

Profit in Lambs

A recent experiment in feeding lambs proved that a small investment made for Dr. Hess Stock Food returned the feeder a profit of 235%. This was because the Hess-fed lambs were able to digest a greater proportion of the daily ration than other lots not similarly treated. Dr. Hess Stock Food is a tonic which makes perfect digestion in any domestic animal. It contains iron for the blood and nitrates to cleanse the system of poisonous matter.

It is the prescription of Dr. Hess (M. D., D. V. S.), himself an authority on foods and feeding.

DR. HESS STOCK FOOD

shortens the time required to fit an animal for market, increases the flow of milk in dairy cows and keeps farm teams in prime condition. SOLD ON A WRITTEN GUARANTEE.

100 lbs. \$7.00
25 lb. pail \$2.00

Smaller quantities at a slight advance. Duty Paid.

Where Dr. Hess Stock Food differs in particular is in the dose—it's small and fed but twice a day, which proves it has the most digestive strength to the pound. Our Government recognizes Dr. Hess Stock Food as a medicinal compound, and this paper is back of the guarantee.

If your dealer cannot supply you, we will.

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Also Manufacturers of Dr. Hess Poultry Pan-a-ce-a and Instant Louse Killer.



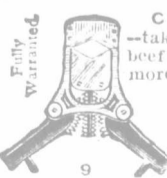
Lost Strayed or Stolen—One Cow

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 Dairy men 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 Dairyman," and our Catalog A-186 both free? A postal will bring them.

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



CATTLE FATTEN QUICKER
—take on weight faster—make better beef—when dehorned. Cows give more milk—and half the danger in shipping by rail or boat is eliminated.

KEYSTONE DEHORNER
does the work in 2 minutes. Cuts from 4 sides at once. Write for free booklet. R. H. McKenna 219 Robert St. Toronto, Ont. Late of Picton, Ont.

out more. That's how it's different from what it is. They dig holes, out here, lookin' for gold, 'n' there the gold stands up on the top of the ground. You don't have to dig to find the gold up there—just scratch.

"It's when night comes I feel it most, when the stars pop out and look as if you could reach up 'n' pick 'em—maybe the breeze that freshens when the sun goes down—the breeze that blows from the north, brings the scent of it on its wings.

"I don't know—but it's there, and, God! friend, it don't seem 's if I could stand it another day. It's the best old land there is on earth—it's so sort o' friendly to you. It won't let you get down-hearted 'n' blue. It sort o' slaps you on the back and says 'buck up.' And you do, and you win—say—"

He turned squarely to me—
"The folks up there are different too—seems to me. I don't know how 'tis, but there are days when I've been fair faintin' from the heat on this sand, that it seemed if only I could take hold of a hand—the hand of any one of the folks up there; it'd sorter cool me off like nothing else in the world. 'Course it's a frontier country, but it's a different sort of frontier than ever was before. There ain't any shootin' up towns in it, nor gamblin' houses, nor dance halls nor the law up there—Hudson's Bay Company first, then the Mounted Police—besides, folks haven't had time to grow bad men. The folks sorter feel the closeness of God to 'em and that sorter kept 'em peggin' away, doing their day's work to-day—wiping out the wilderness. The spirit of the land's different. It's a big, strong, brave land and its spirit is the spirit of the people on it—big, strong, clean people with the love of God in their hearts that lets 'em do their work without yellin' about it—whether it's clearin' a section or runnin' a railroad through the awfulest mountains you ever saw. Home folks—that's what they are—home folks."

Off in the distance a whistle sounded. "That's your train, ain't it?" he asked, and ran on rapidly—"Say, on the level, friend, go up there some day—won't you—don't make any difference where—Winnipeg on through—and see if I've been lying."

So I promised him.
"When you come back this way ask for "Skinny" Thurber—that's me. If I'm here I'll tell you some more about it—and if I ain't here you'll know I've gone back home."

And the last impression I had of the little desert station was of him leaning against one of the sprawling legs of the red water-tank, waving me a feeble farewell.

It was one day three weeks later that chance brought me back "that way." I asked a swart Mexican where Skinny Thurber might be. He gave me a covert glance and pointed to where—five rods away was a little mound of sand, marked by a cairn supporting a crude cross of wood. Then I knew, and beside the grave I stood as again the shadows lengthened and the western sky changed from gold to amethyst. Skinny had gone home—and that was all—home to the land "that won't let you get down-hearted," where the golden ocean ripples in the clear sunlight and the breeze that comes down from the mountains makes you want to "rur up." And I remembered my promise that I would one day visit that land just to learn "he wasn't lying." And thither now I am bound—to find the soil that lured the soul of "Skinny" Thurber.

I want to meet, face to face, these men and women with the clear, far-seeing eyes, who are bowing out an empire north of the line, clearing the wilderness, blazing the way of civilization—men and women whose daily lives and daily work are epic, splendid and dramatic played in a wide-open out-of-doors land that is the theatre of the last contest between man and nature on this continent—K. E. HARRIS, Editor "Red Back" in Canada West.

SOME RATTLESNAKE FALLACIES.

A common misconception which is apt to lead to serious accidents is the belief that a rattler is rendered perfectly harmless, so that it can be handled with impunity, by the removal of its poison fangs. These fangs, two in number, are situated on the upper jaw and lie flat except when the serpent strikes, when they become erect and the closing of the jaws compresses the poison glands and injects the venom through minute openings in them. In striking its prey (for whatever charm the serpent may employ to get its victim within easy reach, it relies upon the venom to give the coup de grace), these fangs may often be broken, and nature has provided a full supply of reserve weapons which lie dormant in the gums, and which within two weeks will develop and replace the injured fang.

An acquaintance who returned from a hunting trip with twenty-five full grown rattlers in a box kept them in his office for two months, confined behind a coarse-meshed wire screen. He handled them most carelessly, as he had extracted the poison fangs, but when shown that each of them had developed a perfect pair of new ones there was a sudden rise in the local snake mortality. One was preserved and sent to the Bronx Zoo, where it shortly afterward gave birth to a large litter of young ones, which could easily have crawled through the screen behind which the mother had been kept. As each of them possessed the poison apparatus in full commission and was without the power to rattle, they would have been even more dangerous than adult snakes.

Professional snake handlers are often ignorant of this power to quickly replace fangs possessed by rattlers, and this ignorance led to a serious accident to one of them at Bostock's, at Coney Island, last year. He was badly bitten and narrowly escaped death, his recovery being attributed to the generous amount of whiskey which was immediately administered to him, which illustrates another mistaken idea. It is a pity to shatter a pleasant illusion, but alcohol, except in very small doses, is harmful rather than beneficial as an antidote to snakebite poison.

As a matter of fact, although the symptoms of rattlesnake poisoning are most painful and alarming, an adult rarely dies from the bite of the variety common in the North. The diamond-backs of the South attain a much larger size, and consequently inject more venom and their bite is proportionately more dangerous.—Francis McTeal, in "Outing."

The following shows how easy it is to accumulate a fortune, provided proper steps are taken. The table shows what would be the result at the end of fifty years by saving a certain amount each day and putting it at interest at the rate of 6 per cent.

Daily savings.	Result—
One cent.	\$ 950
Ten cents.	9,504
Twenty cents.	19,006
Thirty cents.	28,512
Forty cents.	38,015
Fifty cents.	47,520

Nearly every person wastes enough in twenty or thirty years, which, if saved and carefully invested, would make a family quite independent, but the principal of small savings has been lost sight of in the general desire to become wealthy.

USE OF THE DIVINING ROD.

Numerous devices are still used throughout this country for detecting the presence of underground water. Devices ranging in complexity from the forked branch of a tree, held point to other wood, to that of less elaborate mechanical or electrical instruments. Many of these devices are of little value, especially those of the electrical type. The divining rod, however, is a simple and effective device for detecting water. It is used by holding the rod in both hands and moving it over the ground. The rod will vibrate and point to the location of water. This device is particularly useful in areas where water is scarce and where other methods of detection are not available.

Don't Condemn Yourself to Bright's Disease

TAKE GIN PILLS NOW

Bright's Disease claims its thousands yearly solely because people won't heed nature's warnings.

Pain in the back and constant headaches mean Kidney Trouble. Swollen hands and ankles, and pain in the joints, mean Kidney Trouble. Frequent desire to urinate—urine hot and scalding—mean Kidney Trouble. Neglecting sick Kidneys means Bright's Disease.

If you know your kidneys are affected—or if you suspect they are affected—give them the help they need—GIN PILLS. Taking GIN PILLS regularly soothes the irritated, inflamed membranes—gives to the kidneys new strength—corrects every kidney and bladder trouble

NAPANEE, May 13, 1906.
I received the sample box of GIN PILLS and was greatly benefited by them. My kidneys were in such bad condition I could not lift or stoop without great pain. In fact, they pained me nearly all the time. I have taken three boxes, working all the time at heavy work on the railroad, and did not lose a day.
FRANK TRUMPER.

And they are sold on a positive guarantee that they will cure you or money refunded. Put them to the test with the understanding that you must be cured or you get your money back.

So sure are we that GIN PILLS are just what you need in your own case, that we will send you a free sample to try. Write, mentioning this paper, to the Bole Drug Co., Winnipeg.

50c. a box—6 boxes for \$2.50. 89

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