

Carnefac saves and makes money for every farmer.

It is not guesswork. It has been proven times without number. Hundreds have written us of these things, such as this gentleman does. Send for free booklet, "About Carnefac."

Pine Grove, Rockland, Ont., June 15, 1903.
 Carnefac Stock Food Co., Winnipeg, Man.:
 Dear Sirs,—We fed your cattle food to two cows which were badly run down. The result was an improved appetite at once, and although they were both in milk, they have gained in flesh from the time they were fed your food. We dropped feeding a few days before they went to grass, but noticed no difference in their appetite. We intend to try it further on some of our show stuff. Yours truly,
 (Sgd.) JOS. M. BARNETT,
 Mgr. Pine Grove Stock Farm.

You are fattening cattle and hogs. If you feed "Carnefac" (as your neighbor does) you will make more flesh, with less feed and in less time. It can be done with Carnefac; it can't be done without it.

A CANADIAN FOOD TONIC FOR CANADIAN STOCK.

CARNEFAC STOCK FOOD CO., Winnipeg, Branch: 65 Front St. E., Toronto.

\$175 in prizes to be paid to owners of fat calves, born since Jan. 1, 1904, to be shown at Guelph and Winnipeg exhibitions. Write for particulars.

TRADE TOPICS.

DICKINSON'S BLISTER for the cure of spavins, ringbones, splints, curbs or other enlargements causing lameness in horses, is advertised on another page in this issue.

THERE IS AN ADVERTISEMENT in another column that all readers should mark and think of. It is that of A. G. Hull & Son, St. Catharines, who offer all kinds of nursery stock for sale, and also eggs for hatching. The announcement is timely and the goods in demand.

The old farmer and his wife had agreed to separate. They had only one child. "Everything friendly?" enquired a neighbor. "Oh, yes," replied the old man carelessly. "No trouble about making a fair division of the property?" "Oh, no. She gits the kid an' the canned fruit, an' I git the pig an' the apples. That's even enough, aint it?"

A YOUNG MAN'S CAREER is frequently determined by the character of the school at which he obtains his education. Boys entering upon a business course will do well to investigate the merits of the Central Business College, Toronto. Their winter session is now open; a large staff of teachers employed, and every facility provided for rapid progress.

A well-known clergyman, says the Golden Penny, tells a story of a drowsy parishioner, who, waking up suddenly in church, heard the clergyman say: "Let us pray," and exclaimed in a loud voice, "Certainly!" He also tells of a certain grave old gentleman, who suspected his pastor of imitating other preachers' prayers. "That's Sherlock!" he exclaimed, as the minister finished a sentence, and the preacher had not gone much further when the old man muttered, "That's Tilletson!" The minister paused indignantly, but went on again until the man beneath the pulpit broke out with "That's Blair!" Then he could stand the interruption no longer, and, leaning over the pulpit, he whispered to the man below, "If you do not hold your tongue, you shall be turned out." "That's his own!" came from below.

One of the strangest railroad accidents on record is reported from Hammond, Ind. A hotel-keeper, Charles Stahlbohm, was driving home one night recently, and, coming to a railroad track, tried to drive his horses across ahead of the fast freight. The engineer did not even know he had hit anything, but kept up the speed of his engine until he pulled into a station fifteen miles beyond the scene. Then he got down to oil his engine, and was slightly startled to see Stahlbohm sitting on the cow-catcher, a whip in one hand and the ends of some reins in the other. He shook him a few times, and when the hotel-keeper came to be asked where his hat and horses were. He did not know that the train had made them into soap stock.

PORTLAND CEMENT Concrete Silo



BUILT FOR SHERMAN HARRIS, VERSCHOYLE, ONTARIO,
 14 feet in diameter and 30 feet high, with

"RATHBUN'S STAR" BRAND

MANUFACTURED BY The Canadian Portland Cement Co., LIMITED

SOLE SALES AGENTS:

THE RATHBUN COMPANY

310 and 312 FRONT STREET WEST, TORONTO, ONTARIO



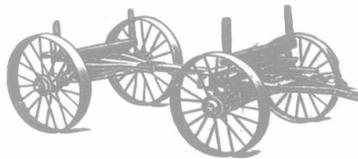
THE WHEEL YOU WANT.

For Farm and General Work.

ALL IRON.

Any size. Any width of tire. Made to fit any axle. Strong and durable. Costs nothing for repairs.

Dominion Wrought Iron Wheel Co., Ltd.,
 ORILLIA, ONT.



Our **QUEEN CITY HANDY WAGON** with iron wheels, strong and of light draft, low and convenient to load and unload, a perfect wagon for the farm, carries five thousand pounds. Write for catalogue of both wheels and wagons. This wagon should not be confused with the cheap American wagon with iron wheels now on the market.

GOSSIP.

A missionary in China was endeavoring to convert one of the natives. "Suppose me Christain, me go to heaven?" remarked Ah Sin. "Yes," replied the missionary. "All lite," retorted the heathen, "but what for you no let Chinaman into Amelica when you let him into heaven?" "Ah," said the missionary with fervor, "there's no labor party in heaven."

As an illustration of the alleged imperviousness of a Scotsman to a joke, the following story is told:

An Englishman, an Irishman and a Scotchman, travelling on foot in the Old Country, came to a crossing of roads, where was a guide-post directing travellers to the principal towns of the district and on which was printed the distances. Beneath this had been painted, by some joker, the following: "If you cannot read this notice ask the shoemaker across the way." The Englishman and the Irishman, seeing the absurdity of this addendum, laughed heartily, but the Scotchman failed to see where the laugh came in, till in the middle of the night as they roomed together at a wayside inn, when the other two were awakened by a loud laugh from Sandy. Enquiring the cause of his merriment, with another guffaw, he replied: "Why the shoemaker might not be at home."

Governor Van Sant of Minnesota is a mild-mannered and obliging man, but after a recent incident in which he was the central figure, he remarked with sincere feeling:

"It's a long worm that has no turnings, and it's about time to turn when I am made a side-show feature."

He visited the State fair grounds, and entered a restaurant with his secretary for a hasty lunch. The Governor was recognized, and shown all possible attention, but as he was about to begin eating, he was surprised to hear the "barker" outside the tent shout, as he swung the dinner bell vigorously:

"Step right this way to get your nice warm lunch. Only chance you may have to see the Governor of Minnesota eat. He is just sitting down to the table, and he can't get through for half an hour. Plenty of time to watch the whole performance, and shake his hand when he gets through. Come right in and watch him feed, and it won't cost you one cent extra, as long as you order the regular bill-of-fare."

In a few minutes the tent was crowded, and the blushing Governor and his fidgety secretary had to grin and bear it, until they could obtain their purposely-delayed orders, and show the crowd how the Chief Executive "fed" when he was roaming at large.

A clergyman who has just returned from a trip to England tells a story he heard there of the marriages made on certain feast days, when no fee is charged, and the young couples come in great numbers a long distance to take advantage of the custom.

The custom is not general, but local, being confined to certain rural places in the vicinity of Manchester and Oldham. "Upon one of these occasions," tells the clergyman, with a chuckle, "a delegation of fifty young people from Oldham and the surrounding country journeyed to Manchester, making a picturesque grouping at the old English church of St. Mark's. Each one of the men carried a long staff or stick, as the people there call a cane, and each of the young women brandished an umbrella, the use of which will be presently seen.

"After the ceremony of marrying the lot was concluded and the crowd was going down the church aisles, one young woman hurried back and interrupted the rector as he was going to the vestry.

"I theenk, meenster," she panted, 'that you have morried me to the wrong felly!'

"Don't let that worry you," said the rector, who was in a hurry, 'scrt yourself as you go out, you're all married fast enough,' and acting on his advice they sorted out the right pairs.

"On their way back to Oldham they bought the things necessary to light housekeeping, stringing the lighter kitchen utensils on the sticks and umbrellas poised on their shoulders."

In answering any advertisement on this page, kindly mention the FARMER'S ADVOCATE.