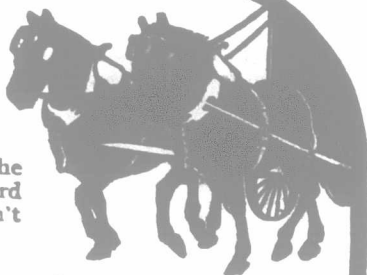


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It costs as much to keep a lame horse, as it does a horse in harness — and the cripple brings nothing in. You can't afford to support idle stock. That's why you can't afford to be without



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It takes away the pain and stiffness from Sprains and Bruises—draws the soreness out of Strained Muscles and Tendons—CURES Spavins, Soft Bunches and Swellings. Used for two generations by two nations.

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"I have used Kendall's Spavin Cure for a Bone Spavin of 4 years standing, which has entirely cured the lameness and greatly reduced the swelling. Another bottle of the Spavin Cure, I am sure, will complete the cure."  
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# Western Fair

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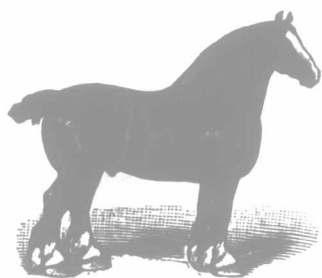
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I have still on hand 19 Clydesdale stallions, 4 Clydesdale fillies, all imported; Scotland and Canadian prizewinners; 8 years old, that will make 2100-lb. horses of choicest quality and richest breeding; 4 black Percheron stallions, 3 years old, big, flashy, quality horses, and 6 Hackney stallions, 1st-prize and championship horses among them. Will sell reasonable and on terms to suit.

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## IMPORTED CLYDESDALES

Just arrived: One 4-year-old mare, two 3-year-old mares, seven 2-year-old fillies and three yearling fillies, two 2-year-old stallions, and one 1-year-old. The 4-year-old mare is due to foal. Six of these fillies are high-class Scotch winners. No richer-bred lot. No more high-class lot was ever imported. They have great size and quality. The stallions will make very large show horses—full of quality. They will be sold privately, worth the money.

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## QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS. Miscellaneous.

### CAKED UDDER.

I have had several ewes with caked udders, and they get real hard. What is the cause, and what treatment should I use?

SUBSCRIBER.

Ans.—The cause of caked udder, garget or mammitis, is generally over-secretion of milk, but sometimes it is owing to impure blood. A dessertspoonful of baking soda in a pint of water, given as a drench once a day for three days, often has a good effect. Bathe the udder well with hot water twice or three times daily, and after rubbing dry, apply the following liniment: Fluid extract of belladonna, 1/2 ounce; tincture of aconite, 4 ounces; tincture of opium, 3 ounces; raw linseed oil to make one quart.

### QUITTING WORK.

What would be the law or right in a case like this: I hired a man for a year at so much per month, with free house and garden, and he quits working for me at the end of July.

1. Would he have any right to anything in garden after he quits work?  
2. Could he sell the stuff in garden?  
3. Could there be any of his wages kept back?

SUBSCRIBER.

Ontario.

Ans.—1. No.

2. Not effectually.

3. We are assuming that he left your employment without good and sufficient cause, and would answer this question in the affirmative. You ought to tender him only what would be a reasonable amount, having regard to all the circumstances.

### AILING TURKEYS.

I had a batch of turkeys hatch the first week of May, and have lost none by disease; but now their heads are red, and they make a noise as though sneezing. They eat all right. I feed them wheat, also a mixture of chop with milk. I always enjoy reading "The Farmer's Advocate."

A SUBSCRIBER.

Ans.—It is quite natural for the heads of young turkeys to get red at this age. A slight cold will cause them to make a sneezing noise; so, also, will "gapes," or worms in the windpipe. If the former, they should be watched for swelling under the eye, and if any happen to swell, kill at once and bury, which will help to save the remainder. When swelling commences, the cold has developed into "roup," and I have found killing at once the most profitable plan. Should it prove to be "gapes," I think the strength of the poults at this age will carry them safely through, although this disease proves fatal when the turkeys are only two or three weeks old. I know of no sure cure for the "gapes," and the big trouble is that they are sure to be present the following season.

W. J. BELL.

### LICE OR POSSIBLY BLACK-HEAD.

We have a flock of turkeys, six weeks old, hatched under hens. Have been feeding shorts according to Mr. Bell's plan given in "The Farmer's Advocate." They did splendidly (never lost one) until about two weeks ago, one got mopy; would sit in the sun and sleep; did not eat much, and in a few days died. Then another one acted just the same. I gave it a few drops castor oil, but it did not do any good, and it died. Another one I gave salts, and there is another one sick now. The rest of the flock seem to be quite healthy, and are growing nicely.

A CONSTANT READER.

Ans.—In my opinion, the turkeys are troubled with lice, or they may lack grit. I would also ask the correspondent to look carefully at the feathers just below the vent. If there is a greenish-yellow discharge, or if the droppings are this color, the young turkeys have black-head. If the turkeys are only lousy, rub their heads slightly with lard. Too much is very bad and might kill the poults. All that is needed is just a little grease under the wings and on top of the head. If grit is not to be had, draw a load of gravel, and dump where the turkeys can pick it over at will. I know of no cure for blackhead. Let your turkeys roam as much as possible, and do not feed on the ground. Lame their dropping or roosting coop.

W. R. G.

### BINDING A BARGAIN.

1. If a man buys a horse from me, and pays one dollar down, does that sum bind him to take the horse at the time agreed?

2. Or, is there any certain sum which needs to be paid to make the bargain binding?

J. M. W.

Ontario.

Ans.—1. Yes.

2. In cases where it is necessary to a binding contract that something should be given in earnest to bind the bargain, or in part payment, the amount so given, or paid, is immaterial—any sum will do.

### THE SPICE OF LIFE.

Little Tommy had been forbidden to swim in the river, owing to the danger. One day he came home with unmistakable signs of having been in the water. His mother scolded him severely.

"But I was tempted so badly, mother," said Tommy.

"That's all very well. But how'd you come to have your bathing-suit with you?"

Tommy paused, and then said:

"Well, mother, I took my bathing suit with me, thinking I might be tempted."

A man who runs a truck in Virginia tells of the sad predicament in which a negro named Sam Moore, who is in his employ, recently found himself. Sam had had considerable difficulty in evading the onslaughts of a dog from a neighboring farm. Finally the dog got him, as Sam kicked at him.

Sam's wife, hearing a tremendous yell, rushed to the rescue of her husband. When she came up, the dog had fastened his teeth in the calf of Sam's leg and was holding on for dear life. Seizing a stone in the road, Sam's wife was about to hurl it when Sam, with wonderful presence of mind, shouted:

"Mandy! Mandy! Don't frow dat stone at de dawg! Frow it at me, Mandy!"

A recent graduate from Harvard was given a confidential clerkship in the office of the president of a huge railway system.

The young aspirant was not told at what hour he should report; so the first morning he appeared in the office of his chief at nine o'clock. He found the president hard at work. Nothing was said of the clerk's tardiness.

On the second attempt, the clerk presented himself at eight-thirty, only to find that the president was there ahead of him, working hard.

The third day the young man went at eight o'clock with the same result.

That night as he went home, the clerk took counsel with himself, and determined to be ahead of the boss the next morning. Accordingly he arrived at the office at seven-thirty the fourth day, but there was the chief working away as if he had not left the office at all.

As the clerk entered, the president looked at him with a quizzical air. "Young man," said he, "what use do you make of your forenoons?"—[Literary Digest.]

### HOW HE MISSED.

Dr. Seward Webb, at a dinner at Shelburne Farms, his great Vermont estate, said to a certain poor marksman:

"Visiting his English brother-in-law, he shot the head keeper in the leg the first morning he tried pheasant shooting. The man limped away, cursing horribly."

"Next day he had wretched luck, though the head keeper, without malice, had assigned him to a fairly good place. Bang, bang, bang went his gun every few seconds, but not a bird fell before it. He was much embarrassed. It seemed, too, that at each one of the misses, the under keepers smiled at one another, oddly."

"Finally his cartridges gave out. He hurried to the nearest keeper and demanded more."

"There ain't no more, sir," the man answered.

"No more? Nonsense. Why, you've got at least a thousand in that box."

"The keeper flushed and stammered: 'Ah, but them ain't for you, sir. They're for another gent. They've got shot in 'em, sir.'"