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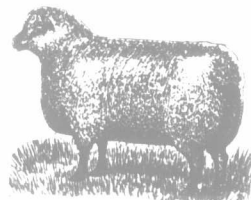
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Choice ram and ewe lambs. Also 50 shearling ewes for sale. Apply to

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**I WILL IMPORT** anything you may need this year in cattle or sheep. Will leave for England on the 18th May. My address there will be: Care of Alfred Mansell & Co., Shrewsbury, Eng.

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The latter representing the Nonpareil, Miss Ramsdon, Missie and Gloster families exclusively, and the former comprising more Royal winners and more St. Louis prizewinners than any other flock in the world. Stock for sale always on hand.

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We have some extra good yearling rams for flock headers, all sired by imported ram. We also have 50 yearling ewes and 100 ram and ewe lambs. These are principally sired by our famous imported ram.

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Canadian Agents for the Original McDougall's Sheep Dip & Cattle Dressing

Imported direct. Price: Imperial pints, 5s.; Imperial half-gallon, \$1.25; Imperial gallon, \$2.25. Sold by druggists, or charges prepaid on order to THE WORTHINGTON DRUG CO., Toronto, Ontario.

Oxford Down Sheep, Shorthorn Cattle, Yorkshire Hogs.

Present offering: Lambs of either sex. For prices, etc., write to John Cousins & Sons, Buena Vista Farm, Harriston, Ont.

## Idella and the White Plague.

(Continued.)

"See, pa," she said, holding the magazine before her parent's eyes. "See that picture. That's a tent where two consumption folks lived and slept for over two years. 'Twas thirty below zero there sometimes, too, but it cured 'em. And see this one. 'Twas forty-five below where that shanty was, but—"

"Take it away," shouted the invalid. "If you expect me to believe such lies as them you're—"

"They ain't lies. Dr. Saunders had lots of patients with consumption, and he cured 'em the same way. And I'm goin' to cure you, or die myself a-tryin'." Our woodshed out back here is just the place for you. It's full of cracks and the windows are broken, so there'll be plenty of air stirrin'. Bill took the lounge out there a little while ago; didn't you, Bill?"

"I thought I missed that lounge!" exclaimed Mrs. Sparrow, who had been listening, open-mouthed.

"Yes, it's there. There's plenty of bedclothes, so you'll sleep warm. You can wear your own clothes and Bill's old overcoat, and set in the sun daytimes. We'll fetch you your meals. You mustn't come in the house at all. If you live that way all winter, why—"

"All winter?" The alarmed Washington leaped to his feet. "The gal's gone loony!" She wants to kill me so's I'll be out of the way. I don't stir one step. You hear me? Not one step!"

"Some of Dr. Saunders' patients talked that way first along," observed Idella, "but they had to do what he ordered. Bill, take pa out to the shed. I'll carry the lamp."

Mr. Burke rose, spared his mighty shoulders, and advanced towards his father-in-law. He looked as if he rather enjoyed the situation.

"Betsy," shrieked Mr. Sparrow, dodging into a corner, "be you in this? Do you want to see me murdered?"

Mrs. Sparrow was troubled. She had implicit confidence in her daughter, but she sympathized with her husband's infirmities.

"Idella," she protested, "seems to me I wouldn't remember them nervous attacks he's subject to."

"Nerves," declared Idella, "come from the stomach. I'll tend to them later. We must cure his lungs first. Bill, fetch him along."

Mr. Burke's hand settled firmly on the back of the invalid's neck. "Trot along, dad," he commanded. Mr. Sparrow fought and hung back. The other hand descended and seized him by the waist-band. He moved toward the door, "walking Spanish," like a small boy in the schoolyard.

Idella opened the door. "Nobody can say," she remarked with emphasis, "that I let my father die of consumption without tryin' to cure him. Come on, pa."

"Remember, Washy, it's all for your good," faltered Betsy, wringing her hands. The procession moved across the yard and into the rickety woodshed. Idella placed the lamp in a sheltered corner on the floor.

"Bill'll stay till you get to bed, pa," she said. "Good-night."

The woodshed door shut. The agitated sufferer looked at the bare walls, the heap of cordwood saved and split by Lycurgus, and the lounge.

"Get undressed," commanded Mr. Burke. "Hurry up."

"I'll freeze to death," protested Washy.

"No you won't, not yet. Anyway, freeze's a heck death, so they say, and I've heard a 'n' berkum' to die quick ever sense I got here. Git to bed—see?"

Mr. Sparrow threw off his outer garments, and shiveringly encamped on the lounge. Mr. Burke took up the lamp and looked at him.

"Good-night," observed the carpenter. Then he added, "There's one thing more I ought to say. To-

morrow I'll be away to work, but you're not to come into the house. You'll stay outside, same as Idella tells you. If you come in or try any funny business, why—" he meditatively opened and closed a fist like a hammer—"Well, you don't die of consumption anyhow."

He withdrew. Mr. Sparrow was alone. The fresh-air cure had begun.

Next day the invalid, wrapped in Mr. Burke's trailing ulster, spent a lively series of hours chasing the patch of sunshine as it moved round the exterior of his dwelling. His meals were brought to him by Idella. Betsy had evidently received orders not to interfere. Through the window he could see the fire in the cook-stove, and the luxurious rocker that had been his throne. He begged and pleaded to come in, had spasms of coughing and attacks of nerves, but his daughter was adamant. "It's all for your good, pa," was her one reply. Washington was strongly tempted to enter by force, but the thought of his son-in-law's fist, and the gentle hint with which it had been displayed, prevented his yielding to the temptation. He slept in the shed that night.

The following afternoon he had an idea. After dinner, eaten on the back steps, he watched his chance, and hurried off through the woods, on a mile walk to the billiard-room in the village. There he found a roaring fire and a comfortable chair; also some free lunch, which served for supper. When he reached the shed at ten o'clock that evening, he figured that he had found a way to outwit his guardians.

But Mr. Burke made a pilgrimage to the village next morning on his way to work, and when Washington opened the billiard-room door that afternoon he was received with a roar from the proprietor.

"Git out of here!" shouted the latter. "Git right out and don't show your nose in here again. You've got consumption, and it's catchin' Git!"

The discomforted Mr. Sparrow "got," and tried the store. There he met the same reception. After loafing about the wharf till twilight, he returned home to a picnic meal and the lounge.

He stood it for a week, and then announced that he felt enough better to risk a day inside. But Idella didn't see it in that light.

"I'm glad your lungs feel better, pa," she said. "I cal'lated they would. But, of course, you must stay outside this winter, anyhow."

Now, I guess it's time to start in on the dyspepsy line." She produced the sheet of paper that had been the beginning of her father's troubles.

"For dyspepsy, pa," she said, "and partic'lar for nervous dyspepsy, which is the worst kind, you have to diet and take exercise. We'll begin on the dietin'."

"In severe cases, patient should take nothin' but milk." Well, we've got plenty of milk; that's lucky."

Washy sprang from the wash-bench where he had been sunning himself. "Do you have the face to tell me," he screamed, "that I can't have nothin' to eat but milk? Why, that's—"

"That's doctor's orders, pa. I'm goin' by doctor's orders; and see what they've done for you already."

"I can't live on milk! I hain't a baby. I hate the stuff! I don't believe no doctor ever—"

"Well, we'll call Dr. Bailey and see what he says. I'll bet he'll back me up."

Mr. Sparrow didn't take the bet. He knew Dr. Bailey, and the latter's opinion of the case.

"Aw, Idella, please—" he pleaded.

"For your own good, pa," said Idella. "I'll fetch you the hot milk."

She did, a quart of it. He drank it because there was nothing else. For a week he lived on milk and fresh air. He tried every neighbor, and they were few, within two miles, but they had been posted, and refused to feed him. Also they told

(Continued on next page.)

## COTSWOLD SHEEP

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## Lincolns are Booming

We have only a few more ewe and ram lambs and breeding ewes for sale. We have seven choice young bulls, Scotch-topped, and a grand lot of heifers and young cows for sale at reasonable prices. Write or come and see us.

F. H. NEIL & SONS,

Telegraph & R.R. station, LUCAN, ONT.

## Sheep Breeders' Associations.

American Shropshire Registry Association, the largest live-stock organization in the world. Hon. John Dryden, President, Toronto, Can. Address correspondence to MORTIMER LEVERING, Secretary, Lafayette, Indiana. om

## SHROPSHIRE

Shearling ewes and rams for sale.

GEO. HINDMARSH, Ailsa Craig, Ont.

**NEWCASTLE HERD OF TAMWORTHS and Shorthorns.**—We have for immediate sale several choice boars ready for service, and sows bred and ready to breed, together with a lot of beautiful pigs from two to four months old. Also a few choice heifers in calf to Donald of Hillhurst No. 44680, and a few nice bull calves and heifer calves. All correspondence answered promptly. Daily mail at our door, and prices right. Colwill Bros., Newcastle.

**Mount Pleasant Herd of Tamworths and Holsteins.** A large herd of choice pigs of all ages on hand. Mount Pleasant type of hogs are profitable breeders and ideal bacon hogs. Pairs not akin. Herd headed by Colwill's Choice No. 1343. Won sweepstakes and silver medal at Toronto, 1901-2-3. Also a few bulls.

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A choice lot of pigs of different ages and both sexes. Some fine shearling rams and ewe lambs. JAMES DICKSON, Orono, Ontario, "Glenaire Farm."

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Pigs of the most improved type, of both sexes, all ages, for sale at all times. We have more imported animals in our herd than all

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