

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

ONTARIO PROVINCIAL FAIR

RETURN TICKETS AT

**Single Fare
TO
GUELPH**

From all stations in Ontario, west of Kingston. Good going Dec. 5th to Dec. 11th. Return limit Dec. 14th, 1908.

THE ATTRACTIVE ROUTE TO

**Manitoba, Saskatchewan
and Alberta**

is via Chicago and St. Paul, Minneapolis or Duluth. Full information from Grand Trunk agents.

POULTRY AND EGGS

Condensed advertisements will be inserted under this heading at two 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 for any advertisement under this heading. Parties having good pure-bred poultry and eggs for sale will find plenty of customers by using our advertising columns. No advertisement inserted for less than 50 cents.

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"come you down to be near them when they dance."

She caught my hand, and I followed. Mysteriously arising from all quarters, boys and girls, men and women, began to dot the face of nature; from Joggins and the steep way and the lanes in all directions, the groups began to gather in a nucleus at the River settlement.

I saw Rob, one arm upheld in a sling, little Rhody Ditmarse drawing him eagerly by the other hand. He smiled when he saw us, and came instantly over to us.

Rhody's small and wise countenance was abeam with the general excitement and satisfaction.

"Me an' Rob cut a great pace hyperin' down here to the frolick, soon as ever we see the bears a-comin'," she said, and added, in explanation of the green apples she was heartily devouring, "of course, seein' as I was off on a good time, I had to ketch off a few cholery-balls to chew on the way."

Rob gave his familiar laugh of supreme enjoyment and marvelling admiration of Rhody. I can see that genial face, to this day; no covert ridicule there, but only as if he said, "Was there ever such a brilliant little girl as this?" She made a hopeful diversion, for, though Rob and Cuby made some talk together, they were not at ease in each other's company.

"My, but I admire your cap w'at you wear, little Rhody," said Cuby, as if making friends on the whole with this small and competent being who had once so emphatically relieved her from the situation of "Grief" on the Sunday-school stage; "it mus' make-a you proud, that cap."

"Oh no," said Rhody gravely; "they come free. But, o' course, I couldn' wear my Sunday hat to the bear-frolick. A man goes around givin' these away, an' you wear it all around so as to make known the goods what's wrote on it." There was an illustration of a table on Rhody's cap, surrounded by a family group, from aged grandparent to infant in highchair, and above the festive scene shone in clear type the words, "Home Circle Tea."

"Car'line Treet," continued Rhody, "keeps wearin' her old 'sody' cap. She says, 'A dog 't ye know, with its fur droopin', is better 'n a strange cat with a ribbon 'round its neck.' Mebby she's right, but anyway, Home Circle Tea's cap is the very last one they've been 'round with, and all the children's a-wearin' 'em"—a statement confirmed on the spot by the moving panorama of caps bearing that legend.

Rhody put up her hard little fist to grasp Rob's hand in ecstasy as the bears came lunging down the steeps, and Rob held her hand, smiling.

I knew not whether to slip the paper, then, into his possession. While at sight of his face, I found myself willing enough, and eager, to do that, yet the look of Bate's face and Gar' Tee-bo's glooming on the far edge of the group bade me restrain the impulse yet a while. I was thinking it might be better first to make my sail to Waldeck and send my message to the doctor, and—to have another talk with Cuby.

"Forward-a-march-a!" commanded the keepers of their bears, in stentorian Italian, mingled with evidences of a bad cold in the head. The three great beasts stood erect, and marched in time to an execrable tune sniffed wearily and perfunctorily through the noses of the three showmen; marched and counter-marched, gigantic creatures, offspring of the wilds about them, who could have annihilated their keepers by a stroke of the paw and scattered the multitude like chaff before the wind.

Their eyes were sodden, dull. The mighty wilderness that had been theirs by right lay all about them; and they, tamed to earn their master's bread and to forego their very nature—the epitome of awful patience and of all-crushed desire—they danced and climbed the swaying flagpole

and "said their prayers," amid the jibes of the crowd, with the huge compliance of painfully uplifted paws.

The tide was creeping in apace: with it came the wind of all bold adventure and triumph over adversity and pain.

"Now wrastle-a-wrastle-a for the people."

They clinched and struggled in forced combat, growling angrily, so well trained, indeed, to simulated wrath that their huge embrace showed intensely dramatic against the background of the sea and hills. There was a strange majesty about them; the wilderness was still in them, and imperial strength. In my heart I commended them to break away and make for the lair of the forests that was waiting to receive them, but they struggled on with sovereign obedience.

"No man is my keeper," I muttered. "I do so because I will—and I'll do it with joy, by God, because I am a man."

"What?" said Cuby. "You make-a talk to yourself, Jeem?" and she laughed.

The crowd was dispersing. The keepers, with the hat of coppers collected through the incongruous whining and scraping of the mighty bears, had tied the beasts to a meal in the shed while they entered the "board-house" for refreshment. Rob and Rhody were beginning the ascent of the hill. The release paper was still in my pocket, and there was much to do.

"No, I don't want to talk to myself, Cuby," I answered. "I want to talk with you. It's in dead earnest, too." We turned, walking slowly toward her cabin together.

"You know, Cuby, I've always loved Mary Stingaree. I love her still, but that's over."

"God is good to you, Jeem," declared Cuby, with a brave toss of the head.

"Now, you like to flirt with about everybody, Cuby, and you've tried it a little on me, when there was no better subject. I'm a rough old fellow. I don't expect or reckon you could love me. But I've been thinking; and it seems to me, when we've got things settled, you and I had better make out to sea together, and try some new port for setting up a shanty. What do you say, little girl?"

(To be continued.)

Mr. Robert Miller, Stouffville, Ont., importer and breeder of Shorthorns, writes: About a month ago, I sold to Messrs Thos. Scott & Son, Sutton West, Ont., the pure Cruickshank Butterfly bull, Royal Jubilee =69813=, sire the Duthie Secret bull, Imp. Royal Fancy (93217), imported and sold by me, dam Imp. Jubilee Maid 2nd, imported by me. The winning heifer calf in the herd of D. R. Hanna, of Ohio, this season, was by Royal Fancy, and from a daughter of Jubilee Maid 2nd, imported in dam, and calved in my possession. Have also sold to John Goodfellow, Myrenall, Ont., the red bull calf from Imp. Brilliant Star =60833=, and an imported Kilblean Beauty cow, with quality and milking features that would make any person want a calf from her. The show-rings of Canada and the United States this year have been most interesting to me, for in very many cases it was a contest between Shorthorns bred from sires and dams that I had furnished, the best positions almost invariably being given to them in the finish. In nearly every State Fair, the "Get of Sire" winning first, and many times second and third as well, were by sires imported or whose ancestors were imported by me. The winning bulls were the same to a greater extent than could be claimed by any breeder or importer with regard to his importations in any year. To make it a short story, if the animals with a pre dominance of blood furnished by me had been removed from the show-rings of 1908, a greater vacuum would have been made than if that of four or five other breeders had been kept from showing. Some men have imported more Shorthorns, but no one has made half the improvement to the breed, as evidenced by the show-rings of the last three years.

Messrs. W. G. Pettit & Sons, Freeman and J. A. Watt, Salem, Ont., announce a joint sale of Scotch Shorthorns from their noted herds, to take place at West Toronto Stock-yards on February 3rd, 1909.

Mr. C. D. Wager, Enterprise, Addington County, Ont., claims the date January 14th, 1909, for an auction sale of imported and home-bred Shorthorn cattle at his home, particulars of which may be looked for in later issues of "The Farmer's Advocate."

Messrs. S. J. Pearson, Son & Co., Meadowdale, Peel Co., Ont., 20 miles west of Toronto, C. P. R., 6 miles from Brampton, G. T. R., breeders of Shorthorn cattle and Berkshire swine, write: "Having sold 33 Shorthorns since last December, we have 25 head more to dispose of this coming year, which is our yearly increase from 27 breeding cows, including the finest lot of young bulls we ever had, many of them good enough to head first-class herds. Parties requiring such will do well to call and see our herd. We claim our Berkshires are a very prolific strain, as evidence the last five young sows we sold have farrowed from ten to twelve pigs each, being their first litters."

DUTY ON IMPORTED BROWN SWISS.

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":

In your issue of November 26th, you inform a correspondent, who makes inquiries, that Brown Swiss cattle may be brought into Canada duty free on presentation of a Certificate of Registration in the American Brown Swiss Record. In this you are mistaken. Under the present custom regulation, duty has to be paid. The reason of this is that there is no Canadian Record for Brown Swiss cattle, and the United States not being the country of origin of the breed, the American Brown Swiss Record does not appear on our recognized list of records. A quarantine regulation prevents the importation of animals from Switzerland, the country of origin, otherwise they might be admitted from that country on Import Certificates.

ACCOUNTANT,

National Live-stock Records, Ottawa.

At the annual auction sale of Percheron horses from the stud of H. G. McMillan, Sioux City, Iowa, on Nov. 17th and 18th, 80 head, stallions and mares, sold for an average of \$460. The highest price of the day was \$1,000, for the black stallion Viborg, and the highest price for a mare \$830. On Nov. 19th, the Pabst stock farm, Oconomowoc, Wis., sold 38 head of Percherons for an average of \$309.

NOT FOR MONEY SAYS MR. QUIRK

Would He be Without Dodd's
Kidney Pills.

They Cured His Lumbago of Twenty
Years' Standing, and Made Him
Feel Twenty Years Younger.

Fortune Harbor, Nfld., Nov. 30.—(Special).—Sixty years of age, but hale and hearty, and with all the vigor of a young man, Mr. Richard Quirk, well known and highly respected here, gives all the credit for his good health to Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"I suffered for over twenty years from Lumbago and Kidney Disease," Mr. Quirk says, "and after consulting doctors and taking their medicines, made up my mind I was incurable. I was unable to work when I was persuaded to buy a box of Dodd's Kidney Pills. To my great and happy surprise I had not taken half a box when I experienced great relief. Seven boxes cured me. That was in 1900, and I am still cured. I would not be without Dodd's Kidney Pills for any money. I am twenty years younger than before I took them."

Dodd's Kidney Pills cure the Kidneys. Healthy Kidneys strain all the impurities out of the blood. That's why they cure Rheumatism, Sciatica, and other diseases caused by the presence of uric acid in the blood.

Dairy Farm, NEAR MONTREAL, FOR SALE

As a Going Concern, at a Great
Bargain, for Excellent Reasons.

The chance of a lifetime for a live dairyman. Milk nets \$2 per 100. Over 100 acres excellent land. Well-built house. Silos. Barn for 40 milk cows, and other stock. Running water. Near station, post office, school and churches.

Write and arrange for early visit before snow comes.

P. O. Box 953, Montreal, Que.

VALLEY HOME

Shorthorns and Berkshires

For sale: Six young bulls fit for service, and young cows and heifers; some are choice show animals. Also ten fine young Berkshire sows of prolific strains. Write, or come and see our stock. Visitors welcome.

S. J. Pearson, Son & Co., Meadowdale, Ont.

Stations: Meadowdale, C. P. R., and Brampton, G. T. R.