

The Cow That Gave Milk Punch.

N. Y. Sun: "I don't deny that the gold cure may be of some use to men," said the old granger, reflectively, "though I was always afraid to try it myself for fear it might spoil my enjoyment of good liquor. But I'm positive it never will be a success with cows who have become addicted to the booze habit. The melancholy fate of Uncle Tommy Roger's prize Jersey is a proof that a good thirst is a thing to be tenderly cherished and not rashly experimented with."

"There's no denying that Jersey was a cow to command the respectful admiration of anyone. In both the quantity and the quality of her milk she had any other cow in the county beaten to a standstill. I forget how many quarts a day Uncle Tommy used to say she was good for, but even after you had divided his statement by two and subtracted ten, so as to get at the real truth, it was a record-breaker. Uncle Tommy valued that Jersey above anything else in the world."

"Nobody needs to read the 'Message to Garcia' to that cow," he used to say, in tones of admiring affection, "for she already appreciates it. It's my opinion she could write one herself, even if she don't wear long hair."

"Of course, when the winter set in the cow, after the manner of her kind, fell off quite a bit in her milk supply. As this was just the time when there was the biggest demand, and it commanded the highest price, Uncle Tommy was honestly grieved."

"If it was any other cow," he said, mournfully, "I wouldn't think much of it. But it seems as if my pet ought to rise above the prejudices of her sex and kind, and devote her talents more energetically to the welfare of the good man who owns her. It's all right for the cows of the effete East to shut down on the milk supply as soon as the cold weather begins, but it seems as if a prize Western cow ought to have too much self-respect for such a thing."

"The good old man shook his head. A saddened, puzzled manner and wandered over to the cupboard to search for something to comfort him. He found it. While he was slowly emptying his glass an idea came to him."

"And yet I don't know that I can censure that cow," he continued. "Blamed if I like to start in work myself on these cold mornings without a little something to cheer me up. Good whiskey never harmed man or cow, and perhaps that Jersey would redouble her efforts and output if she had a little nip to start her blood in circulation. A merciful man is merciful to his beast. I'm willing to do anything reasonable to make that cow happy, especially if there is milk and money in it for your Uncle Tommy."

"The next time Uncle Tommy went to the barn to feed the cow he took out a liberal horn of Kentucky's most prized product. Well, it was a revelation in bovine nature the way that Jersey took to her new drink. She gulped it down slowly so as to get the full benefit, looking at Uncle Tommy with affectionate eyes as if she considered him the best friend cow ever had. The drink warmed her up, made her feel happy, and gave her a good appetite. She ate double her usual winter allowance of fodder. And when Uncle Tommy milked her that evening he found to his delight that she gave as much milk as in summer. Uncle Tommy came back to the house beaming with complacent happiness."

"My innovation in the dairy industry may not be popular with the W. C. T. U.," he said, swelling out his chest, "but the Humane Society certainly ought to decorate me with medals. There isn't a happier, more contented animal in the country than that prize Jersey is at this minute. And what is more to the point, she is giving double her usual winter quantity of milk. Bliss for the cow and coin of the realm for Uncle Tommy will be the results of my scheme."

"After that, morning and evening, Uncle Tommy gave the Jersey a liberal supply of the drink that sheers and inebriates. For a time everything seemed to go on well. Although a cow of good family and former high character, the Jersey took to the booze game in the highest manner."

"But it seemed to be sort of growing on her. First she wanted an extra quantity in the morning. Then she longed for a little at night. After a little while it was plain she was nervous and uneasy unless she had a good drink at noon. She continued to deliver the goods in the way of milk, though, and unusually rich and creamy milk it was, too, even for that Jersey. Rather than have the cow unhappy and the milk cut off, Uncle Tommy gave her all the stimulant she cared for and kept congratulating himself on the success of his invention, as he called it. But finally came the little rift in the late which put everything to the bad."

"One morning old Hezekiah Judkins called over at Tommy's house. Hezekiah was a

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temperance worker, a teacher in the Sunday school, a pillar of the church, and a good man generally.

"I've drank milk all my life," said Hezekiah, earnestly, "but I never tasted milk that could compare with yours. It's not only rich and creamy, but it has a peculiar, fascinating taste that I never noticed in any other milk. And I never found it in yours till recently."

"Uncle Tommy thought water was meant to wash with and milk to sell, but he never believed either was meant to drink. He couldn't account for the taste Hezekiah referred to, but suppose it was an especial richness in the milk given by his pet Jersey."

"If you have any of that milk handy, I'll just take a drink now," said Hezekiah sort of longingly.

"Uncle Tommy brought out a glass of milk Hezekiah downed it in short order."

"Guess I'll have 'nother," he said, a little thickly. "Bes' milk ever tasted."

"Hezekiah took another glass, and then another. By that time it was plain the good man was the possessor of a jag of enviable proportions."

"Shay, Tommy," he mumbled. "Wan' to shell cow? Bes' cow in the worl'."

"Then he sat down on the doorstep and placidly fell asleep."

"We carried him into the house and put him on the sofa. But Uncle Tommy was a good deal puzzled."

"Hezekiah seemed all right when he came here," said Uncle Tommy doubtfully. "And I never saw a man get tanked that way drinking milk. Have I been selling milk all my life and never suspected its good qualities?"

"Uncle Tommy poured out a glass of milk. He tasted it warily, not having much confidence in milk as a beverage for adults. In a second he understood the reason for Hezekiah's mysterious jag. The whiskey the prize cow had been drinking had got into her system. All her milk needed was the addition of a little ice to make a good milk punch. Uncle Tommy was properly shocked."

"A drink here and there, if at frequent intervals, never harmed man or beast," he said, decidedly. "But when a respectable Jersey cow turns herself into an animated distillery, it's time to call a halt. It's bad for the cow, and will get the Internal Revenue people after her owner."

"So Uncle Tommy shut the cow off from booze. Of course, after having become accustomed to a liberal supply of stimulants, it made the cow nervous and irritable to be entirely cut off. She almost ceased giving milk, and the customers said that what she did give was far below the former quality. Uncle Tommy was at his wits' end."

"It's cruelty to that Jersey to turn her at one move into a teetotaler cow," I told him; "it's nearly as hard on her as it would be on you. The proper thing to do is to seek out some booze cure and send her to it."

"Uncle Tommy agreed that I was right. The next day he went to the city and visited the gold-cure establishment. Yes, they treated people for the drink habit, said the physician in charge. Did Uncle Tommy want to take the cure?"

"No," replied Uncle Tommy, positively. "Personally I haven't any wish to acquire a distaste for good liquor. But I've got a prize cow who needs treatment badly."

"If you think we're running a bovine gold-cure," said the physician, "there are several more guesses coming to you. It's the service of a butcher, not of an eminent physician, that are required by your cow."

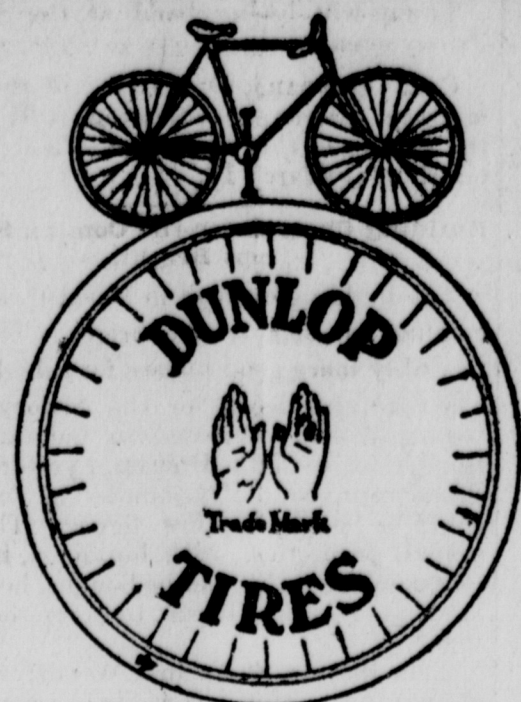
"But Uncle Tommy insisted that the cow was the pride of his heart and the glory of his declining years, and that something ought to be done to save her. Seeing that he was in earnest and ready to pay good money, the gold-cure man relented. He took Uncle Tommy into his office. There he fixed up a bottle of some mixture. Then he handed the bottle and a big syringe and a needle to Uncle Tommy."

"When you get back home," he told Uncle Tommy, "give your cow a big injection of this mixture. It may not cure her right away, but it will make whiskey taste like overripe eggs, so that she will not care to drink any more of it."

"It seemed to Uncle Tommy that it was a mighty cruel thing to spoil a cow's taste that way. But it was the only way to redeem his pet from the drink habit, so he hardened his heart against the thought of her sufferings. As soon as he got home he gave the cow a big injection of the mixture. She didn't like the operation, but it didn't bother her nearly so much as her unquenched thirst. And she showed in the plainest way that there was going to be trouble if she didn't have a drink pretty soon."

"You won't like it," said Uncle Tommy, warningly, as if the cow could understand him. "You had better try and go without it tonight."

"But drink that Jersey wanted, and drink she was going to have, or wreck the barn. So Uncle Tommy trudged into the house and returned a minute later with a little pan of whiskey. He placed the whiskey in front of the impatient cow. She took one whiff of it, without tasting. Then she looked at Uncle Tommy in the most reproachful way, as if



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she was asking him how he could have the heart to put bad eggs in her whiskey.

"The whiskey is all right," insisted Uncle Tommy.

"Then he poured out a little in a glass and drank it to show the cow that it wasn't the fault of the whiskey. He placed the pan back in front of the cow. She evidently didn't like the smell, but summoning her courage she took a big drink. The next instant she was the sickest looking and most disgusted Jersey in the county."

"I told you that you wouldn't like it," said Uncle Tommy, apologetically.

"But that cow felt that she had been tricked. She turned her head to the wall and would have nothing more to do with Uncle Tommy. Her faith in both human nature and whiskey was gone. And Uncle Tommy wandered gloomily back into the house, his conscience reproached him for what he had done."

"The next morning Uncle Tommy and I

went out to the barn to see how the prize cow was getting on. There in her stall lay the poor Jersey, dead.

"It was the medicine that killed her," said I. "A cow's constitution can't stand the gold-cure."

"But Uncle Tommy didn't agree with me. 'She died of a broken heart,' he insisted."

"To find that good whiskey tasted like overripe eggs is a blow that would kill anyone, man or cow."



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MAIL CONTRACT.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until noon, on Friday, 15th March next, for the conveyance of Her Majesty's Mails, on a proposed contract for four years, six times per week each way between Meductic and Woodstock from the 1st April next.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Offices of Meductic and Woodstock, and at this office.

N. R. COLTER,
Post Office Inspector.

Post Office Inspector's Office,
St. John, N. B., Feb. 18th, 1901.

MORE HOME KNITTERS WANTED.



The above cut shows a machine in operation and sample of work done at the home of a shareholder.

THE PEOPLE'S KNITTING SYNDICATE LIMITED.

Incorporated by Provincial Charter under the Ontario Companies Act.

Authorized Capital Stock, - - - \$180,000

HEAD OFFICE, - TORONTO, CANADA

The Syndicate is Offering a limited amount of Stock at \$1.00 per share in lots of twenty shares. (Each subscriber of the twenty shares to be furnished a twenty-dollar knitting machine free to work for the Syndicate and to share in the net profits of all goods made.)

The Syndicate has been formed for the purpose of manufacturing knitted goods cheaper than any existing company, to keep down prices, and to oppose the large knitting Combines and Companies which have joined hands to raise prices. To do this successfully it is necessary to get yarn at first cost and to manufacture goods with the least possible expense. Therefore—

1. The Syndicate supplies its own yarn and machines.
2. The Syndicate has all goods made by shareholders knitting at their own homes.
3. The Syndicate pays for all properly made goods at once upon receipt of same, and besides paying for the work when sent in will semi-annually divide with its working shareholders the net profits from the sale of all goods made by its shareholders.
4. The Syndicate sells all goods made by its working shareholders.

5. To each subscriber of twenty \$1.00 shares the Syndicate gives free a twenty dollar Knitting Machine to keep, and also supplies each working shareholder, free of charge, full directions, samples and yarn to make the goods.

To become a shareholder, a worker, the owner of one of the machines, to be paid for the work you do, and also to participate in the equal division of the net profits, you have only to become a member of the Syndicate and take twenty \$1.00 shares which will cost you twenty dollars.

THE METHOD OF THE SYNDICATE is to supply its own yarns and knitting machines to its shareholders, FREE. By this plan it can readily be seen that the Syndicate not only benefits its shareholders by way of dividends, but is the source of a regular employment and income at their homes. The Syndicate is fully prepared to keep its shareholders supplied with yarn for doing the various kinds of work required, and it is also in a position to dispose of all goods knitted from these yarns through large jobbers and to the general trade as fast as it can be sent in by its shareholders.

It will be seen that to manufacture goods on so large a scale it would be necessary to have a number of knitting factories, which would mean the investment of thousands of dollars, besides taxes, insurance and interest on same. We can, therefore, not only manufacture goods cheaper and in larger quantities, but pay our shareholders dividends semi-annually.

THE MACHINE The Syndicate furnishes a high speed family seamless knitting machine, and will last a lifetime with ordinary usage, in fact the Syndicate will guarantee the machine for twenty years. It will knit from the finest of imported yarns to the coarsest of Canadian wool yarn the same as hand work, but eighty times faster, in fact a pair of socks or bicycle hose in twenty minutes. With each machine a full outfit is sent together with a supply of yarn to commence at once. The guide accompanying the machine is so plain and the operation so simple that anyone of ordinary intelligence can make any of the knitted goods required by the Syndicate, such as Gents' Socks, Ladies' Stockings, Golf and Bicycle Hose, Knickers, Leggings, and Toggles for Children.

THE PRICES The Syndicate pays for knitting these goods are:—Socks, 65.00 per 100 pairs; Ladies' Stockings, 80.00 per 100 pairs; Gents' Golf and Bicycle Hose complete, 80.00 per 100 pairs; Leggings and Footless Bicycle Hose, 65.00 per 100 pairs; fine Toggles, 65.00 per 100. All these goods are quickly made on the machine and at these prices any person willing to work can make good pay, much more than clerking in store, working in shop or laboring on farm. Shareholders can devote all or part of their time knitting, but at all times they are expected to work for the interests of the Syndicate.

WHO CAN JOIN. All persons willing to accept and honestly knit the yarn entrusted to them, and to return made goods promptly to the Syndicate.

WHAT YOU MUST DO TO JOIN. Each person desiring to become a shareholder of stock, participating in the semi-annual dividends, and to do work for the Syndicate, receiving pay as fast as the work is sent in, must out the following APPLICATION FORM, sign their name to it, fill in address and references, and enclose it with Express or Post Office Money Order to the Syndicate.

Application Form for Stock and Machine.

THE PEOPLE'S KNITTING SYNDICATE, LIMITED,
115 YONGE ST., TORONTO, CAN.

I enclose you herewith \$20.00 in FULL PAYMENT for 20 shares of stock (subject to no other call) in The People's Knitting Syndicate, Limited, which I wish allotted to me, and one of your \$20.00 machines free, same as you furnish your shareholders, together with free samples, instructions and yarn, which I wish sent to me as soon as possible to enable me to begin work for the Syndicate at once upon receipt of same. The said stock to entitle me to participate in the semi-annual dividends of the Syndicate in addition to being paid cash on delivery for all the Knitting I do for the Syndicate on my machine.

Shareholder's Name and Address:

Your name _____

Post Office _____

Name References, etc. _____

Mention THE DISPATCH.

Please state how much time you can devote to the work and how you wish to be paid—weekly, monthly or as you need in the week.