

GOSSIP.

John Racey, Lennoxville, Que., writes that he has for sale Shropshire shearing rams and ram lambs, Berkshire heifers and calves, and young Berkshire sows.

A pure-bred Black-faced Scotch Highland ram, yearling preferred, is wanted by E. T. Gay, manager of Maplewood Stock Farm, Attica, N. Y., as indicated in the advertising columns in this issue.

Geo. Davis & Sons, Alton, Ont., on the Streetsville to Orangeville branch of the C. P. R., breeders of Aberdeen-Angus cattle, owing to the drought and scarcity of feed, offer for sale cows and heifers of this breed, of good type and quality at reasonable prices.

THE 1911 IMPORTATION OF SMITH & RICHARDSON.

Smith & Richardson, of Columbus, Ont., have arrived home from Scotland with their 1911 importation of Clydesdales, consisting of nine stallions and twenty-one fillies. This is without doubt away the best lot the firm have ever imported, and they have brought over many good ones that were winners in Scotland and winners in Canada. In this lot the predominating features are big size, choice quality, draft character, and popular breeding, all of which combined make the ideal in draft horses, and certainly the firm showed their fitness as judges of what constituted this much desired combination in the selection just landed. In the lot is much show material, from the aged class down to the yearlings, and we shall not be at all surprised if the tricolor ribbon at Toronto next week is found decorating the Columbus stables. Their many friends will be pleased to know that a large entry will be out for comparison at the Toronto Show, where Messrs. Smith & Richardson will be pleased to meet all interested in the great Scotch drafters. The fillies are an extra nice lot, nineteen two-year-olds and two three-year-olds, whose breeding represents the most noted sires, and many of the most noted brood mares in Scotland, many of them with four and five registered dams. A few of the sires represented are the great Kirkcudbright prize horse, Iron Duke, by Everlasting; the H. & A. S. prize horse, Crusoe, by Marcellus; the Royal champion, Diploma, by Everlasting; the Kilmarnock champion, Royal Edward; the noted Canadian champion, Royal Choice; the H. & A. S. champion, Benedict, by Baron's Pride; the famous Canadian and American champion, Sir Marcus; the great breeding horse, Baron Ruby, etc. The following two or three are representative of the right royal breeding of the entire lot: Miss McDougall, a bay two-year-old, by the champion, Benedict. This filly has four registered dams, and is a big, toppy, quality filly. Another with five registered dams is Bess of Langbarns, a brown three-year-old, by the popular champion, Sir Marcus, dam by the noted prize horse, Prince Resemblance. Still another with five registered dams is Helen Scott, a bay two-year-old, also by Benedict, dam by the popular Elator. Outside of the few choice show fillies which cannot be bought, this lot is made up of the best that were for sale in Scotland, selected from a large number, with the size and quality of underpinning that Canadians love, and it looks as though Smith & Richardson's will be headquarters for high-class fillies for the coming season. Prominent among the stallions is the bay-roan seven-year-old, Hyacinthus 11251, by the Kilmarnock champion, Royal Edward, dam by the Glasgow first-prize horse, Prince Fortune. This is one of the great horses that have left the land of the breed; he is big, smooth, even, grandly quartered, a stylish top, and a faultless bottom, put up on championship lines; his action is straight, close and true; look out for him when the ribbons are being distributed. Another big, smooth horse of extra character and quality is the brown five-year-old, Nevay Baron, by the H. & A. S. first-prize horse, Baron's Best, by Baron's Pride, dam by Queen's Herald. This is one of the ton kind that has the character and quality to make him what he is, a great horse. Lord Hugo is a brown three-year-old, a coming champion, up to a big size, stylish in carriage, flashy in quality, sensational in action, sired by

the great Sir Hugo, dam by the no less renowned Lord Melbourne, granddam by the 41300 Lord Colum Edmund. Another of equal high-class character, quality and style is the black two-year-old, Dunure Christian, by the world-renowned Baron of Buehlyvie. This is a high-class colt that will reach the top with age and condition, as he has the size and quality. A yearling that looks like a winner in any company is Kelvin Pride, a bay, by Baron Kelvin, dam by Prince Attractive. He is a very smooth, thick colt of quality; a coming show horse. The firm were never so strong in high-class horses as now, from yearlings up. With imported and Canadian-bred, over twenty will be on exhibition at Toronto. Look them up.

AN UNKNOWN POST OFFICE.

The burly farmer strode anxiously into the post office. "Have you got any letter for Mike Howe?" he asked. The new postmaster looked him up and down. "For—who?" he snapt. "Mike Howe!" repeated the farmer. The postmaster turned aside. "I don't understand," he returned stiffly. "Don't understand!" roared the applicant. "Can't you understand plain English? I asked if you got any letter for Mike Howe!" "Well, I haven't!" snorted the postmaster. "Neither have I got a letter for anybody else's cow! Get out!"—London Answers.

An editor was sitting in his office one day when a man entered whose brow was clothed with thunder. Fiercely seizing a chair, he slammed his hat on the table, hurled his umbrella on the floor, and sat down. "Are you the editor?" he asked. "Yes." "Can you read writing?" "Of course." "Read that, then," he said, thrusting at the editor an envelope with an inscription on it. "B"—said the editor, trying to spell it. "That's not a 'B,' it's an 'S,'" said the man. "'S'? Oh, yes, I see. Well, it looks like 'Soles for Dinner,' or 'Souls for Sinners,'" said the editor. "No, sir," replied the man; nothing of the sort. That's my name—Samuel Bruner. I knew you couldn't read. I called to see about that poem of mine you printed the other day, entitled 'The Surcease of Sorrow.'" "I don't remember it," said the editor. "Of course you don't, because it went into the paper under the villainous title of 'Smearcase To-morrow.'" "A blunder of the compositor, I suppose?" "Yes, sir; and that is what I am here to see you about. The way in which that poem was mutilated was simply scandalous. I haven't slept a night since. It exposed me to derision. People think me a fool. (The editor coughed.) Let me show you. This first line, when I wrote it, read this way: 'Lying by a weeping willow, underneath a gentle slope.' That is beautiful and poetic. Now, how did your vile sheet represent it to the public? 'Lying to a weeping widow, induced her to elope.' 'Weeping widow,' mind you! A widow! Oh, this is too much!" "It's hard, sir—very hard," said the editor. "Then take the fifth verse. In the original manuscript it said, plain as daylight, 'Take away the jangling money, it is only glittering dross.'" In its printed form you make me say, 'Take away the tingling honey; put some flies in for the boss.' I feel like attacking somebody with your fire shovel! But oh, look at that sixth verse. I wrote, 'I'm weary of the tossing of the ocean as it heaves.' When I opened your paper and saw the lines transformed into 'I'm wearing out my trousers till they're open at the knees,' I thought that was taking in an inch too far. I fancy I have a right to murder that compositor. Where is he?" "He is out just now," said the editor. "Come in to-morrow." "I will," said the poet; "and I will come armed."

Rupture Cured Without Operation

No Hospital or Doctors' Bills; No loss of Time from Work, and Not a Single Penny to Pay if You Don't Get Better.

No longer any need to drag through life in the clutches of rupture. No operation, no big expense to stand in your way. And not a single cent's worth of risk. Think of that!—you who have spent dollar after dollar without finding a thing that has done any good. You who have been afraid that some day you'd have to risk the dangers of operation—you who dread the surgeon's knife because you know it results in permanent weakness or death about as often as in recovery.

And, in addition—while you go on working, remember—it soon overcomes the weakness which is the real cause of rupture—

Does it by MASSAGING the weak ruptured parts—All entirely automatically. And this stimulating massage strengthens just as EXERCISE strengthens a weak arm—in most cases soon makes the ruptured parts so strong that no sign of the rupture is left. That is how the Cluthe Truss has cured some of the worst cases of rupture on record—cured many of them after everything else, including operation, had proven utterly useless.

Free Book Tells All About It.

So that you can judge for yourself, we want to send you—free—our cloth-bound book of advice.

It sums up all we have learned in 40 years of day-after-day experience. It deals with rupture in all its forms and stages; explains the dangers of operations; puts you on guard against throwing money away.

And it tells all about the Cluthe Truss—how little it costs—how it ends all expense—how it is water-proof—how it has no springs, band, belt or elastic around your waist, no leg-straps, nothing to pinch, chafe, squeeze or bind. And how you can try a Cluthe Truss entirely at OUR risk.

Write for the book to-day—don't put it off—this book may be the means of adding many years to your life and of restoring you to full strength and usefulness. Simply say in a letter or postal: "Send me your book." In writing us, please give our box number.

Box 109 — CLUTHE INSTITUTE
125 East 23rd St., New York City

The minute it takes to write for this book may free you from suffering for the rest of your life.

Trusses Like These Are a Crime.



In the last 24 years more ruptured people have been cured without operation than by all the operations ever performed. Cured without being in bed a single day—without losing a single hour from work. Cured by the wonder-working Cluthe Truss (Cluthe Automatic Massager)—something so remarkably beneficial that in 99 cases out of every 100 relief is immediate, and in most cases cure begins at once. For this is far MORE than a truss—far more than merely a device for holding the rupture in place.

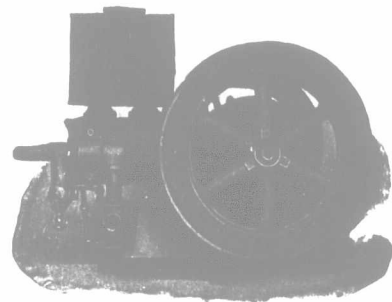
Try It at Our Risk.

We have so much faith in the Cluthe Truss that we are willing to let you prove, by trying it at our risk, just what it will do for you. If it fails to hold your rupture securely in place, when working and at all other times—if it doesn't do you a world of good—then it won't cost you a single cent. All guaranteed in writing.

Cure Takes Place While You Work.

A Cluthe Truss—right from the first day—will put an end to all danger of your rupture coming out.

You Can Rely On a Barrie Engine



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Write for catalogue giving complete description.

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We make our poultry fencing close enough to turn small fowl—then we make it extra strong, so it will last for years and keep the cattle out. The heavy, hard steel top and bottom wires hold it taut and prevent it from sagging.

PEERLESS POULTRY FENCE SAVES EXPENSE

It is well galvanized so as to protect it from rust. It makes such a firm, upstanding fence that it requires less than half the posts needed for the ordinary poultry fence, and that means a big saving to you. Write for particulars.

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