

Ring-Bone

There is no case so old or bad that we will not guarantee

Fleming's Spavin and Ringbone Paste
to remove the lameness and make the horse go sound. Money refunded if it ever fails. Easy to use and one to three 45-minute applications cure. Works just as well on Siesbone and Bone Spavin. Before ordering or buying any kind of a remedy for any kind of a blemish, write for a free copy of

Fleming's Vest-Pocket Veterinary Adviser
Ninety-six pages of veterinary information, with special attention to the treatment of blemishes. Durable bound, indexed and illustrated. Make a right beginning by sending for this book.

FLEMING BROS., Chemists,
76 Church St., Toronto, Ontario



ROCK SALT for Stock. \$10 PER TON.
Toronto Salt Works. G. J. Cliff, Manager.

THE "MAPLES" HEREFORDS

Canada's Greatest Show Herd.
For Sale: 25 bulls from 6 to 18 months of age, bred from imported and show stock; also about the same number of heifers, none better. Prices right.

W. H. HUNTER,
Orangeville P.O. and Sta.

HOMESTEAD ABERDEEN-ANGUS

Young cows at \$60 and up. Calves at \$25 and up. Come and see them, or write:

WM. ISCHE,
Sebringville, Ont.
Long-distance phone.

At Dominion Exhibitions, Halifax, Nova Scotia, in 1906; Sherbrooke, Que., 1907; Calgary, Alta., 1908, our Aberdeen-Angus herd won all the champion and grand champion prizes. Out of a possible of 42 first-prizes our herd won 40. We have a good graded show herd for sale. Also single animals, bulls and females.
JAMES BOWMAN, Elm Park, Guelph.

Aberdeen-Angus Cattle

For Sale: Cows, Heifers, Bulls.
Good strains at reasonable prices. Apply to:
Andrew Dinsmore, Manager,
"Grape Grange" Farm, Clarksburg, Ont.

Aberdeen-Angus
For sale: The right sort, some of them by Klondyke, imp. Drumbo station.
WALTER HALL,
Washington, Ontario.

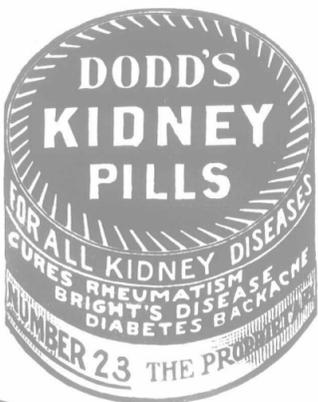
OLENGORE ABERDEEN-ANGUS
Present offering: Two choice bulls ready for service, and anything in the female line. A choice lot and sold right.
GEO. DAVIS & SONS,
ALTON, ONT., Station, C. P. R.

LOCUST LODGE HOLSTEINS

For sale: 1 bull 2½ years old, sired by Daisy DeKol Boy; dam Canary's Mercedes Butterfly. A grand bull in every particular, and well marked.

A. W. De Long, Norwich, Ont.

"Who is that neglected-looking little boy with that awfully dirty face?"
"He is the child of Professor Sonnenstein, the noted astronomer who lives over the way."
"Oh, is he? Come here, little boy. Run home and tell your father he doesn't need his telescope to see spots on the sun."



of the Chauffiere. They not unnaturally conjectured, moreover, that the general call for men on the King's corvee, to fortify the city, portended an invasion by the English, who, it was rumored, were to come up in ships from below, as in the days of Sir William Phipps with his army of New Englanders, the story of whose defeat under the walls of Quebec was still freshly remembered in the traditions of the Colony.

"Never fear them!" said old Louis, the one-eyed pilot. "It was in my father's days. Many a time have I heard him tell the story—how, in the autumn of the good year 1690, thirty-four great ships of the Bostonians came up from below, and landed an army of the ventres bleus of New England on the flats of Beauport. But our stout Governor, Count de Frontenac, came upon them from the woods with his brave soldiers, habitans and Indians, and drove them pell-mell back to their boats, and stripped the ship of Admiral Phipps of his red flag, which, if you doubt my word—which no one does—still hangs over the high altar of the Church of Notre Dame des Victoires. Blessed be our Lady, who saved our country from our enemies—and will do so again if we do not by our wickedness lose her favor! But the arbre sec—the dry tree—still stands upon the Point de Levis, where the Boston fleet took refuge before beating their retreat down the river again—and you know the old prophecy, that, while that tree stands, the English shall never prevail against Quebec!"

Much comforted by this speech of old Louis the pilot, the villagers of Tilly rushed to the beach to receive their friends. The canoes came dashing into shore. Men, women and children ran knee-deep into the water to meet them, and a hundred eager hands were ready to seize their prows and drag them high and dry upon the sandy beach.

"Home again! and welcome to Tilly, Pierre Philibert!" exclaimed Lady de Tilly, offering her hand. "Friends like you have the right of welcome here." Pierre expressed his pleasure in fitting terms, and lent his aid to the noble lady to disembark.

Le Gardeur assisted Amelie out of the canoe. As he led her across the beach, he felt her hand tremble as it rested on his arm. He glanced down at her averted face, and saw her eyes directed to a spot well remembered by himself—the scene of his rescue from drowning by Pierre Philibert.

The whole scene came before Amelie at this moment. Her vivid recollection conjured up the sight of the inanimate body of her brother as it was brought ashore by the strong arm of Pierre Philibert, and laid upon the beach; her long agony of suspense, and her joy—the greatest she had ever felt before or since—at his resuscitation to life, and lastly, her passionate vow which she made when clasping the neck of his preserver—a vow which she had enshrined as a holy thing in her heart ever since.

At that moment a strange fancy seized her; that Pierre Philibert was again plunging into deep water, to rescue her brother, and that she would be called on by some mysterious power to renew her vow, or fulfill it to the very letter.

She twitched Le Gardeur gently by the arm, and said to him, in a half-whisper, "It was there, brother! do you remember?"

"I know it, sister!" replied he; "I was also thinking of it. I am grateful to Pierre; yet, oh, my Amelie, better he had left me at the bottom of the deep river, where I had found my bed! I have no pleasure in seeing Tilly any more!"

"Why not, brother?" Are we not all the same? Are we not all here? There is happiness and comfort for you at Tilly."

"There was once, Amelie," replied he, sadly, "but there will be none

for me in the future, as I feel too well. I am not worthy of you, Amelie."

"Come, brother!" replied she, cheerily, "you dampen the joy of our arrival. See, the flag is going up on the staff of the turret, and old Martin is getting ready to fire off the culverin in honor of your arrival."

Presently there was a flash, a cloud of smoke, and the report of a cannon came booming down to the shore from the Manor House.

"That was well done of Martin and the women!" remarked Felix Baudoin, who had served in his youth, and therefore knew what was fitting in a military salute. "The women of Tilly are better than the men of Beauce," says the proverb."

"Ay, or of Tilly, either!" remarked Josephite Le Tardeur, in a sharp, snapping tone. Josephite was a short, stout virago, with a turned-up nose and a pair of black eyes that would bore you through like an auger. She wore a wide-brimmed hat of straw, overtopping curls as crisp as her temper. Her short linssey petticoat was not chary of showing her substantial ankles, while her rolled-up sleeves displayed a pair of arms so red and robust that a Swiss milkmaid might well have envied them.

Her remark was intended for the ear of Jose Le Tardeur, her husband, a lazy, good-natured fellow, whose eyes had been fairly henpecked out of his head all the days of his married life. Josephite's speech hit him without hurting him, as he remarked to a neighbor. Josephite made a target of him every day. He was glad, for his part, that the women of Tilly were better soldiers than the men, and so much fonder of looking after things! It saved the men a deal of worry, and a good deal of work.

"What are you saying, Jose?" exclaimed Felix, who only caught a few half-words.

"I say, Master Felix, that, but for Mere Eve, there would have been no curse upon men, to make them labor when they do not want to, and no sin, either. As the Cure says, we could have lain on the grass sunning ourselves all day long. Now it is nothing but work and pray, never play, else you will save neither body nor soul. Master Felix, I hope you will remember me if I come up to the Manor House."

"Ay, I will remember you, Jose," replied Felix, tartly; "but if labor was the curse which Eve brought into the world when she ate the apple, I am sure you are free from it. So ride up with the carts, Jose, and get out of the way of my Lady's carriage!"

Jose obeyed, and, taking off his cap, bowed respectfully to the Lady de Tilly as she passed, leaning on the arm of Pierre Philibert, who escorted her to her carriage.

A couple of sleek Canadian horses, sure-footed as goats and strong as little elephants, drew the coach with a long, steady trot up the winding road which led to the Manor House.

The road, unfenced, and bordered with grass on each side of the track, was smooth and well kept, as became the Grande Chaussee of the Barony of Tilly. It ran sometimes through stretches of cultivated fields—green pastures or corn-lands ripening for the sickle of the censitaire. Sometimes it passed through cool, shady woods, full of primeval grandeur—part of the great Forest of Tilly, which stretched away far as the eye could reach over the hills of the south shore. Huge oaks that might have stood there from the beginning of the world, wide-branching elms, and dark pines, overshadowed the highway, opening now and then into vistas of green fields, where stood a cottage or two, with a herd of mottled cows grazing down by the brook. On the higher ridges, the trees formed a close phalanx, and with their dark tops cut the horizon into a long, irregular line of forest, as if offering battle to the woodman's axe that was threatening to invade their solitudes.

(To be continued.)

Had Stomach Cramps

Would Roll on the Floor in Agony.

Mr. Wm. Kranth, contractor and builder, Owen Sound, Ont., writes:—
"Having read some of the testimonials of cures effected by Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, I thought it advisable to say a word of praise for its merits.

Some years ago I was much troubled with stomach trouble and cramps. I used to roll on the floor in agony, and on one occasion I went into a faint after suffering intensely for four hours. A short time after this, in driving to town, I was attacked again and had to lie down in my rig, seeking relief.

"When I reached the drug store I asked the druggist for a quick remedy and laid behind the counter until relief came. The remedy I received from the druggist was Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. Whenever, after that time, I felt cramps coming on, I found speedy relief in the above mentioned remedy, and I am now cured of this dreadful malady. The bottle is small, but its contents effect a marvelous cure. I can recommend it highly for the cure of cramps."

Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry has been on the market for 64 years. It is not a new and untried remedy. Ask for it and insist on getting what you ask for. Refuse substitutes. They're dangerous.

Price 35 cents. Manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

1854—Maple Lodge Stock Farm—1909

Shorthorn bulls and heifers of extra quality and breeding, and from best milking strains.

Lecesters of first quality for sale. Can furnish show flocks.

A. W. SMITH, Maple Lodge P.O., Ontario
Lucan Crossing Sta., G. T. R., one mile.

Green Grove Shorthorns and Yorkshires

A few young bulls and sows, ready for service, to offer. Geo. D. Fletcher, Binkham P. O., Ont. Erin Shipping Station C. P. R.

Edward, aged four, prided himself on his bravery. Suddenly meeting a strange dog in a vacant lot near his home, he unceremoniously fled to the house. Upon being questioned as to whether he was afraid, he said, "No; I just thought it was a good time to see how fast I could run."

Which do you think won?

Not long ago two men, athletes, went into a contest to see which could stand erect and hold his arms stretched out full length at either side of his body for the longer time. One man had fed on steaks and chops, sausage, ham, roast beef, etc.; the other ate heartily, but confined himself to such foods as Quaker Oats, rice, macaroni, etc. Which do you think held out longer?

The first man lasted twenty-two minutes. The Quaker Oats-macaroni-rice chap concluded to stop after he had been at it more than three hours.

There's more strength and economy in eating lots of Quaker Oats than most people imagine.

Every family should eat plentifully of Quaker Oats at least once every day. Breakfast is the best time. It strengthens you for the day. The big mills of the Quaker Oats Co. at Peterborough, Canada, are one of the big industries of this country.

Regular size packages for city trade, large size family packages for those who are not convenient to the stores. Grocers sell both of these. The large package contains a piece of handsome china for the table.