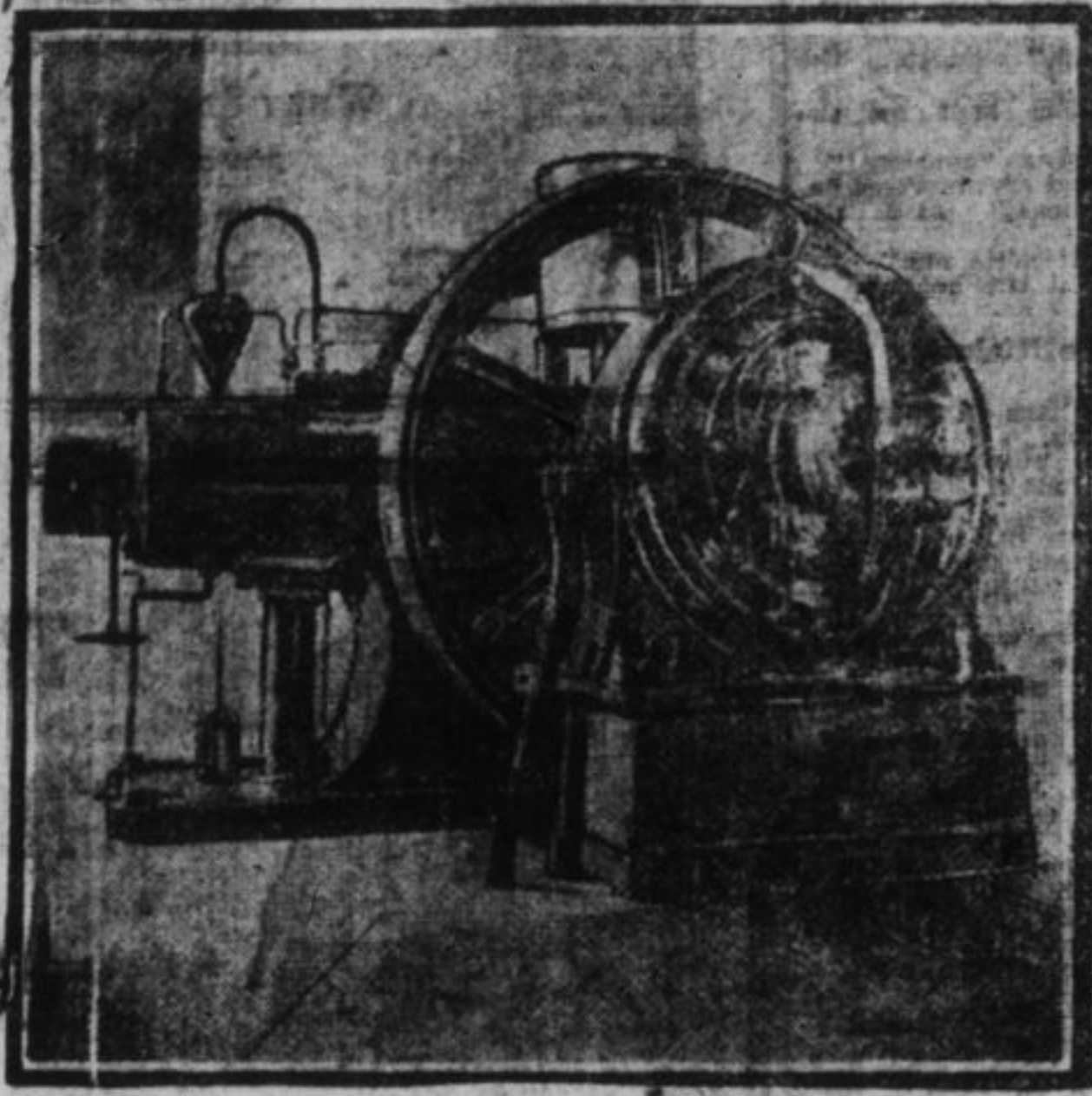


THE HIRED MAN THAT NEVER GETS TIRED

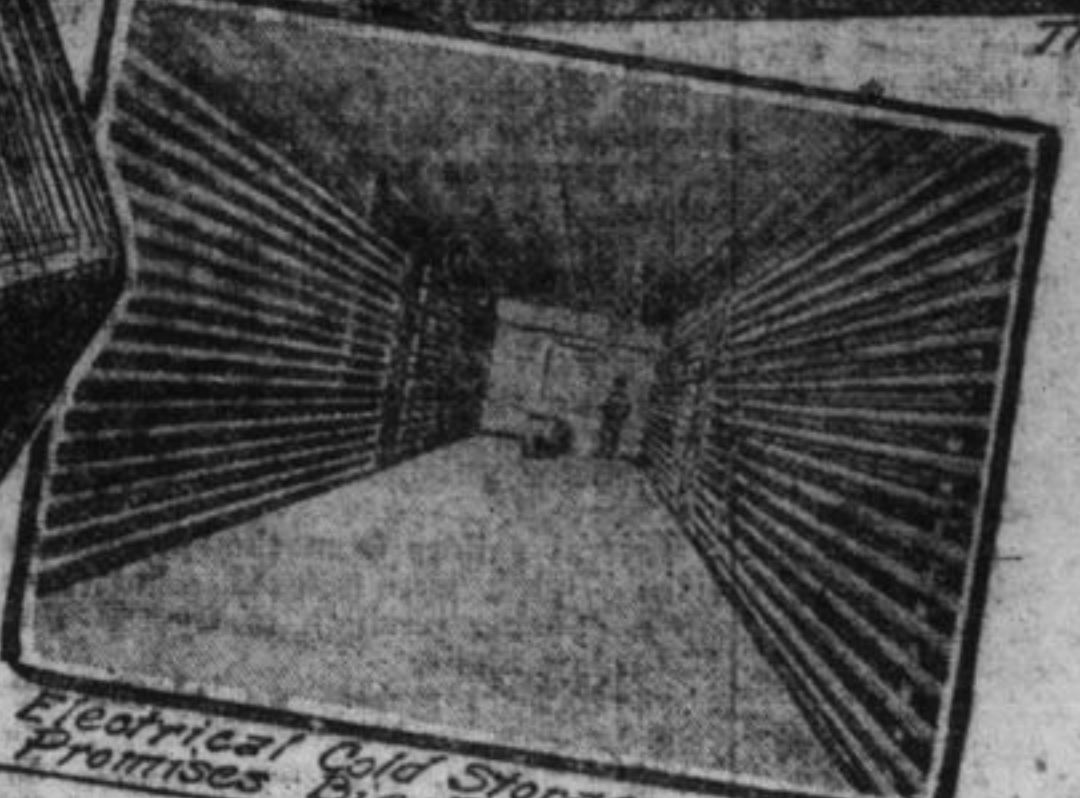
Electricity the Most Wonderful Farm Hand



A Direct-Connected Dynamo and Gasoline Engine



The Electrical Dairy Maid



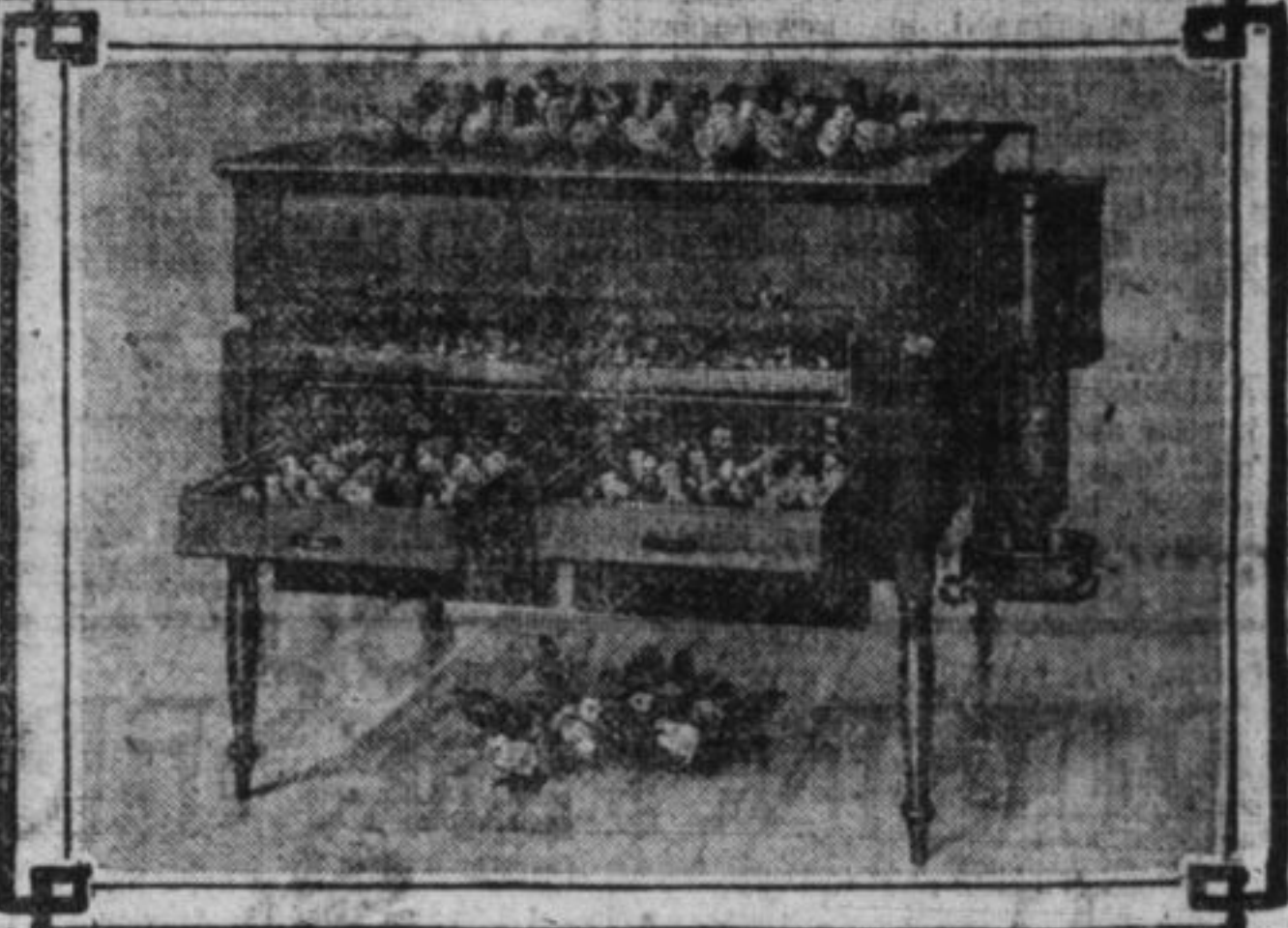
Electrical Cold Storage Promises Big Results



Its Usefulness in the Stable



Nothing Horse-Cleaning is More Pleasant



Taking the Place of Mother Hen

A slow yet ever-increasing stream of humanity flowing back from the city to the farms; a hasty but more slender stream ripping home to town again, escaping from mortgages.

What is the picture, as it stands to date of the American movement toward the simple life and bucolic independence.

We hear much of those who go. We hear more from those who come back, blowing on burnt fingers. But we hear nothing of those who, having gone, stay.

Science and mechanics, however, in their varied fields, have been taking those migrators into very serious consideration, differentiating them, as a class, sharply from the farmers born with whom they so daringly engage in rivalry.

And science, regarding with wary eyes that eternal worry of the farmer, expert or amateur, the labor question, has at last contrived, especially for his benefit, an automatic farmhand, fit to do the work of a dozen horses, if need be, who never kicks about starting in at a morn., never runs away with the farmer's daughter, never gets sore because he is asked to wash milk pans when he was employed to do plowing, and never quits the morning that six acres of hay must be taken in.

The new farmhand of the modern science is so jammed full of electrical energy that he would knock stiff any ordinary hired man who dared touch him too presumptuously; yet he is so malleable that he will milk the cows with one hand and, with the other, do the Monday morning wash.

What farmer who ever turned a furrow in the past has had a hired man like that?

Just to learn what this new farmhand can do, journey in imagination to where one of him is working now, day and night, with not a single stop for meals, on a 300-acre farm on Long Island. There are many more of him in the United States, but this one is a good example.

He is an electrical motor, but different in his general style and utilities from the big affairs that furnish motive power on immense western ranches and have been written about and pictured in the magazines.

The new hired man has no ambitions, gauding toward running an eight-gang plow and chewing up the world's fattest face at the rate of many acres a day.

For does it propose to romp across the grain-laden fields, tossing out hundred barrels of XXXX flour on one side, while it sells the latest things in American straw-hats at the other.

But it is perfectly willing and able to do the work of a dozen horses, if need be, who never kicks about starting in at a morn., never runs away with the farmer's daughter, never gets sore because he is asked to wash milk pans when he was employed to do plowing, and never quits the morning that six acres of hay must be taken in.

Well, here is the story of just one of these farmhands, as told by its designer and illustrated with actual photographs of a recent assemblage of electrical experts in New York city.

He had, on Long Island, a client of the modern migrating type, one of your city-bred men, tired of the turmoil, yet not rich enough to live comfortably without work; possessed of capital for an undertaking of some magnitude, yet not sufficient to permit of expensive mistakes; intelligently appreciative of the value of labor-saving devices in the main, yet far from being fool enough to want to run a scientific farm merely for the sake of being a scientific farmer.

He thought of electricity with water power, but as he hadn't any water power handy, he had to forego the electricity in that cheap form. He thought of electricity from the public lighting corporation in his neighborhood, but found it would charge him for necessary current alone, between \$5.00 and \$1.00, with the interest to lose, besides, on the installation of a private feeder line of 1000 feet and the cost of its maintenance.

He considered the plan of the buildings he acquired with the 300 comparatively neglected acres he had bought.

At a distance of 635 feet from the house, in which he desired to install 160 incandescent lamps, were the farm buildings, arranged in L shape, with a small machinery house at one end, a small carriage shed at the other, and the creamery, carriage house, horse stable and wagon sheds in between.

Cow barns and poultry sheds separated from the other farm structures, turned the closely built L into a kind of quadrangle.

Among the farm machinery he had bought with the place were a feed grinder, root cutter, fodder cutter, fanning mill, grindstone, circular saw, corn sheller, a small drill press and a horse clipper.

It was apparent that all of them could be grouped so they could be driven, in turn, by a belt from a motor. One motor could take care of all their needs, because no two of the larger machines were likely to be in service at the same time.

While he was about it, he installed a motor in the dwelling to supply power for an organ blower, with another for a small lathe and polishing wheel.

It cost \$3,500 to install the private plant. But the yearly cost figured out as low as \$670—less than two-thirds of what the owner must have paid the obliging corporation that was willing to let him have its service for a thousand or so.

That \$670 was made up of, first, interest on investment and depreciation of plant at 12 per cent, \$200; and, second, of running expenses for fuel, lubricating oil and minor repairs, \$450.

That was all.

There was no cost for labor, because the plant required no expert attention ran automatically and demanded the services of the man assigned to it only for the daily start of engine and generator. He could do a full day's work and give the electric hired man, between times, all the attention requisite. The power plant was installed in an unused one-story carriage shed, located at the westerly end of the L formed by the linked group of farm buildings. That was about 250 feet from the building containing the farm machinery and the creamery, but it permitted utilization of a structure otherwise idle, placed the plant as near as was feasible to the residence and afforded, practically, a central location in its relation to the "load" to be carried.

It was found to be most economical to provide a generating set with an internal-combustion engine for service during the evening, and to install a storage battery to provide a continuous supply of current throughout the twenty-four hours. The internal-combustion engine, chosen was designed to use crude petroleum or some of its products, such as are readily obtainable in barrel lots, in the open market.

The full load capacity of the engine is ten horse-power, with direct current on the electric generator, capable of five kilowatts at 125 volts. The storage battery is good for 288 ampere-hours, or thirty-six amperes for eight hours—ample to take care of all the day load, the night load from bedtime until morning, and to provide for a constant reserve at all times.

He put in a tubular cream separator, which takes the cream out of sixty quarts of milk within thirteen minutes, making it practicable to feed the cows

to the calves before it has lost its natural heat.

He turned loose his current on a churn, electrically driven, and made it grind out, regularly every day, from ten to twelve pounds of butter inside of fifteen minutes.

He made a big \$1,800 mistake by erecting an 18,000 gallon water tank, with a windmill; and he didn't discover until the bill was paid that, for \$200, he could have installed a one-horse-power electric pump, which would have been far more simple, reliable and suitable for his needs.

There remain for him, as for anybody else who can discern the permanent profits of a wisely planned first investment, the rich advantages of an automatic refrigerating plant, worked by electricity, including a system of refrigeration that is free from dampness, free from the waste of a single pound of energy, immaculately clean and perfect in its regulation of temperature.

With such a refrigerating plant not only is the labor of harvesting and daily hauling of ice eliminated, but the farmer achieves the real means of preserving many of his products through periods of low prices until such a time as the advance in the markets enables him to sell at the highest rates, often double what he would have received without it.

This motor will drive his bottle washing machine and the pasteurizing apparatus. It will turn in on the other end of the milk business and drive his ensilage cutter smoothly and powerfully—more smoothly, indeed than is done by the traveling experts who hire out their portable plant and labor at the cutting season.

And, twice a day, it will work the milking machine on two cows at a time and enable one man to attend to two or three machines at once.

With a milking machine, properly cared for as to the details of cleanliness, not a single germ can possibly invade the milk supply, because, from the time it starts from the udder until it is all in the hermetically sealed pail, not a breath of air comes in contact with it.

The incubator and brooder, which have been the despair of the amateur most of the time—and of the farmer a large part of the time—can be freed from the incubus of the coal-oil lamp and given a perfectly steady, even temperature, with practically no attention whatever.

There remains plenty of spare time for the attachment of the feed mixer, and so that rather heavy and time-consuming labor of the barn is done away with.

Every progressive farmer knows to the dollar, and every old-line farmer knows by instinct, that the better the condition of his stock the more money there is in his pocket. And both know by this time that, on the farm, cleanliness is a close next to profit earning. But the grooming of horses is one of the laboring which, for the better part of the week, is altogether a labor of love;

a hard-working farmer has far too little time to lose on indulgence in the affections.

As for the grooming of cows—a man might as well expect to take his grown son down to the creek every night and scrub him with perfume soap.

But it is very different when the motor power is there, ready to shove along the electric horse clipper, the dental float and the grooming machine. The work comes down to nothing at all; and, while time does amount to something, every man who has ever handled stock for a season knows that the improved sense of well-being brings direct returns in output or efficiency that pay full dividends on the investment.

Not least among the opportunities, in this day when women have begun to have some conception of their rights as human beings, are the means, the motor affords of lightening the work of the household.

It will give the ice cream, which the hired man is always ready to go on strike against. It will sweep the floors pneumatically and make light of that weekly back-breaking job with the broom.

It will turn the interior of the farmhouse from an oven at 2 o'clock of a summer afternoon into a cool paradise by means of the electric fans it is always ready to run. It will wash the clothes as well, but a good deal more mercifully, than the wet wash laundry.

And—respite from that most cruel of domestic tasks—it will take away the brutal foot-treadle from the sewing machine and leave the housewife feeling, as though she was not created to carry inside of her a perpetually aching infirmity.

Turning to his escort he drew out his card, on which was engraved: "Rear-Admiral, U. S. N., Retired," and said: "The old ship has changed since I commanded her!"

Very Insulting.

Sir John Millais tells this story on himself. He was down by the banks of the Tay, painting in the rushes of his famous landscape, "Chill October," which has thrilled us all with the ineffable sadness and mystery of the dying summer. He worked on so steadily that he failed to observe a watcher, until a voice said: "Eh, mon, did ye ever try photography?"

"No," said the artist, "I never have."

"It's a deal quicker," quoth his friendly critic, eyeing the picture doubtfully.

Millais was not flattered, so he waited a minute before replying, "I dare say it is." His lack of enthusiasm displeased the Scot, who took another look and then marched off with the Parthian shot:

"Ay, and photograph's a muckle sight mair like the place, too!"

Two Scots.

The Rev. Thomas Alexander, a Presbyterian minister, long resident in Chelsea, and well known as a brother Scot, was most anxious to know Carlyle but had no opportunity of getting an introduction to him. One day, in the King's Road, he saw Carlyle coming in his direction, and took advantage of the opportunity by going up to the sage and saying: "Thomas Carlyle, I believe 'I know'!"

They became good friends and later Mr. Alexander wrote to Carlyle for a subscription toward a school building fund, and Carlyle wrote back a refusal in doggerel, whereupon Mr. Alexander replied that if he did not send him five pounds, he would sell his poetry to a collector or publish it. The five pounds were at once forthcoming.

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time quartered in Buckingham Palace. "No sir," was his reply. "I am the queen's coachman; I don't drive the royal and imperial guests at that