



Advertisements will be inserted under this heading, such as Farm Properties, Help and Situations Wanted, and Pet Stock. TERMS—Three cents per word each insertion. Each initial counts for one word and figures for two words. Names and addresses are counted. Cash must always accompany the order. No advertisement inserted for less than 50 cents.

CHEESE FACTORY FOR SALE—In good dairy district; well equipped; everything in good repair. For particulars apply to: J. A. Thistles, St. Paul's, Perth Co.

FOR SALE—Iron, Pipe, Pulleys, Belting, Rails, Chain, Wire Fencing, Iron Posts, etc.; all sizes very cheap. Send for list, stating what you need. Agents wanted; good commission. The Imperial Waste & Metal Co., Queen St., Montreal.

VANCOUVER ISLAND offers sunshine, mild climate; good profits for ambitious men with small capital in business, professional, fruit-growing, poultry, farming, manufacturing, lands, timber, mining, railroads, navigation, fisheries, new towns; no thunder storms; no mosquitoes; no malaria. For authentic information, free booklets, write Vancouver Island Development League, Room A 102, Broughton St., Vancouver, B.C.

WANTED—Good farm hand, single, by the year. W. C. Good, Brantford.

WANTED—A thoroughly capable manager for large mixed farm—fruit, cattle and grain. Good wages, yearly engagement. Dairy experience preferred. References required. Apply: Dr. Merritt, St. Catharines.

WANTED—Married man, experienced in fruit farming, by the year. House found. Apply, stating wages expected, with references, to Box S, "Farmer's Advocate," London, Ont.

The Delhi Tannery Wanted—2,000 hides to tan for robes, coats, etc. All kinds of hides, skins and furs dressed soft and pliable. Deerskin for buck, or with the hair on. Send them to me and have them dressed right. B. F. Bell, Delhi, Ont.

REAL ESTATE.

218 acres in Brant County, 24 miles from Paris, a choice clay loam, fine wheat land, 200 acres cultivated, 18 acres pasture, with spring water; 5,000 cedar posts; 75 acres into wheat; 70 acres plowed; good large stone house, cellar; 3 barns, one stone basement. Handy to town to sell milk to retailers at \$1.40 per 100 lbs. year round, and come and get it. This farm sold some time ago for \$14,500 with less buildings; to-day, \$12,000. A small farm in exchange.

100 acres, good clay loam, Oxford County, 9 miles from Ingersoll, on a main travelled road, fine neighborhood, in West Zorra Township, 4 miles from Embro; nearly all cultivated, some good timber; \$3,000 red pressed-brick residence, slate roof, cellar under whole house, furnace; 2 barns, 35 x 60 and 30 x 50; no basements. Price, \$7,500; easy terms. Could take small farms in exchange for larger farms.

R. WAITE.

Box 328. Oxford St., Ingersoll, Ont.

pleasure of pleasing me. Poor Aunt Lot had this fatal quality of forestalling surprises, and caused me to lock up the characteristic for future avoidance in my brain cabinet.

Then Evan called the men, and the digging and sorting began. It will take them at least a whole week to restore these hardy beds to order, but luckily the "extras" are a birthday gift, and do not have to be recorded and extracted, or, I should say, subtracted, from godmother's fifty pounds. Though really I suppose I should credit the garden account with them, all the same, if we are to keep track of what it costs. But why keep a garden account and reckon the cost of pure joy? Is it not cheap at any price?

But, on the other hand, if I do not keep the realizing sense of cost before me, I may be tempted some day to write a delusive book upon how to run a country home, horse and cow, inclusive, on ten dollars a week, supply a family of ten with vegetables grown in a city plot, or give minute instructions as to the way a cripple may support himself by raising roses for market from cuttings obtained from withered bouquets, in a greenhouse glazed with castaway photograph plates, and heated by a kerosene lamp!

I may not be wholly sane in my regard for money. In childhood a dollar did not mean a hundred cents, but twenty packets of flower seeds; ten cents, a clump of pansies, a verbenas, or a small geranium; while twenty-five cents stood for a heliotrope, a Fuchsia, or a tea-rose in

forced and consequently hectic bloom. Even now money never seems an actuality, unless reckoned by its products, merely being according to its volume—so much food, so many plants, dogs, books, or a coveted bit of land or a horse, consequently a commodity not to be hoarded, but to be immediately sent out to fulfil its destiny. For as long as you keep money it yields nothing but worry, the current rate of interest being simply beneath contempt. On the other hand, you buy dogs and you buy food; one eats the other, there is no waste, while satisfaction and good company is the result. Also you buy seeds and manure; the seeds eat the manure, the flowers are the results. Is not this true economy?

Evan shakes his head at my theories, and yet when I corner him, he confesses that he has somewhat the same feeling, and that the ideal condition to him would be to work for pure love of it, never thinking of money, but simply by putting the hand in the pocket always finding the sum necessary to pay for the article purchased.

This morning, as we walked to and fro, hatless and absorbing the wonderfully balmy air that father said was a reprieve granted to autumn by summer in honor of my birthday, we crossed the open square and followed the line of the cart track down the field among the trees, until it wound in and out like a cowpath.

"We might," I suggested, "use this cart-track as a walk through this short stretch of smooth ground, and end it where the bushes and trees begin, continuing the beds of hardy flowers beside it. Some day, perhaps, we will have this old wood-lot plowed up and cultivated."

"Cultivated? No," said Evan, as if an inspiration had seized him, pointing over the half-dozen acres where the children of the ancient wood, in the shape of second-growth hemlock, maples, a few beeches and red oaks mingled with dogwood, cornel, bayberry, sweet fern, and hazel bushes, and the dry, yellow fronds of the cinnamon and bleached, hay-scented ferns grew amid a maze of seeded asters and goldenrods that still showed here and there a fresh spray of yellow. "No, this shall be your wild garden. A strip of made path here until it curves under those hemlocks, then merely a grass trail of a lawn-mower's width running where you will, and to be varied according to mood, until it reaches the bars, where we will have a bench and stile. Ferns there are already in plenty, and we can bring fresh roots home from every back-country trip we take. The wild things will never mope and starve in these surroundings; so we need not cultivate, but merely adjust ourselves to the land."

"Yes, and the spring hole with the mossy cask around it, where the cows used to drink down by the bars, we might use for a lily pool, and have Japan iris and native water-plants in the surrounding muddy ground. Oh, Evan, you angel, for a long time I've suspected you of having nice, strong, practical, magic wings folded away under your coat. This thought opens possibilities not even shadowed in my Garden of Dreams."

"It is for this and the wherewithal to make your dreams come true that I am here, instead of in that old garden overseas. No, don't look distressed, sweetheart; for, after all, a man's wife is his home and kindred."

Then father came up, wondering what we were discovering either in each other or in what, to unilluminated eyes, seemed only a ragged wood-lot, brown with November's smoke tints.

When we had explained that the Garden of Dreams was to begin at the "Mother Tree," and end quite out of sight in a maze of wilderness, his face was strangely lighted, and putting an arm around my waist and Evan's shoulder, he drew us together, saying, "Children, your lives, I believe, will be a long walk through the garden of your affec-

tions, and your old father thanks God that he is allowed to walk even a small part of it with you."

The hardy roses and shrubs that Evan had bought, also as a birthday gift, to supplement those we already had, have been banked up in the vegetable garden until the borders are rearranged. Of course, we take a risk in planting things so late. October is a better time; but if we have a close, snowy winter, there is little danger, and we shall put straw jackets on the roses until they are established. On the other hand, if one waits to plant hardy things until spring, the ground may

be late in thawing, and a whole season's bloom lost.

How delightfully the damp earth around the plant roots smelled when Evan unpacked them this morning. I think I must have a tinge of poor Peter Schmidt's love of the soil, irrespective of what it produces, in my nature, for the various earth odors all have a separate tale to tell, and the leaf mould of the woods bears a wholly different fragrance from that of the soil under pasture turf, or the breath that the garden gives off in great sighs of relief when it is relaxed and refreshed by a summer shower.

(To be continued.)

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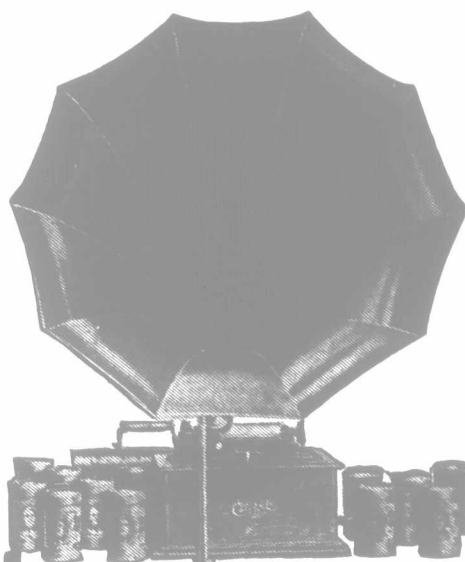
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