

## WANT GOOD COWS.

**Dominion Department of Agriculture—Branch of the Dairy and Cold Storage Commissioner.**

A few days ago a buyer from the States gave the high price of two thousand dollars to a farmer near Brockville for one cow; this is believed to be the highest price ever paid for a Canadian cow. What made the animal so valuable? Granted that she was a model of beauty and an exquisite type of her breed, the fact remains that her actual performance largely helped to effect the sale. She has a record of 121 pounds of butter in 30 days. The records, those figures down in black and white, assisted in making the price. When farmers generally commence to keep records of individual cows, we may hope to develop not only many more such excellent specimens, but a general improvement in the production of the average herd. Records alone can furnish the information necessary to enable intelligent selection of the promising cows, and the rejection of those that are not profitable. Such selection, coupled with more liberal feeding, will repay any farmer abundantly. As scores of farmers in Canada can testify, it has often resulted in an additional fifteen and even twenty-five of dollars extra for the farmers of Ontario and Quebec, even from the present number of cows. The Dairy Commissioner, Ottawa, will be glad to supply record blanks for weights of milk, and to assist in organizing cow testing associations.—C. F. U.

## It Is No Trouble To Work Now

**So Says Miss Elsie J. Allen after using Dodd's Kidney Pills.**

**She Suffered From Weakness and Kidney Trouble, but the Old Reliable Kidney Remedy Cured Her Completely.**

St. Croix, N.B., March 15.—(Special).—That the pains and weaknesses which make life so unbearable to so many women are easily and completely cured by using Dodd's Kidney Pills is now shown in the case of Miss Elsie J. Allen, of this place:

"I suffered greatly from kidney trouble and weakness before I began taking Dodd's Kidney Pills," Miss Allen says: "I was so weak I could hardly get around and work was almost impossible. Life was a struggle till I heard of Dodd's Kidney Pills. I began taking them and soon felt better. I took seven boxes in all and they cured me."

"I can now do my work the year round, and do not feel it. My back, which used to trouble me so much, is well and strong, and I don't feel any pains at all."

The root of women's troubles is in the kidneys. There is not a weak, suffering woman in Canada that Dodd's Kidney Pills will not help, and in nearly every case Dodd's Kidney Pills will work a complete cure.

**SPINSTER'S HATRED OF MEN.**  
She Even Refused Stamps and Coins That Bore King's Head.

Miss Harriet Evans, an elderly spinster on whom an inquest was held at Hackney, England, was said to have been a confirmed man-hater.

"She was so much against men that she would not have a coin with the King's head on it," her landlady said. "If one was given to her she would throw it into the fire. She would only deal in money bearing Queen Victoria's head."

Miss Evans went to the office of a local newspaper some time ago, but refused to enter it until a woman was sent to transact business with her. An advertisement for apartments which she published stipulated that there should be no man in the house. She even declined to receive letters, says the Pall Mall Gazette, because the stamps bore the King's head.

**C. N.**  
A new discovery. Has more rejuvenating force than has ever before been offered. Sufferers from lack of vigor and vitality, which sap the pleasure of life, should take C. N. One box will show wonderful results. Sent by mail in plain package only on receipt of this advertisement and one dollar. Address: The Nervine Co., Windsor.

**Importance of the Lungs.**  
The lungs are the life. When a man can breathe lustily no ordinary malady can kill him. I know an old chap who was given up three years ago by seven "able" physicians and one "able" surgeon. Their verdict was: "He can't last over three weeks." He is still in the ring, while three of the doctors have cashed in their cheques. A man can live 40 days without food, a few days without water, and a few minutes without air. The lungs are the soul. A man can live without stomach, bowels, heart, liver, kidneys, spleen or brain—but he can't live without air! The air cleans the blood. Drink air with the million tube feet and you will never die. Don't wait for the tank of oxygen to come along. Drink deeply of the common ether. Have it pure and plug your self foul every hour.—From the New York Press.

**Something Wrong.**  
"Oh, dear, John, I just know I shall not like this dress."

"What's the matter now?" asked her husband, without laying down his pipe or looking from his paper. "I thought you said you liked it."

"That's just it. I was so sure I wouldn't like it when I got it home, though I liked it well enough in the store. And now that I am home I do not like it, and therefore I know I will not like it when it is made up. Now I don't know what to do."

"Search me," grunted the cruel man, turning to the sporting page.—Puck.

**Different Strata.**  
The irresistible high handshake seemed to meet the immovable low handshake. Whereupon they gave each other the old shake and pass on.

## CORNS CURED

**Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor**  
Transplanted Dog's Kidneys.

A remarkable operation on a dog was made the subject of a scientific demonstration at a meeting of the Berlin Medical Society last week. Dr. Unger, a Berlin surgeon, showed how ten days before he had removed the dog's kidneys, substituting those of another dog. The dog seemed to have completely recovered.

If, as the demonstrator believes, the operation may be undertaken with equal success on humans suffering from diseased kidneys, a further important step in modern surgery will have been made.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere.

**Mr. Roosevelt's One Regret.**

Five or six years ago President Roosevelt visited the Gettysburg battlefield to make a Decoration Day speech, and I was one of three press association men to go along on his special train. Coming back to Washington, the President joined General O. O. Howard, General Daniel Sickles, and then Commissioner of Pensions, Ware, and the newspaper men, in the smoking compartment, and naturally enough the talk turned to war and campaign, battle, murder and sudden death. Mr. Roosevelt did most of the talking. It is true, but the others got a chance to say something every now and then. Finally it came to Commissioner Ware's turn.

"Mr. President," said he, "I had a most interesting visitor the other day, and never have I regretted so much the inelasticity of the pension laws."

"This visitor was the most disgraced human being I ever saw. He had no nose at all, one ear had been shot or cut away, a musket ball had gone through both his cheeks, and he had other marks and scars too numerous to mention. He had been a union cavalryman, and his record was of the best. But he was strong and healthy, and the examiners had reported that he was not entitled to a pension. I thought it pretty rough."

"The President leaned forward until his face was about three inches from the commissioner's. He lifted his arm and brought his closed fist down on Mr. Ware's knee with a good sound thump."

"Mr. Commissioner," he cried, "you take a wrong view of this matter! That man should have been proud of those wounds, those honorable disfigurements; positively happy over them. He should have been willing, if able, to pay the government a bounty for them instead of begging a pension from the government!"

"Let me tell you something, Mr. Ware. I have always been unhappy, most unhappy, that I was not severely wounded in Cuba; that I did not lose a leg or an arm, or both; or that I was not wounded in some other striking and disfiguring way. The nearest I came to it was when a spent ball struck the back of my hand. It merely raised a lump, and even that disappeared in a day or two. Oh, how I wish, how I have never ceased to wish, that it had gone clear through. That would have left some kind of a scar at least."

We all sat there in silence; in wonder too deep for words. If any one else in the world except the President of the United States, or the occupant of some other office of equal dignity, had tried to get away with any similar statement, he would have been told to run along and sell his papers and not bother grown folks with such nonsense. As it was, General Howard looked at General Sickles gave something approximating a grunt—both being "honorably discharged" civil war veterans and the rest of us smoked away and said nothing.—From "Exit Roosevelt the Dominant," in the Outlook Magazine for March.

**Repeat it:—Shiloh's Cure will always cure my coughs and colds.**

**Receipt for a Good Town.**

Grit.  
Vim.  
Push.  
Energy.  
Schools.  
Morality.  
Churches.  
Harmony.  
Cordiality.  
Advertising.  
Talk about it.  
Write about it.  
Cheap property.  
Speak well of it.  
Healthy location.  
Help to improve it.  
Advertise in the papers.  
Patronize its merchants.  
Good country tributary.  
Elect good men to office.  
Honest competition in prices.  
Faith exhibited by good works.  
Make the atmosphere healthy.  
Fire all croakers, loafers and dead-beats. Let your object be the welfare, growth and promotion of your town and its people. Speak well of the public-spirited men, and also be one of them yourself. Be honest with all your fellow-men.—Salmon Arm, B. C., Observer.

**Repeat it:—Shiloh's Cure will always cure my coughs and colds.**

**Light on the Subject.**  
"What's the matter, old man?"

"The matter, George, is that my gas bills are growing bigger and bigger every month."

"No wonder, Johnny; your wife has to sit up so late at night waiting for you to come home."

**Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia.**  
(With apologies to the New York Mail.)  
"The bank president, signing his name in clear, legible characters—"

**Impossible Story Beginning.**  
(With apologies to the New York Mail.)  
"The bank president, signing his name in clear, legible characters—"

**Appreciation.**  
Nan—Poor girl! She broke down in the middle of that aria and gave it up. Yet you applauded her.

Jack—I applauded her for realizing that she couldn't sing.

**Stranger (happening along)—What's all that loud wrangling about in there?**  
Sexton—The ladies, sir, are holding an adjourned meeting in the silence room."

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## THREE-YEAR-OLD RULER

**Cried When the Cannon Thundered in His Honor.**

From Peking, by way of London, has come this authentic portrait of the three-year-old ruler of China. The same photograph shows his father, who is the regent, and his brother, not yet two years old.

The Peking newspapers, ordinarily well informed on happenings at court, were very reticent about everything pertaining to the great transformation. But the Chepao did venture to print this:

"On the 14th of November, when he ascended the throne, the new Emperor, three years old, hearing the firing of guns, bombs and cannon, cried hard because he was afraid. The Prince Regent, his father, took him up in his arms and soothingly told him not to be afraid or cry. Thereupon more than two thousand people who witnessed the grand ceremony reverently fell down and worshipped the babe."

Throughout this adoration the diminutive Son of Heaven wept and called for his nurse.

## THE REMINDERS OF RHEUMATISM

**Cold, Wet Weather Starts the Pains, But the Trouble is in the Blood.**

Cold, damp weather brings on the twinges and pains of rheumatism, but is not the real cause of the complaint. The trouble is rooted in the blood and can only be cured by enriching the blood and driving the poisonous acid out of the system.

This is a great medical truth, which every rheumatic should realize. Liniments and outward applications can't cure the trouble—they can't reach the blood. The sufferer is only wasting valuable time and good money in experimenting with this sort of treatment—and all the time the trouble is becoming more firmly rooted harder to cure. There is just one sure way to cure rheumatism—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

Mrs. S. Bailey, Newcastle Creek, N. B., says: "In the summer of 1906 I became lame in the ankles, but thinking I would soon get over the attack I did not seek medical aid, but used liniments to allay the pain and swelling. Instead of getting better the trouble increased and I felt it at all times. I was unable to get about the house. On rising in the morning I was unable to bear my weight, except with extreme pain. Having tried so much medicine without benefit I began to think I was doomed to be a cripple. One day a cousin advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. She said: 'I take them every spring as a tonic for my blood, and they make no doubt, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills had enriched my blood, thus driving out the painful disease.'"

Not only rheumatic sufferers, but all who have any trouble due to weak, watery blood or impure blood can find a cure through the fair use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

**Prize of Typhus Cure.**  
The Mexican Academy of Medicine has appropriated \$25,000 for the purpose of discovering the cause of typhus, and to develop a cure for the fever. Of the amount \$10,000 will be awarded to the person or persons discovering the cure. A like amount will be given to the person or persons discovering a serum which will kill the typhus germ in the blood. In the event of any one person solving both problems, an effort will be made to have the Government give a proper reward. Five thousand dollars will be distributed among the persons who have most efficiently helped in solving the problem.

**A REST CURE**  
In giving due credit to the wonderful remedial Springs of Europe we are apt to lose sight of the value of the one nearer home. About one thousand springs of various medicinal virtues exist in America. Of one of them Hare's System of Therapeutics (1891), page 22, is described: "A number of Saline Springs exist in America and Europe very strong water of this kind being the St. Catharines Well in Canada, which contains about 275 grains sodium chloride to the pint, as well as 155 grains calcium chloride. Its prototype in Europe is the celebrated Kreuznach Springs in Prussia, which contains about 110 grains sodium chloride (Kurbrennen)." Other references are Encyclopaedia Britannica, Appleton's American Encyclopedia, The Alibates System of Medicine, etc. The Grand Trunk Railway System's trains run direct to St. Catharines and further information can be obtained from their representatives.

**Profridality.**  
The flowers that were born to blush unseen became tired, all at once, of wasting their sweetness on the desert air. "We'll have to stop it," they sighed. "We are not conserving our natural resources!"

As for the desert air, lo, what did it care!

**Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, etc.**

**In the Ecstatic Stage.**  
The Girl (passing her fair hand over his brow)—"There, Arthur! Have I charmed your headache away?"

Arthur—You have, dear. You are my witch Hazel!

**Repeat it:—Shiloh's Cure will always cure my coughs and colds.**

**Making Up for Lost Time.**  
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## SUNLIGHT SOAP

**THIS IS IT!**  
The soap that saves you work, and saves you money without injury to hands or article.

Sunlight Soap turns wash-tub drudgery into pleasure. Get a bar of Sunlight to-day and try.



**Missouri Language.**

We are rural folk out in Missouri. Of the State's population—outside the three great cities pushed to the State's very boundary lines—less than 8 per cent. are dwellers in towns of 4,000 inhabitants. We are inclined to speak an archaic language.

Missourians say school "takes up"—some one said school "takes in." "I couldn't get to go" and "that's all the far the lesson goes" I have heard in Missouri. The good Missouri housewife whose hot biscuits—hot biscuits are delightful—Missourians—were praised replied: "They are not as nice as common." "I wouldn't choose any" is to be heard in Missouri, though this expression, as others that I quote, is not altogether confined here.

"Pack" is yet used by some Missourians in the sense of "carry," as "let me pack that for you." "Carry" is used in Tennessee for "escort" or "conduct," while "tote" is wholly Virginian. But even "pack" and "carry" are of classic parentage.

I have heard in Missouri and in other States an expression that may be dialect or slang, but which to me at least always suggests a smile. Speaking of visiting delegates, a good woman said: "I can eat 'em but I can't sleep 'em."

Missourians worthy of the name pronounce the name of their State without the hissing sound of the "S." They remember that the name Missouri comes by way of the Indians and not by way of the dictionary from the language of the snake. It is Missouri, not Missouri, the school teacher's dictionary notwithstanding. And the English language is nowhere spoken with more purity than in this good State of Missouri. As for the Missouri dialect—there is none.

But, you say, there is one expression that is peculiarly Missourian, colloquial, provincial, of you please. You Missourians say "you all." Yes, true. But so do all who get their English from the seventeenth century direct and uncorrupted—not Missourians alone. In an apostolic benediction which you may hear each Sabbath, if you will, or read in the King James version of the English Bible, it is said: "The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all."

Walter Williams in the Kansas City Star.

**Making Both Ends Meet.**  
"Excuse me, mum," said Chesterfield Clarence, as he tipped his brimless hat, "but have you any old cigar bands from your husband's cigars?"

"What do you want with cigar bands, my poor man?" asked the good housewife. "Surely you are not going to decorate a plate?"

"No, mum. Yer see, I have found two butts and I want to paste dem together."—Chicago News.

**A Woman's Sympathy**  
Are you discouraged? Is your doctor's bill a heavy financial load? Is your pain a heavy physical burden? I know what these mean to delicate women—I have been discouraged too; but I learned how to cure myself. I want to relieve your burden. Why not end the pain and stop the doctor's bill? I can do this for you and will if you assist me.

All you need do is write for a free box of the remedy which has been placed in my hands to be given away. Perhaps this one box will cure you—it has done so for others. If so, I shall be happy and you will be cured for 2c (the cost of a postage stamp). Your letters need not be confidential. Write to-day for my free treatment. MRS. F. E. CURRAH, Windsor, Ont.



**Out of His Line.**  
Kind Gent—I'll give you a nickel to deliver this note for me.

News Boy—Call one of dem messenger kids. I'm in de news business and me time is limited.

**Scholarly Ignorance.**  
Prof. McGoozle (stopping in front of a shop window)—My dear, that is the most remarkable collection of unique waste baskets I ever saw."

Mrs. McGoozle—Waste baskets! You helpless nunny! Those are the new styles of spring hats!

**Value.**  
"O, George," cried the young bride, "I've split one of my finger nails! And there's no \$5,000 insurance on the finger, either!"

"Never mind, dear," said the young husband, kissing the injured digit. "It's worth \$5,000, just the same."

She—No; unfortunately my first husband married me for love and my second for money.—Boston Transcript.

**Stranger (happening along)—What's all that loud wrangling about in there?**  
Sexton—The ladies, sir, are holding an adjourned meeting in the silence room."

## Pioneers in Aviation.

At a time when so much interest is manifested in the works of the brothers Wright, it is not inappropriate to call attention to the fact that it was two brothers, the Montgolfiers, to whom we are indebted for the balloon. The honor of the invention is shared by two brothers, as are the latest discoveries in the science of aviation. Both the Montgolfiers were mathematicians, and the younger, who possessed the master mind, was an architect, and their inventions were brought out amid the cares attendant upon the management of a large paper manufactory, to which they succeeded on the death of their father.

Annouay has not only the distinction of being the birthplace of the pioneers of aviation, but it was there that the first experiments with the balloon were made in 1782, and a year later it was shown to the court of Versailles.

**First Aid for Fainting.**  
The treatment of fainting is quite simple. Either the posture of complete recumbency should be adopted with the head lowered or the sitting posture with the head between the knees. The latter posture will often cause the feeling of faintness to pass off. The former should be adopted if swooning has occurred.

Fresh air and the loosening of all constricting clothes, about the neck and waist are essential. Smelling salts, tickling the nose with a feather, and stimulants are necessary for most attacks pass off quickly with recumbency and fresh air. A cold douche is a valuable means of stimulation.—Hospital.

## PILES CURED AT HOME BY NEW ABSORPTION METHOD

If you suffer from bleeding, itching, blind or protruding Piles, send me your address, and I will tell you how to cure yourself at home by the new absorption treatment; and will also send some of this home treatment free for trial, with references from your own locality if requested. Immediate relief and permanent cure assured. Send no money, but tell others of this offer. Write to-day to Mrs. M. Summers, Box P. 8, Windsor, Ont.

**A March Hare.**  
The west wind blow on the melting snow. The merry March Hare darts to and fro!

The hounds are out—let's give a shout! The hunters cheer and race about!

The hare takes heed and flies with speed. His limbs scarce touch the grassy mead.

The cove looks up as he goes by. The birds look down from their perch on high.

The farmers laugh at the noisy troop. And the old hens cackle in their coop.

And all on account of a little hare That could have been caught in a plain wire snare.

—Brenda Cooper, aged 11, Cowley, Alberta, Canada in Woman's Home Companion.

**Minard's Liniment Co., Limited:**  
Gentlemen.—Theodore Dorais, a customer of mine, was completely cured of rheumatism after five years of suffering, by the judicious use of MINARD'S LINIMENT.

The above facts can be verified by writing to him, to the Parish Priest or any of his neighbors.

A. COTE, Merchant.  
St. Isidore, Que., 12th May, '98.

**Explained.**  
"What ails the water these days?" asked the lake trout.

"Don't you know?" said the whitefish. "It's these German carp. They are making the environment fit them."

Gaspingly they turned tail and made for the middle of the lake, where the water was still approximately one part oxygen and two parts hydrogen.

**Having Fun With a Native.**  
Facetious Foreigner—Aw, me good man, pardon my ignorance of geography, but will you kindly tell me what the capital of this country is?

Solemn Faced Yankee—I've forgot how much it is, mister, but Pierp Morgan has the handlin' of most of it, I believe.

**Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.**  
Didn't Match Even.

She—I married my first husband for money and my second for love.

He—And were you happy?

She—No; unfortunately my first husband married me for love and my second for money.—Boston Transcript.

## ISSUE NO. 11, 1909

**HELP WANTED.**

**AGENTS WANTED—WHY NOT HAVE**  
the best looking sample case, best quality, and the best terms? Alfred Taylor, Tuck, Ltd., London, Ont.

**WE WANT RELIABLE WOMEN.**  
All over Canada to work for us during their spare hours, selling our high grade Perfumes, Toilet Requisites, Tea, Coffee, etc. No experience necessary. Work pleasant and remunerative. The Home Specialties Co., Toronto, Canada.

**FOR SALE.**  
**TIN SHOP FOR SALE—RETIRED ON**  
account of age; best place in all Canada for good plumber and tinner. Vivian Vance, Essex, Ont.

**TO RENT.**  
**WOOLLEN MILLS—A TWO-SEW MILL.**  
the only woollen mill in Manitoba, to rent on easy terms; it is owned locally and was successfully operated till the advance in price of wool, when it was closed, at present price of wool, good money can be made; there is a local market for enough bales, blankets and yarns to keep the mill going at its full capacity throughout the year; no local competition in buying or selling; capital required to operate successfully, \$2,000.00; leases can have option to purchase at end of his lease. For particulars apply to A. C. D. Pigott, Secretary-Treasurer, Morden, Man.

**TO RENT—COMPLETE, ONE SET WOOL**  
len mill; water power; apply to A. C. D. Pigott, Morden, Man.

**LAND WANTED.**  
**WANTED—SOUTH AFRICAN FARMERS**  
and land warrants; spot cash paid. W. F. Ross, real estate agent, 628 McDougall street, Winnipeg, Man.

**Haste Explained.**  
The young couple sprang from the vehicle and hurried up the steps. A moment later they pushed open a door and appeared before the startled judge.

"Sir," gasped the young man, "will you kindly marry us as quick as possible?"

"Ah, an elopement!" quoth the wise old justice.

"Yes, yes, please hurry."

"I see," chuckled the old official, "you are pursued—the infuriated parent is close behind."

"Nothing of the sort," cried the exasperated youth.

"Eh! Then what's the rush?"

"I'll tell you!" shouted the young man, "there's a taxicab waiting far us at the door, and we're losing money every minute!"

Then the justice got busy.

## THE "CHAMPION" GAS and GASOLINE ENGINES

**It must give satisfaction or you don't pay for it.**

**SOLD ON TRIAL.**  
Is the only Gasoline Engine that you can try before you buy. I know what the "Champion" will do, and I want you to be fully satisfied with it before you buy it. The price is low. Full particulars free.

Wm. Gillespie, Dept. "H"  
98 Front St. East, Toronto

**Tattooed by Lightning.**  
Caught in the circuit of an electric current that struck the massive wireless telegraph station on the beach near the Cliff house during the thunderstorm that prevailed Monday morning William J. Smith, Pacific coast manager of the company, bears upon his right arm remarkable evidence of the strange freaks of lightning in a vivid tattoo resembling a branch of a fir tree.

Traced distinctly with lines as fine and graceful as those of a mountain stream