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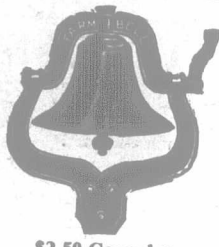
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The Caldwell Feed & Cereal Co., Limited
LARGEST FEED MILLS IN CANADA
DUNDAS, ONTARIO



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The farm bell is the farmer's private wireless telephone. You never hear "L-I-N-E-S" busy" with this system. You can signal your neighbor or father, son John, or the hired man, at the far end of the farm, in case of fire, sickness or danger and without delay.

CODE { 1 Ring.....Father }
 { 2 ".....John }
 { 3 ".....Bill }
 TO THE HOUSE

Fast ringing in case of fire, danger or sickness. Dinner call: We all answer.

\$5.00 FOR BOTH

The best general-purpose wheelbarrow in Ontario: hand made; steel wheel; machine steel axle; guaranteed to carry a load. Take advantage of this special offer. Mail your order to-day.



\$3.50 Each

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THE ONTARIO FERTILIZERS, LIMITED
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Cream markets have advanced, and we are now paying WAR prices for good quality

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EIGHT MONTHS OLD FOR SALE

Dam's record, 10,000 lbs. milk in one year (private). Official record of sire's dam, over 14,000 lbs. milk as a three-year-old. Dam is a regular breeder, which quality is likely to be transmitted to her son. This is a very important point. For price, write: **Manager "Overlake Farm," Grimsby East, Ont., or H. H. Dean, College Heights, Guelph, Ont.**

A traveller in the dining-car of a Georgia railroad had ordered fried eggs for breakfast. "Can't give yo' fried aigs, boss," the negro waiter informed him, "lessen yo' want to wait till we stope." "Why, how is that?" "Well, de cook he says de road's so rough dat ebbery time he tries to fry aigs dey scrambles."—Life.

When at last a brief note did come there was no comfort in it, for his thoughts were all of himself, of his successes, of his love, and of the round of pleasures into which he seemed to have been drawn. The next holiday, for the first time in his life, he spent in town. If he could have known, or even guessed, the unspeakable misery this action must cause his parents, he would surely have foregone his pleasures, and foreborne to be so cruel. But he had never known weakness, failure, or sorrow, and his heart was hard with the uncomprehending hardness so often the quality of unbroken strength, success, and happiness.

Then quite suddenly came the news that Jim was to be married in a few weeks. The relations of the young lady were leaving the colony. Jim had been an ardent and persistent wooer, and consent had been won for their marriage before the home was broken up. The old people were invited to town to the wedding.

Though they felt the natural repugnance of the old at leaving things familiar and dear, they hastily obtained the services of a neighboring lad to milk the cows, furnished up Sunday clothes long carefully folded in boxes, and, when all preparations were completed, set out in the rickety mail coach for the steamer.

They landed at the Auckland wharf, lonely, pathetic morsels of old-fashioned simplicity, and rusticity in the maelstrom of modern life. Since their brief honeymoon 25 years ago they had not visited the city. Then, though it had seemed to them big and crowded and confusing, it yet had a friendly air of simplicity, of rustic common-place, not

so very different from their own sequestered life. But this Auckland—this was a town utterly strange and foreign and hostile. They stood on the busy wharf in the dazzling summer sunshine, amid a bustle of urging trucks, of backing horses, of shouting hand-cart men, and of the hurrying crowd, bewildered, dazed and frightened.

Jim had obtained a holiday, and had brought a motor car to take them to the home of the young lady. Almost speechless with fright, they rushed into the palpitating car and whirled up Queen Street through the dense traffic of a very busy day. They sat, terrified at the electric trams, at the crowds, at the glitter of the shops, at the car itself. They grasped the seat with clutching hands, while Jim, uncomprehending and happy, chatted of their voyage, of his approaching wedding, and of his exultant hopes.

Out in the suburbs their panic subsided somewhat, and they began to note what a new Jim this was that was speaking to them. On his visits home he had always attuned his ways to theirs, and he had always seemed inalienably their boy. Now for the first time they saw with clear eyes how education and success and his rise in the social scale had changed him. In spite of his forced kindness he was not their Jim. In some subtle way he seemed an ally of this new spirit of bustle and life so foreign and antagonistic to the old folk.

At the grand house nestling in its gardens they were received kindly and tactfully; but they were so overwhelmed by the unusual splendor that they were speechless, unhappy, and embarrassed.

Jim's fiancée was a tall, athletic, modern girl, fresh as the breeze of spring, joyous and healthful as a daughter of the gods. She made kind advances to the old folk, but they were so awkward and unresponsive that she soon gave up the attempt to gain their affection, and speedily left them and played a vigorous game of tennis with Jim.

They spent three miserable days. The old man sought refuge from the unaccustomed splendor of the house in congenial chats with the occasional gardener. The mother spent many surreptitious moments in the kitchen, talking to the cook. Meals, with their complications of plates, knives, and forks, were ordeals of misery. Worse than all, Jim, their Jim, whose baby fingers had opened heaven to their hearts, seemed farther and farther away from them every day.

One morning the old man found him in the garden, and tried to pour out some of the sorrow in his heart. Jim listened with flushed, guilty face.

"You're quite mistaken, dad," he said at last. "Of course, I love you as much as I always did. I can't forget all that you've both done for me, and I shall do my duty by you as long as you live. But you must see that nowadays my time is filled—Yes, Margaret?"

His fiancée had appeared on the balcony and called to him.

"I want to show you something, Jim," she said in her clear, cultured voice. "Come inside, will you?"

With a muttered excuse he ran lightly up the steps, while the old man paced sadly away.

Later, the mother found them in a windowed recess. Margaret's arm was round his neck, where his mother's arm had never been allowed to rest, and he was looking into her eyes with an ardent affection that his mother would have given her life to gain. The old woman crept silently away, and betook herself to her knitting with eyes suffused with tears.

At last came the wedding. The great house was filled with happy young people, and rang with laughter and gaiety. In the midst of which the old folk were submerged and neglected. Unnoticed they watched the marriage ceremony, and no one in the whole gay company guessed the feelings in their poor old hearts. Even Jim forgot them until he and his bride were driving away in the motor car, and then, seeing them standing disconsolately apart, he waved a laughing, casual farewell to them.

Silently and sadly they walked away and sat down together on a secluded seat, gazing with unseeing eyes out over the harbor. Slowly the evening shadows crept around them. The great house be-

hind them began to flash with brilliant lights, and to resound with music and light laughter. Still they sat, silent, stricken and forgotten.

"It's in the nature of things," said the old man at last, suddenly breaking the silence, and unconsciously speaking his thoughts rather than addressing his wife—"it's in the nature of things, and it can't be helped. Jim's a good boy. He'll never let us starve. But he can't love us as we love him. He's young, and his life lies bright before him. We're old, and our work is past and done. The world's gone past us. The plant lives for seed; but when the ear is full and the corn is ripe the old leaves wither and die. That's all there is for us now—slowly to wither and die!"

He was silent once again. Beside him he could hear his wife sobbing softly. He felt a sudden desire to clasp her to him, to comfort her as he would have done in the days long past; but the long years of separation and of misunderstanding lay between them, and he sat gazing straight before him.

Suddenly she clasped his arm. "Is it all, John?" she whispered.

He turned and gazed at her. The light from one of the windows fell full on her wrinkled, tear-stained old face. In it he could see a frantic look of appeal.

"Don't—don't say it is all, John. Surely—surely there is something more. Tell me there is, John—tell me there is."

Slowly his arm stole round her, and slowly her weary old head sank on his shoulder, where her weeping slackened and ceased. A long time they sat thus in silence, and the mists of misunderstanding that so long had blinded their hearts seemed to lift and part as they sat.

"We've been fools, Anne—fools, and blind," said the old man shakily at last, smoothing back the silver hair from her brow. "We've both sought in Jim all these years what we should have found in each other. Do you remember, Anne, the first two years we were together? It's a long, long way back to the land of happiness we lived in then; but we'll go back to the farm and seek the way there, and, please God, we shall find it."

She raised her head and kissed him. "I think we are there already," she quavered.

The stars came out, and the summer night closed round them, and the gentle breeze from the sea rustled the leaves of the garden, and cooled their faces with its hand of healing peace.—Otago Witness.

British Army War Song of Troops in France.

"It's a Long Way to Tipperary" has become the marching song of the British army. Everywhere on the march it is whistled or sung.

Up to mighty London came an Irishman one day,
As the streets are pav'd with gold, sure every one was gay;

Singing songs of Piccadilly, Strand and Leicester Square,

Till Paddy got excited, then he shouted to them there:

CHORUS.

It's a long way to Tipperary,

It's a long way to go;

It's a long way to Tipperary,

To the sweetest girl I know.

Good-bye Piccadilly, farewell Leicester Square;

It's a long, long way to Tipperary,

But my heart's right there.

Paddy wrote a letter to his Irish Molly O'

Saying: "Should you not receive it,

write and let me know;

If I make mistakes in spelling, Molly

dear," said he,

"Remember, it's the pen that's bad, don't lay the blame on me."

CHORUS.

Molly wrote a neat reply to Irish

Paddy O'

Saying: "Mike Maloney wants to marry

me and so

Leave the Strand and Piccadilly, or you'll

be to blame

For love has fairly drove me silly, hop-

ing you're the same."