fourth cupful of parsnips, cut in one-fourth-inch cubes, and cover parsnips with another cupful of potato cubes. Sprinkle with two and three-fourths teaspoonfuls of salt and one-fourth teaspoonful of pepper. Add two cupfuls of boiling water, and cook vegetables till soft, then add one quart of milk, four tablespoonfuls of butter, one-half cupful of fine cracker-crumbs and two teaspoonfuls of finely-chopped parsley.

Scotch Oat-cakes.—Put two and one-half handfuls of fine oatmeal in a bowl, with a teaspoonful of sugar and a little salt. Pour over this one-quarter pint of boiling water in which one ounce of butter, or dripping, has been melted. Mix well with a spoon, then turn out on a board and knead with the hands into a round shape. Take the rolling pin and roll out very thin, taking care to dust the pin well with meal to keep it from sticking. Pinch it around the edges with fingers and thumb and cut into round shapes. Have the gridiron nice and hot, then bring it to the edge of the board and slip the cakes on it. Fire on one side, then, when browned delicately, turn deftly over to bake on the other side. An hour or two in a moderately-hot oven makes them dry and crisp.

#### The Scrap Bag.

##### CUTTING CAKE.

When cutting new cake, dip the knife in cold water before cutting each slice.

##### WASHING WOODWORK.

Baking soda dissolved in warm water is good for cleaning painted woodwork.

##### CLEANING STOVE.

Rub the top of the stove with grease about once a month to keep the polish from burning off and the stove from burning red.

##### RUST FROM LINEN.

Rust can be removed by boiling the part in cream-of-tartar water.

##### SQUEEZING LEMON.

Warm a lemon before squeezing it to obtain all the juice.

##### CLEANING SILVER.

Put silver in a pan and cover with thick sour milk. Let stand for half an hour, then rinse off.

##### IRONING LACE TIES.

Dip lace and muslin ties, etc., in clear water, then in skim milk, and iron between two cloths. Baste the pleats of a pleated jabot before washing it.

##### OLD STAINS IN LINEN.

Put a teaspoonful of sulphur in a saucer, add a few drops of alcohol and ignite. Put a funnel over, point up; wet the stained linen, and hold over.

##### CLEANING TINWARE.

If no "cleanser" is at hand, use a damp cloth and ashes to remove stains from tinware.

#### PRUNE PICKLES.

Add a little vinegar and spices to cooked prunes, with enough sugar to make a syrup.

#### HAM AND BOILED MEAT.

Rub the cut side of a ham with corn-meal to keep it nice. When boiling meat, add a tablespoonful of vinegar to make it tender.

#### THE CARE OF FLANNELS.

Every housekeeper will admit that the care of our flannels is very important.

First, they should be soaked over night in soft water.... If the water is hard, add a teaspoonful of borax to each gallon. Then make a suds of mild soap with a little ammonia added, and wash at once.

The water in which woollens are washed should never be hot. Contact with hot water makes them hard and shrinks them. The rinsing water should be of the same temperature—lukewarm.

Never wring flannels, but press out the superfluous moisture between the hands. Hang them in the sun when possible.

#### Moments.

##### THE GOLDEN BIRD.

I.

The little garden of Mrs. Nightingale's is a sweet place to walk in, lying, as it does, in the heart of the village. A cluster of orchards sloping down to dark woods; elm trees, yellow beeches, a chimney covered with scarlet creepers. There are old-fashioned "button flowers," mahogany colored, with dew on their gray leaves; sage and thyme grow by the pear tree. The fox-hound pup runs in, a jolly dog with loving eyes; he comes and eats all the twigs off the raspberries canes.

Winds blow, a shower of yellow leaves sweep over. . . . I can see "The Golden Bird."

An old inn, with mossy roof, and for its sign, a strange bird flying at the sun. Painted by some broken artist when he had no money to pay for his bed—was he drunk when he drew it?

Mrs. Nightingale comes out with a cup of rhubarb wine:

"You lookin' at 'The Golden Bird'?" she says. "See that winder under it? That's where young Swaine 'as lain ten years. 'Tis some sort o' rheumatism climbin' up' his back—from sleepin' in a damp bed when 'e was footman. . . . There's a glass by 'is bed, so's 'e can see the village road, an' a string by 'is 'and, so's 'e can wave a flag to greet ye; 'twas the postman run it up for 'im. Like to come an' see 'im? 'E's lonesome. My darter'll take you down at five o'clock."

A little fresh talking sound runs through the trees, cocks are crowing, and all the brown chrysanthemums nodding their heads. A drift of leaves have blown across the windows of "The Golden Bird."

Twilight. I have just come from seeing Dick Swaine. His mother, a burly old woman in a blue dress, opened the door. The inn is dark. But while we stood, there came a sound of music.

We climbed a steep, black staircase. Inside that room I saw a young man lying, with a white face turned to us through the shadows. The corners were dark already, but with his mirror he showed me the last gleam of sunset. His sister came in, a tall, fair girl, then I noticed the room was full of flowers. She shut the door, and the young man, still smiling, we were shown a church he had built of matches. A shawl he had knitted, and many little boxes quaintly carved; hours and hours of time in the making of each "fancy."

Down below a man spat on the mud. "Play to us," said the sister. He drew a violin from under the sheets.

He couldn't bend his cheek to it, but held it on his chest; the room quite dark now, we sat without stirring, and the sister sang. . . .

Very low, so that her voice and the soft strings mingled, then rising as the passion of the music rose! It seemed the roof lifted, the walls of the little room vanished. . . .

Mrs. Swaine's tread reached us, coming with the lamp.

A dark night, new moon. They have been cutting creepers—I have just run

back with a bunch of crimson leaves, and left them at "The Golden Bird."

II.

There is still a thread of scarlet on the old chimney, a tinge of orange on the elms. Clouds travel fast to-day, the road is thick with leaves.

I often go to "The Golden Bird" at twilight to tell Dick how the woods are thinning; how the beeches have turned dark purple, and the ash trees feathery gold, and the ground under them flamed.

Dick seems to look through the walls of his room: "The sycamore's 'ud be turned now," he'll say, or "'Tis the undergrowth's perishin'."

I tell him how it was clear this morning, and frosty, a milk-white breath on the hills, how the woods were quiet as a dream, each tree naked against the cobweb of lights. "A leaf blew in my window," he says, smiling. I tell him of the old shepherd I met with a high peaked hat, and a huge umbrella on his back for a tent. . . . (the sound of sheep-bells comes to us). And how at three o'clock the sun slipped over the Downs, and all the country turned misty-blue, like wild forget-me-nots; how pale clouds colored up and suddenly took fire; and, as the last red light died out, how the rocks darkened the whole country with their fighting.

"Twilight falls sudden," says Dick. His face is very pale these autumn nights.

That wood where the rooks go is full of violets in the spring," he tells me. "Flowers . . . I love them white narcissus. . . ." In the silence comes the clang of iron being hammered. It is nearly dark, a scent of dying leaves drifts in.

And then, talking of life, and food, and poor men's wages, we watch the sparks fly from the forge below, red stars thrown up against the purple trees, blazing, vanishing. . . . Sets you thinkin'," whispers Dick. "We're all sparks" from the same old forge, but some dies redder than others. . . . 'Tis roast pheasant this evenin' at the Hall."

"And you'd like some?"

"No, no. I'm not blamin' the aristocracy; they means well. Our lady's a mortal kind woman! Sent me a bunch of grapes last summer—and mostly they don't send you grapes till you're dyin'. No, no, 'tisn't that. . . ."

Some thought too big for his utterance shadows Dick's face. . . . 'Tis the feelin'," he falters, and then with a sigh, "Ah, well, they don't know better. . . ."

A gust of wind, laden with leaves from all the trees, flies past, and over the top of the woods appears the new moon.

"The boys an' girls is comin' in this evenin'." Would you care for to come, miss?"

So last night I went in again at seven o'clock.

Lamp-light, a room full of laughing faces, smoke, and music. Dick had his violin, and "Charlie," the blacksmith, was singing the Old Hundredth; a huge man with soft eyes and a glorious voice.

There was "Jim," gardener at the vicarage, and a good-looking youth, second footman from the Hall, with four or five of the women servants; one splendid girl—such a figure!—and a "don't-touch-me" air, that was given the lie direct by her laughing lips.

The little kitchen maids nearly died of giggling; the head parlor maid laughed too, but soundlessly. They all laughed . . . and the village girls laughed to see them laugh.

A girl opposite me—"Slap-cabbage" they called her—had eyes like two black devils. It was hard to picture her in a decorous cap and apron, her dark hair flew out, her face burnt red. When she stood up to sing, she leapt. And when she sang, she shouted.

I was never conscious of the second footman—he had so learnt the art of oblivion, but the gardener's long legs were all over the room.

A pale light shone on Dick's face, our choruses shook the bed: "Who will o'er the Downs with me?" "Sweet Chiming Bells." Charlie gave us "Uncle Tom Cobbler" and "The Old Armchair."

Dick's eyes were soft as honey, for the lads won't come without a gift, if it's but a pipeful of tobacco, and the girls

bring flowers, the first violet, the last rose, a daisy!

The room grew warm with our laughter, our faces looked as if we had sat round a bonfire; only one chill moment, when the head parlor maid, asked the time. Then "Slap-cabbage" told us she was leaving her place, because she couldn't get her voice soft enough to suit. And suddenly mounting her chair, she gave a great shout that nearly had the roof off. Dick struck up a jig, and it seemed as if the tall girl with the laughing lips must burst out of her dress. They sat very stiffly, these maids from the Hall, their bodies drilled: like straight bottles full of some heady wine that was gathering force with waiting.

A shiver of ecstasy ran round when Dick's sister, accompanied by the violin, sang one of her songs. The gardener kept stroking his leg, and Charlie pulling his long moustache, the footman put down his cigarette, and I heard the parlor maid's corsets creak; she had drawn too deep a breath.

We were all singing "Auld Lang Syne" when Mrs. Swaine climbed up, her face like a crumpled apple: "There now!" she cried, "the music of ye's waked the fowls up!" And sat down a tray of green gooseberry wine, a liquor that makes one's cheeks very pink, and one's toes tingle!

Then, standing round with joined hands, we shouted "Rule Britannia" and "God Save the King."

It was dark coming out; I should have stumbled but that the blacksmith gave me his arm; cottage gates are hard to see.—Dorothy Easton.—Sel.

Mizpah.

By Margaret Tyndale.

"Bide a minute, Dad, while I see as the place is all nice and straight when Mr. Sanderson comes in to look around. Just bide a minute, John dear."

The old man nodded understandingly from where he stood framed in the open doorway. He did not dare to speak for fear lest Meg should notice the strange noise in his throat, and it would never do for her to hear that. He listened as his wife slowly mounted the stairs one by one, and remembered as he did so that there had been a time when she would run lightly up and down again, singing all the while. What a sassy dear she had been to be sure, them days—ah, well, well!

And Meg above stairs was thinking of John as he had been in "them days"—handsome and upright and strong, he was then. Why, folk had said, when they two were married, that there wasn't a nicer looking couple for miles. But, of course, that was only what they said, and 'twas a different thing to meaning it, sure enough.

With her fingers on the handle of the bedroom door she paused a moment; then, with a quick intake of breath, she turned it and entered.

"Lord, Lord," she whispered, and prayed in dumb fashion for courage. But aloud she said, striving to "talk down" her rising grief, "Yes, the sheets look nice and clean, though I do be saying it as shouldn't, and they'll smell wonderful sweet to the Lunnon gentleman, I'm thinking, seeing as they're my best and have been lying in lavender these fifteen years or more."

She had treasured those sheets for so long; treasured them against her boy's homecoming; but that time had never been, for Tim, her only son, was drowned at sea.

Meg gazed in silent anguish about this room in which her lost child had been born, this room in which, night and morning ever since they had started married life together, she and John had knelt and prayed to God to make them good man and good wife, to prosper them, and keep the wolf from the door for ever and ever. Amen.

On the chest of drawers was the Bible with pictures in it which John had given her as a wedding present. She knew the inscription by heart.

"To Margert Rose, beloved wife of John Rose, from her ever loving husband." And then the date, and underneath that the word "Mizpah," which meant, as Meg knew well: "The Lord watch between me and thee when we are absent one from another."

She raised the top cover of the Bible, and looked at that inscription again,

while the tears fell gently down upon the little gray shawl she wore.

"Oh, John, John," she said brokenly, "the Lord watch between us now, if we are parted one from the other."

She closed the book slowly and tucked it under her arm. It would be a comfort, she told herself, in the hard time that was coming.

Her eyes wandered to the mantelshelf, where stood the ornaments of which she had used to be so proud. There was the little statue of Abraham, with very curly locks, offering up Isaac, with its fellow representing Rebecca at the Well. She had always believed them to be made of alabaster, so beautiful were they in her eyes; but Mr. Sanderson, the bailiff, had cruelly dispelled this illusion not long ago. John had bought them from a gipsy at Binnington Fair. In fact the whole room was full of little things he had bought for her as "surprises" from time to time—things too many for her to take away, though she loved them all. Last Fair Day he had bought what he called a "hoity-toity" to hang beside her looking-glass and put her "comings" in. But since then there had been no more buying of presents, because even for the little tidy John had had to deny himself to give her pleasure. Even then the small hoard of savings they had put by so carefully for a rainy day had begun to disappear with alarming rapidity.

She heard John's voice calling her from below.

"Mother, here be Mr. Sanderson wantin' to have a word with ye," and raising her head with a dignity intended to belie the traces of recent tears, Meg made her way once more to the kitchen. "Good day to ye, sir," she said to the bailiff.

He nodded a curt reply to her greeting. "All straight and square for the new tenant?" he demanded.

"I've cleaned the place from top to bottom, Mr. Sanderson," Meg answered him bravely.

His temper rasped beneath the calmness of this old couple whom he knew very well he was cheating shamefully. "Well, that's good," he retorted, and turned on his heel. But at the door he paused a moment for a parting shot. "You can thank your lucky stars that I'm letting you off lightly."

And with quiet reproach John answered him. "You should know best, sir, whether we ought to be grateful to ye."

Then Sanderson went out and slammed the door. He had robbed this couple of the last remnants of their beloved home; he was turning them adrift in the world at a time when old folks should have the haven of a chimney corner, at least, which they may call their own to the end of their days—but it was little satisfaction he had therefrom. As he passed down the village street he knew that old John and Margaret Rose, with all their sorrow, were happier than the man whose name had become a thing to dread for miles round.

When John and Meg passed down the road in their turn every door was closed, every blind was drawn, so that none might see this shame of theirs. Offers of help innumerable had come from friends and neighbors in the hour of their trouble; but they knew all too well how hard was the struggle to live, to wish to accept charity from hands which could so ill afford to give it. They were grateful now for the tactful sympathy which showed no wish to pry, and as they went through the village, Meg leaning a little heavily upon her husband's arm, they took a silent farewell of these dear friends.

The road to Binnington was deserted as they walked slowly along in the afternoon sunshine, and although they knew this would be their last opportunity to speak together for some time perhaps, words were difficult things that would not come.

"Dad," said Meg at last, "when—when we say good-bye at the gate, will you say, 'Mizpah,' and I'll say it, too? Then, perhaps, the Lord will watch between us, even though He does seem to have forgotten us for a minute."

"Hush, Mother," he answered quickly. "God knows what's best for us, my dear—God knows what's best."

"Kiss me, John," she pleaded. "You was always better nor me."

And between the high hedges, under the blue sky, he took her in his stiff old

arms, while each in their heart believed it to be for the last time—for they could not live apart. Then they trudged bravely on, speaking, in spite of secret doubts, of little excursions they would make together when it was their "day out."

"And dad," said Meg, closing her eyes for a moment in the hope that the tears which had risen might go away again, "don't forget to tell 'em about your rheumatics, and the bulls' eyes you 'as to have in the winter to keep the cold out."

So he promised her that he would not forget. Meantime they were too engrossed to notice a stranger who had approached along the road, and who now drew near enough to question them as to the way to Pender Village.

"Keep straight along, sir, till ye gets to the cross-roads," John replied speaking up as clearly as he might so as not to betray the trouble that caught at his throat whenever he tried to speak. "Then to Lil' Pender you take the right-hand turnin', and to Pender prapper—"

"Oh, I think it must be Little Pender I'm looking for," the stranger politely interrupted. "Perhaps you can tell me—Briar Cottage?"

"Yes, yes," they both answered him, and Meg questioned hastily: "Be you the gentleman from Lunnon, sir—if I make so bold as to ask ye?"

He smiled kindly down upon their wrinkled faces turned so eagerly towards him. "Yes," he answered, "I've come from London. Do you know it at all?" They both shook their heads. "Oh, no, we don't know it, sir."

They looked at him with a curiosity he was unable to interpret correctly, but they were thinking that this was the gentleman who was to live in their old home, who would use the things that had come to be beloved from long usage. This was the individual who would henceforth delight in the becurled Abraham, and look upon Rebecca as she stood poisoning her pitcher upon her head. It behoved Meg to give him some advice.

"If you be goin' to live at Briar Cottage, sir, I think as them as lived there last would like ye to know that when the kitchen fire smokes ye must take out the big brick that is fixed in to the chimney, and the table in the sitting-room bain't steady in one leg, so that when ye do yer cleanin'—"

"Tut, tut, Mother," interrupted John, "the gentleman hain't goin' to do no cleanin'."

"But it's as well as he should know, dad."

The stranger thanked them cordially, supposing them to be neighbors of "them as lived there last," hoping that he might see this kindly couple again, and deciding they they would prove profitable characters for that next book of his.

So John and Meg took their way upon the road to Binnington, longing to retrace each step they took, so greatly did they dread the ending of their journey. But the town was reached at last, and there, just on the outskirts was the house—the big grey building that looked to them so like a prison on this glorious afternoon in late summer.

Meg's fingers tightened upon her husband's arm. She was tempted to cry out that she would sooner starve in the village they knew and loved so well than live in comparative luxury in this horrible place; but she knew that that would only make it harder for John, so her lips smiled bravely up at him when he asked whether she thought they ought to ring the bell.

"There—there's a man just inside the door," she said tremulously, and nodded to a box-like place on the right-hand side of the big wooden gate. The porter called out to them to "come inside," and with much difficulty, born of the shame and anguish in their souls, they explained their mission. No, they were not old enough by five years for the pension offered by the Government, and parish relief was of no use, since their home had been seized in payment of the rent.

Then they were led through a door marked "Receiving Department" into a bare, whitewashed room that had a row of chairs upon three sides of it—a place to strike horror into the minds of this poor, frightened pair. The tears were

dripping down Meg's cheeks, though she still tried to smile; but John's lips were drawn and gray. For a quarter of an hour they were left alone, too miserable for speech, too crushed even for prayer. Presently there came the sound of footsteps upon the flagged corridor without and Meg looked at her husband and whispered brokenly:

"Oh, John dear—Mizpah—Mizpah!"

A cheery little woman bustled into the room. "Are you John and Margaret Rose?" she questioned.

John stumbled to his feet, clutching feverishly at his hat, while Meg burst into a passion of weeping.

"You—you must excuse Mother, missis," the old man explained. "You see—we hain't never been parted afore. Shall I—shall I go fast—to give her time like?"

The matron laughed kindly. "Why, I've got better things for you than that," she said. "I've just had a telephone message from Pender Post Office, from a Mr. McKenzie, requesting me to ask you if you'd be willing to take charge of Briar Cottage for him?"

And suddenly John's courage broke down, and the next moment he was crying like a child in his wife's arms.

"Oh, Mother, Mother!" he said, "the Lord did watch—the Lord did watch."—*Otago Witness.*

### The Dream Regained.

By Elizabeth M. Gilmer.

It had been a glorious spring day, and at its close we were sitting in the twilight by the big north window of the artist's studio. Under us was the busy street with its roar softly muffled as it came up from ten stories below. Before us lay the wide expanse of the park, set like a splendid emerald in the stony heart of the city. A wind, faintly fragrant with the odor of lilacs, drifted in through the open casement.

The artist was busy with the silver tea things that a maid had just brought in. I strained my eyes to catch another look at her latest picture, which the critics had already acclaimed her masterpiece.

It was very simple in composition—just the picture of a little child, pushing open with rose leaf hands a great, grim, barred door that looked as if it might have resisted the strength of a hundred giants. The face of the child was all soft, delicate, baby curves, but the eyes were mystic. In them was hope, and promise, and fulfillment—the eternal something that makes the struggle of life worth while.

"It is wonderful," I said, "but how did you, who have never had a child, know it? The eyes of little, new-born babies are old—old—old, and when their mothers first look into them they see their heart's desire coming to them somewhere in the future. That's what gives mothers strength to take hold on life again despite the agony of their spent bodies. That's the look you have painted in this child's eyes—the look of expectation, of the always-about-to-be that lures a mother on and on down the years. But how did you know?"

The artist smiled, her hands still busy among the cups. "Do you remember," she said, "that when you were here a year ago I complained to you that I had just been evicted from my castle in Spain? I told you that I was fifty years old—a lonely, childless widow, and that at middle age life had suddenly gone stale and flat to me because I realized that I had all the good things that fate had held in store for me, and that there was nothing left to look forward to? There were no more beautiful surprises to anticipate.

"I had had my little success, but I had proved my talent and knew that it was a penny taper instead of a flashing arc light of genius. I was too old for love to ever knock again at my door, or whistle to me through the window. Worst of all, my beautiful dreams, all of them, had fluttered their silken wings and flown away, and left me bereft, in a sordid world of actualities where I had nothing to look forward to but just the dull grind of daily duties.

"I had my friends and the physical comforts of ample means, but I had worn the edge off of the things I had,

and there was nothing unknown to expect. I had left to me no stick nor stone out of which to build a castle in Spain.

"So I went sorrowful and heavy of heart until, quite by chance, one day as I was coming up to my studio in the elevator, I happened to notice a little girl, sitting on the floor playing contentedly with a ragged doll. She was a pretty little thing, about three years old, with a riot of golden curls, and big blue eyes, and a rose-bud mouth, but she had a singularly ill-kept look, as if she had been dressed by clumsy fingers. And she had that pathetic deprecating air that little children get when they are taught early to keep out of people's way and not make trouble.

"I don't know what impulse made me do it, because I am by nature the most inquisitive person in the world, but something prompted me to ask the elevator boy who the child was.

"Her name is Mary," he said, and then he leaned to me and whispered mysteriously, "Her maw died last night, and she ain't got no kin, nor no money, nor no nothing, and they don't even know where her maw come from."

"How terrible!" I cried.

"Yessum," went on the boy, rolling the news upon his tongue, and the janitor's wife says as how she can't take the kid because she's got seven of her own, and they'll have to send her to the orphan asylum, poor little mite! I finds her crying for a drink of water and trying to wake her dead mother up, and so I just takes her and keeps her on the car with me all day, because she likes to ride up and down."

"And where's she going to get her dinner and sleep?" I asked. He shrugged his shoulders. "Search me," he exclaimed.

"I—I—of course I couldn't think of such a thing as keeping her for long, but I'll take her for the night," I said.

"Will you?" the boy cried. "Now that's good of you!" And, as we reached my landing, he took the child up in his arms and carried her and her rag doll into my apartment.

"She was a friendly little tot, and she responded to kindness as a flower to the sunshine. She let me undress her, and bathe her, and she babbled to me over her supper, and when I took her in my arms to rock her to sleep her little hands crept up under my chin, and she murmured, 'I love you, booful lady,' as she drifted off to sleep.

"The next day I sent for the janitor, and learned her pitiful little story. Her mother, evidently a lady, had been one of those near-talented people that make the tragedy of cities, men and women who have a little gift for art, or music, or writing that seems a wonderful thing in the provincial communities where they live, and that makes them believe that they have only to have wider opportunities to astonish the world with their genius. So they come to the city, where they have not the ability to make good, and where they work, and strive, and starve, and die of disappointment, and heart-break, and actual want.

"Mary's mother had taken a cheap room in the big apartment house where she and the baby had lived miserably for the past few months. The janitor's wife had seen her going out day after day with her little portfolio of sketches, and coming back with them still unsold at night. Her face had grown wanner, and whiter day by day, her step more lagging, until at last it stopped altogether, and the poor young creature turned her face to the wall and died.

"There wasn't a thing in the room to eat but half a sucked orange that the baby had in her hands," said the janitor, "and when I sat the child down to eat with my young ones, she tore at her food like a starved kitten. And there wasn't any address among her mother's papers to tell who she was, or where she came from, so there's nothing to do with the kid but to send her to some orphan asylum."

"Poor little baby!" I said.

"That day I went down town and amused myself by buying the child a complete wardrobe, and to my surprise, I found myself keenly interested in shopping for little garments. It had been a long time since I had cared particu-

larly about my own frocks, but I actually grew excited over purchasing a little blue velvet coat, just the color of Mary's eyes, and tiny patent leather shoes, and a smocked gown in which I knew she would look like a Kate Greenaway picture. And what a child would do with these clothes in an orphan asylum, I did not stop to think.

"Then I hurried home for the first time in years. Ordinarily it made no difference whether I came early or late, because there would be nobody expecting me, nobody to care whether I came at all or not. But I had told Mary that I would bring her a woolly lamb and a real doll, and I knew that her little face would be pressed against the window pane looking for me. And it was. When I put my key in the lock, I heard the patter of her little feet running to meet me, and her cry of 'Oh booful, lady, see, see,' gave me more real pleasure than anything for which I had ever spent money in my life.

"I still had no idea of keeping her. I was playing with her as if she had been a toy. I dressed her in the beautiful clothes I had gotten for her. I bathed the delicious little dimpled form. I ransacked my memory for old fairy tales. I slept with her cuddled up in my arms, but still I was determined not to interfere with her fate, but to give her up to be swallowed up in the big orphan asylum when the time came.

"I told myself what a care a child would be, how much it would interfere with my work, and with my personal liberty, and I'd be a fool to take a burden upon myself.

"Then I began thinking about Mary. She was such a tender, sensitive, clinging little thing, so anxious to love, and be loved. I thought of her just as one of a great number of children raised by the tinkle of a bell, treated kindly, but with no human affection. There would be nobody to hold her hand because she was afraid in the dark; no one to pet her; no lap that she could climb into for a bedtime story, no one to cuddle her up, no one for her to go to when she wanted to cry out her little childish sorrow. To give her up to an institution seemed like casting her out into the cold of a winter's night, to live or die, as chance might be.

"Then I began to wonder if it wasn't my duty to keep this child that fate had thrown in my way, and—I am not a pious woman as you know—but, when our human vision fails, we all turn instinctively to the great Infallible Wisdom, and so I prayed for a sign to be given me whether I should be a mother to this motherless little child or not.

"Call me superstitious if you please, but I know that I got a direct answer to that prayer. While I was on my knees, my soul was illumined. It was as if I heard a voice saying: 'The child is homeless, motherless, loveless. What other sign do you need?'

"So the next day I had my lawyer take steps. I adopted her, and that night I sat long with her cuddled in my arms, my heart at peace as it had not been for a long time before. Then suddenly as we swayed to and fro in the rocking chair, the yellow head upon my breast, the little arm about my neck, I found myself making plans for the future. I felt myself involved in a million new interests. I saw Mary building sand houses on the seashore, Mary's delight over a pony cart, Mary's triumphs at school, Mary as a beautiful young girl, Mary's dreams of love, Mary's lovers, Mary's marriage, Mary's children.

"And then I caught my breath with a sob, 'Oh, God is good to me!' I cried aloud in the dusk, 'I have found the way back into my castle in Spain!' And I knew that what all my striving, and strength, and skill had not been able to do, a child had done for me.

"And that's what I tried to paint in the picture. A child's hand opening the door to the House of Dreams for us, who have grown too old to dream any more for ourselves."

"It is only they who have the key to the future," I said.

"But they let us go in with them, back to our Castle in Spain," said the artist softly, and then she quoted under her breath, "and a little child shall lead them."

### A Chinese Lady at Home.

Reference was recently made on the "Books and Authors" page of Saturday Night to an interesting book on court life in China, by Professor Isaac Taylor Headland. This writer, in Putnam's Magazine, makes Sir Robert Hart sponsor for the following:

He said that the Chinese minister appointed to the Court of St. James came to call on him before setting out upon his journey. After conversing for some time, he said:

"I should be glad to see Lady Hart. I believe it is customary in calling on a foreign gentleman to see his lady, is it not?"

"It is," said Sir Robert, "and I should be delighted to have you see her, but Lady Hart is in England with our children, and has not been here for twenty years."

"Ah, indeed, then perhaps I might see your second wife?"

"That you might, if I had one. But the customs of our country do not allow us to have a second wife. Indeed, they would imprison us if we were to have two wives."

"How singular," said the official with a nod of his head. "You do not appreciate the advantages of this custom of ours."

Professor Headland then relates from his own experience this incident, showing another "advantage" of Chinese customs:

Young people in China are all engaged by their parents without their knowledge or consent. This was very unsatisfactory to the young people of the old regime, and it is being modified in the new. One day one of my students in discussing this matter, said to me:

"Our method of getting a wife is very much better than either the old Chinese method or your foreign method."

"How is that?" I asked.

"Well," said he, "according to the old Chinese custom, a man could never see his wife until she was brought to his house. But we can see the girls in public meetings. We have sisters in the girls' schools; they have brothers in the college, and when we go home during vacation we can learn all about each other."

"But how do you consider it better than our method?" I persisted.

"Why, you see, when you have found the girl you want, you have to go and get her yourself, while we can send a middleman to do it for us."

"I still argued that by our method we could become better acquainted with the young lady."

"Yes," he said, "that is true; but doesn't it make you awfully mad if you ask a lady to marry you and she refuses?" And it must be confessed that this was a difficult question to answer without compromising oneself.

The following details of Chinese home life were such as no man would be permitted to observe, and were secured by Mrs. Headland:

The Chinese lady in Pekin sleeps upon a brick bed, one-half of the room being built up a foot and a half above the floor, with flues running through it; and in the winter a fire is built under the bed, so that, instead of having one hot brick in her bed, she has a hundred. She rises about eight. She has a large number of women servants, a few slave girls, and if she belongs to the family of a prince, she has several eunuchs, these latter to do the heavy work about the household. Each servant has her own special duties, and resents being asked to perform those of another. When my lady awakes, a servant brings her a cup of hot tea and cake made of wheat or rice flour. After eating this a slave girl presents her with a tiny pipe with a long stem from which she takes a few whiffs. Two servants then appear with a large, polished-brass basin of very hot water towels, soaps, and preparations of honey to be used on her face and hands while they are still warm and moist from the bathing. After the bath they remove the things and disappear, and two other women take their places, with a tray on which are combs, brushes, hair-pomades, and the framework and accessories needed for combing her hair. Then begins a

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long and tedious operation that may continue for two hours. Finally the hair is ready for the ornaments, jewels and flowers which are brought by another servant, on a large tray. The mistress selects the ones she wishes, places them in her hair with her own hands. . . .

The prevailing idea with the Chinese ladies is that the foreign women does not comb her hair. I have often heard my friends apologizing to ladies whom they have brought to see me for the first time, and on whom they wanted me to make a good impression by saying:

"You must not mind her hair; she is really so busy she has no time to comb it. All her time is spent in acts of benevolence."

At the first audience when the Empress Dowager received the foreign ladies, she presented each of them with two boxes of combs, one ivory, inlaid with gold, the other ordinary hard wood, and the set was complete even to the fine comb. One cannot but wonder if her Majesty had not heard of the untidy locks of the foreign woman, which she attributed to lack of proper combs.

After the hair has been properly combed and ornamented, cosmetics of white and carmine are brought for the face and the neck. The Manchu lady uses these in great profusion, her Chinese sister more sparingly. No Chinese lady, unless a widow or a woman past sixty, is supposed to appear in the presence of her family without a full coating of powder and paint. A lady one day complained to me of difficulty in lifting her eyelids, and asked me what the reason was.

"Perhaps," said I, "they are partially paralyzed by the lead in your cosmetics. Wash off the paint and see if the nerves do not recover their tone."

"But," said she, "I would not dare to appear in the presence of my husband or family without paint and powder; it would not be respectable."

The final touch to the face is the deep carmine spot on the lower lip.

The robing then begins. And what beautiful robes they are!—the softest and most delicate silks, lined with the lightest of furs in winter. Over these come the rich satin-embroidered garments, each season calling for a certain number and kind. She then decorates herself with her jewels—earrings, bracelets, beads, rings, charms, embroidered bags holding the betel-nut, and the tiny mirror in its embroidered case with silk tassels. When these are hung on the buttons of her dress her outfit is complete, and she arises from her couch a wonderful creation, from her glossy head, with every hair in place, to the toe of her tiny embroidered slipper. But it has taken the time of a half-dozen servants for three hours to get these results.

It is now after eleven o'clock, and her breakfast is ready to be served in another room. Word that the leading lady of the household is about to appear is sent to the other apartments. Hurried finishing touches are given to toilets, for all daughters, daughters-in-law and grandchildren must be ready to receive her in the outer room when she appears leaning on the arms of two eunuchs if she is a princess, or on two stout serving women if a Chinese.

According to rank, each one in turn takes a step towards her and gives a low curtsy in which the left knee touches the floor. Even the children go through the same formality. All are gaily dressed, with head bedecked and faces painted like her own. She inclines her head but slightly. These are the members of her household over whom she has sway—her little realm. While her mother-in-law lived, she was under the same rigorous rule. . . .

After her meal she lingers for a few minutes over her cup of tea and her pipe. In the meantime her cart or sedan chair is prepared. Her out-riders are ready with their horses; the eunuchs, women and slave girls who are to attend her, don their proper clothing, and prepare the changes of raiment needed for the various functions of the day. One takes a basin and towels, another powder and rouge-boxes, another the pipe and embroidered tobacco pouch, not even forgetting the silver cuspidor, all of which will be needed. When she eats, a servant gives her a napkin to spread over her gown; after she has finished, another brings a basin of hot water, from which

a towel is wrung with which she gently wipes her mouth and hands. Another brings her a glass of water, or she washes out her mouth with tea, and finally with the little mirror and rouge-box she puts the paint upon her lip if it has disappeared.

Although Mr. Sargent's portrait of Mr. Henry James, the novelist, was badly hacked by a cleaver wielded by a Suffragette at the opening of the Royal Academy, it will not be an over-difficult task to repair it. The work of restoration has been entrusted to Major George C. Roller.

In restoring the portrait the canvas, after the painted surface has been protected with tissue paper, will be placed on a slate table. The back will then be covered with a sticky fluid, which will be pressed through to the surface of the picture with a heated iron. In this way the canvas will contract, and the cuts in it will close up. The canvas will finally be relined, and any spots where paint may be missing will be filled in by the restorer with a special preparation.

There are men in London who follow the profession of picture-restoring who are able to restore old paintings of value which have large holes in them, or the material on which they are executed hanging in threads. Moreover, they can, when necessary, transfer a painting to a new canvas.

If a picture of which the canvas is cracked, torn, or rotted with age is handed to a clever restorer the first thing he does is to purchase a new canvas the same size as the old one. Having obtained this, he glues a sheet of stout Manila paper to the picture. He then carefully scrapes away the old canvas. This is a job that might occupy him for several days, or weeks if the canvas is a large one. Having removed every bit of canvas, the grounds upon which the paint lies are taken away by solvents or gentle scraping, until nothing remains but the fragile shell of pigment adhering to the paper.

The new canvas is then covered with the strongest fish-glue obtainable, and pressed firmly down upon the paper bearing the picture. As soon as the painting is firmly attached to its new foundation nothing remains but to take off the Manila paper. This can be done with hot water, and the surface of the painting has only to be cleaned to look as bright and clear as it was when the artist painted it.

In days gone by many masters of the brush painted their works on wood or panel. Several such works brought to light during recent years have been found with their timber badly decayed, and in order to preserve them it has been necessary to transfer them to canvas.

We believe it was M. Haquin, a French artist of note, who first successfully transferred a panel-painting to canvas. He glued a sheet of paper over the surface of the painting, and afterward upon this a fine layer of muslin. When the glue was quite dry he planed down the panel until it was of the thickness of match-wood, when he scraped off the remainder with a long, flexible knife. This done, the mere skin of color held together by the paper and muslin was left, and it was a comparatively easy task to glue this to a canvas and remove the paper and muslin.

If an old picture has a portion of its pigment missing this may be replaced by an artist with colors from a brush, but sometimes old but worthless paintings are used for the purpose.

When the coloring of the drapery, flesh, foliage or sky, as the case may be, is found to match exactly the missing portion it is cut out to size and glued on the canvas, the edges of the join being made imperceptible by the aid of the brush.

Many tricks have been played by unscrupulous restorers upon the owners of valuable oil paintings, the most common being the foisting upon the victims in lieu of their own works of skilful copies of the originals, known as "change-lings."

### Fall In.

By Harold Begbie.

[These stanzas have lately been set to music by Sir Frederic Cowen, the composer, and all England is now singing the song. The poem was written with the express purpose of bringing in recruits, and is displayed in huge poster form in shop windows and on walls all over London.]

What will you lack, sonny, what will you lack  
When the girls line up the street,  
Shouting their love to the lads come back  
From the foe they rushed to beat?  
Will you send a strangled cheer to the sky  
And grin till your cheeks are red?  
But what will you lack when your mate goes by  
With a girl who cuts you dead?

Where will you look, sonny, where will you look  
When your children yet to be  
Clamor to learn of the part you took  
In the war that kept men free?  
Will you say it was naught to you if France  
Stood up to her foe or bunked?  
But where will you look when they give the glance  
That tells you they know you funk?

How will you fare, sonny, how will you fare  
In the far-off winter night,  
When you sit by the fire in an old man's chair  
And your neighbors talk of the fight?  
Will you slink away, as it were from a blow,  
Your old head shamed and bent?  
Or say—I was not with the first to go,  
But I went, thank God, I went?

Why do they call, sonny, why do they call  
For men who are brave and strong?  
Is it naught to you if your country fall,  
And Right is smashed by Wrong?  
Is it football still and the picture-show,  
The pub and the betting odds,  
When your brothers stand to the tyrant's blow  
And England's call is God's?

### The Fad of the Moment.

The most popular fad is for deep breathing exercises. May it be one that will last long. For to aerate the lungs must surely be the right thing to do. Deep breathing, the experts tell you, purifies the blood, and promotes its circulation through the brain, and nourishes the nerve cells with its quickening stream. Insufficient breathing is related to the "blues," and all shallow-chested people are said to be shallow thinkers as well. "All victims of despondency, all downcast and crestfallen individuals, are found to be shallow breathers," to quote one well-known student of medical science. If you are reading in a close and unventilated room, and find it difficult to concentrate your attention, and you feel inclined to sleep, try the influence on your brain by going outside into the open air and taking twenty-five deep breaths, expanding the lungs each time, and you will feel a wonderful mental change at once; your thoughts will become more active and under better control, and sleepiness will vanish.

### Among the New Books.

"He Restored My Soul," by A. H. W. (Canada). Published by Elliot Stock, 62 Paternoster Row, London, E. C. Eng. An essay on spiritual evolution in the individual, with a central theme of the duty of fighting selfishness. Price, 6s. net.

"Which Temple Ye Are," by the same author and publishers. A volume of 12 discourses designed to deepen the spiritual life.

"Britain in Arms."—A paper-covered volume containing much information about the English army, its uniforms, regimental badges, numbers, etc. Price, 2s. 6d. J. M. Dent & Sons, 27 Melinda St., Toronto.



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# If I Had Known.

By "Hyacinth."

If I had known the rose I pulled at noon-tide,  
And wearying, tossed so carelessly away,  
Was missed and mourned by one whose heart was heavy,  
And sought its brightness as she passed that way,  
I would have left it swinging in the sunshine,  
The last, brave blossom swinging there alone,  
Nor torn its sweetness from the one who loved it,  
If I had known.

If I had known the letter left unwritten,  
To one whose heart was wrung with grief and pain,  
Or that my words would help to ease the heart-ache,  
And bring fresh courage to that soul again,  
I would have sent it off with prayerful longing,  
Rejoiced if any good from it had grown,  
Nor ever deemed the little task a trouble,  
If I had known.

If I had known the little elbow leaning  
Upon my tired knee at close of day,  
Would never lean again in childish trouble,  
Nor ever vex me with its wilful play,  
I would have been more patient, and more tender,  
Nor frowned at toys the careless hands had thrown,  
I would have checked the hasty words I uttered,  
If I had known.

If I had known—Oh, words that are the saddest,  
That ever came from lips of mortal man,  
An ocean of regret lies in their meaning,  
Too broad and deep for recompense to span.  
We can't recall the words our lips have spoken,  
We cannot gather up the tares we've sown,  
We might as easily have scattered roses,  
If we had known.

# News of the Week

Brigadier-General Lessard, commanding the Toronto divisional area, has been promoted to the position of Inspector-General of the Militia of Eastern Canada.

During the week the item of news that caused most excitement has been, of course, the bombardment of Scarborough, Hartlepool and Whitby by German cruisers, with consequent death and loss of property estimated at about \$5,000,000 in Hartlepool alone. An important revelation also is the fact that the British warships shelling the German trenches on the Belgian coast, have been fired upon by Krupp 12-inch guns, pointing to the fact that some method of railway transportation has been secured. Nevertheless continuous progress is reported from the Yser district, where the Allies are steadily pushing on towards Ostend. Similar slow and steady gains are reported by General Joffre from the French lines in the region of the Somme and the Oise. . . . In the East the Germans seem to have taken Lowicz. On the other hand, the Servians have re-occupied Belgrade, and practically driven the Austrians on to their own territory. Latest reports state that British and French warships, at the time of going to press, are bombarding the inner forts of the Dardanelles, and this is taken as a preliminary to a speedy occupation of Constantinople.

**Donations for the Needy.**  
I have received \$2 from one reader; \$1 from another, and \$7 (especially for "rescue work") from a third. Your Christmas gifts will cheer many sad hearts. HOPE.

# The Windrow.

Perhaps few in this country realize the tremendous burden that Holland, a neutral country, has taken upon herself in extending relief to the Belgians. Although her entire population is but 6,000,000, she is to-day supporting 700,000 Belgian fugitives, and, moreover, has refused financial assistance, both from America and Great Britain, as incompatible with the country's honor. This vast hospitality is one of the bright spots above the dark horizon of the closing months of 1914.

"The passion of the New Era must triumph from this war, or after it will come effacement and the deluge.

"For the ideals of the world at this hour are not lifted ideals, and it is a late day in the world for low ideals, even for the level eye. War should have been extinct centuries ago. Our only hope is that the carnage from which we now avert our eyes is war's self-destruction, and the final rebuke upon the several peoples who have been found so blind as to allow the making of war to rest in the hands of decadents. There is but one answer to this rebuke—a refusal longer to engage.

"The New Era—else what remains for a little time longer will not be worth living in, for those who have held the dream. For such—the New Era, or none here. I believe that the United States of America is as deeply concerned in this war as France or England; I believe that those of our people who are not lifted from the profound ruin of personal interests by the conditions now abroad in the world, are meaningless in this crucial and terrible hour of the earth's judgment as a spiritual experiment. And you who moan so loudly over Rheims and Louvain—I ask you, what do you think of the destruction of peasantry? The New Era does not need ancient relics for its ideals of beauty, but very much it needs of souls of men.

"Either a brotherhood or a chaos is to come. Every Voice out of the past has called us to do away with boundaries, to end imperialism and material greed. Every invention of the past fifty years has laughed at separate language, and distances and man-made boundaries and every estrangement of people from people. The planet is one in wire and voice and meaning; the oneness of God and Nature has been the cry of every seer.

"We are not estranged spiritually, nor in ideal. The growth of our individuality is monstrous until it turns from self to service. From Buddha, from Lao-tse, from Jesus to the latest voice among us, so lost now in the pandemonium, the spirit of man is proclaimed to be the grain of the earth, and the spirit of man is one.

"There is to be a Fatherland in the New Era, but the blasphemous fatherlands of to-day shall not enter. Destroyers of children shall not enter. Except that ye become as little children ye may not enter."—Will Levington Comfort, in "The Craftsman."

The Panama Canal has cost \$353,000,000,—ten days' cost of the Great War.—N. Y. World.

"The size of the tragedy in Belgium," says Literary Digest, "is just beginning to dawn upon the American mind. When the first ship-load of food reached Belgium some people breathed easier, thinking the worst must be over, but the representative who received it for distribution cabled: 'Tell our people it is but a drop in a bucket. Tell them to give, and then give again.' In normal times, Belgium imported 4,000 tons, or a ship-load of flour a day, in addition to all the other foods consumed, and all the relief funds together do not make a distant approach to any such figure to-day. It is a case of millions of people in a desperate plight, and America is absolutely the only nation on earth to-day in a position to relieve it."

"The great war which is devastating Europe has taught millions of men who

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have never before given thought to the subject how interdependent the various nations of the world really are. These international relations are only in part diplomatic, political, and legal; they are in far larger part economic, social, ethical, and intellectual. . . . If the world is to progress in harmony, in co-operation, and in peace, the leaders of opinion throughout the world must possess the international mind. They must not see an enemy in every neighbor, but rather a friend and a helper in a common cause. To bring this about implies a long and probably slow process of moral education. The international aspect of every great question which arises should be fairly and fully presented, and stress should constantly be laid upon the world's progress in interdependence."—President Butler, Columbia University.

**The War Fiend.**

By Ethel J. E. Dunning.

For a thousand days and a thousand days,  
And a thousand days as one,  
A thousand prayers and a thousand tears,  
And a fearsome night begun.  
For a thousand gains and a thousand gifts,  
And a thousand smiles of bliss,  
A sound of woe, of a weary woe,  
And a sad, long hour, is this.  
For a thousand joys and a thousand songs,  
With a thousand blessings born,  
The oppressor's tread and a cry for bread,  
And home and babes we mourn  
But a thousand tears and a thousand prayers,  
Are as wine and incense sweet,  
And a mother's son, and her only son,  
For the Dragon-tooth is meet.  
See! a Kriegspiel sore with the gods of war,  
And the ruthless monster slain!  
In the light of love; in the bonds of peace,  
Doth a ransomed world remain!

**Our Serial Story.**

**PETER.**

A Novel of Which He is Not the Hero

By F. HOPKINSON SMITH.

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When Jack, in reply to Breen's note, stepped into his uncle's office, no one would have recognized in the quick, alert, bronze-faced young fellow the retiring, almost timid, boy who once peered out of the port-hole of the cashier's desk. Nor did Jack's eyes fall on any human being he had ever seen before. New occupants filled the chairs about the ticker. A few lucky ones—very few—had pulled out and stayed out, and could now be found at their country seats in various parts of the State, or on the Riviera or in Egypt; but by far the larger part had crawled out of the fight to nurse their wounds within the privacy of their own homes where the outward show had to be kept up no matter how stringent the inside economics, or how severe the privations. Others, less fortunate, had disappeared altogether from their accustomed haunts and were to be found filling minor positions in some far Western frontier town or camp, or menial berths on a railroad, while at least one victim, too cowardly to leave the field, had haunted the lunch counters, hotel lobbies, and race-tracks for months, preying on friends and acquaintances alike until dire poverty forced him into crime, and a stone cell and a steel grille had ended the struggle.

Failing to find any face he recognized, Jack approached a group around the ticker, and inquired for the head of the firm. The answer came from a red-cheeked, clean-shaven, bullet-headed, immaculately upholstered gentleman—(silk scarf, diamond horseshoe stick-pin, high collar, cut-away coat, speckled-trout waistcoat—everything perfect—who stood paring his nails in front of the plate-glass window overlooking the street, and who conveyed news of the elder Breen's whereabouts by a bob of his head and a jerk of his fat forefinger in the direction of the familiar glass door.

Breen sat at his desk when Jack entered, but it was only when he spoke that his uncle looked up;—so many men swung back that door with favors to ask, that spontaneous affability was often bad policy.

"I received your letter, Uncle Arthur," Jack began.

Breen raised his eyes, and a deep color suffused his face. In his heart he had a sneaking admiration for the boy. He liked his pluck. Strange, too, he liked him the better for having left him and striking out for himself, and stranger still, he was a little ashamed for having brought about the result.

"Why, Jack!" He was on his feet now, his hand extended, something of his old-time cordiality in his manner. "You got my letter, did you? Well, I wanted to talk to you about that ore property. You own it still, don't you?" The habit of his life of going straight at the business in hand, precluded every other topic. Then again he wanted a chance to look the boy over under fire,—"size him up," in his own vocabulary. He might need his help later on.

"Oh, we don't own a foot of it,—don't want to. If Mr. MacFarlane decided to—"

"I'm not talking about MacFarlane's job; I'm talking about your own property,—the Cumberland ore property,—the one your father left you. You haven't sold it, have you?" This came in an anxious tone.

"No," answered Jack simply, wondering what his father's legacy had to do with his Chief's proposed work.

"Have you paid the taxes?" Arthur's eyes were now boring into his.

"Yes, every year; they were not much. Why do you ask?"

"I'll tell you that later on," answered his uncle with a more satisfied air. "You were up there with MacFarlane, weren't you?—when he went to look over the ground of the Maryland Mining Company where he is to cut the horizontal shaft?" Jack nodded. "So I heard. Well, it may interest you to learn that some of our Mukton people own the property. It was I who sent MacFarlane up, really, although he may not know it."

"That was very kind of you, sir," rejoined Jack, without a trace of either gratitude or surprise.

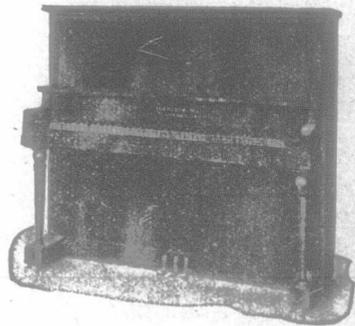
"Well, I'm glad you think so. Some of our directors also own a block of that new road MacFarlane is finishing. They wouldn't hire anybody else after they had gone up to Corklesville and had seen how he did his work, so I had the secretary of the company write MacFarlane, and that's how it came about."

Jack nodded and waited; his uncle's drift was not yet apparent.

"Well, what I wanted to see you about, Jack, is this: here he settled his fat back into the chair. "All the ore in that section of the country,—so our expert says, dips to the east. They've located the vein and they think a horizontal shaft and gravity will get the stuff to tide water much cheaper than a vertical shaft and hoist. Now if the ore should peter out—and the devil himself can't tell always about that—we've got to get some ore somewhere round there to brace up and make good our prospectus, even if it does cost a little more, and that's where your Cumberland property might come in,—see. One of our lawyers looked over a record of your deed in the town hall of Mulford— here he bent forward and consulted a paper on his desk— "No,—that's not it,—Morfordsburg,—yes, that's it—Morfordsburg,—looked up the deed, I say, Jack, and from what he says I don't believe your property is more than a quarter of a mile, as the crow flies, from where they want MacFarlane to begin cutting. If

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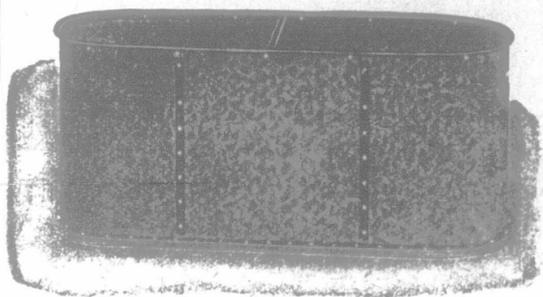
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Whole Manitoba Oats	1.95
Crushed Oats	2.00
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Whole Corn	1.65
Cracked Corn	1.75
Feed Cornmeal	1.65
Whole Feed Barley	1.90
Barley Meal	1.95
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the lawyer's right there may be a few dollars in it for you—not much, but something; and if there is,—of course, I don't want to commit myself, and I don't want to encourage you too much—but if he's right, I should advise you bringing me what papers you've got and have our attorney look them over, and if everything's O.K. in the title, your property might be turned over to the new company and form part of the deal. You can understand, of course, that we don't want any other deposits in that section but our own."

Breen's meaning was clear now. So was the purpose of the letter.

Jack leaned back in his chair, an expression first of triumph and then of disgust crossing his face. That his uncle should actually want him back in his business in any capacity was as complimentary as it was unexpected. That the basis of the co-partnership—and it was this that brought the curl to his lip—was such that neither a quarter of a mile nor two miles would stand in the way of a connecting vein of ore on paper, was to be expected by any one at all familiar with his uncle's methods.

"Thank you, Uncle Arthur," he answered simply, "but there's nothing decided yet about the Morfordsburg work. I heard a bit of news coming down on the train this morning that may cause Mr. MacFarlane to look upon the proposed work more favorably, but that is for him to say. As to my own property, when I am there again, if I do go,—I will look over the ground myself and have Mr. MacFarlane go with me and then I can decide."

Breen knitted his brows. It was not the answer he had expected. In fact, he was very much astonished both at the reply and the way in which it was given. He began to be sorry he had raised the question at all. He would gladly have helped Jack in getting a good price for his property, provided it did not interfere with his own plans, but to educate him up to the position of an obstructionist, was quite another matter.

"Well, think it over," he replied in a tone that was meant to show his entire indifference to the whole affair,—and some time when you are in town drop in again. And now tell me about Ruth, as we must call her, I suppose. Your aunt just missed her at the Cosgroves' the other day." Then came a short disquisition on Garry and Corinne and their life at Elm Crest, followed by an embarrassing pause, and then, with renewed thanks for the interest he had taken in his behalf, and with his whole mind now concentrated on Peter and the unspeakable happiness in store for him when he poured into the old gentleman's willing and astonished ears the details of the interview, Mr. John Breen, Henry MacFarlane's Chief Assistant in Charge of Outside Work, bowed himself out.

He had not long to wait. Indeed, that delightful old gentleman had but a short time before called to a second old gentleman, a more or less delightful fossil in black wig and spectacles, to take his place at the teller's window, and the first delightful old gentleman was at the precise moment standing on the top step of the Exeter, overlooking the street, where he had caught sight of Jack wending his way toward him.

"Jack! Jack!" Peter cried, waving his hand at the boy.

"Oh! that's you, Uncle Peter, is it? Shall I—?"

"No, Jack, stay where you are until I come to you."

"And where are you going now?" burst out Jack, overjoyed at reaching his side.

"To luncheon, my dear boy! We'll go to Favre's, and have a stuffed pepper and a plate of spaghetti an inch deep, after my own receipt. Botti cooks it deliciously;—and a bottle of red wine, my boy,—wine,—not logwood and vinegar. No standing up at a trough, or sitting on a high stool, or wandering about with a sandwich between your fingers,—ruining your table manners and your digestion. And now tell me about dear Ruth, and what she says about coming down to dinner next week?"

It was wonderful how young he looked, and how happy he was, and how spry his step, as the two turned into William Street and so on to the cheap little French restaurant with its sanded

floor, little tables for two and four, with their tiny pots of mustard and flagons of oil and red vinegar,—this last, the "left-overs" of countless bottles of Bordeaux,—to say nothing of the great piles of French bread weighing down a shelf beside the proprietor's desk, racked up like cordwood, and all of the same color, length, and thickness.

Every foot of the way through the room toward his own table—his for years, and which was placed in the far corner overlooking the doleful little garden with its half-starved vine and hanging baskets—Peter had been obliged to speak to everybody he passed (some of the younger men rose to their feet to shake his hand)—until he reached the proprietor and gave his order.

Auguste, plump and oily, his napkin over his arm, drew out his chair (it was always tipped back in reserve until he arrived), laid another plate and accessories for his guest, and then bent his head in attention until Peter indicated the particular brand of Bordeaux—the color of the wax sealing its top was the only label—with which he proposed to entertain his friend.

All this time Jack had been on the point of bursting. Once he had slipped his hand into his pocket for Breen's letter, in the belief that the best way to get the most enjoyment out of the incident of his visit and the result,—for it was still a joke to Jack,—would be to lay the half sheet on Peter's plate and watch the old fellow's face as he read it. Then he decided to lead gradually up to it, concealing the best part of the story—the prospectus and how it was to be braced—until the last.

But the boy could not wait; so, after he had told Peter about Ruth,—and that took ten minutes, try as hard as he could to shorten the telling,—during which the stuffed peppers were in evidence,—and after Peter had replied with certain messages to Ruth,—during which the spaghetti was served sizzling hot with entrancing frazzlings of brown cheese clinging to the edges of the tin plate—the Chief Assistant squared his elbows and plunged head-foremost into the subject.

"And now, I have got a surprise for you, Uncle Peter," cried Jack, smothering his eagerness as best he could.

The old fellow held up his hand, reached for the shabby, dust-begrimed bottle, that had been sound asleep under the sidewalk for years; filled Jack's glass, then his own; settled himself in his chair and said with a dry smile:

"If it's something startling, Jack, wait until we drink this," and he lifted the slender rim to his lips. "If it's something delightful, you can spring it now."

"It is both," answered Jack. "Listen and doubt your ears. I had a letter from Uncle Arthur this morning asking me to come and see him about my Cumberland ore property, and I have just spent an hour with him."

Peter put down his glass: "You had a letter from Arthur Breen—about—what do you mean, Jack?"

"Just what I say."

Peter moved close to the table, and looked at the boy in wonderment.

"Well, what did he want?" He was all attention now. Arthur Breen sending for Jack!—and after all that had happened! Well—well!

"Wants me to put the Cumberland ore property father left me into one of his companies."

"That fox!" The explosion cleared the atmosphere for an instant.

"That fox!" answered Jack, in a complimentary tone; and then followed an account of the interview, the boy chuckling at the end of every sentence in his delight over the situation.

"And what are you going to do?" asked Peter in an undecided tone. He had heard nothing so comical as this for years.

"Going to do nothing,—that is, nothing with Uncle Arthur. In the first place, the property is worthless, unless half a million of money is spent upon it."

"Or is said to have been spent upon it," rejoined Peter with a smile, remembering the Breen methods.

"Exactly so;—and in the second place, I would rather tear up the deed than have it added to Uncle Arthur's stock of balloons."

Peter drummed on the table-cloth and

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looked out of the window. The boy was right in principle, but then the property might not be a balloon at all; might in fact be worth a great deal more than the boy dreamed of. That Arthur Breen had gone out of his way to send for Jack—knowing, as Peter did, how systematically both he and his wife had abused and ridiculed him whenever his name was mentioned—was positive evidence to Peter's mind not only that the property had a value of some kind but that the discovery was of recent origin.

"Would you know yourself, Jack, what the property was worth,—that is, do you feel yourself competent to pass upon its value?" asked Peter, lifting the glass to his lips. He was getting back to his normal condition now.

"Yes, to a certain extent, and if I fail, Mr. MacFarlane will help me out. He was superintendent of the Rockford Mines for five years. He received his early training there,—but there is no use talking about it, Uncle Peter. I only told you to let you see how the same old thing is going on day after day at Uncle Arthur's. If it isn't Mukton, it's Ginsing, or Black Royal, or some other gas bag."

"What did you tell him?" "Nothing,—not in all the hour I talked with him. He did the talking; I did the listening."

"I hope you were courteous to him, my boy?"

"I was,—particularly so." "He wants your property, does he?" ruminated Peter, rolling a crumb of bread between his thumb and forefinger. "I wonder what's up? He has made some bad breaks lately and there were ugly rumors about the house for a time. He has withdrawn his account from the Exeter and so I've lost sight of all of his transactions." Here a new idea seemed to strike him: "Did he seem very anxious about getting hold of the land?"

A queer smile played about Jack's lips:

"He seemed not to be, but he was."

"You're sure?"

"Very sure; and so would you be if you knew him as well as I do. I have heard him talk that way to dozens of men and then brag how he'd 'covered his tracks,' as he used to call it."

"Then, Jack," exclaimed Peter in a decided tone, "there is something in it. What it is you will find out before many weeks, but something. I will wager you he had not only had your title searched but has had test holes driven all over your land. These fellows stop at nothing. Let him alone for a while and keep him guessing. When he writes to you again to come and see him, answer that you are too busy, and if he adds a word about the ore beds tell him you have withdrawn them from the market. In the meantime I will have a talk with one of our directors who has an interest, so he told me, in a new steel company up in the Cumberland Mountains, somewhere near your property, I believe. He may know something of what's going on, if anything is going on."

Jack's eyes blazed. Something going on! Suppose that after all he and Ruth would not have to wait. Peter read his thoughts, and laid his hand on Jack's wrist:

"Keep your toes on the earth, my boy,—no balloon ascensions and no bubbles,—none of your own blowing. They are bad things to have burst in your hands—four hands now, remember, with Ruth's. If there's any money in your Cumberland ore bank, it will come to light without your help. Keep still and say nothing, and don't you sign your name to a piece of paper as big as a postage stamp until you let me see it."

Here Peter looked at his watch and rose from the table.

"Time's up, my boy. I never allow myself but an hour at luncheon, and I am due at the bank in ten minutes. Thank you, Auguste,—and Auguste! please tell Botti the spaghetti was delicious. Come, Jack."

It was when he held Ruth in his arms that same afternoon—behind the door, really,—she couldn't wait until they reached the room,—that Jack whispered in her astonished and delighted ears the good news of the expected check from Garry's committee.

"And daddy won't lose anything; and he can take the new work!" she cried joyously. "And we can all go up to the mountains together! Oh, Jack!—let me run and tell daddy!"

"No, my darling,—not a word. Garry had no business to tell me what he did; and it might leak out and get him into trouble.—No, don't say a word. It is only a few days off. We shall all know next week."

He had led her to the sofa, their favorite seat.

"And now I am going to tell you something that would be a million times better than Garry's check if it were only true,—but it isn't."

"Tell me, Jack,—quick!" Her lips were close to his.

"Uncle Arthur wants to buy my ore lands."

"Buy your— And we are going to be—married right away! Oh, you darling Jack!"

"Wait,—wait, my precious, until I tell you!" She did not wait, and he did not want her to. Only when he could loosen her arms from his neck did he find her ear again, then he poured in the rest of the story.

"But, oh, Jack!—wouldn't it be lovely if it were true,—and just think of all the things we could do."

"Yes,—but it isn't true!"

"But just suppose it was, Jack! You would have a house of your own and we'd build the dearest little home and—"

"But it never can be true, blessed,—not out of the Cumberland property!" protested Jack.

"But, Jack! Can't we suppose? Why, supposing is the best fun in the world. I used to suppose all sorts of things when I was a little girl. Some of them came true, and some of them didn't, but I had just as much fun as if they had all come true."

"Did you ever suppose me?" asked Jack. He knew she never had,—he wasn't worth it,—but what difference did it make what they talked about!

"Yes,—a thousand times. I always knew, my blessed, that there was somebody like you in the world somewhere,—and when the girls would break out and say ugly things of men,—all men,—I just knew they were not true of everybody. I knew that you would come—and that I should always look for you until I found you! And now tell me! Did you suppose about me, too, you darling Jack?"

"No,—never. There couldn't be any supposing;—there isn't any now. It's you I love, Ruth,—you,—and I love the 'you' in you— That's the best part of you."

And so they talked on, she close in his arms, their cheeks together; building castles of rose marble and ivory, laying out gardens with vistas ending in summer sunsets; dreaming dreams that lovers only dream.

(To be continued.)

Trade Topic.

FAST MONTREAL-TORONTO-DETROIT-CHICAGO TRAIN SERVICE.

These solid de luxe trains, carrying buffet - library - compartment-observation cars, electric - lighted standard sleepers, together with standard dining - car service between Montreal - Toronto - Detroit - Chicago, via Canadian Pacific and Michigan Central railroads, are known as "The Canadian," and operated daily through the Michigan Central twin tubes between Windsor and Detroit.

Westbound: Leaving Montreal 8.45 a.m., arriving Toronto 5.40 p.m.; leaving Toronto 6.10 p.m., leaving London 9.33 p.m., arriving Windsor 12.10 a.m., arriving Detroit 11.35 p.m. (central time); leaving Detroit 11.55 p.m., arriving Chicago 7.45 a.m.

Eastbound: Leaving Chicago 6.10 p.m. (central time); arriving Detroit (M.C.R. Depot) 12.35 a.m.; leaving Detroit (M.C.R. Depot) 12.43 a.m.; leaving Detroit (Fort street) 11.40 p.m., leaving Windsor (C.P.R.) 1.20 a.m. (Eastern time), leaving Windsor (M.C.R. Depot) 2.10 a.m., leaving London 5.15 a.m.; arriving Toronto 8.30 a.m.; leaving Toronto 9.00 a.m.; arriving Montreal 6.10 p.m.

Full particulars from Canadian Pacific ticket agents, or write M. G. Murphy, District Passenger Agent, Toronto.



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Northern Aluminum Co., Limited Dept. 75, Toronto, Ont. Send me, prepaid, sample 1-quart (wine-measure) "Wear-Ever" stewpan, for which I enclose 2¢ in stamps—money to be refunded, if I'm not satisfied. Name..... Address.....

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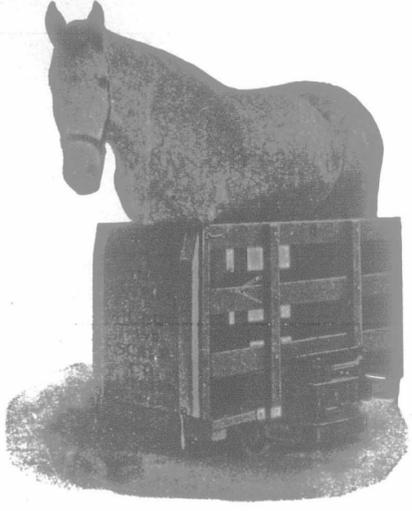
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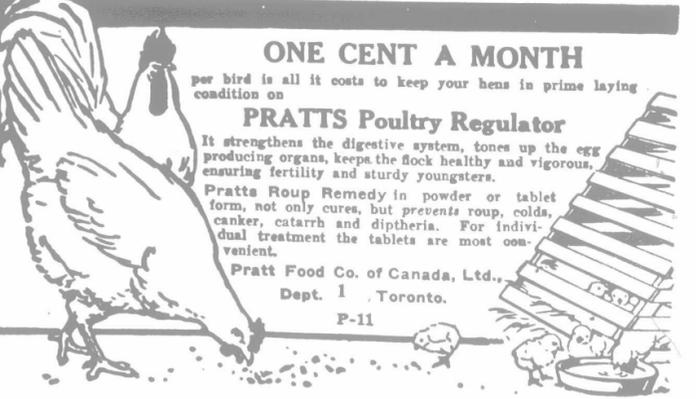
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## DAIRYMEN'S CONVENTION

Dairymen's Association of Western Ontario.

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SPECIAL RAILWAY RATES.

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**Gossip.**

**"THE OTTAWA WINTER FAIR."**

The Ottawa Winter Fair will be held in Ottawa on January 19, 20, 21, 22, 1915. The forward strides made during the last few years by this great Winter Fair of Eastern Ontario, puts it on a par with any Winter Fair in the Dominion. Alterations and improvements made to the buildings during the past year, make the Ottawa Winter Fair buildings unexcelled by any in Canada. Every effort is being put forth to make the coming show a greater success than ever, and it will undoubtedly receive the patronage it deserves from visitors, as well as live-stock exhibitors from all parts of the Province.

**A THOMPSON'S BERKSHIRES.**

The run of the tide of awards at the big shows year after year is generally a pretty safe criterion from which to judge the quality and breed type of the animals exhibited by any one breeder, and when a goodly number of the ribbons, from championships down, are annually placed on the entries of some particular exhibitor, it is an infallible indicator that his animals are up to the highest standard of the breed they represent. This is exactly the position attained by Adam Thompson, of Stratford, Ont., R. M. D. After years of experience he has pinned his faith to the Sally and Highclere strains as the greatest of them all, and his splendid success every year at the Toronto, London and Guelph shows, would appear to prove that he has about struck it right. In his large herd at present are the three great stock hogs, Oliver's Hero, champion at London this year, a son of the great show hog and sire, Sally's Ensign, and out of Imp. Compton Flip; Premier Baron, a son of Baron's Premier 59th, and Imp. Goldcote Clipper, a trio of sires that show great length, depth, and quality. High-class young breeding stock is Mr. Thompson's specialty, and at all times he can supply the trade with young things of both sexes from breeding age down.

**BIG SALE OF R. O. P. AYRSHIRES.**

In the town of Ingersoll, Ont., on Wednesday, Dec. 30th, 1914, the Southern Counties Ayrshire Club will hold their annual sale of selected Ayrshires consisting of sixty head, fifty-three females and seven bulls, representing the well-known and high-class herds of F. H. Harris, Mount Elgin; Collier Bros., Beachville; John McKee, Norwich; J. L. Stansell, Stratfordville; James Begg & Son, St. Thomas; Robert Brown, Harley; John A. Morrison, Mount Elgin; R. J. A. Smith, Hatchley, and A. J. Murray, also of Mount Elgin, a list of consignors whose names are all the guarantee required to ensure an offering of strictly high-class Ayrshires, and a sale conducted on absolutely honorable lines. Relative to the breeding of the animals listed, practically all of them have either qualified for the official R. O. P. records or are bred from animals that have qualified. A number of them are descendants of such noted cows as Primrose Tanglewyld, ex-champion cow of Canada, and Jean Armour, ex-world's champion Ayrshire cow for yearly production. On their sires' side, many are the get of such great bulls as Ivanhoe of Tanglewyld, a son of Ivanhoe of Springhill, with 11 daughters in the R. O. P., and out of Primrose of Tanglewyld mentioned above, with a record of 16,195 lbs. Star of Glencairn, a son of Royal Star of Ste. Anne, with seven daughters qualified, and out of the great show cow, Sarah 2nd, with a record of 11,626 lbs., she being the dam of the ex-world's champion cow, Jean Armour, record 20,174 lbs. Scottie, Canadian champion sire, with fifteen daughters in the R. O. P., his dam, Daisy 1st of Auchenbrain, has a record of 12,733 lbs. Sir Walter of Springbank, a son of the Toronto champion, Lessnessock Forest King, and out of Snowflake, whose record is 12,616 lbs. in 299 days, and Hillhouse Taxmaster, a grandson of the greatest sire the breed ever knew, Barge-nock Durward Lily. Any lengthy description of the superior breeding and quality of the sixty head to be sold is out of the question in these notes, but a post card to the Secretary, J. L. Stansell, of Stratfordville, Ont., will bring a complete catalogue giving full particulars. Suffice it then to say that never before in this country was so

much official-record backing, so many animals holding official records themselves, and combined with this so much individual excellence, offered by auction in a sale of Ayrshire cattle. Everything offered will positively be sold. The sale will be held under cover, so that no matter what the condition of the weather, everyone attending will be comfortable. Don't forget the date December 30th.

**MAPLEWOOD SHORTHORNS AND YORKSHIRES.**

Maplewood Farm, the home of official R. O. P. Shorthorns and high-class show quality Yorkshires, the property of A. Stevenson, Atwood, Ont., R. R. No. 4, postal delivery, Atwood Station, G. T. R., Monkton Station, C. P. R., made a rare bit of enviable history at the late Guelph Show by winning the Shorthorn dairy test on the cow Gypsy 10224. Her test for the three days showed 143.7 lbs. of 3.9 per cent. fat, and her official R. O. P. test as a three-year-old was 7,000 lbs. in ten months. This cow is only an average standard of several others in the herd, all of which are bred from English foundation, Scotch topped. For sale are several young bulls up to breeding age out of heavy milkers, some of their dams having already qualified and others now running in the test. The large herd of Yorkshires are principally bred from the famous Oak Lodge foundation, crossed with the equally famous Monkland strains. Their ideal type is fully assured by their many winnings at the Guelph Show in what was generally conceded to be the strongest show of Yorkshires ever exhibited at the Winter Show. Just now, for sale, Mr. Stevenson is offering a number of choice young sows, bred to farrow in February also younger ones of both sexes.

**R. M. HOLTBY'S HOLSTEINS AND CLYDESDALES.**

Few breeders of Holstein cattle have raised their herds to the high standard of production in the same time as has R. M. Holtby, of Port Perry, R. R. No. 4, Manchester Station, on the Port Perry branch of the G. T. R. The following two or three are a fair average of the herd's producing ability: White Lily, R. O. P., 19,700 lbs. in 12 months. Mutual Pauline Patti, two years, 16 lbs butter in 7 days, R. O. M.; Martha Mercedes Mink, over 17,000 lbs. in 1 year. R. O. P.; Fayne Segis De Kol, two years, R. O. M., 13 lbs. in 7 days, and many others equally as good. For some time the chief sire in use has been King Fayne Segis Clothilde, a grandson of the famous King Segis. The seven nearest dams of this bull have records averaging within a fraction of 28 lbs. Last fall he was second at Toronto and first at Ottawa in the aged-bull class. Lately with R. W. Walker, also of Manchester. Mr. Holtby has purchased the intensely-bred bull, King Segis Pontiac Duplicate, whose thirteen nearest dams have records averaging 26.28 lbs. He is a son of King Segis Pontiac, with 30 A. R. O. daughters, he by King Segis, with 82 A. R. O. daughters. His dam is by King of the Pontiacs, with 89 A. R. O. daughters, he by Pontiac Korndyke, with 86 A. R. O. daughters. He thus combines the blood of the breed's two greatest sires, King Segis and Pontiac Korndyke. This bull, bred on the daughters of King Fayne Segis Clothilde, must produce wonderful results. Among the herd are such great blood as two daughters of the Duplicate bull just mentioned that are in calf to a bull out of a 30-lb. granddaughter of Belle Korndyke, the dam of Pontiac Korndyke. Another is a sister to the great cow, May Echo. She has a bull calf got by a son of a 30-lb. cow. This should make a great herd-header if breeding and production is transmittable. Another bull calf is by the Duplicate bull, and out of a 13-lb. R. O. M. two-year-old heifer, with an R. O. P. record of 9,532 lbs. in 9 months. Several other young bulls equally as well bred are for sale. In Clydesdales, Mr. Holtby has for sale three stallions rising three years of age, one of them out of an imported dam, and all sired by the noted Acme (Imp.) There are also two yearling stallions, one sired by Acme, the other by Royal Freeland (Imp.). Among these are prize-winners at the leading shows, a big, drafty with the best of underpinning. Write Mr. Holtby for full particulars.

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Sired by Baron's Pride (9122). The greatest sire Scotland has ever had. Gallant Baron is 8 years old, sound and right in every way; a splendid foal getter and a most beautiful horse. He is full brother to Bowhill Baron, stud horse for the Colony Stock Farm, B. C. This horse has stood in this neighborhood since a two-year-old, and it becomes necessary to part with him on account of so many of his get. There is no better stock horse to be found, and his colts will be shown by the dozen. He will be sold for half the price that he could be bought for from any importer. **Brandon Bros. Forest, Lambton Co. Ont.-L.-D. Phone.**

**Clydesdales and Shorthorns.**—Young stallions of superior quality; certain winners at the big shows. Young bulls and some heifers bred from cows milking up to 52 lbs. a day. Come and see them.

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**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 must be accompanied by the full name and address of the writer.

3rd—In veterinary questions, the symptoms especially must be fully and clearly stated, otherwise satisfactory replies cannot be given.

4th—When a reply by mail is required to urgent veterinary or legal enquiries, \$1.00 must be enclosed.

**Veterinary.**

**Enlarged Gland.**

Yearling filly had distemper last spring and it left a lump on each side of the throat. One has disappeared, but the other remained. E. C. W.

Ans.—Get an ointment made of two drams each of iodine and iodide of potassium, mixed with two ounces vaseline, and rub a little well in once daily. V.

**Crack on Hock—Growth on Scab.**

1. Horse has had a crack on inside of hock for a month. It discharged for two weeks and now will not heal.

2. Heifer has a growth three-quarters of an inch from the point of the teat. It is just inside of the skin. It does not interfere with milking. J. T. C.

Ans.—1. Apply butter of antimony once daily with a feather for three days; then apply oxide-of-zinc ointment three times daily until healed. V.

**Itchy Legs.**

Mare not highly fed has itchy legs. She rubs and bites them, and they discharge a greasy fluid. The fore legs were first affected, and now the hind ones are going the same. W. W.

Ans.—Purge her with 8 drams aloes and 2 drams ginger, and after purgation ceases give her 1 1/2 ounces Fowler's Solution of Arsenic on food, or mixed with a little cold water as a drench night and morning for ten days. Make a solution of corrosive sublimate, 20 grains to a pint of water. Heat this to about 120 degrees Fahr., and rub well into the skin of the affected part twice daily. V.

**Lame Bull.**

Bull fifteen months old has been lame for six months. The lame leg is not growing. Would it be wise to keep him for stock purposes? G. S. E.

Ans.—It is not possible to diagnose the cause of lameness without further particulars, and it is quite probable that a personal examination by a veterinarian would be necessary. The cause of non-growth of the muscles of the leg is want of function. He no doubt saves and rests the lame leg a great deal, hence the muscles are not used, and as a consequence not only cease to develop properly, but in many cases become smaller. It would not be wise to keep him for stock purposes. V.

**Difficult Breathing.**

My cattle are in good condition and thrifty, but several of them are troubled with their breathing. They make a noise like a person snoring. One has a little lump in her throat. The symptoms are more marked when the cattle are lying. A. O.

Ans.—The symptoms indicate enlargement of the laryngeal glands in the throat. This is probably tubercular. The only means of diagnosis is the tuberculin test by a veterinarian. It would be wise to have your herd tested, and if any react remove them from the healthy ones. If they be not tubercular, it is probable that the application of mustard mixed with oil of turpentine will give some relief, but the fact that they are not otherwise affected indicates tubercular disease. V.

One afternoon a stranger happened in a country town, and while attending to some business in the corner grocery an old man rambled in. The stranger became interested and asked him his age.

"I am just 100 years old," answered the old man, sitting on a packing box.

"Is that so?" jokingly responded the stranger. "Well, I'll bet you don't live to see another hundred."

"I don't know about that," was the smiling rejoinder of the aged native. "I am a whole lot stronger now than I was when I started on my first hundred."

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Page Fence costs a little more than others, but it is worth much more than the difference. Made of special rust-resisting galvanized wire. Every rod perfect. All full gauge wire. Beware of quotations on under-gauge fence. Make the seller guarantee the size.

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8	42	22	6-6-6-6-6-6-6	27
8	42	16 1/2	6-6-6-6-6-6-6	29
8	47	22	4-5-5 1/2-7-8 1/2-9-9	28
8	47	16 1/2	4-5-5 1/2-7-8 1/2-9-9	30
9	48	22	6-6-6-6-6-6-6	31
9	48	16 1/2	6-6-6-6-6-6-6	33
9	52	22	4-4-5-5 1/2-7-8 1/2-9-9	31
9	52	16 1/2	4-4-5-5 1/2-7-8 1/2-9-9	33
10	48	16 1/2	3-3-3-4-5 1/2-7-7 1/2-8	35
10	52	16 1/2	3-3-3-4-5 1/2-7-8 1/2-9-9	35
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OTTAWA  
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Most modern and completely equipped Winter Fair Buildings in the Dominion.

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I have not exhibited at any shows during 1914. I am still in the horse business, and at present have the best lot of Stallions and Mares I ever had at any one time, 29 head: 17 Clyde Stallions and 4 Mares; 5 Percheron Stallions and 3 Mares; a visit to my stable will convince you I have more high-class horses than can be found in any one stable in Canada, and won't be undersold by any dealer in Canada, always a pleasure to show stock to intending purchasers, sale or no sale.

**T. H. HASSARD, MARKHAM, P.O., G.T.R.**  
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**1914 Stallions—CLYDESDALES—Fillies 1914**

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

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

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**Imp.—Clydesdales, Stallions and Fillies—Imp.**

We have had lately landed, an exceptionally choice importation of Stallions and Fillies. They have the big size, the clean flat quality bone and the most fashionable breeding.

Our prices are consistent with the times.

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Quality in Shire Fillies, and one two-year-old Stallion. Shorthorns of all ages; young bulls and heifers a specialty. Lincolns, Shearling rams and ewes. Ram and ewe lambs of the choicest breeding and individuality. Come and see us. Long-Distance Telephone.

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**CLYDESDALES**

Imported and Canadian-bred. With over 25 head to select from, I can supply, in either imported or Canadian-bred, brood mares, fillies, stallions and colts. Let me know your wants. Long-Distance Telephone.

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**Royal Oak Clydesdales**

Present offering: 5 Imported Mares (3 with foal by side) 2 yearling Fillies (1 Imp. and 1 Canadian-Bred), 1 Canadian-Bred Yearling Stallion, 1 Canadian-Bred 2-year-old Stallion, 1 Canadian-Bred 6-year-old Stallion. Parties wishing to secure a good brood mare or stallion should inspect this offering or communicate with me at earliest convenience.

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MADE IN CANADA

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**Douglas' Egyptian Liniment**

will give immediate relief from this troublesome malady? It will prevent Blood poisoning and stop bleeding instantly.

May we send you a sample bottle to prove its merits? Free on request.  
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SAVE TIME — SAVE LABOR — SAVE EXPENSE.  
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A few young cows and heifers for sale; no bulls. Address:  
**A. W. McEWING, R.R. No. 1, Blyth, Ontario**  
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**Beaver Hill Aberdeen - Angus**  
Choice, young Bulls fit for service.  
Females all ages, for sale.  
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Excellent young Bulls of serviceable ages.  
Heifers in calf, etc.  
**James Sharp, R.R. No. 1, Terra Cotta, Ont**  
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**SHORTHORNS**

Three bulls, 11 months, a number of younger cows with their calves, cows in calf and yearling heifers for sale. Good individuals. Good Pedigrees. Inspection solicited.

**J. T. GIBSON, - DENFIELD, ONTARIO**

**R.O.P. Shorthorns. Prizewinning Yorkshires**  
I can supply young bulls bred the same as the Guelph Dairy Test Winner this year and out of R.O.P. dams. Young sows bred to farrow in Feb., also boars all of show calibre. **A. STEVENSON, Atwood, R.R. No. 4. - Atwood Sta.**

**Mention this Paper**

**Gossip.**

**LAST CALL FOR C. V. ROBBINS' SALE OF HOLSTEINS.**

The fifteen females and five young bulls to be sold at the sale of Collier V. Robbins, on Wednesday, Dec. 30th, 1914, carry more of the breed's royal blood, more of the great producing blood of the breed, than was ever sold by auction in Canada before. In them their purchasers will get daughters and granddaughters of such bulls as Count Hengerveld Fayne De Kol, a son of the great Pietertje Hengerveld Count De Kol, with over 100 daughters in the A. R. O., and on his dam's side a brother to the ex-world's champion, Grace Fayne 2nd's Homestead, record 35.55 lbs.; Johanna Rue 4th's Lad, whose five nearest dams have records averaging 22.86 lbs.; Correct Change, a son of Changeling Butter Boy, with 50 A. R. O. daughters, he by Pontiac Butter Boy, with 57 A. R. O. daughters. His dam was a 30.13-lb daughter of Tidy Abbecker Prince, with 34 A. R. O. daughters, and his dam was the great Tidy Abbecker; Pontiac Korn-dyke, the greatest sire of the breed, he being the sire of the present stock bull, who in turn is the sire of the young things to be sold. On top of all this great breeding is the fact that the dams of the young things to be sold are in the official records up to 25 lbs., R. O. M. To breeders who appreciate the value of such breeding the offering of this sale will have particular interest. At the same time there will be sold a number of Tamworth swine.

**CLYDESDALES AND PERCHERONS AT T. H. HASSARD'S BARN.**

That the devastating war in Europe is making serious inroads on the world's horse supply is already being realized by the powers that be, not only in the countries directly affected by the war, but in this country, and in the United States as well. The enormous destruction of horses in the war zone, if continued for a few months longer, and everything at present indicates that the end is nowhere in sight, will certainly exhaust the available supply, the result of which will be a soaring of prices that for a time at least will make the horse a luxury as well as a necessity. This is a matter that should receive the serious consideration of every farmer in this country, for without a doubt the better class of registered Clydesdales and Percherons will be wanted in Europe after the close of the war for breeding purposes, and the farmers of Canada that profit by the signs of the times and improve the quality and quantity of their draft horses, will reap a rich reward. This can only be done by purchasing the better class of breeding animals if not already on hand. T. H. Hassard, of Markham, Ont., whose reputation as an importer of the best class of Clydesdales and Percherons purchasable in Scotland and France, is excelled by no other man or firm on the continent, is this season in a particularly favorable position to supply the trade with stallions and fillies of both breeds unprecedented in his many years experience, from the fact that the big selection in both Clydes and Percherons now in his stables have all been in Canada over a year, perfecting their development and being thoroughly acclimatized. Their purchasers are getting the benefit of the exclusion of climatizing risks. All told, there are seventeen Clydesdale stallions, four Clydesdale mares, five Percheron stallions and three Percheron mares, every one of them high-class animals, and a number of them strictly high-class show animals that have won many red and tri-colored ribbons at the big shows in Scotland, France, and Canada. All are in the pink of condition, and practically all the stallions have been tried and proven right. All are inspected and enrolled, and are ready for use at any time. The season of 1915 should see every available mare in the country bred, and should be a banner year for stallion owners, it therefore should not be necessary to urge prospective or intending purchasers of stallions to make their selection as early as possible and get the pick.



**Wheel Grease FROM HANDS AND ARMS Quickly Removed**

A brisk rub with a sprinkle of "OLD DUTCH CLEANSER" cleans quickly and thoroughly — leaves the skin soft and smooth.



Don't Be Without It — 10¢ LARGE CAN

**VILLA VIEW AND FAIRMONT HOLSTEINS**

(The Home of King Segis Alcartra Calamity)  
For Sale—Ten bull calves nine months old, one ready for service; all nicely marked and well grown, from record of merit dams with records up to 22.11. Prices from \$50 to \$100.  
**Arbogast Bros., Sebringville, Ont. P. S. Arbogast, Mitchell, R.R. No. 2.**

**1909 Canada's Champion Hereford Herd 1914**  
For the above six years at the leading shows from Toronto to Edmonton my herd has maintained its supremacy as the champion herd of Canada; American and Canadian bred bulls for sale, the highest attainment of the breed; also cows and heifers.  
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**THE MAPLES CHAMPION HEREFORDS**  
For the month of December, to make room, we will quote special prices on 15 young bulls, some Toronto winners among them; also females any age.  
Write for prices on one or a carload.  
**W. H. & J. S. Hunter R.M.D., Orangeville, Ont.**

**PLEASANT VALLEY FARMS SHORTHORNS**  
Herd headed by Imp. Loyal Scot. Have for sale, 10 high-class young bulls of herd-heading quality and several of the milking type. Also females of the leading families. Consult us before buying.  
**Farm 11 miles east of Guelph. GEO. AMOS & SONS, C.P.R., 1/2 mile from station. MOFFAT, ONTARIO.**

**10 Shorthorn Bulls, 9 Imported Clydesdale Mares**  
Our bulls are all good colors and well-bred. We also have Shorthorn females of all ages. In addition to our imported mares, we have 7 foals and yearlings. Write for prices on what you require.  
**Bell Telephone. W. G. PETTIT & SONS, Burlington Junction, G.T.R., 1/2 mile. Freeman, Ontario**

**Scotch—SHORTHORNS—English**—If you want a thick, even fleshed heifer for either show or breeding purposes, or young cows with calves at foot, or a thick, mellow beautifully-fleshed young bull, or a right good milker bred to produce milk; remember I can surely supply your wants. Come and see.  
**A. J. HOWDEN Myrtle C.P.R.; Brooklyn, G.T.R. COLUMBUS, P.O., ONT.**

**Belmont Farm Shorthorns** Herd headed by "Nero of Cluny" (imp.) and Sunnyside "Marquis,"  
For Sale—a number of young bulls and heifers, also young cows sired by "Missie Marquis" with calves at foot.  
**F. W. SMITH & SON, R. R. No. 2, - SCOTLAND, ONTARIO - Long-Distance Telephone**

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Special prices of Twenty Shorthorn Bulls during Winter Fair Week. Many of them are good enough to head the best herds. Others big and growthy that will are the best kind of steers. Elora is only thirteen miles from Guelph. Three Trains daily each way.  
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**H. SMITH - HAY P.O., ONT.**  
12 SHORTHORN BULLS and as many heifers for sale Write your wants.  
You know the Harry Smith Standard.

**SHORTHORNS** Scotch Bates and Booth, yes, we have them, pure Scotch, pure Booth and Scotch-topped Bates. Young bulls of either strain Heifers from calves up. One particularly good two-year-old Booth bull, ideal dairy type.  
**Geo. E. Morden & Son - Oakville, Ontario - 8**

**Willow Bank Stock Farm Shorthorns and Leicester Sheep.** Herd established 1855; flock 1848. The imported Cruickshank Butterfly Roan Chief = 60865 = heads the herd. Young stock of both sexes to offer. Also an extra good lot of Leicester sheep of either sex; some from imported sires and dams.  
**James Douglas, Caledonia, Ontario**

**Maple Grange Shorthorns** Pure Scotch and Scotch-topped. Breeding unsurpassed. A nice selection in young bulls, and a limited number of thick, mossy heifers.  
**R. J. Doyle, Owen Sound, Ontario**

**SHORTHORNS and CLYDESDALES** We have a nice bunch of bull calves that were a year old in Sept., and are offering females of all ages; have a choice lot of heifers bred to Clansman = 87809 = One stallion three years old, a big, good quality horse, and some choice fillies, all from imported stock.  
**A. B. & T. W. Douglas Long-Distance Phone Strathroy, Ontario**

**SHORTHORNS** of breeding, style and quality. If in want of an extra choice herd-header, carrying the best blood of the breed, or a limited number of right nice yearling heifers, write us; we can supply show material of either bulls or females.  
Long-Distance Telephone **Geo. Gier & Son, R.R. No. 1, Waldemar, Ont.**

**Northlynd R.O.P. Shorthorns and Jerseys**  
For Sale—Our noted sire of big milkers, St. Clare = 84578 = a Clara bred, son of Waverly. Several of his sons out of R.O.P. dams; also Shorthorns and Jersey females. Official records is our specialty.  
**G. A. JACKSON, DOWNSVIEW P.O., WESTON STATION.**

**Meadow Lawn Shorthorns** Have for sale several well bred young bulls and heifers also some young cows of thick fleshy type. Write for prices.  
**BELL PHONE. F. W. Ewing, R.R. No. 1, Elora Ont. C. P. R. and G. T. R.**



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As a milk and butter producer it has no equal. It increases the flow of milk and adds to the richness in the cream.

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As a fat and flesh food, Oil Cake Meal stands far ahead of any foods and will bring animals ready for the butcher quicker and cheaper.

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Contains over 35% Protein and 33% Carbo-Hydrates.

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"MAPLE LEAF"  
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FINE GROUND OR NUTTED

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**FLEMING BROS., Chemists**  
75 Church Street Toronto, Ont.

**Gossip.**

JOHN A. BOAG & SON HAVE LANDED A NEW LOT OF CLYDESDALES.

The latest lot of Clydesdales to land in this country was the recent importation of John A. Boag & Son, of Queensville, Ont. Everybody connected with the breeding of Clydesdales in this Province will remember the sweeping victory at the Guelph Show last December, made by the entries of the Messrs. Boag, the superior quality of underpinning, the splendid draft character, the true, straight action, all combined with the most fashionable breeding of the day, brought them to the top in the majority of the classes, and finally landed the championship and grand championship on the great stallion, Baron Ian, one of the greatest sons of the world-renowned Baron's Pride. Owing to the universal depression that settled over the country last year, paralyzing trade in every line of business, including pure-bred stock-breeding, several of the stallions and fillies of last year's importation are still unsold. These, with the importation of stallions and fillies just landed, make one of the strongest studs in the country this season. Among the stallions is the last year's champion, Baron Ian, a bay seven-year-old, by Baron's Pride, dam by Cadric. This is one of the best horses ever landed in Canada. Up to a ton in weight, he has all the quality imaginable, smooth to a turn, and his action is faultless. Angelo is a brown six-year-old, by the champion, Benedict, dam by Knight of Drumlanrig. This is not a show horse, but he is a rare good sire, his get invariably winning wherever shown. Clarion, a brown four-year-old, by Royal Abundance, dam by Prince Sturdy, has ideal character and the flashiest kind of quality, and moves like a Hackney. Baron Senwick is a newcomer, a black, with white hairs, three years old, got by Baron's Pride, dam by Netherlea. He, too is one of the stylish-quality kind, and withal has big size. Birchburn, also lately landed, is a massive bay two-year-old, full of draft character. He has the nice, flat bone, and wearing kind of feet and ankles, and is sired by the champion, Everlasting, dam by Kippendavie Stamp. The fillies range from one to three years of age. They are the kind that win at the big shows, with great size, smooth conformation, and faultless at the ground, while their breeding is the best. There are also an extra big, well-balanced pair of Canadian-bred mares, four and five years old. We never remember the time when the quality of the horses in the Boag stables was as high as now, nor when they showed so high a standard of excellence. This is the year when the wise man will buy breeding Clydesdales, whether it is a stallion or a filly, for horses will certainly be scarce and high in price before another eighteen months goes over.

**BY AUCTION!**

G. Sons of Pontiac Korndyke and G. Daughters

Wednesday, Dec. 30th, 1914

I will sell by auction 25 HEAD—20 FEMALES and 5 YOUNG BULLS, nearly all of them yearlings and younger, g. sons and g. daughters of the great Pontiac Korndyke, and out of R. O. M. and R. O. P. dams. You will get them at your own price, for I am forced to sell, and there never was a better bred nor a better individual lot sold under the hammer in Canada. At the same time I will sell a number of REGISTERED TAMWORTHS, both sexes and various ages.

On the morning of sale conveyances will be at Fenwick Station, T. H. & B.; Perry, M. C. R.; and Marshville, G. T. R.

TERMS: 9 months' on bankable paper, with 6%.

Send for catalogue giving extended pedigrees to:

**COLLVER V. ROBBINS**

Wellandport, Ont., R. R. No. 3

**20 ROSEDALE STOCK FARM 20 SHORTHORN BULLS**

Some of them fit to head the best herds in the country. Some are from heavy milking dams. Six are from imported dams.

G.T.R. C.P.R. WESTON P. O. **J. M. GARDHOUSE** Street Railway and Long-Distance Telephone

**BULLS AND FEMALES**

on hand. We have nothing but the best Scotch families to choose from. Our cows are good milkers.

A. F. & G. Auld, Eden Mills, P.O. Guelph, 5 Miles Rockwood, 3 Miles

**SHORTHORNS** I have 15 young Shorthorn bulls, some fit for service now. Part of them are bred and made so that they are fit to head the best herds in any country; some of them are of the thick, straight, good-feeding kind that will produce money-making cattle; some of them are bred from the best-milking Shorthorns, and the prices of all are moderate. I have SHROPSHIRE and COTSWOLD rams and ewes of all valuable ages. Write for what you want. I can suit you in quality and price. **Robert Miller, Stouffville, Ontario**

**100 ESCANA FARM SHORTHORNS 100**  
For sale, 25 Scotch bull calves from 6 to 12 months; 25 Scotch heifers and young cows bred to Right Sort, imp., and Raphael, imp., both prize-winners at Toronto.

MITCHELL BROS., Props., Burlington P.O., Ont. Jos. McCrudden, Mgr. Farm 1/4 mile from Burlington Junction.

**Poplar Hall Shorthorns** If you want a herd-header of the highest breeding, visit our farm; sired by the great Uppermill Omega, imp.; we have C. Butterflys and Lovelys, Marr Roan Ladys and Cinderellas, from 7 to 18 months of age. **MILLER BROS., R.R. No. 2, CLAREMONT, ONTARIO** Claremont C.P.R. Pickering G.T.R. Greenburn C.N.R., Sta.

**BULLS AND FEMALES** At greatly reduced prices, as my sale had to be called off on account of the weather. Herd must be reduced, as I am short of feed and stabling. Low prices for quick sale. **John Miller, Ashburn, Ont.** Myrtle, C. P. R. and G. T. R.

**IRVINE DALE SHORTHORNS**

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

I. Watt & Son :: Elora Station :: Salem, Ontario.

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With Molasses

A low priced feed of good value for young, growing cattle.

Write for full particulars and prices.

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**SHORTHORNS**

8 bulls from 7 to 15 months, some are herd headers both in quality size and breeding, some are thick fleshy, sappy bulls that will get good steers, also 10 heifers and a few young cows bred on milking lines; prices easy. Write me your wants.

Stewart M. Graham, Lindsay, Ont.



**IT IS LESS DANGEROUS.** Eliminate the danger and increase the value of the young bull by dehorning him. The most successful dairymen, drovers and shippers use and recommend the **KEYSTONE DEHORNER** as the most efficient instrument for the purpose. Write for booklet.

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

KYLE BROS., DRUMBO, ONTARIO Phone and Telegraph via Ayr.

**Oakland 62 Shorthorns**

Visitors say our herd, numbering 62 head, look like good breeders, feeders and milkers. Now that is just what they are, many fine heifers and bulls for sale. No fancy prices.

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**DR. BELL'S Veterinary Medical Wonder.** 10,000 \$1.00 bottles to horsemen who will give the Wonder a fair trial. Guaranteed for inflammation of the Lungs, Bowels, Kidneys, Fevers, Distemper etc. Send 10 cents for mailing, packing, etc. Agent wanted. Write address plainly. **Dr. Bell, V.S. Kingston, Ont.**

**6 SHORTHORN BULLS**

25 females, reds and roans, servicable, best type and quality, size: cows milking up to 50 lbs. Prices easy. **THOMAS GRAHAM** R. R. No. 3, Port Perry Ont

**CEDARDALE SHORTHORNS** For this season we have some extra nice thick fleshed bulls. Pure Scotch and Scotch topped. Also cows and heifers. **DR. T. S. SPROULE** M. rd. 4, Ontario

**Shorthorns and Swine**—Have some choice young bulls for sale; also cows and heifers of show material, some with calves at foot. Also choice Yorkshire sows. **ANDREW GROFF, R.R. No. 1, ELORA, ONT.**

Please mention "The Farmer's Advocate."

The Guelph Winter Fair is a permanent and prosperous institution, and the public stayed by a good thing when it needed support. Make it bigger and stronger than ever.

Boarding - school - teacher—And now, Edith, tell me the plural of baby. Edith (promptly)—Twins.

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**BLATCHFORD'S CALF MEAL**  
*Will Raise It Without Milk*



There's big money and little trouble in raising your calf the Blatchford way. You save all the milk of the cow for market. As soon as the mother cow's milk is ready to sell, the calf is ready for **BLATCHFORD'S CALF MEAL**. For over a century the recognized milk feeder for calves, at one-fourth the cost of milk. Composed of eleven different ingredients carefully apportioned and thoroughly cooked, producing a scientifically balanced ration for the young calf. Successfully used on thousands of American farms for over 30 years.

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**Woodbine Holsteins**  
 Young bulls and bull calves, sired by Duke Beauty Pieterje; sire's dam's record 32.52 lbs. butter, and his two granddams are each 30-lb cows, with 80-lb. daughter with 30-lb. granddaughter. Three generations of 30-lb. cows. If you want a bull that will prove his value as a sire, write:  
**A. KENNEDY & SON, R.R. No. 2, Paris, Ont.**  
 Stations: Ayr, C.P.R.; Paris, G.T.R.

**Holstein-Friesian Association of Canada**  
 Application for registry, transfer and membership, as well as requests for blank forms and all information regarding the farmer's most profitable cow, should be sent to the Secretary of the Association,  
**W. A. CLEMONS, St. George, Ontario**

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

**Great Yearling Holstein Bull For Sale**  
 out of the cow Victoria Burke with the wonderful record of 106 lbs. milk in 1 day, 686.6 lbs. in 7 days, 2,538.2 lbs. in 30 days and 30.82 lbs. of butter in 7 days, 122.08 lbs. of butter in 30 days. This cow ranked fourth in 1913 Records, 30 day class. The bull is sired by Fairview Korndyke Pontiac with ten sisters all with records over 30 lbs. butter in 30 days. Come and see or write:  
**JAMES A. CASKEY, MADOC, ONT.**

**BUY THE BEST 4 Holstein Bulls**  
 ready for service and several calves. Females all aged, cows in R.O.P. and R.O.M. milking up to 19,000 pounds. Bulls in service—"King Segis Pontiac Duplicate" and "King Fayne Segis Clothilde."  
**R. M. HOLBY, R. R. 4, Port Perry, Ont.**  
 Manchester, G.T.R. Merville, C.P.R.

**RIDGEDALE HOLSTEINS**—The herd is headed by King Segis Pontiac Duplicate, a 3/4 brother to King Segis Pontiac Alcarta, the \$50,000 bull. The junior herd bull is Pontiac Hengerveld Pieterje, we have a few young bulls and heifers for sale.  
**R. W. WALKER, R.R. No. 4, Port Perry, Ont.**  
 Merville Station, C.P.R.; Manchester, G.T.R.

**The Maples Holstein Herd**  
 offers ready for service sons of Prince Aaggie Mechthilde from R.O.P. and R.O.M. sisters and dam of Duchess Wayne Calamity 2nd, Canadian champion 2-year-old for butter in R.O.P. 16714 lbs. milk 846 lbs. butter. Also choice females of like breeding. Write  
**Walburn Rivers, R. R. No. 5, Ingersoll, Ont.**  
 Please mention "The Farmer's Advocate."

**Questions and Answers.**  
 Miscellaneous.

**Holidays.**  
 Can hired man engaged by the year claim pay for the eight holidays he is entitled to?  
**SUBSCRIBER.**  
 Ans.—Yes.

**Timothy Killed.**  
 Sowed a field of timothy in 1911, had a good crop of it in 1912, and in 1913, and has since died entirely. There is not even a weed growing on it now. It is perfectly bare. Could you tell me the reason for it?  
**W. C.**  
 Ans.—We do not know what the trouble is unless it may be due to white grubs.

**Abortion.**  
 Will you please answer, through the veterinary column of "The Farmer's Advocate," whether inoculation for abortion in cattle has proved a success or not. I noticed some time ago where they were experimenting, but did not notice the result.  
**A SUBSCRIBER.**  
 Ans.—See article by E. S. Archibald in our issue of December 17.

**Feeding Out Silage.**  
 1. This is my first year's experience in feeding silage. I have a 14 x 33 ft. silo, which was filled with well-cared, almost ripe, Yellow Dent corn. When I commenced feeding, I had about 25 feet of good silage. I am feeding about 15 inches per week, and have now (Dec. 7) 20 feet. At the present rate of feeding, 800 lbs. per day, how long will it last?  
 2. Are the tables of contents of silos based on the cubical contents of silos at filling-time, or after the silage has settled?  
**F. W. R.**  
 Ans.—1. About five months.  
 2. Usually on settled silage.

**Buying Shock Corn.**  
 Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":  
 Dear Sir,—In last week's issue an article was published on buying corn. The following ideas may interest some of your readers: From my own experience, I find that corn varies in price according to the district. Buying corn in the shock, buyer drawing it away, all that the horses can draw, at about \$7 per load, and silage from the silo \$4 per foot.  
 The following also came under my notice: A farmer had a 30-foot silo he wished to get filled. The seller used his own team; hired three other teams, and buyer also supplied a team and drew six acres of corn to buyer's place. He paid all the expenses of putting corn in buyer's silo, and sold same to buyer for \$3 per foot after it had settled.  
**GEORGE NORMAN.**  
 Haldimand Co., Ont.

**School Fairs Successful.**  
 Reports received by the Ontario Department of Agriculture indicate that the Rural School Fairs, held by the District Representatives under the direction of the Department, this fall, have been remarkably successful, and have taken a firm hold on the interest of the people, both young and old. Starting three years ago with 25 Fairs, they have increased so rapidly that 148 were held during the past season, taking in 1,391 schools, having 75,602 entries, and having 23,872 plots. The children utilized 4,072 settings of eggs. The attendance of the Fairs totaled 95,310. The interest shown by the youngsters in the plots and the poultry, and in their colts and calves, indicated that this plan was having a real influence in developing an interest in agriculture in their young minds. The School Fairs are held under the management of a local organization of boys and girls, and under the general supervision of the District Representative.

A young man who needed false teeth wrote to a dentist ordering a set as follows:  
 "My mouth is three inches across, five-eighths inches thick the jaw. Some hummocky on the edge. Shaped like a boss-shaw, toe forward. If you want me to be more particular I shall have to come that."

**CLEAN YOUR STABLES**  
**The Superior Way**



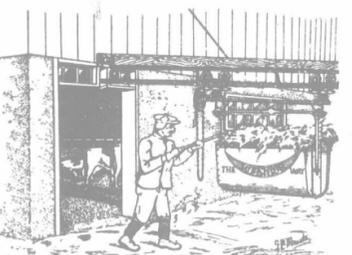
Is it your daily experience to push out a wheelbarrow over a plank through a sloppy, muddy barnyard, taxing your strength and your patience, taking four times as long to do the job as it should?  
**THIS IS THE OLD WAY. GET POSTED — LEARN HOW A BOY CAN CLEAN YOUR STABLES THE SUPERIOR WAY.**

The Superior Litter Carrier Outfit is the most complete on the market, embodying the most modern practical ideas of the leading stock and dairymen of Canada.

There are 23 special features in my Superior Carriers that I want you to know about before you install a carrier. Every man who keeps stock should have a Superior Carrier Outfit. If you are interested I want you to write to me, and I will tell you how reasonably you can install my Superior Carrier, that will pay for itself before the winter is over in time saved alone.

Look at the comparison, the Old Way and the Superior Way, the same man taking out five times as much manure at one time and doing it quicker and with very little exertion.

Write for catalogue now to  
**GEORGE P. MAUDE, Manager**  
**Superior Barn Equipment Co.**  
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 Have a Fine Assortment of  
**Trees, Vines, Plants, Ornamentals, Etc.**  
 For Spring Planting.  
**HULL TREES.** Our prices are right and so are the trees. Send for priced catalogue, also your want list for special prices on Apple Trees. Excellent quality, and at a very reasonable price. Trees grown in Canada. Look over our price list. No agents.  
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**Riverside Holsteins**  
 Herd headed by KING JOHANNA PONTIAC KORNDYKE, a grandson of PONTIAC KORNDYKE, and a brother of PONTIAC LADY KORNDYKE. 38.02 lbs. butter in 7 days, 156.92 lbs. in 30 days—World's records when made  
**J. W. RICHARDSON, R. R. No. 2, Caledonia, Ontario**

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

**SUMMER HILL FARM**  
**Holstein Cattle and Yorkshire Hogs**  
 We offer for sale a dozen bulls, some ready for service, from high official record dams. If you are wanting a bull, better write us and let us tell you how good they are. Can also spare a few good heifers. Yorkshire hogs all ages.  
**D. C. FLAT & SON**  
 HAMILTON Phone 7165 R.R. No. 2 ONTARIO

**PRIZE-WINNING HOLSTEINS**  
 Another win! For the past four years we have won on get of sire, which speaks for the quality along with constitution. Choice young bulls for sale, including 1st young bull at Ottawa and 2nd at Toronto, also young females. **M. L. HALEY, M. H. HALEY, Springfield, Oxford Co., Ont.**

**Holstein Cattle** (Prince Hengerveld of the Pontiacs, herd sire.)  
 Stock for sale. Large herd to select from  
**Hamilton Farms, St. Catharines, Ontario**

**OURVILLE STOCK FARM**  
 Offers: Five bulls ready for service, sired by Royalton Korndyke Duke, whose dam gave 31.76 lbs. butter in 7 days. All are from tested dams.  
**LIDLAW BROS. R.R. No. 1 AYLMER, ONT.**

**Sunny Hill Holsteins**  
 Herd sires: Pontiac Segis Avondale, grandson of King of the Pontiacs, 8 of his mature dams average over 30 lbs. butter in seven days. Pontiac Wayne Korndyke, whose dam, sires dam and ten sisters of sire average over 31 lbs. in seven days. Bull calves for sale.  
**WM. A. RIFE, HESPELER, ONT.**

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**Rosie Posch [9501]  
Wins at Guelph**

Giving 253.6 pounds of milk in three days, testing 3.6 of fat. This is but another of the many good results attained when

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**Cotton Seed  
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We pride ourselves on our "Good Luck" Brand Cotton Seed Meal, and so will you when you once commence feeding it. Do not allow your dealer to substitute. Insist on the bag with the "Good Luck" tag. There are plenty of cheaper Cotton Seed Meals, but their quality is inferior, and often-times they are very dangerous to feed.

If your dealer does not handle "Good Luck" Brand Cotton Seed Meal, write us direct. We can supply carlots or less, and the smallest order will be carefully looked after and will receive our immediate attention.

We carry a stock of this high-grade Cotton Seed Meal at the following points, and can quote prices appearing below:

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These are ton-lot prices. Same price on all orders except carlot orders. Can you handle a carlot for your neighbours or your club? On less than ton lots the price is 5 cents more per 100 pounds. No orders accepted for less than 500 pounds.

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Pure-bred Ayrshires and  
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Correspondence or visit solicited.  
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**Dungannon Ayrshires**  
The average milk yield of our herd is 10,000 lbs. annually for all ages. High-class in breeding and individuality. Young bulls, cows and heifers for sale. W. H. FURBER, COBOURG, ONT.

**Prize-Winning Ayrshires For Sale**  
Bred on particularly good lines. Will sell females of all ages, also bulls from calves up, sired by Barcheskie Scotch Earl (imp.). Prices reasonable. W. G. Hensman, R.R. No. 4, Essex, Ont.

**National Patriotic  
Organization.**

The following passage is reproduced from the leading article in The Times of Saturday, November 21st, 1914:

"We direct special attention to the important appeal we publish to-day from the Central Committee for National Patriotic Organizations. The Committee undertakes the task of explaining the reasons for the war to our own people, and of laying before neutral countries a clear statement of the British case. The appeal is backed by the Prime Minister, Lord Rosebery, Mr. Balfour, and others, and its objects are so urgent and imperative that we trust a generous response will be made."

The following letter appeared in all the most important newspapers of the United Kingdom on Saturday, November 21st, 1914:

To the Editor:

Sir,—At this time of grave national crisis, we trust that you will permit us to invite the co-operation of all your readers in the important work which has been initiated by the Central Committee for National Patriotic Organizations.

By the side of our Allies, the British nation and the British Empire are at war with a most formidable enemy. Our cause is doubly a righteous and a just one, because we fight not alone in defence of our existence and freedom, but for the right of small nations to enjoy the same freedom; and for civilization and democracy, as we understand them. The enemy threatens to destroy these, and to substitute for them the rule and methods of a ruthless militarism.

In the last resort, British public opinion may well prove to be the deciding factor in this great struggle. Given steadfast and unwavering fortitude on the part of the whole British people, we believe the victory will be ours. But, come what may, there must be no weakening, no wavering, no patched-up truce that would expose our children to a revival of the German menace, probably in circumstances far more terrible for the Empire than those which face us to-day.

In view of its vital and fundamental importance, it is plain that this great driving-power of public opinion must not be left to shift and vary as temperament and the changing fortunes of war may dictate. Many useful educational agencies (most of which are now co-operating with the Central Committee) are at work in different ways upon the task of informing and fortifying this greatest of all national assets—public opinion. But whilst this educational work has been carried on strenuously in certain parts of the country, there are other districts where little or nothing has been done. The extension of the work to every district of the United Kingdom is important and urgent, and the Central Committee was therefore brought into being by means of voluntary effort to assist, unify, and supplement the work of all organizations laboring for this end.

Equally important is the task of laying before neutral countries a clear statement of the British case; for the moral weight of neutral opinion will exert an ever-increasing influence on the issues of the conflict. Germany, with that thoroughness which characterizes all her undertakings, is making strenuous efforts to influence the opinion of the world in her favor. It is imperative that immediate steps should be taken to present the full evidence on which our case rests in order to enable neutral countries to arrive at an impartial judgment.

With this end in view, the Central Committee has proposed a far-reaching scheme for the translation and distribution of suitable literature in these countries.

We therefore appeal to men and women of good will to associate themselves with the Central Committee, and to make possible the fullest development of its work by contributing according to their means. In addition to this financial assistance, which is essential for the prosecution of its work, the Central Committee will be grateful to those who can help by acting as local honorary secretaries in different parts of the country, or by supplying the names and addresses of others who would be willing to work in this capacity.

Donations should be made payable to

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Freight prepaid to any station in Old Ontario. Terms: Cash with order. Satisfaction absolutely guaranteed. Credit terms can also be arranged.



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"Eastlake" Metallic Shingles also quoted at \$5 per square less 5% on orders of not less than 3 squares, freight paid to any point in Old Ontario.

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Pay every two weeks. Write for full particulars.

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

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**Glenhurst Ayrshires**

ESTABLISHED OVER 50 YEARS AGO and ever since kept up to a high standard. We can supply females of all ages and young bulls, the result of a lifetime's intelligent breeding; 45 head to select from. Let me know your wants.

James Benning, Summerton Stn., Glengarry, Williamstown, Ont.

**P. D. McARTHUR'S AYRSHIRE**

In official record, high-testing Ayrshires, that have won scores of prizes, I can surely supply your wants, over 50 to select from. Young bulls of super-breeding on record producing lines, also the 3-year-old stock bull, Imp. Whitehall Freetrader.

P. D. McARTHUR, North Georgetown, Quebec

**Stonehouse Ayrshires**

Hector Gordon, Howick, Quebec

Are a combination of show-yard and utility type seldom seen in any one herd. A few choice young males and females for sale. Write or phone your wants to Stonehouse before purchasing elsewhere.

**Shropshires and Cotswolds**

I have now for sale 30 extra large, well covered shearing rams, 100 shearing ewes and a very fine lot of lambs from my imported ewes. Will be pleased to book orders for delivery later of any kind wanted. JOHN MILLER, R.R. No. 2, CLAREMONT, ONT. Pickering Station, G.T.R., 7 miles.

Claremont Station, C.P.R., 3 miles  
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 "The Champion Oxford Flock of America"  
 Winners at Chicago International, Toronto, London, Winnipeg, Regina, Brandon, Saskatoon, Edmonton, Calgary and Lethbridge Fairs. Present offering:—75 ram and ewe lambs, 46 yearling ewes (some fitted for show), also 15 yearling rams which will make excellent flock headers. Consult us before buying.  
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 Look up this year's record at the shows. Breeding stock of all ages for sale.

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**TAMWORTHS**  
 Boars ready for service. Sows and pigs of all ages for sale, registered. Write for prices before buying elsewhere.  
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**BERKSHIRES FOR SALE**  
 Registered boars and sows weaned, straight and thrifty, from prize-winning stock on either side at Toronto, London and Guelph winter shows. 1313. \$10 each. Ira Nichols, Box 988, Woodstock, Ont.

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 Bred from the prize-winning herds of England. A choice lot of young boars fit for service and also young sows bred, and also a choice lot of young bulls and heifers sired by Proud Loyalist (Imp.) from choice cows. Chas. Currie, Morrison, Ont.

**Cloverdale Large English Berkshires**  
 Sows bred, others ready to breed; boars ready for service; 200 from six to twelve weeks old, both sexes, pairs not akin. All breeding stock Imp. or from Imp. stock. Prices reasonable.  
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 Several very choice sows bred for early spring litters; also one boar ready for service.  
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 for sale at reasonable prices, boars fit for service, also young pigs ready to wean; boars and sows 3 and 4 months old, bred from imported stock. Satisfaction guaranteed.  
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**Sunnyside Stock Farm**  
**Chester White Swine**  
 Champion herd at Toronto and London Fairs.  
**Dorset Horn Sheep**—Young Stock of both sexes for sale; a few two-year-old rams.  
**W. E. Wright & Son, Glanworth, Ontario**

**Hampshire Swine** and Lincoln Sheep  
 Both sexes and all ages from imported stock. Prices reasonable.  
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the Central Committee. All communications should be addressed to the Secretary, The Central Committee, Canadian Pacific Building, 62, Charing Cross, London, W.C., from whom full information may be obtained.

H. H. Asquith, Hon. President; Rosebery and A. J. Balfour, Vice-Presidents; H. C. Cust, Chairman; G. W. Prothero, Vice-Chairman; Ridley and Waldorf Astor, Hon. Treasurers.

**Farmers and War Conditions.**

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":  
 Canadian farmers should feel grateful that they are escaping the direct devastation of the awful struggle now convulsing Europe. But they cannot escape the effects of the commercial depression which will inevitably follow the carnage and waste of to-day. Temporary inflation of prices for certain commodities will disguise or mitigate these effects and lighten the burden for us in comparison with those living nearer the seat of war. But this inflation should not blind us to the evil consequences which are sure to follow the destruction of life and property, and the wholesale abandonment of productive industry. Fruit-growers are even now feeling the pinch caused by the falling off in demand, and this is merely a sample of what will generally happen when the waste of the present has to be made good. The world is only a neighborhood to-day, and what damages one part damages the whole, and incidentally, every other part. Nature has so ordained it, and Nature's laws cannot be violated with impunity.

It has been estimated that at least twelve million able-bodied men are now engaged in the titanic European struggle. At a very moderate estimate, this involves the loss of \$25,000 a day in productive power. Moreover, the actual cost of operations has been estimated at \$50,000,000 a day, not to speak of the destruction of life and property. All told, the total waste cannot be less than \$100,000,000 a day. To make good this waste in the future industry of Europe, production must overtake and exceed consumption, and lessen the effective demand of Europe for commodities from abroad. Commerce generally will have received a staggering blow, from which it will take a long time to recover.

Realizing that strict economy is not now so much a matter of choice as of necessity, the word has gone forth everywhere to economize. The consumption of luxuries must, or should, decrease very markedly, and labor must, or should, be diverted towards supplying the more normal wants of mankind. Admitting that the Canadian farmer will feel the burden as lightly as anyone, and much more lightly than his brother workers in Europe, it is still incumbent on him to exercise the strictest economy in his business. The future condition of industry and commerce is problematical. We hope for the best, for a speedy termination of the strife. It is wisdom, however, to be prepared for the worst, and it is for this reason that, at this present time, the United Farmers' Co-operative Company presents its claim for general support by the farmers of Ontario. Designed to serve and not to exploit under absolutely democratic management of the farmers themselves, this company can be made the means of effecting great economies in all lines of business, providing that farmers generally will use it for their business transactions. Everyone knows that "Union is Strength." The greater the number of farmers who do business through their own co-operative organization, the greater and more varied this business is, so much the greater will be the advantage of the central office in negotiating terms of sale and purchase. The degree of service rendered by The United Farmers' Co-operative Company will depend upon the foresight and loyalty of the farmers themselves.

W. C. GOOD, President.

Let the farmer I made five cents, did Brown, that's right, my boy. I like to see that of industry in the young. How did you make it?  
 Let the boy say that boy next door get his market I couldn't take my new way to the market.

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 It is a well-known fact among hog-raisers that hogs have a craving for animal food—meat. The reason for this is because the usual foods, such as corn, clover, alfalfa, skim milk, wheat middlings, are deficient in protein and phosphate of lime, the two most important food elements needed for the development of the hog. On the other hand, animal food is rich in protein and phosphate of lime.

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 is an animal food, prepared especially for hogs from wholesome beef trimmings enriched with pure blood. Eight times as rich in Protein and Phosphate of Lime as an equal weight of corn. Incomparable as a quick developer of firm, sound flesh. Endorsed by the experimental farms and big stock raisers.

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 For Sale—Young bulls of the best Aberdeen Angus type. They are unexcelled for crossing in grade herds.  
**Dorset Horn Ram Lambs** at a low figure for immediate delivery. They are good. Write for prices.  
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 Sired by Adonis Imp. 57495, and out of ewes that have won many prizes at big and local shows. I have high-class flock-headers and high-class ewe lambs, also shearlings, of both sexes. Yorkshires both sexes, any age.  
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 We are making a Special Offer for 30 days of 50 fine registered yearling ewes, bred to our imported ram to lamb in April. Also 50 ram lambs amongst them, a lot of big, strong fellows for flock-headers. Also a few nice ewe lambs, and a few good Hampshire ram lambs.  
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 For this season's trade I have some extra choice flock-headers; shearing and ram lambs; a combination of Milne and Cooper breeding; also shearing ewes and ewe lambs, low and thick in type and covered to the ground.  
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**Large White Yorkshires**  
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 From our prize-winning herd of large English Berkshires we have a particularly choice offering in young boars and sows, many of them now at breeding age. Order early and get a choice selection.  
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 If you want good herd sires or dams, write or come and see those bred from Eldon Duke, who won five Championship at Toronto and Ottawa exhibitions, 1913 and 1914, and junior champion sow. Pairs supplied not akin. Stock guaranteed as represented.  
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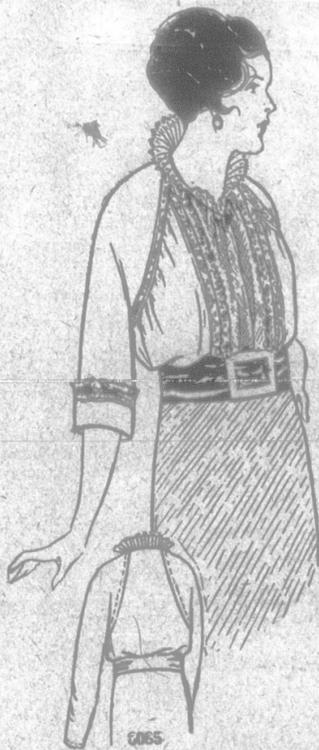
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8365 Night Gown for Misses and Small Women, 16 and 18 years.



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