

GOSSIP.

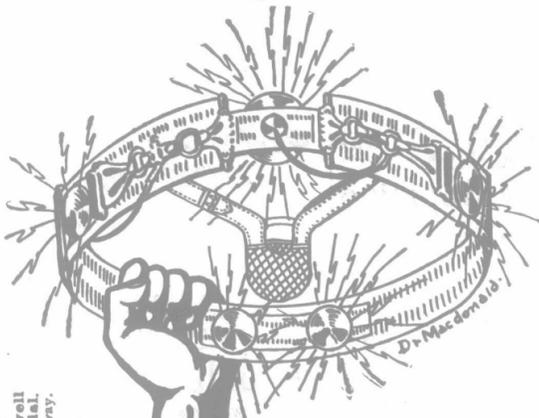
The first machine cutting of winter wheat in the Lethbridge district, in Southern Alberta, was begun July 23rd, on the farm of F. Coleman, near Magrath. The winter wheat harvest is in full swing this week throughout this district.

Mr. William Willis, Pine Ridge farm, Newmarket, Ont., who advertises Jersey cows and heifers of richest breeding and from high-testing stock, writes: "These heifers are all sired by Ida's Sonny, dam Count Oxford's Ida, an imported cow, once owned by V. E. Fuller, with an official record of 26 lbs. 6 ozs. in seven days, and the dams of these heifers are all good milkers, giving when flush 40 lbs. and upwards."

Mr. J. McGilchrist, farm manager, Ballindalloch, purchased at the H. and A. S. Show at Glasgow, the four-year-old Aberdeen-Angus bull, Jeshurun (19257) from Mr. George Cran, Morlich, Glenkindie, for use in the noted herd of Sir George Macpherson Grant, Ballindalloch. Jeshurun stood third in his class at the show, and was second at the Royal this year, and second at the Highland last year. He is a bull of immense substance, style and quality, and it is worthy of note that he was bred by Sir George Macpherson Grant, his sire being the fine Erica bull, Eblito (14306), and his dam Junta (23000). He, therefore, returns to the place of his birth, and there is every reason to believe that he will do well in the hands of his breeder.

A few minutes' walk from Moffat Station, on the C. P. R. line, between Guelph and Toronto, can be seen the Shorthorn herd belonging to Messrs. Geo. Amos & Son, numbering over 20 head, and comprising some first-class individuals, as well as some of the richest blood available. Messrs. Amos have endeavored to steer clear of buying stock simply because it was cheap; it must be good and well bred as well. The herd is now headed by Old Lancaster (Imp.), a two-year-old roan of the Cruickshank Lancaster tribe and of splendid conformation and scale, extra good in the quarters and twist. This bull won 4th at Toronto last year as a yearling in a very large ring, and many thought he should have stood higher up in the class. We shall be surprised if he does not go higher this fall, if nothing happens to him. Nine fine calves in the herd, by him, proves his worth as a sire. The remainder of the young stuff is by Imp. Ben Lomon, the former stock bull, which was sold to head an American herd. He was shown at the St. Louis World's Fair, and won fifth prize in a ring of 22 entries, an excellent showing when in competition with the world. The females in the herd are of such families as Kilblean Beautys, Nonpareil, Jilts, Campbell Bessies, Cecelias, Clementinas, Miss Ramsdens, Golden Drops, and Campbell Rosebuds. Among the females worthy of special mention, is Maria 12th, by Imp. Nonpareil Archer. This heifer was a prizewinner at Toronto as a yearling. She has a fine roan heifer calf at foot that also promises well from a show-yard standpoint. Imp. Martha 4th, a Miss Ramsden, by Spicy King, was a winner at the Western Fair in a class of 13, and also a winner at the Guelph Central, and it is expected will give a good account of herself this year. Lady Hampton, sire Merry Hampton, a winner of fifth place at Toronto in a class of 50, and third at the Winter Fair, Guelph, is in fine form, and will stand some beating should she come out this year. Among the younger ones in the herd is Lovely 58th, a roan yearling, bred by Mr. Chas. Rankin, Wyebridge, sire that choice imported bull, Pride of Scotland, dam Lovely 56th (Imp.), by Cyprus. This heifer will, no doubt, be heard from again, as she is a thick, smooth, good one. She is also extra well bred, her sire being a half-brother to Lord Banff. Among the young bulls, of which there are several good ones, is a red Campbell Rosebud that is especially low down and thick, and will make a choice stock bull, if not a winner in the show-ring. The only bull on hand for sale, fit for service, Jealous Hero, an eighteen-months-old red, by Clipper Hero, dam Rose of Tourie 4th, by Red Light, is a splendid handler, and should be doing service, as he is all right. Look for Messrs. Amos' young stock at Toronto Exhibition.

"I feel much stronger and better in every way."



This is what a man in Ladysmith, B. C.,

March 19th, 1905.
Dear Sir,—It is with pleasure that I now write a few lines to let you know how well I think of your Belt. It is all that anyone could desire. I have given it a fair trial. I have followed your directions closely, and I feel much stronger and better in every way. I am telling all my friends of the good that I have received from it. Yours truly,
CHAS. E. ROBEUDUC, Ladysmith, B. C.

who was suffering from one of those so-called incurable diseases—diseases that are incurable by drugs and the old methods—writes to us. He obtained one of Dr. Macdonald's Electric Belts, and is now almost as well as ever he was. Why don't you follow his example? Write now, stating your case. If you are suffering from Rheumatism, Bladder Trouble, Epilepsy, Nervous Debility, Constipation, Indigestion, Lame Back, Impotence, etc., do not hesitate any longer. Do not take any more useless drugs. Remember, I guarantee to cure you. I have never yet failed with any case that I have taken up. My Belt contains a certain specific quality of Electricity, which is more beneficial to your system than any other. By means of the belt this is poured into the system, and disease and weakness cannot resist its overwhelming healing force. It will cure you permanently. It will give you back your native vigor of body and mind—it will replenish your stock of health and strength.

I have a book giving valuable information about disease and weakness. It should be in the hands of everyone. It is free. Write for it now.

To prove that I will cure you, I let you wear this marvellous Belt for 30 days. This means that in many cases you will be cured before you pay me a cent. It shows that I am in earnest when I say I can cure you.

DR. J. Q. MACDONALD, 8 Bleury Street, MONTREAL, QUE.

W. W. CHAPMAN,

Secretary of the National Sheep Breeders' Association.
Secretary of the Kent or Romney Marsh Sheep Breeders' Association,
and late Secretary of the Southdown Sheep Society.

Pedigree Live Stock Agent, Exporter and Shipper. All kinds of registered stock personally selected and exported on commission; quotations given, and all enquiries answered.

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Cables—Sheepste. London.

THE RIBY HERD and FLOCK OF SHORTHORN AND LINCOLN CATTLE AND SHEEP

The largest of each in England. Established 160 years, with world-wide reputation both in the show ring and sale yard. Holders of the 100-guinea champion prize at Smithfield Show, London, 1902, against all breeds, and breeder of the two 1,000-guinea rams, and also the heaviest sheep at Chicago Show, 1903. Selections for sale.

Cables—Dudding, Keelby, England.

THE MARHAM COTSWOLDS

Largest flock of the breed in England, numbering 1,200. Over 300 rams disposed of annually. Fifty-second annual ram letting.

JULY 27th, 1905.
T. BROWN & SON, Marham Hall, Downham Market, Norfolk, Eng.
Telegrams: Marham.
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SHEEP AND CATTLE LABELS with initials, name, or name and address and numbers. Write for circular and price list. Address: **F. G. JAMES, Bowmansville, Ont.**

HAMPSHIRE DOWN SHEEP.

"RESERVE" for CHAMPION in the SHORT-WOOL CLASSES, SMITHFIELD, LONDON, 1904.

Splendid Mutton, Good Wool, Great Weight.

This highly valuable ENGLISH BREED OF SHEEP is unrivalled in its WONDERFULLY EARLY MATURITY.

Hardiness of constitution, adapted to all climates, whilst in the quality of mutton and large proportion of lean meat it is unsurpassed, and for crossing purposes with any other breed unequalled. Full information of

JAMES E. RAWLENCE, SECRETARY HAMPSHIRE DOWN SHEEP BREEDERS' ASSOCIATION, SALISBURY, England.

Champion Cotswolds—Silver medal ram, silver medal ewe. Won all first prizes except one at Toronto, 1904. A number of choice ewes, bred to imported ram, for sale. **R. F. FARR, Burgessville, Ont. o LONDON OXFORDS**

I have some good yearling rams; also a choice lot of ram and ewe lambs, sired by first-class imp. rams. Come and see them, or write to **E. J. HINE, Dutton, Ont.**

Leicester sheep—Choice ram and ewe lambs; also a few yearlings for sale. For particulars write to **CHAS. F. MAW, Milton Sta. and Tel. o Omagh P.O.**

Hampshire Sheep—We have a few choice ram lambs for sale, from imp. stock. Sire first-prize winner at St. Louis. Correspondence invited. **FREEBORN BROS., Denfeld Sta. and P.O.**

LEICESTERS—We have for sale some good Leicesters: 1 two-shear ram, shearing and some good ram lambs, two-shear ewes, shearing and ewe lambs, all bred from imp. stock. **DUNNET BROS., Clonbrassil, Ont.**

One of the strangest farms in the country, if not in the whole world, is situated in Southern California, 205 feet below the level of the sea. The place is known as Salton. It is a salt farm of about 1,000 acres. Here the salt lies, as deposited by nature, from six inches to 16 inches deep. The salt farmers are busy harvesting this crop the year round, and though the harvest has continued for 20 years, during which time more than 40,000 tons of salt have been harvested, only ten of the 1,000 acres have been touched. The salt is first plowed up into furrows; it is then thrown into conical piles by men with barrows, after which it is taken to the reduction works near by and put into marketable condition. The work is done by Mexicans and Chinamen, the intense heat being more than the white man can endure.

MEMORIES OF THE RAZOR-BACK.

The old-fashioned "razor-back" hog, which ran wild and fed chiefly on acorns, made the sweetest of all pork and the most toothsome of breakfast bacon.—Ladonia News.

You bet it did. What boy reared in the white-oak or hickory-ridge sections of Tennessee or Alabama can ever forget the old razor-back or the feasts that its carcass furnished? When hog-killing time ushered in the heyday of sweetbreads and sausages, the average youth would crowd joys of a thousand years into one day. One of those fresh dinners was worth a dozen a la carte whirrs at Delmonico's. And then, when the lazy-feeling summer time—the weather that puts all of a boy except his appetite in the dormant state—came on, what a feast was that dish of crisp-fried streak-o'-lean and streak-o'-fat! Talk about your Berkshire, your Poland Chinas and your Red Duroc, they're not in the Razor-back's class when it comes to furnishing meats of heavenly flavor!

But, there's a thorn for every rose. It is impossible to think of the Razor-back without remembering the pure cussedness of his being and the despicable traits that were as thick in his heart as the bristles on his back. There was never a gate that he couldn't throw flat as a flounder with that case-hardened bugle-shaped snout of his. There was never a rail fence that he couldn't lay low in the night time when the corn was ripening; and he always invited the whole porcine family to go in and eat with him. O, were you ne'er a farmer's boy, and were you never batted out of bed with a board in the early morning and told to go and run old Mol and her regiment of shoats out of the corn patch? If you ever were you remember how you hunted until you found the rent made in the fence by the razor-back. Then, to make an easy exit for Mol and the shoats you widened the gap and lowered it by removing rails. Then you sallied forth in the tall, dewy grass and corn and soon were as wet from head to foot as if you had just arisen from the baptismal waters to walk in newness of life. At the far corner of the field you started Mol and the shoats in a long gallop toward the gap, quickening their pace ever and anon with clods, and occasionally dropping a cuss word to accelerate the speed of the stubborn swine. After a long run, in which countless saw-briars raked your bare feet and ankles and myriads of bull-nettles pierced your legs, the gap was reached—but Mol went by like a limited express passing a flag station, and every son-of-a-gun of a shoat followed her. Around the field you gave chase again, this time drawing heavily upon your vocabulary of profanity and heaving the heaviest chunks you could toss at the heads of the hated swine. Again they passed the gap in a long gallop, and then did a kind Providence release your fountain of tears and a kind Satan furnish perfect gems of profanity, which you slung at the porcine lumps with all the vim of a Populist orator lambasting a plutocrat. But worse!—just then you looked up through the binding tears and found yourself face to face with pater familias, armed with a persimmon sprout! Here, dear reader, allow me to draw the curtain. There are depths of sorrow that we dare not invade even retrospectively—

You may break, you may burn every limb if you will, But the hurt of that 'simmon sprout will wind round you still.

—Honey Grove Signal.