

FARM-FIELD AND GARDEN

THE FARM DAIRY.

Do you keep scrub cows or cows of any breed that are of less than hundred pounds butter capacity? If so, why not sell, trade or beef them and get some good ones of three hundred pounds or more butter capacity? It costs more to feed, milk, stable and pay taxes on five or six than on three or four. If you do not value your time, feed etc., but just keep cows for their company and a little butter, cream and milk, the poor ones will answer, but they will not build up your bank account very fast. Not making a business of selling milk or butter, eh? Well what is the difference? You are keeping cows to furnish milk, butter and cream for your family and costs more to feed six poor cows than four good ones. Why not have the four good ones and sell four tons more hay and fifty bushels more grain than the two extra cows would have eaten, and put fifty dollars more in the bank for a rainy day? A plain business proposition isn't it? Does your wife milk the cows while your boy and dog mind them in the lane or in one corner of the pasture field? Try it yourself once or twice when the flies are troublesome, and we believe you will realize the necessity of a change in the arrangements for milking. Fix a nice clean place in the darkest part of your stable where the cows may be tied and fed a couple of quarts of bran or meal each; rip up three or four old bone dust sacks and sew them together; throw this over the cow while you are milking to keep the flies off; or better still to keep some Shoo Fly on hand and apply that two or three times per week. It pays in the increased flow of milk as well as reducing the annoyance while milking. If you insist on having your wife do the milking this arrangement will make it

MUCH EASIER FOR HER.

We have always held the opinion that under most circumstances it is the man's place to do the milking. Surely a man has but little thought of his wife if he compels or allows her to tramp around in a dirty barnyard or stable after cows. Her place is in the house, and if she takes proper care of that, and cooks wholesome meals for you and your hired man and the children and keeps your clothes clean and in order, she has done enough without milking cows, liceing the garden and many other things some men seem to think their wives should do. Do you still use the old fashioned gallon crocks or cans for setting milk? If so, discard them and adopt a better system. Of course a hand separator is the best proposition, and following that some system of deep setting, using ice or cold water. Be careful about investing in so-called creamers. About one-half of the kinds sold on the market are worthless. Do not use any kind that require any preparation put in the milk, or the milk diluted with water. You can go to a tin shop and get a very good outfit without very big outlay. Have the tinner make you a number of cans about sixteen inches high, and eight inches in diameter; put handles on, two inches from the top, make a tin lid for the can in the shape of a cone; solder on to the cone a rim two inches wide, one-half inch larger in diameter than your can is, so that the cone-shaped lid will go down over the cap and rest on the handles. Fill within one inch of the top with milk and set in cold water. Make a water tight box to hold the cans and fill the box with water so that it will come up above the lower edge of the cap. If you are any kind of a mechanic you can arrange

No Energy For The Daily Work

Rich Blood Makes the Weak Strong and the Blood is Made Rich by Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

You are tired, listless, weak and languid; have no interest in your work; lack the energy required for going about your usual occupation; your appetite is not good, and your meals have no attraction for you; you have headaches, it may be, and spells of weakness and dizziness; you feel down-hearted and discouraged, and wonder what causes you to be so miserable.

It is in the blood. The blood is thin, weak, and watery, and lacking in the qualities which go to form nervous energy, the vital force which runs the machinery of the body. Your health has become run down, and you cannot get better without the assistance of some restorative. In this connection we mention Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, because it has proven itself to be the most thoroughly satisfactory spring medicine and system-builder that can be obtained.

Mrs. G. M. Brown, Cobourg, Ont., states:—"I was completely run down in health last spring, and could not do one day's work without being laid up for about two days after-

A LUCKY WOMAN.

How Good Health Came to Mrs. Deschesne After Much Suffering.

Mrs. Abraham Deschesne, wife of a well known farmer at St. Leon le Grand, Que., considers herself a lucky woman. And she has good cause as the following interview will show: "I was badly run down and very nervous. Each day brought its share of household duties, but I was too weak to perform them. My nerves were in a terrible condition. I could not sleep and the least sound would startle me. I tried several medicines and tonic wines, but none of them helped me. In fact I was continually growing worse, and began to despair of ever being well again. One day a friend called to see me and strongly advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I decided to do so, and it was not long before they began to help me. I gained in strength from day to day; my nerves became strong and quiet, and after using about a half dozen boxes of the pills I was fully restored to my old time health and cheerfulness. I now think Dr. Williams' Pink Pills an ideal medicine for weak women."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills feed the nerves with new, rich red blood, thus strengthening and soothing them, and curing such nerve troubles as neuralgia, St. Vitus dance, partial paralysis and locomotor ataxia. These pills cure also all troubles due to poor and watery blood, including the special ailments of women. Get the genuine with the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" on the wrapper around each box. Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

such a box conveniently; possibly so you can have running water through it, at any rate so you can fill it once or twice from the well each day. It is little work, but it pays in more and better cream and butter and you will always have sweet milk and cream for breakfast, even if it did thunder during the night.

HOW ABOUT YOUR CHURN.

Still using the old-fashioned up-and-down kind? Let your wife take that to keep her chicken feed in and get her a splinter new barrel churn. One of five gallons capacity won't cost more than three or four dollars, and is ever so much better. Do not buy any churns of peddlers—the kind that will churn in two minutes, or get one or two pounds of butter out of a gallon of milk, they are fakes. You can get the right kind of your hardware merchant if he is up-to-date. Do not keep your cream standing around where it is hot or where the flies will get into it. Keep it in the coolest place possible until you get enough for a churning. Then warm it up to about 90 degrees and keep it warm until it becomes slightly sour. Reduce the temperature to about 63 degrees and churn. As soon as the butter breaks and the butter globules are about the size of No. 4 shot, draw off the buttermilk and put in three or four gallons of cold water; give the churn a dozen turns, and draw off. Fill the churn with water and wash the butter again; draw off water and salt to taste, about one ounce to the pound, not more than this. The butter must be worked in the churn. Much butter is ruined by too much working. Better get a pound butter print and some parchment paper; it is nice for your own table and keeps better. If you take the surplus to your grocer, he will soon pay you an extra price for what you have to spare as his trade will call for your butter. Better still find one or two private customers who are willing to pay a good price for good butter, and sell to them, getting at least five cents per pound advance over the market price for common country butter. There is a satisfaction in producing

an extra fine product of anything, try it on butter.

SHEEP NOTES.

The earliest lambs bring the highest prices.

Merino sheep should never be confined on low lands at night.

Shipping poor sheep to market is practically giving them away.

To secure the best prices, wool should be sent to market in the best condition.

For poor lands and short pasture sheep are decidedly better adapted than cattle.

Sheep are not naturally so well adapted to rough usage and picking their own as cattle.

It takes blood to feed sheep ticks, and blood is too costly to be used in that way.

Any animal when fed heavily should have a variety of food. This is especially so with sheep.

All flocks should be graded according to age, size and conditions as far as practicable.

The most unfavorable condition under which sheep can be grown is to subject them to feeding on low, washy pastures.

It is often the case that poor sheep are kept at a positive loss when good sheep under the same circumstances would return a profit.

The permanent fertility of a farm is increased to a great extent by the number of sheep kept on the farm.

Under present conditions it is very poor economy to select a ewe for breeding that has no merit to recommend her.

So far as can be done the flock should be culled, cut out so that there will be one grade of wool.

One half the trouble that is experienced from foot rot might be avoided if the sheep's feet were kept trimmed and the animals kept dry under foot.

Wool is a product which does not take fertility from the soil like grain growing, but if slightly managed adds to value of the soil for grain growing.

Sheep to fatten the most rapidly and on the least grain must be kept quiet and not allowed to run about so much as to run their flesh off.

Sheep are the most difficult of all stock to put into a good condition again, after they have been allowed to run down.

The longest and finest wool and the heaviest fleeces grow on sheep which are well fed and are kept steadily in a good condition.

It is a very exceptional case that it was advisable to purchase old sheep even to feed to fatten, the better plan is to get rid of old sheep and keep only vigorous thrifty ones.

The type of sheep most to be desired is the one that will bring in the largest returns under the peculiar conditions and surroundings under which they are raised and they will vary radically in different localities.

MOTHER AND BABY.

When baby is well the mother is happy. When baby is cross, fretful, feverish and cannot sleep, the mother is depressed, worried and unhappy. Baby's Own Tablets make both mother and baby happy, because they cure all the common ailments of infants and young children. They sweeten the stomach, cure colic, aid teething children, cure constipation, prevent diarrhoea, and promote sound, healthy sleep. And you have a solemn guarantee that the Tablets contain no opiate or poisonous "soothing" stuff. Mrs. D. McGill, Blakeney, Ont., says: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets and have found them the best medicine I have ever had for the cure of the ailments from which young children suffer. I shall always keep a box of Tablets in the house." Sold by medicine dealers everywhere or sent by mail at 25 cents a box by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

NOT IN THE RECKONING.

To a young man who stood smoking a cigar at a street corner the other day there approached the elderly and impertinent reformer of immemorial legend.

"How many cigars a day do you usually smoke?" asked the licensed meddler in other people's affairs.

"Three," replied the youth as patiently as he could.

Then the inquisition continued. "How much do you pay for them?"

"Ten cents each," confessed the young man.

"Didn't you know, sir," continued the sage, "that if you would save that money, by the time you are as old as I am you would own that big building at the corner?"

"Do you own it?" inquired the smoker.

"No," replied the other.

"Well, I do," said the young man.

The village belle in bridal-gown stood at the altar-rail; She waited for the tardy groom— He surely would not fail!

But still he came not, and at last Someone the bride must tell; And so they told the sexton, and The sexton told the belle.

He—"Your sparkling eyes would out-sparkle the most precious diamond." She—"Why don't you make the test?" He took the hint and bought a ring.

Sometimes a man's love for horses is but a hobby.

Of Exquisite Flavor and Absolute Purity

"SALADA"

CEYLON NATURAL GREEN Tea composed only of fresh, fragrant leaves, It is to the Japan Tea Drinker what "SALADA" Black is to the Black Tea Drinker, Sealed lead Packets only. By all Grocers.

PERSONAL NOTES.

Interesting Gossip About Some Prominent People.

Lord Verulam is the only peer who can claim any sort of resemblance to the King. He is, in fact, the King's double—equally in figure as in feature. Time and again he has been taken for His Majesty in the streets of London.

The Grand Lama of Tibet—or the Grand Dalai Lama, to give him his full title—is a boy living in the sacred city of Lhasa, and is generally regarded as an incarnation of Buddha. As the government of the country is purely religious, the Grand Lama is nominally the equivalent to the monarch, but only nominally, since the real administrator is a person bearing the title of the Gyalpo. The Grand Lama always dies young. He has to.

The King of the Belgians is an expert gardener, and on most days rises at an early hour, so that he may personally take a hand in the cultivation of his grounds. As a landscape gardener he is without an equal.

King Edward is not so tall as many people imagine and whenever His Majesty is photographed in a group he is invariably asked to stand on some small eminence, such as a step, in order that he may compare as well as possible with those about him. In his stockings he is just 5 ft. 7½ inches. His Majesty wears boots with high heels, and his total height as he walks is 5 ft. 8½ in.

In his palace at Teheran the Shah of Persia has a veritable cats' home. His Majesty's chief hobby is to collect these animals, and he has cats of every kind, size, shape, color and nationality. There are many scores of them. If ever on his travels the Persian ruler sees a kind of cat he does not possess—a very rare occurrence—he gives orders for it to be purchased, even though a high price be asked. The favored felines live sumptuously, and special attendants are kept to look after their needs.

Dr. Fairbairn, principal of Mansfield College, obtained his first valuable literary possession when he was a fourteen-year-old schoolboy at Edinburgh. He strolled into an auction-room in an area below Prince's Street, and Robertson's "History of Greece" was put up, but no one bid for it. Fairbairn had a threepenny-bit, and in some excitement offered that sum, which, to his delight was accepted. He hurried home, read the volume right through, and thus first acquired a taste for classical history.

Here is a little story of the tact and kindly feeling by which our King endears himself to foreign countries. When King Edward visited Portugal red baize was put down from the landing-stage, and, as this proved to be nearly three feet too short, a Portuguese flag was laid down to cover the gap. Crowds of people were on either side of the narrow gangway. When the King saw what had been done he saluted the flag and would not stop on it, but walked to the side amongst the people, to their great delight.

The Archduchess Elizabeth of Austria has always been very fond of animals. As a little girl she kept, in addition to her pony, a number of dogs, goats, and rabbits. Once a little fox-terrier jumped on to some thin ice while she was out with it, and fell through into the water. She called on a footman to go in after it, but he did not move; so the Princess screamed, "You coward! I'm not half so big as you, but I'll go in, even if I get drowned," tried to jump in to the rescue. She was held back, and soon a gardener came up and saved her little pet.

A pathetic story is told which well illustrates the goodness of heart of the Bishop of London. One broiling summer's day not so long ago Dr. Winnington Ingram visited a dying girl in an East-end garret. The patient, whose death was imminent, cried out for water, and the Bishop—he was Bishop of Stepney then—endeavored to accede to her request. But search where he would in the hovel, there was not a drop of anything with which to moisten the poor girl's lips. The kindly Bishop was not to be outdone, however. He walked half a mile to his house and returned soon carrying a supply of water.

M. Combes, the French Premier, owes nothing to the circumstances of his birth. He is the son of comparatively poor parents, his father having been an artisan. When he first met the lady whom he afterwards married he had little of this world's goods. She had \$10,000, and in return for her hand he promised he would become the local doctor in five years. He kept his word. But his income was inadequate to support the household, so he went to Paris, where he practically did with only five hours' sleep a day. Later

he took to politics, becoming a senator in 1885. He was Vice-President of the Senate in 1893-95, and Minister of Public Instruction 1891-96. He was made Premier in 1902. M. Combes was always a strong Radical, and his hatred of clericalism has been one of the features of his public career.

KING READS THE PAPERS.

His Majesty Enjoys Articles on the Royal Family.

His Majesty the King invariably looks through one or two daily papers, and has had many a hearty laugh in reading highly imaginative articles concerning himself or his family.

Every morning, certainly, little bits of news are cut from the various papers by some responsible Royal servant, and carefully pinned on to a slightly slanting table in His Majesty's study. At the top of each one of these slips is a kind of heading, which gives the Royal reader some idea of the nature of the article or paragraph below.

Should there be a serious mistake in an article His Majesty at once communicates with one of his secretaries, or some responsible person, and notifies his desire to have the error corrected. As a rule, however, the King takes no notice of these "little slips," as he himself calls them.

Only a few months ago, the King said laughingly to the Duke of Fife: "I was very much amused in reading some of my 'cuttings' this morning. One mentioned that I was seen shopping in Bond Street yesterday; another, that my health was decidedly bad; and a third, that I had completely lost my appetite, and that I had the greatest difficulty in eating solid food at all. As a matter of fact," said the King, hugely amused, "I was not in London at all yesterday; my health is exceedingly good; and only this morning I struggled bravely through a very formidable beef steak."

The King once said, that whenever he saw the Queen looking through a newspaper, he knew that she was reading either about a children's home, or a hospital, and that the happiest moment of Her Majesty's life was when she could discover some new institution for the help of the poor, or for the cure of sick children.

"You used to say I was one woman in a million." "You are. And the rest of the million are just like you."

BUILDING FOOD.

To Bring the Babies Around.

When a little human machine (or a large one) goes wrong, nothing is so important as the selection of food which will always bring it around again.

"My little baby boy fifteen months old had pneumonia, then came brain fever, and no sooner had he got over these than he began to cut teeth and, being so weak, he was frequently thrown into convulsions," says a Colorado mother.

"I decided a change might help, so took him to Kansas City for a visit. When we got there he was so very weak when he would cry he would sink away and seemed like he would die."

"When I reached my sister's home she said immediately that we must feed him Grape-Nuts, and although I had never used the food, we got some and for a few days gave him just the juice of Grape-Nuts and milk. He got stronger so quickly we were soon feeding him the Grape-Nuts itself and in a wonderfully short time he fattened right up and became strong and well."

"That showed me something worth knowing, and, when later on my girl came, I raised her on Grape-Nuts and she is a strong, healthy baby and has been. You will see from the little photograph I send you what a strong, chubby youngster the boy is now, but he didn't look anything like that before we found this nourishing food. Grape-Nuts nourished him back to strength when he was so weak he couldn't keep any other food on his stomach." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

All children can be built to a more sturdy and healthy condition upon Grape-Nuts and cream. The food contains the elements nature demands, from which to make the soft gray filling in the nerve centres and brain. A well fed brain and strong, sturdy nerves absolutely insure a healthy body.

Look in each package for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."