

ARE YOU INTERESTED IN

Telephone Matters?

DO YOU PURPOSE VISITING THE
TORONTO FAIR? IF SO,

the Secretary of the **Canadian Independent Telephone Association** will be pleased to meet you and furnish any information relative to the organization, construction or operation of telephone systems. Remember, the **Canadian Independent Telephone Association** is the only source from which you can obtain absolutely disinterested advice upon telephone matters. Its policy is that of "The greatest good for the greatest number," as applied to the development of telephone service. It seeks to protect you from the evils of monopolistic control, and aims to secure you the right to manage your own business in your own way.

When at the Exhibition

Do not fail to see the exhibits of the manufacturers of Independent Telephone apparatus. These will convince you that all the up-to-date improvements in telephone equipment are the product of brains and money of the Independent Telephone men, who make it possible for the farmer to own and operate his own telephone service.

The Canadian Independent Telephone Association

FRANCIS DAGGER, Secretary, 21 Richmond St. West
(Opposite Simpson's Store)
TORONTO, ONTARIO.

We are Now Booking Orders for

Sugar Beet Meal

For Fall Delivery.

If you have never fed it, ask your Dealer to show you a Sample or write to us direct.

Sugar Beet Meal is particularly recommended for Dairy Cows, and has been very appropriately termed "June Pasture the Year Round." It is convenient to handle, will keep indefinitely, and the price is within the reach of every dairyman.

Your Dealer Can Supply You.

Last season almost our entire output was sold before it was ready to be placed on the market, so **order early** if you do not wish to be disappointed.

Sugar Beet Meal is Made Only by

Dominion Sugar Company, Limited,
WALLACEBURG, - ONTARIO.

VISITORS TO THE CANADIAN NATIONAL EXHIBITION

Are cordially invited to visit our exhibit of

Iron Stable Fittings and Furnishings

Same being situated immediately inside the main entrance of the Agricultural Process Building, where our attendant will be pleased to explain the different fittings, etc., in connection with a stable. Do not fail to see the Acorn Bottle Watering-bowl.

THE TISDALE IRON STABLE FITTING COMPANY, LIMITED
19 Temperance Street, Toronto, Ont.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.
Miscellaneous.

TREATMENT FOR SMUT.

Would you tell me what would be best to treat fall wheat with for smut, and also the best way to apply same?

A. S. B.

Ans.—See page 1301 in issue of August 11th, for treatment of wheat for smut.

WEED IN ALFALFA.

Enclosed you will find a weed that I got in alfalfa seed last spring. I would like to know the name of this plant.

J. H. S.

Ans.—The specimen submitted, though so dry as not to permit of botanical analysis, is probably rocket, or rocket salad. It is an annual, somewhat resembling wild mustard. The seed is occasionally present in alfalfa seed. It is not considered a bad weed in Europe, where it is common, but should not be allowed to go to seed in your fields. Good cultivation will eradicate it.

RINGBONE AND SPAVIN.

Would you kindly let me know what will cure ringbone and spavins. H. S.

Ans.—Ringbone cannot be cured, but the lameness resulting therefrom may be. It will be necessary to fire and blister; have the firing done by a veterinary surgeon. For blistering, use 1 dram of biniodide of mercury in 8 drams of lard. Do not repeat the firing under about eight months, if it proves necessary to repeat at all. If this treatment fails, neurotomy will have to be practiced. For spavin, try blistering as above indicated, and if that is not successful, firing will have to be resorted to.

TILE THROUGH QUICKSAND.

I have a bed of quicksand about 25 rods across, through which I have to construct a six-inch tile drain for an outlet for water back of it. The drain has been put in across this twice, straw being packed around the tile both times, and both times it has filled with sand. How can I make this drain permanent? Would it be of any advantage to put a layer of clay or gravel under the tile, or would the sand come through the gravel and fill the tile? The drain is from three to three and one-half feet deep, and has a fall of one-fourth inch to the rod.

J. H. C.

Ans.—Various devices are recommended for laying tile in quicksand. I have met numerous men who have attained satisfactory results by placing boards end to end in the bottom and laying the tile on these. This serves to keep the tile in line, and any sand that does get in is easily flushed out by the water. If tar paper is laid over the joints, not quite meeting underneath, another safeguard has been added. Personally, I do not know of any case where these two precautions combined have not been satisfactory. I met one gentleman who said that after trying several devices, in vain, in a particular case, he had obtained satisfactory results by wrapping each joint completely around with cotton cloth. It has also been suggested that cement tile would be peculiarly adapted to a case of this kind, as being quite porous, the joints might be cemented through the quicksand pocket, and the water would enter through the pores. I am of the impression this device would work satisfactorily, as from our experiments we have found cement tile very porous, but I do not know of any case where it has been tried. In your case, I would be inclined to try the first method mentioned, viz., boards and tar paper. If it is not desired to drain the quicksand, sewer tile might be used, and the joints cemented, but this is much more expensive than the other methods.

WM. H. DAY.

He was a sturdy Scotchman, with no education and no vestige of a shred of humor. He stood before the new city hall, gazing up at the simple legend over the portal. Then he turned to his wife. "Annie," he says, "d'ye see how the Scots will be over-cappin' them a? I dinna ken who this man McMIX may be, but his name above the door yonder makes my heart leap with pride."

A passer-by, happening to overhear two worthy laborer's remarks, could not refrain from smiling. The building bore the date, MCMIX.

THE SPICE OF LIFE.

A lawyer about to furnish a bill for costs was requested by his client, a baker, to make it as light as possible. "Ah," said the lawyer, "you might properly say that to the foreman of your establishment; but that is not the way I make my bread."

The young Prince Tsai-Tao, during his visit to America, welcomed criticism of Chinese customs, and retorted politely with counter-criticisms of the customs of the United States.

The Prince, at a fashionable luncheon in New York, sat beside a lady prominent in a rich and rather fast set.

"Prince," said this lady, "I think it's dreadful that in China a bride never sees her husband before the wedding day."

"Well," said the Prince, with a grin, "here in America you never see him after it."

Coleridge must be added to the list of authors who have found inspiration in dreams, for he himself has told us that he composed over two hundred lines of "Kubla Khan" during a sleep of three hours. On awakening, he wrote down the fragment now existing, but the interruption of a visitor banished the rest from his mind. The first idea of "The Ancient Mariner," too, was suggested to the poet by a dream of his friend Cruikshank. And Kipling's "Greatest Story in the World" was but the half-remembered dream of a young man.

Mr. Marcus Stone, R. A., the famous artist, who celebrated his seventieth birthday the other day, tells a very amusing story about a model he once knew.

He was visiting the Zoological Gardens, when he came across a man who had sat for one of his pictures.

"What are you doing now?" asked Mr. Stone. "Last time I saw you was when you were sitting for Mr. Blank for one of his religious pictures."

"Yes, sir," replied the model sadly. "An' now I'm cleanin' out the elephants' stables. Nice come down for one of the Twelve Apostles, ain't it, sir?"

It was in a country tavern where a newly-arrived commercial traveller was holding forth.

"I'll bet my case of samples," he said, "that I've got the hardest name of anybody in this room."

An old farmer in the background shifted his feet to a warmer part of the stove.

"Ye will, will ye?" he drawled. "Wa-al, I'll have to take ye up. I'll bet \$10 against your samples that my name'll beat yours."

"Done," cried the salesman. "I've got the hardest name in the country. It is Stone."

The old man expectorated.

"Mine," he said, "is Harder."

THE TRUSTY DOBBIN.

A prose poem, by Walt. Mason.

They doom you, Dobbin, now and then, they say your usefulness is gone; some blame fool thing designed by men has put the equine race in pawn. They doomed you, and your hopes were low, when bicycles were all the rage; they said: "The horse will have to go—he lags superfluous on the stage!" They doomed you when the auto-car was given its resplendent birth. "Thus sinks the poor old horse's star—he'll have to beat it from the earth!" And now they're dooming you some more, there are so many motor things; men scorch the earth with sullen roar, or float around on hardware wings. They doom you, Dobbin, now and then, and call you has-been, and the like, but while this world is brooding men, the horse will still be on the pike. No painted thing of cogs and wheels and entrails made of noisy brass can ever supplant a horse's heels, or make man grade a horse his grass. No man-made trap of bars and springs can love or confidence impart, nor give the little neck that brings emotion to the horseman's heart. O build your cars and ships and planes, and doom old Dobbin as you will! While men have souls and hearts and brains, old Dobbin shall be with us still!