

AUCTION SALE OF VALUABLE Farm Property

There will be offered for sale by Public Auction, by W. B. Stoddart, Auctioneer, at Coulter's Hotel, in the Village of Cookstown, on Saturday, the 12th day of August, 1911, at the hour of two o'clock in the afternoon, by the Hon. James S. Duff and Annie May Diawood, the Executors of the last will of James F. Diawood, late of the Village of Cookstown, deceased—Lot Number Three, in the Ninth Concession of the Township of Essa, in the County of Simcoe, containing by admeasurement Two Hundred Acres, more or less, but said to contain Two Hundred and Sixteen Acres.

The soil is a clay loam, about twenty acres in bush, and balance all cleared and fences in good repair.

On the property there are a brick house of ten rooms, hard and soft water, three large frame barns, and other outbuildings, with stone stabling under one barn, and a never-failing spring creek running across the premises; a large young orchard bearing fruit, about one acre of young pear orchard bearing fruit, and a hedge on each side of lane from road to house.

This is a very desirable property, everything arranged for comfort and convenience, situated in a good farming settlement, within one mile from church and school, and about three miles from Cookstown.

Flowing possession, with usual privileges of an incoming tenant, will be given after harvest this year, and complete possession on 1st March, 1912.

The present tenant is bound to put in this year, in a farmer-like manner, 20 acres of fall wheat, and leave 25 acres in grass.

The vendors reserve the rent for the current year of the term, which expires on First March, 1912.

Ten per cent. of purchase money to be paid to the Vendors' Solicitors at time of sale, and balance in two months thereafter, without interest.

The property will be sold subject to a reserved bid, and to terms and conditions of sale to be read at time of sale.

For further particulars apply to said Executors, at Cookstown P.O., or to the undersigned Solicitors, at Alliston P.O.

Dated 6th July, 1911.

FISHER & BELL,
Solicitors for Executors.

INTERNATIONAL GALL CURE



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GUAR-
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CURES While Horses Work or Rest

International Gall Cure is a certain, sure, quick and infallible cure for Galls, Sore Necks, Sore Backs, Sore Mouths, Cuts, Bruised Heels, etc. Will not melt and dissolve from the animal heat, but stays right where it is applied. Possesses extraordinary healing and soothing qualities. International Gall Cure is the cleanest, most antiseptic, purest and best Gall Cure on the market. We will refund your money if it ever fails to cure. Keep a box on hand as it is almost a daily need on the farm.

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Made of heavy galvanized steel, your hog cannot gnaw or damage this feed trough. So successful have these troughs stood the test during the past 5 years that we are willing to ship any size you select to your station on the understanding that you can ship them back at our expense if not first-class in every detail. We know you will be delighted with them. Send for Catalogue 22 to-day. We supply tanks in stock sizes or to order.

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PLEASE MENTION THE ADVOCATE.

who needed to be taken care of. But she thought steadily on of all three of them, as she jogged the family baby. Suddenly she realized that it was no longer any use to try not to think of things.

It had been late afternoon when Mary Abby had got on the cars. It was early morning of the third day when she got off. She had been deciding to get off, all the night before, hour after hour, sitting straight up on her seat and looking straight ahead, but seeing the things that were straight behind—a thin little step-mother and the step-baby. When it was quite light out-of-doors, and the train was getting near to the Junction where she had decided to stop, Mary Abby went across the aisle, and said good-bye to the family. The family baby she caught up and hugged.

"Good-bye," she said. She was smiling. "I'm going to get off next station. I hope the baby won't cry any more. I—I wish you'd give my love to Angelina," she added with a little laugh in her throat like a sob; "I think Angelina must be splendid."

"She's great!" the family mother agreed. "Well, good-bye, my dear. You look real happy this morning; I guess your going to a good place. She does look like Angelina this minute; don't she, baby?"

Mary Abby went on down the aisle to the end of the car. Standing before the mirror there, she seemed to be fumbling with her hat; but she was looking straight into the eyes of the homely girl. They smiled back at her in the same odd, wet little way her own lips were smiling. The homely girl's lips were grave and earnest, too.

"I'm going back," Mary Abby said, "to take care of them for daddy. You'll have to come along, too!" The lips outside the mirror and inside widened to a laugh. It was evident that the homely girl had a sense of humor as well as Mary Abby.

"You've got to go too, and it's all right anyway. We're strong. She ain't; she's just a thin little thing. There's Angelina and there's us; we'll do the best we can, and maybe we'll turn into Angelina! Come on; the train's stopping." And they seemed to go away hand in hand, together, Mary Abby and the other self she had sat gazing at, and learned to know. They were going back to take care of the big "step" and the little "step" for daddy.—Christian Endeavor World.

Ilyas.

By Count Leo Tolstoy.

In the Government of Ufa there lived a Bashkir named Ilyas. Ilyas was rather poor when his father died. His father lived only one year after his son's wedding. At that time Ilyas possessed seven mares, two cows, and some twenty sheep. But Ilyas knew how to take care of his stock, and his possessions kept increasing; he and his wife worked hard from morning till night; he was the first to rise in the morning and the last to go to bed at night, and he grew richer from year to year. Thus Ilyas worked hard for thirty-five years, and amassed a great fortune.

Ilyas now had two hundred horses, a hundred and fifty head of horned cattle, and twelve hundred sheep. Workmen tended Ilyas's droves of horses and his cattle, and working women milked the mares and the cows, and prepared koumiss, butter and cheese. Ilyas had plenty of everything, and everybody in the vicinity envied his life. The people would say "Ilyas is a lucky man; he has a great deal of everything; it isn't even worth his while to die." Good people began to make his acquaintance. And guests came to him from distant places. And he received everybody, and gave them all to eat and drink. All those that came to him got koumiss and tea and mutton. As soon as the guests came he would order to kill a ram or two, and if the number of the guests was great he ordered to kill also a mare.

Ilyas had three children—two sons and one daughter. When the time came he married them off. When Ilyas was poor, his sons worked with him, and they tended the horses and the sheep themselves; but as soon as they became rich the sons began to lead a dissolute life, and one of them took to drink. The older of his sons was killed one day in a fight, and the younger one married a proud woman, and this son stopped obeying his father,

and Ilyas had to give him his share and part with him.

Ilyas gave him his share; he gave him a house and cattle, and thus the old man's wealth decreased. And shortly after that Ilyas's sheep were attacked with disease and many of them fell. Then a poor year set in for Ilyas; there was no hay, and a great many head of cattle died during the winter. And Ilyas's possessions grew even smaller and smaller. Ilyas kept falling lower and lower, and his strength also kept declining. And when Ilyas was seventy years old he was reduced to such poverty that he had to sell his fur coats, his rugs, his saddles, his carts, then the last few head of cattle; and Ilyas remained with nothing. And he himself did not notice how everything had passed out of his hands, and now, in his declining years, he had to go to work for others. All he had was the clothes he wore on himself—his coat, his cap, and his boots, and his wife, Sham-shemagi, who was also very old. The son had gone away to a distant land, and the daughter had died, and there was nobody to help the old people.

A neighbor of theirs, Mukhamedshakh, took pity on them. Mukhamedshakh was neither poor nor rich; he led a straight mode of life and was a good man. He recalled the hospitality of Ilyas, took pity on him, and said: "Come to me, Ilyas, you and your old woman. During the summer you will work in the garden according to your strength, and in the winter you will feed the cattle, and Sham-shemagi will milk the mares and make koumiss. I will feed and clothe both of you, and will give you whatever you need."

Ilyas thanked his neighbor, and together with his wife, began to work for Mukhamedshakh. At first it seemed hard to them, but they soon got used to their new life, and the old people began to live and to work according to their strength. It was profitable for Mukhamedshakh to keep such people, because the old couple knew how to take proper care of things, and they were not lazy; they worked according to their strength; but Mukhamedshakh felt sorry as he looked at the old couple, and thought of how these high people had fallen to such a low state.

And it happened one day that kinsmen and distant guests came to Mukhamedshakh; the Mullah also came with them. Mukhamedshakh ordered Ilyas to catch a ram and kill him. Ilyas killed a ram, cooked it and sent it to the guests. The guests ate of the mutton, drank tea and started to drink koumiss. The guests and their host were seated on soft cushions and rugs, drinking koumiss out of cups, and chatting, while Ilyas got through with his work and went past the door. Mukhamedshakh noticed him and said to one of his guests: "Do you see the man who has just passed by this door?"

"Yes, I see him," answered the guest. "Is there anything remarkable about him?"

"The remarkable thing about him is that he was the richest man around here; Ilyas is his name; you may have heard of him."

"Of course I have heard of him," said the guest. "I never saw him, but his fame had travelled far and wide." "Now he has nothing, and he is working for me, and his old woman—she milks the mares."

Then the guest said: "May I speak to him? May I ask him about his life?" "Why not?" answered the host, and shouted: "Babai (grandpa in the language of the Bashkirs), come in; have some koumiss and call in the old woman."

And Ilyas came in with his wife. He greeted the guests and the host, made a prayer, and knelt near the door; and his wife passed behind the curtain and seated herself with the mistress of the house.

They gave Ilyas a cup of koumiss. He wished the guests and his master good health, bowed, took a sip of koumiss and put it back.

"I suppose, old man," said the guest to him, "I suppose that, looking at us, you must feel sad when you recall how you used to live before? when you think of how you live now in misery?"

And Ilyas smiled and said:

"If I were to tell you of happiness and unhappiness, you would not believe me. You had better ask my old woman; she is a woman, she will speak her mind; she

will tell you the whole truth about this matter."

And the guest said to the old woman behind the curtain:

"Well, grandma, tell me how you look upon your happiness in the past and upon your present misery."

And Sham-shemagi said from behind the curtain:

"I will tell you how I look upon it: The old man and I lived together for fifty years; we were looking for happiness, but did not find it, and here we have lived one year, since we lost everything, and we are working here, and we have found real happiness, and we need no other happiness."

The guests were surprised; even the master was surprised; he rose from his seat, drew aside the curtain to see the old woman.

Then the old woman went on:

"I am telling you the truth; I am not jesting. For a half-century we have been looking for happiness, and while we were rich we could not find it; now we have nothing left—we went to work for others—and we have found such happiness that we need none better."

"Wherein lies your happiness at present?"

"When we were rich, the old man and I never had an hour's rest; we had no time to have a good talk, to think of our souls, or to pray to God. We had so much anxiety. When guests came to us, we were worried, thinking how to treat this one or that one, so that to give to this one or that one, what no one should speak ill of us. When the guests came together we also had to look after the workmen; they are simply waiting for an opportunity to rest and to get something nice to eat, and we had to watch so as not to lose anything; we were sinning that way. Then we were afraid that a wolf might kill a colt or a calf, or that a thief might steal some of our horses. When we lay down to sleep we could not sleep, we were afraid that the sheep might choke the lambskins. We would go out at night, and no sooner would we feel relieved than a new anxiety would come over us—we would worry whether we would have enough feed for the cattle for winter. And besides this, there was no peace between me and the old man. He would say that a certain thing must be done that way, and I would say that it must be done the other way, and we would start to scold each other; we would sin that way. Thus we lived—always filled with anxiety, always sinning, and we never saw the happy life."

"And now?"

"Now the old man and I rise in the morning and we talk lovingly and peacefully; we have nothing to argue about, we have nothing to worry about; all we care for is to serve our master. We work according to our strength; we work willingly, so that our master shall have profit, not loss, through our work. When we come back from work there is dinner, there is supper for us, there is koumiss for us. If it is cold, there is a stove where we can warm ourselves, and we also have fur coats, and we have time to talk; we have time to think of our soul and pray to God. For fifty years we have been looking for happiness and we have just found it."

The guests began to laugh.

Then Ilyas said: "Do not laugh, brethren; this is not a joke, but a human life. We were foolish—the old woman and I; at first we were crying because we had lost our wealth, but now God has revealed to us the truth, and it is not for our amusement, but for your good, that we are revealing it to you."

And the Mullah said:

"These are words of wisdom, and he has told you the real truth; it is also written in the Scriptures."

And the guests stopped laughing and they became thoughtful.



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