

JULY 25, 1907

THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE.

1217

FERTILIZERS

My "Star Brand" Wood-Ash-Fertilizer is Nature's fertilizer for the Lawn, Garden, Orchard or Farm. They contain plant food in a concentrated form, dry, fine, and guaranteed in first-class condition; no obnoxious odors. Put up in strong bags of 100 lbs. each. We employ no agents, sell at one price to all, direct to customers. Prompt shipment to all points. Prices, in lots of 200 lbs. or more, quoted upon application. Address: CHAS. STEVENS, Napanee, Ont. Drawer 641.

HOLSTEINS

We must sell at least 25 cows and heifers at once in order to make room for the increase of our large herd. This is a chance of a life-time to buy good cattle at bargain prices. The best way: arrange to come and look the herd over. If you cannot, we will do our best for you by correspondence. Also a few young bulls, 100 head to select from. Imported **Pontiac Hermes**, son of Hengerveld De Kol, world's greatest sire, head of herd. All leading breeds represented. **H. E. GEORGE, Crampton, Ont.** Putnam Station, near Ingersoll.

LOOK HERE

Have on hand bull calves from choice dams, and sired by son of greatest cow in Canada. **Boutique O. Pieterie De Kol**, 643 lbs. 7 days; 96 lbs. 1 day. His sire's dam and granddam have records averaging over 95 lbs. butter week. Also choice bulls fit for service. Prices right. **FRED ABBOTT, Fairview Stock Farm, Harrietsville, Ont.**

HILTON STOCK FARM—Holsteins, Oxtwines and Tamworths—Present offering: Some young cows; a nice lot of young pigs; few boars six months old, and sows in pig. **R. O. MORROW & SON, Hilton P. O., Brighton Tel. and Stn.**

Glenwood Stock Farm—Holsteins and Yorkshires. Holsteins all sold out. Have a few young Yorkshires sows, about 3 months old, for sale cheap. True to type and first-class. Bred from imported stock. **THOS. B. CARLAW & SON, Warkworth P. O., Campbellford Stn.**

Ridgedale Farm Holsteins—1 yearling bull, 6 bull calves, from one to four mos., by Prince Pauline De Kol 6th, and from rich, heavy-milking dams. Come and see them or write: **R. W. WALKER, Utica P. O., Ont. Port Perry, G. T. R., or Myrtle, C. P. R., Ontario Co.**

Holsteins and Yorkshires **R. HONEY, Brinkley, Ont.,** offers a very choice lot of young bulls, also boars and sows fit to mate.

Grove Hill Holstein Herd Offers high-class stock at reasonable prices. Only a few youngsters left. Pairs not skin **F. R. MALLORY, Frankfort, Ontario, G. T. R. and C. O. Railway connections.**

Imperial Holsteins Bull calves for sale. **W. H. SIMMONS, New Durham P. O., Ont.**

Greenwood Holsteins & Yorkshires For sale: Two richly-bred bulls ready for service. No females to offer at present. Choice Yorkshires of either sex. **D. Jones, Jr., Caledonia P. O. and Stn.**

Mistress (to the servant who comes down very late in the morning).—"Doesn't that alarm clock I gave you wake you up in the mornings, Jane?" Jane.—"Oh, no, mum, not now, thank you; it worried me at first mum, but I've got used to it."

THE SPICE OF LIFE.

A new advertiser of Oxford Down sheep is William Barnett, Living Springs P. O., Fergus Station (G. T. R. and C. P. R.), about 15 miles from Guelph. A number of select yearling rams and ram lambs, sired by a Royal winner, and an aged ram, first at Ottawa, 1906, are offered for sale.

A ticket collector on a northern railway obtained leave to go and get married. He received a pass for the journey there and back. On the return journey, being rather flustered, the bridegroom pulled out his marriage certificate instead of the railway pass, and showed it to the ticket collector. The latter, a Scot, looked long at the certificate in perplexity, and then said:

"Eh, mon, you've got a ticket for a lang, weary journey, but no' on the Caledonian line!"

A young man proposed for the hand of a millionaire's daughter. "Well," said the millionaire, frowning thoughtfully, "what are your prospects? Is there any chance of promotion in your business?"

"Any chance!" cried the young man. "Well, I should say so. Why, we employ two hundred men, and my job is next to the lowest in the establishment."

A prominent Montana newspaper man was making the round of the insane asylums of that State in an official capacity as an inspector. One of the inmates mistook him for a recent arrival. "What made you go crazy?" "I was trying to make money out of the newspaper business," replied the editor, to humor the demented one. "You're not crazy; you're just a plain fool," was the lunatic's comment.

Senator Vance once told a good story of a man down in Buncombe County, N. C., who was arrested for murder and assigned an ignorant-looking young lawyer, whose crude appearance caused the unfortunate prisoner to ask the judge: "Is this my lawyer?" "Yes," replied His Honor. "Is he going to defend me?" "Yes." "If he should die, could I have another?" "Yes." "Can I see him alone in the back room for a few minutes?"

"I always hate to tell a story," said a well-known actor at a banquet, "because my listeners may have heard it before. What boredom that is for them, what agony for me! It is like the case of a friend of mine. He is deaf, but tries to conceal his deafness. One night at a dinner the host told a story at which everybody roared, and my dear friend joined in and out-roared the whole table, though in truth he hadn't heard a word."

"At the end of the laughter he held up his hand as a sign that he wanted to speak. "That story," he began, "reminds me of another—" "And then the poor fellow went on and told the very same yarn the host had repeated only a minute before."

SUBMERGED.

At the close of service one Sunday morning in a Washington church the pastor went down the aisle, as is his custom, to greet the strangers in the congregation. With one such he entered into conversation, during the course of which he asked: "May I ask, sir, to what denomination you belong?" "Well," was the reply, "I am what you might call a submerged Presbyterian." "I beg your pardon," said the puzzled divine. "I was brought up a Presbyterian," continued the stranger. "My wife is a Baptist; my eldest daughter is a Methodist; my son is the organist at a Universalist church; my second daughter sings in an Episcopal choir, and my youngest attends a Congregationalist Sunday-school." "But you contribute, doubtless, to some one church?" suggested the pastor. "I contribute to all of them," said the stranger. "That is partly what submerges me."

"The meanest fiend I ever knew," said a member of the Century Club yesterday, "was a fellow who used to belong to this club. He used to bore us for hours telling of the smart sayings of his children. It was something fierce. Finally, he left town, and we discovered that he had no children—he was an old bachelor. He'd been springing that line of stuff for years, just to watch us writhe!"

THE BIRTH RATE.

"The Scotch," said Secretary Wilson, of the Department of Agriculture, "are certainly a witty people. Now, there was a visitor in the little town of Bowdoin, who, on looking about, saw no children, but only grown men and women. He wondered at this, and, finally, meeting a weazened old man in the street, inquired: 'How often are children born in this town?'"

"Only once," the man replied, as he proceeded on his way."

A widow coy and sweet was wooed by a bluff old sailor, who thought the world of her. But not trusting himself to make a direct proposal of marriage, he decided to speak to her in the metaphor of the sea.

"Kate," he said, "your boat is drifting down the sea of life, with no strong hand to steer it safely past the rocks. May I be your captain and sail it for you?"

"No, Jack," she answered with an engaging blush, "but you may be my second mate if you like!"

Mrs. Howard Gould was describing her last balloon trip. She had stayed up much longer and gone much further than had been intended. "The trip," she said, ruefully, "was a little too successful." "Can anything be too successful?" was asked. "A temperance sermon was once too successful," said Mrs. Gould. And she told how a woman preached one morning a temperance sermon to her husband, who was suffering from the effects of the night before. "The great trouble with you, George," the woman said, "is that you cannot say 'No.' Learn to say 'No,' George, and you will have fewer headaches. Can you let me have a little money this morning?" "No," said George, with apparent ease.

The late Theodore Tilton, who boasted that he had never had a pipe, cigar or cigarette in his mouth, used to declare that the most inveterate smoker he ever knew was Sojourner Truth, the famous freed-woman reformer and lecturer. He was wont to tell how one day when the venerable dame, then about ninety years old, was on a visit to his house, she sat smoking her pipe by the chimney corner, when George W. Bungay, the author of several eloquent anti-tobacco tracts, called to see her.

"Aunt Sojourner," he said, "I revere your character, but I deplore your smoking, for it will keep you forever out of heaven."

"Lawkes, honey, how so?" she asked. "Because, Auntie," he rejoined, "you know that according to the Good Book nothing entereth there that defileth. Now, how do you expect to get into heaven with your breath defiled by tobacco?"

"Lawkes, honey," answered the old negress, "when I go to heaven I 'spect to leave my breff behind me!"

A BARGAIN.

Belinda bought a bargain
Black net to make a dress;
Marked down from something fearful
To half the price, or less.

It only cost four dollars,
The lining cost fifteen.
And fifteen more for chiffon,
The silk and net between.

Then forty yards of ruching
And thirteen pounds of jet,
Some lace, a little velvet
To brighten up the net.

Then twenty for the making—
It is a bargain gown—
It only cost four dollars,
Because it was marked down.

—Washington Post.

Lost Strayed or Stolen—One Cow

That is about what happens each year for the man who owns five cows and does not use a Tubular cream separator. He loses in cream more than the price of a good cow. The more cows he owns the greater the loss. This is a fact on which Agricultural Colleges, Dairy Experts and the best Dairymen all agree, and so do you if you use a Tubular. If not, it's high time you



did. You can't afford to lose the price of one or more cows each year—there's no reason why you should. Get a Tubular and get more and better cream out of the milk; save time and labor and have warm sweet skimmed milk for the calves. Don't buy some cheap rattle-trap thing called a separator; that won't do any good. You need a real skimmer that does perfect work; skims clean, thick or thin, hot or cold; runs easy; simple in construction; easily understood. That's the Tubular and there is but one Tubular, the Sharples Tubular. Don't you want our little book "Business Dairymen," and our Catalog A.198 both free? A postal will bring them.

The Sharples Separator Co.
West Chester, Pa.
Toronto, Can. Chicago, Ill.

ANNANDALE FINE STOCK FARM TILLSONBURG, ONT.

Premier sire, Prince Posch Calamity, whose dam and sire's dam average in official test 86 lbs. milk in 1 day and 26 lbs. butter in 7 days.

No stock for sale at present.

GEO. RICE, Tillsonburg, Ont.

Fairview Herd Holsteins

Home of Pontiac Rag Apple, the cow that sold a few days ago for \$8,000. Highest price ever paid for an A. B. O. cow. I have her sire, Pontiac Korndyke, the greatest living sire of the breed, and also over 40 of his daughters, sisters to the one that brought the top price, and they are all good ones. Also bull calves by the best sires in the States. Write me, or come and look the herd over. Only seven miles from Prescott, Ont. **E. H. DOLLAR, Heuvelton, St. Lawrence County, N. Y.**

RECORD OF MERIT HOLSTEINS

Herd 110 strong. Over 40 head now in the Record of Merit. Two of the richest-bred bulls in Canada at head of the herd. For sale: 18 bulls, from 9 months to 1 year of age, all out of Record of Merit cows and sired by the stock bulls.

P. D. HED, Oxford Centre P. O., Woodstock Station.

"THE MAPLES" HOLSTEIN HERD

Is made up of Record of Merit cows and heifers with large records, and headed by Lord Wayne Meethilde Calamity. Bull calves from one to five months old for sale.

Walburn Rivers, Falden's, Ont.

Lyndale Holsteins

Two bulls fit for service, sired by a son of De Kol 2nd's Butter Boy 3rd; also a number of bull calves, out of Record of Merit cows.

BROWN BROS., LYN, ONTARIO.

"GLENARCHY" HOLSTEINS

43 head of big, deep-flanked, heavy-producing Holsteins, many of them milking from 50 to 60 lbs. a day on grass. Have only bull calves for sale now. A straight, smooth lot.

G. MAGINTYRE, Renfrew P. O. and Stn.

Maple Hill Holstein-Friesians

Bull calves from No. 1 dams, sired by bulls with great official backing. Write for prices.

G. W. Clemons, St. George, Ont.

