



Hackney Poultry Tonic

To try HACKNEY STOCK REMEDIES. If not satisfactory your money is refunded by the dealer you buy it of. You are dealing with a man you know, not us. Ask him about Hackney goods. They are made in Canada, and give results, as any one will tell you who has used Hackney goods. Every farmer has need of them, and all we ask is, try at our expense, if no results. Isn't this fair? Will you try them? Go to your home dealer and try any article, he will protect you, backed by us. Ask any bank in Canada if our guarantee is any good.

HACKNEY KIDNEY POWDER

For all kidney troubles, bad water, swamp fever, and if these cures are not attended to at once, will result in very serious loss and trouble.

REMEMBER OUR GUARANTEE.

HACKNEY GALL CURE

For all galls, either saddle or collar, burns, sores. You can work the horse while using. Put up in 25c. and 50c. cans.

REMEMBER OUR GUARANTEE.

HACKNEY COLIC CURE

Has never failed. Put up in 50c. bottles.

REMEMBER OUR GUARANTEE.

HACKNEY FLY NOCKER

To keep the flies off your horses and cows. Especially the cow and the horse need the help of keeping away the fly. \$1.00 can.

REMEMBER OUR GUARANTEE.



Hackney Stock Tonic

IT COST NOTHING

HACKNEY POULTRY TONIC

A positive cure and a prevention from all kinds of diseases with all kinds of poultry, either young or old. A wonderful egg producer. 25c., 50c. and \$1.00 size packages.

REMEMBER OUR GUARANTEE.

HACKNEY LOUSE POWDER

Is death to all lice, mites and small vermin. A 25-cent can will save you \$1.00. Try it on your fur coats for the summer. You need it on the cabbage plants and currant bushes.

REMEMBER OUR GUARANTEE.

HACKNEY STOCK TONIC

Is a medicine for the animal that is not doing as it should on the feed you are giving it. Get your horses in shape for the spring work.

REMEMBER OUR GUARANTEE.

HACKNEY HOG TONIC

Is an article you will appreciate after once using same. For a bunch of pigs that are not thriving, it is worth double its cost. It has no equal, for young pigs at weaning time, for the mothers that are short of milk, or to finish for the market.

REMEMBER OUR GUARANTEE.

HACKNEY CALF TONIC

For the young calves, or the calf with scours; also to take the place of the mother's milk. READ what one of our dealers says, after using for two seasons: He would not try to raise a calf without it.

REMEMBER OUR GUARANTEE.

Hackney Fly Nocker



HACKNEY HEAVE POWDER

Will cure any case of heaves, except bilious or whistling heaves, which cannot be cured, but helped, so the horse can be worked with ease.

REMEMBER OUR GUARANTEE.

HACKNEY COUGH AND DISTEMPER POWDER

For horses with coughs, colds, distemper, pink-eye. It has saved thousands; it will save yours.

REMEMBER OUR GUARANTEE.

HACKNEY WORM POWDER

For all kinds of worms, and bots in horses, colts, sheep and hogs.

REMEMBER OUR GUARANTEE.



Hackney Hog Tonic

Write to 18 Millstone Lane, Toronto, for our Booklet.

Hackney Stock Food Co'y
Toronto and Winnipeg.

The Horse and the Dog and the Man.

The horse and the dog had tamed a man and fastened him to a fence.

Said the horse to the dog, "For the life of me, I don't see a bit of sense

In letting him have the thumbs that grow at the sides of his hands, do you?"

And the dog looked solemn and shook his head and said, "I'm a goat if I do."

The poor man groaned and tried to get loose, and sadly he begged them, "Stay!"

You will rob me of things for which I have use by cutting my thumbs away! You will spoil my looks, you will cause me pain! Ah, why would you treat me so?

As I am, God made me, and He knows best! Oh, masters, pray let me go!"

The dog laughed out and the horse replied, "Oh, the cutting won't hurt! You see

We'll have a hot iron to clap right on, as you did in your docking of me!

God gave you your thumbs and all, but still the Creator, you know, may fail

To do the artistic thing, as he did in furnishing me with a tail!"

So they bound the man and cut off his thumbs, and were deaf to his pitiful cries,

And they seared the stumps and they viewed their work through happy and dazzled eyes.

"How trim he appears," the horse exclaimed, "since his awkward thumbs are gone!

For the life of me I cannot see why the Lord ever put them on!"

"Still it seems to me," the dog replied, that there's something else to do; His ears look rather long for me, and how do they look to you?"

The man cried out, "Oh, spare my ears! God fashioned them, as you see, And if you apply your knife to them you'll surely disfigure me!"

"But you didn't disfigure me, you know," the dog decisively said,

"When you bound me fast and trimmed my ears down close to the top of my head!"

So they let him moan and they let him groan while they cropped his ears away,

And they praised his looks when they let him up, and proud indeed were they!

But that was years and years ago, in an unenlightened age!

Such things are ended long ago, and we've reached a higher age, and the ears and thumbs that were once so dear

Are now a thing of the past, and the man is free to go where he pleases, and the horse and the dog are tamed to his will.

Let the man be free to go where he pleases, and the horse and the dog are tamed to his will.

And the man is free to go where he pleases, and the horse and the dog are tamed to his will.

The Music of the Rain.

Listen to the rain, on the roof and down the eaves;

Listen to the rain.

Put the windows up and let the sound fill the room.

There is a smell of sodden leaves On the air,

And the eastward-standing mound To-night is bare;

I can see the dim shape of the trees, Standing there.

The pines are dark and the birches gleam Through the rain,

Wrapped about and misted in the quiet night;

Hushed it is, Yet with the murmurous pulsing of the rain;

And a little stream Gurgles somewhere out of sight:

To-morrow there will be brown earth, To-morrow there will be green grass,

To-morrow mayhap a song sparrow will sing,

To-morrow is spring!

Listen to the rain, on the roof and down the eaves;

And the fresh, good air is in the room, Clean and sweet,

Filling all the murmurous gloom: While the noises of the rain blend as they meet.

—Arthur L. Phelps, in Canadian Magazine.

Genuine Roquefort Cheese

One who, remarks a writer in Harper's Weekly, has never visited the village of Roquefort, in the department of Aveyron, France, can form no idea of the extent of that cheese industry whose product is known the world over from the name of the town where it is manufactured. No pains are spared to secure the best results.

The kind and quality of the milk is important. It must be pure unskimmed sheep's milk, unadulterated with water or with any other milk. Inspectors are employed and instruments used to detect fraud. The green hills of the Aveyron, which furnish fine pastures for feeding the sheep, play no small part in the quality of the milk and the celebrity of Roquefort cheese.

In the Roquefort industry, the cans and everything pertaining to the milk must be scrupulously clean. The dairies are in dry and airy spots, and the whitewashed walls, cemented floors, and screened windows all conduce to cleanliness. The dairy consists of three rooms, in the second of which a temperature of sixty-three degrees Fahrenheit is recorded by a thermometer the year round.

The milk is first heated to a temperature of ninety degrees Fahrenheit, and then cooled to over ninety degrees Fahrenheit by the addition of rennet. It is then curdled through various processes of pressing, moulding, etc., but the curd is never heated, and only a slight amount of salt is necessary.

From start to shipment, it requires fifty to sixty days to turn out a satisfactory product. The various operations might be briefly stated as follows:

(1) Treatment of the milk—skimming, heating, curdling, dividing the curds, draining, putting into moulds and scattering with powder of stale bread crumbs, tasting, hardening; (2) treatment of cheese at factory—receiving and weighing, first and second salting, brushing, piercing and classifying, placing in caves, first turning, second turning, maturing in caves, second turning, second classifying, maturing continued, third and last turning before shipment.

The preparation of the bread is a long and interesting part of the process. A special kind of bread is moistened and left to mould in a cave for about two months. It is then cut into small pieces, dried, ground, and bolted. The powder thus obtained is scattered over the layers of curds as they are placed in the moulds. This makes the bluish-green streaks noticed in the cheese, and helps to give Roquefort its aroma.

The caves perform an important part in the fabrication of this cheese. It is largely by maturing and mellowing in them that Roquefort cheese is celebrated throughout the world for its delicate flavor and particular aroma. These caves are excavations, some natural and some artificial, hollowed out in the side of the steep and rocky mountain which dominates the little village clinging to its side. They are cold and damp, but ventilated by the air which penetrates through the fissures in the stratified rocks. There are several stories in each cave containing shelves on which the cheese is placed.

After the cheese ripens or mellows for about forty-five days in the cave, it is ready for shipment or to be placed in the refrigerating rooms, which are cooled by an ammoniac process operated by electric machinery.

Entertaining a Prejudice.

Of all the occupations known to men, entertaining a prejudice is the most absurd. Yet the practice is almost universal.

The prejudice is usually uninvited. He comes in quietly, removes his hat and coat, saunters up to the guest chamber, and prepares to become a permanent feature of the establishment. You entertain him royally, strain him to your bosom, exhibit him proudly to everyone, fight for him, defend him, and perpetuate him. Yet you do not even admit that he is present. "I entertain a prejudice," you say, with becoming concern. "Never!"

Birds of a feather flock together. It therefore happens that if there is one prejudice present, there are also others. They always come in unawares, and take their places silently and unobtrusively. But oh, how they hang together in an argument!

A group of prejudices is invincible. They have never been beaten.

The strange part of prejudices is that one would think they would prefer more commodious quarters. But no, the narrower the mind, the more content they are. They don't mind close quarters. The closer the better.

Prejudices are always busy. If they are not tampering with one's eyesight, they are screening the mind from the open; putting blinds on, and making it dark enough to sleep in comfortably.

A man can get insured against almost anything else but prejudices. He can insure himself against fire and water and loss of life and accidents and depreciation in his property. But there is no company so fortified that it would take the risk of insuring against prejudice. And then no man would ever think of taking out any insurance against one, because he would never admit that he had it. The prejudice himself fixes that. The first thing he does is to make the man think he isn't there.

That is why prejudices, no matter how much damage they cause to character, are never evicted. They have come to stay.—Thomas L. Masson, in Lippincott's Magazine.

The Antis.

She was an Anti-Suffragist, from somewhere up the State, Who thought it was her duty to offset the coming fate, So, altho she was a spinster, she went lecturing here and there On "Wife and Mother, Home and Child, the Nursery, and Prayer."

Another of the Antis—a mother of thirteen— Saw Votes for Women coming and stepped boldly on the scene; She packed her little carpetbag and went from Troy to Rome, Just preaching to creation that "A Woman's Place is HOME!"

And there was still another—with a husband meek as sand— She used to tell the neighbors "she could train him with one hand!" She said "he didn't know as much as their old Texas mule," But the text of all her lectures was, "Wives, Let Your Husbands Rule!"

The next one was a widow who would gladly wed again; To her the weighty question was not altogether plain; But thruout her lengthy lecture all the subject matter ran That she wouldn't vote for women, but she would vote for a MAN!

The last had done the housework and the farmwork all her life, Altho there was a farmer and she was this farmer's wife. She'd churned and hayed and gardened, paid the taxes, saved the farm— But she lectured on "The Comfort of a Man's Protecting Arm!"

—New York Times.