

MAPLE GROVE SHORTHORNS



Imp. and Canadian-bred.

Males and females, as good types as the breed produces. With breeding unsurpassed.

C. D. Wager,

Enterprise Stn. & P.O., Addington Co.

GREENGILL HERD

of high-class

SHORTHORNS



We offer ten young bulls ready for service, a number of them from imported sire and dam; also high-class females, all ages, either imported or Canadian-bred. The herd is headed by (Imp.) Lord Roseberry.

R. MITCHELL & SONS,

Welson P.O., Ont.; Burlington Junc. Sta.

R. A. & J. A. Watt, Salem, Ont.

Elora Station on the G. T. and C. P. Ry. Home of the first and third prize aged herds, Canadian National, Toronto, 1905. Mayflower grand champion Toronto and Winnipeg, 1904-05; Olga Stamford, grand champion New York State Fair, 1905; Gem of Ballechin, grand champion Toronto, 1905; Tiny Maude, reserve senior champion Toronto and Winnipeg, 1905; Mildred's Royal and other leading winners. A choice number on hand to make your selection from at all times.

GLENAVON STOCK FARM

Shorthorns and Lincoln Sheep

I have one Shorthorn bull calf, with imported cross near the top, and a registered Lincoln ram, which I will sell cheap, or will change rams.

W. B. ROBERTS, Sparta P.O.

Station: St. Thomas, C.P.R., M.C.R., G.T.R.

SHORTHORNS AND LINCOLNS.



Present offerings: 4 choice young bulls 9 to 14 months; also a few good heifers, Lincolns, descended from the best English flocks.

JOHN LEE & SONS,

Highgate, Ont.

40 miles west St. Thomas, on C.M.R.R. & P.M. Ry.

SHORTHORNS

Imp. Keith Baron 96050. Six young bulls from 10 to 18 months old. A lot of 2-year-old heifers in calf and a few young cows. A bunch of heifer calves, cheap.

GLYDESDALES

Just now: One pair of matched geldings 5 and 6 years old; show team.

JAS. McARTHUR, Goble's, Ont.

Riverview Shorthorns and Oxfords

Shorthorns represent *Crimson Flowers*, *Athelstan*, *Lady James* and *Rosses*.

We have for sale three yearling bulls and some spring calves, also a few females. A thick, straight, mossy lot. Also some Oxford Down ram lambs.

Peter Cochran, Almonte P. O. and Station.

Queenston Heights SHORTHORNS

I am offering extra value in yearling and two-year-old heifers. Bull calves that will make high-class sires. **Straight Scotch.**

HUDSON USHER, Queenston, Ont.

GREEN GROVE SHORTHORNS



Fairy Queens, Urrys, Floras, Clarets, Isabelas, Rose of Athlone, Village Girl. Females of all ages 3 choice young bulls. Prices right. Breeding unsurpassed.

W. G. MILSON,

Goring P. O., Markdale Station

D. Bartlett & Sons, Smithville, Ont.

Breeders of *Shorthorns* and *Dorsets*. For sale: Young cows and heifers at all ages. Dorset shearlings and lambs of both sexes, of choice quality, suitable for show purposes, at moderate prices. **P. O. and Station: Smithville, Ont.**

SHORTHORNS, LINCOLNS & OXFORD DOWNS

Herds headed by imp. Royal Prince and imp. Abbotsford Star. For sale: Nine bulls, six months to one year, three from imp. dams and imp. sires; also females. Oxford Down sheep and Barred Rock cockerels. **John McFarlane & W. H. Ford, Dutton, Ont., Elgin County.**

Have several good ones for sale between 5 and 10 months old. Also a few heifers at very reasonable prices, bred to sons of Imp. Royal Sailor and imp. Wanderer's Last.

J. R. McCallum & Sons, Iona Stn., Ont.

SHORTHORNS
Young bulls for sale, sired by Spectator, imp. Prices reasonable. Apply to

JOHN McCALLUM, Springbank Stock Farm, M. C. R. and P. M. R. Box 11, Iona Station.

still cried old Mother Rigby. "Come, another good stout whiff, and let it be with might and main. Puff for thy life, I tell thee! Puff out of the very bottom of thy heart, if any heart thou hast, or any bottom to it! Well done again! Thou didst suck in that mouthful as if for the pure love of it."

And then the witch beckoned to the scarecrow, throwing so much magnetic potency into her gesture that it seemed as if it must inevitably be obeyed, like the mystic call of the loadstone when it summons the iron.

"Why lurkest thou in the corner, lazy one?" said she. "Step forth! Thou hast the world before thee!"

Upon my word, if the legend were not one which I heard on my grandmother's knee, and which had established its place among things credible before my childish judgment could analyze its probability, I question whether I should have the face to tell it now.

In obedience to Mother Rigby's word, and extending its arm as if to reach her outstretched hand, the figure made a step forward—a kind of hitch and jerk, however, rather than a step—then tottered, and almost lost its balance. What could the witch expect? It was nothing, after all, but a scarecrow stuck upon two sticks. But the strong-willed old beldam scowled, and beckoned, and flung the energy of her purpose so forcibly at this poor combination of rotten wood, and musty straw, and ragged garments, that it was compelled to show itself a man, in spite of the reality of things. So it stepped into the bar of sunshine. There it stood—poor devil of a contrivance that it was!—with only the thinnest vesture of human similitude about it, through which was evident the stiff, rickety, incongruous, faded, tattered, good-for-nothing patchwork of its substance, ready to sink in a heap upon the floor, as conscious of its own unworthiness to be erect. Shall I confess the truth? At its present point of vivification, the scarecrow reminds me of some of the lukewarm and abortive characters, composed of heterogeneous materials, used for the thousandth time, and never worth using, which with romance writers (and myself, no doubt, among the rest) have so overpeopled the world of fiction.

But the fierce old hag began to get angry and show a glimpse of her diabolic nature (like a snake's head, peeping with a hiss out of her bosom) at this pusillanimous behavior of the thing which she had taken the trouble to put together.

"Puff away, wretch!" cried she, wrathfully. "Puff, puff, puff, thou thing of straw and emptiness! thou rag or two! thou meal bag! thou pumpkin head! thou nothing! Where shall I find a name vile enough to call thee by? Puff, I say, and suck in thy fantastic life along with the smoke; else I snatch the pipe from thy mouth and hurl thee where that red coal came from."

Thus threatened, the unhappy scarecrow had nothing for it but to puff away for dear life. As need was, therefore, it applied itself lustily to the pipe, and sent forth such abundant volleys of tobacco smoke that the small cottage kitchen became all vaporous. The one sunbeam struggled mistily through, and could but imperfectly define the image of the cracked and dusty window-pane on the opposite wall. Mother Rigby, meanwhile, with one arm akimbo and the other stretched towards the figure, loomed grimly amid the obscurity with such port and expression as when she was wont to heave a ponderous nightmare on her victims and stand at the bedside to enjoy their agony. In fear and trembling did this poor scarecrow puff. But its efforts, it must be acknowledged, served an excellent purpose, for, with each successive whiff the figure lost more and more of its dizzy and perplexing tenuity, and seemed to take denser substance. Its very garments, moreover, partook of the magical change, and shone with the gloss of novelty and glistened with

the skillfully embroidered gold that had long ago been rent away. And, half revealed among the smoke, a yellow visage bent its lustreless eyes on Mother Rigby.

At last the old witch clinched her fist and shook it at the figure. Not that she was positively angry, but merely acting on the principle—perhaps untrue, or not the only truth, though as high a one as Mother Rigby could be expected to attain—that feeble and torpid natures, being incapable of better inspiration, must be stirred up by fear. But here was the crisis. Should she fail in what she now sought to effect, it was her ruthless purpose to scatter the miserable simulacra into its original elements.

"Thou hast a man's aspect," said she, sternly. "Have also the echo and mockery of a voice! I bid thee speak!"

The scarecrow gasped, struggled, and at length emitted a murmur, which was so incorporated with its smoky breath that you could scarcely tell whether it were indeed a voice or only a whiff of tobacco. Some narrators of this legend hold the opinion that Mother Rigby's conjurations and the fierceness of her will had compelled a familiar spirit in the figure, and that the voice was his.

"Mother," mumbled the poor, stifled voice, "be not so awful with me! I would fain speak, but being without wits, what can I say?"

"Thou canst speak, darling, canst thou?" cried Mother Rigby, relaxing her grim countenance into a smile. "And what shalt thou say, quotha! Say, indeed! Art thou of the brotherhood of the empty skull, and demandest of me what thou shalt say? Thou shalt say a thousand things, and saying them a thousand times over, thou shalt still have said nothing! Be not afraid, I tell thee! When thou comest into the world (whither I purpose sending thee forthwith) thou shalt not lack the wherewithal to talk. Talk! Why, thou shalt babble like a mill stream, if thou wilt. Thou hast brains enough for that, I trow!"

"At your service, mother," responded the figure.

"And that was well said, my pretty one," answered Mother Rigby. "Then thou speakest like thyself and meant nothing. Thou shalt have a hundred such set phrases, and five hundred to the boot of them. And now, darling, I have taken so much pains with thee, and thou art so beautiful, that, by my troth, I love thee better than any witch's puppet in the world, and I've made them of all sorts—clay, wax, straw, sticks, night fog, morning mist, sea foam, and chimney smoke. But thou art the very best. So give heed to what I say."

"Yes, kind mother," said the figure, "with all my heart!"

"With all thy heart!" cried the old witch, setting her hands to her sides and laughing loudly. "Thou hast such a pretty way of speaking. With all thy heart! And thou didst put thy hand to the left side of thy waistcoat, as if thou really hadst one!"

So now, in high good humor with this fantastic contrivance of hers, Mother Rigby told the scarecrow that it must go and play its part in the great world, where not one man in a hundred, she affirmed, was gifted with more real substance than itself. And, that he might hold up his head with the best of them, she endowed him, on the spot, with an unreckonable amount of wealth. It consisted partly of a gold mine in Eldorado, and of ten thousand shares in a broken bubble, and of half a million acres of vineyard at the North Pole, and of a castle in the air, and of a chateau in Spain, together with all the rents and income therefrom accruing. She further made over to him the cargo of a certain ship, laden with salt of Cadiz, which she herself, by her necromantic arts, had caused to founder, ten years before, in the deepest part of mid-ocean. If

(Continued on next page.)

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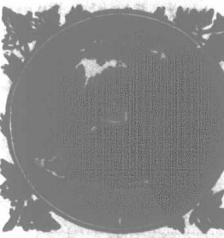


Don't experiment with new and untried remedies, but procure that which has stood the test of time.

Dr. Fowler's has stood the test for 60 years, and has never failed to give satisfaction. It is rapid, reliable and effectual in its action and does not leave the bowels constipated. REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES. THEY'RE DANGEROUS.

Mrs. BROWNSON Lusk, Aylmer, Que., writes: "I have used Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry for Diarrhoea for several years past and I find it is the only medicine which brings relief in so short a time."

HOLLYMOUNT SHORTHORNS



Pure Scotch, Imported, and the get of Imp. stock.

25 HEAD

Anything for sale. 5 young bulls. Breeding gilt-edged and unsurpassed. A few heifers. Prices right.

W. J. Thompson, Mitchell P. O. & Sta.

High-class Shorthorns

The well-known Duthie-bred bull, Scottish Baron (Imp.) 96099, by the great Silver Plate, formerly at head of R. A. & J. A. Watt's herd, now heads my herd. Young stock usually on hand for sale.

N. S. ROBERTSON, ARNPRIOR, ONT.

A. EDWARD MEYER,

Box 378, Guelph, Ont.

Scotch Shorthorns.

The Sunny Slope herd comprises Cruickshank Bellonas, Mysies, Villages, Brawith Buds, Broadhocks, Bruce Augustas, Mayflowers, Campbell Bossies, Urrys, Minas, Clarets, Kilblean Beautys. Herd bulls: Scottish Hero (Imp.) 96085, a Shethin Rosemary, and Chief Ramsden—96049, a Miss Ramsden. Correspondence solicited. Visitors welcome. Long-distance 'phone in house.

Oak Grove Shorthorns—Present offering: Several imp. cows, heifers and young bulls, all sired by Imp. Nonpareil Duke and out of imp. dams; also the stock bull, Imp. Nonpareil Duke, a choice offering. Prices right. **W. J. ISAAC, Cobourg Station, Harwood P. O.**

SCOTCH-TOPPED SHORTHORNS

Young stock of both sexes for sale, sired by Scottish Baron (Imp.). Prices reasonable.

H. GOLDING & SONS, Thamesford, Ontario.

Glen Gow Shorthorns—Our present offering is 9 bulls, from 6 to 14 months of age, sired by Imp. Ben Loman and Imp. Joy of Morning, and out of imp. and Canadian-bred cows. Also a number of very choice heifers. No fancy prices asked. Long-distance telephone. **W. N. SMITH, Columbus, P.O. Brooklyn and Myrtle Stns.**

Brown Lee Shorthorns—Present offering is 8 young bulls from 9 to 15 months old, a nice straight, good-doing lot, sired by Blenheim Stamp; also females of all ages, daughters of Imp. Sir Christopher and Imp. Beaumont. Prices very reasonable. **DOUGLAS BROWN, Air P.O. and Station**