

sion what he thought of God, and his answer was very much to the point: "Madam, it matters very little what I think of God, the important question is what God thinks of me."

That is the important question for all of us. Let us try to look at ourselves through God's eyes; not with a short-sighted wish to have everything made easy and pleasant to-day, but gladly accepting the training which He sees to be best for us for time and for eternity.

HOPE.

### What Your Striving Does for Others.

If all the end of this continuous striving  
Were simply to attain,  
How poor would seem the planning and contriving,  
The endless urging and the hurried driving  
Of body, heart, and brain!

But ever in the wake of true achieving  
There shines this glowing trail:  
Some other soul will be spurred on, conceiving  
New strength and hope, in his own power believing,  
Because thou didst not fail.

Not thine alone the glory—nor the sorrow,  
If thou dost miss the goal;  
Undreamed-of lives, in many a far to-morrow,  
From thee their weakness or their force shall borrow;  
On, on, ambitious soul!

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

### He Carried the Basket.

Men who have been married ten or a dozen years are too seldom famous for extreme courtesy to their better halves; but sometimes they are, nevertheless, very "thoughtful."

That was the case with Silas Perkins, who took his wife with him to the Pike County Fair. Mrs. Perkins had on her arm a basket containing the dinner and supper for the pair.

The crowd grew dense and Mr. and Mrs. Perkins began to be jostled about a great deal.

"Here, give me that basket, Sairey," said Mr. Perkins.

"That's real kind of you, Silas," said Mrs. Perkins, giving up the basket.

"Kind of me!" exclaimed Mr. Perkins, resenting the insinuation. "Gosh! I was afraid you'd get lost!" —[Youth's Companion.

### Ages of Animals and Birds.

A sheep lives ten years.  
A cat lives fifteen years.  
A lion lives twenty years.  
A camel lives forty years.  
A bear lives twenty years.  
A dog lives fourteen years.  
A squirrel lives eight years.  
A canary will live six years.  
A crow will live fifteen years.  
An ox lives twenty-five years.  
A guinea-pig lives seven years.  
A horse lives twenty-five years.  
A swan will live twenty-five years.  
A whale lives three hundred years.  
A tortoise lives one hundred years.  
An elephant lives four hundred years.  
A parrot lives one hundred and twenty-five years.

**WANTED:** A young man to manage a farm, close to Montreal, of 300 acres, which may be extended. A knowledge of high-class cattle and dairy work required. Salary not limited. Apply, stating experience and when at liberty, to Drawer No. 2326, P. O., Montreal.

For several years the advertisements of the Mead Cycle Company have appeared in the columns of the "Farmer's Advocate." Every year the business of this company has grown until now it is claimed to exceed 50,000 bicycles sold through mail orders all over the world each year. The company keeps its factories running all winter storing up wheels of the finest quality, and is always ready in the spring and summer to fill orders promptly at prices which they claim are lower than manufacturers selling on the old plan, through local dealers, can deliver a wheel of even inferior quality. The Mead Cycle Company can ship any wheel at any price the same day the order is received. When writing for catalogues and prices mention the "Farmer's Advocate," and address Mead Cycle Company, Dept. R 142, Chicago.

### GOSSIP.

The American Hereford Association has removed its offices for the registration of cattle and publication of the Herdbook from Kansas City to Chicago, and its headquarters for the present will be opened in a temporary building on Exchange Ave., at the main entrance of the Union Stock Yards, pending completion of a capacious three-story structure adjoining the Live Stock World building, at a cost of \$100,000, to be called the Pure-bred Live Stock Record building.

**ADVERTISE IN  
THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE,**

### Right Way to Drink Water.

Professor Silkham says there are few people who realize the value of water as a beverage, or know how to get the best good from it. Sipping water is a powerful stimulant to the circulation, which ordinary drinking is not. During the action of sipping fluid there is also a favorable effect upon the liver. Sipping cold water will often allay the craving for alcohol, probably due to the stimulant action of the sipping. For a glass of cold water slowly sipped will act as a stimulant or tonic, and produce a greater acceleration of the pulse for a time than will a glass of wine taken at a draught.—[S. F. Chronicle.

### Simple Remedies.

For liver disorders, use tomatoes, onions, lemons, salt.

For erysipelas, use cranberries externally and internally.

For cancer, use figs in the same way.

For indigestion, use garlic and tomatoes.

For dropsy, use elderberries.

For gravel, use spinach and onions.

For asthma, use carrots.

For scurvy, use turnips, onions and salt.

For corpulent diabetes, use peanuts, avoid all sugar and starch.

For nervous disorders, use onions, turnips and celery. Onions are the best of nervines, toning up the system and relieving nervous prostration.

For the blood and to tone up the system, use all the fresh, ripe fruits.

For a tonic, use blackberries and raspberries.

For summer complaints, use the same, also the banana.

For insomnia, use either lettuce or onions.—[Table Talk.

### A Lady Born.

True politeness does not consist of the artificial airs of the drawing-room, in what is sometimes called "company manners," that continue so long as there are persons present to look on whose good opinion is desired, and relapse into barbarism as soon as the company has gone. It is the inborn impulse of a higher and nobler nature. Here is an apt illustration:

An aged truckman bent under the weight of a big roll of carpet. His bale hook fell from his hand and bounded into the gutter, out of reach. Twenty idle clerks and salesmen saw the old man's predicament and smiled at his look of bewilderment. No one ventured to help him. A fashionably-dressed young woman came along, took in the situation at a glance, and, without looking to the right or left, stepped into the gutter, picked up the hook in her dainty gloved fingers, and handed it to the man, with a smile. The idlers looked at each other and at the fair young woman.

The old truckman, in a violent effort to express his thanks politely, lost his hat. It rolled into the gutter where the hook had been. This was almost too much for any woman, young or past young; but this New York girl was equal to the occasion. Into the gutter she tripped again and got the soiled hat. When she handed it to the truckman a happy smile was seen to play about her lips.

### GOSSIP.

Mr. William Linton, Aurora, Ont., sailed for England last week, and expects to attend the Royal and other leading shows, and to import some more Shorthorns.

The group of Shorthorns shown in the engraving on another page of this issue are members of the herd of Mr. James Thompson, Midway, Ont., who is making certain changes in his business operations and desires to sell these cattle, with 8 or 10 head more of similar breeding, by private treaty. The quality of the cattle, as may be judged from the photo., which does them less than justice, is of no ordinary character. The bull, Diamond King 34032, now two years old, was bred by H. Cargill & Son; sired by Imp. Diamond Jubilee and out of Imp. Diamond 18th 18363, and is straight Scotch-bred from first-class blood. Cinderella and Countess 8th are descended straight from Imp. Countess 5th 5101, bred by Mr. Duthie, Collingie, and contain the blood of many of the best bulls used in his herd and that of Mr. Marr, of Uppermill, including the noted Heir of Englishman. The Duchesses trace to Imp. Duchess 460, a first-prize winner at provincial fairs, and the top crosses are by richly-bred Scotch bulls, such as Prince Albert by Barmpton Hero, whose dam was by the great Champion of England; Canada's Chief, by Imp. Indian Chief; and Royal Ury, by Imp. Royal Member. There are six heifers sired by Royal Ury in the herd that are hard to beat in any company, the three roans in the picture being among them. Two heifers from this herd were sold at an Iowa sale last year for \$435 and \$675. We are assured these cattle will bear inspection, and are worth looking after.

One mile north of Iona station on the M. C. R. and L. E. & D. R. R., in the County of Elgin, lies Prospect Hill Stock Farm, the property of Messrs. J. R. McCallum & Son, breeders of Shorthorn cattle and Yorkshire hogs. The herd of Shorthorns now numbers 35 head, and on the dam's side was founded on the cow, Adelina 3rd 11116, sired by Duncan 1732, a Cruickshank Nonpareil by Golden Crown (imp.); dam Adelina 2301, tracing to Imp. Lilly 302; the animals in the herd being sired by the following well-known Scotch bulls: Lavender Victor 12229, Elgin Chief 3rd 20372 (whose dam, Fashion's Fame, was by Imp. Indian Chief), Darlington 15910, Starlight 17441, Advocate 24558 (this latter being the sire of the heifers in the herd from one to three years old), and Imp. Warfare 6452. The present stock bull is Royal Duke 34678, bred by the Messrs. Watt, sired by Imp. Royal Sailor 18959, dam Mildred 5th. He is a solid red, with a square, deep, lengthy, fleshy body, on the shortest kind of legs, and is proving a sire of worth. There are some rare nice heifers in the herd, also four young bulls, from seven to nine months old, that are the kind that people are looking for. They are all sired by the present stock bull. These young bulls are for sale; also, a few heifers will be sold, all for living prices. The Yorkshires are all of Oak Lodge breeding, of which a description is superfluous. Suffice it to say that the young ones on hand are as good as the best, and are of both sexes and all ages. Mr. McCallum reports sales, especially in Shorthorns, as the best he ever experienced, which we do not wonder at, as his stock is all right.

"God bless ye, miss," the old man said, as the fair maiden turned her back on the crowd of idlers and went her way. What an example of true politeness!

### Married People Would be Happier:

If they tried to be as agreeable as in courtship days.

If they kissed and made up at once after every quarrel.

If each would try and be a real comfort and support to the other.

If household expenses were always proportioned to receipts.

If women were as kind to their husbands as they were to them as lovers.

If each remembered the other was practically a human being, not an angel.

If both remembered that they were married for worse as well as better.

If there were fewer silk and velvet street costumes, and more plain, tidy house dresses, and street ones, too, for that matter.

If there were fewer "please darlings" in public and more polite manners in private.

If wives and husbands would take their pleasure as they go along, and not degenerate into mere toiling machines. Recreation is necessary to keep the heart in its place, and to try and get along without it is a big mistake.

### The Cake He Wanted.

"I'm going to get married," he said, as he placed a hand as large as a Dutch cheese upon the counter, "and I want a wedding cake."

"It is customary nowadays," said the pretty confectioner's assistant, "to have the materials of the cake harmonize with the calling of the bridegroom. For a musician now we have an oat cake; for a man who has no calling and lives upon his friends, the sponge cake; for a newspaper paragrapher, spice cake; and so on. What is your calling, please?"

"I'm a pugilist!"

"Then you'll want a pound cake."

A good story is told of a general and his wife, resident in Ireland, who were constantly pestered by a beggar woman to whom they had been very generous. One morning, at the accustomed hour, when the lady was getting into her carriage, the old woman began: "Agh! my lady, success to yer ladyship, and success to yer honor's honor, this morning, of all the days in the year, for sure didn't I drame last night that her ladyship gave me a pound of tay, and yer honor gave me a pound of tobacco!"

"But, my good woman," said the general, "do you not know that dreams always go by the rule of contrary?"

"Do they so, plase yer honor?" rejoined the old woman. "Then, it must be yer honor that will give me the tay, and her ladyship that will give me the tobacco."

Mrs. Neighbors—"I advertised for a plain cook last week, but I didn't receive a single reply."

Mrs. Nextdoor—"Take my advice and advertise for a good-looking kitchen lady, and you'll be overrun with applications."

The catalogue has been received of the 50 head of Shorthorn cattle to be sold, July 9th, from the noted herd of Lord Polwarth, St. Boswells, Berwickshire. The sale will be held at Carlisle, within a mile of the gates of the Royal Agricultural Society's Show there at that date. This herd has a fine reputation and a splendid record of prizewinning at the Royal and other leading British shows. Catalogues may be had on application as per the advertisement in this issue. Mr. John Garne's old-established herd in Gloucestershire will be sold on July 9, and on July 18 a sale of Jerseys from the herd of Mr. Phipps, at Kettering, will be conducted by John Thornton & Co., all of which are announced in the same advertisement in this issue.

**PRACTICAL PHILANTHROPY.**—So proof-positive is Dr. Slocum of their power as a remedy for all throat, lung, chest and other wasting diseases, that, to increase their usefulness and make known their great merits, four large samples of the Dr. Slocum Remedies will be sent to every reader of this paper who is afflicted with the terrible disease—consumption. All you have to do is to send your name, post-office and express-office address to the T. A. Slocum Chemical Co., 179 King St. West, Toronto, when the four samples of the Slocum Remedies will be sent immediately.

**CALF FEEDING.**—One of the necessities on nearly every farm, especially where dairymen is carried on, is the rearing of calves by artificial feeding instead of allowing them to suck the dams. Scores of calves are ruined or stunted for life in the first six months. Mr. E. Hamilton, of Hamilton, Ont., advertises in this issue what is called "The Common-Sense Calf Feeder," designed to overcome the troubles of calf-rearing by hand and give much better results from the same quantity of separator or skim milk. Write for a pamphlet.