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CALDWELL'S FEEDS are prepared by men who have devoted many years to the study of animal husbandry. The ingredients have been subjected to hundreds of tests before accepted as suitable for a properly-balanced ration.

You cannot give the same exacting care to the preparation of your feeds, so let Caldwell's be your expert feed mixers. Let your herd make good, especially while prices are high, by feeding them

CALDWELL'S DAIRY MEAL

The milk flow is greatly increased during Winter and Summer, when the cows get Caldwell's Feeds.

If your dealer does not handle these feeds write us direct—Ask for our Booklet.

THE CALDWELL FEED AND CEREAL CO. LIMITED
Dundas - Ontario

MILLERS OF OVER 30 KINDS OF STOCK FEEDS

TRY Caldwell's Scratch Feed, Laying Meal, and Chick Feed for Poultry. Also Caldwell's Horse Feed, Chop Feeds, Dairy Meal, Hog Feed, etc.

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 advertisement inserted for less than 50 cents.

A TRIO OF EMDEN GEESSE—\$15.00 FOR the three. Rouen Drakes \$4.00 a piece. C. Maier and Sons, Delaware, Ont.

BARRED ROCK SPECIALIST TWENTY years. "Winter layers, heavy weighers." Choice cockerels \$3.00 each. Earl Bedal, Brighton.

FOR SALE—ROSE-COMB BROWN LEG-HORNS, cockerels and pullets; bred from our tested layers, and are very vigorous. Galloway and English, "Box A" Ingersoll, Ont.

Large Toulouse Geese, Farm Indian Runner, Drakes, Houdan Cockerels, Choice Stock. E. E. McCombs Fenwick, Ont.

MAMMOTH BRONZE TURKEYS—FINE, heavy birds, bred from prize stock. R. G. Rose, Glanworth, Ont.

MAMMOTH BRONZE TURKEYS FOR sale; prize winners. Angus Beattie, R.R. No. 1, Wilton Grove, Ont.

Offering a few White Wyandotte Cockerels of good type, at \$5 each, Approval. Frank Morrison, Jordon, Ontario.

WHITE WYANDOTTES AND WHITE LEG-HORNS cockerels for sale, from prize-winning stock; Martin & Saunders strain, \$3 each. Eggs in season. Esra Stock, Woodstock, Ont.

WANTED Crate-fed Chickens

(Dressed)
Also LARGE FOWL (Alive)
Write for Price List.
WALLER'S, 702 Spadina Ave., Toronto

C. A. Mann. & Co.

Wish our customers a Happy and Prosperous New Year, 1919.
Canada Food Board License 7-078

WANTS & FOR SALE

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.

FOR SALE—BLACK COLLIE PUP; HEELER; ready for work. Price \$5. Wm. Stock, Tavistock, Ont.

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WANTED farmers, farmers' sons or Agricultural Implement Dealers to represent a large manufacturing firm, with thirty years of success behind it, as salesmen in their localities to solicit orders for Feeds, Calf Meal, Stock Tonics and Veterinary Preparations. Person having selling ability and familiar with live stock conditions preferred. Substantial commissions and permanent positions can be had by high-class men. Apply giving information, age, etc. Box 10. Farmers Advocate, London, Ontario.

Cream Wanted

Ship your cream to us. We pay all express charges. We supply cans. We remit daily. We guarantee highest market price.

Ontario Creameries, Limited
London, Ontario.

"Blue Mountain Farms" DUAL-PURPOSE SHORTHORNS LECIESTER SHEEP

Present offering: One good yearling bull and a number of good breeding ewes and lambs.

"Blue Mountain Farms"
Camperdown Ontario



Successful Dairymen

have found that it pays to dehorn their cows. Drovers pay more when they are dehorned, and shippers are insisting on having cattle dehorned.

THE KEYSTONE DEHORNER is the most effective instrument for the purpose. Write for booklet.

R. H. McKenna, 219 Robert St., Toronto.

NONE-SUCH SEED CORN

Golden Glow—Wis. No. 7—White Cap. I furnish a good new cotton bag and pay charges to your nearest station, also guarantee that if not satisfied in ten days return corn at my expense and money will be refunded. Write for prices and particulars to R. A. Jackson, R.R. No. 1, Cottam, Ont.

two of the finest riding horses that I have seen in long enough, so that had it not been for my lip I would have stopped to get a better look at them. Black, one of them was, black as midnight, and sorrel the other, very fine and slender, with alert heads, and extra fine trappings, stamping and pawing as though they knew themselves of fine horse clay.

When I got to the blacksmith shop, which I love because it is altogether in the bush though at the side of the high road, Red Jock was standing in the door, with the sweat streaming down his face, and no wonder, for the fire was going full blast in the forge, and that added to the warmth of the day made a fine brew of the air.

"Hello, Alan," he said, as I dismounted and tied Billy to the post, "What's wrang wi' yer lip? Hae ye been in a scrap wi' auld Deveril?"—which from some men might have made me mad, for I might have connected it with Barry, but which I could take from Red Jock with good grace since I knew it was but a bit of pleasantry directed against the tavern-keeper, with whose meekness he has but little patience.

So I answered him civilly enough and soon had him laughing over our adventure with the wasps and the vision of my father performing with the top of the haycock.

"Sit doon i' the door," he said, when I had finished, "an' Ah'll get ye a bit weed, that'll tak' doon the swellin'," and so I sat' down on the step while he went through the back door, returning presently with some leaves.

"Here clap that on't" he said, "while I luik at the airns. Fegs but they got a fine twist! It'll tak' a bit time to get the kinks oot, Ah doot."

With that he took them into the shop and set to work with them, while I sat on the steps between the two doors, holding the leaves to my lip, and glad enough of the draft which made a little comfort, even though, from time to time, a hot blast came from the forge.

"Did ye see anyone ye didna ken when ye gaed by the tavern?" he called, from the depths of the smithy.

"Two strange horses and someone grooming them," I answered. "I didn't stop."

"Ye didna?" with a twinkle in his eye.

"Weel that's odd! What fer no?" Which I parried by saying, "Because I'm not so thirsty as you and Big Bill and some of 'em, I suppose."

"Nae doot, na doot," he assented cheerfully, "but hae a care Alan! Gin ye couple me mair wi' Big Bill Ah'll—Ah'll tak' the bit leaves awa' frae ye an' ye'll no be able to drap in on the way back."

"Don't!" I begged. "Say, they're the right stuff, Jock; they're taking the pain right out. But what about the strangers at the tavern? Did you see them?"

"Aye, did Ah no!" with evident admiration, "an' fixed a shoe on ane o' the horses, the finest beast Ah've shod sin' the Governor went through three years syne.—But no a horse but for a gentlemen, ye ken,—ower slim i' the legs, an' ower mettly i' the brain, prancin' about so that Ah'd a deil o' a kittle pittin' the shoe."

Red Jock fixes folk first by the horses they ride, and afterwards by themselves, so that one usually has to question him to get any satisfaction further than about the animals.

"Who are they?" I asked.

"Belzebub' wis the black, 'Bub' for short, an' a richt guid handle, thinkin' o' the color an' the fire in his een. Ah'll be blowed, Alan, if the beast didna try to paw me! But Ah'd no grudge fer that."

The ither ane, they ca'd 'Fistiliferus,' or summat, Noo, Ah had, Alan, that the name o' a horse should be short an' shairp, sae the puir beastie'll ken when he's ca'd,—'Pete,' say, or 'Andy.'—But 'Fistiliferus!' in disgust.

"Was it Mephistopheles?" I suggested.

"Noo, Ah doot that wis juist it," he assented.

"But you haven't told me about the men."

"The men? Oh, ane o' them wis a great buck, gin Ah ken the breed, sae I thocht it maun be the Governor himsel', an' saluted.—Kind o' haughty, ye ken, but laffin' an' very gay, he wis. The ither, wha sat the sorrel, Ah doot wis a servin' mon. It wad be him ye saw i' the yaird."

I tried not to be curious, but the arrival of strangers in these parts is an event, and so I asked,

"Where are they going, Jock?"

"Deil if Ah ken. Ah didna speir. But doot Ah it'll be yer nose oot o' joint, Alan—an' nae harm intended—gin they hang about the tavern ower long, for that ane is a gey fine gentleman."

In fun I threw a clod at him for his teasing, but his chaffing did not alarm me, for what could a passing stranger mean to Barry?

"Perhaps it was the Governor," I hazarded.

Jock did not think that. "He's no Sir Francis," he said. "He wadna daur gang about sae lanesome like, wi' the love that's roamin' about fer him. He'd fear he'd suffer a clood on the heid some fine nicht.—But 'twas a gey fine gentleman, some young buck wi' siller tae spare, Ah doot, an' a speerit o' adventure. That Belzebub wad cost mair poun's, I doot, than any ten horses i' these parts—or twenty."

Noo ye'll hae to haud yer gab fer a while, Alan, or Ah'll no hae the airns dune by sunnoon."

With that he set to work, heating the irons and hammering, while I sat there, holding the weeds to my lip and changing them, the swelling going down all the while.

When at last he had finished I judged