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RIVER VALLEY CLYDESDALES AND SHORTHORNS.



For Sale—Two stallions, one imp., the other imp. in dam; 2 imp. mares 3 and 4 yrs. of age—a grand pair, with size and quality; 1 fly foal imp. in dam. Shorthorns all ages, of both sexes; straight milking strain. A. V. Carefoot, Thornbury Sta., Redwing P. O.

Imported Clydesdales



Just arrived, a choice shipment of stallions and fillies; dark colors; all first-class breeding. Inspection invited. Terms to suit.

Geo. G. Stewart, Howick, Que.

Imp. Clydesdale Fillies



Have now on hand about a dozen, nearly all imported, high-class lot and very rich bred. Combine size and quality and all in foal. Also one-year-old stallion. Write me, or come and see them.

Clydesdales, Shorthorns and Cotswolds—For individuals of above breeds, write me. My new Cotswold and Clydesdale importation will arrive early in the season.
J. C. ROSS, Jarvis P. O. & Sta.

Aberdeen - Angus Cattle

FOR SALE
Young bulls, also females of various ages. Good, growthy, quick-feeding animals, of excellent breeding and type. Come and see them or address:
WM. ISCOE
P. O. and G. T. R. Stn., Sebringville, Ont.

Aberdeen - Angus Cattle.

If you want anything in this line, write or come and see them at Elm Park, Guelph.

James Bowman, Guelph, Ont.

The Sunnyside Herefords.



To make room for my new importation, I will sell four cows with heifer calves, one yearling bull and two bull calves at a 20% reduction if taken in the next 30 days. The best of breeding and individual merit. Herd is headed by a son of the grand champion, Prime Lad.
Address: M. H. O'NEIL, Southgate, Ont.



FOR SALE:
Young Shorthorn bulls and bull calves; Berkshire pigs of all ages; Shropshire sheep and lambs.

JOHN RACEY,
Lennoxville, Quebec.

YOUNG SHORTHORN BULLS!

Am now offering 2 grand ones from Scottish Peer (imp.). Will make show animals. Also Leicester sheep. A number of young breeding ewes to sell.
JAS. SNELL, Gilmont, Ont.

High-class Shorthorns Royal Chief, a son of Mildred's Royal, at head of herd. We are offering a few choice heifers of show-ring form. Pure Scotch. Terms reasonable. A. DUNCAN & SONS, Carleton Place, Ont.

Maple Leaf Shorthorns Chancellor's Model, now heads the herd, which contains Crimson Flower, Lady Fanny, Miss Ramsden, Rosemary, Matchless, Diamond, and Imp. Bessie Wenlock. Now offering a lot of choice calves, both sexes. Israel Groff, Alma, Ont.

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am sure. His prospects are excellent. He is the owner of several inventions, and is a partner in an automobile factory that promises to do an unusually good business. He met your niece while she was at school in the city and brought her to see me. I think her a sweet and lovable girl, and we feel much honored by the alliance."

She paused and glanced slightly at Aunt Jane's stony countenance.

The old lady looked ahead at the distant phaeton. Then she settled herself comfortably in the upholstered seat.

"I don't seem to be anything but a passenger in this affair," she stiffly remarked. Then she suddenly smiled. "But I guess meebly it's all right."—W. R. Rose, in Cleveland Plain Dealer.

THE SPICE OF LIFE.

A Baltimore man tells of an address made to some school children in that city by a member of the board of trustees:

"My young friends," said the speaker, "let me urge upon you the necessity of not only reading good books, but also of owning them, so that you may have access to them at all times. Why, when I was a young man, I used frequently to work all night to earn money to buy books, and then get up before daylight to read them!"

A story is current concerning a professor who is reputed to be slightly absent-minded. The learned man had arranged to escort his wife one evening to the theatre.

"I don't like the tie you have on. I wish you would go up and put on another," said his wife.

The professor tranquilly obeyed. Moment after moment elapsed, until finally the impatient wife went upstairs to learn the cause of delay. In his room she found her husband undressed and getting into bed. Habit had been too much for him when he took off his tie.

The telephone girl and the ledger clerk, to whom she had promised her heart and hand, were seated by the fireside, dreaming of the happy days when they would be one. From one little detail to another the talk finally drifted to the subject of lighting fires in the morning. On this point, the young man was decided. He stated as his firm opinion that it was a wife's place to get up and light the fires, and let the poor, hard-working husband rest. After this declaration there was silence for about a second. Then the girl thrust out her finger, encircled by a ring, and murmured, sweetly but firmly:

"Ring off, please. You have got the wrong number?"

While driving along a country road a man saw the roof of a farmer's house ablaze. He gesticulated and called to the farmer's wife, who was calmly standing in the doorway:

"Hey, your house is afire!"

"What?" she bawled out.

"I say your house is afire!"

"What did y' say? I'm a little deaf!"

"Your house is afire!" again yelled the man at the top of his lungs.

"Oh, is that all?" calmly replied the woman.

"It's all I can think of just now," responded the man in a rather weak voice as he drove on.

Senator Tillman not long ago piloted a plain farmer-constituent around the capital for awhile, and then, having some work to do on the floor, conducted him to the Senate gallery.

After an hour or so the visitor approached a gallery doorkeeper and said: "My name is Swate. I am a friend of Senator Tillman. He brought me here and I want to go out and look around a bit. I thought I would tell you so I can get back in."

"That's all right," said the doorkeeper, "but I may not be here when you return. In order to prevent any mistake I will give you the password so you can get your seat again."

Swate's eyes rather popped out at this. "What's the word?" he asked.

"Idiosyncrasy."

"What?"

"Idiosyncrasy."

"I guess I'll stay in," said Swate.

A DAUGHTER OF THE AZTECS.

I have always contended that a five-o'clock tea is no place for a man, and even yet I marvel that I should have been inveigled into responding to Mrs. Allerton's bit of pasteboard in person.

You always know quite well what to expect—a room so dark you stumble over things, and a confused and irritating cackle of many women talking at once, and the necessity of swallowing a lot of stuff that is a reproach to your lunch and an insult to your forthcoming dinner.

I must say Mrs. Allerton does things better than most, and it is really a precious privilege to inspect her cups, but as I opened the door a confused murmur of voices met me, and in a moment more I found myself in the thick of the hubbub, making my bow over Mrs. Gray's fat hand.

"Oh, doctor," she said, moving aside her draperies and waving me into a seat beside her, "don't you know, you are just the one person in the world I am dying to see."

"Professionally, madam?" I asked, as she tapped me on the hand with ponderous playfulness.

"No, no, you naughty thing; I was just telling these ladies about Philip Hartness marrying a cowboy, or something of that kind, out in Texas."

"But that you said it," I murmured, faintly. "I wouldn't have believed it possible. Of course, we all know that the Texas law is effete and weak-kneed, except in the matter of horse dealing; still—"

"Oh! you horrid creature," Mrs. Gray cried again, tapping me with her fan. "Now, do be a good boy and tell us just how it happened, for I know you were there and assisted at the orgy, or rite, or whatever they call such functions. Is she pretty, for I suppose that, after all, in this case the cowboy is a she?"

I looked hopelessly around, saw no means of escape, and then I thought of my friend and his young wife, and remembered that these women held her social destiny in their hand. Mrs. Gray herself was not unkindly, and in the faces turned toward me was one in whose deep dark eyes I read understanding and sympathy.

"Dear madam," I said, "your requests are commands. To begin with, Dolores—it is a sad little name, isn't it?—is something more than pretty. Her mother was a Mexican. You needn't shrug your shoulders. She comes of one of the old Aztec families, and I assure you they scorn our best blood as something entirely too much of yesterday to be seriously considered, and her people raised a pretty row when Dolores's mother fell in love with an Englishman, and persisted in marrying him. Poor thing, she didn't live long enough to fulfill the prophecies and regret it, but she bequeathed Dolores the finest eyes you ever saw—deep, dark, lustrous, with a tawny flash in them that makes you remember them when you have forgotten how perfect is the oval of her face and how blood-red the scarlet line of her mouth. She was a sensation in Paris—"

"What, Paris?" an incredulous chorus from my audience.

"Yes," I answered, quietly. "She was educated in Paris. You see, her father owns the cattle on a thousand hills, or whatever is the modern equivalent to that, and he worships Dolores. She never had what you would call good breeding. She lived alone with her father at their hacienda until one time she chanced to go with him to the city to sell the cattle. Some women looked curiously at her and made a slighting remark on her clothes, or appearance, that struck fire to the proud little heart.

"I am an Aztec!" she said, fiercely, to her father that night. "I will not be shamed by los Americanos. Give me the education and clothes that befit my birth. Paris is the heart of the world. I will go there." And her father, who had never thwarted her in her life, made the journey with her, and left her in a famous pension with a letter of credit that must have staggered the proprietress.

It was while Dolores was in Paris that I came to know her father. I got interested in a scheme for buying a large ranch on the Rio Grande, so went over to America, and fell in love with the life, and spent two or three years, mostly at their hacienda. It was the merest

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Shorthorns, Cotswolds, Berkshires



On hand: two yearling bulls and a number under one year, also females of all ages. In Cotswolds, about 30 lambs. Have also a few young Berkshire boars.
CHAS. E. BONNYCASTLE, P. O. and Station, Campbellford, Ont.

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For sale: Young bulls and heifers by imp. sires, and from grand milking cows. Leicesters—A choice lot of shearing rams and ewes, also ram and ewe lambs of the finest type and breeding. And a few extra good Berkshire boars. All for sale at reasonable prices.

W. A. Douglas, Caledonia Station, Tuscarora P. O.

1 BULL



16 months old, sired by Royal Bruce, imported; 2 10 months old, sired by Lord Lieutenant, imported; cows and heifers imported and home-bred. All at reasonable prices.
SCOTT BROS., Highgate, Ont.

8 SCOTCH SHORTHORN BULLS

Aged 6 to 14 months. Marr Beautys, Campbell Charet, Bessies, Claras and Rosebuds, got by the Broadhocks bull, Broadhocks Prince (imp.) 88003. Also cows and heifers in calf or with calves at foot or being bred to same bull. Prices lowest and terms easy.

DAVID MILNE, Ethel, Ont.

"I saw Jinx yesterday, and he was running down your auto at a great rate."

"You should have seen him day before yesterday."

"Why?"

"My auto was running him down at a great rate."

