

Lump Jaw

The first remedy to cure Lump Jaw was

Fleming's Lump Jaw Cure

and it remains today the standard treatment, with years of success back of it, known to be a cure and guaranteed to cure. Don't experiment with substitutes or imitations. Use it, no matter how old or bad the case or what else you may have tried—your money back if Fleming's Lump Jaw Cure ever fails. Our fair plan of selling, together with exhaustive information on Lump Jaw and its treatment, is given in Fleming's Vest-Pocket Veterinary Adviser.

Most complete veterinary book ever printed to be given away. Durable bound, indexed and illustrated. Write us for a free copy.

FLEMING BROS., Chemists,
75 Church Street, Toronto, Ontario

HOLSTEINS



We must sell at least 25 cows and heifers at once in order to make room for the increase of our large herd. This is a chance of a life-time to buy good cattle at bargain prices. The best way to arrange to come and look the herd over. If you cannot, we will do our best for you by correspondence. Also a few young bulls, 100 head to select from. Imported **Pontiac Hermes**, son of Hengerveld De Kol, world's greatest sire, head of herd. All leading breeds represented. **H. E. GEORGE, Crampton, Ont.** Putnam station, near Ingersoll.

LOOK HERE

Have on hand bull calves from choice dams, and sired by son of greatest cow in Canada, **Boutsje Q. Pieterje De Kol**; 643 lbs. 7 days; 96 lbs. 1 day. His sire's dam and granddam have records averaging over 96 lbs. butter week. Also choice bulls fit for service. Prices right. **FRED ABBOT, Harrietsville, Ont.**

HILTON STOCK FARM—Holsteins, Ontawolds and Tamworths—Present offering: Some young cows; a nice lot of young pigs; few boars six months old, and sows in pig. **R. O. MORROW & SON, Hilton P. O. Brighton Tel. and Stn.**

Ridgedale Farm Holsteins—1 yearling bull, 6 bull calves, from one to four mos., by Prince Pauline De Kol 6th, and from rich, heavy-milking dams. Come and see them or write: **R. W. WALKER, Utica P. O., Ont.** Port Perry, G. T. R., or Myrtle, C. P. R., Ontario Co.

Imperial Holsteins

Bull calves for sale.

W. H. SIMMONS, New Durham P. O., Ont.

A large number of readers, including many clergymen, have entered the clerical anecdotes competition. The first prize goes to the Rev. G. Emery, rector of Penmaer, S. O., Glamorgan, for this:

"At a village church a wedding was fixed for a certain date. The happy morn arrived, and in due course a youthful swain and faire lady presented themselves at the chancel steps.

"The service proceeded smoothly as far as the question, 'Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife?' whereupon the supposed bridegroom stammered, blushing: 'Please, sir, I'm not the right man.' 'Not the right man!' exclaimed the clergyman, aghast. 'Then where is the right man?'

"He's down at the bottom of the church, sir. He's ashamed to come up."

THE SPICE OF LIFE.

"Did you see that chap walk out in the middle of the sermon on Sunday?"

"Yes. You know, he walks in his sheep."

At a political meeting the chairman asked at the end of the candidate's speech whether "anny gentleman has anny question to ask?"

Someone rose and propounded an inquiry, mildly critical of the prevailing political belief. A politician behind raised a club and struck him to the floor. The chairman looked around and asked, quietly:

"Anny other gentleman a question to ask?"

A young woman settlement worker, who is well known in Boston's social circles, has now learned, like the more experienced district visitors, to take "black eyes" as a matter of course when visiting among the poor women.

The other day she observed that one of her proteges had a "black eye" that far surpassed any that she had seen before, and guessing its source she wished to be sympathetic, and said, kindly, after speaking of the woman's eye:

"Never mind, Mrs. Mc—, everything will be all right. Your troubles might be worse."

"Sure it might be worse," answered the woman, philosophically, "I might be like yourself, with no husband at all."

A story is told of a Scotch minister who arrived at the kirk without the manuscript of his sermon. He could not preach without it, but it lay in his manse a mile away when the time had come for him to mount into the pulpit. Here was a poser only to be solved by giving out the 119th Psalm. While the congregation were singing it, off to his manse for the sermon galloped the minister and with equal celerity galloped back. When he returned, the congregation were still at it, and he asked his clerk with some trepidation how they were getting on.

"Oh, sir," was the answer, "they've got to the end of the eighty-fourth verse, an' they're just cheepin' like wee mice."

The conductor was inclined to seek for sympathy. "Do you see that woman on the left-hand side of the car, up near the front?" he asked the thin man on the back platform. "Yes, I see her." "The one with the dizzy hat?" "Yes."

"Well, I think she's tryin' to beat me out of a fare. When I went in to collect she never looked around, an' I ain't quite sure that she didn't pay me before—although I'm almost positive about it. She looks to me like a woman who'd be glad to stir up a fuss. I can pick 'em out as far as I can see 'em. You never spot a woman with a face like that who isn't ready to bluff her way anywhere. I wish to thunder I knew whether she had paid her fare or not." "I wouldn't worry about it any more," said the thin man. "I paid the lady's fare some time ago—she's my wife."

A JOKE ON THE PREACHERS.

Reformers are human, like other folks, and sometimes strange things are done to them. When John H. Coyne was elected Mayor of Yonkers, a good many clergymen were worried about the kind of a police commission he would appoint. So they picked out a delegation and sent it to give the Mayor some suggestions. He received his visitors politely, listened to their ideas, and then shook his head. "You're too late, gentlemen," he said. "The commission is picked out, and I shall announce it to-morrow." Then he went on to say that he was going to appoint four men. One was a saloon-keeper whose place used to be raided about twice a week, another was a man who had been convicted as a keeper of a pool-room, the third was a notorious "sport," who had often felt the arm of the law, and the fourth was one of whom the best that could be said was that he had never been in jail. The next day the names were announced, but the ministers looked in vain for confirmation of their advance information. The Mayor had appointed four of the best-known and most-respected citizens of the place, ignoring politics absolutely.

After a discussion on the value of gray horses, as compared with horses of other colors, the Parkhurst writer sagely notes: "You may change a farmer's religion or politics, make him think he is rich and handsome, coax his wife to run away with you, or sell him a dog, but you will never make him think a gray horse is not a jewel. I read somewhere recently that gray horses were not up to the standard, or words to that effect. I never was so astonished in my life. I have always thought, and do now, that gray or white horses were the hand-somest, toughest breed on the planet."

"The celebrated Arabian horses are white or dapple gray. Famous generals in all wars have ridden white or iron-gray chargers. Circus men select gray horses to draw the band-wagons in street parades. It is said that Joan of Arc rode a milk-white horse, and St. John, the revelator, saw a white horse in heaven (Rev. vi., 2)."

HOW THE NAME ORIGINATED.

A Northern tourist who was riding in a leisurely way through Western Georgia stopped, one hot day, to rest at a cottage occupied by an old colored man and wife.

"Uncle," he said, fanning himself with his hat, "how much further is it to Colonel Jeffrey's big plantation?"

"'Bout five mile, suh," answered the aged darkey.

"Good roads?"

"Mostly up hill an' down, suh."

"Have you ever been at the Colonel's place?"

"I was bawn dah, suh."

"They call it the Renfrew, don't they?"

"Yes, suh."

"How did it ever get the name of Renfrew?"

"I allers 'lowed, boss, it wuz 'cause de man wot owned it befo' de wah run froo wid it in 'bout four yehs."

"That," said a superintendent of a livery stable, "is about the last thing on earth for a person to cart around as excess baggage. I mean a cow. A man came in here a little while ago to make arrangements for the animal's board and lodging for the next few weeks. An old aunt of the family, he said, who subsists chiefly on a milk diet, was coming on from Detroit to make them a visit, and she wanted to bring a cow along to furnish sustenance which she knew from experience was sure to agree with her. This aunt, he explained, is a great traveller. All the way from Maine to California and down to the gulf she goes drifting around the country, and always that cow goes along as her constant friend and companion. The man seemed terribly worried. He wasn't prepared to provide accommodations for a bovine visitor. I am not exactly fixed to entertain guests of that kind myself, but I agreed to help him out. One of my men tells me that it is nothing unusual for milk drinkers to take a favorite cow on all their trips, but the idea struck me as decidedly novel."

Beef was very scarce in Ladysmith during the siege, but General Sir Ian Hamilton, then a colonel, insisted that "horse is not half bad when properly cooked, and when one is used to it. In fact," he said, concluding a discussion, "I have a joint cooked to-night, which I hope you will all sample. Of course, there's beef, too—to-night!" Every one at the table preferred the beef, with the exception of Colonels Ward and Ian Hamilton, who ostentatiously carved generous slices from the "horseflesh." The dinner was nearly over when one of the servants whispered a communication to Ward. Up he sprang. "I'm distressed, gentlemen," he announced to the startled company. "A silly mistake has been made. Those joints were mixed up somehow, and you have been eating the horse. I'm really annoyed. But I hope you'll be convinced now that the meat is splendid eating. I'm sure you all seemed to enjoy it." Glances were exchanged; mustaches were twirled. Nobody seemed ready with a response. Then a voice from the bottom of the table piped up: "Oh, don't distress yourself, Ward! I thought some mistake had been made, so I just changed those dishes, as they stood on the sideboard. It was you and Hamilton who had the horseflesh all right!"

For Diarrhoea, Dysentery

AND ALL

Summer Complaints

DR. FOWLER'S

EXTRACT OF

WILD STRAWBERRY

IS AN INSTANTANEOUS CURE.

It has been used in thousands of homes during the past sixty-two years and has always given satisfaction.

Every home should have a bottle so as to be ready in case of emergency.

Price 35 cents at all druggists and dealers. Do not let some unprincipled druggist humbug you into taking so-called Strawberry Compound. The original is DR. FOWLER'S. The rest are substitutes.

Mrs. G. Bode, Lethbridge, Alta., writes: "We have used DR. FOWLER'S EXTRACT OF WILD STRAWBERRY and found it a great remedy for Diarrhoea, Summer Complaint and Cramps. We would not like to be without it in the house."

ANNANDALE FINE STOCK FARM TILLSONBURG, ONT.

Premier sire, Prince Posch Calamity, whose dam and sire's dam average in official test 86 lbs. milk in 1 day and 26 lbs. butter in 7 days.

No stock for sale at present.

GEO. RICE, Tillsonburg, Ont.

FAIRVIEW HERD is the place to buy your next bull. I can furnish you with a bull sired by our great herd bull, **PONTIAC KORNDYKE**, who has 19 daughters in the last year's report that made official records from 12 pounds at less than two years old to over 31½ pounds at four years, and the whole number averaged over 41½ lbs. No other bull in the world has ever made such a showing in one year. I have just tested another of his daughters that made 95.40 pounds butter in seven days with second calf. I have over 50 cows and heifers in calf to him. Come and look my herd over before making your selections elsewhere. **E. H. DELIAR, Nevelton, St. Law. Co., N. Y., near Prescott**

RECORD OF MERIT HOLSTEINS

Herd 110 strong. Over 40 head now in the Record of Merit. Two of the richest-bred bulls in Canada at head of the herd. For sale: 15 bulls, from 1 month to 1 year of age, all out of Record of Merit cows and sired by the stock bulls.

P. D. EDM. Oxford Centre P. O. Woodstock Station.

"GLENARCHY" HOLSTEINS!

43 head of big, deep-flanked, heavy-producing Holsteins, many of them milking from 50 to 60 lbs. a day on grass. Have only bull calves for sale now. A straight, smooth lot.

G. MAGINTYRE, Renfrew P. O. and Stn.

Greenwood Holsteins & Yorkshires

For sale: Two richly-bred bulls ready for service. No females to offer at present. Choice Yorkshires of either sex.

D. JONES, Jr., Caledonia P. O. and Stn.

Holsteins and Yorkshires

R. MONEY, Brinkley, Ont., offers a very choice lot of young bulls, also boars and sows fit to mate.

Grove Hill Holstein Herd

Offers high-class stock at reasonable prices. Only a few youngsters left. Pairs not akin.

F. R. MALLORY, Frankford, Ontario. G. T. R. and C. O. Railway connections.