

... FOR ...

Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Stomach Cramps and all Summer Complaints take



Don't experiment with new and untried remedies, but procure that which has stood the test of time. Dr. Fowler's has stood the test for 60 years, and has never failed to give satisfaction. It is rapid, reliable and effective in its action and does not leave the bowels constipated. REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES. THEY'RE DANGEROUS.

MRS. BRONSON LUSK, Aylmer, Que., writes: "I have used Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry for Diarrhoea for several years past and I find it is the only medicine which brings relief in so short a time."

ANDALUSIANS.

Cock—1, Hoyt & Deane. Hen—1, Hoyt & Deane; 2, Anderson; 3, Cunliffe. Cockerel—2, Hoyt & Deane. Pullet—2, Guilbert; 3, Cunliffe. Pen—1, Guilbert.

WHITE SINGLE COMB LEGHORN.

Cock—1, Wood; 2, Laing. Hen—1 and 2, Wood; 3, Laing. Cockerel—1 and 2, Laing; 3, Calderbank. Pullet—1, Laing; 2, Laing.

WHITE ROSE COMB LEGHORN.

Cock—1 and 2, Wood. Hen—1, Wood. Cockerel—1 and 2, Wood. Pullet—1, Wood.

SINGLE COMB BROWN LEGHORN.

Cock—1, Sanderson; 2 and 3, Williams. Hen—1, Williams; 2, Hoyt & Deane; 3, Sanderson. Cockerel—1, Hoyt & Deane; 2, W. K. Black, Neepawa; 3, Anderson; 4, Williams. Pullet—2, Guilbert; 3, Williams. Pen—1, Williams.

RED COMB BROWN LEGHORNS.

Cock—1, Hoyt & Deane; 2, Midwinter; 3, Williams. Hen—1, Midwinter; 2, Williams; 3, Hoyt & Deane. Cockerel—2, Hoyt & Deane; 3, Williams. Pullet—2, Williams; 3, Hoyt & Deane. Pen—1, Williams.

SINGLE COMB BUFF LEGHORNS.

Cock—1 and 2, Calderbank; 3, Nixon; 4, Balsillie. Hen—1, Calderbank; 2, Guilbert; 3, Leake; 4, Nixon. Cockerel—1, Balsillie; 2, Hoyt & Deane; 3, Wilding. Pullet—1, J. Balsillie; 3, Hoyt & Deane; 4, Guilbert. Pen—1, Calderbank; 2, Leake; 3, Nixon.

BLACK LEGHORNS.

Hen—1 and 2, Hoyt & Deane; 3, Guilbert. Cockerel—1 and 2, Hoyt & Deane. Pullet—2 and 3, Hoyt & Deane.

ANCONA.

Hen—1, W. Anderson. Pullet—2, W. Anderson.

TURKEYS.

Pronze, two years and over—Hen—1 and 2, R. D. Laing, Stonewall. Yearling—Cock—1 and 3, Maw & Sons; 2, Jas. Herriot & Sons. Hen—1 and 2, R. D. Laing, Stonewall. Cockerel—1, Maw & Sons; 3, Herriot.

GEES.

Bremen or Einbden—Ganders—1, Herriot; 2, Midwinter. Goose—1, Midwinter; 2, Herriot.

TOULOUSE.

Gander—1, Preston; 2, Maw; 3, Hoyt & Deane. Goose—1 and 2, Preston; 3, Hoyt & Deane, male and female, 1 and 2, Maw. Chinese Geese—Midwinter.

DUCKS—ROSEN.

Male—1 and 2, Maw; 3, C. B. Carver, female 1 and 2, Maw; 3, Hoyt & Deane. Ducklings—Hoyt & Deane.

AYLESBURY.

Male—1, Maw.

PEKIN.

Male—1, Maw; 2, Midwinter. Female—1, Midwinter; 2 and 3, Maw. Ducklings—Male—2 and 3, Maw; 1, Hoyt & Deane. Female—2, Maw.

CAYUGA.

Male—1, Hoyt & Deane, 2, Maw. Female 1, Hoyt & Deane.

PHEASANTS.

Cock—1, A. Guilbert.

EGGS.

Hen eggs, light color, one dozen—1, Laing; 2, Calderbank. Dark color—1, Hoyt; 2, Maw. 3, Wood. Duck eggs, one dozen—1, Carver; 2, Maw.

MY PALACE ON THE HILL.

MRS. MAURICE H. TALLANT.

I had received a great many shocks since my arrival in Canada but one of the greatest, I think, was when I first set eyes on my husband after three years' separation. When we had parted at Liverpool, he had been a good looking, well dressed young man; when he met me on the tiny station platform, I scarcely recognized him. He wore a pair of patched overalls, not particularly clean, no coat (It was a hot June day) and had quite a flourishing beard upon his sun-browned face. His eyes alone were unchanged, blue, twinkling, full of love, as he came to me with outstretched arms. "Mollie darling, don't you know me?" I knew that kind, strong voice anyway, and the next moment, was hugged to his heart.

"Oh! Jim," I cried laughing hysterically, "I scarcely knew you with that horrid beard." "Beard, sweet-heart!" he echoed surprisedly, passing his hand over his chin, "Why, that is only a week's growth. I have been so busy preparing for you that I had not time to shave. Never mind, I'll have it off this evening."

My numerous boxes were soon hoisted on the wagon, and we then started on our six-mile drive "home". How long and eagerly I had been looking forward to this moment! My shock at the first glimpse of my husband's "get up" had worn off, and I think I was one of the happiest women in the West as I sat by Jim's side in the wagon and looked around me. The prairie scenery looked very strange to my English eyes, and, though I fear I compared it unfavorably with what I had been used to all my life, I was obliged to admire the vast expanse of undulating land, and the picturesque hills amongst which I caught glimpses of silver lakes. I think what struck me strangest of all was the absence of large trees. I mentioned this to my husband and he assured me cheerily that I should soon get used to that. "Everything will seem strange at first, dearie, but before you have been here many months this country will have you captive and you will think it is the one spot on earth. He was right, as I admitted afterwards, but at the time I thought it impossible.

By the time we reached home I was very tired, hot and hungry, and I think this accounted in a great measure for the terrible depression and disappointment I experienced when I entered my home. How desolate and dirty it looked! I can see it now in my mind's eye and shudder as I think of the log walls, the dirty flooring, the rusty stove, and the general untidy, uncared for appearance of the whole place. My husband left me for a few minutes whilst he saw to his team and when he came back, I was sitting on a box crying bitterly. Of course it was very cowardly and childish of me to give in so quickly, and indeed, I feel quite ashamed of myself even now when I look back on those early days. But I think my women readers will sympathize with me anyway, as did my kind husband when he returned.

"You are tired and hungry! I was afraid you would be upset about the first sight of the poor, little place. Never mind, wife, we will have a better place up in a few weeks."

"He did not remind me that he had explained it all by letter long ago, and that if I had waited another month or two the new house would have been up to receive me. I would not wait, however, and so I really deserved my disappointment and my husband was not to blame at all. He comforted me in the best way he could, then wisely left me alone to have my cry out while he lit the fire. In a very short time he came back to my side with a cup of tea and a plate of biscuits.

"Drink this, darling," he urged tenderly, "I have beaten up an egg in it. You are just worn out with fatigue and excitement."

I obeyed, and it was certainly marvellous how much better and brighter I felt afterwards.

"That's good," Jim said as I handed him the empty cup. "Now, dearie, you go into the bedroom and have a wash and brush up, while I get the supper."

Rex Flintkote ROOFING



The practical farmer here quoted states from experience this truth about Rex Flintkote Roofing. Your roofing problems now were his a little while ago. He experimented just as you're experimenting—wasting money on roofs that invite fire, that expose products to the weather, that damage the buildings themselves and that require frequent replacing. He is at last satisfied because he found

Rex Flintkote Roofing

The test was severe—a dairy where heat, cold, dampness and dust must be kept out. Rex Flintkote Roofing did it. It won't warp, it clings close and fast, and has qualities that insulate against all weather extremes. It resists fire, being made of long-fibre wool, chemically treated, and an ordinary workman can lay it. But what are claims when THERE'S A PROOF:

"I am thoroughly satisfied with Rex Flintkote Roofing. I have sent you a picture of the barn from which you can see that it was a very difficult matter to put a roofing on a building of this shape and have it look well. Rex Flintkote Roofing wears well and makes an attractive roof in appearance when laid. I think that Rex Flintkote Roofing is thoroughly adapted for any farm building. Yours truly, (Signed) E. J. Parker, Grand Isle, Vt."

For those desiring decorative effects we offer a new red paint adapted to Rex Flintkote Roofing. Write us for sample of roofing to test with red-hot coal, also free book on roofing points. For 4c. postage, we will send another free booklet, "Making Poultry Pay."

J. A. & W. BIRD & CO.
27 India Street, Boston, Mass.

Agents everywhere

More Money for Your Grain If You Use My Chatham Fanning Mill Pay Me as It Saves For You



I sell on liberal long time terms to all responsible parties.

You can get first price for your grain if you clean it with a CHATHAM FANNING MILL. It will weigh more to the bushel.

A CHATHAM FANNING MILL takes Cockle and Oats out of Wheat, or any one kind of grain from another.

It takes all chaff, weed seed and withered kernels out of seed-grain.

You don't get "mixed crops" nor "sow weeds" if you clean your seed with a CHATHAM FANNING MILL.

It will save you money and become a source of profit, for you can sell seed grain to others instead of buying it yourself.

A CHATHAM FANNING MILL will clean Wheat,

Oats, Timothy, Clover, Millet, Flax, Beans, Grass Seed,

Alsike, Blue Grass, Red Top, Buckwheat, and everything of this kind.

My FREE Book

"How to Make Dollars Out of Wind" tells all about the CHATHAM FANNING MILL and how it puts money in your pocket.

It tells about my factory and how I have been making CHATHAM FANNING MILLS for many years.

The book tells all about these mills—how I make them and why they are best.

It tells why I sell on time and how I can afford to do it.

But send for the book today and read the interesting story for yourself.

Your name and address on a post card mailed at once gets it by return mail postpaid.

I have responsible agents nearly everywhere in Canada.

If I have no agent near you, I will tell you how you can get a mill direct from the factory, or from one of our warehouses at Brandon, Regina, Calgary, Montreal or Halifax; shipped freight prepaid to your Railroad Station. Is that fair?

Send for my book at once.

Read the dollar making facts with which it is filled from cover to cover.

Write me today.

Address all mail to

MANSON CAMPBELL CO., Ltd.
Chatham, Ontario.

Dept. 6B,

The bedroom was divided off from the other part by a curtain, and I laughed hysterically as I caught sight of my wobegone face in the bit of glass fixed up on the wall. However, after bathing my face, brushing my hair, and changing my dusty travelling suit for a cool summer frock, I felt quite myself again. I could hear Jim's cheery whistle as he bustled about, and when presently, the appetising odor of fried bacon crept through the curtain,

I felt quite happy and almost contented with my new home. On emerging, I was pleased to see that Jim had also taken the opportunity for a shave and brush up, and looked so like the dear man I knew when I married him that I was obliged to smile approval. His eyes lighted up at the sight of me—"How sweet and fresh you look! Oh, my darling wife how thankful I am to have you with me again! I cannot thank you now, how I have managed to live