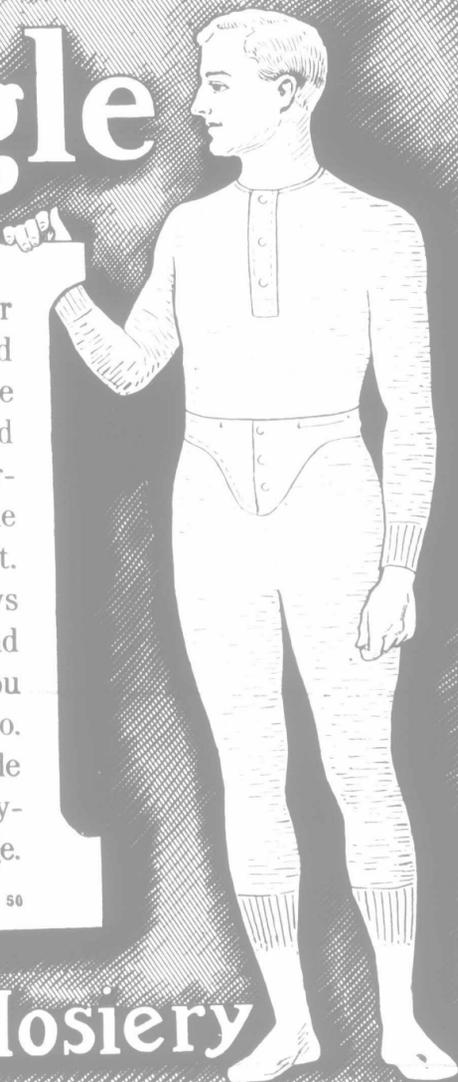


Pen-Angle

BE "fussy" about the fit of your underwear. Buy the kind tailored into lasting shape in the knitting—not just dragged into shape like ordinary underwear. You will, if the Pen-Angle trademark is on the garment. This is the underwear that stays in shape—doesn't shrink—and wears and wears. Here you see pictured Penman's No. 95. Ask for it. Made in all sizes for everybody of any age.



Underwear and Hosiery

THE SPICE OF LIFE.

DISTANCE LENDS ENCHANTMENT.
"Senator," said a traveller to Senator Thomas H. Carter, of Montana, as they were riding through that State toward Helena, "what are those holes I see on the opposite bank of the river?"
"Well," replied the Senator, "out here, we refer to them as holes in the ground, but in the East they are known as permanent mining investments."

A funny man indulged in a practical joke recently. He put an advertisement in a paper for a wife, and requested each candidate to inclose her carte de visite. It was a foolish thing to do, but one of the candidates served him out very well by sending the following letter: "Sir,—I do not inclose my carte, for, though there is some authority for putting a cart before a horse, I know of none for putting one before an ass."

He had been on a hunting expedition for several days in the backwoods, coughing it rather severely, and on taking a seat in a railway carriage returning homewards, he looked as begrimed and weatherbeaten as a trapper as ever brought his skins into a settlement. He happened to find a seat next to a young lady, evidently belonging to Boston—who, after taking stock of him for a few minutes, remarked: "Don't you find an utterly passionate sympathy with nature's most incarnate aspirations among the crapping mountains and the dim aisles of the horizon-touching forests, my good man?" "Oh, yes," replied the apparent backwoodsman, "and I also am frequently drawn into an exaltation of rapt soulfulness and beatific incandescent infinity of abstract continuity when my horse smiles." "Indeed?" said the young lady, much surprised. "I had no idea the poor classes felt like that."

W. R. Duley, mayor of Little Rock, rebuked, the other day, a political opponent by means of an anecdote.

"The gentleman does not really answer me. He quibbles," said Mayor Duley. "His words are like a little farm boy's."

"Once, in the country, I came upon a little freckled, mischievous farm boy. He proved to be bright and intelligent, and I said to him:

"Have you lived all your life here, my little man?"

"No, sir; not yet," he replied.

"Papa?"

"Well?"

"Is there a Christian flea?"

"Why, what on earth ever put that idea in your head?"

"The preacher read it out to-day from the Bible—'The wicked flee when no man pursueth.'"

"Why, Tommy, that means that the wicked men flee."

"Then, papa, is there a wicked women flea?"

"No, no. It means that the wicked flees, runs away."

"Why do they run?"

"Who?"

"The wicked flees."

"No, no! Don't you see? The wicked man runs away when no man is after him."

"Is there a woman after him?"

"Tommy, go to bed! . . ."

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ONTARIO PROVINCIAL WINTER FAIR

WILL BE HELD AT
GUELPH, ONTARIO
December 5th to 9th, 1910

MAGNIFICENT EXHIBITS
of HORSES, CATTLE,
SHEEP and SWINE,
SEEDS and POULTRY

PRACTICAL ADDRESSES

A special feature of the programme of addresses this year will be ten addresses on the production of feed for live stock. This series will be opened by Mr. C. C. James, Deputy Minister of Agriculture, with an address on "The Poorest and the Best in Crop Production." Following this there will be an address on "Underdraining," two addresses on roots, four addresses on corn, one on grain-growing and one on to lder crops. Other lecture sessions will be devoted to addresses on poultry, dairying, seeds and horses.

JUDGING COMMENCES MONDAY AFTERNOON
and evening with some of the best classes of HORSES, CATTLE, SHEEP.

SINGLE-FARE RATES ON THE RAILWAYS.

Apply to the Secretary for a complete programme.

JOHN BRIGHT, Pres. **A. P. WESTERVELT, Sec.**
MYRTLE STA. Parliament Bldgs., TORONTO.

MENTION THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE WHEN WRITING ADVERTISERS.

A "TALL" ONE.

Albert Griggs is a farmer who lives near Eagleville, Ohio. He has a herd of cows. For a long time he has enjoyed a considerable revenue from the milk they give, or which he takes from them. During the past month or so he has noticed a pronounced falling off in his herd's milk product. He was unable to account for it until last Monday, when, by chance, he discovered a singular condition of affairs in his cow pasture. It will doubtless be received with incredulity by Easterners, but the Cleveland Plaindealer vouches for it, and so it must be true. Mr. Griggs, it seems, found a singular family living in his pasture. It was made up of sixteen milk snakes, his old cat and four kittens. These incongruous units had taken up quarters together under a pile of rails, and, strange as it may seem, they all dwelt together in perfect harmony. When the evening shadows fell, the snakes, under the direction of the old cat, would go forth and select cows. Four snakes would then attach themselves to each cow, and while the kittens sat in a receptive attitude, the snakes would milk the cows into the opened mouths of the kittens. It was all very interesting, but Mr. Griggs somehow failed to enter into the proper spirit of the thing. He even went so far as to kill all the snakes, as well as the old cat and her kittens, so that now things have gone back to the humdrum on the Griggs farm in Ohio, and there is nothing further doing there out of the ordinary farm routine.—W. G. B., in The Evening Mail.