

IMPROVEMENT OF HERDS.

A Subject the Value of Which Should Hold Highest Rank.

There is no subject more interesting to agriculturists than the improvement of the animals on the farm, the study of them in consequence holds the highest rank. We think a report upon this question should be developed in a very precise method.

We would consider, first, the improvement of the herd in general, its interests and its profits.

Second, the way to succeed in the improvement of the herd.

The first question to which the attention of the constitution of the animals should be directed is the constitution of the animals, and we do not hesitate to say that an incredible number of cultivators occupy themselves very little with this question. They consider the animals necessary things. They forget that an animal with many qualities gives to its product the best, and that it costs no more to produce a good animal than a bad one. We see every day in the village the farmer conduct the cow to the stable in his neighbor's, because his stable is convenient or the price of breeding is cheap, although the reproduction of mixed race and deplorable form.

In almost all the country the same apathy appears, and certainly our efforts should be especially directed to persuading those interested that the improvement of the animal is one of the first conditions of a good culture. The form of the animal should be the first consideration, not only because it should be beautiful to the eyes, but because the animal with the best conformation gives the best profit. We should seek to produce the most flesh and the most bone to render the merchandise useful.

An animal badly constructed gives defective prices, and experience demonstrates to the contrary—that when his lines are regular it is always more profitable for the seller and the buyer, when he terminates his career and accounts are settled.

It must be admitted, then, that the animal well constructed is advantageous to the breeder, and that greater care in breeding gives increased profits.

In many cases the milk is the most profitable feature of the farm. The

making of butter and cheese, the utilization of the milk and cream for the workers of the farm, and also for the nourishment of calves and hogs—for none of these should be neglected. We conclude this point with the following resume: The utility of the improvement of the animal, in its form, in its construction, in its qualities, in its meat and in milk, cannot be doubted. This is evident to those who are at the head of progressive farming, but a long experience has convinced me, with certainty, that it is exceedingly difficult for those new ideas to gain admittance among the agricultural classes, and that it is only by unceasing efforts that any good effect can be produced.

This should all be thoroughly discussed, and in order to penetrate under the thatched roof of the small contractor, the first attempts at improvement should be the most elementary character.

Second, the way to succeed in the improvement of the herd.—This is the question: How shall we improve the herd? The first thought that presents itself to us is selection. It is evident that in countries where the races are of good quality, the most natural way of improvement is to always eliminate the bad, animals and preserve for reproduction only the choicest. This is the first procedure and in every case is always imposed, but it is often inefficient in the sense that it rarely succeeds in correcting the principal faults that are developed in a race by bad breeding, and must disappear slowly.

In order to produce a real and true effect, efforts must be applied with great spirit, not only among individuals the more cautious and intelligent, eliminating without mercy the bad and mediocre animals, but it is necessary that the whole mass of breeders join their forces in improving their herds, and continue during several generations.

It is very rare one finds a community with the courage to give up the old habits and accept and apply without hesitation the new procedure. The selection is therefore extremely important, and should be made with the greatest care and attention by those who understand well its importance.

It is not by judicious crossing that one can operate happily and readily. The crossing of two distinct races should never be made at hazard, but should be a serious study and with profound examination.

We often hear these expressions: "My herd has such faults! I will take a bull of some other race having the qualities desired." This is the gravest of errors. All the attempts imaginable that have been made have only affirmed, in the most peremptory manner, that races cannot be mixed without greatest prejudice, or the result may be most deplorable.

We repeat, then, that the most effective way of improving stock is by careful selection.—Journal d'Agriculture Pratique.

For Flying Fowls.

Fowls will fly over a high fence if there is anything at the top for them to fly at. Don't put on a top rail. Use a small wire.

A Tight Cough

Is not an easy thing to lose. It grasps the bronchial tubes and reaches for the lungs. There is a way to

Shake it out

of the system. It's an easy way. Take

Gunn's Cura Cough

The remedy will cure every time. It's curative properties go direct to the spot, where the mean little tickling annoys you and drives it out quickly—

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FIGS WENT TO COURT

And Proved the Most Effective Witnesses in a Damage Suit

They were bad and the Inspiration that Came to the Plaintiff won the Case for Him

An English solicitor was recently a fruit broker in an action brought for the recovery of \$100, the price paid for a consignment of figs which the plaintiff declared to be unfit for human food. The defense alleged that, although moderately discolored by salt water, as the plaintiff knew when he bought them, the figs were perfectly wholesome. The figs were in court.

The plaintiff, a coster, who conducted his own case, was skillfully cross examined. The trial was obviously going against him, and once or twice he resorted to hotly that the judge threatened to commit him for contempt.

At length the coster grew desperate and, turning to the opposing counsel, hoarse and perspiring, he said:

"Look here, guv'nor, you say them figs are good to eat, and I say they ain't. That's all there is between us, ain't it? Now, s'elp me, if you'll eat two of them figs and you ain't sick immediately afterward I'll lose my case."

The judge at once saw the propriety of this suggestion and asked the lawyer what he proposed to do.

"Your honor is trying this case, not I," was the reply.

"No, no! The offer is made to you," said the judge.

A hurried consultation took place. Counsel suggested that it was the solicitor's duty to submit to the experiment. The solicitor was then asked if he would risk it.

"What will happen to me if I don't?" said he.

"You'll lose the case," replied both his legal advisers.

"Then," said he hurriedly, "lose the case, lose the case!" And so he did.

YOUTH'S COMPANION.

Beware of False and Deceptive

Promises Made by Manufacturers of Inferior and

Imitation Dyes.

Beware of dyes prepared for home use that promise to wash and dye the goods at one operation. The soap in such dyes may do a trifle of cleansing, but the coloring work will be a flat and decided failure.

Beware of dyes that claim to dye all wool and cotton goods with contents of one package. This is a chemical impossibility. The operator will of course get a color—something muddy, cloudy and streaked, that will arouse indignation and anger because of disappointment and loss of materials.

Diamond Dyes give fast, brilliant and perfect colors, but they do not promise to cleanse or wash soiled garments or materials. A washing machine may do good washing, but it cannot pretend to do the ironing as well.

Diamond Dyes prepare special dyes for all wool goods, and for cotton and union goods, and guarantee perfect work when directions are observed. If you desire to color all wool goods, ask for Diamond Dyes for Wool; if you have cotton or mixed goods to dye, ask for Diamond Dyes for Cotton and Mixed Goods.

Crude imitation dyes and soap grease mixtures can never cope with those great chemical triumphs—Diamond Dyes.

It can hardly be expected that youthful lovers can get up the same enthusiasm watching for meteoric displays in winter as they do during balmy summer evenings counting shooting stars.

A lady writer says: "No married man can be a dude." Of course not; no man, married or single, can be a dude, any more than a dude can be a man.

WHY CATS WASH AFTER EATING.

You may have noticed, little friends, that cats don't wash their faces before they eat, as children do, in all good Christian places.

Well, years ago a famous cat, the pangs of hunger feeling, had chanced to catch a fine young mouse, who said as he ceased squealing:

"All gentled folks their faces wash before they think of eating!" And, wishing to be thought well bred, Puss brushed his entraining.

But when she raised her paw to wash, Chance for escape offering, The shy young mouse said his goodby Without respect to wording.

A fellow council met that day And passed in solemn meeting A law forbidding any cat To wash till after eating.—Outlook.

When the Cyclone Came

It Reunited a Pair of Lovers in an Unromantic Henhouse.

Vlasta looked wistfully out of her small paneled window, deep set in the heavy wall, and sighed. The piles of unwashed dinner dishes over which she was at work hardly accounted for that sigh, and the view without was pleasant rather than otherwise.

It was a Sunday afternoon in late June, hot and unusually still for that windy country, but the rolling stretches of prairie grass and the great fields of young wheat and corn still held the freshness of early spring.

But the cloud, "no larger than a man's hand," is always present in some form or other.

One was at that moment rising lazily on the western horizon, over the low, green hills, just a faint summer cloud, unseen by the girl, whose eyes were fixed on a nearer and, to her, much more attractive object. This, as is apt to be the case when maidens sigh, was a young man, who, on the other side of a barbed wire fence, some little distance away, was busily engaged in washing his buggy, which was rolled in front of his own little low sod house.

He was of middle size, dark haired and featured, like himself, and clad in the careless costume of overalls and jacket of blue denim, faded and dingy from exposure to sun and weather, and the battered sombrero of light felt, which were usual in his everyday occupation of farming.

As any one familiar with that part of the country could tell at a glance, they were young Bohemians, members of that great army of hardy settlers who have made homes for themselves in the previously unoccupied west.

But hearts will be hearts in every place, and Juliet may pine for her Romeo in ancient castle no more than in humble sod house, as did this commonplace little heroine, with her plain but kindly face.

Now, by custom immemorial Sunday is the rural holiday everywhere, and it is especially so among our foreign born citizens, who on that day saunter forth in their best, ready for visiting and merrymaking and seeking no income grudging between church and mass in the morning and a dance in the afternoon or evening.

So, considering this, it seemed that the young settler, Albrecht, Hollub, should be on pleasure bent, and the signs indicated to Vlasta that so he was, or soon would be. Herein lay the sting which changed for her the sunshine of that glorious June day to gloom.

For Albrecht—on "going riding" in his new buggy—going without her and no doubt with some other girl, when it was really her place on that seat beside him.

And had she not proudly occupied it until that unlucky night not yet two weeks ago, but seeming half a lifetime, as a girl's short lifetime goes!

Such a little thing, too, as is generally the case, to have caused all this trouble. She was not sure how Albrecht felt. Perhaps he was glad to get rid of her. Here the great tears dropped into the dishpan at the thought. Just a dance at a young friend's wedding, it being their custom for a bride party to go to a justice or country judge to have the ceremony performed and then to return to the bride's home for a grand celebration, which usually lasted all night. Then a foolish quarrel, when Albrecht, heated by excitement and beer, had insisted that she danced too often with the bride's elder brother. She had refused to listen to him, of course, with the result that he had walked out into the darkness and had never been near her since.

Perhaps she had sought covertly and no doubt awkwardly to find an opportunity of making amends, but he had ignored or avoided her, though they lived on adjacent claims; hence, for her, at least, bitter days and nights. She felt vaguely, in her simple fashion, the hardness of the woman's code, which bids her "wait and weep" in silence, a rule that has broken many a young country heart like hers. And all this time the cloud in the west was rising. It looked much like a puff of black smoke, and there were others not so dark climbing up beside it.

The dishes were finished and put away in the kitchen "safe," or cupboard, and the girl sat down by her window—she was very fond of that window in those days—and gazed absently out. The landscape was left desolate to her, for Albrecht had disappeared, probably to attire himself for his outing.

Her father nodded in the shady doorway over his long, curved pipe. In the inner room her mother discoursed volubly to her second daughter in her native tongue, which is not forgotten by the old people at least. The shouts of the numerous younger children came from without, where they romped

among the farm wagons and machinery, and the horses and cattle grazed contentedly on the fenced in prairie that formed the pasture. It was all homely, but peaceful, and presently the girl's eyes, heavy with unaccustomed vigils, closed. She did not see the cloud rapidly swelling and taking the ominous shape dreaded by prairie dwellers, the so called funnel form, which in this case was a much flattened one.

It seemed but a few minutes later when Vlasta roused abruptly in dazed bewilderment. A distant shout, one of alarm and warning, seemed echoing in her ears. How dark it had grown! And there were Albrecht and his little old mother, who kept his house, standing before their door, exclaiming and gesticulating wildly. At the same moment there came a rush of furious wind, bringing the sound of a howling, menacing roar, while the mass of dusky green cloud appeared to quit the horizon and start swiftly on an earthward path.

Vlasta guessed instantly the peril that threatened and sprang up with a terrible cry:

"My father, mother, quick! The cyclone!"

Then followed wild confusion, screaming children running to their parents, frantic exclamations, music and hurdy.

Whether should they fly for refuge to that hear of terror? It was the problem that solved the problem with prompt presence of mind.

"The henhouse children! Let us run to the henhouse!" she cried, and she crowded her stout self and her best feathered brood, brought from the farm land, valiantly through the narrow doorway, followed by her husband, carrying his pipe and armchair, and by the others with whatever they clung to catch up, all racing through the thick, whirling dust to the designated place of refuge.

In fact, it was the most suitable one within their reach, being really a low "dug out" in the side of a small hill, the front or open side facing south and filled in with a solid wall, containing only a small, round door and a tiny window whose four small panes were thickly coated with dust.

In their rushed pell-mell, causing violent discomfort to the usual occupants of this abode, which flew, fluttering and cackling wildly, from their rude nests and perches. The father was in the act of closing the door after the last one was in when it was pushed violently open from without, and Albrecht and his mother, lacking such a shelter of their own, flung themselves among them.

Then the door, like that of the ark, was shut and braced by the father's stout shoulder. And none too soon, for the air was thick with flying debris. There were 12 of them—more souls than the ark carried and crowded into a much smaller space, but that mattered little at such a time.

The fowls screamed, the children wailed, the big mother and the little mother rocked and pined in each other's arms, and the father bemoaned his farm and stock; but as for Vlasta, the cyclone had given her what the fates had otherwise denied, and the uproar and danger were all dominated by the joy that Albrecht was again beside her, so close that she could almost feel his deep, hurried breathing.

It was but a moment, and then, with a deafening roar, a rush of darkness, a choking breath of sulphur, the storm center was upon them.

Vlasta remembered how it happened, but when she was able to realize anything she was aware of Albrecht's neck and he was holding her to him and murmuring words of endearment, which she felt rather than heard. "My love, my little one"—though she was as tall as he—"do not fear. I will keep thee safe. I, thy own beloved."

Vlasta's pet, white pullet fluttered on their shoulders like the white winged dove of peace. The storm went swiftly on its relentless way, leaving desolation behind it.

Their houses were in ruins, their little possessions torn to pieces or scattered far and wide, even a large part of the growing crops rooted up or ground into the soil.

But their lives were spared, and they are hardy and courageous. Sod houses can soon rise again and other crops grow green on sunlit plains, and before long in the new home there will be "sounds of revelry by night" and another merry wedding dance.—Buffalo News.

Died Rather Than Kill.

The responsibility of taking human life under any circumstances is tremendous. Justifiable as it may be to kill in self defense, we cannot but admire the wonderful self control of an Armenian who preferred to die rather than live with blood upon his hands.

It was during the horrible massacres in Armenia, a native, says the Rev. George H. Hepworth, was employed in one of the railroad stations. He was standing on the platform when the mob approached. A Turk, who knew the man to be a faithful servant, handed him a pistol, saying:

"It is an outrage. Take this and defend yourself. It is good for six of the rascals."

The Armenian took the weapon, hesitated for a moment, then handed it back with a groan.

"I can't do it," he said. "I had rather die than commit murder."

In less than ten minutes he was a bruised and bleeding corpse, and the fiends had started on the track of another victim.—Youth's Companion.

Unfortunate Resemblance.

"One of Paderford's best dogs looks just like him."

"Did he ever enter the dog in a bench show?"

"Just once. The judges threw him out. They said he looked too much like some other dog they had seen somewhere."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

THEY ARE VERY WISE.

Sagacity of Elephants is well Known and Always Phenomenal

Make Use of Tools and Exhibit a Knowledge of Pneumatics

Elephants very frequently make use of tools. Sir John Tennant, Romanes, Dampier, and others say that these creatures, when passing through the jungle, break branches from the trees and use them as fans. One day, while observing Jessie, a very intelligent elephant that was on exhibition at the St. Louis fair grounds, I noticed that she was greatly worried and annoyed by the attacks of a swarm of large flies. These insects had settled on her back, where she could not reach them with her proboscis or with her tail. She seemed to study the situation for a few moments. Then, reaching out her trunk, she seized a mop broom which stood in the corner of her stall and deliberately brushed off the greedy little bloodsuckers with it.

Mr. G. E. Peel states in Nature that he once saw a young elephant deliberately fashion a surgical instrument. He saw the animal in question go to a bamboo fence and break off one of the pickets. This picket he further fractured with one of its fore feet until it obtained a sharp fragment some 10 or 12 inches in length. Then, leaning forward on one of its forelegs, it thrust this fragment, which it grasped with its trunk, into its "armpit" and vigorously moved it to and fro. As a result of this operation a large elephant leech was dislodged, which dropped to the ground and was at once ground to mince meat beneath the horny toes of the sagacious brute, which granted its intense satisfaction.

Jessie, the elephant mentioned above, had some knowledge of pneumatics. One day I tossed a peanut, which fell to the ground some eight or ten inches beyond the utmost reach of her trunk. She stretched out this organ to its fullest extent toward the peanut, then blew through it a sudden, quick and powerful blast. The peanut was hurled against the wall, from whence it bounded and then rolled beneath the feet of the intelligent animal, which at once swallowed it. I tried this experiment several times, each time with a like result.—Scientific American.

Near His Journey's End.

A distinguished lawyer and politician was traveling on the train near Winchester when an Irish woman came into the car with her big basket, bundle, etc., and sat down near the aforesaid lawyer.

When the conductor came around to collect fares the woman paid her money, and the conductor passed by the lawyer without collecting anything.

The good woman thereupon said to the lawyer, "An faith an why is it that the conductor takes the money of a poor Irish woman an don't ask ye, who is that to be a rich man, for anything?"

The lawyer, who had a pass, replied, "My dear madam, I'm traveling on my beauty."

The woman looked at him for a moment and then quickly answered: "An is that so? Then ye must be very near yer journey's end."

The lawyer, who is not noted for his beauty, but who is noted for his brains, enjoyed the joke too much to keep it, and so we give it to the public.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Taking His Time.

"It's wonderful what a lot of determination our Johnnie has. When he makes up his mind to do a thing, he always does it."

"What's the latest example of this desirable quality?"

"Why, he's made up his mind to thoroughly master his studies before he goes any higher. This is the third year he has been in the same class."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

She Knew.

Parent left in charge—No, you cannot have any more cake. (Very seriously.) Do you know what I shall have to do if you go on making that dreadful noise? Little Girl—Yes.

Parent—Well, what is that? Little Girl—Give me some more cake. And she was quite right.—Punch.

Limiting His Market.

Father—So you have decided to become an artist? Son—Yes.

Father—Well, I have no objections if you don't draw on me.

It's easy to wish for a thing, but it's another thing to get what you wish for.

There is one good thing about a charity concert for the benefit of the poor and that is the beneficiaries are not obliged to attend.

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or your furnace; are they going to work all right when old horses make you a sudden visit? Cold weather will be here soon now, and it is well to have your heating apparatus put in order before you start your fires! We will overhaul them or put in new hot water, steam or hot air furnace and heating apparatus at a reasonable cost.

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