

THE SPICE OF LIFE.

An English lawyer was cross-examining the plaintiff in a breach-of-promise case. "Was the defendant's air, when he promised to marry you, perfectly serious or one of jocularity?" he inquired. "If you please, sir," was the reply, "it was all ruffled with 'im a-runnin' 'is 'ands through it."
 "You misapprehend my meaning," said the lawyer. "Was the promise made in utter sincerity?"
 "No, sir, an' no place like it. It was made in the wash-'ouse an' me a-wringin' the clothes," replied the plaintiff.

Nat Osborne, said Henry H. Rogers, the Standard Oil magnate and copper king, used to blow the organ in the brick church. He had quite an idea of his own importance, and was always proud of his job.

I asked him once: "How much salary do you get, Mr. Osborne, for your work?"

Nat looked up, solemnly, and said with dignity: "Twelve hundred dollars."

"What!" said I, "\$1,200?"

"Yes," said Nat.

"That's big pay," said I.

"Pretty fair," said Nat, "but that's for 100 years."

Thos. Edison, the great inventor, is very fond of children. While on a visit to New York, recently, he was endeavoring to amuse the six-year-old son of his host, when the youngster asked him to draw an engine for him. Mr. Edison promptly set to work, and, thinking it would please the child to have an elaborate design, he added a couple of extra smoke-stacks and several imaginary parts.

When the plan was complete, the boy took it and eyed it critically, then he turned to the inventor with disapproval in every feature.

"You don't know much about engines, do you?" he said with infantine frankness. "Engines may have been that way in your time, but they've changed a whole lot since then."

Somebody starts the following good ideas around without credit, so we can only pass them along:

To conquer difficulties, to overcome all lions in our pathway, and always do our best.

To hope, even when the clouds lower around us, and it seems hopeless to try further.

To forget self that we may think of others; to rise above weariness, grief and sorrow; to look for the silver lining of the cloud.

To smile cheerfully, though tears are in the heart.

To conquer pain, and sorrow, and despair.

To rise above defeat and build anew.

To look for good in others, even if disappointed ninety times out of one hundred. The ten prove the possibilities for all.

To keep our faith in human nature, notwithstanding its weakness.

To view charitably our neighbors' acts, and scrutinize our own.

To rest our case on its merits, and be content when we have faithfully done our utmost.

Col. John T. Mosley, a famous Confederate scout in the Civil War, now an efficient special agent of the Department of Justice, said one day in Washington, apropos of success:

"The other morning I met Blank, hurrying along in his brisk, energetic way, the hopeful light still shining from his eyes, and the confident smile still playing about his firm mouth.

"My heart went out in pity to Blank. He was a hard worker, a very hard worker, yet in everything he undertook he failed. Three times in the last ten years Blank had failed in business.

"So I stopped the poor fellow, and shook him by the hand.

"Blank," said I, "it is too bad. With all your push you don't seem to succeed."

"I don't, eh?" Blank replied, "Haven't I made a success of my several failures?"

"And he hurried off to make, as he informed me, another fat deposit in his wife's name."

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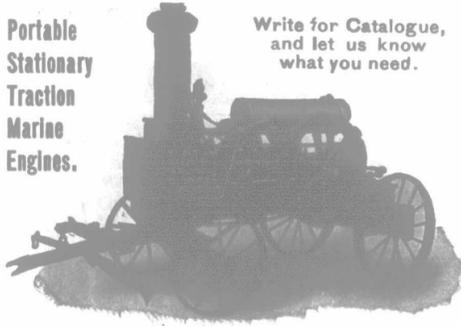
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On March 22, 1905, Mr. Chas. B. Phillips, Asker, N. W. T., wrote to W. C. Wilcox & Co., box 818, Winnipeg, agents for the McLACHLAN GASOLINE ENGINE CO., Ltd., as follows: "Possibly it may interest you to know the result of last season's threshing. Apart from the economical feature, the convenience of being able to thresh at our own time, as well as having so few hands about, is to ourselves a great consideration. We were 60 hours threshing 4,460 bu. of oats and barley, averaging about 75 bus. per hour. The consumption and cost of gasoline was 45 gals. @ 44c. = \$19.80, or per hour, 3 gal., costing 33c. The extra labor employed above that regularly on the ranch was two men for a fortnight. We were not threshing continually. The previous year, 1903, steam-threshing account for about the same quantity, including extra labor, amounted to \$169, or \$3.75 per 100 bus., wear, tear and renewals not taken into account, which the writer considers nominal."

The engine used was a McLACHLAN 10-horse power, manufactured by THE MOLACHLAN GASOLINE ENGINE CO., LIMITED, TORONTO, ONT.

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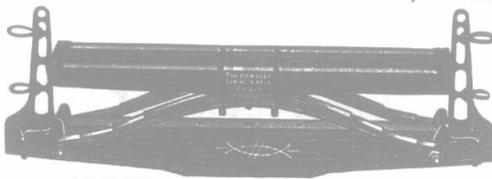
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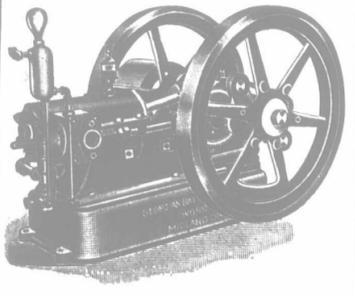
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Several doctors were talking about insomnia and its various treatments.

Captain Evan P. Howell, of Atlanta, Ga., used to tell a story, said one of the medical men, about a friend of his, a Judge Black, who had an infallible cure for insomnia. Captain Howell used to quote the Judge about in this fashion:

"Whenever I go to bed and can't sleep, suh, I simply get up and take a drink of whiskey. Then I go back to bed, suh, and aftah a while, if I am still wakeful, I get up and I take anothah drink of whiskey. If that doesn't have the desired effect, suh, I get up once more and take anothah drink of whiskey. I keep repeating this treatment at intervals, suh, and aftah I've had six or seven I don't give a continental whethah I get to sleep or not."

President William J. Tucker, of Dartmouth College, tells the following story on himself:

Some years ago he passed several weeks in a Maine country town. The next season he received a letter from his boarding mistress asking him to return. In reply he stated he should be glad to pass another summer vacation with her, but should require some changes.

"First," said the college President, "your maid, Mary, is persona non grata. Secondly, I think the sanitary conditions would be improved about your house if the pigsty could be moved a little from the house."

President Tucker was reassured when he received the following in reply: "Mary has went. We hain't had no hogs since you were here last summer. Be sure and come."

Judge Sylvester Dana, who was for some years Judge of the Police Court in Concord, N. H., always endeavored to smooth over any little difference between persons brought before him. On one occasion the charge was for a technical assault, and it came out in the course of the evidence that the parties were neighbors, and had been on the best of terms for some years.

"It is a great pity," said the Judge, "that old friends, as you seem to have been, should appear before me in such a way. Surely this is a case which might be settled out of court?"

"It can't be done, Judge," answered the plaintiff, moodily. "I thought of that myself, but the cur won't fight."

A certain Duke, while driving from the station to the park on his estate to inspect a company of artillery, observed a ragged urchin keeping pace with his carriage at the side.

His Grace, being struck with the cleanliness of the lad, asked him where he was going, the lad replying, "To the park, to see the Duke and sogers."

The Duke, feeling interested, stopped his carriage and opened the door to the lad.

The delighted lad, being in ignorance of whom he was riding with, kept His Grace interested with his quaint remarks till the park gates were reached.

As the carriage entered, it was saluted by the company and guns, whereupon His Grace said to the lad, "Now, can you show me where the Duke is?"

The lad eyed his person over, and then, looking at the Duke, replied quite seriously, "Well, I dunno, meester, but it's either you or me!"

An amusing little scrap of conversation was overheard in a certain market hall recently. In response to a question as to the time of day one old dame rather rudely advised her companion to "look at the clock."

"I have done so," was the reply, "an' it's stopped."

"Stopped!" ejaculated the other, glancing up in turn. "Ay so it is. What's come to the clocks? I've one at home, an' it's stopped, too. There must be a hepidemic among clocks just now."

"Hepidemic, indeed!" came the response. "You ought to come to my home, Mrs. B., an' you might talk about hepidemics."

"What? Is your clocks stopped as well?"

"Rather!" was the grim reply. "I've a watch, three sons, two clocks and t'owd man all doing nowt! Hempidemic, indeed."

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