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THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE

AND HOME MAGAZINE

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Dept. of Agriculture
Ontario
Hamilton

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

Vol. XLIX.

LONDON, ONTARIO, DECEMBER 23, 1915.

No. 1213

We Make Our Own Wire

THINK carefully just what the above really means to every farmer requiring fence.

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ZINC or Spelter is and has been very high in price, but we have continued right along, and will continue, to put on heavy galvanizing; preferring to do this, and charge a little more, rather than turn out FROST FENCE in a manner which possibly would not be as satisfactory as the past reputation of FROST FENCE demands.

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in any event.

Can you afford to take such a chance? We actually GIVE you the "FENCE VALUE" that others promise; so, after all, when you consider our methods of distribution through dealers who are always on the job, does it not seem pretty clear that FROST FENCE is the safe investment for you to make?

A style for every purpose. Also galvanized gates, with welded frames. Ornamental wire and iron fences.

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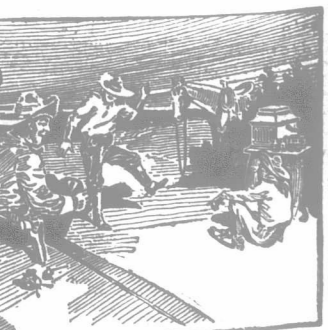
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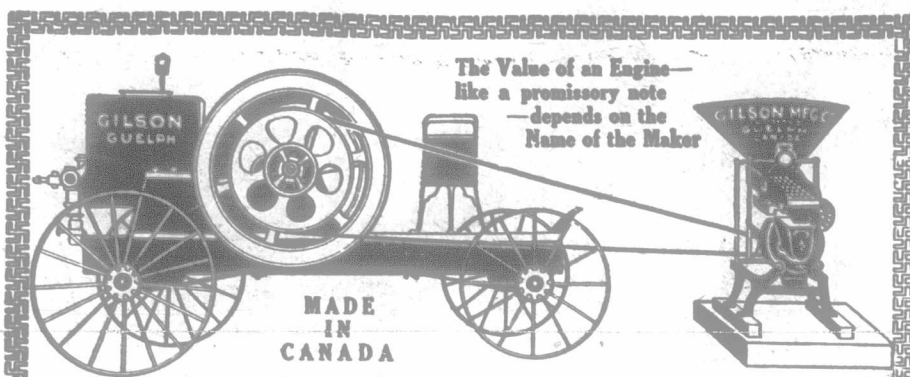
your choice of all a penny down. The limitations of the gen-

Happy Home

is life—and real happiness is found in a real home. And by a real home I do not mean a house with a yard or farm around it. A real home is the place where the united family gather together for mutual aid and recreation. And the Edison makes this it stands supreme as the greatest home. It will mean more than entertainment; it will mean more than amusement—yes, genuine pleasure of the lasting sort—entertainment and culture of the most benevolent kind. All will be yours with a new home.



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Mr. H. TUTTON, of Brantford, Ont., writes:

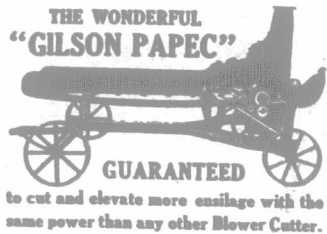
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GEORGE L. BURELL,
Maxville, Ont.

THE HYLO SILO

The Mortgage Lifter

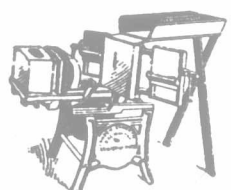
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The Farmer's Advocate and Home Magazine

PERSEVERE AND SUCCEED

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ESTABLISHED 1866

Vol. XLIX.

LONDON, ONTARIO, DECEMBER 23, 1915.

No. 1213

EDITORIAL.

The Winter Fairs are growing year after year.

You cannot make good stock on fresh air and the straw stack.

The tone of all the addresses at the Provincial Winter Fair was for more and better live stock.

The market does not want heavy cattle and lambs. Baby beef and 80 lb. lambs top the price column.

"The Farmer's Advocate" wishes all its readers a joyful Christmas and a bright and prosperous New Year.

Indications are that there will be a good market for all the eggs Canada can produce. Britain will require them.

If more time could be spent each winter in getting seed ready for the following spring, bigger and cleaner crops would result.

Canada did not import many horses this year, but she proved that horses as good as the best can be and are produced right in this Dominion.

Did you get an incentive at the Winter Fair to breed and feed better than before? If you didn't you failed to see the show from the proper angle.

If you do not keep pure-breds there is nothing to hinder you from keeping high-class grades. The use of good pure-bred sires will ensure a better herd.

The inter-county stock judging competition at the Guelph Winter Fair stirred up some rivalry between counties. This should prove a valuable stimulus.

We never like to see a judge discussing classes with anyone privileged to be in the ring, before the awards have been made. It leads people to ask, "who is the judge?"

The Canadian bacon hog should hold more than his own. Production has been cut down in Denmark, Canada's strongest competitor in the British market. Let us keep our hogs uniform in type.

Every reader interested in live stock, good seed, and fine poultry should save last week's issue, with its complete reports of three winter live-stock exhibitions, and the addresses delivered at Guelph. No other farm paper attempts such extensive reports.

The West is already looking to the East for horses. A buyer called at our office a few days ago who is on the look out for nearly two car loads of fillies. It is time, also, that something was done to encourage the purchase of army horses in this country.

A purely live-stock show like that at Guelph proves that crowds can be attracted without the questionable side show, and the way spectators crowd the seating capacity of the arena, and applaud their favorites in the ring proves again that a judging arena is essential to a live-stock show.

Boost the Bacon Hog.

Canada has for several years been known as the home of a very select type of bacon hog. The war has brought conditions which make it almost imperative that the Canadian farmer produce nothing else but the finest type of bacon hog if he is to make the most of pork production. It is a well-known fact, amongst those interested in the pig business, that Denmark has in the past been Canada's strongest competitor as far as pork products are concerned in the British markets. The Danes cannot produce bacon so cheaply as it can be made in Canada, but they do produce a more uniform quality of bacon, due to the fact that practically all their pigs are of the same breed, and consequently are of very similar type. Prior to the war, the Danes were killing 60,000 pigs per week. Owing to the fact that the supply of barley from Russia and corn from the United States has been for the most part cut off, the Danes have been obliged to greatly curtail their pig-feding operations, and, at the present time, it is said that they are not killing more than half the former number of pigs weekly. By government regulation, one-third of the bacon produced in Denmark is supposed to go to Great Britain. About one-third of it is consumed at home, and the other third presumably goes to Germany. Breeding hogs in Germany have been slaughtered by the wholesale, reports tell us to the extent of 7,000,000. During the first ten months of this year Denmark slaughtered 700,000 fewer hogs than during the same time last year. Ireland, the next largest feeder for the British market, has not increased its bacon production very perceptibly. The point is plain. Britain will require bacon and Canada should produce it. Our breeders should be careful to establish, in this country, a uniform type of bacon hog. It matters not what the breed is so long as we get the type, but there is no use of Canadian pig breeders attempting to breed and put on the market the thick, fat hog so common in the United States, for we have not in this country the cheap corn feed which makes the lard hog at a low price, and we cannot compete with United States breeders in the lard hog trade. Boost the bacon hog. There will be money in it.

Getting Your Money's Worth.

It is time to subscribe! It is time to renew! Another year is drawing to a close, and with its waning days comes the time to select the papers which are to be placed in the home for another year. The war has had the effect of stimulating interest in the news of the day. Everyone follows the fight closely. But the farmers of Canada are always engaged in a fight of vital interest to themselves and to our country. Upon their prosperity, particularly at the present time, depends, more than upon any other one factor, the development of our nation. The farmer has rights and he has a friend in "The Farmer's Advocate," not afraid to stand out boldly for those rights. No timid corporation of high finance controls "The Farmer's Advocate." It speaks as a farmer to farmers. During the coming year, and the years immediately to follow, good agriculture is going to mean more to this country than it has ever meant. The world needs food, not gold, and there is only one place to get it—from the farms, and the farms of Canada must take a leading place in supplying our Empire with the necessities of life. The farmer

must produce more and better products, and he must be paid a fair return for doing so. "The Farmer's Advocate" can help. It was never in a better position to do so than at the present time. Through the past year it has given its readers considerably over 2,000 pages of the best information available upon all the problems of the farm, with a Christmas Number of 88 pages handsomely illustrated and containing special articles which will cause it to be kept on file by agricultural leaders for all time, and this in a war year when other papers curtailed expenditure. The outlook is even better for next year. We are planning at least one special article for each issue. No expense will be spared to give our readers the best service procurable. We ask your co-operation. Renew! Get your neighbors and friends to subscribe; and then write and give us some of your practical farming experience which will help others. Ask us questions. They will be answered by the best authorities on the various subjects. A subscriber in paying his subscription the other day said: "I can't understand why all farmers do not take 'The Farmer's Advocate'. I wouldn't be without it if it cost \$5 per year. It contains everything of interest and value to the farmer." But you get it for \$1.50, and if you send a new name before Jan 1 the two papers will go forward for \$2.25. After that it will be \$1.50 per subscription. You can't duplicate the value elsewhere. No one can offer you "something just as good," for he hasn't got it. The farm home is entitled to good magazine reading and we give the best. The farm boy learns to prize "The Farmer's Advocate," for it tells him what he wants to know. It is the best stimulant known for Canadian agriculture. If you don't get it you should; if you do, keep on and show others the benefit to be derived.

Plan Now—Act Later.

Through all the hammering and inconvenience incident upon a small town with a big show and small buildings to house it in, the Ontario Provincial Winter Fair, held annually at Guelph, has come with flying colors, for, notwithstanding the adverse conditions brought on this year through the war and the fact that the military authorities occupied the buildings up until just a few weeks before the opening of the show, the Winter Fair made history. It was the largest in number of entries, and the finest in quality of exhibits in the history of the exhibition. But, there must be some provision made in the very near future to accommodate the stock and the spectators which each year are sure to increase in numbers as progress goes on in the live-stock development of Canada, East and West, particularly of Ontario, the breeding ground of the Dominion. It is time now for those in charge to begin to lay plans for the bigger and greater fair which must eventually be provided for somewhere, because Ontario has demonstrated beyond all possibility of a doubt that no matter what happens, the live-stock business is destined to hold a pre-eminent place in the agriculture of this province, and Ontario's breeders and fitters are always ready to exhibit where they get fair prizes, good treatment and can show their stock to the best advantage. Besides this, the people of the Province have proven that they will attend the show even though it be an exhibition of farm products alone, with live stock as a feature. There is a great future for winter fairs in Ontario, and when buildings are remodelled or new ones provided, due consideration must be taken of the probable

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JOHN WELD, Manager.

Agents for "The Farmer's Advocate and Home Journal,"
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 2. TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—In Canada, England, Ireland, Scotland, Newfoundland and New Zealand, \$1.50 per year, in advance; \$2.00 per year when not paid in advance. United States, \$2.50 per year; all other countries, 12s.; in advance.
 3. ADVERTISING RATES.—Single insertion, 25 cents per line, agate. Contract rates furnished on application.
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 14. ALL COMMUNICATIONS in reference to any matter connected with this paper should be addressed as below, and not to any individual connected with the paper.
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growth which will come through the next few years, and the buildings made large enough accordingly. There were those who complained when the present Winter Fair structure was completed that it would never be filled, but it was filled the first year and has overflowed ever since. It must still be remembered that even Old Ontario is a young country and is growing fast agriculturally, notwithstanding the fact that large numbers of her farm-born sons and daughters migrate to the West or to the cities. We have faith in the Winter Fair, and we would like to see it in a home big enough to show it off to the best advantage for both exhibitors and spectators. Little can be done in the way of increased accommodation until the close of the war, but plans may be developed to be put in operation when conditions right themselves. It is time now to be thinking in preparation for the action which must come later.

Col. George Harvey on the War.

A close and capable observer of public affairs, Col. George Harvey, editor of the North American Review and formerly editor of Harper's Weekly, after a sojourn in Great Britain, where he conferred with members of the government and personally inspected the reserves, an immense army of 4,000,000 men, expressed his absolute certainty, as to the outcome of the war in triumph for the Allies and the overthrow of Germany, not by starvation as some imagine, but from the force without. What impressed Col. Harvey next to the immense British army in the making, was the wonderful development by the government of the department of munitions, which controls over one million men and women, and which, as by magic, had transformed the balance of shell power within one year, from three to one in favor of the enemy to five to one in favor of the Allies. Germany might fight on for a couple of years and perhaps longer, but they were destined to be thoroughly beaten. The claim which has been made by some newspaper correspondents that to ensure victory Britain needed a strong, dominating personality to dictate the war, Col. Harvey set down as absurd. There is no such personage in the world to-day, no Crom-

well, no Napoleon. The nearest approach to it was the Kaiser himself, but not because he is a super-man but because he is an absolute monarch and head of the Hohenzollern House. As far as the end was concerned his victories were hollow, and the German Chancellor's recent speech before the Reichstag merely bluff. The war was different from other wars, and in its various aspects must continue to be administered by groups of able men. In conclusion, however, he paid a tribute to David Lloyd-George, who had shown a marvellous grasp of affairs, and developed into a statesman of the first magnitude.

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Subscribers have many times told us that our annual Christmas number was worth more than the subscription price for one year. Other subscribers have said that the answer to one question has saved them many times the price of the paper. Our columns are filled 52 weeks in every year with the most advanced writings of the most capable, practical agriculturists in Canada. Our editors are practical men. We give from 2000 to 2300 pages of farm information yearly. No farmer can afford to miss this. You cannot get equal value in any other paper in this country. Our illustrations are in a class by themselves. The Home Magazine is outstanding. Renew now. Get a new subscriber. Your own and a new subscription at \$2.25 from now to the end of 1916. This offer is only good until Dec. 31st. Just a few days left. Remember the new subscriber gets a copy of our Half Century Christmas issue, the best of its kind ever published. After Jan. 1, the regular subscription price, \$1.50 per year, will obtain. Get the paper that is worth paying for and gives you most value. You cannot expect something for nothing, but you get more for your \$1.50 in the old, reliable Farmer's Advocate than you can get for the money spent in any other way.

Nature's Diary.

A. B. Klugh, M.A.

During the winter most of the small mammals which are common in the settled parts of Canada are underground, sleeping the deep sleep of hibernation. There is one little mammal, however, which is always in evidence, one which is very common in all parts of the country where there are trees—the Red Squirrel.

We have in Canada several sub-species, or geographical races of this species which differ in size and coloration from one another. The race of the Maritime Provinces is small and dark-colored, the tail is dark with a red fringe, and the breast is sprinkled with gray in winter. The race which is found in Ontario, as far north as a line running from Ottawa to the lower boundary of Muskoka, is large, very red above, and always pure white beneath. The race of our southern Rockies is very large, olive above and tinged with rust-yellow on the under-parts. The race which inhabits our west coast has the tail blackish above and the under-parts tinged with brownish. Over the rest of Canada, from the Yukon to Labrador, and thus found in all our northern forests, is the race which is olive, sprinkled with gray above, becoming redder on the legs, tail and ears, white beneath in summer, and white sprinkled with gray beneath in winter, and a broad band of black near the end of the tail. All the races have a blackish band extending along the sides in summer, which is lost in the winter pelage.

Like most of our wild mammals the home territory of the Red Squirrel is small, Seton, after much careful study, placing its area at about ten acres. This comparatively small home area is of a decided advantage to it, as it knows this territory intimately. It knows what jumps from tree to tree it can make and what jumps are impossible; it knows each hole in which it can hide,

whether the hole be in a tree or in the ground. Thus when pursued it knows refuges and how to get to them. N. V. Freeman, who is a close student of wild life, tells me that he has seen a Red Squirrel going along the branches of certain trees and cutting off twigs which projected upwards from them, then going along these branches from tree to tree several times, and cutting off more projecting twigs. After some time spent in this way it went over the whole route at full speed. Mr. Freeman is certain that the Squirrel was "road-making," and clearing obstructions from its path among the tree-tops.

Red Squirrels apparently mate for life, though the evidence on this point is not conclusive. The young are usually born in the early part of May, though some litters are considerably later. There are five or six young in a litter, and only one litter in a year. The nest in which they are born is usually a hole in a tree, very frequently in the abandoned home of a Flicker, (High-holder, Yellow-hammer, and Golden-Winged Woodpecker, are other common names for this bird) though often in globular nests among the tree-tops. These latter nests are often old Crows' or Hawks' nests which the Squirrels have roofed over with leaves, pine-needles and strips of Cedar bark, or they may rest on platforms which the Squirrels have built themselves of short branches and twigs. The roofs of these outside nests are made quite water-proof, as those which have been examined after heavy rains have been found perfectly dry inside. The young are weaned late in August, and the family breaks up in October.

The food of the Red Squirrel is extremely varied. In summer it feeds on seeds, berries and fleshy fungi. In the fall on the seeds of coniferous trees, nuts and acorns. In the winter it feeds on seeds and nuts which it has stored up during the late summer and autumn, and on the seeds of the Hemlock, which remain in the cones all winter. The hoards which the Squirrel lays up are stored either in hollow trees or in vaults underground. Before storing them they are sorted over and prepared: all unsound nuts, husks, etc., being rejected. This preparation is usually done in one particular place, such as the top of a stump, and such workshops are marked by heaps of empty nuts, husks and debris of cones, and are never very near the food-store.

The Red Squirrel also stores up fleshy fungi for the winter, placing them in the forked branches of the trees, where they dry up and remain in good condition and available at any time. Speaking of the gathering of these fungi Seton says, "I was once witness of a comic display of frugality and temper on the part of a Red Squirrel. A heavy footfall on the leaves held me still to listen. Then appeared a Red Squirrel laboring hard to drag an enormous mushroom. Presently it caught in a branch, and the savage jerk he gave to free it resulted in the "hand" coming off. The Squirrel chattered and scolded, then seized the disk, but again had the misfortune to break it, and now exploded in wrathful sputterings. Eventually, however, he went off with the largest piece and came back for the fragments one by one."

In the spring the Squirrel drinks the sap of the Maple, sometimes making incisions for itself, often taking advantage of the "tapping" done by the Yellow-bellied Sapsucker.

While the foregoing items make up the bulk of the Red Squirrel's diet there is another item which sometimes appears on its menu, an item which makes some inclined to condemn this species as injurious and advocate its extermination—the eggs and young of birds. That a good many nests are rifled by Red Squirrels is undoubtedly true, but it strikes me that to urge extermination of this familiar and interesting little mammal is too far-fetched, though in any particular locality in which Red Squirrels are abundant and birds rather scarce, a reduction in the number of Squirrels might be advisable.

This species is a good swimmer, swimming with much of the head back and tail out of the water.

The tail of the Squirrel is an important part of its equipment. It acts as a rudder in its long leaps from branch to branch, and also as a parachute in case of a fall. In the case of those which have lost their tails it has always been observed that they soon disappear.

Though the Red Squirrel is such a common and familiar animal our knowledge of its life and habits are yet incomplete. Do they pair for life? How long do they live in their wild state? Are any ever poisoned by poisonous fungi? These and many other questions remain to be answered, and I would suggest to the readers of "The Farmer's Advocate" that they observe this species carefully and report to me the result of their observations. In studying any wild animal the habits of the individual are the hardest to ascertain, because it is so hard to recognize individuals, and anyone who has the chance to observe an individual which is peculiarly marked and thus can be identified should make the most of such an opportunity.

Ontario has again demonstrated that live stock is the backbone of agriculture.

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THE HORSE.

Lameness in Horses II.

The manifestation of lameness is shown by the animal in two ways: first, during repose; second, during movement. In some cases the symptoms are more marked while the animal is standing, as in many cases of foot lameness. For example, a horse will continually point (place one fore foot in advance of its fellow and rest it upon the toe), or even elevate the foot which is suffering pain; if both feet are diseased he will probably point or elevate them alternately. When a horse showing these symptoms is moved, the degree of lameness, in many cases, does not appear equivalent to the amount of pain expressed when standing. In other cases the horse will stand perfectly sound, although in the majority of cases the pastern of the lame leg is held more upright than that of the sound one, as if he feared to put as much weight on it; but when made to move the lameness is manifested. Again, in many cases, the animal comes out of the stable apparently sound, but after being driven a variable distance shows well-marked lameness. Others again, leave the stable very lame and become freer in their action, frequently all symptoms of lameness having disappeared, upon exercise. Such cases are apt to deceive, hence the examiner should take all possible precautions against deception. Some horses show lameness only when they turn around. They may go sound when led straight to or from the observer, but when turned sharply around they at once manifest their unsoundness. When an examiner observes a man who is very careful when turning his horse, he should watch carefully and compel him to turn the animal quickly.

Slight chorea or string halt is seldom detected except during the turn, and in some cases is shown only when the horse turns one way. In other cases, lameness may exist in two or more limbs, but not equally well marked. In such cases the animal may endeavor to save the lame limbs by throwing his weight off them in such a peculiar manner that it requires great care to distinguish the true nature of the case and form a correct opinion. Again, some horses walk down hill in such a peculiar manner that they appear to go lame. This is called a "three-cornered walk." The animal sways from side to side very awkwardly, his hind quarters being turned to one side or the other, going forward almost sideways, as some horses act when going down hill holding back a heavy load. A touch of the whip will generally cause him to improve his gait, which at once shows that it is not lameness, but laziness, from which he is suffering.

The symptoms of lameness shown during repose are very important and often diagnostic. A horse suffering acute pain in one of his fore feet will usually point the foot. This is done for the purpose of relieving pain. It throws the flexor tendons into a state of relaxation, removes weight from the foot, and removes tension and pressure from the painful part. This pointing does not apply to all fore limb lameness, but is usually noticed when the trouble is below the knee. The pointing (if we can call it such) of elbow or shoulder lameness is characteristic. The fore arm is extended, the knee flexed, and the foot held on a level with, or a little behind its fellow. In severe shoulder lameness the pointing is backwards, the whole limb becomes relaxed, the knee bent and the foot placed well behind its fellow, sometimes the toe only touching the ground, the whole limb being held semi-pendulous, on account of the inability of the muscles to elevate it and bring it forward without pain.

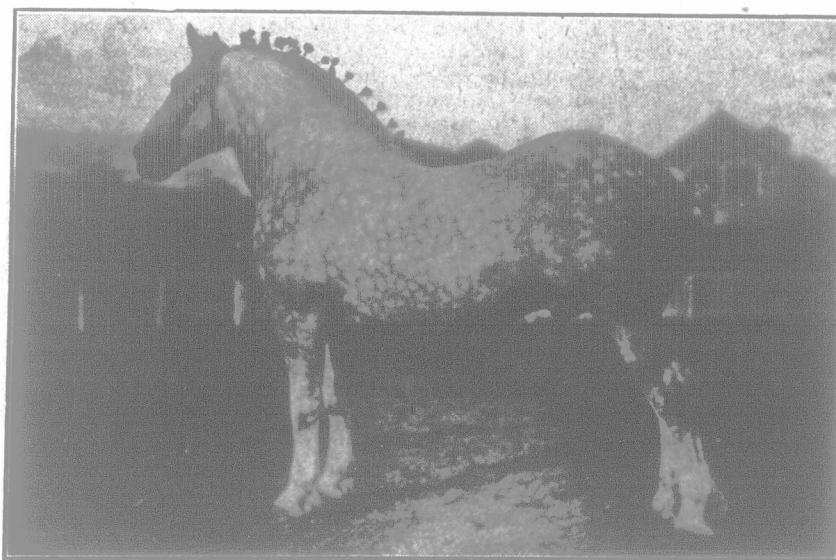
Where the lameness is in a hind leg the patient may stand with it flexed, knuckled over at the fetlock, or with the foot elevated entirely off the ground. When he stands with lame leg in advance of the sound one, the position generally indicates disease in or below the hock. A horse with acute pain in both fore feet will stand with his hind feet well advanced under his body, resting one fore foot, then the other. Should the pain be in both hind feet, he will stand with his fore feet well back beneath his chest, his body pushed forwards and head held low. In order to remove his weight as far as possible from the seat of pain. He will ease one hind foot and then the other, and, if pain be excessive, will breathe heavily and show other symptoms of distress. Pain in both hind feet often interferes with the act of urination by preventing the stretching of the body, which is so characteristic of that act in the horse. In such cases he will endeavor to stretch himself, will elevate the tail, but, with a groan, quickly assume his former posture and suddenly lift his feet alternately. From this fact it is often supposed that a horse suffering acute pain in both hind feet is suffering from some acute disease of the urinary organs.

WHIP.
(To be continued.)

Horsemen Were Not Consulted.

None of the speakers at the Ontario Provincial Winter Fair attempted to explain how the Canadian farmer could market his surplus horse stock this winter. The marketing of all other classes of farm live stock was discussed and explained by able authorities, but no one seems to know anything about the horse market situation; and speakers, knowing well the feelings of farmers on the subject, hesitate to go into horse marketing when they do not know or dare not attempt to foretell what the outcome will be. There is beginning to be a little better feeling in horse-breeding circles, but no thanks are due to those in charge of the limiting of sale of Canadian horses for the war. The West has money this year and will buy breeding horses and heavy workers in the East, but not before spring is approaching can these be delivered. Canadian horsemen would like to help supply the horses needed at the front. The daily press tells us that thousands more horses are needed. The Old Country farm papers, in every issue, comment upon the unprecedented high price of horse flesh in Britain, while Canadian farms are overstocked with good horses which cannot be sold at any price. Surely Canadian horses, bought from Canadian farmers vitally interested in the outcome of this war, should be just as acceptable as horses bought in neutral United States at high prices, and greater profit to the producers and dealers than would be asked by our own horsemen.

Wm. Smith, M. P., President of the Ontario Provincial Winter Fair, said to live-stock men there, that he did not believe the matter of purchasing horses for war purposes should be placed in the hands of two or three men. The stockmen of the country should have been consulted. But those in charge did not consult them, and the present horse-market trouble has resulted. If any one has any explanations to offer we would be pleased to publish them.



Ichnobate.

First-prize aged Percheron stallion and grand champion of the breed at the Guelph Winter Fair, 1915. Exhibited by Hodgkinson & Tisdale, Beaverton, Ont.

LIVE STOCK.

It is a bad sign to see moisture gathering on the stable walls. It indicates a lack of ventilation.

Shepherds claim that, with plenty of exercise, ewes will do well on roots, and will not produce weak lambs.

As a mineral tonic give the pigs some bone meal, ashes, sulphur, charcoal and salt. Place it in the pen where they can have access to it.

The sheep will usually prefer water to snow. They will not drink much water at a time, but if a pail of fresh water be placed in their pen they will go to it frequently.

January, February and March are the months when pigs are liable to become crippled and rheumatic. To forestall this condition provide dry sleeping quarters, room for exercise, and keep their digestive apparatus right.

Buying Pigs in P. E. I.

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":

The William Davies Company, of Toronto, is at the present time buying hogs in Prince Edward Island. They experienced considerable difficulty in getting them across to the mainland. At first the Steam Navigation Company refused to carry them, but finally consented to carry three hundred a week. The Davies Company, however, must load them and transfer them to the cars on the other side. They are buying at three

points in the Province; at Charlottetown, at Hunter River and at Summerside, and are getting all the boat will carry. They are paying \$8.00 per hundred pounds for selects, and \$7.00 for heavies, and thick fats. Interviewed by our correspondent, their manager in the Maritime Provinces stated they were well pleased with the quality of the hogs they were securing in Prince Edward Island. Not less than 80 per cent. of all the hogs he had seen there were of the bacon type, but some of them had been kept a little too long. Their firm wanted hogs ready for market at 200 pounds live weight, and would pay a premium for that class. He had received a report from the firm on those that had already gone forward, which stated that they looked like prime Ontarios. Their representative predicts an excellent market both for live hogs and lambs as soon as the Car Ferry is completed. Nowhere has he seen lambs of such good quality, and the flavor of the meat is unexcelled. If a car could be loaded in Prince Edward Island early in September with lambs and hogs and shipped straight through to Toronto, a far better price could be obtained than has been paid in the past. He was very optimistic over the whole situation, and Prince Edward Island farmers will no doubt benefit from this new departure of the representative of the William Davies Company, of Toronto.

R. T.

English Live Stock Notes. NORWICH FAT STOCK SHOW.

His Majesty the King sent several entries to the Norwich Fat Stock Show on Nov. 26th last, and his brilliant summer show Shorthorn heifer, Windsor Gem, now a perfectly fed Christmas beast, won her class with ease. She has a great spread of carcass, a well-sprung rib, and fine hind quarters. At 33½ months she scaled 15 cwt. 3 qrs. 6 lbs. She just failed to win the

Lord Mayor of Norwich's prize for the best cow or heifer, being beaten by the ultimate champion of the show. This was the Aberdeen-Angus heifer, Eve of Malsemore, owned by J. J. Cridlan, of Malsemore Park, Gloucester. She is full of flesh, and most evenly fed, and scaled 15 cwt. 2 qrs. 13 lbs. at 34½ months old. For actual championship Eve herself had to beat Sir A. Leon's Shorthorn steer, Bletchley Promise, which at 34 months and 3 weeks weighed 18 cwt. 22 lbs. This exhibit has a fine top and loin. Mr. Cridlan's win was very popular and it makes his fourth cattle championship at Norwich in the last six years.

In the Red Poll cattle classes Messrs. T. Brown & Sons won several firsts, and their older steer, deep and well let down, scaled

16 cwt. 1 qr. 13 lbs. at 34 months. This exhibit secured a large number of county and other special prizes. Among Aberdeen-Angus Mr. Cridlan won with a superb steer named Stamp, which many critics averred should have been the actual champion. Wealth and depth of flesh are most pronounced in him. At 35½ months he turned the scale at 17 cwt. 3 qrs. 10 lbs. The King also won a young steer class with a Shorthorn, mellow to the touch, weighing 13 cwt. 12 qrs. 10 lbs. at 22½ months. His Majesty the King was a sole competitor in two classes of small cattle, and secured premier places with a steer of the Angus-Dexter cross, and a pure-bred Dexter, both nicely finished off.

The county classes saw R. Mattocks win in younger steers with a cross breed, and P. Storey in older steers with one of real merit that took several specials. It scaled 18 cwt. 3 qrs. 3 lbs. The Irish classes were disappointing; G. Emery and H. A. Cook winning chief honors.

His Majesty the King and the Earl of Derby were the leading winners in the sheep section, the noble Earl securing the championship of that section with a pen of notable Southdown lambs, handling well and firmly. They scaled 3 cwt. 3 qrs. 15 lbs. Their runner-up was the King's pen of wethers, which led in their class and gave the weight of 5 cwt. 12 lbs. These were wide, good sheep.

After the champion lambs of Lord Derby's stood T. H. Ismay's Hampshire Down lambs, boasting a wealth of flesh and rare touch, and scaling 4 cwt. 3 qrs. 10 lbs. They won their class easily, as also did his wethers that scaled 6 cwt. 2 qrs. 5 lbs. His Majesty the King, however, won the special for the best pen of wethers with his Southdowns. Other prize winners in

sheep were O. C. Millen (who led one class with a Kent and Southdown cross, the first ever seen at the show), Captain R. S. Hicks, A. W. Bally-Hawkins, and Miss Alice de Rothschild (whose Oxfords made a splendidly-matched pen, scaling 7 cwts. 1 qr. 5 lbs.)

In pigs the King's Berkshires from Sandringham won. One of his pen scaled 7 cwt. 1 qr. 20 lbs. In Large Blacks, A. Stimpson's winners weighed 6 cwt. 10 lbs. The special award in pigs, however, fell to H. Read for a pen of cross-bred Large and Middle Whites, which scaled 6 cwt. 3 qrs. 16 lbs., and boasted great quality.

MEETING THE PIG PROBLEM.

In view of the present price of bacon and a shortage of breeding stocks, English pig breeders are considering how they can best meet the immediate situation when the war is over. The sudden increase in the cost of milling offals about a year ago, when young and store pigs were comparatively cheap, caused many English breeders to reduce their number of sows, and this tendency was strengthened by a large demand that then existed for sausage-meat, a form of food that is still being largely bought by the working classes. The Danes did the same thing, i. e., sold off a large portion of their breeding sows, and that itself has affected our bacon market. Much of the fat pork we formerly received from the United States of America was for some months after the outbreak of war dispatched to the Continent. Germany herself has slaughtered 7,000,000 pigs, and in that country the price of pork has advanced to an almost impossible figure. It would look as if the present high prices obtained for pigs and pork will continue for some time after hostilities cease. The breeding stocks of Germany and Austria will be almost decimated, and those countries, when open, will be importers of pork for a long time, and a considerable period must elapse before pork there once more becomes a cheap food. British pig raisers should preserve their breeding stocks at all hazards, for in that method lies at least one solution to the problem of meeting the position that will arise when peace is proclaimed.

NEXT YEAR'S ROYAL SHOW.

From June 27 to July 1 next, the seventy-seventh annual show of the Royal Agricultural Society will be held on a site near Alexander Park, Manchester, where already the "permanent" buildings of the society are assuming shape. The exhibition will be carried out on its usual generous lines. It should not be forgotten that the last Royal Show in Manchester yielded the record total attendance of 217,980, and a profit of £4,074. That was in 1897, but, in 1869 a record profit was made at the National Show held in the same city, i. e., £9,153, figures which were not beaten until 1908, when the Newcastle visit yielded a profit of £10,054. The Royal Show has secured all its greatest financial successes at the industrial cities it has visited, to wit, profits of £5,483 and £3,947 at Liverpool, £3,115 and £1,667 at Bristol, £4,523 and £2,028 at Derby, £3,424 at Birmingham, £4,229 at Nottingham (1888), £3,600 at Leicester, and so on. In rural Canterbury it once lost £2,005 a similar sum at Bury St. Edmunds, £4,577 at Taunton, and £6,383 at Maidstone.

During 1915 U. S. A. has bought 70 pedigree Herefords from English breeders, but Uruguay has taken 76 and Argentina 66, and even Chili and Brazil have been customers, but not a one has Canada bought. British breeders are looking to U. S. A. coming back, when ports are open, or rather when Britain is free of foot and mouth disease, for more bulls of this type in 1916. The Hereford is going strong in Uruguay.

To U. S. A. the English Guernsey Cattle Society have granted 110 export certificates, and no doubt the number would have been much larger but for the conditions prevailing. A Guernsey Society has been established in Australia.

A breed of little heavy milking cattle in Scotland is that known as the Shetland, which fatten early and so provide a dual-purpose. Herds are being started in England.

Anthony Horden, the New South Wales cattle rancher, has just exported 50 Lincoln long-wool ewes of prize-winning abilities and big rams costing 2,500 dollars and so on.

The Government has sanctioned steeplechase and hurdle racing to resume on a limited scale in England. Breeders of Thoroughbred stock, i. e., race horses, have had a bad time of it since the war started. Yearlings which once sold in the thousands of pounds at Doncaster and Newmarket have been given away for a few hundreds, and stallions and brood mares are fetching "wicked" prices. But better days are coming. It is in the air; we can all feel it.

May I wish Canadian readers of my notes a happier Christmas than last? May I say, too, that, at home, here, in Wimbledon, Surrey, I shall be glad to meet any sons of readers of "The Farmer's Advocate" who may be domiciled near me in training for "The Day." Surrey is full of Canadian boys with the colors.

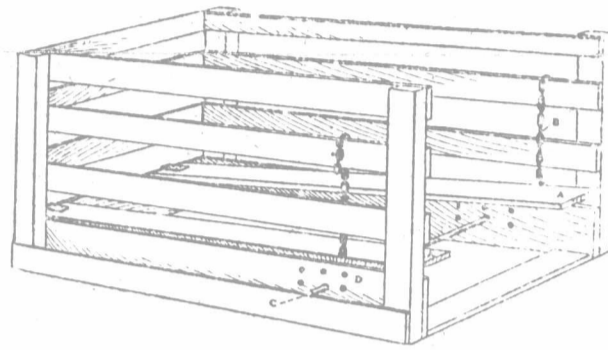
Surrey, England. G. T. BURROWS.

Breeding Crate For Swine.

I saw mention regarding breeding crates for hogs, in a recent issue of "The Farmer's Advocate"; please give a few details regarding them.

J. McN.

A breeding crate may be used in two ways. When a heavy boar is to be mated to a small, young sow, a platform for the boar's feet may be



Breeding Crate.

so arranged as to relieve the female of considerable weight. On the other hand a short-legged or young male pig may be assisted in serving a full-grown sow by placing a cleated platform at the rear of the crate.

The crate shown in the illustration is one that will prove useful. The dimensions are: length, 5 feet 6 inches; width, 2 feet; and height, 3 feet 6 inches. The uprights at the corners are made of 2 x 4 inch scantling, and the sides may be made of 4-inch strips of inch lumber with a 10-inch board at the bottom on each side. The supports for the feet of the boar (AA) are hinged at the front end of the crate, and can be raised or lowered by means of the chains (B). On the outside of the crate are hooks for holding the chains. An iron rod (C) slips through holes (D) bored in the bottom side boards. The rod should come just above the hocks of the sow, and there should be enough holes to permit the rod being adjusted to suit the size of the sow. If it is desired to use a small boar on a large sow, a cleated, sloping platform can be moved up to the rear end of the crate, whereby the boar may be elevated to any desired position.



A Winner at Guelph.

Champion Southdown wether for Peter Arkell & Sons, Teeswater, Ont.

There are many types of breeding crates, but the one just described should answer the purpose, or serve as a principle or pattern to construct others similar or better suited to any local conditions.

FARM.

"There's no Muckle Made by Kickin."

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":

I was talkin' tae a half friend o' mine the ither day an' he says tae me, "Weel, Sandy, we're comin' tae the end o' anither year," says he, "an' I'm winnerin' what we hae got oot o' it, that is gainin' tae mak' it worth while stayin' on an' tryin' it for a while langer. We hae made some money an' we hae pit in the spare time we had spendin' it, an' for a I can see we're juist about where we were twelve months back. It's an unco' weary round, Sandy," says he, "what we rake in wi' ane hand we throw awa' wi' the ither, an' in the end we die an' let some ither chap get on tae the treadmill in oor place. What's the hale thing about anyway, I'd like tae ken," says he.

"I'm afraid, Alex.," says I, "that ye hae been takin' something for dinner that didna' agree wi' ye. Ye seem tae be in the dumps a'richt." "It's no' that," says Alex., "but when a mon warks as hard as I do, frae foor in the mornin' till eight o'clock at nicht, I'm thinkin' he has guid reason tae be askin' what he's gaein' tae mak' by it a', an' tae wunner gin pay-day will ever come aroond. About a' a mon can get in this world is his board an' claithe, an' nobody wi' ony ambition wants tae wark for that. D'ye think, Sandy," says he, "that when we get tae the jumpin'-aff place an' the time comes tae pass in oor checks we'll get ony credit for a' the wark we hae done an' the hardship we hae put up wi' on this auld airth. I ken ye dinna' ken Sandy, but what dae ye think." "Weel, Alex.," I says, "ye say I dinna' ken what's in store for us when we get through here, but ye're no' sae sure o' that as ye might think. There are some things that we never saw, an' that naebody has telt us about, that a' the same we are pretty certain o' It's this way. We ken that in the ups an' doons o' oor life here we hae learned a guid many things an' ane o' them is that when we dae certain acts the results are a'richt, an' we hae a feeling o' satisfaction, or in ither words, we are happy. But when for some reason or ither oor actions are different, the consequences are bad an' we are dissatisfied an' unhappy. Noo, Alex.," says I, "here is where ye get the wages for the wark ye dae, over an' above yer board an' claithe. It's the feeling o' pleasure that ye experience when yer job has been weel done that pays ye for yer labor an' hardship. A condection o' happiness is what ilka livin' thing in the world is tryin' tae reach, an' there's juist one way tae dae it. By daein' yer wark ilka day as it's laid oot for ye, an' daein' it the best ye ken hoo. An' gin ony one is miserable an' in the blues, as ye are noo, Alex., ye may tak' it for granted that their life hasna' been a' it should hae been. They hae been shirkin' their duties or breakin' Nature's laws in some ither way. An' the only road tae a better condection o' things an' final happiness is tae be found by makin' a right-about-face an' travellin' in the ither direction. Ye'll admit this yersel', Alex.," says I.

"Sure," says he, "but what has this got tae dae wi' us when, as I said before, the time comes tae pass in oor checks?" "Weel," says I, "it has a guid deal tae dae wi' us as I see it. What I'm comin' at is this. Onyone wi' half an' eye can see we're in this world for a trainin' an' an education that is never half-feeinshed when the time comes for us tae get aff the airth. Sae we maun tak' it for granted that it will be feeinshed somewhere else, or in some future life at ony rate, an' this seems sae certain tae me that that is why I tauld ye that I was no' sae sure that we couldna' tell what was comin' next. Gin there's one thing in this universe that we notice mair than anither it's the progress o' life. It gets mony a set-back but it never gets stapped, an' ye may be certain that mankind will no' be allowed tae stap either while he's in his present partly-educated condection, where he can juist begin tae see his possibilities. Sae there's na use gettin' discouraged an' wunnerin' what's the use o' it a', an' wishin' we could throw up the job. We're juist wastin' time that we'll hae tae hustle tae mak' up later on. For the mon that keeps goin', an' daein' the best he kens ilka day, there is peace o' mind an' happiness, an' he kens that the future has mair in store for him than he can imagine, gin he will, but keep up his courage an' gang aifter it. The mistak's an' worse that he has been guilty o' in the past will no' hauld him back gin he doosna' start tae think an' worry about them, for he'll ken that the ane great mistak' wad be tae gie up climbin' because o' this or anything else. But the mon that gets intae the dumps is in a fair way tae keep himsel' in purgatory for a' time, an' pairt o' eternity, maybe. An' in the end he has tae start in an' mak' up for lost time, an' tak' his share o' trouble an' hardship wi' the rest o' the warl'. Sae there's naething gained by lettin' go for a meenute, but everything that's worth havin' is tae be gained by hangin' on tae the end an' makin' the best o' ilka day the Lord gies us."

"Noo, Alex.," says I, "I didna' intend tae preach ye a sermon when I started oot, but when I see a mon takin' a gloomy view o' life in general, an' his part in particular, it gets me goin'. I hae been there maseel', an' monys the valuable hoor I hae wasted in wishin' I had never been born, but I hae got oot o' that bog, an' I'm aye mair than willin' tae gi' a hand tae ony chap that I see in the same trouble. Ye may depend on it, it's better on ahead, gin we're mer enuch tae pit up the fight that will tak' us through."

"Weel," says Alex., "I guess maybe ye're richt, Sandy. There's no muckle made by kickin' onyway. It doosna' seem tae get ye onything. I'm thinkin' maybe I'll gae back an' feeinsh ploughin' that field I quit yesterday, afore it freezes up. It's mair like ploughin' in a stane fence than onything else, but it's part o' ma job, I suppose."

SANDY FRASER.

Potato

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Potatoes—In War and in Peace.

The two greatest potato-growing countries in the world are at war, Germany and Russia. Following these two countries in order of production are Austria-Hungary, France, the United States, Great Britain and Ireland, and Belgium. Must the United States also come in? This common, homely, plebeian product of the soil has contributed to the sustenance of the people, played a most important part in the development of great industries, and to-day forms a most appreciated and necessary part of the soldiers' ration at the front. Without potatoes and sugar beets Germany to-day would probably not be the ambitious, warring nation that she is, for on these two crops, more than any others, she has built up her wonderful agricultural industry which formed the basis on which she constructed her industrial and commercial prosperity. And, strange to say, she owes a debt to France for both of these field crops. Beet sugar was a product of French investigation and necessity in the Napoleonic era, and potatoes as a European food, as we shall show later, came into use through Louis XVI.

Germany has utilized potatoes for enriching her light soils, and sugar beets for rendering productive her heavy soils. She annually grows 8,000,000 acres of potatoes, producing over 1,600,000,000 bushels. Russia comes next in production. Thus we see that Germany has a potato crop nearly approaching in area our prairie wheat in Western Canada.

What does she do with it? Twelve per cent. for seed, 40 per cent. for feeding live stock, 28 per cent. for human food, 6 per cent. for alcohol, 4 per cent. for starch, and 10 per cent. for loss and waste.

It is a crop which the old men, the women and the children can grow, and, therefore, it may play a very important part in feeding the people during the war, for the Germans have developed to a large extent the process of evaporating the tubers whereby the food can be concentrated and stored. Even now potato meal is being used for mixing with wheat and rye flour. It is useful for sustaining a people on short rations, but it will not be sufficient to maintain the army fighting in the trenches. As a source of alcohol it may be useful as fuel for motors when petrol gives out. Germany's immense potato crop, with a big surplus over home requirements, must not be overlooked in studying the situation; but it should be remembered that a sustaining ration for the people at home is one thing, and a fighting ration for the soldier in the field or at the front is quite another.

So much for some suggestions as to the potato in the war. A few words now as to the potato in times of peace.

In the month of December last the French peasants paid their respects to the memory of Parmentier, the apothecary, who died in December, 1813, by placing garlands on the statue which had been erected to commemorate his great contribution to France's welfare. It was he who won the prize for discovering to the French a new plant that could be used as food in times of famine. And yet the Encyclopedia Britannica gives him no place, and its article on the potato fails even to mention his name.

The potato had originated in America, and samples had been brought from Peru. The medical doctors issued warnings against its use, claiming that it would cause fever and leprosy. But Parmentier found that it was rich in starch and he was encouraged to experiment with it. A bouquet of the beautiful blossoms was sent to the King (Louis XVI.). He wore it in his buttonhole, and public attention was at once favorably attracted to it. Follow up the story of its spread through Europe. The almost universal adoption of it in Ireland has a special interest for us in Canada, for it was the potato famine in Ireland in 1846 that started the great Irish emigration to Upper Canada sixty-seven years ago. In 1847, 90,150 persons came to Upper Canada and of these no less than 50,360 came from Ireland. And a word also about the Colorado Beetle, more familiarly known to us as boys as "the potato bug." When we were sprinkling Paris Green upon the bushy tops of the potato plants we little knew and perhaps cared less whence they came—we were more concerned as to their speedy departure. The name Colorado Beetle, of course, suggests the country of their origin—but how came they to be in the East! The gold and silver of Peru were responsible for the potato travelling east across the Atlantic, the gold of California was responsible for the eastern migration of the beetle. The trek of the Forty Niners across the continent made trails that were marked by a succession of camping grounds. Refuse food here and there left portions of potato peelings from which sprang up potato plants. At last the narrow string of plants reached Colorado, the original home of the beetle, where it fed on a species of wild potato, *solanum rostratum*. It was like constructing a transcontinental potato road, and when it was completed the Colorado Beetle began their slow but sure journey eastward, every plant

being, so to speak, a restaurant station on the way. It took just twenty years for these beautiful creatures to reach the eastern slope and to make their way into Ontario. It may interest you to know that they crossed the Detroit River in 1870, and their coming was signalled by the Ontario Government appointing in June, 1871, a Commission or Committee to enquire as to the intentions of these new immigrants. Edmund Baynes Reed, and Dr. William Saunders, who died on the 13th of September, 1914, made the investigation and prepared the report. Then began the long battle with Paris Green. We call bread the staff of life, and we think of wheat as being a great staple field crop for food supply—but did it ever occur to you that the potato, as a rule, goes in advance of wheat? Go to the remote settlements, push on to the limits of pioneer life and you will find potatoes growing before the fields are cleared for the wheat. This is so, particularly in a wooded country. What



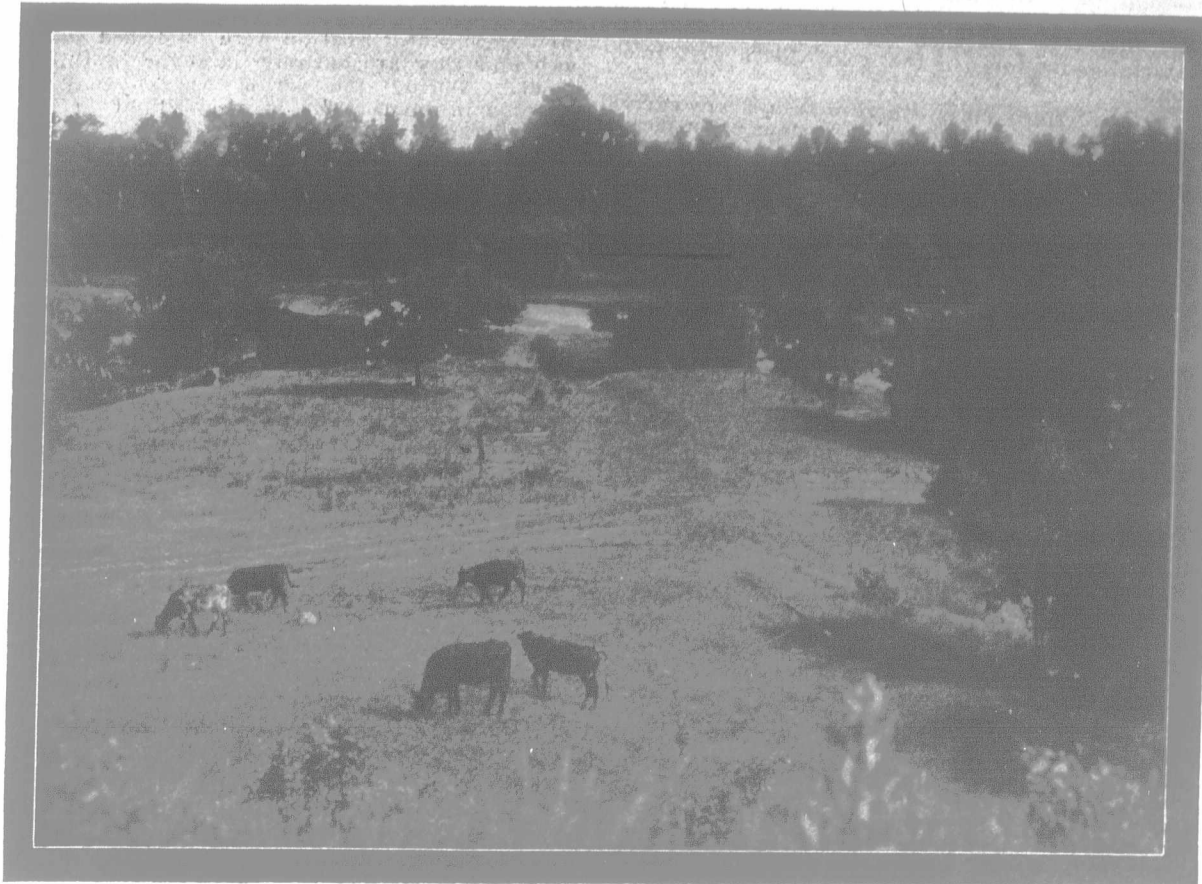
A Farmer's Shower Bath.

an important part "the potato patch" has played in the settlement of this Province! Our history has not been written or studied very much from that standpoint. The historians and story writers did not think there was any romance in this tuber. Familiarity breeds contempt. Perhaps when Delawares or Irish Cobblers are a dollar or more a bushel, instead of strong expressions about the cost of living, we may lighten the situation by recalling what an important part the potato has played in helping us to where we are. The writers of Scotland have in recent years given us the stories of "the kailyard." Perhaps Canada may some day give us the story of "Polly of the Potato Patch." Here's to the potato, great in war, great in peace, and great, let us hope, in the appreciation of the people!—Dr. C. C. James, in "Acta Victoriana," December, 1914.

A Simple Convenience.

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":

The accompanying illustration which is made from a photo taken on the farm of M. Carson, Merrickville, Ont., shows one of the best ideas I have seen on any farm. It is neither more nor less than a shower bath, and is so simple that



Grazing on Western Pasture Land.

no farm need be without one. The window to the right is in the kitchen. The woodshed is to the left, and the small lean-to on the extreme left is a dry earth closet. There is an entrance to this closet both from the shed and from a walk which runs along the end of the kitchen. This walk is of open slat-work, and forms an ideal floor for the bath-room which is about three and a half feet wide by eight feet long. The screen along the side is simply cotton stretched on a frame; a door of similar material at the end. A bracket with a couple of pulleys is fastened to the wall. A large, galvanized iron pail with a funnel-shaped bottom is used as a receptacle to hold the water. From the centre of the bottom protrudes a pipe on which there is a tap, and on the end of the pipe is attached a fine hose similar to that used on watering pots. One end of a rope is attached to the handle of the pail, the other end is passed through the pulley, when the pail is filled it is pulled into position, as shown in the illustration, and when all is ready the bather stands under the pail and turns on the tap.

On returning from the field, hot and dusty after a hard day's work, the shower bath is most refreshing.

Ottawa.

GEORGE ROBERTSON.

Seed Diseases, With Particular Reference to Potatoes.

Among the various subdivisions of the subject of plant diseases, there are several which stand out so prominently that they are quite worthy of a chapter in themselves, and of these one of the most important concerns the transmission of disease by means of the seed.

Strictly speaking, diseases of the seed itself are very unusual, but as we are dealing with the question from a broadly economic standpoint, we must enlarge the scope of our subject to include those diseases which are especially associated with our ordinary methods of propagation. For our purpose then we may divide the subject of seed diseases into three classes:—

1. Where the fungus causing the disease lives actually inside the seed itself, or in the seed coat.
2. Where fungus spores are carried on the outside of the seed.
3. Where a fungus establishes itself in or on some part of the plant which is not the seed, but which is used for the purpose of propagation.

With regard to those diseases in class (1) where the fungus actually lives within the seed, it must be said that cases of this kind are extremely rare. The seed of a plant, like the offspring of animals has always been the subject of the most tender care on the part of its parent. All the life processes of the plant are directed towards the production of its seed, temporarily in the case of trees, shrubs and perennial plants, and completely and finally in annuals. Since the latter die out in the fall and their whole hope of perpetuation rests on the seed which has been produced, it can hardly be wondered that they have adopted innumerable means to ensure the development and to provide for the safety of these seeds. They are filled with food; surrounded by a hard, thick, water-proof coat armed with hairs, bristles or spines; supplied with substances poisonous or distasteful to the would-be devour-

says I, "that ye hae been
ner that didna' agree wi'
in the dumps a'richt."
Alex., "but when a mon
frae foor in the mornin'
ht, I'm thinkin' he has
in' what he's gaein' tae
wunner gin pay-day tae
boot a' a mon can get in
an' claites, an' nobody
tae wark for that. D'ye
t' that when we get tae
the time comes tae pass
ny credit for a' the wark
rdship we hae put up wi'
ken ye dinna' ken Sandy,
"Weel, Alex." I says,
at's in store for us when
it ye're no' sae sure o'
There are some things
that naebody has telt us
we are pretty certain o'
a that in the ups an'
ye hae learned a guid
hem is that when we dae
are a'richt, an' we hae
or in ither words, we
for some reason or ither
nt, the consequences are
fied an' unhappy. Noo,
where ye get the wages
ver an' above yer board
eling o' pleasure that ye
has been weel done that
n' hardship. A condee
ilka living thing in the
n, an' there's juist one
in' yer wark ilka day as
daein' it the best ye
one is miserable an' in
Alex., ye may tak' it
life hasna' been a' it
hae been shirkn' their
s' laws in some ither
tae a better condection
s' is tae be found by
an' travellin' in the
mit this yersel', Alex.,

"but what has this
as I said before, the
oor checks?" "Weel,
eal tae dae wi' us as I
't at is this. Onyone
we're in this warld for a
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I tauld ye that I was
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d no' hauld him back
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the ane great mistak'
n' because o' this or
on that gets intae the
tae keep himsel' in
pairt o' eternity, may-
tae start in an' mak'
his share o' trouble an'
e warl'. Sae there's
go for a meenute, but
avin' is tae be gained
an' makin' the best o'

"I didna' intend tae
started oot, but when
oomy Mew o' life in
particular, it gets me
masel', an' monys the
ted in wishin' I had
e got oot o' that bog,
in' tae gi' a hand tae
e same trouble. Ye
er on ahead, gin we're
fight that will tak' us

guess maybe ye're
muckle made by kickin'
tae get ye onything,
gae back an' feemish
t yesterday, afore it
ploughin' in a stane
at it's part o' ma job.
SANDY FRASER.

ers. They are made cumbrous like the coca-nut, or minute like the worm-seed mustard; and all this to enable the baby plant to get a start in life without interference from the outside world. The same watchful care guards the seeds against fungus attacks. The leaves may be destroyed, the stem and roots invaded, and the fruit or seed covering may suffer but in all except a very few cases the seed itself is exempt.

Among the few cases of this kind there may be mentioned three where some fungus has succeeded in penetrating the plant's nursery so as to be able to attack the baby plant. One of these is the Anthracnose of Beans. In this case the fungus gains entrance by way of the pod when the plant is young and fleshy, grows into the tender seed inside, and kills it or causes a spot according to the development of the seed. In a bean that is merely spotted, therefore, the fungus is still alive in the tissue around the spot and will start into activity again with the spring growth. A disease of this kind is very hard to deal with because any treatment which would kill the fungus inside the seed would be extremely liable to hurt the seed also.

A second and very important example of a true seed disease occurs in the case of certain of the smuts of grains. Here the fungus parasite lives during the early part of the growth of the host within its tissues without doing any noticeable harm until the seed is to be formed. The fungus then grows into the young embryonic seed where it either displaces the seed entirely, as in the stinking smut of wheat, or else it may, as in the case of loose smut of wheat remain without killing the seed. In the latter case an affected seed shows no external evidence of the smut fungus within nor is the germinating power of the seed materially injured, so that when the seed is sown again in the spring the fungus grows along with its host. The hot water treatment devised by Jensen is intended to kill the fungus in the seed without injuring the seed itself.

Another similar case of disease deserves mention here namely the Ergot of Rye. In this disease the seed however does not grow after being attacked but develops into the large black Ergot grains which are only the seed coat filled with the fungus.

Still another possible example of a disease of recent discovery concerns the sugar beet where the fungus is said to be carried over the winter and from one field to another in the seed coat or rather the tissue of the seed ball. When the seed is sown again the fungus resumes its activity and causes a damping off of the seedling.

The number of diseases associated with seed is not so limited in class (2) as in class (4) and in the nature of the case are much easier of treatment generally. It is obviously a comparatively simple matter to destroy a few spores adhering to the outside of seeds by means of formalin, copper sulphate, corrosive sublimate or any of the well known fungicides. This process is well exemplified in the treatment of oats and wheat for loose smut and bunt respectively.

In many other cases we could use this method to splendid advantage if it were not that various diseases have a nasty habit of passing the winter in other ways, so that our precaution in this regard would be all in vain. Wheat rust is an example of such disease. Since the spores are liable to live over winter in the fields, and few that might be killed on the seed would make no material reduction in the next year's rust infection.

In the third class where diseases are carried over to the next generation by various other means used in propagation, we are chiefly concerned in potato troubles since the potato is almost the only field crop where a vegetative method of propagation is used. In greenhouse work, where cuttings are frequently employed, diseases may live over in the cuttings as in the carnation and chrysanthemum rusts. Nurserymen also take care to avoid certain diseases liable to be introduced into a new generation by buds or grafting. "Yellows" in the peach is the most important disease in this connection in Ontario.

Before taking up the question of potato diseases it may be noted that since the potato tuber in its anatomical relationships may be characterized as merely a short, fat stem, it retains all

the susceptibility to disease that is found in the stem, and is not, like the seeds mentioned in class (1), protected by special adaptations from fungus attack. In order to see clearly what part the seed potato plays in disease transmission, we may make a list of potato diseases, and note the various relationships that each bears to the seed.

It should be stated here that not all the diseases mentioned in this table are serious. A list including all those found at present in Ontario, which are sufficiently damaging or prevalent to make it worth while to consider control measures of some sort, would comprise:—Late Blight and Rot, Ordinary Scab, Early Blight, Black Leg, Dry Rot and Wilt, Rhizoctonia, Leaf Roll, Curly Dwarf.

In this list the diseases are arranged according to their relative importance, and while others may differ as to the relative positions of the last four or five, I think no one will deny that the first two are correctly placed. A reference to the table already given will show with the exception of early Blight, which is a comparatively unimportant disease with us, and the last three, which are of even less importance, all the diseases mentioned are transmitted through the seed. If this fact is properly appreciated, it becomes obvious that the production of clean seed would in a great measure solve the problem of potato diseases. In other words if we could use for seed only those tubers which are free from Scabs, Black Leg, Late Blight, Dry Rot, etc., we might expect to always harvest perfectly clean and healthy potatoes.

Unfortunately like many other plausible things, this method is too good to be true. At least it is only partly true, and another glance at the table shows the reason why it is only partly true. Several of our worst diseases are there noted as 'living over in the soil as well as on the seed potato, and it is of very little use to plant a clean potato in infested soil and then expect a healthy crop. We can expect the "clean seed" method to work perfectly in the case of those diseases which are not present generally in the soil, like Leaf Roll, Curly Dwarf, and even Black Leg, but we know that Rhizoctonia is to be found almost universally in our soils, and it is thought by some that Common Scab is always present also. We do not know that the Late Blight fungus winters in the field, and the evidence seems to be against it, but on the other hand the ease with which the spores of this fungus are carried from one field to another, so that the disease may become widely epidemic during the summer, prevents us from getting the results we could reasonably expect from a "clean seed" program. It is very fortunate that this, the worst disease of the potato, can be so well controlled by the use of Bordeaux spray.

Referring again to the list of potato diseases which we may expect to meet in Ontario we may attempt to sum up the situation in each with reference to possibilities of control.

LATE BLIGHT AND ROT.—It is believed that the disease is started each year from tubers in which the fungus passed the winter, but which did not rot because of favorable storage conditions. Spraying the potatoes in the field with Bordeaux mixture three or four times during the summer will give satisfactory control of this disease as a rule. The results of twenty years of experimental spraying at the Vermont Agricultural Experimental Station were published some time ago and they are entirely in favor of this treatment. During this period there were several seasons in which there was no Blight at all, but the average yield per acre for the whole period, even with these years included, was as follows:—

Average yield per acre for 20 years:

- (1) from sprayed fields.....268 bushels.
- (2) from unsprayed fields...163 bushels.

Gain in bushels per acre, because of spraying 105, reckoned as a percentage basis, gain is 64 per cent.

The figures given are so clear and striking as to need no further comment, and we may, therefore, express the formula for Blight control as "clean seed plus spraying."

ORDINARY SCAB.—The Scab Fungus lives over in the scab spots on the potato and in the earth surrounding the tuber. It is also found

in the soil where it is believed by some to be more or less universal. Certain soils containing lime or much barnyard manure are liable to have more scab than those in which commercial fertilizers are used, or those which have considerable natural acidity. Because of this broad distribution the scab, is one of the most difficult diseases to control. Still, if a formula for scab for potatoes were needed it would be as follows: "clean acid soil—commercial fertilizers—clean seed."

Where the soil is known to be clean, seed may be freed from the scab organism by treating it with corrosive sublimate, 1 lb. in 200 gal. for three hours. (See circular, Div. of Bot., Central Exp. Farm, Ottawa.)

EARLY BLIGHT.—Not usually serious with us. Spraying as for Late Blight is quite effective in controlling it.

BLACKLEG.—This is a bacterial disease in which the stalk is rotted at and below the surface of the ground, after which the bacteria make their way along the stem to the tuber. If this happens early, and the weather is warm and moist, the tubers may be entirely rotted, the rot showing first as a very black, putrid mass in its centre. Otherwise the bacteria may penetrate but a short distance into the tuber and there remain in a dormant condition till spring, when, with the coming of growth, they make their way into the stalk which arises from the bud. As the presence of these dormant bacteria may be actuated in the seed potato by a blackening in the stem end, one has only to take a slice off this, when cutting the seed, in order to be sure of planting none of these carriers of disease.

DRY ROT AND WILT.—Although some soils may contain the fungus causing this disease, a good deal of infection probably arises from affected tubers when these are planted. All such should be discarded.

RHIZOCTONIA.—This fungus is said to be a normal inhabitant of many soils, and I have found it on practically every lot of potatoes that I have examined in Ontario. It occurs as little black blots of varying size on the outside of the potato. These fungus clots resemble scab spots somewhat, but when wet they turn very black, whereas a scab spot remains brown. Such spots are purely superficial, and do no harm to the tuber beyond disfiguring it. In some cases, however, the fungus causes a rot of the stalks at the surface of the ground, but I have not met with this stalk rot very often in this Province.

LEAF ROLL.—As the name indicates, this disease shows itself in a rolling or folding of the leaves lengthwise, and this feature is often accompanied by slender growth and yellow color. Although it may arise from several causes this curling of the leaves is always a sign of weakness or disease, and such plants should always be removed during the summer from fields from which seed is to be taken. Many kinds of Leaf Roll are hereditary, though not infectious, and the disease, therefore, should be and can be controlled by the simple process of "rogueing" already mentioned.

CURLY DWARF.—The name very aptly describes this disease, which, like Leaf Roll, is hereditary but non-infectious. Rogueing the field in summer will be all that is necessary in dealing with it.

Beginning with the seed we may summarize the various operations that might be used to grow a clean crop of potatoes, either for seed or otherwise.

1. Pick over the seed, discarding tubers which show Dry Rot, purplish discolorations (these are likely to be dormant Late Blight), Scab and other suspicious features.

2. Soak the seed in corrosive sublimate, 1 lb. in 200 gals. for three hours. Spread out to dry, and when dry cut up into sets. This treatment frees the tubers from Scab, Rhizoctonia, Dry Rot spores, etc.

3. In cutting sets first take a slice off the stem end. Wilt and Blackleg will show here as discolorations, and these diseases can be practically all eliminated at this stage of the work.

4. Plant in as clean a soil as possible, preferably on acid soil that has had no potatoes in it for several years; where possible use commercial fertilizers instead of barnyard manure.

5. Spray well three or four times with Bordeaux, beginning about the first of July. This will protect from Early and Late Blight.

6. "Rouge" the field during the summer at least once, and preferably twice. This is usually done in any case to eliminate plants of other varieties, and this work may be extended to include the removal of all cases of Leaf Roll, Curly Dwarf, Blackleg, Mosaic, and Spindling Sprout.

7. For formulas and detailed instructions regarding the sprays and chemicals to be used consult the bulletins of the Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa, and those of the Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph.

In conclusion I would point out that we in Ontario are as yet remarkably free from a great number of diseases of the potato that are serious

TABLE OF POTATO DISEASES.

Disease.	Part of plant affected.	Transmitted by
Early Blight	Leaves	Dead leaves and other hosts.
Bacterial Blight	Tops	Soil probably.
Late Blight (including Rot)	Leaves and tubers	Seed.
Ordinary Scab	Tubers	Seed and Soil.
Powdery Scab	Tubers	Seed and Soil.
Silver Scurf	Tubers	Seed and Soil.
Canker	Tubers	Seed and Soil.
Blackleg	Tubers and stem	Seed and Soil.
Rhizoctonia	Tubers and stem	Seed and Soil.
Dry Rot and Wilt	Tubers and tops	Seed and Soil.
Leaf Roll	Tops	Seed.
Curly Dwarf	Tops	Seed.
Spindling Sprout	Tops	Seed.
Mosaic	Tops	Not known.
Hereditary Blight	Tubers	Not transmitted.
Hereditary Scab	Tubers	Not transmitted.

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EDITOR THE FA

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he name very aptly de-... which, like Leaf Roll, is... cious. Rogueing the field... at is necessary in dealing

seed we may summarize... that might be used to... potatoes, either for seed

l, discarding tubers which... discolorations (these are... Late Blight), Scab and

corrosive sublimate, 1 lb... urs. Spread out to dry... to sets. This treatment... ab, Rhizoctonia, Dry Rot

irst take a slice off the... ackleg will show here as... e diseases can be prac-... this stage of the work.

a soil as possible, pre-... has had no potatoes in... where possible use com-... of barnyard manure.

e or four times with... out the first of July... arly and Late Blight.

during the summer at... y twice. This is usually... iminate plants of other... may be extended to in-... cases of Leaf Roll, Curly... and Spindling Sprout.

etailed instructions re-... chemicals to be used con-... Central Experimental... e of the Ontario Agricul-

point out that we in... kably free from a great... potato that are serious

in other parts of the world, and it should be our aim to keep free from them rather than be compelled later on to adopt costly and complicated methods for their control.—An address by W. A. McCubbin, at the Guelph Winter Fair.

Cleaned the Chimney.

EDITOR THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE:
This evening, as I was reading the farmers' friend, THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE, I noticed a question, in the issue of December 2nd, re chimney burning out. As I had the same trouble, I thought I had a right to try and help another, as I often get help through the columns of your paper; so two years ago I put a new roof on my house, and when putting the ridge board on, I took a look down the chimney, which used to burn out about twice a month and frighten my good wife badly, and all that was the matter with it was it needed cleaning out. I got a hoe and fastened a pole to the handle to make it long enough to reach the bottom of the chimney and scraped the inside clean and had five pails full of soot, which paid me well for my trouble, for I put it around the roots of the cabbage plants to kill the white maggots which attack them when the plants are small. I must close, wishing you a Merry Christmas and the ADVOCATE many happy returns on its 50th birthday.

ALGOMA DIS.
ERNEST A. LETTIS.

THE DAIRY.

Some Good Yields.

Yields of Milk, Fat and Butter in year's authenticated tests of Jerseys, received to July 31, 1915:

	lbs. 85%		
	Milk	Fat	Butter
1,528 two-year-olds, average	6,552	353	415
769 three-year-olds, avg.	7,369	396	466
539 four-year-olds, average	8,371	448	528
1,461 cows, five years old or over, average	9,087	479	564
4,297 cows and heifers, all ages, averages	7,784	416	489
Ten two-year-olds, average	12,155	655	771
Ten three-year-olds, average	13,323	726	854
Ten four-year-olds, average	14,183	822	967
Ten cows five years or over, average	16,458	907	1,067
Best two-year-old record	12,345	816	960
Best three-year-old record	17,793	910	1,071
Best four-year-old record	16,147	937	1,103
Best record at any age	17,557	999	1,175

Average percentage of fat for 4,297 year tests, 5.34.

recommends three methods of maintaining the cream in suitable condition.

The first method is a good one for the buttermakers who have ice for keeping the cream cold. The method is to cool to 45 degrees or lower immediately after separating each day's cream and to hold the total amount at this low temperature until enough is secured for a churning. The cream for the churning is then warmed up to 75 degrees until the proper amount of acid is developed in it. By holding the cream at 75 degrees under these conditions for about 12 hours, the proper percentage of acid will usually be developed.

The second method advocated is ripening at about 75 degrees until .3 per cent of acid is developed in the first separation that is to form the new churning, then cooling this down to the temperature of the spring-house or cellar and adding each creaming after it has been cooled to this lot until enough is secured for a churning. This will, under average conditions, give about enough acid development in the whole churning for best results. The ripening of the first separation of cream develops a large number of lactic acid bacteria and produces some acid which serves to hold in check the undesirable types of bacteria.

The third method is to add a portion of buttermilk of good quality to the first separation, and after this

requires much longer than 30 minutes may be improperly ripened or abnormal in some way. If the churning is prolonged and it is thought that the temperature is too low, draw the cream from the churn into a crock and set the crock in hot water. This is preferable to putting hot water into the churn and diluting the cream.

In washing the butter, very cold wash water should be avoided, as it absorbs the flavors of the butter readily, causing brittleness of body and poor quality. Where a low churning temperature is used the wash water may be the same as that for churning, but it should never be more than 4 to 6 degrees lower. The wash water should be pure and clean, and free from odors or taints.

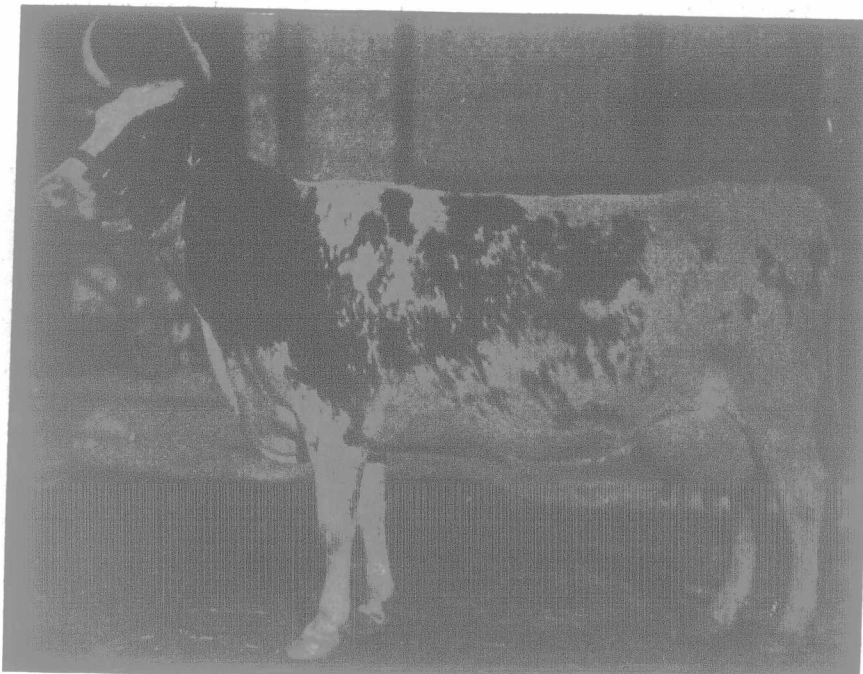
To Bring the Butter.

EDITOR THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE:
Having had a great deal of trouble in the butter-making line this fall, I have a feeling of sympathy for others who have had a similar experience, and I would like to give them a hint that may possibly be of value to them. It seems to be the usual experience that when cows have been milking for seven or eight months, the cream taken from their milk is hard to churn. Many an hour has been wasted, and sometimes whole days

lost, in the effort to bring the butter that would not "come." I recall an experience we had a good many years ago, before we used the separator, when we lost every churning in six weeks, but two.

Nearly everyone to whom you mention your difficulty has a cure for it, and I have been advised to try almost everything from salt to soda. None of these things seemed to be of any avail this fall, and finally, as a sort of last resort and going on the principle that desperate diseases need desperate remedies, I heated the cream up to 85 degrees, put it in the churn, and went to work. In somewhere between fifteen and twenty minutes the butter had come, and though it might possibly fail to pass as No. 1, still it was of very fair quality, while the buttermilk was very thin, showing no trace of cream. I have since found that the quality of the butter can be improved by stirring the cream almost continually while it is becoming temperature. This prevents the cream from becoming lumpy and makes butter of better texture. Of course, the cream must be well ripened beforehand and not too thin as it comes from the separator. In my experience, the above plan has never failed to bring the butter in a reasonable time. To heat cream to 85 degrees before putting it into the churn, is, I am well aware, contrary to all the laws of expert buttermakers, but it's results we're after, and this method seems to bring them.

Glangarry Co., Ont. J. E. M.



Lady Jane.
Highest scoring Ayrshire at the Guelph Winter Fair, 1915. Exhibited by A. S. Turner & Sons, Ryckman's Corners, Ont.

A Study of Farm Dairy Butter.

There is sometimes a lack of uniformity in dairy butter. This is due to the many ways in which cream is preserved before churning, to the different methods of churning in vogue, and to the different treatments given butter through all its various stages of manufacture. At the Agricultural Experiment Station of the State of Pennsylvania, E. L. Anthony has carried on some investigation work in connection with this product and has published the results. It is remarkable how applicable the directions given in the bulletin are to conditions in this country, and although space will not permit us to outline the different tests and experiments, yet parts of the summary and the deductions drawn from the work are of considerable value here.

In the first place, the quality of the butter can be very much influenced by the care the cream receives. The creamery man or manufacturer secures his product from outside sources over which he has no supervision, but the farmer has complete control of his cream from the time it is drawn from the cow as milk until it is put into the churn. If there are any bad flavors developing, if there is dirt accumulating in the product, if there is any undesirable feature in connection with it, it is within the power of the farm hands to control it. Suffice it to say here, all utensils should be kept clean, the cows should always be brushed or in some way kept clean, so extraneous matter will not get into the pails and utensils at milking time.

Another factor in the successful churning of cream is the percentage of fat in the product. With a separator one can regulate the amount of butter fat in the cream very nicely, but it is not so easily done by hand-skimming. When it is not possible to test the cream for its percentage of fat, the separator can be regulated so about 12 to 14 per cent of the total milk is separated and comes out as cream. This will give cream which is about 28 to 30 per cent fat, which percentage has been found best for general conditions. When the cream has too high a percentage of fat, there is a tendency for the fat to adhere to the sides of the churn and thus cause difficult churning. It also increases the danger of loss of fat in the buttermilk. When the cream is too thin or has only from 12 to 20 per cent of fat, good uniform churning is hard to secure. Such cream loses too much fat in the buttermilk and also requires longer churning.

Probably no other factor is so influential in securing a good uniform make of butter as the way in which the cream is ripened. There are many ways of keeping cream, and we must admit that many of them are bad. The bulletin from which we have gleaned these remarks

add the succeeding creamings, and care for the product in the same way as has been described in the preceding paragraph. The object of the last two methods is essentially the same, namely, to hold in check undesirable bacteria by having developed or introduced into the cream a preponderance of the desirable bacteria and a small amount of acid. Care must be taken, however, in the last method to make sure that the buttermilk comes from butter of a good flavor and quality.

It will not be possible on the majority of farms to determine the amount of acid in the cream. Where no acid test is used, however, the amount of acid may be approximated. From .4 to .5 per cent of acid is considered about right for good churning. The cream should taste very mildly sour. Cream naturally ripened at 70 degrees to 75 degrees will develop from 4 to .5 per cent of acid if held at that temperature for ten hours.

Starters to add to cream which is not sour are becoming common, but too much care cannot be exercised in the development or acquisition of these starters. Care should be taken that only lactic acid germs preponderate in this preparation that is to be added to the cream. Anything but lactic acid bacteria will cause undesirable flavors and sometimes difficult churning. About 10 per cent of the total amount of cream is a common amount of starter to use.

Churning temperatures are likewise important. In the spring and summer, when the cows are fresh and the feeds succulent, the butter fat is naturally softer than later in the season, so that a lower temperature should be used, 52 degrees to 56 degrees being proper under average conditions for the summer season. This temperature should be increased to about 56 to 60 in the winter. Much cream is now churned on the farms at about 60 degrees. Experiments seem to indicate that the lower temperatures are to be preferred, as butter is much firmer when coming from the churn, does not so easily incorporate buttermilk, and will stand more working, thus producing a better body and a more uniform quality.

In preparing the churn, it should first be scalded with hot water, to kill all molds that may be growing in the wood and to close the pores of the wood, so the cream or butter will not adhere to it. The churn should then be cooled down so the temperature of the cream will not be raised while churning and yield soft, greasy butter.

The length of time desirable for churning varies with the condition of the cream, but ranges from 15 to 30 minutes. If the cream churns in less than 15 minutes, the butter is very likely to be too soft to work well, and will have a poor body when finished. Cream that

heated up to the required temperature. This prevents the cream from becoming lumpy and makes butter of better texture. Of course, the cream must be well ripened beforehand and not too thin as it comes from the separator. In my experience, the above plan has never failed to bring the butter in a reasonable time. To heat cream to 85 degrees before putting it into the churn, is, I am well aware, contrary to all the laws of expert buttermakers, but it's results we're after, and this method seems to bring them.

POULTRY.

Caponizing Cockerels.

Kindly explain through "The Farmer's Advocate" a method of caponizing cockerels.

G. A. S. B.

Cockerels should not be subjected to the caponizing operation at the hands of one awkward in the use of the knife. The operation is severe enough at the best, and when performed by a person with some experience. However, the technique of the work can be mastered by any one who will apply himself to the details and study the principles. An amateur should first practice with dead birds, or observe a professional that he may be able to easily discern the organs to be removed, and learn where and how the slit should be made.

The preparation of the birds is of considerable importance. They should be put into clean, airy coops and deprived of food and water from 24 to 36 hours. This fasting empties the intestines, and renders it more easy to locate and remove the testicles which lie within the body cavity. The size of the cockerel is the best guide as to the proper time to caponize. When the bird weighs from 1 to 2 pounds the organs will be discernible, yet not so large that extra danger will be associated with the operation. A set of caponizing instruments will be necessary, for they are so constructed as to be useful in the various stages of the operation. At the start construct or provide an operating board or table of suitable height and area. To make the bird fast have handy a few cords and weights. Secure the

cockereel by tying the cord around the wings near the body, and hooking a weight on the free end of the string. Make the shanks fast in the same way by tying near the hock joint. Place the bird on the left side with its back toward the operator, and fasten down in the way described. Have a basin handy containing a weak disinfectant, and keep the instruments in it when not in use.

After the bird has been placed on the operating table remove the feathers in the vicinity of the last rib, over an area bounded by the backbone, the third rib and the thigh. Then pull the skin slightly back so when the operation is completed the aperture in the skin will pull forward beyond the opening into the body. Between the first and second ribs, $\frac{1}{2}$ or $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch from the backbone make an incision about an inch in length, and insert the spreading wire which is a part of the kit. The opening should extend through the skin and body wall, but care must be taken not to puncture the intestines, which danger will be slight if the birds have been thoroughly fasted. In looking into the cut a thin tissue-like skin will be observed lying close up to the back, and it is necessary to rupture this before the testicles can be exposed. The delicate part of the operation now follows. Next use the spoon or ladle, which is a part of the kit, and press the intestines away until the lower testicle becomes visible. Then with the canula, threaded with a horse hair, remove first the lower testicle and then the other. In case the upper organ be removed first, escaping blood might obscure the remaining testicle, making it difficult to remove it.

After operating place the birds in a clean, airy coop which will permit of neither flying nor roosting, for the effort to gain the roost might cause the wound to open anew. Plenty of soft feed and water should be supplied at once, for the long abstinence from food will render their appetites very keen.

Read carefully the instructions which accompany the different makes of operating kits. The instruments previously mentioned are not included in every make; they were mentioned merely to outline the various steps in the operation.

Deductions from an Experiment With Laying Pullets.

For a number of years an experiment has been carried on at the Purdue Agricultural Experiment Station to learn the feeding values of meat scraps, fish scrap and skim-milk in the rations for laying pullets. These results were published recently, and some of the deductions made by the experimenters are of value in that they apply largely to farm conditions and to poultry keeping in general.

Single Comb White Leghorn pullets were used in the experiment, and the different pens were so selected and graded that any difference in egg production would naturally be due to the rations or feed given. They were all housed in the same manner, and all pens had similar runs. A few of the deductions drawn from the results of this experiment are as follows:

When fed skim-milk pullets lay slightly better in December and January.

The meat-scrap pen averaged 135 eggs per pullet; the fish-scrap pen averaged 128 eggs per pullet; the skim-milk pen averaged 135.4 eggs per pullet, and the no-meat-food pen averaged 32.5 eggs per pullet.

The consumption of the meat-scrap pen was 70.29 lbs. of feed per fowl at a cost of 98 cents; of the fish-scrap pen, 74.13 lbs. of feed per fowl at a cost of 99 cents; of the no-meat-food pen, 57.01 lbs. of feed per fowl at a cost of 73 cents. The consumption of the skim-milk pen was 63.86 lbs., excluding the milk. When the milk was included the consumption was 157.61 lbs., at a cost of \$1.10 per fowl.

Leghorn pullets consumed an average of about 93 lbs. of skim-milk per year.

The amount of dry matter to produce 1 lb. of eggs in the meat-scrap pen was 3.7 lbs.; in the fish-scrap pen it was 4.02 lbs. in the skim-milk pen it was 3.7 lbs., and in the no-meat-food pen it was 13.53 lbs.

It cost about \$1 to feed a Leghorn pullet one year.

It cost an average of 8.5 cents to produce one dozen eggs in the meat-scrap pen; 9.7 cents in the fish-scrap pen, and 9.7 cents in the skim-milk pen.

It cost less to feed a pullet when not fed meat scrap, fish scrap or skim-milk, but it cost more to produce a dozen eggs.

Meat scrap, fish scrap or skim-milk greatly increases the efficiency of the grain and dry-mash feeds. Meat scrap produced slightly better fertility and hatchability of eggs than did the fish scrap or skim-milk.

Birds fed neither skim-milk nor meat scrap produced the best average fertility, and in two experiments were the best hatchers.

The profit in the meat-scrap pen was \$1.55; in the fish-scrap pen, \$1.56, and in the skim-milk

pen, \$1.62. This gave a slight advantage to the birds fed skim-milk.

Birds receiving neither meat scrap, fish scrap nor skim-milk were fed at a loss.

At 30 cents per hundred pounds skim-milk is slightly more expensive to feed than meat scrap at \$2.50 a hundred pounds.

It was found by analysis that 50 lbs. of the skim-milk used would be equivalent to 3.5 lbs. of meat scrap.

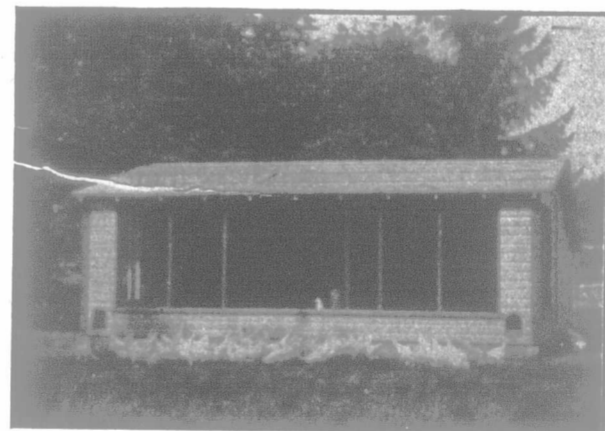
In one regard the results of this experiment contradict orthodox teaching. It has been considered that hens receiving skim-milk will produce eggs with a better hatchability than will those fed on meat scrap. In this experiment results are slightly in favor of meat scrap over fish scrap or skim-milk in this regard.

Poultry Houses.

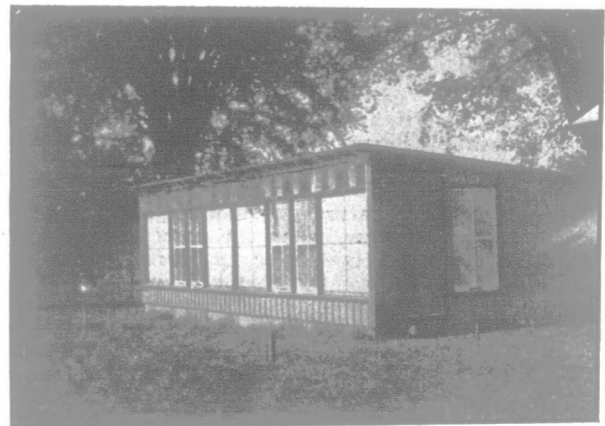
Three different types of poultry houses are illustrated in this issue, and all have a large proportion of cotton in front. Poultrymen have demonstrated that the fresh-air, free-from-draft, house is a much more satisfactory place to keep the poultry than is the close, tight, ill-ventilated structure. Cotton screens and glass windows are hinged at the top so that in mild weather they may be opened and hooked against the roof, thereby making practically an open-front house. These windows are kept open so long as the sun is shining, even on very cold days.



House with double-pitch roof and straw loft to absorb moisture.



An open poultry house, 20 feet by 20 feet, for 100 birds.



House 16 feet by 32 feet, divided into two pens for 50 birds each. This house may be increased to any length desired.

Eggs Three Pence Each.

Old Country papers report new-laid eggs selling at three pence each in Old London, and no prospect of lower prices. One of the best-known poultry experts states that there is a great shortage, and no increase in production since the war. For the first five months of this year imports of eggs were 75,000 tons less than for the corresponding period of 1914. The hospitals in the London district take enormous extra quantities of

eggs now because of the wounded soldiers, and it would not be surprising to see eggs selling at sixpence each before the winter is over.

Prepare to Raise Early Chicks.

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":

I have already expressed myself in the columns of "The Farmer's Advocate" as being strongly in favor of hatching early chickens. To the arguments already published I wish to add one or two samples from actual practice, and some observations on my English experience in this respect.

In dealing with the question of the correct time for hatching chicks, it must be considered whether a light or a heavy breed is being handled. A light breed, such as Leghorns, matures earlier than a heavy breed, such as Rocks or Wyandottes. A flock of Leghorn pullets, if properly handled and fed (not stinted as to feed as so many farm flocks are) should be laying a number of eggs when six months old. Rocks, etc., will require seven months before any considerable number are laying. Individuals may lay much earlier or much later. I am referring now to the general average of the flock, and if any of my readers find that they are not able to get a considerable proportion of their pullets laying at the ages mentioned, there is something wrong either with the methods used or the stock, most likely the former.

This year I raised a flock of 100 S. C. White Leghorn pullets, which were hatched some on April 12 and some on May 7. They were not forced in any way, in fact, because of the high cost of wheat and oats, they were fed mostly on corn and cornmeal, which tends to develop laying at a later date, as wheat and oats contain more of the materials that make up an egg than corn does. The first pullet commenced to lay on September 25. By the middle of October 95 pullets were giving a dozen eggs a day, and the pullets that were not yet laying were rapidly coming into action. Being now in England I have not heard recently as to their performance, but as they were of a good laying strain I have not the slightest doubt that they are making a good profit for their present owner.

In 1914 I raised a lot of Barred Rock pullets of a good laying strain. Hatched on April 29, they began to lay about November 15, and continued to lay all winter. I sold them about November 1, 1914, but this did not hold them back, and the man I sold them to has told me frequently that no hens could have laid better.

Now, I am a professional poultryman, and it may be said that I should, therefore, know how to handle poultry better than the ordinary farmer could possibly do, and therefore the latter could not get the same results. I do not think so. In my opinion the farmers of Ontario are missing a great chance. They do not time their hatches so as to make sure that their pullets will be laying when the season of high prices sets in, that is, when the old hens are moulting and the young pullets that everyone else has are not yet started laying. I know farmers who never get a winter egg. This is shameful. I know farmers, lots of them, who have put good money into incubators and brooders and then don't use them. This also is shameful. In consequence eggs are at an almost prohibitive price in November, December and January. What I want you to realize is that a pullet which is mature when the cold weather starts will not mind the cold as much as a pullet which is not mature, and will keep on laying if she has once rightly started in the fall. The immature pullet which has not started to lay will not lay at all if the weather is too severe.

Therefore, those of you who have incubators and brooders use them, and do not wait for the erratic, broody hen. Those of you who have either only one of the two necessities or perhaps neither, begin to enquire among your friends and see if you can't pick up a good second-hand one cheap. If you get one of larger capacity than you need, set eggs for your neighbors, or sell day-old chicks. I proved this season that it was possible to buy a second-hand incubator at a good price, say, 50 to 60 per cent. of original cost, and make it pay for itself in a single season by doing nothing but sell day-old chicks. Some people say incubator-hatched and brooder-raised chicks are not as strong as hen-reared chicks. If the methods used are good, there is no difference. Professionals use both ways with equal results. Remember this; that your failure to adopt the only means by which early chicks can be got in sufficient numbers gives a golden opportunity to the man who does. Look through your "Advocate" for 1915, study the price changes for eggs and fowls, and then try to take advantage of the changes.

Lamark Co., Ont.

W. J. FLETCHER.

As indicated

the poultry section during recent years Canadian egg prices there were the demands of as has already there is an unprofitable for hospitals, etc. has been with former years, a for the product United States poultry revived the large proportion (Silverwoods) set as 20,000 cases Canadian cities appreciate the should be advanced reassuring to the figuring in regard and placing cho withdrawal of C effect from time from United States others for cons after paying the cents per dozen those re-shipped are understood to to be indelibly b not the product next to impossibl as they pass on at all events, eve laid eggs or Ca tinguished in the prices, and produc keeping a "weath time when the more normal con would require a g

HOR

Success

The cabbage

insect pests which bat in recent year particularly, are t of years the felt, ta the most successf disc is not a pan keep on the plant the labor of repla it is rather an ex summer S. C. Joh Agriculture, carried of different treatm In the garden Whale, District R used five different mate, moth balls discs, and oil tar crop of early cabt the season of 191 the check rows w small plot of rape the root maggot. It was thought per saved the cabbage to say. Furtherm patch of rape near might be used to a and thus save the corrosive sublimate ounces of the mate This was applied at once a week, and f estimated that the plants with corrosi to \$4.50.

In the garden 3,000 plants were used, namely, tar-p The experiment wa irrigation system. in the first year: Co tar-paper discs, lost 60%; check rows, paper discs were t hoeing or scuffling them, destroying th of treating 1,000 pla to \$11.75, includi a difference in cost limate and paper dis Considering the even better results rosive sublimate th the sublimate treat again in the spring destructive on many system of combating be devised, it will sav

blotting paper. The clerks are provided with fine pens which make marks so light that the ink dries at once and makes blotting paper unnecessary. This seems a slight matter, but let us analyze it. A bookkeeper using an ordinary pen stops to apply the blotting paper every time he writes a couple of lines. In the course of an hour he would spend at least five minutes using the blotting paper. If twelve bookkeepers were at work, they would lose sixty minutes every hour blotting their work. This means that the equivalent of one man's work is lost in every group of twelve workers. This concern uses about sixty bookkeepers. By doing away with the necessity of using blotting paper they save the salaries of five men. As good bookkeepers command salaries ranging from one to two thousand dollars a year, the elimination of blotting paper in that office saves not only the blotting paper and a lot of ink, but from five to ten thousand dollars in salaries. This is a highly specialized form of thrift, but it shows clearly what may be done by giving attention to apparent trifles. This is Sir Jingo McBore's method of the conduct of Big Business, and it is in every way better than Baldy McSparran's. Although we may find it necessary to curb Sir Jingo in some of his activities, there are things that we may learn from him in the way of thriftily preventing waste.

A Potash Discovery.

It has been reported that a new process for making potash has been discovered by Howard F. Chappell, an American, and that large quantities are now being daily turned out from the mines situated about 200 miles south of Salt Lake City in Utah. It is said to be made from alunite at great heat. Aluminum is also a product of the process. It is hoped this discovery will prove of great value, for, at the present time, Germany controls the potash output.

May Export Percherons from France

THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE is in receipt of a letter from Wayne Dismore, Secretary of the Percheron Society of America, in which he states that he has just received a cablegram from President Aveline, of the Percheron Society of France, exact translation of which is as follows: "Exportation of two hundred stallions, foaled in 1912 or earlier, authorized."

We take this to mean that the French Government has signified its intention of allowing this number of horses to be exported from France.

Subscribers, Attention!
The Farmer's Advocate wishes to advise all its many subscribers against the all too common practice of paying their subscriptions to this paper, renewals or new names, to parties not authorized by the publishers to accept such money. Editors and representatives of small-town local papers, and postmasters are not authorized agents of "The Farmer's Advocate" and parties paying their money to such must do so at their own risk. In order to keep a check on all subscription work we would also ask our subscribers to watch the date on the label of their paper and see that it is properly changed when remittances are made or subscriptions paid to our agents. This is important.

Bollert's Sale of Holsteins.

The dispersal sale of the Maple Grove herd of Holsteins owned by H. Bollert, Tavistock, Ont., was conducted very successfully on December 9, 1915. From local points and from all over Ontario, in fact, a large crowd assembled. Some visitors came from the State of Michigan, making in all, an attendance of fully 800 people. Fair average prices were paid for the stock, but the highest bid of the sale was placed on Maple Grove Tidy Pauline, which brought \$390. A bull calf, only a month old, from the same cow brought \$155. Following is a list of animals selling for \$100 or over, with their purchasers' names:—

Pontiac Korndyke Peitertje De Kol, Wm. Nairn, St. Mary's.....	\$ 150 00
Maple Grove King Peter, Abram Rowand, Walkerton.....	145 00
Belle Cremelle, A. T. Baldwin, Wiaraton.....	145 00
Maple Grove Jewel, J. Boyle, Unionville.....	100 00
Allie De Kol Abbekerk, John Archibald, Seaforth.....	260 00
Maple Grove Allie, O. F. Burton, Woodbridge.....	205 00
Hesseltje Alice De Kol 2nd, J. N. Shirk, Berlin.....	325 00
Sir King Lion's Colantha, H. Tudolph, Berlin.....	165 00
Maple Grove Hesseltje De Kol, J. M. Bailey, Paris.....	255 00
Maple Grove Hesseltje Alice, O. F. Burton.....	165 00

Maple Grove Lulu, P. S. Snider, Lancaster.....	185 00
Maple Grove Iris, W. G. Roth, Tavistock.....	125 00
Maple Grove Ella, C. P. Wilcox, Chatham.....	215 00
Maple Grove Josephine, Fallis Bros., Jarvis.....	195 00
Lion's Blanche Abbekerk, P. S. Snider.....	210 00
Queen Lion's Natsey, E. W. Nesbitt, Woodstock.....	330 00
Maple Grove Tidy, J. W. Witmer, Petersburg.....	180 00
Maple Grove Tidy Pauline, F. Boyle, Unionville.....	390 00
Bull Calf from M. G. Tidy Pauline, W. C. Pack, Byron.....	155 00
Maple Grove Dream, Allen Heimble, Wellesley.....	380 00
Maple Grove Susie, P. S. Snider.....	200 00
Johanna Butterbank, J. Griesback, Collingwood.....	235 00
Lina Korndyke, J. B. Jantzie, Tavistock.....	192 50
Spring Valley Beauty 2nd, R. W. Newton, Tavistock.....	142 50
Spring Valley Beauty, M. J. Jones, Brantford.....	235 00
Maple Grove Philippe, F. Boyle.....	162 50
Miss Lucinda Cremelle, Peter Dill, Dublin.....	130 00
Maple Grove Lena, C. Schrag, Zurich.....	105 00
Maple Grove King Dick, Wm. Schaefer, Tavistock.....	105 00
Canary Vale Hengerveld, J. Rutherford, Stratford.....	310 00
Maple Grove Colantha Blanche, C. P. Wilcox.....	150 00
Maple Grove King George, A. Knox, Bright.....	205 00
Milly Hengerveld, A. T. Baldwin.....	140 00
King Lions Canary, J. M. Shantz, Plattsville.....	122 50
Queen Inka Hengerveld, J. Rutherford.....	135 00
Helen Mercedes DeKol, A. C. Gregory, St. Catharines.....	190 00
Jewel Fayne Segis, W. J. McLeod, Woodstock.....	205 00
Peitertje Mercedes, E. Alderson, Carlisle.....	120 00
King Lion's Natsey, E. Thistle, St. Pauls.....	100 00
King Lion's Cornucopia, Wm. Ingram, Embro.....	100 00

Statistical Returns.

The Bureau of Census and Statistics, Ottawa, has planned to take a special census of Canadian manufactures by returns to be made on the 15th of each month hereafter, giving the number of hands employed, volume of production, etc., and distinguishing between general business and war orders. The results will probably be useful in connection with the work of the new Economic and Development Commission. In an informal conference last week R. H. Coats, director of statistics, intimated that plans are being outlined looking to a more accurate and efficient system of gathering statistics of agricultural production in the future, the need for which was specially emphasized in a recent issue of THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE.

Toronto, Montreal, Buffalo, and Other Leading Markets.

Toronto.

The receipts of live stock at the Union Stock Yards, West Toronto, from Saturday, December 18, to Monday, Dec. 20, numbered 85 cars, comprising 1,153 cattle, 62 calves, 87 hogs, 855 sheep and lambs, and 520 horses. Trade active, and 10c. higher. Choice heavy steers, \$7.75 to \$8; choice butchers', \$7.25 to \$7.60; good butchers', \$6.90 to \$7.25; medium, \$6.50 to \$6.85; common and light, \$5 to \$6.25; milkers, \$70 to \$90; stockers, \$4.50 to \$5.50; feeders, \$6 to \$6.60; calves, \$3.75 to \$10. Sheep, \$4 to \$7.50; lambs, \$9.50 to \$10.50. Hogs, \$8.75 fed and watered.

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	33	395	428
Cattle	442	4,380	4,822
Hogs	320	5,554	5,874
Sheep	912	3,524	4,436
Calves	71	371	442
Horses	60	2,005	2,065

The total receipts of live stock at the two markets for the corresponding week of 1914 were:

	City.	Union.	Total.
Cars	67	457	524
Cattle	930	6,988	7,918
Hogs	1,170	9,297	10,467
Sheep	514	2,962	3,506
Calves	90	541	631
Horses	28	190	218

The combined receipts of live stock at the two markets for the past week show a decrease of 96 carloads, 3,096 cattle, 4,593 hogs, and 189 calves, but an increase of 930 sheep and 1,847 horses, compared with the corresponding week of 1914.

After the "show" and "sale" Monday and Tuesday were very slow and weak for killing cattle. Heavy steers and common and canner cows broke 25c. to 50c. per cwt., and the other classes 15c. to 25c. Well-finished steers, 1,100 to

1,200 lbs., and heifers 509 to 1,000 lbs., showed the best form throughout, and were in demand. In fact, light butchers' that are finished, under two years, and the shorter kept the better, are much preferred by the buyers here. This is only following the trend of the larger American markets where this condition has been noticeable for some time. Several loads of heavy, fat heifers, 1,100 to 1,300 lbs., sold at \$7.15 to \$7.75, but not one of these was killed locally, the entire lot going to Quebec. Light heifers, on the other hand, were quick sale, at \$8 to \$8.50, if choice. Choice, fat cows and bulls have been in demand, at \$6 to \$6.50, and \$6.75 to \$7 for fancy selects. Canners were a drug on the market, at \$3 to \$3.50, and light bulls slow, at \$3.75 to \$4.50. As the market came to a close the tone improved, and, while only 243 were present on Thursday, they sold very actively and firm, which is quite unusual so near to Christmas. Stockers and feeders did not see much action last week, the trading being limited almost entirely to one firm, who bought on order 250 head, at \$5.40 to \$6.60. Milkers and springers lost \$5 to \$10 per head last week, and will not likely improve until after the holiday season. Heavy, fat calves, received the most attention in this division, and were active and strong at prices quoted. The other classes were barely steady. Choice light lambs reached 11c. per lb. in the midweek, but receded 1c. to 1/2c. at the close, but the fact is the quality also fell off. Light sheep sold up to 7 1/2c., with 8c. for some yearlings, but also broke in sympathy with the lambs. Hogs have sold steady all week, at \$8.75, and would have been slow except for some outside buying, which paid \$8.85 for selects.

Butchers' Cattle.—Baby leaf, 750 lbs., \$7 to \$9.50; choice heavy steers at \$7.50 to \$7.90; choice butchers' cattle at \$7.15 to \$7.45; good at \$6.75 to \$7.10; medium at \$6.25 to \$6.65; common at \$5.25 to \$5.75; light steers and heifers, \$4.90 to \$5.20; choice cows, \$6 to \$6.50; good cows, \$5.10 to \$6; medium cows, \$4.90 to \$5.25; common cows, \$4.25 to

\$4.75; canners and cutters, \$3 to \$4.50; light bulls, \$3.75 to \$4.75; heavy bulls, \$5.50 to \$6.75.

Stockers and Feeders.—Choice feeders, 900 to 950 lbs., \$6 to \$6.50; good feeders, 800 to 900 lbs., \$5.50 to \$6; stockers, 700 to 800 lbs., \$5 to \$5.50; common stocker steers and heifers, \$4 to \$4.75; yearlings, 600 to 650 lbs., \$5.75 to \$6.15. Some light Eastern steers and heifers sold slightly under 4c. per lb.

Milkers and Springers.—Choice milkers and springers at \$85 to \$95; good cows at \$70 to \$80; common cows at \$45 to \$65.

Veal Calves.—Extra choice veal, \$10; best veal calves, \$9 to \$9.50; good, \$7.25 to \$8.50; medium, \$5.75 to \$6.75; heavy fat calves, \$5.75 to \$7; common calves, \$4.75 to \$5.25; grassers, \$4 to \$4.60.

Sheep and Lambs.—Light sheep at \$6.50 to \$7.50; heavy sheep at \$4 to \$5.50; lambs at \$9.50 to \$10.50; cull lambs at \$6.75 to \$7.50.

Hogs.—Selects, fed and watered, at \$8.75; 50 cents is being deducted for heavy, fat hogs, and thin, light hogs; \$2.50 off for sows, and \$4 off for stags, from prices paid for selects.

BREADSTUFFS.

Wheat.—Ontario, No. 2 winter, per car lot, 98c. to \$1; slightly sprouted, 96c. to 98c., according to sample; sprouted, smutty and tough, 80c. to 90c., according to sample. Manitoba, No. 1 northern, \$1.22 1/2, all rail; No. 2 northern, \$1.19 1/2, all rail; No. 3 northern, \$1.17, all rail.

Oats.—Ontario, No. 3 white, 37c. to 38c., according to freights outside; commercial oats, 35c. to 37c.; No. 2 Canada Western, 47c., all rail; No. 3 Canada Western, 44 1/2c., all rail; extra No. 1 feed, 44 1/2c., all rail; No. 1 feed, 43 1/2c., all rail.

Barley.—Ontario, good malting, 57c. to 60c.; feed barley, 50c. to 53c., according to freights outside.

Rye.—No. 1 commercial, 86c. to 87c., according to freights outside; rejected, 70c. to 80c., according to sample.

Buckwheat.—Nominal, car lots, 76c. to 77c., according to freights outside.

American Corn.—No. 3 yellow, new, 7 1/2c., track, Toronto.

Canadian Corn.—No. 2 yellow, old, 7 1/2c., nominal, Toronto, track, Toronto.

Peas.—No. 2, nominal, per car lot, \$1.90, according to freights outside; sample peas, according to sample, \$1.50 to \$1.75.

Flour.—New, winter, \$4.20 to \$4.50, according to sample, seaboard or Toronto freights, in bags, prompt shipment. Manitoba flour—First patents, \$6.40; second patents, \$5.90 in jute; strong bakers', \$5.70 in cotton, 10c. more.

HAY AND MILLFEED.

Hay.—Baled, car lots, track, Toronto, No. 1, \$17.50 to \$18.50; No. 2, \$18 to \$14, track, Toronto, per ton.

Straw.—Baled, car lots, \$6.50 to \$7, track, Toronto.

Bran.—\$23 in bags, delivered, Montreal freight; shorts, \$24 delivered, Montreal freight; middlings, \$26 delivered, Montreal freight; good feed flour, per bag, \$1.55, Montreal freight.

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Butter.—Prices advanced 1c. per pound all around. Creamery pound squares, fresh made, 34c. to 35c.; creamery cut squares, 33c. to 34c.; creamery solids, 33c.; separator dairy, 31c. to 33c.

Eggs.—New-laid eggs also advanced slightly on the wholesales, selling at 50c. to 55c. per dozen; cold-storage eggs, 30c. to 33c. per dozen; cold storage seconds, 24c. to 25c. per dozen.

Beans.—Primes, \$4; hand-picked, \$4.25 per bushel.

Potatoes.—Ontario, per bag, car lot, \$1.25; New Brunswick, per bag, car lot, \$1.40.

Cheese.—New, large, 18c.; twins, 18 1/2c. per lb.

Honey.—Extracted, 10c. and 11c. per pound; combs, per dozen sections, \$2.40 to \$3.

HIDES AND SKINS.

City hides, flat 18c.; country hides, cured, 17c.; country hides, part cured, 16c.; country hides, green, 15c.; calf skins, per lb., 18c.; kip skins, per lb.,

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Capital Auth Capital Paid Reserve Fund Total Assets

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Savings D

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16c.; sheep sk skins and pelts hair, per lb., \$3.50 to \$4.50. deer skins, dry salted, 5c.; deer

WHOLE Apples—25c. to ket; Snows, 50c. \$3 to \$6 per ba barrel; Greening \$4.50 per barre per barrel; imp box; British Co per box; Ontari per box.

Bananas—\$1.50 Casaba melons of eight.

Citrons—40c. p Cranberries—\$7 Figs—10-lb. bo 8-oz., 7 1/2c.

Grapefruit—Flo case; Porto Rico case; Malaga Grapes—\$3 per Emperor, \$3 per \$2 to \$2.25 per Pomegranates— per case.

Tangerines—\$5 box.

Tomatoes—Hot- lb.; No. 2's, 20c case of about 30

WHOLESAI Artichokes—25c basket.

Beets—60c. to 8 Beans—Green, 3 wax, \$4 per ham Brussels sprout quart, \$1.25 to case; imported, 2 Cabbage—\$1.25 Cauliflower—\$3.5 ported, \$3.75 per Carrots—75c. a 40c. to 50c. per Celery—17 1/2c. State, \$3 per c \$5.75 per case.

Cucumbers—Hot- Eggplant (impoi Endive—50c. per Lettuce—Boston per, \$2.25 to \$2.5 20c. to 30c. per Mushrooms—Imp Per six-quart bask Onions—25c. to ket; No. 1's, \$1. other grades, 90c Spanish onions, \$ Parsnips—80c. pe Potatoes—New \$1.50 to \$1.60 pe Per bag; British bag.

Potatoes—Sweet Peppers—Sweet, Per dozen, 75c. pe Squash—Hubbard dozen.

Vegetable oyster- ket.

Mon

Stock—Chr ing ferred on the tion of the tr next week, and v considerable volume stock was choice.

W. Nesbitt, Wood-	210 00
S. Snider	195 00
W. S. Snider	195 00
W. Nesbitt, Wood-	210 00
Witmer, Petersburg	330 00
F. Boyle, Union-	180 00
Pauline, W. C. Pack,	390 00
Heimle, Wellesley	155 00
W. S. Snider	380 00
W. S. Snider	200 00
W. S. Snider	235 00
W. S. Snider	192 50
R. W. Newton,	142 50
J. Jones, Brantford	235 00
W. S. Snider	162 50
W. S. Snider	130 00
W. S. Snider	105 00
W. S. Snider	105 00
Rutherford, Strat-	105 00
W. S. Snider	310 00
W. S. Snider	150 00
W. S. Snider	205 00
W. S. Snider	140 00
W. S. Snider	122 50
W. S. Snider	135 00
W. S. Snider	190 00
W. S. Snider	205 00
W. S. Snider	120 00
W. S. Snider	100 00
W. S. Snider	100 00

THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

Capital Authorized - - \$ 25,000,000
 Capital Paid up - - - 11,500,000
 Reserve Funds - - - 13,000,000
 Total Assets - - - 180,000,000

HEAD OFFICE: MONTREAL
 Branches throughout every Province
 of the Dominion of Canada

Accounts of Farmers
 Invited
 Sale Notes Collected

Savings Department at all
 Branches

16c.; sheep skins, \$1.50 to \$2; lamb
 skins and pelts, \$1.20 to \$1.85; horse
 hair, per lb., 35c.; horse hides, No. 1,
 \$3.50 to \$4.50. Deer skins, green, 7c.;
 deer skins, dry, 20c.; deer skins, wet
 salted, 5c.; deer skins, dry salted, 15c.

WHOLESALE FRUITS.

Apples—25c. to 35c. per 11-quart basket;
 Snows, 50c. per 11-quart basket,
 \$3 to \$6 per barrel; Spys, \$4 to \$6 per
 barrel; Greenings and Baldwins, \$3 to
 \$4.50 per barrel; Russets, \$3 to \$4.50
 per barrel; imported, \$2.25 to \$3 per
 box; British Columbia, \$2.25 to \$2.50
 per box; Ontario, \$1.50, \$2 and \$2.25
 per box.

Bananas—\$1.50 to \$1.80 per bunch.
 Casaba melons—\$3.75 to \$4 per case
 of eight.

Citrons—40c. per dozen.
 Cranberries—\$7 to \$9 per barrel.
 Figs—10-lb. box, \$1.35; 12-oz., 10c.;
 8-oz., 7c.

Grapefruit—Florida, \$3.50 to \$4.25 per
 case; Porto Rico, \$3 to \$3.25 per case.
 Grapes—Malaga, \$6 to \$8.50 per keg;
 Emperor, \$3 per case; other Californians,
 \$2 to \$2.25 per case.

Pomegranates—California, \$2.75 and \$3
 per case.
 Tangerines—\$5 per strap, \$2.50 per
 box.

Tomatoes—Hot-house, No. 1's, 25c. per
 lb.; No. 2's, 20c.; Californians, \$3 per
 case of about 30 lbs.

WHOLESALE VEGETABLES.

Artichokes—25c. to 30c. per 11-quart
 basket.

Beets—60c. to 80c. per bag.
 Beans—Green, \$4 to \$5 per hamper;
 wax, \$4 per hamper.

Brussels sprouts—10c. to 12c. per
 quart, \$1.25 to \$1.50 per four-basket
 case; imported, 20c. per box.
 Cabbage—\$1.25 per barrel.

Cauliflower—\$3.50 to \$4 per barrel; im-
 ported, \$3.75 per two-dozen case.
 Carrots—75c. and 80c. per bag; new,
 40c. to 50c. per dozen bunches.

Celery—17c. to 30c. per dozen; York
 State, \$3 per case; California, \$5.50 to
 \$5.75 per case.

Cucumbers—Hot-house, \$2 per dozen.
 Eggplant (imported)—20c. each.
 Endive—50c. per dozen.

Lettuce—Boston head, \$4.25 per ham-
 per, \$2.25 to \$2.50 per case; leaf lettuce,
 20c. to 30c. per dozen.

Mushrooms—Imported, \$2.25 to \$2.75
 per six-quart basket.
 Onions—25c. to 35c. per 11-quart basket;
 No. 1's, \$1.25 to \$1.35 per sack;
 other grades, 90c. to \$1.15 per sack;
 Spanish onions, \$4.75 per large case.

Parsnips—80c. per bag.
 Potatoes—New Brunswick Delawares,
 \$1.50 to \$1.60 per bag; Ontarios, \$1.40
 per bag; British Columbian, \$1.50 per
 bag.

Potatoes—Sweet, \$1.35 per hamper.
 Peppers—Sweet, green, imported, 65c.
 per dozen, 75c. per basket.

Squash—Hubbard, 50c. to \$1 per
 dozen.
 Vegetable oyster—\$1 per 11-quart basket.

Montreal.

Live Stock.—Christmas cattle were being
 offered on the local market in antici-
 pation of the trade which will develop
 next week, and which was already in
 considerable volume. The quality of the
 stock was choice, and some of it extra

choice. A few loads of the latter sold
 at prices ranging around 8c. to perhaps
 8 1/2c. per lb., while some smaller lots
 brought 8 1/2c. This was for steers.
 Mixed lots of steers and cows brought
 7 1/2c. Some fancy bulls were offered, and
 some of those which weighed very heavy
 sold at 6 1/2c. to 7c. per lb. The weather
 was favorable, and butchers bought freely.
 The ordinary run of cattle changed
 hands at around last week's quotations.
 Common cows sold as low as 4 1/2c., and
 choice butchers' cows up to 6 1/2c., bulls
 ranging about 4c. more than cows. Can-
 ners' cattle sold at 3 1/2c. to 4 1/2c., and
 there was a good demand. The demand
 for sheep and lambs continued active,
 and, as a consequence, prices showed
 further fractional advances. Ontario
 lambs sold as high as 9 1/2c. to 10c., while
 Quebec lambs brought the unusually high
 price of 9 1/2c. to 9 3/4c. Ewe sheep ranged
 from 6 1/2c. to 7 1/2c., and bucks and culls
 from 6c. to 6 1/2c. Calves continued in
 good demand, and sales of milk-fed stock
 were made at 9c. to 9 1/2c. per lb., while
 grass-fed ranged from 5c. to 8c. per lb.
 The market for live hogs was about the
 only weak feature in live stock, and
 prices were slightly lower. Selected lots
 sold at 9 1/2c. to 9 3/4c. a lb., while sows
 brought 7 1/2c. to 7 3/4c., and stags 4 1/2c.

Horses.—The general activity in live
 stock does not extend to horses. Deal-
 ers report a very light demand, and
 offerings in proportion thereto. Prices
 were steady. Heavy draft, weighing
 from 1,500 to 1,700 lbs., \$225 to \$275
 each; light draft, 1,400 to 1,500 lbs.,
 \$175 to \$275; small horses, \$100 to
 \$150 each; culls, \$50 to \$75, and fine
 saddle and carriage animals, \$200 to
 \$250 each.

Dressed Hogs.—Owing to improved
 weather, the demand for dressed hogs
 showed quite a little improvement. Re-
 cepts of live hogs were fair, and offer-
 ings of country-dressed have been chang-
 ing hands at 12 1/2c. per lb., heavy, coun-
 try-dressed, being 11c. per lb. Abattoir-
 dressed, fresh-killed stock sold at 13 1/2c.
 to 13 3/4c.

Poultry.—Choice Christmas poultry was
 available in considerable quantities, and
 prices were fairly high. Choice turkeys
 were quoted at 22c. to 23c., while ordi-
 nary stock sold at 20c. to 21c. Chickens
 and ducks sold at 15c. to 18c., accord-
 ing to quality, and geese and fowl ranged
 from 12c. to 14c.

Potatoes.—During last week the market
 for potatoes showed an easier tone.
 Supplies were slightly larger. Car lots
 of Green Mountains ex-track were quot-
 ed at \$1.25 for 90 lbs., Quebec stock
 being quoted at \$1.20. In a smaller
 way, prices were about 10c. higher than
 those mentioned.

Honey and Syrup.—There was a moder-
 ate demand of both honey and maple
 syrup, and prices on syrup were slightly
 firmer, being 95c. for 8-lb. tins; \$1.10
 for 10-lb. tins, and \$1.45 for 12-lb. tins.
 Sugar was quoted at 12 1/2c. White-
 clover comb honey was quoted at 14c.
 to 14 1/2c., brown being 11 1/2c. to 12 1/2c.,
 white extracted being 11 1/2c. to 12c., and
 brown extracted 10c. Buckwheat honey
 was 8c. to 8 1/2c.

Eggs.—The market for eggs was very
 firm, and prices are not likely to show
 any further decline until the spring pro-
 duction. New-laid were 50c. to 52c. per
 dozen; selected stock 38c., and No. 1
 candled 30c., No. 2 being 27c. to 28c.

Butter.—Demand was active and prices
 were fractionally firmer, being 34c. to
 34 1/2c. for finest creamery, 33 1/2c. to 33 3/4c.
 for fine, seconds 31 1/2c. to 32 1/2c., and
 dairy butter 26c. to 27c.

Cheese.—The market was unchanged, at
 17 1/2c. to 18c. for finest colored, and 1c.
 less for white. Eastern cheese was
 17c. to 17 1/2c.

Grain.—Wheat was firm last week.
 Oats were firmer. No. 2 Canadian West-
 ern being 48c. per bushel ex-track, and
 No. 3 45c. Ontario and Quebec oats
 were 45 1/2c. per bushel for No. 2, and
 44 1/2c. for No. 3, while No. 4 were 43 1/2c.

Flour.—The market was steady after
 the recent advance. Manitoba first pat-
 ents were \$6.50 per barrel, seconds being
 \$6, and strong bakers' \$5.80 per barrel
 in bags, flour in wood being 30c. per
 barrel extra. Ontario winter-wheat flour
 was \$6.20 per barrel for patents; \$5.50
 to \$5.60 for straight rollers in barrels,
 and the latter \$2.65 per bag.

Millfeed.—Demand for millfeed continued
 active, and prices were steady. Bran
 and shorts sold at \$23 per ton in bags.

while middlings were \$28 to \$30 per ton.
 Mouille was \$32 per ton for pure, and
 \$30 for mixed.

Baled Hay.—There was no change in
 the market for baled hay. Demand was
 fair and prices steady. No. 1 hay was
 \$20 per ton; No. 2 was \$19.50 for extra
 good, and \$19 for No. 2. No. 3 was
 \$17.50, carloads ex-track.

Hides.—Lamb skins advanced to \$1.90
 each, but otherwise the market was
 steady, being 20c., 21c. and 22c. per lb.
 respectively, for Nos. 3, 2 and 1, calf
 skins being 18c. and 20c. for Nos. 2 and
 1, per lb. Horse hides sold at \$1.75
 and \$2.50 each for Nos. 2 and 1. Rough
 fallow was 1 1/2c. to 2 1/2c. per lb., and ren-
 dered 6c. to 7c. per lb.

Buffalo.

Cattle.—Buffalo market was bad again
 last week. Conditions the week before
 were such that only a light run was
 needed, but with receipts reaching close
 to 200 cars, or ten cars more than the
 previous Monday, further concessions had
 to be made in order to get any action.
 In the shipping steer division there were
 around 20 or 25 cars, and, while some
 few early sales were made at about last
 week's prices, the general market showed
 a decline of a big quarter. No prime
 cattle were here. However, some good,
 thick, fat natives, averaging better than
 1,500 pounds, went at \$8.75. Best sale
 on Canadian steers was on a load
 weighing close to 1,300 pounds, at
 \$8.25. During the late Monday session,
 however, buyers landed good 1,200 to
 1,300 pound natives, kinds that would
 have sold two weeks ago at \$8.75 and
 \$9, at \$7.75 and \$8. Butchering cattle
 showed a steady market for the choice,
 tidy stuff, or something suitable for the
 Christmas trade, but on medium and
 common kinds it was a dull trade, with
 prices a strong 15c. to 25c. lower. Few
 odd head of Christmas heaves sold as
 high as \$10. Canners, which were 10c.
 to 20c. lower, went from \$3.15 to \$3.25.
 Stockers and feeders were scarce, and,
 while best ones in this line sold strong,
 common ones were slow and weak. Bulls
 were in pretty liberal supply, and they
 sold a quarter to fifty cents lower, little
 light ones, kinds that went at a range
 of from \$4 to \$4.50, being the most
 unsatisfactory sale. Fresh cows and
 springers, except the fancy ones, showed
 a break of from \$5 to \$10 per head.
 Receipts last week were 5,450 head, be-
 ing against 5,900 head for the previous
 week, and 3,675 head for the same week
 a year ago. Quotations:

Shipping Steers.—Choice to prime na-
 tives, \$8.75 to \$9; fair to good, \$8.25
 to \$8.50; plain, \$7.25 to \$7.50; very
 coarse and common, \$6 to \$7; best Cana-
 dian, \$8 to \$8.50; fair to good, \$7.25
 to \$7.75; common and plain, \$6 to
 \$6.75.

Butchering Steers.—Choice heavy, \$8 to
 \$8.50; fair to good, \$7 to \$7.75; best
 handy, \$7.50 to \$8; common to good,
 \$6.25 to \$7.25; light, thin, \$5.25 to
 \$5.50; yearlings, prime, \$8 to \$8.75;
 yearlings, common to good, \$7 to \$7.75.

Cows and Heifers.—Prime weighty heif-
 ers, \$6.50 to \$7; best handy butcher
 heifers, \$6.75 to \$7; common to good,
 \$4.50 to \$6.50; best heavy fat cows,
 \$5.75 to \$6.25; good butchering cows, \$5
 to \$5.50; cutters, \$3.75 to \$4.25; can-
 ners, \$2.50 to \$3.25.

Bulls.—Best heavy, \$6.75 to \$7; good
 butchering, \$6.25 to \$6.50.
 Stockers and Feeders.—Best feeders,
 \$6.25 to \$6.75; common to good, \$5.25
 to \$6; best stockers, \$5.50 to \$6.25;
 common to good, \$3.50 to \$5.40; good
 yearlings, \$5.75 to \$6.15; common, \$3.75
 to \$4.50.

Milkers and Springers.—Good to best,
 in small lots, \$90 to \$100; in carloads,
 \$65 to \$75; medium to fair, in small
 lots, \$55 to \$65.

Hogs.—Receipts were heavy again last
 week, and prices stayed considerably be-
 low the \$7 mark. Monday's top was
 \$6.85; bulk went at \$6.65 and \$6.70,
 and pigs landed generally at \$6.45 and
 \$6.50. Tuesday the general range on
 the better weight grades was from \$6.75
 to \$6.85, with pigs landing mostly at
 \$6.25, and Wednesday best grades brought
 from \$6.80 to \$6.90, with pigs \$6.25 to
 \$6.50. Thursday, prices showed a break
 of five to ten cents, and Friday, with
 receipts reaching close to 100 double-
 decks, the market stood ten to fifteen
 cents lower than Thursday, packers get-

ting their kinds at \$6.60 and \$6.65,
 generally, while pigs moved at \$6.25.
 Roughs ranged from \$5.75 to \$6, and
 stags \$5.25 down. Receipts last week
 reached approximately 59,000 head, be-
 ing against 57,288 head for the week
 before, and 40,500 head for the same
 week a year ago.

Sheep and Lambs.—Record-breaking
 prices were secured for the month of
 December at Buffalo for lambs last week.
 Monday the bulk of the tops sold at
 \$10; Tuesday the best ones made \$10
 and \$10.10; Wednesday's top was \$10.15,
 with the bulk going at \$10.10; Thursday
 the top dropped to \$10, with the ma-
 jority going at \$9.90, and bulk of Fri-
 day's sales were made at \$10, with a
 few reaching \$10.10. Cull lambs also
 showed a very high range, best in this
 line bringing up to \$9.25. Aged stock
 sold a quarter to fifty cents over the
 previous week. Top yearling wethers
 were quoted up to \$8.50, and had the
 right kind of wether sheep been here,
 they would have brought \$9. Few fancy
 ewes reached up to \$6.50, although gen-
 eral range on top ewes was from \$6 to
 \$6.25. Receipts last week were 15,900
 head, as compared with 21,043 head for
 the previous week, and 25,700 head for
 the corresponding week a year ago.

Calves.—Receipts last week totalled ap-
 proximately 1,850 head, being against
 2,168 head for the week before, and
 2,075 head for the same period a year
 ago. Market last week was active, and
 a good clearance was had from day to
 day. General price for top veals the
 first four days was \$11, and Friday the
 bulk of the tops moved at \$11.50. Cull
 grades went from \$9 down, and grassers
 sold from \$4 to \$5.

Live Stock Meetings.

All the live-stock meetings to be held
 in Toronto the first week in February,
 and announced in our last week's issue,
 will convene in the Carls-Rite Hotel.
 John W. Brant, Accountant, National
 Live Stock Records, informs us that the
 Dominion Swine Breeders' Association
 meeting has been changed from 11 a. m.
 Friday, Feb. 4, to 1 p. m. the same day.

Chicago.

Cattle.—Beeves, \$5.85 to \$11; cows and
 heifers, \$2.80 to \$8.35; calves, \$6.75 to
 \$10.

Hogs.—Light, \$6 to \$6.55; mixed, \$6.10
 to \$6.75; heavy, \$6.25 to \$6.80; rough,
 \$6.25 to \$6.40; pigs, \$4.75 to \$6; bulk
 of sales, \$6.25 to \$6.60.

Sheep and Lambs.—Sheep, native, \$6.10
 to \$6.90; lambs, native, \$6.90 to \$9.60.

Gossip.

COMING EVENTS.

Eastern Ontario Dairymen's Associa-
 tion Convention at Renfrew, January 5
 and 6.

Experimental Union at Guelph, January
 11 and 12, 1916.

Western Ontario Dairymen's Associa-
 tion Convention at St. Mary's, January
 12 and 13.

Ottawa Winter Fair, January 18-21,
 1916.

SALE DATES CLAIMED.

Dec. 30.—Southern Counties Ayrshire
 Breeders' Club Consignment Sale, at
 Tillsonburg; John McKee, Norwich, Sec-
 retary.

Jan. 19, 1916.—Jas. Binnie, Erin, Ont.;
 Aberdeen-Angus cattle and Oxford Down
 sheep.

Jan. 26, 1916.—Brant District Hol-
 stein Consignment Sale of Holsteins,
 Brantford, Ont.; N. P. Sager, St. George,
 Ont., Secretary.

Jan. 27, 1916.—Bertram Hoskin, Graf-
 ton, Ont.; sale of Holsteins at Coburg.

Feb. 2, 1916.—Canadian Sale of Scotch
 Shorthorns, Union Stock Yards, Toronto;
 Robt. Miller, Stouffville, Ont., Manager.

Feb. 10, 1916.—C. E. Treillock, Lon-
 don, Ont.; Holsteins.

Southern Ontario Consignment Sale
 Company's Annual Sale of Holsteins at
 Tillsonburg, first Tuesday after the an-
 nual meeting of the Canadian Holstein
 Association; R. J. Kelly, Culloden, Ont.,
 Secretary.

Returns.

and Statistics, Ottawa, has
 census of Canadian manu-
 made on the 15th of each
 number of hands employed,
 and distinguishing between
 orders. The results will
 ction with the work of the
 ment Commission. In an
 ck R. H. Coats, director of
 is are being outlined looking
 nient system of gathering
 oduction in the future, the
 ly emphasized in a recent
 OCATE.

Markets.

orn.—No. 3 yellow, new,
 Toronto.
 orn.—No. 2 yellow, old,
 Toronto, track, Toronto.
 2, nominal, per car lot,
 ing to freights outside;
 according to sample, \$1.50

winter, \$4.20 to \$4.50,
 ample, seaboard or Toronto
 bags, prompt shipment.
 or—First patents, \$6.40;
 s, \$5.90 in jute; strong
 in jute; in cotton, 10c.

AND MILLFEED.

car lots, track, Toronto,
 to \$18.50; No. 2, \$18 to
 ronto, per ton.

car lots, \$6.50 to \$7,
 according to sample, \$1.50

winter, \$4.20 to \$4.50,
 ample, seaboard or Toronto
 bags, prompt shipment.
 or—First patents, \$6.40;
 s, \$5.90 in jute; strong
 in jute; in cotton, 10c.

TRY PRODUCE.

s advanced 1c. per pound
 Creamery pound squares,
 c. to 35c.; creamery cut
 to 31c.; creamery solids,
 dairy, 31c. to 33c.

laid eggs also advanced
 wholesales, selling at 50c.
 on; cold-storage eggs, 30c.
 er; cold-storage seconds,
 er dozen.

s, \$4; hand-picked, \$4.25

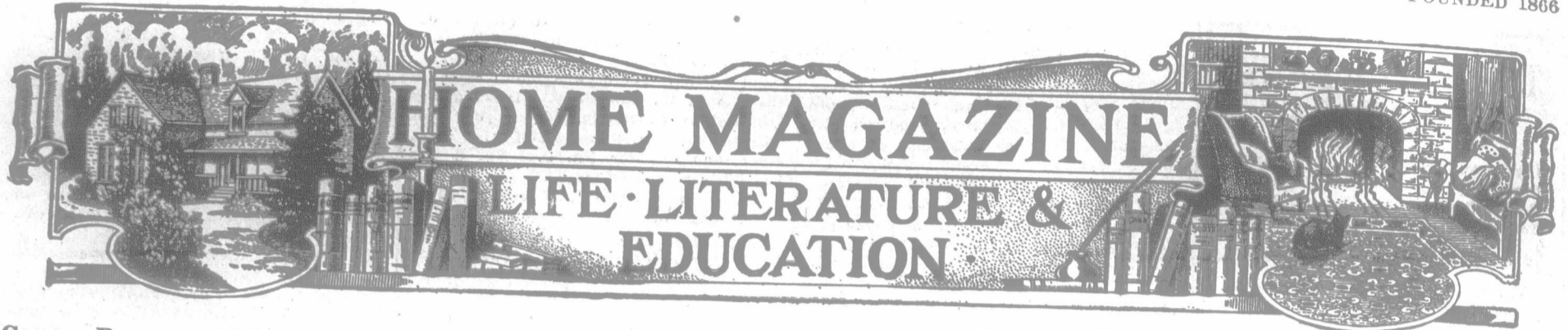
ario, per bag, car lot,
 nswick, per bag, car lot.

large, 18c.; twins, 18 1/2c.

ected, 10c. and 11c. per
 per dozen sections, \$2.40

S AND SKINS.

at 18c.; country hides,
 country hides, part cured,
 hides, green, 15c.; calf
 18c.; kip skins, per lb.,



Some Progress Thoughts.

It is while you are patiently toiling at the little tasks of life that the meaning and shape of the great whole of life dawns upon you.—Phillips Brooks.

Do not look on your work as a dull duty. If you choose you can make it interesting.—Lord Avebury.

It is to you, ye workers, who do arduous work . . . that the whole world calls for new work and nobleness.—Carlyle.

A man who will take the world easily will never take it grandly.—John Stuart Blackie.

When you pray, pray for the ability and the opportunity to be of service to your fellow-man, for in that way alone can you become truly great.—George H. Hepworth.

The entire nature of man is the garden which is given him to cultivate.—Gladstone.

If Nature is twenty years building our bodies, let us grudge no needful time to build our minds.—Phillips Brooks.

It is not by what you try to get out of the world that your life will be enriched; it is by what you give to the world.—Rev. W. Gladden.

As the soil, however rich it may be, cannot be productive without culture, so the mind, without cultivation, can never produce good fruit.—Seneca.

To live content with small means; to seek elegance rather than luxury, and refinement rather than fashion; to be worthy, not respectable; and wealthy, not rich; to listen to stars and birds, babes and sages, with open heart; to study hard; to think quietly, act frankly, talk gently, await occasions, hurry never; in a word, to let the spiritual, unbidden and unconscious, grow up through the common—this is my symphony.—Channing.

One Beginning of Progress for Rural Ontario.

Just one year ago, in our Christmas Number, appeared a most interesting and inspiring article describing the wonderful results in University Extension work that are being accomplished by the University of Wisconsin. In our own country there are beginnings of a similar work, not very well-known or very pervasive as yet, it is true, yet rich with promise. It is ours to take these beginnings, encourage them, make them the nuclei of vast developments for the future. Why should not we rural folk of Canada look forward to a time not so far distant when the best the world has to give in scientific instruction, literature and art, shall be at our very doors? Why should we not, as well as the folk of the cities, listen to the best lecturers, and best musicians? Why should we not, in the winter months, prepare simple but high-class dramas, and act them, developing ourselves while so doing? Why should we not have educative "movies," and the best records played upon victrolas too good to murder music? Why should we not have our systematic courses in higher education—and take our diplomas, too, if we have the necessary ambition

and industry? Indeed, it is quite within bounds, considering all of the possibilities that may be made real, to look forward to a time when a half-dozen such diplomas in every farm home will be looked upon with greater satisfaction than the possession of a latest automobile or an extra and perhaps unnecessary "hundred" of land. For, after all, it is mind that makes the man.

Among the "Beginnings" referred to, a very promising one has been recently started in connection with the Macdonald Institute at Guelph,—a plan for short courses which will teach girls how to do very necessary things in the best and most scientific way—teach them, moreover, WHY they do things as well as how to do them. We will let Miss Watson, the well-known presiding spirit of the Institution, tell the story in her own clear, practical way.

THE NEW VENTURE.

By Mary Urie Watson.

Macdonald Institute, the Home Economics Department of the Ontario Agricultural College, has recently begun some new work, the history of which may interest "The Farmer's Advocate" readers.

The germ of it was the conviction that many Ontario girls would gladly seek home economics training if they did not have to leave home, and it was fertilized by many parental appreciations of our very practical Short Course in Domestic Science. One day the query rose—Why not carry the Short Course out to the girls who cannot come to us? It was a bit of a problem to scheme out an equipment combining all the essentials of a cookery class-room, a sewing-room, and a laundry, and withal have it compact for easy transportation and single-room accommodation. In due time the scheme was definite enough to

took to provide a first-class teacher; provide room, equipment and maintenance; in return for the usual fee of \$15 per pupil. A circular with full information went into the hands of every family in the neighborhood likely to be interested, the Women's Institute canvassed energetically, and the thing was done.

The Ayr Public School Board placed a vacant school-room at our disposal, and it was fitted up for practical work for a class of twenty-four pupils, even to white curtains at the windows, a small reference library, and a complete hot-water system. The table-tops are on trestles and the cupboards mostly boxes, but the very satisfactory equipment is snugly stowed away and the room is most attractive.

Macdonald Institute Branch No. 1 opened in Ayr September 27th last with a class of twenty-two, seventeen of them farmers' daughters driving in from one to six miles, five days a week for twelve weeks. All of them take:

Plain cookery—Three lessons weekly.
Laundry—One lesson weekly.
Care of the House—One lesson weekly.
Foods—One lecture weekly.
Sanitation—One lecture weekly.
Home Nursing—One lecture weekly.
English—Two lectures weekly.

Half of them take:

Undergarments—Two lessons weekly.
Millinery—Two lessons weekly.

And the other half take:

Shirtwaists—Two lessons weekly.
Embroidery—Two lessons weekly.

These young women are counted regular students of the College. At the end of the course any student may write on examinations which will admit her to the

teacups we heard many expressions of approval.

Macdonald Institute Branch No. 1 is no longer an experiment, it is a success, and we hope to follow it up with many others. Already other places are inquiring about their chances, and we believe a great field is opening to the College.

The College is prepared to consider applications for these Branches. Any Women's Institute or other organization which desires to secure one, should write to Macdonald Institute for full particulars.

[Address Miss Mary U. Watson, Director, Home Economics Department, Macdonald Institute, Guelph, Ont.]

Discontent with Farm Life, Why does it Exist?

By M. J. Currie, M.D.

There are other things besides having good crops to be considered. There are other problems besides getting enough to eat and wear to be solved on the farm. Discontent with farm life is a question to be thought about. Why does it exist? is a question to be answered.

I met a young man, about thirty-five; he had lived all his life on the home farm, had seen brothers leave and take up a profession or trade. Sisters left; some married, others entered different vocations in offices, stores, civil service, etc. They returned home for week-ends, summer holidays, or Christmas and New Year's Days. Their greater fluency of speech, knowledge of all the latest smart sayings, and wearing the latest in hats and ties, boots and dresses, made the young man on the farm feel discontented, feel that he was behind the rest, and made him vow that if he were free he would leave the farm and try the city.

"If mother would consent to go, I would go to-morrow," he was heard to say. "I wish they had given me a better education instead of giving me a farm."

Now, there is a lesson in all this, and a suggestion:

Associating with the best people and the cleverest thinkers in books and magazines will make such young men on the farm feel that they are not behind the rest. Writing down his thoughts, taking part in public discussions and making short speeches, will make any young man quite capable of filling a leading position in the community.

"You can't make money on the farm," another young man was heard to say. He was twenty-three, and his brother twenty. They had inherited a farm from their father.

An aunt badly crippled with rheumatism and very hard of hearing kept house. Do you wonder this young man was discontented with life on the farm? Make life in the country more attractive and it will not be so difficult for such young men to get a capable house-keeper till they are prepared to get a permanent partner to look after the home end of life on the farm.

Discontent on the farm may be partly due to carelessness about dress. A freshly-laundered shirt is stimulating, while one of a dull, washed-out color, has a muddling, depressing effect. Provide means for the women to wash and iron, conveniently and quickly, not have them waiting for the next shower to get soft water by setting out tubs and pails. Get them a soft-water cistern, and do away with the old, burnt-out irons which scorch and rust the clothes.

Do you wonder women look with longing at the modern electric iron? Farmers are spending so much on farm implements and so little on the farm home life, yet they wonder why their sons and



Place du Molard.

This is where the flower market is held. The big white umbrellas are a picturesque feature. When there is a "bise," they are turned sideways and rest on the ground, thus protecting the flowers and flower sellers from the blast.

lay before the "powers that be." They asked, "Will it work?" We had faith to answer, "It will." Fortunately our arguments proved convincing, and the order came—"Go ahead and try it."

A famous old recipe for hare soup begins, "First catch your hare," and we had first to catch a class. However, we were sure the Ontario Women's Institutes would approve our plan, so we confidently laid it before the Ayr Institute with the offer to open Macdonald Institute Branch No. 1 in the village of Ayr. If the Women's Institute there would find a class of at least twenty pupils. Through that organization we offered the community a full Macdonald Institute Short Course in Domestic Science; under-

second term's work of the Macdonald Institute Homemaker Course in Guelph. A local friend of the Women's Institute offered a scholarship of \$75 to the girl who passes the best examination, and we hear there will be a lively competition for it. The teacher has Ontario first-class professional standing, is a graduate of Macdonald Institute, has had Eastern and Western teaching experience, and has a real enthusiasm for domestic science.

The Branch is a busy place with twenty-two girls around stoves stirring saucepans, running sewing machines, or bending over washtubs, too intent upon the work in hand to pay much attention to visitors. Recently their mothers were invited for a special visit, and over the

daughters are the city.

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One woman there was a g were in a bett seemed "to tou say, or to be needs, people f

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Encourage the the addresses, are required to tent with the h in stopping so young people fr

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FROM H

Geneva, Swi

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And there is a Geneva—the bise, gentleman, a Wes here several wint the bise.

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Ms Mary U. Watson, Director,
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The physician is often congratulated on knowing what to do when he is sick. But it is more important to know what to do to keep well. People shut up their houses to keep out the dust and flies, and in comes sickness. Cool, clammy, damp rooms, which destroy fine furniture polish, destroy also the health of the household. Let farmers insist that the women study practical hygiene.

How can people be contented if the cool, damp air of the house makes the muscles stiff and sore after being heated up out working?

One woman said she observed, when there was a good dinner cooked, people were in a better humor. When the food seemed "to touch the right spot," as we say, or to be satisfying to the human needs, people felt better.

Would not a practical knowledge of the chemistry of food and its adaptability to the human needs, help very much to lessen discontent with farm life? Don't forget that food has to be nice to digest well.

Get up a party for a drive through the country occasionally, with relays of horses. There is no jollier way of travelling with eight or ten friends than on top of a coach, or with seats in a large market express. There is all the joy of mingling with the out-door world, with all the privacy that is impossible in trains and by ordinary modes of travel. Then have a gay lurch on the coach drawn up by the wayside, followed by short addresses on subjects of interest.

Encourage the women to take part in the addresses. For women's thoughts are required to help in removing discontent with the home end of farm life, and in stopping so many of the brightest young people from flocking to the city.

Travel Notes.

FROM HELEN'S DIARY.

Geneva, Switzerland, Nov. 16, '15.
The golden days have passed away—the glorious days of autumn when the lake was like a sapphire rimmed with gold. Now, a leaden dome is over the city, and one drizzly day succeeds another with monotonous regularity. And there are fogs, heavy fogs which last till noon and come again at sunset, at least, at sunset time. But the Genevans say this isn't real fog at all, this is what they call brume (mist). When the fog is so dense that it blots out the gate-posts and makes street traffic dangerous, they call it a brouillard, and a brouillard they sadly acknowledge is most unpleasant, and a terror to throats and bronchial tubes.

And there is another winter terror in Geneva—the bise. I asked an American gentleman, a Westerner, who has been here several winters, what he thought of the bise.

"Just take it from me, my dear young lady," he said, "when there is a bise on, you need anchors on both feet to keep you from aeroplaning. And cold! The bise goes through the heaviest winter clothing just as if it were so much mosquito-netting. Fact. There's only one thing to do when there's a bise—stay in the house. That's what I do. Fine time to catch up with your correspondence and straighten out your accounts."

"Is it really true," I asked him, "that people are sometimes blown off the bridges during a bise? Someone told me that last winter a man was driving across the bridge, and he and his horse were swept right into the lake. Is that true?"

"Quite likely," he said. "Often have accidents down around the bridges. Wind has an awful sweep there. Especially the Pont du Mont Blanc, which is the most exposed, and gets the full brunt of the gale. Take my advice and don't go near the river when there's a bise."

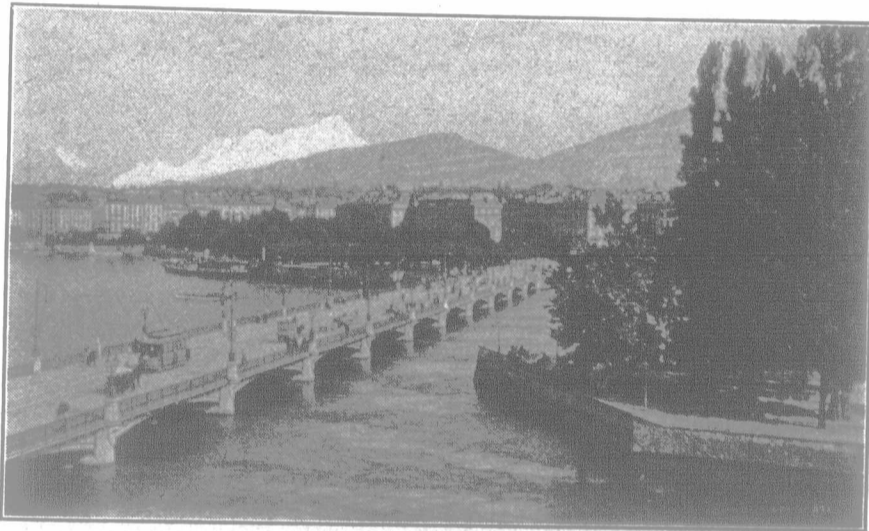
And I, in my innocence, thought that the bise we had the first week we were here was a bad one. I suppose it was just a gentle little summer zephyr compared to what we may have in the near future.

But apart from the climate, Geneva is a most attractive and interesting city. There is a splendid opera house where fine performances are given several times a week, there are theaters and concerts,

and art exhibitions, and lectures, and picture shows, and, just at present, a perfect epidemic of money-raising entertainments and "teas" for sufferers from the war—for the Serbs, the Armenians, the Poles, the Belgians, the soldiers, etc.

It was a real relief to get to a city where there was something doing, after living in forced idleness in half-dead resorts for nearly a year. Geneva is full of life and animation. The streets in the shopping district are thronged, especially in the late afternoon when people are coming from the tea-rooms and cafes. It is quite gay then. Lots of pretty girls, lots of stylish-gowned women, shoals of University students—but hardly ever a soldier. But there are soldiers

caused all sorts of international complications. There was considerable talking across fences during this trying period, speech being the only thing that could get over the frontier unchecked. All sorts of queer things happened, some serious, some amusing. One man, whose house was in Switzerland, couldn't go out of his front door because the street was in France; another man whose house was in France, couldn't feed his hens because the henhouse was in Switzerland. People with vegetable gardens could dig up one row of vegetables, but not the next. A Swiss farmer whose land extended into the Zone could not look after his cattle because the barns and stables were on the French end of



Pont du Mont Blanc.

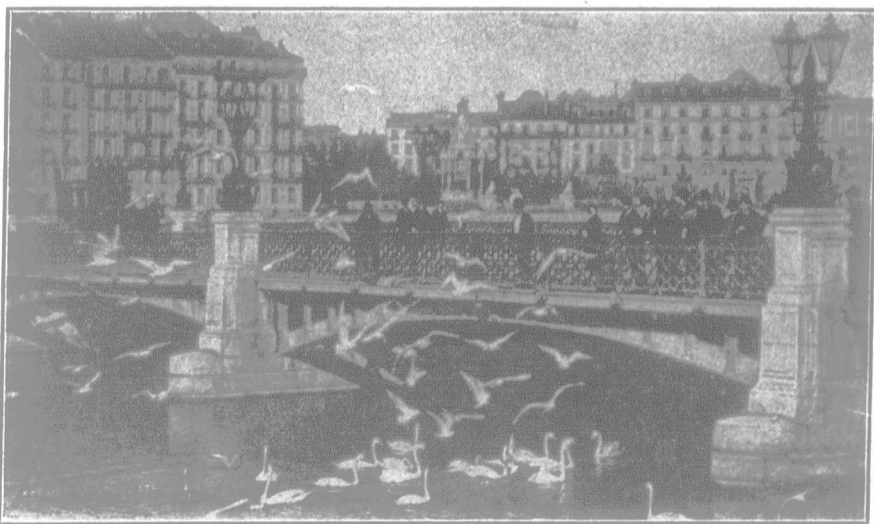
This is the largest of the bridges which connect the two sides of the city. In the background is the snow-capped summit of Mont Blanc, sixty miles away. Mont Blanc is the highest of the Alps.

not far away—a walk of half an hour or so will bring you to the frontier, and there you will see French gendarmes patrolling the line. I have gone on French soil on my own two feet, to the distance of three yards or so, in full view of the French sentries, and not a word was said to me.

Geneva, being right on the frontier line, draws most of its market produce from France, and for this reason a great deal of inconvenience was caused a few weeks ago by the closing of the frontier between France and Switzerland, or rather, between Switzerland and "The Zone." The Zone is the strip of French territory immediately adjoining the canton of Geneva. It has special laws and

his farm. This sort of thing lasted for three days, during which time there was a great shortage of fresh butter, eggs and vegetables in the city market. But, fortunately, canned vegetables are always with us, although somewhat despised at times, and Swiss condensed milk is a very good substitute for the real thing. In fact, it is a great deal better than the pale-blue fluid sometimes furnished by the milkman on his daily rounds.

Since the University opened, a few weeks ago, we have been attending some of the lectures there. When I say "we," it does not include Aunt Julia. She thinks she has enough French for all practical purposes, so she is devoting



On the Pont du Mont Blanc.

Feeding the gulls and swans is a pastime much indulged in about the bridges. The gulls are very expert in catching what is thrown to them.

regulations not in force in other parts of France. In times of peace the frontier line is practically disregarded. Many of the tram lines of Geneva run into the Zone District, and many of the people employed in Geneva have their homes in the Zone, especially in the town of Annemasse, which is just over the border, and seems like a part of Geneva.

During the blockade everything was turned topsy-turvy out there owing to the freakish course of the frontier line, which zig-zagged along between houses, across streets, and through yards and farms in such haphazard fashion that it

herself exclusively to good works—Red Cross brand. She does more than enough for three people, so we consider that the family is well represented. I hope the Recording Angel will take the same broad view of the situation and average up the family marks accordingly.

During the first two weeks of the University term the classrooms are free to anyone who cares to visit them. In this way the students and others may trot around from one room to another, sample the different professors, and decide which of the courses they wish to attend. This strikes me as being a fine arrangement for the students, but I

should think it would be rather hard on the dry professors.

The first lecture we attended was held in the theological classroom, although the subject had nothing whatever to do with theology. Behind the speaker's desk, above the blackboard, was the ubiquitous John Calvin in his cap and ear-flappers, looking very dour and dyspeptic. I don't know if this peculiar headgear is designed to protect bald heads from draughts, or if it has some ecclesiastical significance. Anyway, Calvin always seems to have one on. In this portrait he is represented wrapped up in a heavy fur coat, sitting beside a table on which is propped up an enormous book, which he is reading. In his uplifted hand is poised a quill pen, and I'm quite sure it is no sharper than his nose.

Along the side of the room, just above the hat-hooks, is a row of Calvin's theological successors, looking more human as they approach modern times.

I had a dream that night. I dreamt that all the portraits in that room came to life and immediately fell into a noisy controversy. The students gazed open-mouthed at this curious chronological mix-up. The dispute waxed fierce and furious. The theologians snapped their fingers in each other's faces, flailed the air, and pounded the desks, and got redder and madder every minute.

Suddenly, in the midst of their wrangling, there was a smell of smoke, and flames broke out in the corner of the room from a huge pile of wood. In the midst of the fire, chained to a stake, the fierce tongues of flame licking cruelly around his poor tortured body, was Michael Servet—martyr to religious intolerance.

Not another word did the old theologians say. Not one word. They seemed to turn to stone. And then—I woke up.

In order to attend the University classes it is necessary to procure a Permis de Sejour at the Hotel de Ville. This sounds easy, but it isn't. It involves several yards of red tape, and red tape is always tiresome. One must first make an application at the Hotel de Ville, which means standing in line for an hour or so in a stuffy room, waiting to speak to the man-at-the-desk. Finally your chance comes and you tell him what you want. He asks to see your passport. Unfortunately you haven't it with you, and so nothing can be done.

The next day you repeat the performance, and hand him your passport. He glances at it and disappears with it into an inner room. In a few minutes he reappears without it and blandly waves you to a seat. You join the row of sitters on the bench along the wall, and wait for something to happen. You wait and wait. Nothing happens. The room is getting stuffier and more microbe-y every minute, and it depresses you to think how many kinds of diseases you may catch before you make your escape. Twenty minutes pass. Then the man-at-the-desk beckons to you. He informs you that your Permis de Sejour will be mailed to you in two days, but that your passport must be left at the Hotel de Ville until you return the Permis de Sejour.

In two days you watch the post for the Permis de Sejour. Does it come? No. Does it come in three days? No. Does it come in four or five? No. Meanwhile you are having seventeen kinds of fits because you are sans passport and sans Permis de Sejour, and you begin to conjure up awful visions of what might happen if you should suddenly want to leave the country. So you hie to the Concierge and tell him your tale of woe. He grabs a telephone, does some brisk jawing, locates the hitch in the red tape, ascertains the whereabouts of the Permis de Sejour, dispatches a special messenger after it, and when it arrives hands it to you with a princely bow. These princely bows cost a few francs, but they are worth it.

And apropos of passports—no one is safe these days without one. In the neighborhood of Geneva there are a number of interesting historical places which can be reached in half an hour or so by the tram-cars, but the trouble is, most of the interesting places are in France, and to France one cannot go without a passport. As it takes about three days to get one, and it is only good for

twenty-four hours, it does not seem worth while getting one for a little half-day jaunt.

Crossing the frontier is a most unpleasant and tiresome business these days anyway. People who have had one experience have no longing to repeat it.

Gold money can not be taken out of the country, and it is not wise to carry writing, as it may lead to complications that may land you in a prison cell.

One man I know was arrested on the Austrian frontier as a spy because he carried in his pockets letters with mysterious holes punched in them. The officials who arrested him thought it was a secret code. The alleged secret code was nothing more or less than the pricks of a big safety pin with which the man fastened his letters in his pocket.

The search at the frontier is very rigorous. Travellers are stripped to the skin. In some cases women have to take down their hair in order to satisfy the officials that they are not smuggling gold, or secret information in their tresses. An American woman who was crossing the Italian-Swiss frontier had an innocent jar of cold cream in her travelling bag. The officials mistook the c's for g's, and read the label Gold Cream. They immediately seized the jar and proceeded to investigate the contents. They dug their fingers into the cream and smeared it on paper, and got themselves in an awful mess, but did not discover any of the looked-for gold. The only result of the search was loss of time, and the loss to the lady of the complexion mollifier.

Advice to ladies travelling in Europe this year (there are not many of them): "Leave your Cold Cream behind or change the label."

Hope's Quiet Hour.

Everyday Glory.

He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city.—Prov. xvi: 32.

Wearied with homely duties done,
Tired through treading day by day,
Over and over, from sun to sun,
One and the same small round away,
Under her breath I heard her say:
"Oh for the sweep of the keen-edged scythe!

Oh for the swaths, when the reaping's o'er—

Proof of the toil's success! I tithe
Cummin and anise—nothing more!
Anise and cummin—such petty store!
Only a meagre garden-space,
Out of the world so rich and broad,—
Only a strip of standing-place,
Only a patch of herb-strewn sod,
Given, in which to work for God!
Yet is my hand as full of care
Under the shine and frost and rain,
Tending and weeding and watching there,
Even as though I deemed a wain
Were to be piled with sheaves of grain.
Then, when the work is done, what cheer
Have I to greet me, great or small?
What that shall show how year by year
Patient I've wrought at duty's call?
Anise and cummin—that is all!"
Turning, I raised the drooping head,
Just as I heard a sob arise:
"Anise and cummin and mint," I said,
Kissing her over her aching eyes,
"Even our Lord doth not despise.
Think you he looks for headed wheat
Out of your plot of garden-ground?
Think you he counts as incomplete
Service that from such scanty bound
Yields Him the tithing He has found?
What are to Him the world's wide
plains?
Him who hath never a need to fill,
Even one garner with our small gains?
Yet, if the plot is yours to till,
Tithe Him the anise and cummin still!"
—Margaret Preston.

A scientist, in the Highlands of Scotland, was studying a little mountain flower under a microscope, when an old shepherd came up to him and was invited to look at the commonplace flower through the lens. The old man gazed in astonishment, and then said sadly:

wish ye'd never shown it to me. I've trodden on thousands o' them."

How true that is of our view of life. We have trodden under foot, with careless impatience, thousands of opportunities for glorious living. They were so ordinary that we failed to see any glory in them. We can see the glory of our Lord in the day of His agony—do we see as plainly the shining beauty of His spotless life as a laborer in Nazareth? We can see the glory of our soldiers and sailors, of our doctors and nurses, and the splendid ambulance and service corps—let us be as clear-sighted in finding possibilities of glory at home. Our text declares that there is greater glory in ruling one's own spirit than in taking a



Duchess of Connaught Red Cross Hospital, Cliveden Estate, Taplow, Bucks, England, with Wounded Canadian Soldiers.

city, and that good temper is better than earthly might.

Let us look at two pictures, painted thousands of years ago. We see in the first a man facing a fearful death. He shows no sign of cowardly weakness, but bows in trustful submission to the will of God.

Now look at the other picture. Here is a man in a fit of petulant anger, not because a great calamity has befallen him, but because he has a trifling discomfort to bear. Through his preaching, an "exceeding great city" has been brought to repentance and saved from destruction, but—instead of rejoicing—he only complains that God is too merciful. He had prophesied: "Yet forty days, and Nineveh shall be overthrown!" and



How They Spent Christmas Last Year in War-swept Europe. Scene in the training quarters of Kitchener's Army at Fresham Ponds. Photo. Underwood & Underwood.

he would rather see thousands of people perish than be proved "in the wrong."

Look again at the two pictures, and you will be startled to see that the hero of the one and the small-souled grumbler of the other are one and the same person. It is the great prophet Jonah, whose preaching converted a wicked city, who says angrily—when the east wind and the sun make him uncomfortable—"It is better for me to die than to live. . . . I do well to be angry, even unto death."

We hardly need to go back thousands of years to the time of Jonah, in order to prove the truth of the saying: "The

hero who has faced a battery without shrinking may be unable to take a cup of lukewarm coffee from his wife's hands without a grumble." Many a man is capable of proving himself a hero in great troubles, and yet copies Jonah in his inglorious complaining over trifles. Even our Canadian soldiers, who are gloriously enduring great hardships and facing terrible dangers "somewhere in France or Flanders," may not have been always good-tempered under the small provocations of everyday life at home. They sometimes made a fuss over trifles—some of them did, at least—yet now they are filling the world with amazement by their cheerful endurance of awful suffering. Why is it that trifling

not a time for us to get excited, or to put forward wild schemes. We must learn to be heroic, to be calm and of good courage, and to remain in the place where God has put us, and do our duty there. It is of no use to fly out to the front unless you know exactly that you are very useful. Volunteers who are not chosen by the authorities are not, I am afraid, of much use. . . . I would suggest that we all pull ourselves together to work our hardest, and keep cool, so that we do not hinder, but help our men."

We are very apt to think that the glory of life lies in circumstances, and yet our Lord's life in Nazareth teaches us that any circumstances can be accepted and used gloriously. He has promised to accept the cups of cold water offered to His little ones. The things that are too unimportant for earth to notice are never overlooked by God. He numbers the hairs of our heads—is it possible that anything can be too "trifling" for His notice? Last fall a poor bedridden girl in England, who "wanted to help," knitted soft little booties for the babies of some who were in the trenches. A gift to the Babe of Bethlehem!—Can you picture the tenderness of His smile as she laid her offering at His feet?

"Despise not thou small things;
The soul that longs for wings
To soar to some great height of sacrifice,
too oft
Forgets the daily round,
Where the little cares abound,—
And shakes off little duties while she
looks aloft."

But some work is really trifling. The rich fool in our Lord's parable, whose one ambition was to lay up treasure on earth, feeling that he was living successfully if he managed to heap up much goodness for many years, was wasting his precious gift of life. His work was all for himself, and would die with him. There is no glory in such a self-centered existence.

We are all called to endure hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ. As a young Canadian soldier said in a terrible battle: "At this moment I write my own life off, I write it off." Our lives belong to our Commander, and each day we have the glory of obeying His orders. Obedience is the first duty of a soldier. I saw one yesterday, pacing up and down at the gate of a temporary barracks. There was little chance of adventure or excitement in that task, but there was real glory. He was keeping the post given to him.

If we take our orders for the day straight from our Master, we cannot find any day dull or uninteresting. It was said of one woman: "If there was anything disagreeable to be done, Nurse Campbell was sure to do it." What a splendid tribute! Most of us try to slip away from unpleasant tasks, shifting them to other shoulders whenever possible. Let us try to do the daily duty for Christ's sake—just to please Him—and we shall find commonplace tasks have suddenly become glorious.

"When in the dull routine of life
Thou yearnest half for pain and strife,
So weary of the commonplace,
Of days that wear the self-same face,
Think softly, soul, thy Lord is there,
And then betake thyself to prayer."

DORA FARNCOMB.

Gifts From Readers.

One of our readers has sent a dollar, and another five dollars, to bring good cheer into some sad and needy homes this Christmastide. The world is blessed with many kind people, eager to lift the burdens of others. Many thanks!
HOPE.

Gifts for Christmas.

"A Lover of The Quiet Hour" has sent \$5.00 to help with Christmas cheer for the poor; and two other kind friends have each asked me to spend a dollar in the same cause. Most of this money will be used to help those who are sick as well as poor. Very many thanks.
HOPE.

Fash

HOW TO

Order by number
Measurement as re-
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Price ten cents
numbers appear
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Home Magazine"
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When ordering

Send the follow

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Post Office.....

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8826 (With Bas
Seam Allowance)
Misses and Smal



8839 (With Bas
Seam Allowance)
mos. or 1 year

Fashion Dept.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS.

Order by number, giving age or measurement as required, and allowing at least ten days to receive pattern. Also state in which issue pattern appeared. Price ten cents PER PATTERN. If two numbers appear for the one suit, one for coat, the other for skirt, twenty cents must be sent. Address Fashion Department, "The Farmer's Advocate and Home Magazine," London, Ont. Be sure to sign your name when ordering patterns. Many forget to do this.

When ordering, please use this form:

Send the following pattern to:

Name

Post Office

County

Province

Number of pattern.....

Age (if child or misses' pattern)

Measurement—Waist, Bust,

Date of issue in which pattern appeared.



8820 (With Basting Line and Added Seam Allowance) Work Bungalow Apron, Small 34 or 36, Medium 38 or 40, Large 42 or 44 bust.



8819 (With Basting Line and Added Seam Allowance) Boy's Mackinaw Coat, 8 to 14 years.



8832 (With Basting Line and Added Seam Allowance) Blouse with Vest, 34 to 42 bust.
8830 (With Basting Line and Added Seam Allowance) Four-Piece Skirt, 24 to 34 waist.



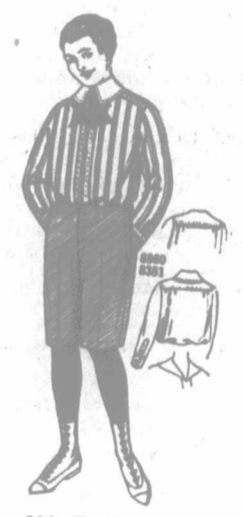
8826 (With Basting Line and Added Seam Allowance) One-Piece Dress for Misses and Small Women, 16 and 18 years.



8865 Girl's Coat, 8 to 14 years.



8821 (With Basting Line and Added Seam Allowance) Child's Dress, 2, 4 and 6 years.



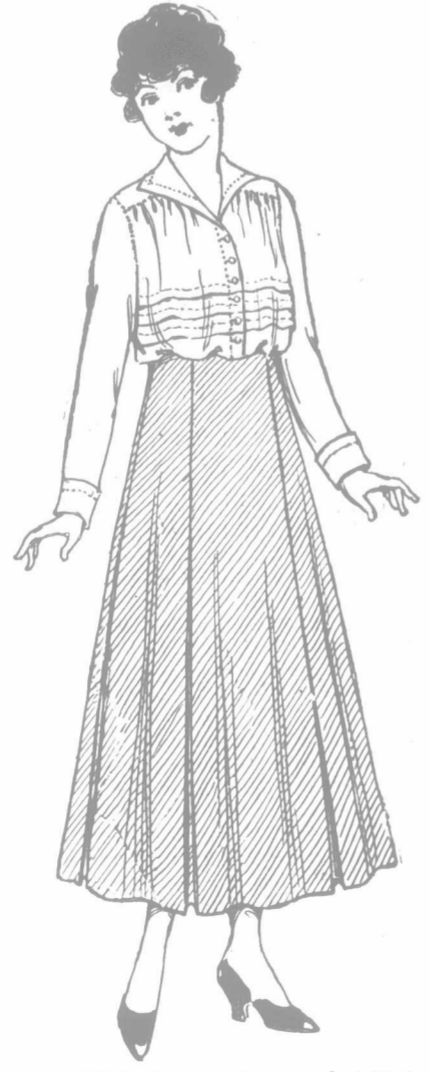
8860 Boy's Blouse, 12 to 16 years.
8351 Boy's Straight Trousers, 4 to 12 years.



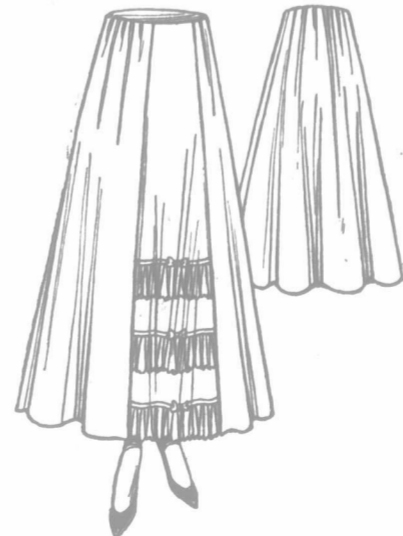
8783 One-Piece Gown, With or Without Yoke for Misses and Small Women, 16 and 18 years.



8839 (With Basting Line and Added Seam Allowance) Child's Dress, 6 mos. or 1 year, 2 and 4 years.



8779 (With Basting Line and Added Seam Allowance) Tucked Blouse, 34 to 40 bust.
8755 Box Plaited Skirt, 24 to 36 waist.



8840 (With Basting Line and Added Seam Allowance) Skirt with Panel Front, 24 to 34 waist.

LAST RESORT.
A Scotch minister in need of funds thus conveyed his intentions to his congregation:

"Weel, friends, the kirk is urgently in need of siller, and as we have failed to get money honestly, we will have to see what a bazaar can do for us."—Tit-Bits.

"Where did you get your Japanese servants, Mrs. Nurich?" "Well, my husband hired them, but I think their home 'e in hari-kari."—Buffalo Express.

BUT RARER, TOO.
Clarence—"Pop, what is a millennium?" Darktown Father—"It's dess about de same as centennial, mih sop cny it's got mo' legs."—Puck.

us to get excited, or to wild schemes. We must heroic, to be calm and of and to, remain in the od has put us, and do our It is of no use to fly out less you know exactly that useful. Volunteers who are the authorities are not, I much use. . . . I would we all pull ourselves to-ork our hardest, and keep we do not hinder, but help

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rom Readers. ders has sent a dollar, dollars, to bring good sad and needy homes . The world is blessed people, eager to lift the Many thanks! HOPE.

r Christmas. e Quiet Hour" has sent h Christmas cheer for wo other kind friends me to spend a dollar . Most of this money elp those who are sick Very many thanks. HOPE.

The Dollar Chain

A fund maintained by readers of "The Farmer's Advocate and Home Magazine" for (1) Belgian Relief; (2) Soldiers' Comforts; (3) Red Cross Supplies.

Contributions for the week from Dec. 10th to Dec. 17th were:

S. S. Alexander, New Liskeard, Ont., \$3.00; Austin Hewitt, Berlin, Ont., \$1.00; "Toronto," \$2.00; Fred W. Muir, Walkerton, Ont., \$1.00; "X," \$1.50.

Previously acknowledged\$1,918.10

Total to Dec. 17th.....\$1,926.60

Kindly address contributions to "The Farmer's Advocate and Home Magazine," London, Ont.

Red Cross War Work.

A very valuable little pamphlet, "War Work," has recently been issued by The National Relief Committee. From it the following information, very valuable to war workers everywhere, has been taken.

"The demand for supplies which involve cash expenditures is constantly increasing, therefore all supporters of the Red Cross Society are asked to remit an increased proportion of cash." The money is needed "to buy ambulances; to equip and enlarge hospitals; to purchase surgical appliances, rubber goods, and drugs, and the many extras not included in the Government issues asked for by the doctors, and to minister to the needs of the many Canadian prisoners in German prisons."

In regard to other supplies: The Butterick Red Cross patterns are recommended, and a list of the following garments is given. The article most demanded is SOCKS. Other necessities are:

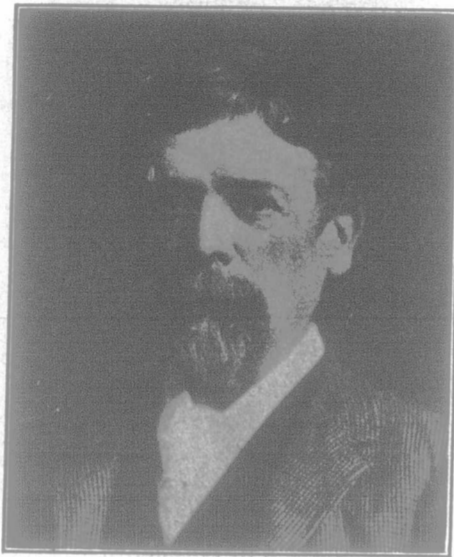
- Bed jackets, flannel or eiderdown.
- Pyjamas, flannelette or lightweight flannel. Finish trousers with tape running string.
- Night shirts, surgical, factory cotton, or white flannelette.
- Day shirts, flannel with collars.
- Dressing gown, heavy flannel or soft, thick tweed.
- Hospital suits, blue or gray flannel lined with white flannelette.
- Surgeons' coats, heavy bleached factory cotton.
- Nurses' aprons, white sheeting 72 inches wide.
- Fomentation Wringer— $\frac{1}{2}$ yard plain crash. Hem ($\frac{1}{2}$ inch) each end. Tie up in dozens.
- Bed-Pan Cover.—Square of ticking 18 inches square after hemming raw edges. Tie up in dozens.
- Hot Water Bottle Covers.—Flannel bag with drawstring. 14 inches by 12 inches, or 12 inches by 10 inches. Tie up in dozens.
- Laparotomy (or Operation) Stockings.—To cover patient from foot to thigh. White flannelette or canton flannel. Pattern should be obtained from hospital or trained nurse.
- Day Socks.—Length from top of sock to bottom of heel $14\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Length of foot $11\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Length of ribbing $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Length of leg to commencement of heel 12 inches.
- Heelless Bed Sock.—Rib 10 inches, plain 10 inches. Pack white socks in factory cotton.
- Pillows.—28 X 18 inches. Clean ticks. Pillow Slips about 9 inches longer than pillow.
- Sheets.—60 X 90. Ready laundered, Tie in half dozens.
- Towels.—Huckaback or Turkish. Tie in half dozens.
- Wash Cloths.—Turkish or knit, about 9 inches square. Tie in dozens.
- Blankets.—Grey or brown. 80 X 60.
- Handkerchiefs (for the hospitals).—Unhemmed cheesecloth, 18 X 18, laundered. Tie in dozens.
- Men's handkerchiefs, dark colors, ready laundered. Tie up in dozens.

Moving Pictures:—A Memory Film.

(Continued.)

By An Old Engraver.

One incident that occurred during that year of school may be of interest. It was the time of the Crimean War. When the boys flocked into the school-house they became aware that something of note had happened. The two divisions of the school were summoned to appear before the Principal. Dressed in his cap and gown (he was an M. A. F. R. A. S.) he held up his hand for silence and said, "News has been received this morning that Sebastopol has fallen, so we have decided to dismiss the school at once



George du Maurier.

and give all a day's holiday to celebrate this glorious event, every boy to have full marks allowed him. "You can all go home," great cheers followed and a rush for home and liberty. Thomson and I went off together. We went through the Caledonia Cattle Market, then in process of construction; admiring the bronze heads of cattle and sheep embedded in the walls; then on to Holloway where in his home and beautiful garden we walked and played the remainder of the day. There was great rejoicing going on everywhere, and flags were on the poles and in the windows. The report had come through the French Government so all believed it true; but in a few days it was contradicted, and it was many a long day before the city fell and the war ended. Some time afterwards the secret of this false report was revealed. It had been circulated by Napoleon III and his ministers



Sir John Tenniel Smoking His Churchwarden.

—who had secretly bought up shares in the exchanges. These shares fell very low because of the war; the report caused the value to rise; then the shareholders sold out pocketing the difference. There was no rapid means at that time for the transmission of news, so of course the falsity remained undiscovered until the shares had been disposed of. When I was fifteen years of age a situation was obtained for me in the office of Mr. Nail, a shipbroker, St. Benets Court, Gracechurch St., who was in the Fruit Trade, and chartered ships to Spain, Portugal and the Azores, to bring cargoes of oranges. These vessels anchored at Fresh Wharf, the northeast corner of London Bridge. London at

that time was very small to what it now is. Highgate and all the other places I have mentioned were still little better than villages; agriculture was still the one great feature of country life; railways were few and fares high. When living at Highgate my mother and I going on a visit to Devonshire had to be at Paddington by 6 a. m. in order to catch the only third class train, called "Parliamentary," because by their Charter they had to run one train daily at a penny a mile. The companies had yet to learn that cheap fares paid, and so they made these trains as uncomfortable and as slow as they possibly could. At first on some lines the third class carriages were little better than cattle trucks without windows or roofs. Our train stopped at every station, and got to Bristol by 5 p. m., eleven hours on the way; after an hour's wait we started for Exeter, reaching there at midnight. Afterwards an atmospheric railway was substituted and the train blown along by compressed air. The trains frequently stopped, and then a team of horses pulled them on to the next station. The ruins of the old pumping houses are still to be seen along the line that runs from Exeter to Newton Abbot. Now, the journey to Exeter is run in 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ hours. There were few newspapers to tell the events of the day and those dear. Paper was taxed, and all papers issued had to pay a stamp duty. Windows were taxed also, and the houses built with as few as possible. It was so taxed until the year of the great exhibition of 1851, when the tax was repealed. The paper tax lasted longer, then it also was repealed and light admitted to the benefit of body and mind. Of course, penny papers were quite unknown, and for papers to be sold for $\frac{1}{4}$ d. would have been thought an impossibility. To help people to get their news cheaply, reading rooms, where papers of all sorts and all countries, could be seen and read, were opened for one penny admittance. Into one such place I made my next move. They were situated up a quiet court in Cheapside and belonged to an uncle of mine who had bought them of a Mr. Smith who wrote money articles for one of the London papers. I slept on the premises, and sat at the pay-desk to take the money as the readers entered. Here I met with men of all classes and all countries, and here I made my next step towards Mr. Punch's bench. It came about in this way: To amuse myself I made little sketches while sitting at my desk. One of the customers, a stout, good looking man, noticed the sketches. He turned out to be Mr. John Swain, brother to Mr. Joseph Swain, the "Punch" engraver. He offered to teach me privately the art of wood engraving by giving me lessons at his home. With uncle's consent I went, turning out to be an apt pupil.

Events moved quickly in these days. The close of the Crimean War took place; there was no mistake this time. I witnessed Sir Charles Napier read the Proclamation of Peace. On horseback, and attended by heralds with trumpets, he read the Queen's message, standing in front of the Royal Exchange. Later on came the fireworks and illuminations, a slow process when oil was used, or gas, before the era of electricity. Now the whole town can be lit up by the pressure of a button.

Later on the "Great Eastern" was launched, designed by Brunel. It was at that time by far the largest vessel that had been built. Its launching was difficult. It had to be pushed into the river by the aid of hydraulic jacks. I saw her as she lay in the Thames at Millwall. This vessel was used later on to lay the Atlantic Cable. In 1855 the Newspaper Stamp was abolished, and penny papers began to be issued, the old journalism passing to give place to the newer and swifter methods. Reading rooms ceased to be a want, so gradually closed, ours amongst the number. I saw many noted men at that period of my life, Sir John Bennett, watchmaker and popular sheriff; a handsome man with a mop of fair hair. His brother a poet, had hair as black as jet, was as slim as Sir John was stout, both brisk business men. On Sundays I used to see strolling slowly towards the Temple Church Lord Brougham. It is a mask of his face that a satyr is dragging along at the bottom of the Punch cover. . . . I see myself, a witness at the Mansion House Police Court, giving evi-

dence against a coat stealer. I see myself crushed in the crowd at the Lord Mayor's Show, watching the first lumbering traction engine which laid its own rails, pass by. At that time the Show went partly by water. The "Gingerbread" Coach gave way to a sumptuous "Barge," and awaited his return from Westminster. I see myself watching in the Old Bailey the public execution of a murderer. I see St. Paul's Cathedral hemmed in with tall, ugly railings, within which, in what has since become a quiet garden, lay refuse of all kinds, old boots, broken bottles, dead cats—a veritable dust heap, with Queen Anne's statue in front, a dirty image with broken nose and arm missing. In early morning the Cathedral was surrounded with butcher's carts, and greasy, blue-frocked men carrying beef and mutton jostled and swore at the passers by. The roads all round were narrow and badly kept. On the southern side Touts for Marriage Licenses stood round the Arch of Doctor's Commons as they did when "Old Weller" married the Widow, and became Landlord of the "Marquis of Granby." No attempt had been made to cleanse the river, which stunk like a sewer, and could be smelt in Fleet Street. The Fleet prison had not been cleared away though closed. The Holborn Viaduct had yet to be built, and Snow Hill was a terror to drivers of bus and cab. All these I see pass by and vanish as evil things do, giving way to light and beauty. During all this time I continued my lessons in the art of wood-engraving until I was capable, then Mr. John Swain introduced me to his brother Joseph at his place, 6 Bouverie St., and I was bound apprentice for three years. My first job after taking my seat at the bench was an initial for the coming number of "Punch," and from that day until wood blocks were superseded by the newer and swifter methods of illustrating books and papers, I worked in that shop and sat on the same stool. No. 6 Bouverie St. was a private house on the left side, as you face the river ending at the entrance to the Temple gardens. It faced the Bolt-in-Tun Inn, famous in Coaching Days, which fallen on evil days, had become a Temperance Lodging House. The "Punch" editorial office was a few doors past "Swains," so also was the office of the "Daily News," established by Charles Dickens. Here the famous dinner took place every Wednesday, when the authors and artists met to settle the subject of the next cartoon. As a rule no outsiders were admitted to the "Punch" dinner, but there were exceptions; Dean Hole, for instance, (noted for his "Book About Ross") was elected honorary member and was admitted to the table when he happened to be in town. It was he who sent the immortal joke about the yokel who thought Curacao was too good to be served by the thimbleful:—"At a dinner given by my Lord Broadacres to some of his tenants, Curacao was handed in a liquor-glass to Old Turniptops, who, swallowing it with much relish, says, 'O! zay, young man! O!ll take zum of that in a mogg.'" When the dinner was over, business commenced and the subject for the next cartoon chosen. Tenniel, according to Harry Furness, never originated the idea for even one cartoon, even the one most noted "Dropping the Pilot" was not his, but was invented by Gilbert A. Beckett when on his death-bed and sent by him to the editor and given to Tenniel as the subject for the next issue of the paper. Furness sat at the Punch table for over 12 years and during that time did an extraordinary number of drawings; he was the only draughtsman at the table who had a practical knowledge of wood-engraving, having himself worked at the bench and handled the graver. He was the swiftest artist I ever met; had Irish blood in his veins and was quick tempered. We punned on his name and dubbed him "Furnace, a hot 'un!" One thing, he always stood up on behalf of the engravers. In an article of his published in "Tit-bits" he wrote "Poor Swain, the wood-engraver, responsible for the cutting of Tenniel's and all other 'Punch' work for many years; how he was misrepresented! He often showed me Tenniel's drawings before they were engraved. Tenniel made his drawings on the wood with a hard pencil, giving a silver-like and beautiful grey touch to his work, which seldom

had any color understood what the color. This means leaving me when printed gave work gained for the process of Tenniel as well as on paper, and it to the block by this means the preserved and could be compared. When Tenniel which was but were always we so and his drawing on wood death. His drawing of color. I have many of them, and ten in the corner handwriting, "Pr yet when finished gray and far m original drawing, and say that the out. He would of his drawings, pulls taken by t press.

Some of the sta another's expense kindly way. Dou ever, a very caustic that burnt. The nose, and he attacked each o to the staff dinn unpunctuality th retained at a chri had stood spons was met with J mation: "Good, Lord, T didn't present the mug!"

And still less v he heard that, on the Punch office Roman" simply Doyle's session, J that "He'd best Quarrelling with staff, the latter saw rowing in the sam Jerrold, "but not Two of the Punch Du Maurier, had l one eye. At one ed for the other; h ing for a time, bu no longer a neces block, owing to photographing on to draw on paper drawing being red wards as needed. a long, clay pipe, "churchwarden"; l pipe that had bee Thames—a very an coal and about Maurier I never way he attacked the pages of "I have disliked th was a true gentler the word, his hum even when he gav clergy. In a dra "Natural Religion looking Bishop (re Page Boy) says: "Wretched boy! and hears all we even I am but a c "Page.—The Mi A picture of the the wall behind, a that gives emphasi Another Page jok titled "The wrong place." Sir Pom discovering that empty one turned "What, what is t The New Page.— Explodes and is month's wages. Charles Keene wa ful artist and paid the smallest detail had his studio in Fitzroy Square. I ing cabin and wor his cab into the y (all day if necessa him. He was no high life, but his cab and busmen, r could not be beate One such drawing of soldiers entrain

had any color or breadth. But Swain understood what was intended and lift the color. That in wood-engraving, means leaving more of the wood, which when printed gave more depth. Tennial's work gained far more than it lost in the process of engraving." Later on Tennial as well as all other artists drew on paper, and it was photographed on to the block by a secret process. By this means the original drawing was preserved and the finished engraving could be compared and errors clearly seen. When Tennial drew with a pen, which was but seldom, the drawings were always weak; he never liked doing so and his drawings continued to be engraved on wood up to the time of his death. His drawings were always short of color. I have seen and engraved many of them, and almost all had written in the corner in the artist's neat handwriting, "Preserve plenty of color," yet when finished, being black instead of gray and far more effective than the original drawing, he would still grumble and say that the color had all been cut out. He would never have India proofs of his drawings, but always had rough pulls taken by the printer on a hand press.

Some of the staff liked to joke at one another's expense but generally in a kindly way. Douglas Jerrold had, however, a very caustic wit, and said things that burnt. Thackeray had a broken nose, and he and Jerrold were always attacking each other. Thackeray, late to the staff dinner, apologizing for his unpunctuality through having been detained at a christening, at which he had stood sponsor to his friend's boy, was met with Jerrold's pungent exclamation:

"Good, Lord, Thackeray! I hope you didn't present the child with your own mug!"

And still less was he flattered, when he heard that, on its being reported in the Punch office that he was "turning Roman" simply because he supported Doyle's session, Jerrold tartly remarked that "He'd best begin with his nose!" Quarrelling with another member of the staff, the latter said, "Remember we're both rowing in the same boat!" "True," said Jerrold, "but not with the same skull!" Two of the Punch artists, Tennial and Du Maurier, had both lost the sight of one eye. At one time Du Maurier feared for the other; he had to give up drawing for a time, but fortunately, it being no longer a necessity to draw on the block, owing to the new method of photographing on the wood, he was able to draw on paper to a larger scale, the drawing being reduced or enlarged afterwards as needed. Tennial used to smoke a long, clay pipe, that known as a "churchwarden"; Keene smoked an old pipe that had been dredged out of the Thames—a very ancient pipe, black as coal and about 2 inches long. Du Maurier I never saw smoke, and by the way he attacked "My Lady Nicotine" in the pages of "Punch" I think must have disliked the habit. Du Maurier was a true gentleman in every sense of the word, his humor was always kindly, even when he gave a sly dig at the clergy. In a drawing of his entitled "Natural Religion" a very pompous-looking Bishop (reproving his delinquent Page Boy) says:

"Wretched boy! Who is it that sees and hears all we do, and before whom even I am but a crushed worm?"

"Page.—'The Missus, my Lord!"

A picture of the "Missus" hangs on the wall behind, a severe looking lady that gives emphasis to the joke.

Another Page joke is equally good, entitled "The wrong boy in the wrong place." Sir Pompey Bedel, J.P., on discovering that his eggshell is an empty one turned upside down,

"What, what is the meaning of this?"

The New Page.—"Fust o' Hapril, Sir!" Explodes and is dismissed with a month's wages.

Charles Keene was an extremely careful artist and paid great attention to the smallest details. At one time he had his studio in a mason's yard, near Fitzroy Square. He was fond of drawing cabmen and would hire one, to bring his cab into the yard and stand there (all day if necessary) whilst he drew him. He was not good at drawing high life, but his drawing of soldiers, cab and busmen, railway porters, etc., could not be beaten.

One such drawing represents a group of soldiers entraining; a soldier a little

the worse for drink is accosted by the ticket collector, "Now then, make haste! Where's your ticket?"

Bandsman (refreshed).—"Au've lost it!" Ticket Collector.—"Nonsense! Feel in your pocket, you cannot have lost it!" Bandsman.—"Au cannot? Why, man, Au've lost the Big Drum."

No artist excelled Leech for humor; it was his pictures that, more than aught else, increased the sale of "Punch." He used frequently to be late with his drawings. I have been at his house as late as 6.30 p.m. on Saturday to get the cartoon for the following week, although he knew that it would have to be engraved and delivered that same evening. Mr. Swain would complain; but Leech would only laugh as he said, "What are you grumbling about? You have but to put the block on the shelf and throw your gravers at it." Nothing in the way of novelty escaped his busy pencil, whether it was "Rarey" horse-taming or a craze for a new breed of fowl. He found fun in every incident; no artist pictured more tenderly the ways and doings of the children of the poor. The only class that he was bitter over were itinerant musicians; he hated them, they drove him mad.

Thackeray contributed a number of drawings to "Punch." He more than any other owed much to the wood engravers. His drawings were very poor and by comparing his published etchings with those engraved on wood the difference is very visible. Some drawings appear better than others as though drawn by a different hand. In fact they are so, for Thackeray, finding it difficult to put his sketches on the wood made his drawings on paper and it was drawn on to the block by another artist. He tried many such draughtsmen, only to find fault with all. The best are those which actually were drawn on the wood with his own hand and engraved afterwards by a skillful man who saw where the drawing needed help without destroying its individuality. Thackeray was one of the most generous of men; none of Bradbury's boys sent to him came away without a tip. His drawings, untouched, had always one characteristic, that of indecision. There were no firm lines but small touches like so many pieces of chopped straw. The best line artist on Punch was undoubtedly Linley Sambourne, who for a long time was the second cartoonist, but on the retirement of Sir John Tenniel became principal cartoonist. He was the exact opposite to Thackeray; his drawings were of the most decided character; every line told giving both form and texture.

Punch was published on Wednesday, each week, and all work had to be done and delivered to the printers the previous Saturday, no matter whether the drawings came late or early, and as in those days, it was all hand and eye work, the engravers seldom left before St. Pauls chimed the hour of midnight. The great event of the year was the publication of the Almanac or "Christmas Number" and "Mr. Punch's Pocket-book." (This latter was sold chiefly as a gift book.) There was an extra meeting of the staff and the subjects considered, then all got busy, authors, artists, and engravers. No one unacquainted with the methods of production could possibly imagine the amount of work entailed. We, the engravers, worked both night and day; for, of course, the weekly issue had to be out as usual. The Almanac was generally published about the second week in December, in time for it to have its share in the coming Christmas festivities. In later times, so keen became the competition amongst the illustrated papers, each striving to be first in the market, that so-called "Christmas Numbers" came out early in November and at Christmas were quite forgotten, things of the past. Considering the engraver's work against time, it is not surprising that some wood-cuts showed signs of haste, but the wonder is that through the long space of over fifty years the "Punch" engravings show such continued excellence. In days to come I have no doubt that collectors will seek for, and prize, the many excellent prints of this period when the beautiful art of wood-engraving was in its prime, and before the new and swifter processes caused it to become, like that of steel, a thing of the past.

Many and great were the changes going on around as I sat pecking away on

that office stool. London was growing—growing until from a city it had become a county, and many were the scenes in which I, as one of the crowd, took my part. I look on as the great procession of events passes by. I see men whose word and presence swayed multitudes, Gladstone, Disraeli, Bright and Cobden; whose names men swore by, and fought over, pass silently away, their places filled by others, who in their turn were followed and fought over, and then alike forgotten. I see numerous processions, Royal processions bound for Parliament or to Thanksgiving services at St. Pauls; processions of unemployed, notably that of the Great Dock Strike; processions of women interested in the Match Industry marching to protest against Mr. Lowe's proposed taxation of lucifers; processions sincere and those got up and paid for. I have taken part in political demonstrations—tramped the streets as a rifleman or headed by our Colohel Thomas Hughes of Tom Brown fame; formed a Guard of Honor to the Shah of Persia, when at the Crystal Palace, that autocrat was treated to a show of fireworks; I witnessed two exciting trials—that of Orton the Tichbourne Claimant and the trial of Parnell, the Irish leader, released with acclamation, the Times' letter having been proved to be a Piggot forgery. I saw Queen Victoria's two Jubilees and stood in Hyde Park when amidst great mourning she was borne to her grave to the music of The Dead March, and the booming of guns. I see myself, when Hackney was made into a Borough, voting for Sir Charles Russell and his colleague Fawcett, the blind Postmaster General. Years afterwards at Birmingham I saw the late King Edward leaving the Council House to open the New University, attended by Sir Oliver Lodge, its President, and the Mayor and Corporation. I have listened to Mr. Joseph Chamberlain in the days when he was a Radical—and standing with his monocle in his eye—said scathing things about the wicked aristocracy. I have seen the evolution of the "taxi" and the disappearance of horse traffic in the London streets. I have walked miles in search of houses and places made famous by Charles Dickens—have had tasting orders to the huge wine vaults in the London docks. I see myself "passing over to the enemy," as we called photo engraving, working on copper and zinc, instead of wood, until at last Old Father Time cried stop! and my tools put aside, I sit in my little garden—growing roses and listen to the sound of marching feet—as the men of Kitchener's Army pass along the St. Alban's Road on their way to Flanders to fight for "England Home and Liberty."—May God in his mercy give to us victory and peace!

England. J. B. GROVES.

Shepherds and Wise Men.

By W. Sherwood Fox.

As from their uplands sped the shepherds down
To David's town—
Gaunt, humble, uncouth men, whose only school

Was life's hard rule—
Leaving their flocks astray upon the moor,

Thee to adore;
So may I come, Lord, knowing, owning nought,
Yea, to be taught.

The wise men pressed for many a desert sun
From Babylon—
Men schooled in lore of hieroglyph and scroll—

To the star's goal;
And from the Child, childlike, they learned to spell

God's miracle;
Thus may we bring our wisdom, all our thought,
Lord, to be taught.

"I believe," said the impatient man, as he put aside the telephone, "that I'll go fishing." "Didn't know you cared for fishing." "I don't ordinarily. But it's the only chance I have of finding myself at the end of a line that isn't busy."—Washington Star.

The Beaver Circle

OUR SENIOR BEAVERS.

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

Under the Stars One Night.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Under the stars, one holy night
A little babe was born;
Over His head, a star shone bright,
And glistened till the morn,
And wise men came from far away,
And shepherds wandered where he lay
Upon his lowly bed of hay
Under the stars one night.

Under the stars, one blessed night,
The Christ-child came to earth,
And through the darkness broke the light
Of morning at his birth.
And sweet hosannas filled the air,
And guardian angels watched Him where
The Virgin Mother knelt in prayer
Under the stars one night.

Under the stars, one happy night,
We wait for Him once more,
And seem to see the wondrous sight
The shepherds saw of yore.
O Baby born in Bethlehem,
Come to us as you came to them,
And crown us with Love's diadem,
Under the stars to-night.

—By Anna S. Driscoll.

Some Games for Christmas

Holly and Mistletoe.—The boys and girls kneel in a circle, a little distance apart. One is chosen who walks around the outside of the circle, touching each on the head and saying, "Holly, holly, holly," but the one he chooses to catch him he calls "Mistletoe!" He now runs in and out of the circle, and Mistletoe must follow in his exact track. If he misses doing this in three times round he must sit in the center and the leader chooses again. If Mistletoe catches the leader it is his turn to go around and choose a Mistletoe.

The Christmas Tree.—Pass a pencil and half-sheet of note-paper to each child, with another child's name written on one side of the paper. Let each choose a gift to give the one whose name he has drawn. The gifts may be something he knows the other wants very much, or just something funny, like a donkey or a rattle-box. Then each draws a picture of the gift he will give, on the blank side of the paper. The drawing need not be skillful, to make a lot of fun. Let all who are old enough write nonsense verses under their pictures, or jokes explaining them. Then choose a girl to be Christmas tree. She can be decorated with a little tinsel, and hold a lighted candle in each hand. Each child hangs his "gift" with a pin through some part of the "tree's" dress, or hair, or slipper-ribbons. When all the gifts are hung with the names in sight, the children join hands and dance around the tree, singing to the tune of "John Brown's Body":

"Here we go a-marching round this pretty Christmas tree!
Here we go a-marching round this pretty Christmas tree!
Here we go a-marching round this pretty Christmas tree!
To see what Santa brought!"

The circle stops, the leader looks over the tree until he finds his gift. Then they circle and dance and sing again; another hunts his gift, and so on, until the tree is stripped.

A Christmas for a Dollar.

(By I. Winifred Colwell.)

Did you ever think that for a silver dollar and a little work you could produce a truly merry Christmas for four eager children? No. Then read how Junior did it and tell me what you think.

Junior was a short, sturdy, ruddy-haired urchin, grocer's boy part of the time, and newsboy the rest. His brother Jim rejoiced in the same trade. Each morning the two would set out, Jimmy

with his papers and Junior for the grocer's. Later in the day they swapped jobs on account of an old saying of Junior's, "Stickin' at the same job all day makes a fella kinda tired o' nights. Change o' jobs is good fer his constitution"

With the grocer, Mr. Smith, it made no difference. He was one of those fat, good-natured men, and as long as one of the boys was there when called, he did not mind whether it was Jimmy or Junior. One pair of legs were as good to him as another, provided they were not lazy legs. Jimmy and Junior did not give their legs time to get lazy, and so they kept the job.

At heart, Mr. Smith thought a great deal of the two manly little fellows who struggled so hard to keep the wolf from their widowed mother's door. She worked hard and so did they, but he couldn't understand how they managed to exist. They had refused charity, and how could they do it? Two dollars a week came from him, and the rest — ? It was surely to be wondered at. It was beyond Mr. Smith anyhow.

But if you asked Junior to explain it, he would be apt to say, "O, I dunno! We jest does it, that's all." But if you followed him for one day only you would have your answer.

Before "sun-up" you would find him sifting ashes in somebody's cellar. Then you would catch a glimpse of him delivering milk for the milkmen, or perhaps he would be helping some cabby to get fitted up for the day. He was seldom seen very long in the same place, but he was always busy.

His little wooden shovel did good service in the winter months, and it was already in its place behind the kitchen door waiting for the first storm. Junior had his list of customers and he would never fail them, no matter how cold the morning was.

With winter was coming, of course—Christmas—and Junior was determined that it should not go by unnoticed in his home. Mother shook her head and told her little ones that "Santa was killed at the war," but Junior secretly determined to revive him. This resolution came to him when he was given a letter by a harassed gentleman to deliver to a certain lady at a stated address.

Boldly Junior mounted the wide steps and touched a button. Almost immediately the porch was flooded with light. Junior had touched the electric button! But he didn't mind much. He had "seen them things afore," so he bravely pushed the lower button and the lights went out again.

The next button was the right one, and Junior sent a loud peal through the house. The trim little maid who answered, resisted him, but Junior was firm.

"The gentleman had told him which lady was to get it, and she wasn't her." So Junior was allowed to pass. Such a scene as met his eyes he had never witnessed before. But he was on "bizness" and he must not be caught napping, so he watched for some life in this earthly paradise. There was a mass of brown velvet and golden curls which afterwards proved to be a boy of about his own age; there was a lady resplendent in the fashions of the day tying up numerous gay boxes in tissue paper and red ribbons; there was a fat poodle at her feet disturbing the quiet by an occasional grunt, followed by a loving reproof from his mistress.

Junior gasped at it all, but he did not forget his errand. Summoning up his remaining courage he stepped on the soft velvet carpet and declared his "bizness." Then he drew his rough coat sleeve over his burning face and prepared to depart. But the lady handed him something first, and Junior didn't dare look at it until he was out in the cold again. It was a silver dollar!

Junior's first act was to bite it. Why, he did not know, save that all the men "down his way" did it.

The hard metal grated against Junior's small teeth. Then he smiled. It was real, then.

"Golly!" said Junior, as he realized his good luck.

It took a lot of self-control on his part to refrain from going home before the usual hour, but nevertheless he did it.

Then Junior did something which he never did before in all his short life. He

hid that dollar under his little straw mattress and told his mother nothing about it. But she saw it when she made his bed one morning. Still she said nothing, for she trusted him fully. She decided to watch and wait.

The 24th of December dawned bright and clear. There had been a snowstorm the night before, and Junior's small shovel was busy until it was time to go to Mr. Smith's. His brain was busy, too, as he worked, and such plans! Wait till you hear them!

About five o'clock Jimmy appeared as usual to relieve his brother, and then these plans began to work.

With the silver dollar clutched tightly in his fist Junior sped towards a certain toyshop and paused breathlessly before the brilliantly-lighted doorway. The glare blinded him, but he blinked once or twice, and proceeded to worm his way inside.

"Gee," he said happily, as the stacked-up toys greeted him, "ain't they just great now?"

Santa Claus was busy down at the other end of the store. Junior caught sight of him above the struggling mass of children with an open sack. The temptation was too great, and Junior went nearer.

Santa spied him coming. "Hey, kid!" he shouted. "Can you catch?"

Could he? Junior merely nodded and stretched out his hands. A small, oblong parcel fell into them, and Junior eyed it for a moment, dumfounded. Then he snatched off his woollen cap, placed one hand over his chest and gave Santa a profound bow of thanks. But the crowd swept him back and his bow was wasted. Nevertheless he grinned cheerfully as he issued from the store about fifteen minutes later with some irregular-shaped bundles in his arms. He had only forty-five cents left, but he had presents for Mother, Ruth, Jennie, Nan and Jimmy, besides the one Santa had given him for himself.

He stowed them all in the back woodshed and once more went forth, for his plans were not half worked out yet. Forty-five cents remained to be spent. Stacks of Christmas trees stood in the town square as Junior approached. Breathlessly he sought out the "tree-man."

"Say, mister," he begged, "if I help you to-night will you gimme a left-over tree?"

The "tree-man" was extra busy. He merely nodded, and Junior went to work. "Here y' are, ladies an' gentlemen!" he shouted lustily. "Fi-ne Christmas trees! Best you kin buy! Don't go home without one! These was growed under favorable conditions! Reasonable for cash! Here y' are, fi-ne Christmas trees!"

Thus Junior sold a number of trees. But one's voice won't stay strong long under such a strain, and the "tree-man" noticed it.

"You kin hev that there tree, youngster," he shouted at him, "an' good luck an' merry Chris'mus!"

"That there tree" was small, but it suited Junior's purpose. Overwhelmed with gratitude, he seized his treasure and proceeded to drag it home. Then, when it was safely hid in the back alley with the rest of his "surprises," Junior proceeded to recount his capital. Forty-five cents!

You, reader, would probably snifle and say it wasn't enough. But Junior didn't. He counted it twice with numbed fingers, and then he said, "Golly!"

Whistling bravely, he plowed his way through an unnecessary snow-drift and was gone again. He was back in a trice, fifteen cents poorer, but with more parcels. These were to trim his tree. Did you ever trim a tree for fifteen cents?

"Now," said Junior, as he counted his present capital, "for the eats!"

To be sure, one couldn't expect to get much Christmas candy for thirty cents. But Junior was not a bit downhearted. There was an orange, a barley-sugar toy, and a candy cane (small, to be sure,) apiece, from that thirty cents, and proudly Junior laid them with the rest of his treasures.

It was almost dawn when he finished all his preparations.

The Christmas chimes were ringing, and the echo of them came to the tired, but

happy boy, as he put the finishing-touches to his tree.

Merry Christmas! Someone shouted from the outside world, and Junior caught the spirit.

"Merry Chris'mus, everyone!" he shouted. "Santy's beep here. Come on doawn!"

Four-year-old Ruth was the first to obey the summons. Her eyes fell almost immediately on the cheap wax doll bearing her name. She shrieked her joy, and then the rest came.

Junior opened the parcel Santa had given him and shrieked with the rest. It was a mouth-organ. Shyly he pulled back an unnoticed curtain and revealed "the tree."

How the children shouted when they saw it. Gay strings of pop-corn adorned the branches. The candy canes and pop-corn balls were in evidence, and big silver balls hung here and there. These balls were of cotton, covered with tinsel paper saved from the cigarette packages of Mr. Smith's clerk.

The mother reached out her hand and the children understood. Round and round the tree they danced, making the old house ring with their laughter, while outside the chimes did their best to make themselves heard.

"Peace on earth,
Goodwill to men."

Now there was a surprise awaiting Junior. Mother had a chicken all dressed and ready for the oven. Mr. Smith had sent it by Jimmy, with an apology that it "wasn't a turkey." But the children didn't mind that. It was "Christmas," and Santa had not forgotten them after all.

No one suspected Junior save his mother. She remembered the silver dollar, but said nothing. Junior would not have liked to have her know. He had spent his dollar, gained more than the money's worth of fun from it, and now he was ready for the New Year.

OUR JUNIOR BEAVERS.

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

Little Santa Claus.

When Santa Claus was very small,
A little boy like you and me,
There were no Christmas trees at all,
Or gifts to hang upon the tree.

He did not hang his stocking there
Beside the fire to hold the toys;
He never had a Teddy Bear
To love, or drum to make a noise.

The Christmas tales that Grandma tells
Had not been heard of then, they say;
Small Santa never heard the bells
That jingle on the reindeer sleigh;

And so he said, "When I'm a man,
Just watch and see the things I'll do!"
The tree and toys were all his plan:
I'm glad he thought of them.—Aren't you?

—Charlton L. Edholm.

Junior Beavers' Letter Box

Dear Puck and Beavers,—I thought I would write because I enjoy reading the letters very much. My father has taken "The Farmer's Advocate" for a number of years. For pets, I have a pigeon named Billy and a pony named Bonnie. We have great fun with her. She is white. As this is my first letter I will close with a riddle.

Up and down, up and down, and never touches the sky or ground. Ans.—A pump-handle.

JEAN BELL (age 11 years),
Lambton Mills, Ont.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—This is my first letter to your Beaver Circle. I enjoy reading the Beavers' letters. I go to school every day. Our teacher's name is Miss Craig. I have a little dog; his name is Buster. We have another dog; his name is Collie. He goes for the cows alone. We live on a farm and enjoy it very much, and have taken "The Farmer's Advocate" for about six years, and like it fine. We have fifteen cows and eight young cattle; also six calves

and ten horses. I think my letter is getting rather long.
RUTH GOODFELLOW (age 7, Sr. I.),
Lancaster, Ont.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—This is my first letter to your charming Circle. My father has taken "The Farmer's Advocate" for fifteen years. I enjoy reading the Beavers' letters very much. I have two brothers younger than myself; their names are Melville and Victor. We have a pony and cart. The pony's name is Dollie. I like my teacher; her name is Miss Reid. We have a School Fair every year. It is held in Cooksville. This was our second fair. I had flowers, but some of the rows did not come up. I like flowers. Well, I guess I will close for this time, wishing the Beavers success.
CHARLIE CROZIER (age 8),
Streetsville, Ont.

Dear Puck and Beavers,—I am six years old. I go to school at Pond Mills. My teacher's name is Miss Calhoun. I am in the Primer Class and do good work. I have two brothers, Cameron and Willie. We have four pups. I have two sisters, Ethel and Gladys.
MARGARET ELLEN JACKSON,
Wilton Grove, Ont., R. R. 1.

The Ingle Nook.

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

A Rare Entertainment.

One of the most delightful things about the winter, it seems to me, is the opportunity it gives for having friends come in to "while the hours away" with pleasant talk. Picnics and veranda teas, born of the summer, are delightful after their own fashion, but as a rule the boundlessness of the out-of-doors is not greatly conducive to conversation; one wants to look much, and to drift often into reverie. Tennyson could never have imagined his lotus-eaters by a crackling wood fire; he had to think them into an atmosphere of softly lapping waters and languorous sunshine, and still, perfumed air. For real coziness, for real stimulation to interchange of ideas, for real soul-touching, there is nothing under the heavens so favorable as a quiet room, not too large, comfortably furnished, with a prettily-shaded, low reading-lamp—or, still better, a glowing grate—as its focal point. If storms howl or sleet drives out in the darkness past the window-panes, all the better; one but snuggles down with a sweeter consciousness of happiness and is all the more ready, since there is so much tumult in the Universe, to let the cobwebs blow out of the brain. It was not without reason that Ruskin defined the setting for a home as a fire roofed in and with four walls about it, or something to that effect.

But there is one thing, it seems to me, that crops up as invariably as the winter time itself, and that tends all too often to spoil all the opportunities of the cozy room and the glowing grate. I refer to the unhappy ferment in the thinking apparatus of most hostesses which impels them continually to provide "entertainment." No sooner are you settled nicely, and, perhaps, launched on what promises to be an interesting chat with your next neighbor, than along comes my lady and thrusts a deck of cards at you. Or maybe she proposes a dance, or, still more likely a series of stunts that for sheer silliness and brainlessness would make the "dippy duck dance" described by Peter McArthur in one of his recent articles look like a thoughtful, graceful and dignified performance. What sane human over fourteen years of age, for instance, really enjoys scooping potatoes up with a spoon in a potato race? Or trimming hats with old feathers and tissue paper? Or marching about in some dumb show with a bandage over his eyes? And yet, every winter, we see people shrieking with laughter over such exhibitions.

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RET ELLEN JACKSON. Ont., R. R. 1.

Ingle Nook.

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Entertainment.

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and mature humans even thirty and forty years of age going patiently through them. Of course, the laughter is forced; everybody knows that; trumped up because it is expected, and out of compliment to the hostess. And, of course, the mature humans are led as lambs to the slaughter. No wonder that men, as a rule, fly from parties as from the plague—ejuvocate, lie, do anything to escape from them.

Now I have no aversion to cards occasionally, if conversation flags, and when all the Barkises are "willin'." I enjoy a good game of whist or five-hundred as well as anybody. And I think pretty dances, in a good home atmosphere are often delightful. And I have no objection to childish games—for children. The point I am coming to is this: That I do not think that any one of these things should be eternally forced upon people from the very start to the very finish of every evening they spend out during a whole winter. I think some place should be left for conversation.

I remember once hearing a man say that he considered being a good conversationalist the best of all accomplishments. He commented on the feverish way in which parents strive to "give" their children music, a smattering of painting (usually a "bad" smattering), a pawning acquaintance with French, and expressed his amazement that so few ever seemed to bestow a thought upon the really greater and more delightful art of conversation.

I believe he was right. The trouble is that there exists an idea that conversation needs no encouragement, that talk simply "grows," as "Topsy" grew, and to a certain extent this is true. There are born talkers, just as there are born musicians and artists and inventors, and there are few people who cannot manage to communicate SUCH IDEAS AS THEY HAVE with tolerable fluency. But the point lies just here—"Such ideas as they have."—Read that over again and see if it does not convey to you the suggestion that, after all, it is the people who have the richest fund of ideas who are really the best conversationalists. These people, it may be, do not always talk so very much, although they are likely to do so once in a while when the flood-gates are open, but you always feel that there is a reserve force behind even their silences, and you are never surprised when they say things that count.—And now, perhaps, you are ready to admit that good conversation, no more than right praying, depends upon "much speaking." You know, as well as I, the mere "talker" who is an intolerable bore, and you know as well as I the sometimes quiet people from whose presence you always come as from a place of benediction; the very quietness has been irradiated by a few darting lights, a few things said that keep you thinking for a week. It is told of Tennyson and Carlyle that occasionally they would spend whole evenings together at the Sage's house at Chelsea, smoking and saying almost nothing. At the close the one would invariably say to the other, "What a grand evening we have had." One does not need to be told that there were other evenings when high talk, as incense, mingled with the ascending blue pipe-smoke.

All this, of course, does not debar mere chatter and nonsense once in a while. To try to keep continually at a tension of high talk would be mere pose, as abominable as every other pose is.—The loveliest river has its ripples over the shallows as well as its deeps which reflect the far-off sky.—What one would emphasize is that there must not be NOTHING BUT SHALLOWS.

In two of the cities in which I have lived I have stumbled, by happy chance, among a few coteries of people who know how to make real conversation. And the beauty of it is that there is no effort in the matter. The talk is absolutely spontaneous and unpremeditated and always enjoyed. Its infinite variety is the thing that impresses and delights. Sometimes world-topics, the affairs of the nations, even "Socialism" (once taboo!), hold the floor. Again, art may be under discussion, and each in the little circle knows enough of Rodin and Whistler, Watts and the Pre-Raphaelites, to follow with intelligence and interest. Or it may that literature

—that more encompassing art—is to the fore, and then there are comments on books that make the hours fly. . . . World-religions suggest even deeper interest, and anon the talk is almost sure to drift to the revolt of the most advanced of modern thought away from all that cabins and bnis towards the great free spaces of a greater and better Infinity than has heretofore been dreamed. It is recognized that there have been discoveries everywhere, that the good God has not been so narrow and sectarian as to give every single one of His revelations to one small people; and so on brings forth a "new" gem from Buddah, and another one from Confucius, and yet others quote from the researches of the mystics of a later day. It is recognized that we are only at the beginning of things, and the very air becomes electric.

These people, too, are the very antithesis of prigs or "highbrows." They are the simplest folk of manner and life that I know. Seeing so much to be understood, they have neither time nor inclination to be conceited. And their very perception of great, remote things makes them see the wonder in all about. I know of no one so interested in gardens and domestic science as are some of them. For them there is no commonplace. For them every bush "burns."

To be absolutely honest, I have never found a similar coterie anywhere in the country, although such may exist, and, if so, I shall be glad to hear of them. But I should be glad indeed to know that they were growing up in every rural community the world over. For there is no reason why they should not, any more than there is no reason why they should not be found on every street in every city, instead of as now, but a few nuclei almost submerged in a gulf of commercialism.

Yes, Ideas,—the one condition of best conversation and best friendships. When people have Ideas, sooner or later—they talk, and talk "with," not merely harangue. They can't keep from it. If the Ideas differ, what matter? Only very narrow people cannot brook opinions different from their own, or fail to be interested in them.

It is just here that "worth-while" books prove their value. They suggest Ideas. When we know how to use them we recognize that we do not read them for the sake of knowing all that is in them, but chiefly because of the delight and inspiration of the trails that they set us exploring on our own account,—for the added power they give us in comparing, weighing, reaching the reasonable balance of things. And so, it seems to me, books are at the back of every coterie that has really learned how to hold conversation.—Think of the derivation of that word: "con,"—"with," and "versare"—"to turn much." What a difference between conversation and mere talk! . . . On the other hand, I really don't think that one can start out to "manufacture" such a coterie with any hope of great success—no matter what one's enthusiasm. It rather has to "grow"—a natural drifting together of congenial souls, but it can be encouraged. The best way is to begin reading on one's own account along broad lines, here a little and there a little, and to augment one's circle by gradually interesting others. Lend books and articles—but keep a list of the names of the books and those to whom they are loaned, and don't be afraid to ask for them again if necessary; you will want to lend them to others.

And now, don't you begin to see (of course many of you no doubt have seen years ago) how real conversation may be born and increase? And how different it is from mere chatter or malicious gossip? And don't you think that many evenings spent in such intercourse are really more pleasant, more profitable, and altogether more inspiring than when given over to throwing bean-bags, or ceaseless cards? It seems to me that giving smaller evening parties and more of them might help to set the ball rolling. Four or five people are much more likely to talk worth-while things than are twenty people. Occasionally, of course, the large party with its nonsense and its pretty dances has its place,—for all, too, if especially for the young folk.

It seems like anti-climax to come down to any broad rules in connection with this subject, and yet in the field of conversation there is the possibility of a few errors so palpable and so annoying that it seems almost necessary to formulate a few flat objections to them.

Have you ever known a talker so conceited, so persistent, and so regardless of the rights of others that he absolutely monopolizes the floor wherever he is, and, perhaps, for a whole evening? If anyone else ventures to intrude an opinion he waits with an impatient countenance and deaf ear, until he can get his own voice going again; or perhaps he waves the other off with an imperious gesture of the hand, and proceeds to down by a mere avalanche of words. Such a person can take no part in any real "conversation."

Again, there is the individual who is so full of ideas that he can hardly wait until he can tumble them forth. The trouble with him is that he is likely to interrupt. In all probability he is very estimable and has really splendid things to say, but he simply forgets that it is rude to interrupt, and that in fair conversation there must be no rudeness, no crowding back of others from their rightful share.

Last of all there is the danger of excessive shyness. This, perhaps, is the hardest of all to overcome. If you are shy, you will not stand in the way of others, yet, on the other hand, if you have an idea that is worth something, it may be your duty as well as your privilege to contribute it. In these broad days we are beginning to know that thoughts are very real forces, but how can they be forceful unless they are set moving by word of lip or of pen?—And in the social circle it is the word of lip that counts.

In preparing the plan, then, for our winter's doings, can we not make some place for the encouragement of conversation parties? I should like to hear YOUR opinions, for I want our Ingle Nook to be a place for "conversation," not a platform from which I myself talk. Trusting, then, to hear from some of you.

Cordially yours,
JUNIA.

An Echo from the Firing Line.

I cannot resist the temptation to give you to-day a letter recently received from a British soldier who was connected with our staff before the outbreak of the war. In August, 1914, he left us, and now he writes us,—safe still, though after many perils and much suffering—from England.

"Just a few lines," he writes, "to wish you and all at 'The Advocate' a Happy Christmas and a Prosperous New Year. My last letter to you was written at Lemnos Island. I don't know whether you got it safely or if you wrote a reply, as I had no letters which were sent out there. As I expected, we were in the firing line two days after I wrote that, taking part in the landing at Suvla Bay, which you have no doubt read about in the papers. It was terrible work, landing at midnight, with everything dark and only the flashing of the rifles to show us where the Turks were. However, we landed all right, with comparatively few losses, and drove them a matter of two miles inland. We then had orders to dig ourselves in, which we did. During the next few days we continued to advance, and succeeded in driving them another two and a half miles, and in occupying their first three lines of trenches. On Tuesday, August 10th, I was unlucky enough to be hit twice, getting one through my stomach, close to the right hip, and the other in my right thigh. After lying for about two hours under a murderous fire, I managed to get back to the dressing station, from which I was taken to the beach on a stretcher and put on a boat and brought back to England. I thought it was all over with me, but thanks to God and some clever doctors, I am well again, and returned to the reserve battalion of my regiment, and expect to return to the front very soon after Christmas.

This is the second time I have been wounded. The first time was in France, where I got hit by a piece of shrapnel.

When I recovered from that I was transferred to the 4th Royal Sussex, as I told you in my last letter, and we were sent to the Dardanelles. But I must say that during the time I was in France I never saw anything, or went through anything so terrible as those four days in Gallipoli. The heat was awful during the day, and so was the cold at night. We landed carrying packs which weighed nearly 120 pounds, and were also served out with 400 rounds of ammunition, so you can guess we had no light job. Again my battalion was very badly cut up, and of the 1,200 of us who went out there, I think there are only 120 men left there now, although this time I am thankful to say most of our losses were due to dysentery and wounds, very few being killed, our losses through death being less than 100. My brother, who was with us also, was unlucky enough to be wounded too, and he is still in a Convalescent Home, but getting on all right now. I expect you are pretty busy now, aren't you? I should like to be with you. Anyway, I think I have done my bit, and shall be glad to get this war all finished. I like the life of a soldier, but have distinct objections to being knocked about by bullets and shrapnel. Still, although I should be glad to see it over, I am getting used to trenches, and rather look forward to going out again. There is more excitement about it than sticking here training.

TWO MORE CHRISTMAS LETTERS.

Dear Junia,—In a recent issue of "The Farmer's Advocate" you asked for letters on what we thought was "The Best in Life," and so I venture to tell you my opinion. The best in life is love, pure and unselfish.

St. Paul, St. Peter and St. John, have said so. These men were very different from each other, and yet each places love in comparison with the gifts for which he was remarkable, and prefers it before them. Love brings happiness wherever it abounds, whether in a palace, mansion or cottage.

The poor person who has to earn a living may be happier than the one with millions in gold, houses and lands may be, if loving kindness reigns in the home of the poor one. Money may be a blessing if wisely used. Money will not buy happiness, though it will buy substitutes, we are told. Love inspires us to the very best that we are capable of accomplishing. This side of Heaven there is nothing half so sweet as loving and being loved in return, and as God is Love, we may be sure that Heaven is filled with the same virtue. Love cherishes no ill-will towards anyone; it does good to all, whether enemies or friends, and prays for them that despitefully use it. If we would be remembered for our good works, let us be kind to every person we meet day by day, and with God's help let us make the best use of our opportunities, not exalting ourselves nor thinking of ourselves more highly than we ought to think, but humbly doing our best and being the best we are capable of becoming.

I remember reading somewhere these lines:

"He is great of heart who regards the earth with a great affection; he is great of mind who fills the world with great thoughts; he is great of will who shapes the world to a greater career; and he is greatest of all who does the most of all these things, and does them best."

Another verse comes to my mind just now. I do not know who is the author:

"Oh, how skillful grows the hand,
That obeyeth love's command,
It is the heart, and not the brain,
That to the highest doth attain,
And he who followeth love's behest,
Far excellet all the rest.

Now, dear Junia, I think your part in "The Advocate" is wonderful, and an inspiration to us all. Yours sincerely,
AILEEN.
Peterborough Co., Ont.

Dear Ingle Nook Friends,—In reading a recent issue of "The Farmer's Advocate" I noticed a little chat from Junia on writing letters for this year's Christmas Number. When I read it, I just felt as



Special Xmas Offer

Here is a special Christmas Gift offer to our farmer friends and only good for the month of December:— With every 98 lb. bag of flour ordered between now and the end of the month we will give an interesting novel or cook book free. On and after January 1st, 1916, only one book will be given with every four bags. Make out your order and select your books from list at bottom of ad. Do it now.

Cream of the West Flour

the hard wheat flour guaranteed for bread

GUARANTEED FLOURS [Per 98-lb. bag

- Cream of the West Flour (for bread).....\$3.45
- Toronto's Pride (for bread).....3.25
- Queen City Flour (blended for all purposes).....3.15
- Monarch Flour (makes delicious pastry).....3.05

CEREALS

- Cream of the West Wheatlets (per 6-lb. bag)......30
- Norwegian Rolled Oats (per 90-lb. bag).....3.00
- Bob-o-link Cornmeal (per 98-lb. bag).....2.40

FEEDS

Per 100-lb bag

- "Bullrush" Bran.....\$1.30
- "Bullrush" Middlings.....1.30
- Extra White Middlings.....1.45
- "Tower" Feed Flour.....1.75
- Whole Manitoba Oats.....1.80
- "Bullrush" Crushed Oats.....1.85
- Sunset Crushed Oats.....1.70
- Manitoba Feed Barley.....1.85
- Barley Meal.....1.90
- Geneva Feed (crushed corn, oats and barley).....1.80
- Oil Cake Meal (old process, ground fine).....2.25
- Chopped Oats.....1.85
- Feed Wheat.....1.80
- Whole Corn.....1.95
- Cracked Corn.....2.00
- Feed Corn Meal.....1.95

Prices on Ton Lots: We cannot make any reduction on above prices, even if you purchase five or ten tons. The only reduction from the above prices would be on carload orders.

Terms Cash with Order: Orders may be assorted as desired. On shipments up to five bags, buyer pays freight charges. On shipments over five bags we will prepay freight to any station in Ontario, east of Sudbury and south of North Bay. West of Sudbury and New Ontario, add 15 cents per bag. Prices are subject to market changes.

LIST OF FAMOUS BOOKS:

- Ye Olde Miller's Household Book.—Over 1,000 tested recipes, and large medical section. Enclose 10 cents to pay postage and packing on this book. No postage asked for on other books.
- Black Beauty, by Anna Sewell.
- Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm, by Kate Douglas Wiggin.
- Little Women, by Louisa Alcott.
- Innocents Abroad, by Mark Twain.
- The Lilac Sunbonnet, by S. R. Crockett.
- Quo Vadis, by Sienkiewicz.
- Lorna Doone, by R. D. Blackmore.
- The Three Musketeers, by Alexandre Dumas.
- The Mighty Atom, by Marie Corelli.
- Mr. Potter of Texas, by A. C. Gunter.
- Beautiful Joe, by Marshall Saunders.
- A Welsh Singer, by Allen Raine.
- Adam Bede, by George Eliot.
- Helen's Babies, by John Habberton.
- Tom Brown's School Days, by Thos. Hughes.
- David Harum, by E. N. Westcott.
- The Scarlet Pimpernell, by Baroness Orczy.
- The Mill on the Floss, by Geo. Eliot.
- Jess, by Rider Haggard.
- The Story of an African Farm, by Olive Schreier.

The Campbell Flour Mills Company
LIMITED
(WEST) TORONTO, ONTARIO

if I must write myself, and such a splendid subject, too! "The Best Thing in Life."

Junia has such rousing little ideas stored away in that brain of hers hasn't she, chatters? They seem to rouse us up and make us take a peep into our inner selves to see what we are really working and living for.

Now, before writing anything on that particular subject she has chosen for us, I am going to tell you just a little about myself and our family here at home.

I am quite a young girl, and live on a farm with my parents and brothers. I am planning this year to give them each some little gift of my own making for Christmas. I always feel as if the nicest gift to the "home folk" is something of one's own making if possible, with a little love stitch here and there. What do the Ingle Nook friends think?

I must thank all of the chatters who, from time to time, have sent their cooking recipes to this department. I have tried a number of them, and have nearly always met with success.

I have copied out Mr. McArthur's recipe for tomato mustard, and intend trying it at the first opportunity. Wasn't it splendid of him to think of sending it? I always read his letters to "The Advocate," and always enjoy them.

One of my greatest desires is to be a real good cook and housekeeper, and I have often found much to help me in "The Farmer's Advocate." I believe I love it equally as much as Junia does.

Now for a few words on our subject, "The Best Thing in Life." When I first thought of writing this letter, I began to think that the subject was quite beyond me. I, who am so young, and with no experience in this big world, beyond the quiet life of home. But I determined to write anyway and give my opinion. I believe that, so far as I have gone, the thing that has helped me most, has made me happiest, and what I really consider the best thing to live for, is Helpfulness to Others.

Whenever I am feeling sad or down-hearted, I just think of how I can help someone else. It helps ever so much, just to visit a sick friend, or carry a bouquet of flowers or a few bright words to an old person. To give a helping hand to some busy housewife, or amuse the dear little children,—even just a cheerful expression of the face, or a smile will help someone forget a heart-ache. And who of us in this time of war but has an opportunity to help in some way? We may give to the Patriotic Fund, the Belgian Relief, etc.

And may I say to any of you who have the opportunity of speaking a few words to the mothers of soldiers who have gone to the front, do not let it pass. Who needs your sympathy more than the dear mother, whose heart is aching for that boy who is missing at this Christmas-tide?

And, chatters, in closing let me say to you that this sympathy, this helpfulness to others, will not be without its benefit to yourself. It will bring out the very best that is in you all through life. And remember, too, our Saviour's words, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto Me."

I will close by wishing all the readers of "The Farmer's Advocate" a Merry Christmas and Happy and Prosperous New Year. That Santa Claus will be good to you all is the wish of your young friend.

"CANADA FOREVER."

APPLE MARMALADE—DIFFICULT CHURNING.

"Bluebell," Simcoe Co., Ont., wishes a recipe for apple marmalade; also wishes to know why cream churned at 64 degrees should take from 1 hour to 1½ hours to churn?

A very good way to make apple marmalade is as follows: Pare and core the apples and cook in a very little water, closely covered, until almost done. Now add the sugar in quantity depending upon the degree of sweetness which you prefer. Also add any of several flavorings—sliced lemon, orange, ginger-root or cloves—and cook very slowly, with the lid off, until of the required quired thickness. The sugar may be put with the apples at the beginning, but

they will then require more attention to keep them from burning. Also, if you choose, you may add Sultana raisins, or raisins and sliced orange. There is seemingly no end to the number of variations you may bring in for apple marmalade.

In regard to the churning question, see our issue for December 2nd, page 1884. The matter was fully dealt with there.

ABOUT LARD.

Dear Junia,—Will you kindly give instructions how to render lard so that it will be pure and sweet, like what we buy in the stores?

Have tried slicing potato in it, but still it seems to taste "strong," although as white as one would want it. Also let me know if adding onion to meat when canned would interfere in any way with its keeping. Thanking you in advance.

"A SUBSCRIBER'S SISTER."

Queen's Co., P. E. I.

Scientific American gives the following method of preparing lard: "Cleanliness is the great point. The fat is freed from all adhering fleshy or discolored matter by cutting. It is next melted until it becomes perfectly clear. It is then run through linen filters and stirred until white and opaque. When cool, cover tightly, as air makes it rancid." An additional hint from the same source is the following: "Even during the warmest weather lard can be kept sweet by the following plan: When rendering, throw into each kettle a handful of fresh slippery-elm bark. No salt must be added. The jars in which the lard is to be kept must be thoroughly cleaned (scalded)."

The onion should not interfere with the keeping qualities of meat that is perfectly canned.

The Scrap Bag.

SOME ECONOMIC HINTS.

Do you know?—

(1) That old cashmere stockings may be used to patch holes and thin places in newer ones that are becoming hard to darn? Do not turn in the edges; simply baste in place and herring-bone down neatly and closely.

(2) That old cashmere stockings may be made into nice warm drawers for very little children? Slit the stockings down at the sides and sew together to make the right shape.

(3) That old shirtwaists make good corset covers? Cut off the sleeves, cut lower at the neck, and edge with lace.

(4) That old skirts may be made into excellent underskirts and bloomers for the larger children? It pays to have a good bloomers pattern for little girls. They are both nicer and warmer than petticoats.

(5) That old woven undershirts should be kept to patch other undershirts, and to make warm, clean mittens for hanging out the clothes in cold weather?

(6) That cracks in stoves and around pipes may be mended by a paste made by boiling shredded asbestos paper with a little water.

(7) That soaking tooth-brushes for an hour before they are used at all will help to keep the bristles from coming out?

Next?—Please pass on your good ideas.

The Baby in the Red House.

By Winifred Kirkland.

It was wet, sullen weather. For eleven days there had not been a gleam of sunshine, and the bleakness and gloom were getting on everybody's nerves, teachers' and pupils' alike, in Waverly School. At mid-morning the electric lights had to be kept going in all the classrooms—and that grows depressing. As the elders knew well, the best regulated schools become turbulent in such grim March days as these. Therefore, the Waverly Faculty kept its eyes open, and its ears, and the girls knew it and resented it, as they moped in disconsolate little groups about the roaring hall hearth at the hours usually sacred to outdoors. The wood fires were cheer-ing, also the unexpected fudge party on



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Please mention "The Farmer's Advocate."

Friday evening, but Maidie Hayes refused to be comforted.

"Whatever they do it's just a boarding-school after all—just a great barracks full of homesick girls. The teachers might work their heads off trying, they couldn't make this great prison like a home!"

Maidie said this to Miss Booth, who sat at the head of her table, a teacher who, under stress of a bad headache, had vainly endeavored to enliven the fudge party of the evening before, all the time feeling Maidie's sullen, scornful eyes, commenting on all her little pleasantries, until poor Miss Booth had felt herself a very clown. There was always battle between these two.

"I think you girls are very ungrateful!" said Miss Booth, with flushing cheeks. She was a dark, tense, thin young woman whose eyes, to be truthful, were not unlike Maidie's, as much as brown may be like blue, quick to flash, yet eager, tender, unsatisfied.

"I don't care if I am ungrateful!" Maidie flashed back, manners all forgotten. "It's perfectly horrid here, and I wish I was home!"

"I wish I were home!" corrected Miss Booth, now grown remote and icy.

"I wish I were where I could talk any grammar I please!"

Then just as Miss Booth, tight-lipped, was meditating the propriety of sending a girl of seventeen from the dining-table to her own room, Maidie concluded irrelevantly, with a catch in her breath and a suspicion of mist in her eyes. "And it's so foggy I can't see the baby!"

"What baby?" asked Miss Booth's lips, but in her heart she knew what baby. Was not her room just above Maidie's? Did it not command exactly the same view?

"The baby in the red house," answered Maidie indifferently, dismissing the subject and remaining silent through the salad and dessert. How could she talk to Miss Booth—a thin-lipped, prying, reproving, unsympathetic old maid like that—about a baby?

Across from the great gray building of Waverly School runs a little quiet suburban street, and along this are little houses with little lawns, and little piazzas and little families, and in one of these, a cheery, red bandbox of a cottage, lives Maidie's baby. It is doubtless naughty conduct to observe one's neighbors too closely, but there was no detail of that tiny menage that Maidie did not know.

She knew the baby's father, a jolly young scamp who stood so long on the sidewalk in the morning, grimacing and contorting himself in good-by to Miss Baby at the window, that he made his train to the city only by setting off on a dead run. There was the baby's grandmother, a very fat little old lady who always made surprise visits, puffing and beaming, and looking up at the windows, all smiles, as she came near. There was the baby's little mother, whom Maidie had once seen close by on the train coming out from town, and had been made still and solemn by the sweet joy in the girl's face. Then there were the baby's cook and the baby's old Irish nurse and the baby's red-faced furnace-man, and lastly there was the baby herself!

From across the street, Maidie had watched the baby in the window, on the piazza, in her coach, but only once had Maidie met her face to face, and then as she tried to peep under the coach top the nurse had lifted it a little, and Maidie had seen the baby fast asleep, the little lovely face pearl-white among the pillows. One hand, pink and sweet as an arbutus blossom, was uncovered. Maidie laid her finger in the little palm and the fingers closed about it, small and soft. There was only Delia to see how beautiful Maidie's eyes grew.

But Maidie was not the only one who watched that baby. From the window above Maidie's a pair of hungry dark eyes observed all the cheery doings of the little red house. Almost fiercely sometimes Miss Booth looked over toward the little house. If for just one-half hour she could have clasped to her heart her own little child! Yet how lightly, how carelessly, the girl mother over the way bore her great joy!

The year had been harder than usual, and as she viewed the matter quietly

Miss Booth knew that the reason lay with Maidie Hayes. From the beginning of the year Maidie's whole attitude had said: "You are old, you are a teacher, you cannot understand." Miss Booth was not a tactful woman, she was too intense to win the friendship of the girls in her charge easily; yet in the end, through the years her earnestness, her sincerity, had counted; and there were always some girls at her table, on her corridor, who, by trusting her and loving her, had found the tenderness back of the austerity. But this year Miss Booth could count no real friend among the girls, and it was Maidie's fault. From the beginning Maidie had resented every rule and regulation, protesting, scolding, but never breaking them. Moody as she often was, she had a sunnier side, and was, moreover, a forcible young person who drew other girls to her way of thinking.

Slowly, surely, yet so gradually that she hardly knew it was happening, Miss Booth came to feel herself alone at her table in her corridor; and between herself and Maidie there had come to be established war to the knife. Not until lately, under stress of nerve-racking weather, had Maidie been actually impertinent, but now matters were coming to a crisis. "In fact the crisis may as well be reached tonight," decided Miss Booth, when she had returned to her own room after dinner. She would summon Maidie and they would have it out.

Miss Booth had not turned on the lights in her room. She looked across the street, to where the undrawn shades brazenly proclaimed a little crib and a slight form in white that bent over it. Miss Booth pressed her hands together quietly. "I had thought," she said to herself, "that if I couldn't have that, I might perhaps have these girls; it wouldn't be lonesome then. But I can't. Instead," she went on wearily, "I must talk to Maidie."

Miss Booth touched her bell and sent the maid to summon Miss Hayes.

Now Maidie's room was also in darkness. The fog had lifted, and Maidie sat crouched on the window-seat, her face pressed to the pane, watching that beautiful window across the way, her eyes misty with dreams. The maid and her message were a hideous interruption. Maidie sprang up, shaken with anger from head to foot. "Why can't she let me alone!" she stormed, as the maid shut the door. "Alone with the baby! I don't suppose she ever loved a baby in her life!"

Miss Booth's room was brightly lighted and the telltale shade and curtains were close drawn. Miss Booth felt strangely tired and limp to-night, too fagged at first to cope with the fiery young person who stood before her fairly charged with rage, although her lips were held tight shut. Then in an instant Miss Booth's temper leaped to her cheeks and eyes. "Maidie," she said. "I sent for you chiefly on account of the way in which you spoke to me at dinner. The impertinence in your words of late, and still more in your manner—your whole attitude—cannot be allowed to go unchecked; you and we must understand each other!"

"We do understand each other—we hate each other!"

"I do not hate you, Maidie," said Miss Booth, her anger suddenly ebbing from her, leaving her very pale. "I must ask you from this time on to speak to me respectfully."

"I will, Miss Booth—when I speak at all."

"And, Maidie," Miss Booth repeated dully, feeling somehow benumbed, "I do not hate you."

Maidie's eyes were scornful, unbelieving. Her lips were cruel. "Well, I do hate you," she said; then, as Miss Booth did not speak, she added: "Is that all?"

"Yes."

Left to herself Miss Booth held her hand to her forehead. There was a curious dull pain there. "It is so lonely to be hated," she whispered.

When Maidie went back to her room the shades in the little red house were drawn. She was glad; she did not want to watch the baby now. The rain beat against the window. "That woman upstairs," she thought, "she's just like the very spirit of the place, all rules and

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restrictions! She's just a machine hired to watch us and scold us! They none of them care! I do hate her! Oh, dear, I am so lonesome to-night, and won't it ever stop raining!"

After a while Maidie fell asleep, but Miss Booth did not; not for many an hour into the night.

Next day dawned the twelfth day of rain. It was Sunday, too, of all days, and the storm was worse than ever. In the afternoon the sky grew a little brighter, but in the halls of Waverly School it was all very forlorn still.

Over in the little red house all was merry, of course, for was it not the father's day at home? Perhaps you might think the little red house was too busy and too happy with its own concerns to think very often of the great gray school over the way, but this was not so. Often Julie, the baby's mother, her little girl in her arms, would look across at those many, many windows. Then she would bow her lips to the baby's head, whispering; "Sweetheart, they are poor things over there—they haven't you!"

This wet Sunday afternoon Julie had been thinking of the school. Suddenly her face grew radiant. "Why didn't I think of it before!" she cried, to the bewilderment of curly-headed Paterfamilias dozing on the couch. Julie was given to intuitions, inspirations; she sometimes did things that nobody else would have thought of doing, things a little strange perhaps, but very sweet.

Half an hour later, as Maidie lay languidly in her Morris chair trying to read, there was a tap at her door. "Come," she said; and the door opened upon Miss Booth—Miss Booth all radiant, eager, looking ten years younger.

"I was so afraid nobody had told you," she exclaimed, "and that you'd miss it—the baby is downstairs!"

Maidie jumped to her feet. "Where?" she cried.

"In the main hall by the fireplace. Come quick!" Maidie did not know that she had caught Miss Booth's hand as they went flying by corridor and stair.

Yes, the baby was there, only at first they could not see her, because the others were crowded about her, girls and grown-ups both, six deep, kneeling, sitting on the floor and standing up. In the midst, with Queen Baby on her knee, sat Julie, the raindrops twinkling on her cloudy brown hair, her great brown eyes shining. "I thought perhaps she would cheer you all up," she was saying.

"She does! She does!" came the ringing answer in a dozen different voices.

A baby is always a baby perhaps, but yet babies differ. There are fat babies, placid to the point of sleepiness; there are thin, nervous babies, clinging, appealing, easily startled; there are merry, rosy babies, dancing, crawling, roisy; and there are babies like this sweet girl child, so serious, so sweet, so dainty, as with the purity of a flower half blown, that one fears to touch, growing quiet before the gravity of the baby soul, feeling how ugly and grimy and grown up one is!

She rarely smiled, this baby, and when she did you knew it was because she knew you wanted her to; as for herself, she was too solemn-sweet for laughing. She did her best to be courteous in all that confusion of strange faces and outstretched hands. She patted patiently; she even smiled a little, with the faintest touch of boredom, when her mother asked her to. But it was all very unusual, this great crowd, and at last a vague distress trembled on the baby's little lips, and teardrops gathered in her eyes.

"She is getting tired," said Julie; "you are so many. Perhaps," she went on, looking around with a little smile of questioning, "perhaps we could go off somewhere where it is quieter—where there aren't more than one or two of you—until we get a little used to the strangeness?" Julie looked around on the crowding faces, all pleading not to be left out of Miss Baby's reception. Then she bowed her lips to the baby's head, smiling as she said: "Choose, Precious, with whom we shall go."

Instantly a score of arms were outstretched. Did the baby possess her mother's intuition, her mother's power to divine the hungry-hearted? Stand-

ing back from the rest, side by side, all eagerness, Miss Booth and Maidie waited the decision. Just for an instant the baby hesitated between them; then beyond shadow of mistake the little hands were held out to Miss Booth, and, rising, Julie gave her baby into Miss Booth's arms. A queer dull wonder came over Maidie—the baby had chosen Miss Booth! And Maidie had a theory that babies always know.

"I will take you 'up to my room," said Miss Booth to Julie; "we shall be alone and she will not be frightened."

There was a chorus of grateful good-bys as the baby was carried up the stairs. Maidie said nothing, she only looked. Then, even with her arms around the baby, Miss Booth remembered. She turned. "Maidie," she called, "won't you come too?" And Maidie followed up the stairs.

At Miss Booth's door Julie paused. "She is going to be good now. The tears are all gone. I wonder if I could leave her with you both a few minutes, while I go to call on Miss Ogilvie? Do you mind?"

It was quite too beautiful to be true, that right in the dullness and lonesomeness of that Sunday afternoon a real live baby should have been left alone with them for perhaps a whole half-hour! They were very just to each other, dividing their turns for holding her, being exact to the minute. The strangeness all forgotten, the baby was her sweetest self. She patted their cheeks and hair with a wee, caressing hand. She talked to them in a language of silvery cooing. It was such a beautiful half-hour—for just that little while it was as if she might have been their very own, Miss Booth's or Maidie's!

Then Julie came back, and she let those two put on the baby's wraps, herself not once assisting, while she watched them with soft, shining eyes. At length she took her little one in her arms, and it was good-by time.

"Promise me that you will both come and see us soon," asked Julie. "We live in the little red house."

"Oh, we know where you live!" exclaimed the other two, "and we'll come."

"Good-by," answered Julie. "She is most as good as sunshine, isn't she—my little girl?"

The baby was gone, and Miss Booth and Maidie were alone. The baby's presence had made everything else forgotten, but now yesterday came back to Maidie and suddenly she tingled from head to foot with shame. But Miss Booth was still thinking of the baby.

"We shall miss her now," she said, half to herself—she had quite forgotten that Maidie hated her—"but it is lovely to have had her. I suppose it is never lonesome where there is a baby."

"Miss Booth, I did not know that you loved babies."

"But I do. You and I both do—the same way." Miss Booth smiled a little. "I suppose you would never believe me, Maidie, if I said that next to babies I love girls."

Maidie took Miss Booth's hand in her own tense, cold one. "Miss Booth," she cried, "I am so sorry—do you think you can ever forgive me?"

"Forgive?" queried Miss Booth as instant; "why, my dear, since the baby came I had forgotten. I really had." Then irrelevantly and abruptly she added: "Just look, dear; it is actually clearing up!"

It was true. The rain had stopped; along the west the clouds were lifted. There was a ruddy glow on the horizon, promising a sunshiny Monday morning. Maidie put her arms around Miss Booth's neck. "I did not know you before," she said. Then, with tears and fun both gleaming in her eyes, she exclaimed: "I suppose you would not believe me if I should say that—I love you!"—Ladies' Home Journal.

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DECEMBER 23

WANTED—Advertisements will be accepted on the following terms:—Three cent per line for the first week, and two cents for each subsequent week. Names of advertisers must always be inserted.

FERRETS—Either for sale or for hire. Write to Kester & Co., Greenway.

WANTED—Farm for sale. Must be progressive in handling and with references, stating price. M. A. C.

WANTED—Billy goat for sale. M. A. C.

Cedar Posts—For sale. 8 ft. long and from 4 to 6 in. diameter at top; also green cedar lots. Chas. J. Wagon, Ont. N. W.

Cedar Posts—For sale. 7 in. and up by 8 ft. 25c. All bargains. T. B. replies.

Learn Engineering—Mechanical, Electrical, Locomotive Engineering. Correspondence College, Toronto, Canada.

Wanted—Custom and cattle also all kinds of skins and have them tanned. B. F. BELLI.

MAPLE LEAF OIL CAKE MEAL
WRITE TO-DAY FOR THE CANADA LINDSEY TORONTO & MON

News of
Two Germans arrested in New York for plotting to land Canal.
Marconi, the inventor of wireless telegraphy, has been made an Italian Senator.
Sir Richard Meade, Premier of British Columbia, has been succeeded by I. G. Stewart.
Ford's ship, the Ontario, has been christened Christiania, Norway.
Gen. Sir John Northcote, Townshend's force which were forced to retreat, are being reinforced.
Gen. Smith-Dorrien, Commander-in-Chief of the British forces in East Africa.
The Austro-Hungarian Government has refused to disapprove submarine commanders in the Adriatic, causing loss of life.
Gen. Sir Douglas Haig, who has been promoted to the rank of Field-Marshal, has been promoted to the rank of Field-Marshal, and has been appointed Commander-in-Chief of the British forces in the United Kingdom.
The Turkish transport ship, the Marmara, with 400 soldiers, was captured by a Bulgarian submarine.
By the addition of the recent recruits, the British forces in Britain now has a total of 1,000,000 men.
The Serbian Parliament has been moved to Italy.
Forty-eight Italian aeroplanes, built by the Ansaldo works, were flown over the Adriatic, dropping bombs on the Bulgarians.
The Bulgarians have been ordered to cross the border into the Balkans, but they will not cross unless assurances have not been given.

the rest, side by side. Miss Booth and Maidie... Just for an in-... hesitated between them;... shadow of mistake the lit-... held out to Miss Booth... she gave her baby into... arms. A queer dull won-... Maidie—the baby had... And Maidie had a... bies always know.

you up to my room,"... th to Julie; "we shall be... will not be frightened."

chorus of regretful good-... by was carried up the... she said nothing, she only... even with her arms... Miss Booth remem-... "Maidie," she... you come too?" And... up the stairs.

th's door Julie paused... to be good now. The... one. I wonder if I could... you both a few minutes... call on Miss Ogilvie? Do

too beautiful to be true... the dullness and lone-... that Sunday afternoon a... should have been left... m for perhaps a whole... were very just to each... their turns for holding... ot to the minute. The... forgotten, the baby was... self. She patted their... with a wee, caressing... ed to them in a language... g. It was such a beauti-... or just that little while... might have been their... Booth's or Maidie's!

ame back, and she let... on the baby's wraps, her-... sisting, while she watch-... soft, shining eyes. At... her little one in her... as good-by time... that you will both come...," asked Julie. "We... red house."

Two Germans are under arrest in New York for plotting to blow up the Welland Canal.

answered Julie. "She is... sunshine, isn't she—my

gone, and Miss Booth... alone. The baby's pres-... everything else forgot-... ysterday came back to... deny she tingled from... th shame. But Miss... thinking of the baby... s her now," she said... she had quite forgotten... der—"but it is lovely... I suppose it is never... here is a baby."

did not know that you... ou and I both do—the... ss Booth smiled a lit-... y you would never be-... if I said that next to... ls."

she cried, "I am so... ink you can ever for-... ried Miss Booth as in-... dear, since the baby... tten. I really had,"... y and abruptly she... k, dear; it is actually

The rain had stopped;... the clouds were lifted... y glow on the horizon... iny Monday morning... r arms around Miss... I did not know you... Then, with tears and... y in her eyes, she ex-... se you would not be-... uld say that—I love... me Journal.

Gen. Sir Douglas Haig succeeds Gen. French, who has resigned command of the British forces in France and Flanders. Gen. French has been raised to the Peerage, and has been appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Army in the United Kingdom.

The Turkish transport, Rehid Pasha, with 400 soldiers, was sunk in the Sea of Marmora by a French submarine.

By the addition of those who enlisted in the recent recruiting campaign, Great Britain now has an army of 5,000,000 men.

The Serbian Parliament has been removed to Italy.

Forty-eight Italian aeroplanes on Dec. 15th, flew over the Austrian lines on the Isonzo, dropping bombs and arrows. Five descended low enough to use rapid-fire guns.

The Bulgars have assured Greece that they will not cross the frontier, similar assurances have not been given, however,

WANTS & FORSALE

Advertisements will be inserted under this heading, such as Farm Properties, Help and Situations Wanted and Pet Stock. TERMS—Three cents per word each insertion. Each initial counts for one word and figures for two words. Names and addresses are counted. Cash must always accompany the order. No advertisement inserted for less than 50 cents.

FERRETS—Either color, large or small, single or pairs or dozen lots. Catalogue free. C. H. Keefe & Co., Greenwich, Ohio.

WANTED—Farm foreman; married or single. Must be progressive, ambitious, and experienced in handling and feeding dairy cattle. Apply with references, stating wages expected. Box 12, Farmer's Advocate, London.

WANTED—Billy goat, kid preferred; state price. M. A. Campbell, Milton, Ont.

Cedar Posts For Sale: 1200 good sound fence posts cut last winter, 8 ft. long and from four to eight inches diameter at top; also green posts can be supplied in carload lots. Chas. A. Calder R. R. No. 1, Waraw, Ont. Norwood C.P.R.

Cedar Posts Car Lots Green 4 1/2 ins. under 7 ins. by 8 ft. 9c., 7 ins. and up by 8 ft. 18c., 7 ins. and up by 9 ft., 22c. All bargains. Terms—Cash. Stamps for replies. Box 52, Gooderham, Ont.

Learn Engineering—Practical mail courses in Stationary, Traction, Gasoline, Automobile, Marine and Locomotive Engineering. Canadian Correspondence College, Limited, Dept. E.E., Toronto, Canada.

Wanted—Custom Tanning. Horse hides and cattle hides for robes and coats; also all kinds of skins and furs. Send them to me and have them tanned soft and pliable. Address: B. F. BELL, Delhi, Ont.

Maple Leaf Oil Cake Meal. Contains over 35% protein. Contains over 33% carbohydrate. Keeps all live stock healthy if fed daily. THE CANADIAN LINSEED OIL MILLS, LTD. TORONTO & MONTREAL.

News of the Week

Two Germans are under arrest in New York for plotting to blow up the Welland Canal.

Marconi, the inventor of wireless telegraphy, has been made a Senator in the Italian Parliament.

Sir Richard McBride has resigned as Premier of British Columbia, and has been succeeded by Hon. W. J. Bowser.

Ford's ship, the Oscar II, has gone to Christiania, Norway.

Gen. Sir John Nixon reports that Gen. Townshend's forces in Mesopotamia, which were forced to retire from Bagdad, are being reinforced.

Gen. Smith-Dorrien has been made Commander-in-Chief of the British forces in East Africa.

The Austro-Hungarian Admiralty refuses to disapprove the course of the submarine commander who sank the Ancona, causing loss of American lives.

Gen. Sir Douglas Haig succeeds Gen. French, who has resigned command of the British forces in France and Flanders. Gen. French has been raised to the Peerage, and has been appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Army in the United Kingdom.

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by the Germans, who are massing in the Vardar Valley. Meanwhile the Allies are fortifying Salonika, where reinforcements are arriving constantly to reinforce the 200,000 men now at that port and along the Greek frontier. In the meantime the Austrians continue to advance in Montenegro, of which one-third has been overrun. They may meet a check before long, when the Serbian army, now being refitted and reinforced by from 80,000 to 120,000 in Albania, is ready for the field. Russia has permitted practically no news to come through for about a fortnight, and what operations are there under way is a matter of surmise. There is talk of a Turkish expedition against Egypt, but the next development of the war may be once more in France and Flanders, to which the Germans are said to be rushing troops.

The following is quoted from The Independent: "Never before in the history of the world has it been possible for a man to commit so gigantic a crime as Yuan Shih-kai has committed in signing away the liberties of four hundred million people. It is the crowning act of his long career of intrigue and treachery. He has in turn betrayed all parties which have trusted him. He betrayed the Emperor and betrayed the Empress Dowager. He betrayed the Boxers and betrayed their opponents. He has betrayed the monarchy and betrayed the Republic. Made President through the self-abnegation of Dr. Sun Yat-Sen, who accomplished the revolution, he used his office to make a god of Confucius and a monarch of himself. He is condemned out of his own mouth, for in 1912 he said: 'On the day on which the Republic was proclaimed I announced to the whole nation that never again shall a monarchy be proclaimed in China. At my inauguration I again took this solemn oath in the sight of heaven and earth.' From the rumors of risings in the north and south, it appears that the Chinese people will not tamely submit to his usurpation of power. We hope they will not."

According to latest despatches, it appears that Dr. Sun Yat Sen, who has been quietly waiting in Japan, is again coming to the fore in an attempt to prevent the overthrow of the Republic. Several risings with which he is said to be concerned are reported from various points in China.

O'Leary, V. C. (By an Irish correspondent of the Times, London.) I can recall Tom Kiely in his prime, I have seen the athletes who represented America at the Olympia sports, and I have watched the All Black New Zealand team; but I have never seen a man who more impressed me with the sense of physical fitness than Sergeant Michael O'Leary, V. C., home on leave from the trenches. In the few following days I had opportunity of observing him in many and varied surroundings—he always, of course, the idol and the central figure. Everywhere he bore himself as a hero should, simple and unabashed. On his way back from the Palace Theater in Cork, he said merrily, looking at his bruised right hand, that he must get back to the trenches to rest!

Sergeant Michael O'Leary is only 25 years old. At one time he was in the navy, but was invalided out. The work of scraping boilers, and sitting cross-legged in the wet, gave him rheumatism of the knees, but he recovered to join the Irish Guards, and after serving with the colors, passed into the Reserve. Soon after leaving the Irish Guards he learned an agent was over from Canada recruiting for the Northwest Mounted Police, and as he was a shade under the height for the R. I. C., he decided to try his luck. The medical test for the Northwest Mounted is very severe, but O'Leary was easily selected, and the hard, open-air work was much to his liking. All the patrolling is done on horseback, and the average daily duty is thirty miles. O'Leary gave a taste of his cool courage in capturing two robbers after a running fight lasting two hours. The thieves were armed with automatic revolvers. O'Leary was presented with a gold ring, which he still wears, and the donor remarked prophetically, "If you do as well on active

service, you will earn the Victoria Cross."

On the outbreak of war, none of the Northwest police were allowed to send in petitions, and late in November O'Leary joined his old regiment in France. There were only 140 left of the gallant battalion that fought stubbornly in the Brigade of Guards to protect the retreat from Mons. It was very hard to get O'Leary to speak of his deed of February 1 that won the V. C., and often he said that many had done more, but had not his luck. The Coldstream Guards were next his regiment, and their outposts were surprised, and the position was lost. The Irish Guards had a shot at retaking it, but the fire was too heavy. A day passed, and the Irishmen wanted another chance, but the Coldstreams said the job was theirs. A heavy bombardment preceded the attack, and then the Coldstreams came out to cross the 200 yards that separated them from the German trenches.

O'Leary was an orderly that day, and not being for active duty, carried no bayonet. He had, however, all day been watching the country ahead, and saw the earth thrown up. The Coldstreams were met by a heavy fire, and the charge hung a little bit, and then in support the Irish Guards came out. O'Leary, fleet of foot, seems to have got well ahead. He had not got far when he felt the ground give, and springing back, he saw a German bomb-thrower in a covered-in pit. He shot him, and hurrying on to an angle of a trench he had marked all day, he came on it sideways, and with five shots disposed of as many Germans; the second man fired at him but missed.

BOUND TO SAVE THE GUNS.

He saw his comrades busy with the bayonet farther up the trench, and leaving that job, he decided to make for the second point, some sixty yards farther on, where he knew a machine gun lived. If he could get there before it was re-mounted and brought into play, so much the better. He calculated it was dismounted during the bombardment lest it be put out of action. One quick glance showed O'Leary he could not cross the swampy ground between him and the machine gun, so away up to the left he sprinted, and along the railway cutting, shoving in five more cartridges. He had started with his magazine carrying ten and one in the breach.

A jump, and he is off the crossing and down a pathway of sandbags, and the machine gun section suddenly see O'Leary standing on their right front. The officer has his finger on the button to release the hail of lead when O'Leary fired. He never pressed that button. One can see the white, scared faces of the others, and O'Leary ruthlessly avenging many a hideous crime, steadily going down the line. One can hear him calling on his comrades and see the wild dash and the mud flying and the Irish Guards using their bayonets in that trench. O'Leary had emptied his rifle and won the Victoria Cross.

In his little speech of thanks in the square of Bantry he told us he had only done his duty, and he was going back to the trenches to try again. I heard him say he did not want a German sniper to get him; if the end came in a charge it wouldn't matter. The old Latin tag, "mens sana in corpore sano," kept coming back irresistibly to my mind in O'Leary's presence. His pleasant smile lights up the freckled face, and the clear blue eyes, alert and direct, that meet yours so steadily, are a true index of his simple, resolute heart. No superfluous tissue clogs the free play of his silken muscles; they are ready and alert for manly deed. And so with his mind; there is the fixed purpose to do his duty, and his soul is freed from all excesses that would cloud or obscure this one idea. Unshaken, he has carried this resolve on the battlefields of Flanders, and no man is more surprised that the world talks of his little turn of duty on February 1. He has been awarded the highest medals for valor from the British, French and Russian nations.

At a banquet in his honor in his native county he asked for lemonade, and when thoughtlessly pressed to take wine he closed the matter by stating gravely he had to "keep fit." Many hundreds of times was he asked for his autograph, and many hundreds of times did he comply.

POULTRY AND EGGS

Condensed advertisements will be inserted under this heading at three cents per word each insertion. Each initial counts for one word and figures for two words. Names and addresses are counted. Cash must always accompany the order for any advertisement under this heading. Parties having good pure-bred poultry and eggs for sale will find plenty of customers by using our advertising columns. No advertisements inserted for less than 50 cents.

BARRED Rocks—Winners. Choice, vigorous cockerels, both matings. These birds will make the very best of breeders. R. C. Waterbury, Selkirk, Ont.

BRED-TO-LAY Strain—White Leghorn cockerels, one dollar each. Brahmas, Spanish, Giant Bronze turkeys, Indian Runner ducks, bred from winners at London, Ottawa, Hamilton, Detroit. John Annesser, Tilbury, Ont.

FOR SALE—Choice S. C. R. I. Red cockerels (Mahood's, St. Louis, best strain of bred-to-lay and prize stock) at \$2.50 to \$5.00 each. D. W. Dunkin, R.R. No. 2, Dundas, Ont.

FOR SALE—Mammoth Bronze Turkeys, bred from prizewinning stock; also pure-bred Collie pups. R. G. Rose, Glanworth, Ont.

FOR SALE—"Dul-Mage" White Rock utility birds from prize-winning stock. Male birds \$3.00 to \$4.00 each. Females from \$2.00 to \$3.00 each. All 1914 and 1915 hatched. These low prices are for quick delivery to make room for our breeding pens. McConnell and Ferguson, P. O. Box 508, London, Ont.

IMPORTED S. C. W. Leghorns, Tom Barron's 1 winners, dam of cock bird, authentic pedigree 282 eggs in 12 months. Sire's dam laid 264 eggs in year. Dam of my hen's pedigree 372. Cockerels and pullets strictly from above for sale. Choice show birds March and April hatch. These cockerels would make an extremely desirable outcross. Garnet L. Doherty, Clinton, Ont.

MAMMOTH Bronze turkeys—Bred from best imported stock. Free from disease. Satisfied customers. Order early—get first choice. Mrs. W. R. Armstrong, Newmarket, Ont.

Free to Stockmen and Poultrymen, our 80-page Illustrated Booklet on feeding. How to construct a house which will accommodate 100 hens; gives dimensions and measurements of every piece of lumber required. Deals with the common diseases of stock and poultry and the remedies. Tells how to cure run in four days. Contains full information about Royal Purple Stock and Poultry Foods and Remedies. THE W. A. JENKINS MANUFACTURING CO., London, Canada

UTILITY BARRED Plymouth Rocks

Comprising best strains of O. A. College bred-to-lay stock

Our Motto: "Early Maturity and high egg production."

Flock trap-nested and breeders selected on production basis. ORDER NOW.

Cocks and cockerels \$2 to \$5 each. Eggs for 1916 hatching.

Poultry all farm raised.

Walter H. Smith, B.S.A., Athens, Ont.

Locharbar Poultry Yards

Has a nice lot of Barred Plymouth Rocks, English Pencilled Indian Runner Ducks, Rouen Ducks, Toulouse Geese and M. Bronze Turkeys for sale. Pairs furnished not akin.

D. A. Graham, Wyoming, Ont.

Chickens 18c. per lb.

The above pays for crate-fatted chickens, bled and picked clean to wing tips. Must be good color.

HORACE WALLER

700 Spadina Ave. Toronto, Ont.

Crown Bone Cutter. EASIEST, Fastest, Feed fresh cut bone and get more eggs, higher fertility. Also dry Bone, Grain, Fertilizer and Shell Milk. All Sizes. Hand and Power. Write to-day for Free Illus. Catalog. WILSON BROS., Dept. 46 Eastern, Pa.

GUERNSEYS FOR SALE Chene-bred bull, dropped March 22, 1915. Imported in dam. Sire "Royal Governor of the Glee," double grandson of Governor of the Chene, Dam "Lady II of the Norgiots" (now qualifying for A.R.), Sire "Gay Lad's Hero" of the Masher Sequel family. Dam "Lady de la Ferrelle 2nd." Sire "Governor of the Chene." This is the best of breeding, and is a fine straight fellow, fit to show anywhere, or head any pure-bred herd. Is registered as "Governor's Gay Lad," No. 972. Price \$200. Other young stock for sale. BARRY P. HILL, Great Village, N.S.

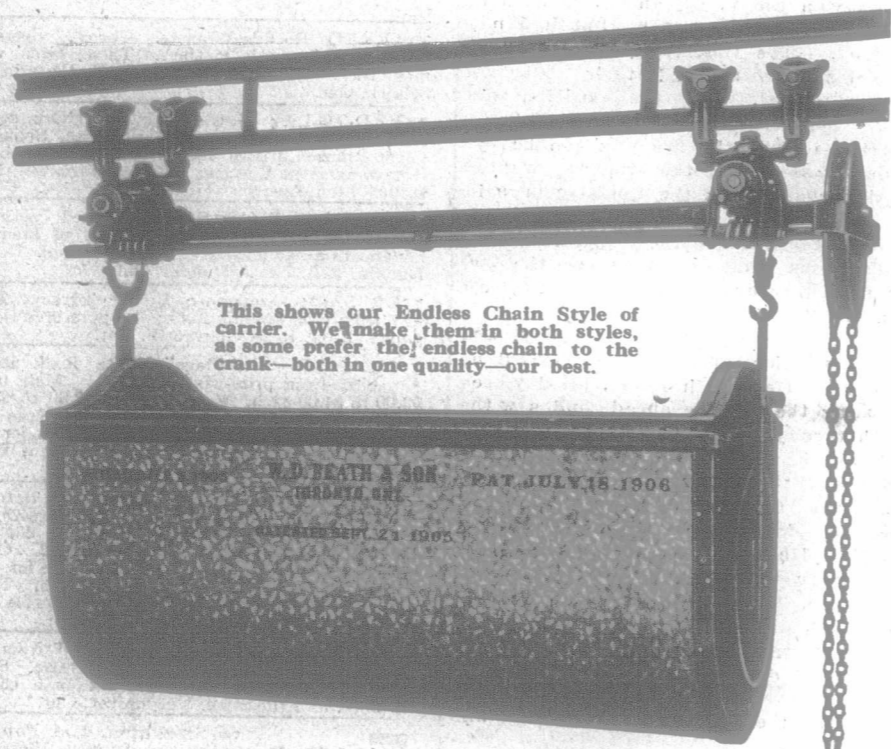
The Perfect Piano for Use Home. WILSON'S NEW SCALE WILLIAMS The choice of the World's Great Artists. THE WILLIAMS PIANO CO. Limited. Oshawa, Ontario.

The Supplies Co. Limited CANADA Works System will give High Pressure Water some or about the farm. Has Number for details.

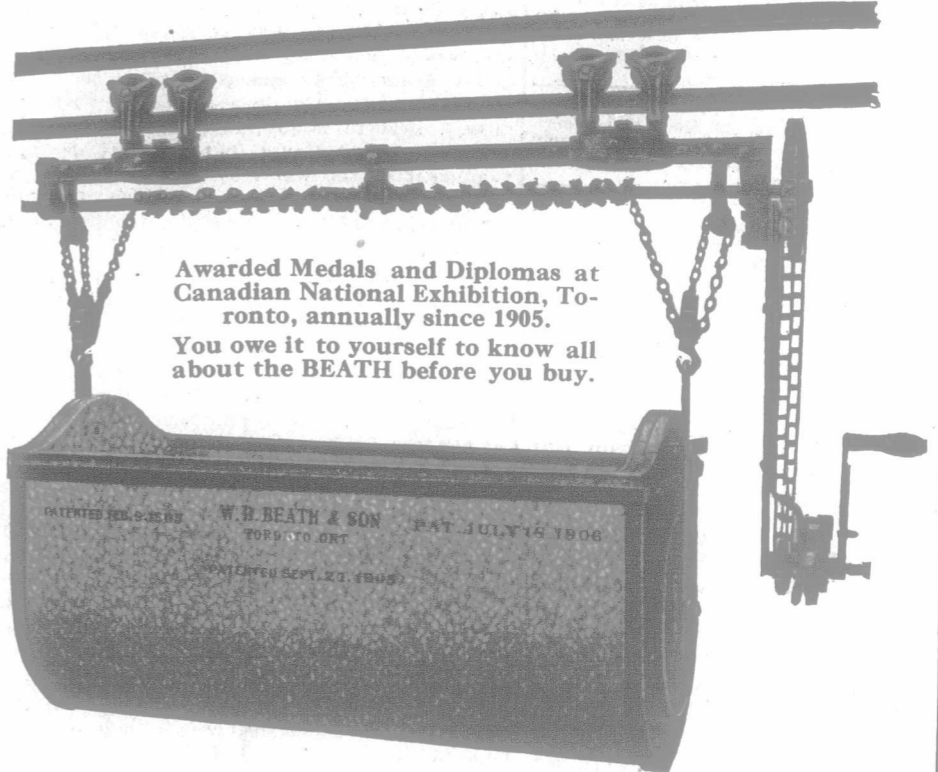
Beath Litter Carriers are Guaranteed

THE GALVANIZED STEEL BOX on our No. 17 and No. 19 machines has greater capacity than any other box on the market—dumps both ways—lock absolutely positive—cannot unlock itself—no springs. **THE RUNNING AND HOISTING GEARS** will carry and hoist heavier loads easier than any other machine made.

THESE TWO MACHINES are built the best we know how, after an experience extending over twelve years. Each machine has heavy steel frame—all track wheels turned true and independently swivelled to take shortest curves without friction or crowding. Heavy back gearing permits heavy hoisting.



This shows our Endless Chain Style of carrier. We'll make them in both styles, as some prefer the endless chain to the crank—both in one quality—our best.



Awarded Medals and Diplomas at Canadian National Exhibition, Toronto, annually since 1905.

You owe it to yourself to know all about the BEATH before you buy.

Exact Cut of The BEATH No. 17

Hay Carriers

Feed Carriers

Steel Stalls and Pens

Exact Cut of The BEATH No. 19

Stanchions

Horse Stalls

WHEN WE SAY THAT BEATH LITTER CARRIERS are the best—largest and strongest litter carriers in the world, we back it up with our goods. Guarantee of quality goes with every machine.

WE MAKE TWO TYPES—both guaranteed—No. 17 Endless Chain Windlass, and No. 19 Crank Windlass, and can give you the right machine for your stable. Write us to-day for more information.

AGENTS WANTED WHERE NOT REPRESENTED

W. D. BEATH & SON, LIMITED, 35 Cooper Avenue, TORONTO, ONTARIO

Our Serial Story

"THE CHAPERON."

By C. N. and A. M. Williamson.

Copyrighted.

ROLAND LESTER STARR'S POINT OF VIEW

(Continued)

Chapter XXVIII.

My luck was out in Gelderland. We had a good day, teuf-teufing to pretty little Dieren, big white clouds swimming with us in sky and under water, where they moved like shining fish down in the blue depths. Butterflies chased us, white, scarlet, and gold, whirling through the air as flower-petals blow in a high wind; and my thoughts flitted as they flitted, for I was too drunk with that elixir, joy of life, to care, as the others seemed to care, that Sir Philip Sidney died at the battle of Zutphen; that the River Geldern Yssel was cut thirteen years B. C. to connect the Rhine with something else; that by-and-by we were going to see Het Loo, the Queen's favorite palace; or indeed anything else that could possibly be improving to the mind. I cared only that Nell and Phyllis were more beautiful than ever, and that I still might have a chance—with one of them.

"Let Alb score a little," I thought, "by his knowledge of history and Royalties past and present. I'll point each of the girls a picture, and they'll forget that he exists."

But I did not yet know my Alb and his resources. I had forgotten that Gelderland is his special "pitch," the province he annexed at birth. Fate, however, did not forget.

We got to Appeldoorn that first night, and the palace of Het Loo is close to Appeldoorn, so we drove out and slept at a hotel near the palace gates. Here it was that the worm turned. In other words, Alb became a persona grata, while I remained a mere tourist.

Alb had influence in high quarters. He got up early, and went off mysteriously to exert it, returning in triumph as the



TO MAKE STURDY YOUNG CHICKS GIVE THEM THE CORRECT FOOD FROM THE START

The first six weeks of a chick's life largely determine its future profits. Paying hens grow fast when young. They mature early and begin laying early. Proper feeding of the right balanced ration puts a chick with constitutional vigor into the profit column early and keeps it there longer.

PURINA CHICK FEED

THE ORIGINAL ALWAYS SOLD IN CHECKBOARD BAGS

STARTS RIGHT, KEEPS RIGHT, AND SAVES THE CHICKS. MAKE YOUR CHICKENS PAY BY RAISING THEM ALL ON PURINA. FOR SALE BY ALL PROGRESSIVE DEALERS. GET OUR INSTRUCTIVE AND VALUABLE PURINA POULTRY BOOK FREE ON APPLICATION.

MANUFACTURED AND DISTRIBUTED IN CANADA

BY THE CHISHOLM MILLING CO., Limited TORONTO



HUNT'S DIAMOND FLOUR

Established 1854

Used by women of experience and discrimination for 60 years. Their success in baking is due to our special blend that is guaranteed to be "Always the same."

Good Grocers Sell Hunt's.

1673



rest of us, including Tibe, were breakfasting on the broad veranda of the hotel in the woods. Anybody could go into the palace-grounds, but he had got permission to take his friends into the palace itself.

The girls were delighted at this, and so was the L. C. P., who flew off so quickly to get a "refill" for her notebook, that Tibe nearly upset an old peasant with a broad hat and silver earrings, who was eating and drinking of the best, at a table near ours.

All this feminine enthusiasm over Alb's idea piqued me just enough to keep me from joining the party. I volunteered

for dog duty while the others saw the palace, and by special favor, Tibe (in leash) wandered reluctantly with me through the fragrant, green alleys of Het Loo. With me he saw shining lakes, and crossed miniature bridges guarded by mild stone lions, at which he smelled curiously; with me he sadly visited the Queen's bathing-place, and the pretty little dairy and farm, reminiscent of poor Marie Antoinette's beloved Trianon; and when we were joined by his mistress and the others he was ungrateful enough to pretend that I had not amused him.

Alb was in the ascendant, and the gilt

had not had time to wear off the ginger-bread before we arrived at Arnhem. We got there in a day from Appeldoorn, by going back over our own tracks as far as Dieren, where the beautiful little canal seemed to welcome us again, as if we were old friends. Through the thick reeds on either side we made a royal progress, a wave of water swiftly marching ahead to give them news of our approach, so that, as we came toward them, the nearest might bow before us, bending their graceful green heads down, down, under the water, and staying there until we had passed on.

It was like a journey through a long water-garden, exquisitely designed in some nobleman's park, until a thunder-storm rolled up to darken the landscape, and send her in a fraction to her "brother's" side. I should certainly have asked her, there and then, to forget the Viking, if a tree near by had not been struck by lightning at that instant, and Nell, in her sudden pallor and stricken silence, had not been more beautiful than I had seen her yet.

I did not remember until we had been settled for a night and part of a day at a hotel with a view and a garden that Alb was more at home in Gelderland than elsewhere in Holland. But he was treated with marked respect at the Bellevue, and people took off their hats to him in the street with irritating difference. We went about a good deal in the town, seeing historic inns and other show things (the best of which was a room once occupied by Philip the Second's Duke of Alva), therefore I had many opportunities of increasing my respect for Alb as a personage of importance, if I had been inclined to profit by them; and on top of this arrived his automobile from some unknown lair. There were some famous drives to be taken in the neighborhood of Arnhem, he explained in that quiet way of his, and he had thought it would be pleasant to take them in his car.

We started out in it on the second morning, and hardly had we left the big pleasure-town with its parks and villas, when we plunged into forests as deep, as majestic, as those round Haarlem and The Hague; forests tunneled with

long green beeches, when light which there rose the towers of so derode told famous for it as well as for "Fifty or s" "the nobility, proud that was allowed here." "Allowed!" could they money and ar Brederode s he answered. Amsterdam retire and ha cratic Gelderl and wished to his fancy; but his plans, not or building m te could get stood in too nobles. Se confined to Ir "What happ Nell. "I do to."

"Dutchmen said Alb. "T as his enem mous expense boycott limits, ings on his ple terdam, fed th terdam, and so built. But th erland now I are poor, and Arnhem is a flague, though Indian-Dutch s quite to itself famous old pla these days to some are left to show you d With that he wide, open saluting as we "Oh, but how in?" asked Ph "I'm sure we "Are strange questioned him "Harmless on Far away a beautiful old h red brick, its minor turrets r lake which sur like an exagger century," said tower dates f fifty."

We all stared and majesty, as a small iron g yards from g guarded by gla stripe of shad labyrinth of r entirely given u aginable variety was a water-ga the Generalife, Granada. Nor fashion which h the Cruel's four the Alcazar of too, and were amusement by Brederode had passed again th gardens, which dimple between three of the lac as many flowers Alb informed th more, of other them in the car "What a di Nell, as we cam the gate whence ture of the hou the lake. "I d be any lovelier How I should l derful old house room and a bo century tower."

"Would you asked, looking r Nell. Nell flushed a swer. "It wou tale; but of cour ple of the house ing it."

teed

ow how, after an experi-
heavy steel frame—all
to take shortest curves
its heavy hoisting.

Stalls

Endless Chain Wind-
ght machine for your

ONTARIO

long green avenues of silver-trunked beeches, where the light was the green light which mermaids know. Here and there rose the fine gateways and distant towers of some great estate, and Brederode told us that Gelderland was famous for its old families and houses, as well as for the only hills in Holland.

"Fifty or sixty years ago," said he, "the nobility of Gelderland was so proud that no one who wasn't noble was allowed to buy an estate and settle here."

"Allowed!" exclaimed Nell. "How could they be prevented if they had money and an estate was for sale?"

Brederode smiled. "There were ways," he answered. "Once a rich banker of Amsterdam thought he would like to retire and have a fine house in aristocratic Gelderland. He bought a place, and wished to build a house to please his fancy; but no architect would make his plans, nobody would sell him bricks or building material of any kind, and he could get no workmen. Every one stood in too great awe of the powerful nobles. So you see, boycotting isn't confined to Ireland—or America."

"What happened in the end?" asked Nell. "I do hope the man didn't give in."

"Dutchmen don't, even to each other," said Alb. "The banker was as obstinate as his enemies. He went to enormous expense, got everything outside boycott limits, put up temporary buildings on his place for workmen from Rotterdam, fed them and himself from Rotterdam, and so in the end his house was built. But things are different in Gelderland now. People who were rich then are poor, and glad of any one's money. Arnhem is as cosmopolitan as The Hague, though it has the same curious Indian-Dutch set you find here, keeping quite to itself. A good many of the famous old places have been sold in these days to the nouveaux riches, but some are left unspoiled, and I'm going to show you one of them."

With that he drove his car through a wide, open gateway, a lodge-keeper saluting as we went by.

"Oh, but how do you know we may go in?" asked Phyllis.

"I'm sure we may," said Brederode. "Are strangers allowed?" the L.C.P. questioned him.

"Harmless ones, like us."

Far away a house was in sight, a beautiful old house, built of mellowed red brick, its great tower and several minor turrets mirrored in a lily-carpeted lake which surrounded it on two sides, like an exaggerated moat. "Fifteenth century," said Brederode. "But the big tower dates from twelve hundred and fifty."

We all stared in respectful awe of age and majesty, as Alb stopped the car at a small iron gate about two hundred yards from the house. The gate, guarded by giant oaks, led through a strip of shadowy park to a glorious labyrinth of rose-gardens, and gardens entirely given up to lilies of every imaginable variety, while beyond these was a water-garden copied from that of the Generalife, which I saw last year at Granada. Nor was this all of Spanish fashion which had been imitated. Pedro the Cruel's fountain-perforated walks in the Alcazar of Seville had been copied too, and were put in operation for our amusement by a gardener with whom Brederode had a short confab. When we passed again through the rose and lily gardens, which were in a valley or dimple between two gentle hills, all three of the ladies were presented with as many flowers as they could carry, and Alb informed them that they would find more, of other varieties, waiting for them in the car.

"What a divine place!" exclaimed Nell, as we came once more to the little gate whence we had the double picture of the house and its reflection in the lake. "I don't see how there could be any lovelier one, even in England. How I should like to live in that wonderful old house! I'd have my own room and a boudoir in the thirteenth-century tower."

"Would you care to go in?" Alb asked, looking more at Phyllis than at Nell.

Nell flushed and left Phyllis to answer. "It would be quite like a fairy tale; but of course we can't, as the people of the house are evidently occupying it."

"All the better," said Brederode. "The lady of the house will receive us and give us tea."

"No, no!" cried Nell. "It would be horrid to intrude upon her."

"You'll find she won't consider it an intrusion," Alb insisted. "In fact, I called yesterday and said I was bringing you out to-day, so it is an invitation."

The hall was stone paved, with glorious oak walls and a wonderful ceiling. There were a few Persian rugs, which must have been almost priceless, a quantity of fine old portraits, and two or three curious suits of armor. Beyond was a Chinese room, done in the perfect taste of a nation which loves and understands Oriental treasures; and then we came into a white-and-gold paneled boudoir, sparsely but exquisitely furnished with inlaid satinwood which I would wager to be genuine Sheraton.

In this room sat a woman who rose to welcome us, a woman worthy of her surroundings. Her dress was nothing more elaborate than black-and-white muslin, but with the piled silver of her hair, her arched, dark brows and cameo features, her great eyes and her noble figure, she looked a princess.

"Ah, Rudolph," she exclaimed, in the English of an Englishwoman born and bred, "how glad I am that you could come, and bring the friends of whom you have written me so often."

"My mother," Brederode said, and introduced us.

I am not ashamed to confess that I was tongue-tied. What had he written? How much had he told? In what way had he described—some of us?

Nell, who usually has some original little thought to put into words, apparently had no thoughts at all; or they lay too deep for utterance. The L.C.P. was taciturn too, which was prudent on her part, as this exquisite lady had probably heard her son speak of his Scotch friend Lady MacNairge. Had she ever met Aunt Fay, I knew that Alb was too wise, if not too loyal, to have brought us into her power; still I did not feel safe enough to be comfortable.

And even if I had been personally at ease, I should have been too busy with my own thoughts to do credit to myself or country in conversation. As I sipped caravan tea from a flower-like cup of old Dresden, I wondered what where Nell's sensations on beholding the home and mother of the despised skipper whom it had been her delight to snub and tease.

Evidently he is adored, and looked up to as the one perfect being, by his mother, who would hardly have smiled as graciously on the beautiful Miss Van Buren, could some imp have whispered in her ear how that young lady treated her host, when he was nobody but a poor skipper on board a motor-boat.

Through some careless word which gave a turn to the conversation, I discovered that Lillendaal is not the only house reigned over by Jonkheer Brederode, alias Alb. There's one at The Hague, but they "find Lillendaal pleasant in summer."

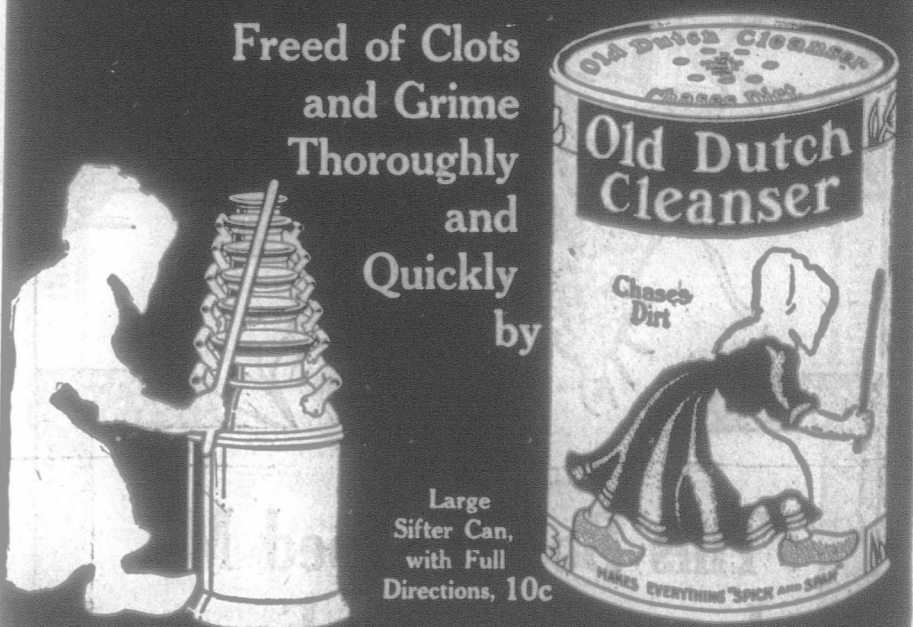
Indeed, it appears to me that "pleasant" is only a mild and modest word for the place; yet its owner can cheerfully desert it, week after week, to rub along as a mere despised Albatross on board a tuppenny ha'penny motor-boat, running about the canals of Holland.

Of course he is in love, which covers a multitude of hardships. But it isn't as clear as it used to be, which Angel he is in love with. Perhaps the latest snubbing was the last drop in his cup, which caused the whole to overflow, and he had to fill it up again—for another. He poured scorn upon me, in our first passage of arms, for being in love with two girls at once; but how much more poetical and at the same time more generous to love two at a time than not to love one well enough to know your own mind!

In any case, it was Phyllis who shone on the occasion of our call at Lillendaal, and it was she who seemed to make the impression upon the gracious mother. Whether it was the fact that she is English, or whether it was because she could talk to her hostess—as if she knew them—about various distinguished titled beings whom the lady of Lillendaal had not seen for a long time; or whether it was because Phyllis once had a cousin who wrote a book about the Earls of Helvelyn (the lady's father was an Earl of Helvelyn) at all

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events the honors were for Phyllis; and if Alb really had changed his mind about the two girls, as the L.C.P. is continually saying, he ought to have been pleased.

Phyllis and my alleged aunt were both particularly gracious to him on the way back to Arnhem, as if he had risen in their esteem now that they realized what an important man he is; but afterwards when I accused the L.C.P. of this piece of snobbishness, she vowed that it was only because they both realized now much he was giving up for the sake of—somebody.

Just because I could not be sure which one the somebody was, and whether he were more likely to prevail, after this coup d'etat, I was uneasy in my mind, with the new knowledge of Alb's greatness. What are my dollars to his beautiful old houses, and a mother who is the daughter of an English earl? I suppose these things count with girls, even such adorable girls as Nell Van Buren and Phyllis Rivers.

A thing that happened the same evening has not relieved my anxiety.

At the Hotel Bellevue, each room on the floor where we live, has its own slip of balcony, separated from the next by a partition. I was sitting on mine, after we had all said good-night to each other, smoking a cigarette and waiting for the moon to rise, an act which she selfishly postpones at this time of the month, so as to give her admirers as much trouble and as little sleep as possible.

Suddenly I heard Phyllis's voice on the other side of the balcony partition.

"Dearest," she was saying dreamily, "isn't it strange how, on a night like this you seem to see things clearly, which have been dark before?"

"It isn't so very strange," Nell answered practically. "The moon's coming up. And that's a sign we ought to be going to bed."

"I didn't mean that," said Phyllis. "I mean, there's a kind of influence on such a beautiful night, which makes you see into your own heart."

"What do you see?" asked Nell. I wanted to know what, as much as Nell did, and a great deal more, judging from her tone. But unfortunately I had no right to try and find out, so I got up, and scraped my chair and prepared to go indoors. But I had forgotten to shut my match-box when I lighted a cigarette a few minutes before, and now I knocked it off the table where it had been lying, scattering over the floor every match I had left in the world.

If they intended to say anything really private, I had made noise enough to prevent them from doing it; so I thought I might conscientiously remain and pick up some of the matches. The personnel of the hotel had gone to its beds, therefore, if I wanted to smoke later, it must be these matches or none.

"After all, I'm not quite sure what I do see, when I come to ask myself, like that, in so many words," said Phyllis. "I do wish you'd advise me. Will you, dear?"

"Of course, if I can," came the answer, a little shortly.

"Well, supposing you cared more than you thought you ought, for a man it couldn't be right to care for at all, because he belonged to some one else, what would you do?"

"Try to stop caring for him," said Nell.

"That's what I think, too; only it might be hard, mightn't it? Do you suppose it would be easier if a girl did her best to learn to love another man, who was free to care for her, and did seem to care for her, so as to take her mind off the—the forbidden man?"

No answer. (I realized that they could not have heard the falling match-box, and I was at my window-door now, going in. But the door is a Dutch door, which means that it is cleaned and varnished every day; and the varnish stuck.)

"You might tell me what you think, Nell. You have had so much experience in serials."

"Oh!" exclaimed Nell. "I—I hate you, Phil!"

Their door evidently did not stick, for suddenly it slammed, and I guessed that Nell had rushed in and banged it shut behind her.

Now, it is the next day but one after this episode, and we are at Utrecht, after having visited an old "kastel" or

two more in the neighborhood of Arnhem, and then following the Rhine where it winds among fields like a wide, twisted ribbon of silver worked in a fabric of green brocade. Its high waves, roughened by huge side-wheel steamers, spilt us into the Lek; and so, past queer little ferries and a great crowded lock or two, where Alb used his Club flag, we came straight to the fine old city of which one hears and knows more, somehow, than of any other in Holland.

I planned to do a little painting here, but, after all, I don't seem to take an interest in composing pictures as in trying to puzzle out the meanings of several things.

I suppose a man never can hope to understand women; but even a woman sometimes fails to understand another woman. For instance, goaded by unsatisfied curiosity to know, not only my own fate, but everybody else's fate, all around, I was tempted to take advantage of nephewhood, and put the case, as I saw it, to the L.C.P.

I ventured to tell her what I overheard between the girls on their balcony. "Now, you must know," I said, "that I'm in love with Phyllis."

"I thought it was Nell," said she. "So did I, for a while; but I've discovered that it's Phyllis. And I shall be very much obliged to you if you can tell me something. In fact, if you can, your dear nephew Ronny will present his aunt with a diamond ring."

"You mean if I tell you what you want to hear?"

"No. It must be what you honestly think."

"I don't want a diamond ring," said she, which surprised me extremely. It was the first time anything worth having has been mentioned which she did not want, and, usually, ask for.

"A pearl one, then," I suggested in my astonishment.

"I don't want a pearl one—or any other one, so you can save yourself the trouble of working through a long list," replied the lady who is engaged to be my obliging relative. "But go on, and ask what you were going to ask. Anything I can do for you, as an aunt, I will. I am paid for it."

This grew "curiouser and curiouser," as Alice had occasion to remark in her adventures. But having embarked upon my narrative, I went on—

"Whom do you think Phyllis meant when she spoke of trying to learn to love a man who seemed to love her? Was it Alb, or—"

"Mr. Robert van Buren, perhaps you were going to say," cut in the L.C.P.

"No, I don't mean him," I answered hurriedly. "Modesty forbids me to mention the name in my mind."

"But it was given to you by your sponsors in baptism. Will it make you very unhappy if I say I don't think that was the name in her mind?"

"I shall have to bear it," I said. "But, of course, I shall be unhappy."

"We all seem to be unhappy lately," remarked the L.C.P.

"Except you."

"Yes, except me, of course," she responded. "Why should I be unhappy? Tibbe loves me."

"You don't deserve it; but so do we all," said I.

She brightened. "You are harmful, but necessary," I went on. "We are used to you. We have even acquired a taste for you, I don't know why, or how. But you have an uncanny, unnautilike fascination of your own, which we all feel. At times it is even akin to pain."

"Oh, well, the pain will soon be over," said she. "We're at Utrecht now. Soon we'll be going to Zeeland, from Zeeland back to Rotterdam; and that's the end of the trip—and my engagement. It will be 'good-by' then."

"I feel now as if it would be good-by to everything," I sighed. "I never nursed a fond gazelle—"

"You tried to nurse two," said she. "You're like the dog who dropped the substance for the shadow."

"Which is which, please?—thought to specify would perhaps be ungallant to both. Besides, I haven't dropped either of them. If Phyllis is lost to me, I may still be able to fall back on Nell, whom nobody else seems to claim at present."

"Oh, don't they?" murmured the L.C.P.

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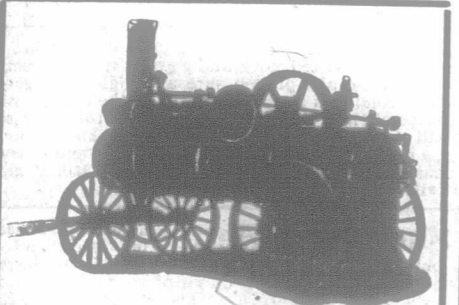
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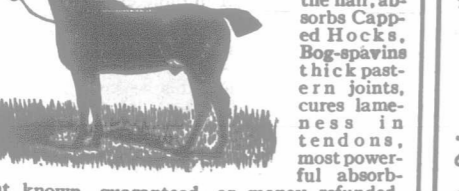
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"Do they?"

"She may have left dozens of adorners at home, to pick up again when she goes back. She's a beautiful girl," said her chaperon.

"Radiantly so, and I used to think also possessed of a beautiful disposition. But since she flew out at poor little Phyllis, who was asking for advice and comfort, and cried, 'I hate you, Phil—' Now, you're a woman. What had Phyllis said to put her in a rage?"

The L.C.P. laughed. "Enough to put a saint in a rage," said she. "And Nell isn't a saint. But they've been more devoted to each other than ever, since, so she must have repented and apologized, and been forgiven, before the moon went down. Oh, you poor puzzled creature! I wouldn't be a man for anything!"

And that was all the satisfaction I could get out of her. I remain as much in the dark as ever. But Robert van Buren, his sisters, and his fiancée are arriving immediately, and perhaps I may get enlightenment during the visit. I ought to have some reward, since it is through me that the Viking is coming with the females of his kind, at this particular time.

In a moment of quixotic generosity at Enkhuisen, I promised Phyllis, as a newly adopted, if reluctant, brother, that I would make everything right for her. Afterwards, I was inclined to repent of the plan which had sprung, Minerva-like full-grown and helmeted, from my suffering brain. But it was too late then. I had to keep my word, for I was sure that, deep down in her mind, Phyllis was expecting me to perform some miracle.

Rather than disappoint her—and lower my self-esteem—I had a talk with Robert the day he was leaving. Not an intimate talk, for we aren't on those terms; but I managed to get out of him that he was parting from us before he had intended because of a letter from the fiancée.

"Young ladies are a little exacting when they are engaged, I suppose," said the poor fellow. "They feel they have more right than others to a man's society."

Then it was that I asked why he didn't bring Freule Menela, chaperoned by the twins, to Utrecht instead of waiting until we had got as far as Zealand, which the fiancée might think too long a journey with such an object in view. He said that he would ask her.

"Don't seem too anxious," said I, airily. "And don't tell her you want her to be better acquainted with your cousin and step-cousin. Just remark that it will be a jolly excursion, eh? And you might add that Brederode and I—particularly I—are awfully keen on seeing her."

"Very well, I will give that message," said he. And I think he probably did give it, or something like it; for Nell had a telegram from him, while we were still doddering about in Friesland, asking if he might bring the ladies on a visit to Utrecht.

Now, it is "up to me" to carry out that plan made on the impulse of an unselfish moment.

Moral: do not have unselfish moments.

(To be continued.)

Questions and Answers.

1st—Questions asked by bona-fide subscribers to "The Farmer's Advocate" are answered in this department free.

2nd—Questions should be clearly stated and plainly written, on one side of the paper only, and must be accompanied by the full name and address of the writer.

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

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

Miscellaneous.

Musty Oats.

In answer to a question asked by C. S. F. in "The Farmer's Advocate" of December 2, on page 1903, on Feeding Musty Oats, I had some experience three years ago, and I put cold stones and iron in the oats and shoveled them all on and around the stones, good sized ones, and they were all right. I fed them, and they did no harm to my

A Baby was born to-day Its Father died yesterday

Tragic? Yes! But that isn't all. The young husband left his wife almost penniless. He had been so healthy and vigorous, he thoughtlessly put off securing life assurance until—too late.

Men! Life Insurance is something more than a duty. Fail to avail yourself of its advantages and your heart will fill with remorse when you realize that you are no longer insurable and are passing on, leaving wife and little ones unprovided for.

Is your estate protected against the contingency of your sudden death? If not, let us send you particulars of the Imperial Home Protection Policy, so that you can secure one while you are in good health.

You'll say it's the wisest thing you ever did.

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Ottawa Winter Fair

Howick Hall, Ottawa

January 18, 19, 20, and 21, 1916

\$16,000.00 OFFERED IN PRIZE MONEY

Greatly increased prizes and extended classification.
 Entries close January 7. Reduced rates on all railways.

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 Ottawa, Ont. Carp, Ont.

ORCHARD GROVE HEREFORDS
 Have several young bulls and heifers for sale. Satisfaction guaranteed.
L. O. CLIFFORD, **Oshawa, Ont.**

The Maples Herefords. For this season we are offering, without a doubt, the best bunch of young stuff we ever handled, both sexes, including our imported herd bull, 3 years old, and undefeated this year, and a sure stock-getter. See our exhibit at Guelph. Prices right.
W. H. & J. S. HUNTER **Orangeville, Ontario**

Northlynd R. O. P. Shorthorns and Jerseys
 For Sale—Our noted sire of big milkers, St. Clair—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., ONTARIO, WESTON STATION.

Shorthorns
 Pure Scotch and Scotch topped—Booth. Also five (5) young bulls from ten to twenty months old, of the low down, thick kind, good colors—reds and roans. Prices reasonable.
G. E. Morden & Son, Oakville, Ontario

Walnut-Grove Shorthorns
 Sired by the great Sire Trout Creek Wonder and out of imp. Cows and their daughters of pure Scotch breeding and others Scotch topped. For sale are several extra nice young bulls and a few heifers. Let us know your wants.
Duncan Brown & Sons, R. M. D. Shedden, Ont., P.M. & M.C.R.

Rosedale Stock Farm offers for quick sale at low prices one 2-year-old Shire Stallion, champion at Toronto. One 2-year-old and one yearling Hackney stallions, both imp. and both first at Toronto. One Hackney pony horse foal, dam champion at Toronto. Two Clyde horse foals, sire and dam imp. Ten Shorthorn bulls. A few choice Leicester ram lambs.
J. M. GARDHOUSE, Weston, Ont. G.T.R., C.P.R. and Electric Line.

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MAKE YOUR BIKE A MOTORCYCLE at a small cost by using our Attachable outfit. FREE BOOK describing the SHAW Bicycle Motor Attachment. Motorcycles, all makes, new and second-hand, \$35 and up. SHAW MANUFACTURING CO. Des. 75 Gatesburg, Kansas.

Champion Hackney Filly—Nellie Performer, No. 1029; bay, foaled June, 1914. Winner at Toronto, London and Guelph. Winner of Gold Medal and female championship Ottawa, 1915. For sale very reasonable. CHAS. OSHER, Cairo, Ont.

ALLOWAY LODGE STOCK FARM Angus, Southdowns, Collies

Special this month: Southdown Prize Rams. ROBT. McEWEN, R.R. 4, London Ont.

For Sale—Clydesdale Stallion, registered, sired by Lord March, out of Pomona Matron, No. 33676. Black, 4 white stockings and blaze. An exceptionally well built and promising horse. Price reasonable. Further particulars from Pomona Farm, Cobourg, Ontario

Tweedhill Aberdeen-Angus. Choice young bulls of serviceable age; also females. If you want anything in this line write: James Sharp, R.R. 1, Terra Cotta, Ontario Cheltenham, C.P.R. & G.T.R.

Aberdeen Angus Walter Hall, R.R. No. 4, Bright, Ont.

Beaver Hill Aberdeen-Angus—bulls fit for service. Females all ages. Cows with calves at foot. Prices reasonable. ALEX. MCKINNEY, R.R. No. 1, Erin, Ontario Cheltenham, G. T. R. Erin, C. P. R.

For Sale or Exchange—A beautiful French Coach Stallion, well broken to harness. A chestnut 7 year old, sound and surc. Would like to exchange a small house and lot in Collingwood worth about \$1,000 for a good stallion, any breed.

Henry M. Douglas Central Hotel, Elmvale, Ontario Formerly at Staynor and Meaford

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, ONT. 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.

Shorthorns Our Shorthorns are bred and developed for big milk production. If you want a Stock bull bred that way, we have several; also Clyde stallion rising 3, won 2nd at Guelph the other day in a big class. P. CHRISTIE & SON, Manchester, Ont.

SHORTHORN BULLS AND HEIFERS—Have eight bulls and ten heifers, from eight to twenty months, for sale. The best of breeding and prices moderate. Write me your wants before you buy. Oshawa Bell phone. C. E. BAIN, Woodbine Stock Farm, Taunton, Ont.

Choice stock to offer in SHORTHORNS, POLAND CHINA AND CHESTER WHITES. First prize Poland China herd at Toronto and London, 1915. Pairs not akin—bred from winners. Prices moderate. Geo. G. Gould, No. 4, Essex, Ont.

BURNFOOT STOCK FARM, Caledonia, Ont. Breeders of Heavy Milking dual purpose Shorthorns. Present offering a choice roan bull, born April 9th, 1915, a grandson of Dairymaid, 86086, the leading cow in the R.O.P. for Shorthorns in Canada. S. A. MOORE, Prop., Caledonia, Ont.

SHORTHORNS, bulls, females, reds, roans, size, quality, breeding milkers over 40 years, cows milking 50 lbs. a day. The English, Rothchild's bull Mortimer in herd, the kind you want. Prices easy. Thomas Graham, R.R. 3, Port Perry, Ont.

For Sale—Holstein Bull ready for service, large, straight and beautifully marked. He is good enough to head any herd. His dam a descendant of May Echo, yearly record 1,042 lbs. butter, 23,707 lbs. milk, and his sire a grandson of Pontiac Artis, yearly record, 1,976 lbs. butter, 21,834 lbs. milk. For price and full particulars, write O. & W. O. PALMER, St. Sebastian, Therville Co., Que.

Questions and Answers. Miscellaneous.

Bees. Would you give me information, through your valuable paper, on the care of bees and all about them? W. A. M.

Ans.—This subscriber is referred to our Apiary Department, which from time to time contains valuable articles on bees.

Tuberculosis. Is the stock of a tubercular affected cow likely to be affected in the same way? Is there any preventive, or what would you advise doing with them? T. S.

Ans.—Take the calf away from the cow the minute it is dropped and keep it in a stable where no tubercular animals are kept, and feed on milk from cows not suffering from tuberculosis. Never let the calf get the milk of its affected dam. The calf is dropped free from the disease. If you can keep him away from it he is not likely to contract it.

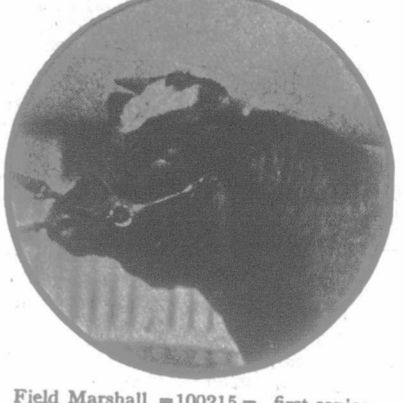
Facts About Sweet Clover. Kindly state a few facts about sweet clover, as it is a new thing here, and we need something that the grub will not eat, for it does much harm around here. J. McM.

Ans.—There are many things yet to learn about sweet clover, but we have had very good success with it at Weldwood. About the first of June, 1914, we sowed a small strip, about half an acre, without a nurse crop. This grew very rapidly, and from it we took one good cutting of hay, and another light one later in the fall. It grew up in the summer of 1915, and another crop of hay was taken off early in June, but it was cut too low down, causing the field of sweet clover to die. Had this cutting been taken above the small sprouts, which come out near the bottom, we would, no doubt, have had a second crop this past season. Sweet clover will do well under various circumstances. It would not be necessary to sow it without a nurse crop, but there is some danger when sown with grain that it may grow too rank and give trouble in the sheaves at harvest time. Where grubs are destructive, short rotations should be practiced to destroy their breeding and developing quarters.

Taxation on Farm in Town. 1. Can a farm of 200 acres inside the village corporation be assessed the same rate as village lots? 2. Can I be taxed for electric-light rate for said farm, there being no dwellings on farm? 3. What is the lawful taxation of farm inside of village corporation? W. G.

Ans.—1, 2 and 3. We would say that the farm can be assessed at the same rate as village lots, and that the general rule is that the assessment should be according to its actual cash value; and the rate of taxation would be the general rate for the village. There is provision in the Assessment Act, however, that where land is not held for the purpose of sale, but is bona fide, enclosed and used in connection with a residence or building, as a paddock, park, lawn, garden, or pleasure ground, it is to be assessed therewith on a valuation which, at 6 per cent., would yield a sum equal to the annual rental, which, in the judgment of the Assessors, it is fairly and reasonably worth, for the purpose for which it is used, reference being always had to its position and local advantages, unless by By-law the Council requires the same to be assessed like other ground. There is the further provision that in a village, where lands held and used as farm lands only, and in blocks of not less than ten acres, by any one person, are not benefited to as great an extent by the expenditure of moneys for, and on account of, public improvements, such as waterworks, sidewalks, sewers, lighting, street watering, etc., as other lands in the village, generally, the Village Council must, annually, at least two months before striking the rate of taxation for the year, pass a By-law declaring what part, if any, of such lands should be exempt, or partly exempt, from taxation, for such expenditure.

BULLS ON HAND TO OFFER FROM \$125.00 UP



- 1. Sylvan Power =95871=, white, calved Feb. 9, '14 Dam Nonpareil Courtier =83324= Lily Fragrance Collynie Fragrance (imp.) Old Lancaster (imp.) This bull won first at Western Fair this year. 2. Eramosa Ringleader =101651=, red, Sept. 3, '14 Sweet Fragrance (imp.) Alastair =78217= 3. Gilt Edge =101652=, red, little white, Dec. 7, '14 Lily Fragrance Bandsman's Commander =90929= Collynie Fragrance (imp.) Old Lancaster (imp.) 4. Spring Tide =101653=, red, little white, May 2, '10 P. V. Victoria Bandsman's Commander =90929= Victoria Lady Ben Lomond (imp.) Princess Victoria (imp.) Greengill Victor (imp.) 5. Conqueror's Crown, dark roan, June 11, '15 Victoria 75 Bandsman's Commander Victoria of P. V. Broadhooks Ringleader =83494= Princess Victoria (imp.) Morning's Pride and others

Field Marshall =100215=, first senior calf at Toronto and London, 1915. A. F. & G. AULD, R. R. No. 2 GUELPH, ONT.

A Reasonable Chance to Buy a Well-bred, Good, Young SHORTHORN BULL

at a small price; I have three January calves which I want to move at once Also four or five a little older. Will A. Dryden, Maple Shade Farm, Brooklin, Ont. Brooklin, G. T. R., C. N. R. Myrtle, C. P. R.

Robert Miller pays the freight, and in addition he is offering a roan 2-year-old bull that has not been beaten, bred direct from imported stock and a grand sire. A yearling younger bulls of the very highest class, in beautiful condition at great value for the money asked. Females of all ages, some of them prizewinners, some of them great milkers and bred that way, some of them the most select Scotch families that will start a man right. If you let me know your object, I can price you a bull to suit your purpose at a price that you can pay. Shropshire and Cotswold there is a reason. ROBERT MILLER, Stouffville P.O. and Station, Ontario.

Willowbank Stock Farm Shorthorn Herd Established 1855. established herd has at the head the two great bulls: Imported Roan Chief =60865= a Butterfly and the prizewinning bull, Browndale =80112= a Mina. An extra good lot of young stock to offer of either sex. Splendid condition. Good families of both milking strain and beef. James Douglas, Caledonia, Ont.

Shorthorns and Shropshires Am offering six young bulls at reasonable prices ranging in age from seven months to 19 months. A good lot. Also 10 Shropshire shearing ewes; a first class start for a flock low set and well covered. WM. D. DYER, R.R. No. 3, Oshawa Ont. Brooklyn, G.T.R. Myrtle, C.P.R.

IRVINEDALE SHORTHORNS Bulls and heifers of the very best quality. Sired by Gainford Select (One of the great sons of the celebrated Gainford Marquis). JOHN WATT & SON, R. R. No. 3, Elora, Ont.

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

Meadow Lawn Shorthorns We are offering a select lot of Scotch bulls and heifers, Marth, Roan Lady families. Sired by Proud Monarch No. 78792 by Blood Royal (imp.) You are invited to inspect this offering. Bell telephone. G.T.R. and C.R.R. F. W. EWING R. R. No. 1, Elora, Ontario

PLEASANT VALLEY FARM SHORTHORNS Your opportunity to buy a good shorthorn bull as a herd header or to raise better steers is right now. We have ten good ones for either purpose by imp. Loyal Scot, also several cows and heifers. Write us (before buying) GEO. AMOS & SONS, Moffat Station, Ont., C.P.R. (11 miles east of Guelph.

Blairgowrie Shorthorns Special offering for 30 days at reduced prices to make room for stabling. Bulls of serviceable age, young cows with calves by side and heifers in calf. Choice shearing and ram lambs, also ewes—both Cotswold and Shropshire. JOHN MILLER, Ashburn, Ont. Myrtle Sta. C.P.R. & G.T.R.

The Salem Shorthorns One of the largest collections of Scotch Shorthorns in America. Can suit you in either sex, at prices you can afford to pay. J. A. WATT, ELORA, ONT.

Spring Valley Shorthorns—Herd headed by the two great breeding bulls, Newton Ringleader (imp.) 73783, and Nonpareil Ramsden 83422. Can supply a few of either sex. KYLE BROS., Drumbo Ont. Phone and telegraph via Ayr.

Shorthorns RICH IN BREEDING, HIGH IN QUALITY My herd of Scotch and Scotch-topped Shorthorns was never stronger in number nor in quality than now. I have the most fashionable blood of the breed in pure Scotch, as well as the greatest milking blood strains. Visit the herd. Also some right choice Yorkshires, both sexes. A.J. Howden, Myrtle, C.P.R.; Brooklin, G.T.R.; Columbus, R.M.D.

Oakland Shorthorns For this season's trade we have the best lot of young bulls we ever bred and more of them, 6 to 13 mos. of age, bred from 50 lb. a day cows, also heifers of grand quality. John Elder & Sons, Hensall, Ont.

SHORTHORNS OF SHOW-RING QUALITY We have this year the best lot of young bulls we ever bred from the famous sire, Mildreds Royal, Sr. Calves, Matchless and Emmelines, they are all of show-ring calibre. GEO GIER & SON, R.M.D. WALDEMAR, ONT., P.O. AND STATION

H. SMITH HAY P. O., ONT. 21 SHORTHORN BULLS and as many heifers for sale. Write your wants. You know the Harry Smith Standard.

SHORTHORNS and SHROPSHIRE T. L. MERCER Markdale, Ontario With 125 head to select from, we can supply young cows in calf, heifers from calves up and young bulls from 9 to 18 mos. of age, richly bred and well fleshed. In Shropshires we have a large number of ram and ewe lambs by a Toronto 1st prize ram, a high-class lot.

GLENGOW SHORTHORNS AND COTSWOLDS Pure Scotch in breeding we have an exceptionally choice lot of bulls for this season's trade, ranging in age from 8 to 15 months; big mellow fellows and bred in the purple. Also Ram and Ewe lambs of first quality. Wm. Smith & Son, Columbus, Ont. Myrtle C.P.R., Brooklin, G.T.R., Oshawa, C.N.R.

Questions and Answers. Miscellaneous.

Fish. Does the Dominion books on fish free To whom does books?

Ans.—Write the and Fisheries.

Alfalfa—Fertilizer. 1. At what time sow alfalfa? 2. Does basic spring-seeding of alfalfa?

3. Is it profitable to sow or beans? 4. Please explain house. (1) How and how much cow disinfectant necessary generally used must the pipe have?

Ans.—1. Either crop of spring wh seeding or towards first of July in we 2. Basic slag has red clover.

3. It may be un We had good result this year, and it s beans.

4. A cess pool s across, and 6 or 7 with large stone. on top. Place then two-inch plank foot of earth. A test. No disinfect four-inch terra-cotta joints. A trap sh the sink to prevent coming up into the feet from house. put in a septic tank

Fertilizer 1. I had thirty a had been plowed tw half-ton slag to ti Last year I got a year we had about acre, but owing to only harvest about the second crop of As about one and of As the ground was cided to plow this and was told by th it would be a good correct? Will I r fertilizer on this g row with oats and s

2. What is your c as a fertilizer? 3. I bought another which has been negl the high knolls on t put, and grow noth and wire grass.

proper fertilizer for timothy and clover h 4. An orchard on been plowed for six trees are fairly healt the best fertilizer for to produce a crop of 5. Are beans a pr on land where potato season? How much fertilizer would be c acre?

Ans.—1. This land condition for a crop. prove about all the for next year.

2. Basic slag has on potatoes and roots it is a good fertilizer meadows, and somet able with wheat.

3. A liberal applica manure, then seed d plow it in. Summ weeds.

4. Barnyard manur tilizer, or you might 5. Beans would d potatoes. Barnyard used 12 to 15 tons plying artificial ferti any nitrogenous manur lbs. of acid phosphat muriate of potash are but the latter may this year.

FROM \$125.00 UP

95871 =, white, calved Feb. 9, '14
 Nonpareil Courtier = 83324 =
 Old Lancaster (imp.)
 Scottish Fancy (75601)
 at Western Fair this year.
 leader = 101651
 Broadhooks Ringleader = 83404 =
 (imp.) Alastair = 78217 =
 01652 =, red, little white, Dec. 7, '14
 Bandsman's Commander = 90929 =
 Old Lancaster (imp.)
 (imp.) Scottish Fancy
 Bandsman's Commander = 90929 =
 Ben Lomond (imp.)
 Greengill Victor (imp.)
 (imp.) Morning's Pride
 Brown, dark roan, June 11, '15
 Bandsman's Commander
 Broadhooks Ringleader = 83404 =
 Lancaster Floral
 (imp.) Morning's Pride
 and others

D. R. R. No. 2 GUELPH, ONT.

Bred, Good, Young BULL

I want to move at once
 m, Brooklin, Ont.
 C. P. R.

ring a roan 2-year-old bull that has
 stock and a grand sire. A yearling
 proven sure and right, and several
 great value for the money asked.
 at-milkers and bred that way, some
 ght. If you let me know your ob-
 can pay. Shropshire and Cotswold
 ed for 79 years, and still it grows.
 station, Ontario.

Herd Established 1855.
 This large and old
 Roan Chief = 80865 = a Butterfly
 ra good lot of young stock to offer
glas, Caledonia, Ont.

ring six young bulls at reasonable
 nging in age from seven months to
 s. A good lot. Also 10 Shropshire
 ewes: a first class start for a flock
 and well covered.

THORNS
 Sired by Gainford Select
 d Gainford Marquis).
 . 3, Elora, Ont.

Pure Scotch and
 Scotch-topped
 Breeding unsur-
 ick, mossy heifers.
nd, Ontario

t lot of Scotch bulls and heifers,
 old, from the Claret Wimples
 2 by Blood Royal (imp.) You
 R.R.

R. R. No. 1, Elora, Ontario

SHORTHORNS
 o raise better steers is right now,
 several cows and heifers. Write us
 .P.R. (11 miles east of Guelph.

duced prices to make room
 ble age, young cows with
 Choice shearing and ram lambs,
 hire.
 Myrtle Sta. C.P.R. & G.T.R.

the largest collections of Scotch
 ns in America. Can suit you
 sex, at prices you can afford

erded headed by the two great
 edding bulls, Newton Ringleader
 m p.) 73783, and Nonpareil

and telegraph via Ayr.

ING, HIGH IN QUALITY
 and Scotch-topped Shorthorns
 in number nor in quality than
 most fashionable blood of the
 "sit the herd." Also some right
 n, G.T.R.; Columbus, R.M.D.

or this season's trade we have
 e best lot of young bulls we
 er bred and more of them, 6
 13 mos. of age, bred from 50
 a day cows, also heifers of
 and quality.

ITY We have this year
 the best lot of young
 bulls we ever bred
 melines, they are all of show-
 quality.
ONT., P.O. AND STATION
, ONT.
 le. Write your wants.
 ard.

T. L. MERCER
 Markdale, Ontario
 heifers from calves up and
 a Toronto 1st prize ram, a

COTSWOLDS
 lot of bulls for this season's
 ows and bred in the purple.
 lin, G.T.R., Oshawa, C.N.R.

Questions and Answers.
 Miscellaneous.

Fish Book.

Does the Dominion Government publish
 books on fish free? Also water fowl?
 To whom does one write for these
 books? W. C. W.

Ans.—Write the Department of Marine
 and Fisheries.

Alfalfa—Fertilizer—Cess-Pool.

1. At what times in the spring can I
 sow alfalfa?
2. Does basic slag greatly improve
 spring seeding of red clover?
3. Is it profitable to use it on pota-
 toes or beans?
4. Please explain cess pool for farm-
 house. (1) How large; (2) how deep,
 and how much covering over top? How
 far must it be from house? Is any
 disinfectant necessary? What sized pipe
 is generally used? How much slant
 must the pipe have?

NEW SUBSCRIBER.

Ans.—1. Either with a thinly sown
 crop of spring wheat or barley during
 seeding or towards the end of June, or
 first of July in well-prepared soil, alone.

2. Basic slag has a beneficial affect on
 red clover.

3. It may be under certain conditions.
 We had good results with it on potatoes
 this year, and it should do all right on
 beans.

4. A cess pool should be 7 or 8 feet
 across, and 6 or 7 feet deep, walled up
 with large stone. About a foot of earth
 on top. Place some stringers across,
 then two-inch plank, and cover with a
 foot of earth. A light, sandy soil is
 best. No disinfectant is necessary. A
 four-inch terra-cotta pipe with cemented
 joints. A trap should be placed below
 the sink to prevent gases and fumes
 coming up into the house. At least 20
 feet from house. It would be better to
 put in a septic tank.

Fertility Questions.

1. I had thirty acres new ground that
 had been plowed twice, sown with oats,
 half-ton slag to the acre for fertilizer.
 Last year I got a fair crop oats; this
 year we had about three tons clover per
 acre, but owing to being lodged, could
 only harvest about one-half this amount;
 the second crop of clover we judged to
 be about one and one-half tons per acre.
 As the ground was not quite level I de-
 cided to plow this clover under again,
 and was told by the farmers here that
 it would be a good fertilizer. Is this
 correct? Will I require any further
 fertilizer on this ground next spring to
 sow with oats and seed down again?

2. What is your opinion of basic slag
 as a fertilizer?

3. I bought another farm this season,
 which has been neglected, and some of
 the high knolls on the meadows are run
 out, and grow nothing but white weed
 and wire grass. What would be the
 proper fertilizer for these for growing
 timothy and clover hay?

4. An orchard on this farm has not
 been plowed for sixteen years, but the
 trees are fairly healthy. What would be
 the best fertilizer for the trees, and also
 to produce a crop of oats?

5. Are beans a proper crop to grow
 on land where potatoes were grown this
 season? How much, and what kind of
 fertilizer would be correct for beans per
 acre? S. S. S.

Ans.—1. This land should be in a fair
 condition for a crop. The clover should
 prove about all the fertilizer necessary
 for next year.

2. Basic slag has given good results
 on potatoes and roots at Weldwood, and
 it is a good fertilizer for grass and old
 meadows, and sometimes proves profit-
 able with wheat.

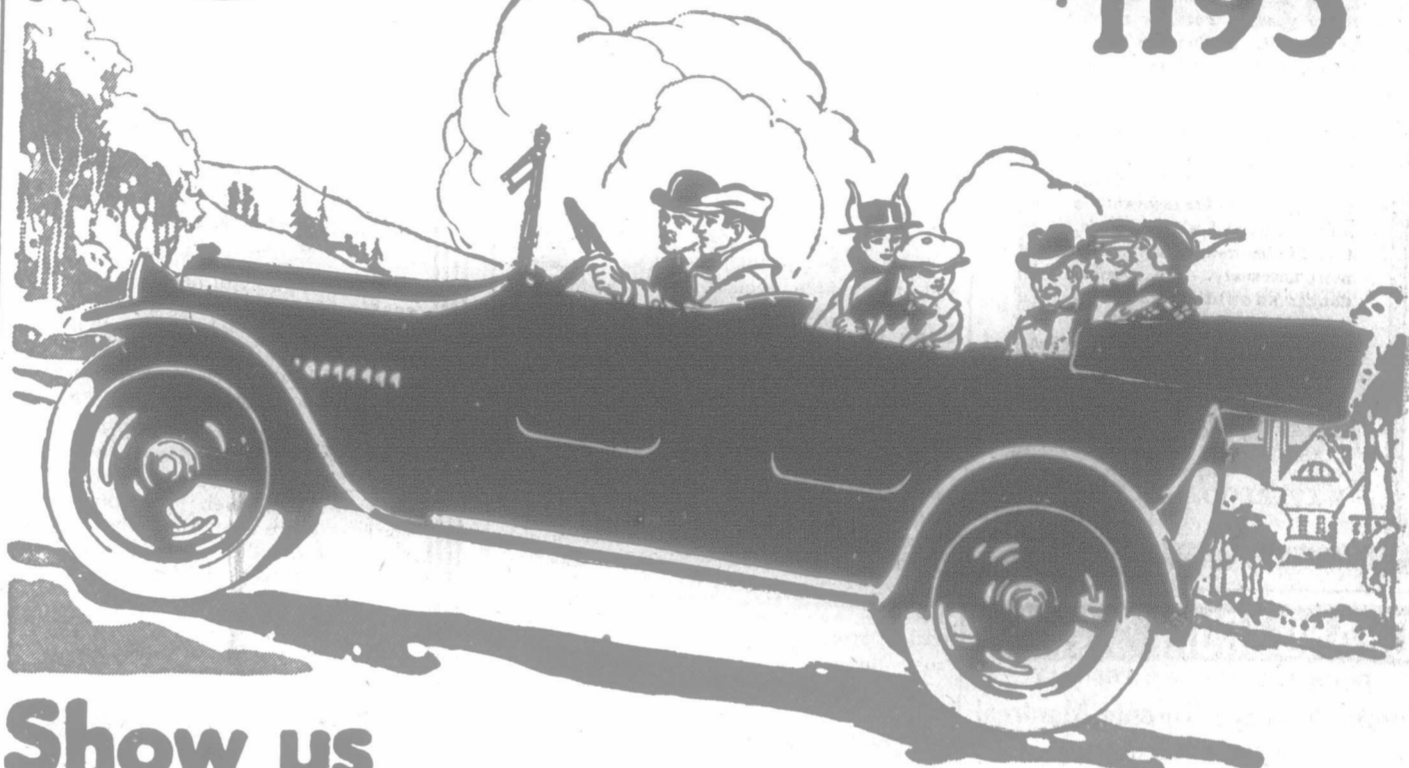
3. A liberal application of barnyard
 manure, then seed down to clover and
 plow it in. Summer-fallow to kill
 weeds.

4. Barnyard manure and complete fer-
 tilizer, or you might use clover, too.

5. Beans would do all right after
 potatoes. Barnyard manure is generally
 used 12 to 15 tons per acre. If ap-
 plying artificial fertilizer, do not put on
 any nitrogenous manure. Sometimes 320
 lbs. of acid phosphate and 130 lbs. of
 muriate of potash are applied per acre,
 but the latter may not be obtainable
 this year.



FORTY Horse Power
7 passenger FOUR
\$1195



Show us the hill this Car can't climb

Or show us the hill that you THINK it can't climb—and we'll give you the best demonstration of hill-climbing that you ever witnessed.

This Studebaker 4-cylinder car is the MOST POWERFUL car on the market at its price. With its motor INCREASED from 3½ x 5 to 3⅞-inch bore x 5-inch stroke, it develops and delivers FORTY Horse Power. And it is the ONLY 7-passenger, 4-cylinder car with a 3⅞ x 5, FORTY Horse Power motor at its price.

Owing to the high location of the carburetor, the 6-inch intake and the scientific design of the gas passages, it is the snappiest, most flexible 4-cylinder motor that you ever drove. In POWER and flexibility it equals most Sixes on the market.

But POWER alone is not the only reason that it stands supreme in the 4-cylinder market. Studebaker has set a new standard of VALUE for Fours. For while the price has been reduced from \$1250 to \$1195, nothing but the price has been decreased. In POWER, size and quality the car has been greatly INCREASED. And wherever materials were changed, BETTER materials were used, as for example, in the upholstery, which is the finest hand-buffed, semi-glassed leather.

From any angle—POWER, hill-climbing, performance on the roads, size, riding comforts or quality—this Studebaker FOUR stands in a class of its own—the GREAT value of the year. It is a "built-in-Canada" car—a car you can depend on—a car built on long years of experience in studying the farmer's transportation problems. See it at your dealer's—and write for 1916 Catalog at once!

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 Jos. McCrudden, Manager, Farm ¼ mile from Burlington Jct.

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These imported bulls, along with 10 home bred bulls may now be seen at our farms. There are some choice ones among them. We also imported four cows and a heifer, all of which are forward in calf. An invitation is extended to anyone interested in this class of stock to visit us at any time. Correspondence will receive our most careful attention.

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 Freeman, Ont.
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10 Bulls serviceable age, all good ones (some herd headers) and are offering females of all ages. Have a choice lot of heifers bred to Clansman = 87909 =; also four choice fillies all from imported stock.
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Plaster Hill Shorthorns

Six young bulls 8 to 14 months. Eight females, those of breeding age in calf. Some qualified in R. O. P. and others from R. O. P. cows. Among these some choice show animals. Prices right. Terms to suit purchaser.

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 Long-Distance Phone Station and P.O.

Shorthorns high class young bulls from 7 to 18 months, 15 young cows and heifers, straight, smooth big kinds of choicest breeding including several families that have produced dairy test winners. I never was in a better position to supply you with a good young bull at a more reasonable price. Write me or come and see them.

Stewart M. Graham
 Long distance Phone, Lindsay, Ont.

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Our herd of pure Scotch shorthorns are mostly direct from (imp.) stock. Three very choice bulls for sale, also females. GEO. D. FLETCHER,
 R. R. 1, Erin, Ont. L. D. Phone, Erin Sta. C.P.R.
 Please mention "The Farmer's Advocate."

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Walnut Grove Holsteins
Herd headed by May Echo Champion, full brothe of May Echo Sylvia, who made 36 lbs. of butter in seven days. Females for sale from one year old upwards. Prices right for quick sale.
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Phone Thornhill.

BULLS, BULLS. We have several young Holstein Bulls for sale just ready for service. Sired by the Great Bull, King; Segis, Pontiac, Duplicate, and our Junior Herd Bulls, Pontiac, Hengerveld, Pietertje, and from High Testing Dams. Prices low for the quality. Write and get them. Manchester, G.T.R., and Myrtle, C.P.R. stations; Bell Phone.
R. W. Walker & Sons, R.R.-4, Port Perry, Ont.

Pedigreed Holstein Bull
For sale, 15 months old. Apply
HEROLD'S FARMS Beamsville, Ont.

Questions and Answers. Miscellaneous.

"The Bird with the Broken Pinion."
"The bird with the broken pinion" can be found in "Pentecostal Hymns," Nos. 1 and 2 combined. J. F.

Man Leaves.
A hires B for one year on January 1, 1915, for the sum of \$225. B is an inexperienced man, but A agrees to pay the said wages by B assuring him he would stay for the full year. In the middle of harvest B leaves A without a cause and hires with C for more wages, leaving A without help for the rest of the harvest. B admits he has no fault with A or A's place. Can B collect full wages for the time he worked? S. J. M.

Ans.—It is not likely. If he left without reasonable excuse to work for another it is probable that the judge would allow him only a fair proportion of his wages in accordance with work done.

Diarrhoea in Calves.
I have a spring calf which lost its mother when it was four days old. We have raised it, but it is troubled with chronic diarrhoea. Its faeces are formed, but soft, and some liquid is discharged when it evacuates. What is the proper treatment? M. S.

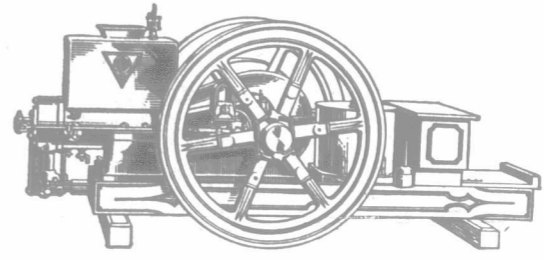
Ans.—Keep the calf in a warm stall. Feed on well-cured dry hay and chopped oats. Give purgative of eight ounces raw linseed oil, and in twelve hours afterwards give four drams laudanum and two drams each of catechu and prepared chalk in a pint of new milk, and repeat the dose every four hours until diarrhoea ceases. Add to the milk or water the calf drinks one-quarter of its bulk of lime water.

Sulphates—Cement Work.
1. Are sulphate of iron and sulphate of copper both sold under the common name of coppers or bluestone?
2. Is sulphate of iron any good to combat fungous diseases, such as apple scab, potato blight, smut, etc.? What are the usual wholesale prices of these two ingredients?
3. How much cement and gravel would it take to build a solid wall silo 12 feet in diameter and 30 feet high? J. P.

Ans.—1. Not correctly so.
2. Iron sulphate is not used for fungus. It is much cheaper than copper sulphate, which has gone up in price since the war. Ordinarily, iron sulphate sells around 80 cents per cwt., and copper now 10½ cents per lb. in large quantities, formerly sold from 5 cents to 8 cents per lb. Iron sulphate is now quoted at \$1.50 per cwt. in large quantities. These are wholesale prices, retail being much higher, and they are subject to change.
3. About 36 barrels of cement, and about seven cords of gravel.

Plant Troubles.
1. Would you kindly tell me, through the columns of your paper, what you think is the matter with my geraniums. I slipped them the last of June, and before I brought them in this fall they had commenced to bloom pretty well, but since they have been in the house the buds die or turn yellow almost as soon as they appear. Do you think this is for want of some kind of fertilizer, or what? I put hen manure in soil about half-way down in pots when I slipped them.
2. What is good to kill ice on plants?
3. What makes a good fertilizer for plants? L. P.

Ans.—1 and 3. Is it not probable that you have put too much of the hen manure in the flower pots? Or perhaps your furnace or coal stove expels gas into the room. This will cause such trouble. A little diluted barnyard soaking is good for flowers, or it is well to incorporate some leaf mould from the woods in the soil.
2. If the insects are red spiders (very small bee-like red creatures), apply water to the plants by sprinkling daily. Plants having aphids may be dipped into a solution made by dissolving hard soap in water on the fire. The proportions to use are one-quarter pound to two gallons of water. Dissolve in a small amount of water first.



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Canary Mercedes Piertje Hartog 7th heads our herd. His dam gave 116 lbs. milk in one day and 6.197 in sixty days and made 34.60 lbs. butter in 7 days. There are more cows in our herd giving over one hundred lbs. of milk a day than any other in Ontario. We have both bulls and heifers for sale.

D. C. FLATT & SON, R. R. No. 2, HAMILTON, ONTARIO
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Ourvilla Holstein Herd If you are starting a herd, or wanting to improve one, look at these young sires for sale, from Homestead Susie Colantha, at three years 26.50; Ourvilla Susie Abbekerk, at three years 26.02; Ourvilla Calamity Ormsby, 22.14 at three years; Homestead Hellon Abbekerk, at three years 23.51, and a few others. Also come and make a selection in choice females from our herd of 100 head.
LIDLAW BROS., Aylmer, Ont.

Evergreen Stock Farm—REGISTERED HOLSTEINS
Present offering; Several bull and heifer calves, also a few yearling heifers bred and ready to breed. Write for prices and descriptions. Bell 'phone.
A. E. Hulet, Norwich Ont.

Lakeview Stock Farm Bronte, Ont. BREEDERS OF HIGH TESTING HOLSTEIN-FRIESIAN CATTLE OFFER FOR SALE A FOUNDATION HERD consisting of 1 male and 3 females all bred in the purple and backed by officially tested dams. Terms to suit purchasers.
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Clover-Bar, Holsteins. My special offering just now are some choice young Bulls out of official record dams and sired by Count Mercedes Ormsby, whose dam has 3-30 lb. sister, and a 24 lb. 4-year old and a 21.06 lb. 3-year old daughters, and his sire was the great Sir Admiral Ormsby. Also a few females.
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HOLSTEIN CATTLE Pure-bred cows, heifers and heifer calves. 66 HEAD MUST BE SOLD, having disposed of my two stock farms. Come and make your selection. Price and terms to suit. Cattle will be in good working shape, not forced or fitted for sale purposes.
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Telegraph and Phone Niagara Falls. Farm 10 minutes trolley from Niagara Falls.

HOLSTEINS Do you want a young herd header backed up by generations of record-makers, 2 sons of an ex-world champion? If so, write me. Am now booking orders for Hampshire and Chester White Swine.
C. E. KETTLE, Wilsonville P.O. Ontario
Long-distance telephone from Waterford.

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Bulls nearly ready for service from daughters of Prince Aaggie Mechthilde whose first junior two year old daughters averaged 14,600 lbs. milk, 656 lbs. butter in R.O.P., and five juniors now in R.O.P. test have averaged 10,893 lbs., have nearly four months to complete records and still giving from 40 to 50 lbs. each daily. For prices write
WALBURN RIVERS, R.R. NO. 5, Ingersoll, Ont.

QUEEN CITY HOLSTEINS
Present Offering is 10 young bulls, from 6 to 14 months of age, the records of whose dams, sires dam and her full sister, range from 28 to 32 lbs. They are sons of King Lyons Hengerveld Segis.
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Ayrshire cattle and Yorkshire swine. Both sexes.
J. R. KENNEDY, Knowlton, Que.

Please mention "The Farmer's Advocate."

Questions and Answers.
Miscellaneous.

Probably Roup.

Some of my hens appear to have an eye closed, and scratch their heads with their feet. They go nearly blind, but seem to recover. What is the cause, and how will I treat them?

FARMER.

Ans.—The trouble is what is considered by the majority of poultrymen, one of the forms of roup. Some call the disease swelled head or swelled eyes. It comes in all probability from a cold in the beginning, but will spread among a flock if not checked. It may be due to the fowls roosting in a draft. For instance, in moving fowls from one house to another, they will often take cold and the eyes swell up, be more or less discharge, and bubbles about the eyes. If the cause is not removed, often the birds become totally blind, and the eyes fill with canker. In all such cases we recommend the use of Epsom salts in the drinking water, or in a mash. We use about a dessertspoonful to one gallon of drinking water. Each bird that is affected is given one teaspoonful of dry salts. The head should be bathed with a weak solution of any of the commercial roup cures, or a five-per-cent. solution of potassium permanganate, or a Seiler's tablet dissolved in a cup of water. The latter treatment, I think, is the best. If you have only one or two birds affected, it is not worth while treating them. You had better kill the two or three, and try to remove the cause of the disease. It may be necessary to disinfect the house; if so, use air-slaked lime under the dropping-boards, to a bushel of which has been added one pint of crude carbolic acid. It may be well to spray the interior of the house with a whitewash containing five per cent. of carbolic acid. Where there is any fear of poisoning from the use of carbolic acid, we have found Zenoleum to be a very good substitute.

Gossip.

AYRSHIRE CATTLE FOR CANADA.

A select shipment of Ayrshire cattle—14 two-year-old heifers and 1 bull calf—has just been despatched by Hugh B. W. Crawford, of Chapmanton, to the order of J. & C. C. Ballantyne, Montreal, Canada.

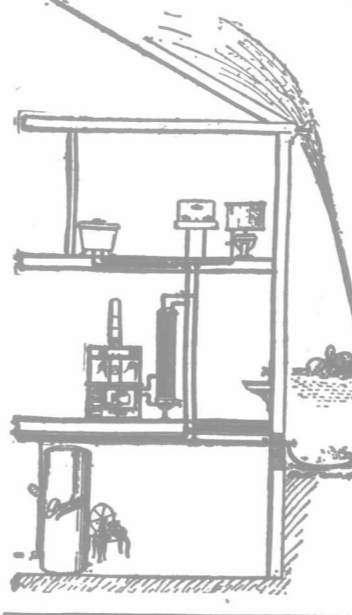
Mr. Crawford drew from his own herds for eleven of the number, while the remainder came from the celebrated herds of Balmanan and Lessnessock. These were all selected with the profitable commercial idea in view, and were as far removed as possible from the tight vessel, short-teated type. Mr. Crawford's own heifers were all by sires which had given proof of their breeding qualities. In these were represented sires used at Chapmanton and bred at Garclaugh, Hillhouse (McKinlay) Holchouse, Whitehill, Hillhouse (Hewie's) Kirkland, Lessnessock and Netherton, and in every case these sires had dams with the very best records. The bull calf is out of a fine Envy Me dam, while his sire is Netherton Neptune, by Brae Rising Star. It will thus be seen J. & C. C. Ballantyne have a sire showing some inbreeding of the most fashionable blood. The bull Netherton Neptune, used for the last two years at Chapmanton, has for a dam the fine old cow in Mr. Clement's herd, Glassock Nelly. She was bought by Mr. Clement, after twice winning in succession the 1,200 gallon class at Fenwick.

It is also worthy of note that some of the Chapmanton heifers included in the lot were got by Chapmanton Eldorado, bred at Garclaugh, whose dam in Mr. Roberts' hands in America, is this year so far beating the famous world's champion, Brown Kate, in her records; while some heifers by Chapmanton Eldorado are this year making between 900 and 1,000 gallons in Mr. Crawford's herd in thirty-six weeks.

The heifers from Balmanan have for sire Findlaystone Baron Scott, a bull bred in the celebrated Netherall herd, from a high-record dam, while of those from Lessnessock, one was bred at Sunnyside, and the other was bred by Mr. Montgomerie on the intelligent commercial lines displayed in the management of his famous herd.—The Scottish Farmer.

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Yours truly, J. G. Carter

Greenock, Nov. 1, 15.

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Canadian Engines Ltd., Dunnville, Ont.
FROST & WOOD Co., Limited, exclusive sales agents east of Peterboro, Quebec and the Maritime Provinces.
Good live agents wanted in unrepresented territory.

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We are offering now for the first time a limited number of high-class and richly bred heifers and young bulls. Shearling ewes. Ram and Ewe lambs by Imp. Sire. Tamworths both sexes from breeding age down, our entire offering is high-class and prices no higher than the other fellow.

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Humeshaugh Ayrshires

We have several February, March and April 1915, bull calves, bred from some of our best imported and home-bred females, which we offer at Alex. Hume & Co., Campbellford, Ont., R.No. 3. good value for quick sale.

HILLHOUSE AYRSHIRES

Show-ring winners. Dairy test winners. 75 head to select from. Bull calves and females of all ages for sale. Before buying, come and inspect our herd and get prices.

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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.

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For 50 years I have been breeding the great Flos tribe of Ayrshires, dozens of them have been 60-lb. cows; I have lots of them get 60 lbs. a day on twice a day milking. Young bulls 1 to 10 months of age, females all ages. If this kind of production appeals to you write me.

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Present Offering: Our stock bull, Tam O'Menie =35101= dam, Dewdrop of Menie =25875=, R. O. P. test 9,783 lbs. milk, 401 lbs. butter-fat as a 3-year-old. This bull stood 3rd at Toronto this year. Also young bulls from record cows, and females of all ages.

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Boars and sows—10 weeks to 8 months—Sire and dam 1st prize winners at Toronto. First-class Shorthorn bull by Sea Foam, (Dark Roan, 12 months old).

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Tamworths Boars fit for service, young sows ready to breed, pigs of all ages for sale. Before buying, write for prices.

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Chester White Swine Champion herd at Toronto and London Fairs; also Dorset Horn Sheep, young stock of both sexes for sale.

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CLEARVIEW CHESTER WHITES
For many years my herd has won the highest honors at Toronto, London, Ottawa and Guelph. For sale are both sexes of any desired age, bred from winners and champions.

D. DeCoursey, R. R. No. 5, Mitchell, Ont.

Tamworths Buy your breeding stock now, as they will be very scarce this fall. I have a nice lot of boars ready for service, and sows ready to breed. Prices reasonable.

Herbert German, St. George, Ontario

Poland-China Swine Duroc Jersey, Berkshires and Chester Whites, also Dorset Horn sheep. Young stock of both sexes. Come and see, write or phone.

CECIL STOBBS, Leamington, Ontario.
Phone 284.

Pine Grove Yorkshires—Bred from prize-winning stock of England and Canada. Have a choice lot of young pigs of both sexes, pairs not akin, to offer at reasonable prices. Guaranteed satisfaction.

Joseph Featherston & Son, Streetsville, Ont.

For Sale:—Ohio Improved Chester White Swine. The oldest established registered herd in Canada. Pairs furnished not akin 6 to 8 weeks old. Write for prices.

Mrs. E. D. George & Sons, R.R. No. 2, Mossley, Ont.

Morrison Tamworths and Shorthorns, bred from the prize-winning herds of England. Choice Tamworths, both sexes, all ages, 150 head to choose from. Choice Shorthorns, 3 extra fine red roan bull calves, 8 mos. old, dandies, also cows and heifers of the deep milking strain. **Charles Currie, Morrison**

Yorkshire Sows for Sale. Three choice Yorkshire sows, bred eight months old, weight about 275 lbs. L.D. Phone.

Geo. D. Fletcher, R.R. No. 1, Erin, Ont.

Gossip.

The attention of our readers is directed to a new advertisement in this issue, being the offering of Scotch Shorthorns, the property of L. K. Weber, Hawkesville, Ont. They will bear comparison with the best for breeding, size and quality, and are from such sires as Good-Morning (imp.), Lord Lieutenant (imp.). Farm can be reached by C. P. R. or G. T. R. Parties met if notified.

THE TILLSONBURG SALE OF AYRSHIRES.

The Southern Counties Ayrshire Breeders' Club has made arrangements this year to hold its second annual sale at the Imperial Hotel stables, Tillsonburg, on Dec. 30. The sale room will be seated, heated, and well lighted, so that everybody will be comfortable.

It would be a difficult matter to secure a draft of cattle possessing the desirable Ayrshire characteristics of "beauty and utility" in a more marked degree than the lot which is to go under the hammer at this sale. The members of the Club intend to make this sale an annual event, and they know full well that a satisfied customer is their best advertisement. The Club has, therefore, incorporated in its constitution, very strict rules regarding consignment sales. All by-bidding or bidding in of stock is absolutely prohibited. Everybody is, therefore, assured of a fair and square deal. In the show-rings at Toronto and London, as well as many local shows, stock purchased at the Club Sale a year ago has been giving a most excellent account of itself. Read the letters from satisfied patrons of the first Club Sale published in the catalog. We believe that the stock offered at this sale is of even superior average quality to the stock sold one year ago.

Much of the stock listed in this sale possesses the blood of the most highly prized strains of Ayrshire cattle in the world. Stock in this sale will be found tracing direct to the sire of the present world's Ayrshire champion cow, Auchebraun Brown Kate 4th (imp.); also to the ex-champion Netherhall Brownie IX, and Jean Armour, which recently sold, when in her fourteenth year, for \$4,000, and her daughter being sold at the same sale for \$3,500. Others trace direct to the sire of the present Canadian R. O. P. champion, Milkmaid 7th, and the ex-champion, Primrose of Tanglewyld, as well as to the great Scottie, which now has about 20 of his progeny in the R.O.P., and is yet the Canadian R. O. P. champion sire. Ten head of richly-bred males are listed, most of them being about one year of age. Most of these possess the very choicest R. O. P. backing, and are fit to head the best herds in the country. In females, about 40 head of all ages, from calves of a few weeks up to mature cows, are offered. A number of the cows will be fresh within a few weeks after the sale.

The sale stable is only one block from the station on the Brantford and Tillsonburg line of the G. T. R., and is only a short distance from the station on the C. P. R. branch, while the Michigan Central and Wabash lines also touch the town.

Distribution of Tobacco Seed.

A sample of choice seed, in 4-ounce packages, one of the following varieties of tobacco, White Burley or Warne, will be sent free to any tobacco grower who applies for same to the Tobacco Division, Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa. This quantity of seed is sufficient to sow 150 square feet of seed-bed, and to plant one acre. Our supply of seed being limited, we would ask the growers desirous of securing seed to send their applications at an early date, as all requests will be classified in the order they are received. No applicant will be supplied with more than one sample of seed.

Tobacco Division, Ottawa.

Trade Topic.

The Beckmore Gall Cure Co., whose advertisement is run in this paper, have published a little cost account book, and also a valuable horse book, which may be had on application to that company at 601 Town, Me., U. S. A. Look up this advertisement in this paper.

Save on Winter Feeding
Add a few cents' worth of Pratts Animal Regulator and save dollars' worth of feed. Makes the horses gain every possible ounce of good from their food. Puts them in fine healthy condition.

Try it at our risk on our Money Back Guarantee.

Pratts ANIMAL REGULATOR
25c. packages and larger money-saving sizes up to 25 lb. pails, \$3.50.

Pratt Food Co. of Canada, Limited, Toronto

H. ARKELL W. J. ARKELL F. S. ARKELL

Summer Hill Stock Farm
Largest and oldest importers and breeders of

OXFORDS
in Canada. Look up our show record, it will give you an idea of the kind of Oxfords we have for sale.

PETER ARKELL & SONS, Proprietors, Teeswater, Ont.
Customers, beware of imitations of this advertisement

SUMMER HILL OXFORDS
Flock established many years ago on Summer Hill Stock Farm by the late Peter Arkell, now owned by his son, Peter Arkell. Rams and ewes in any quantity for sale, all recorded. Positively no grades registered as pure-breeds; also no grades handled except by order.

Peter Arkell & Co., P.O. Box 454, Teeswater, Ont. C.P.R. Sta.

Oak-Park-Farm Shropshires and Yorkshires
We have over 100 Shropshire ewes, imported and out of imported stock, 40 ewe lambs, 25 ram lambs, a strictly high-class lot in type, covering breeding and condition, we will sell whatever you select. In Yorkshires we have both sexes from breeding age down, all of No. 1 quality. Write us your wants.

W. G. BAILEY, Oak-Park-Farm, Paris, Ont. R. R. No. 4.

Farnham Farm Oxford and Hampshire Downs
Flock Established in 1881 from the best flocks in England. We are offering a splendid lot of yearling rams and ram lambs for stock headers or show purposes. We ourselves have retired from the show-ring so hold nothing back. We are also offering 80 yearling Oxford ewes and ewe lambs; a few superior Hampshire yearlings and ram lambs. All registered. Prices reasonable.

HENRY ARKELL & SON, Route 2 GUELPH, ONT.
Guelph, G.T.R.; Arkell, C.P.R. Telegraph Guelph.
Long-distance phone in house.

Shropshires and Cotswolds for Sale—Yearling rams and yearling ewes, a few rams from imported ewes. Prices very reasonable.

JOHN MILLER, Claremont, Ont.
Claremont, C. P. R., 3 miles Pickering, G. T. R., 7 miles Greenburn, C.N.R., 4 miles

OAK - LODGE SHROPSHIRE We have on hand for sale a large number of Shearing Rams and Shearing Ewes, Ram and Ewe lambs, got by noted sires that have produced winners at Toronto for the last 3 years. Highest quality.

J. E. Brethour & Nephew, Burford, Ontario

Yorkshire Pigs
AGES FROM FOUR WEEKS TO SEVEN MONTHS.
Strong growthy individuals from well bred sire and dams. Inspection invited. Address—

WELDWOOD FARM
Farmer's Advocate, London, Ontario

Cloverdale Large English Berkshires!
Sows bred, others ready to breed; boars ready for service; younger stock, both sexes, pairs not akin. All breeding stock imp. or from imp. stock. Prices reasonable.

C. J. Lang, Burketon, Ont. R. R. 3.

Newcastle Tamworths and Shorthorns Boars ready for service. Sows due to farrow, others bred and ready to extra choice young bulls and heifer calves, recently dropped: grand milking strain, 2 bulls 5 and 8 months old. All at reasonable prices.

A. A. COLWILL, NEWCASTLE, ONTARIO Long-Distance Telephone

ELMHURST LARGE ENGLISH BERKSHIRES
From our recent importation of sows, together with the stock boar, Suddon Torredor, we can supply select breeding stock, all ages. Satisfaction and safe delivery guaranteed.

H. M. VANDERLIP, Breeder and Importer, R. R. 1, Brantford, Ontario
Langford Station on Brantford and Hamilton Radial.

DUROC JERSEY SWINE, JERSEY CATTLE
In Duroc Jerseys we have either sex of any desired age, bred from winners and champions for generations back. In Jerseys we have young cows in calf and young bulls, high in quality and high producing blood.

MAC. CAMPBELL & SONS, Northwood, Ont.

YORKSHIRES Our Offering never better. Champion hog winner of 12 firsts, 5 championships, 2 years showing, still at the head. Boars and sows all ages, same breeding as winners of export bacon in keen competition at Toronto in 1915.

WM. MANNING & SONS, WOODVILLE, ONT.

DECEMBER

Raised
Her name is... Blatchford's Pig of young pigs at Steele Briggs

CR
Where a cream? We want ers and mo for us. Write for Silver LONI

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Pays expres re Pay Write for particu Sarnia Cr S

Brant
Brant Guarantees to for cream of Write Reference:

CREA
Reasons why you 1. We aim to pa 2. We give you 3. We have the l 4. We are pro The market indic Write us for fur THE TORONTO 9 Church

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STAM
or stubbing over thes permanently ale pupils every literature. THE ARN BERLI

Ear Tags
Tag your stock—best identification for Ho Name, address and Catalog and samples F. S. Burck & Co., U

DO Y FURN
Write for our Catalogue No. THE ADAMS FU Toron

Winter Feeding

Worth of Pratts Animal
dollars' worth of feed.
Every possible ounce of
them in fine healthy

Money Back Guarantee.

AL REGULATOR

ackages and larger money-
up to 25 lb. pails, \$3.50.

la, Limited, Toronto

F. S. ARKELL

Stock Farm

ers and breeders of

RDS

w record, it will give
ords we have for sale.

Teeswater, Ont.

vertisement

FORDS

ck Farm by the late Peter
and ewes in any quan-
registered as pure-
order.

r, Ont. C.P.R. Sta.

m

rkshires

k, 40 ewe lambs, 25 ram lambs,
will sell whatever you select. In
quality. Write us your wants.

Ont. R. R. No. 4.

Hampshire Downs

best flocks in England.
rams and ram lambs for flock
retired from the show-ring so
yearling Oxford ewes and ewe
and ram lambs. All registered

te 2 GUELPH, ONT.

Telegraph Guelph.

house.

rams and yearling ewes, a few
ewes, an extra good lot of ram

LER, Claremont, Ont.
Greenburn, C.N.R., 4 miles

ge number of Shearling Ram
Ewe lambs, got by noted sire
Toronto for the last 3 years.

ew, Burford, Ontario

Pigs

VEN MONTHS.

sire and dams.

ARM

Ontario

Berkshires!

n, both sexes, pairs not akin.

n, Ont. R. R. 3.

ready for service. Sows due

w, others bred and ready to

hampionship stock. Several

king strain, 2 bulls 5 and 8

Long-Distance Telephone

BERKSHIRES

ock boar, Suddon Torredor,
and safe delivery guaranteed.

Brantford, Ontario

on Radial.

Y CATTLE

rs and champions for gener-

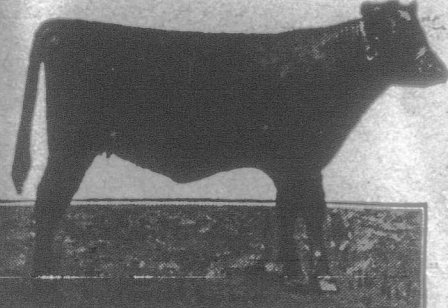
h, high in quality and high

SONS, Northwood, Ont.

Champion hog winner of

2 years showing, still at

rs all ages, same breeding as



Raised Without Milk!

Her name is "Daisy" and her owner, W. A. Riddle, of Chapin, Iowa, raised her on Blatchford's Calf Meal, which costs less than half as much as milk.

Blatchford's Calf Meal

A useful preventive of scouring. Calves raised "The Blatchford's Way" are heavier, bigger-boned and healthier. Known as the complete milk substitute since the year 1876. Sold by your dealer or direct from the manufacturer.

Blatchford's Pig Meal insures rapid, sturdy growth of young pigs at weaning time. Prevents scab. See Actual Figures—based on records you how to increase your calf profits. Write today. Steele Briggs Seed Co., Dept. 55, Toronto, Ont.

CREAM

Where are you shipping now? And what are you getting for your cream?

We want more individual shippers and more men to gather cream for us.

Write for our proposition.

Silverwoods Limited LONDON, ONTARIO

Sarnia Creamery

Pays express, furnishes cans and remits weekly. Pay Highest Price.

Write for particulars. Sarnia Creamery Co., Ltd. Sarnia, Ont.

Brant Creamery

Brantford, Ontario. Guarantees to you a high-priced market for cream every day of the year. Write for our book.

Reference: Bank of Nova Scotia

CREAM! Mr. Shipper, Attention!

Reasons why you should send your cream to us: 1. We aim to pay the highest prices. 2. We give you a square deal. 3. We have the largest market in Ontario. 4. We are prompt in making remittances. The market indicates a gradual advance. Act now. Write us for further particulars. THE TORONTO CREAMERY CO., LIMITED 9 Church Street, Toronto, Ont.

CREAM

We pay express charges and furnish cans. Remit promptly. Take all you can make. Write us.

THE BERLIN CREAMERY CO. Berlin, Canada

STAMMERING

or stuttering overcome positively. Our natural methods permanently restore natural speech. Graduate pupils everywhere. Write for free advice and literature. THE ARNOTT INSTITUTE BERLIN, CANADA

Ear Tags for Stock. Tag your stock—the best and cheapest means of identification for Hogs, Sheep and Cattle. Name, address and number stamped on tags. Catalogue and samples free on request. F. S. Birch & Co., 172 W. Main St. Chicago

DO YOU NEED FURNITURE? Write for our large Photo-Illustrated Catalogue No. 7—it's free to you. THE ADAMS FURNITURE CO., Limited Toronto, Ontario

Trade Topic.

WINTER TOURS TO CALIFORNIA, FLORIDA, ETC.

At this season of the year many are planning their winter tours. Considerable numbers annually visit the ever-popular California resorts, while many choose the flowers and sunshine of Florida, together with the very even climate.

Numerous people in comfortable circumstances, well able to afford a winter tour, have the mistaken idea that a trip of this nature is most expensive. This is not so. Thanks to modern railway facilities, an extensive trip, both interesting and educational, may be made with speed and comfort at a comparatively small cost. Why not investigate?

The Canadian Pacific Railway offers particularly good service to Detroit, where direct connection is made for Florida, via Cincinnati, Ohio, and Atlanta, Ga. Jacksonville, Florida, is reached second morning after leaving Detroit. Excellent connections for Florida can also be made via Buffalo.

The Canadian Pacific-Michigan Central route (via Michigan Central twin tubes between Windsor and Detroit), will be found the ideal line to Chicago, where direct connection is made for the Southern States. New Orleans is reached second morning after leaving Toronto.

Direct connection is also made at Chicago for points in California, Texas, Arizona, etc.

The Dining, Parlor and Sleeping-car service between Toronto, Detroit and Chicago is up-to-date in every particular. Connecting lines also operate through sleeping and dining cars.

Those contemplating a trip of any nature will receive full information from any C. P. R. agent; or write M. G. Murphy, District Passenger Agent, Toronto.

"There's one consolation about being in jail, mum."
"What is that, my poor man?"
"After I once go to bed nobody makes me get up and go down to be sure that the back door's locked."

During the hearing of a lawsuit the judge reproved a man for making unnecessary noise. "Your Honor," was the reply, "I have lost my overcoat, and I am looking about to find it." "Well, sir," said the judge, "people often lose whole suits here without making so much disturbance as that."

"I wonder what we're here in the world for?" asked the little boy, who seemed to be suffering from some childish grievance.

"We are put here to help others, of course," answered the little girl, with an air of superior wisdom.

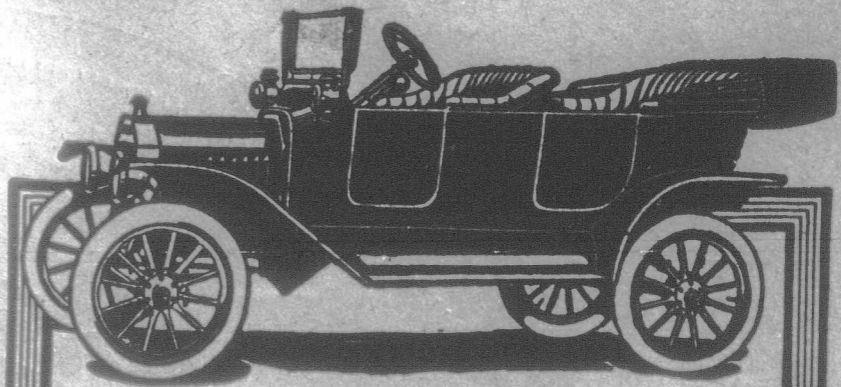
"Um!" exclaimed the boy, disdainfully; "then what are the others put here for?"

The teacher, wishing to impress on her pupils' minds the vast population of China, said: "Just think of it, children, two Chinamen die every time you draw your breath!"

A minute later her attention was attracted to little Jimmie James, who stood at the foot of the class puffing vigorously, with his face reddened and his cheeks distended.

"What is the matter, Jimmy?" asked the teacher. "What on earth are you doing?"

"Nothin', Miss Mary," was the indifferent response of Jimmy. "Just killin' Chinamen."



"MADE IN CANADA"

Ford Touring Car Price \$530

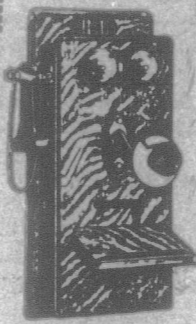
A bumper crop—of pleasures and profits is reaped by the farmer who owns a Ford. He has broken down the barrier of distance, for himself and his entire family. Now after the harvest—aren't you going to buy that Ford?

The Ford Runabout is \$480; the Coupelet \$730; the Sedan \$890; the Town car \$780. All prices are f.o.b. Ford, Ontario. All cars completely equipped including electric headlights.



Be Sure You Choose the Right Telephone!!

When you've decided that a telephone is as essential as any other labor- and time-saving appliance you have on the farm, keep this fact well in mind—the service and satisfaction you will receive depends upon the Efficiency of your telephone installation. Hundreds of thousands of farms, factories, stores and offices have installed.



STROMBERG-CARLSON TELEPHONES

because though moderately priced, all our apparatus is constructed with a view to the perfect transmission of sound, even when connected with long-distance trunk lines.

community to establish a local company, advise us, and we will gladly assist you.

"A Telephone on the Farm" This book is free to you. Do not hesitate to ask for information, estimates or assistance. Address:

If you need a few more members in your STROMBERG-CARLSON TELEPHONE MFG. COMPANY 23 Richmond Street, Toronto.

Farmers and Lumbermen!

Why throw away your money? We furnish you, freight paid to your nearest railway station, this beautiful \$30 set of bob sleighs, fully guaranteed, for \$23 (twenty-three dollars). Ask your neighbor about them. Nearly every one knows the Hastings Sleigh to be the best made, easiest running and strongest sleigh in the market. Address:

THE HASTINGS WAGGON COMPANY, Watford, Ontario

When Writing Please Mention Advocate

WHY YOU SHOULD BUY SIMONDS SAWS



Because they cost no more than unmarked, inferior brands. Because the name "Simonds" on a saw means that the saw is guaranteed. Because all steel used in Simonds Saws is made in our own Crucible Steel Mill. Vancouver, B. C.

Saws with the name "Simonds" stamped on them. The illustration shows a two-man cross-cut saw, and is known to your hardware dealer as No. 237. Ask for it. Write direct to the factory for any other particulars. St. John, N. B.

Always buy a saw with a sharp-cutting edge—not a soft saw—because the former lasts longer and keeps its edge better.

Because this steel will take a temper to hold a cutting edge longer than any ordinary saw—the Simonds Saw, Crescent Ground, will cut 10% more timber with the same expenditure of time and labor, than any other brand of saw made to-day. No saw has ever been returned owing to the above warranty not being fulfilled.

Because Simonds Crescent Ground Cross-Cut Saws do away with all binding in the kerf, and enable the operator to push as well as pull the saw.

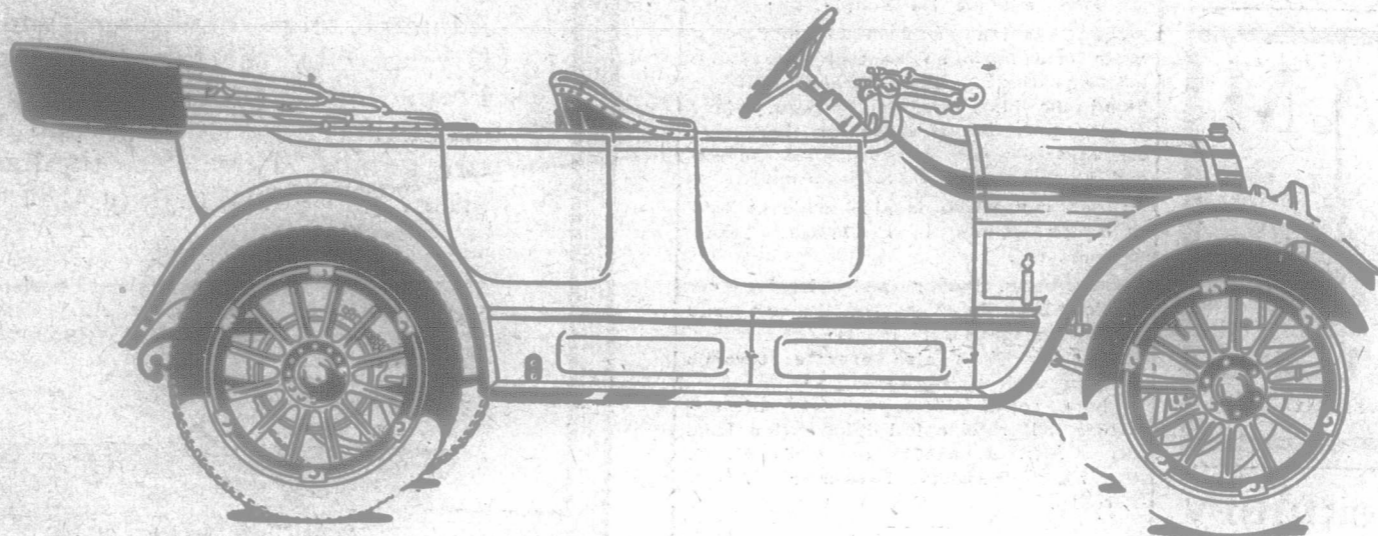
These are some of the reasons why you should insist upon having the Simonds stamped on them.

Overland
TRADE MARK REG.

\$1050

Roadster \$1015

Model 83, f. o. b. Hamilton, Ont.



Mature Popular Judgment Says This is the Car to Buy

This model was announced early last June.

In a few weeks we had built, sold and delivered more of these cars than had ever before been built of any car of over 100 inch wheelbase, by any producer anywhere in any length of time.

At that time we were building about 300 cars a day.

With more of these cars in every-day service in the hands of owners than of any other car of its size ever produced—

There was, very quickly, everywhere, the greatest opportunity ever offered for people to judge a car by its performance.

Now we are building over 600 cars per day.

This unprecedented demand follows the performance test in every-day service, not

of a few thousand cars, but of a *record output*.

In the mature judgment of the buying public you get more for your money in this car than you can get in any other car now on the market.

Never before has the purchaser of an automobile had so well founded, clear and conclusive a popular judgment as this to guide him in right selection.

The Overland dealer will show you the car and demonstrate it.

The five passenger touring car is \$1050; the roadster \$1015; the famous Overland Six—seven passenger touring car \$1600—the new Model 75 is \$850 for the touring car; \$825 for the roadster, all prices f. o. b. Hamilton.

Catalogs on request. Please address Department 186.

The Willys-Overland of Canada, Limited,
 Hamilton, Ont.

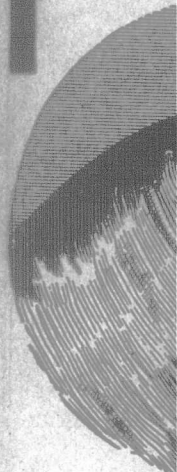


PURE



VOL. L.

FREE



Royal Purple

Not a dope, powder that can day. Will make and secure the g not been a season lutely necessary to season on account grain and fodder farmers are extra in bad condition etc. Royal Purple animal to digest t impurities pass th Stock Specific will able to fatten bef

Mr. Dan McEwa used your Stock Spec out of condition more conditioner is the bes Powder, I can safely s

Royal Purple

Works entire poultry. When a it will be healthy, many eggs in win turkeys and other the same food wh Royal Purple Pou food once a day t

