



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.

FIRST-CLASS FARM FOR SALE—200 acres, suitable for any kind of grain; no stumps or stones; can be divided into 2 farms. Two sets of buildings; one house brick, 8 rooms, and summer kitchen; the other frame, 8 rooms, back kitchen and woodshed; 2 flowing wells; abundance of water. Farm well fenced. One and one-quarter miles from schools, churches, post office and railway station. First-class locality. 160 cleared and under cultivation; 40 acres bush. Apply: 70 Harvard Ave., Toronto.

FARM FOR SALE—200 acres, in Elma Township, near Listowel; good buildings; land clean and in excellent state of cultivation; in good dairy section; will sell on easy terms, as owner wishes to retire. Apply to Wm. Burnett, Britton, Ontario.

ONTARIO VETERAN GRANTS WANTED—Located or unlocated; state price. Box 35, Brantford.

STEADY married man is open for engagement on farm, near a Roman Catholic church. Address: Mr. King, Teeswater, Ontario.

SEED WHEAT FOR SALE—American Banner, White, Bald, grown on new land; splendid yield; tested 50.8 bushels per acre at Quelp (see last report); strong straw. Send for sample. Price, 90c. per bushel; bags, 25c. each. Prompt shipment. Yorkshire swine. W. T. Davidson & Son, Meadowvale, Ontario.

VANCOUVER ISLAND, British Columbia, offers sunshine, mild climate; good profits for men with small capital in fruit-growing, poultry, mixed farming, timber, manufacturing, fisheries, new towns. Good chances for the boys. Investments safe at 6 per cent. For reliable information, free booklets, write Vancouver Island Development League, Room A, 23 Broughton Street, Victoria, British Columbia.

WIRE FENCING FOR SALE—Brand new, at 20 to 50% less than regular price. Write for price-list. The Imperial Wire & Metal Co., Queen St., Montreal.

WANTED—Experienced horse stockman and wife. Take care of 200-acre farm, near Hamilton. Knowledge of breeding and raising of young horse stock essential. Apply: C. A. Miller, Box 164, Hamilton, Ontario.

220 ACRES—Township of Markham, County of York; 1 mile from Locust Hill station, O.P.R., 20 miles from Toronto. 2 good houses, modern outbuildings; silos, windmills, etc. 20 acres bush; stream through farm. One of the best farms in township. Very reasonable price for quick sale. F. E. Reesor, Locust Hill, Ontario.

200 Acres for Sale.

Choice clay loam; Oxford County; three miles from Plattsville; half mile from village store and post office, school and church; 14 miles from Galt, on a main road. The farm is very hard to excel for quality of soil, slightly rolling to drain well; spring creek for stock; the buildings cost more than asked for farm. Very fine two-story stone house, 30x40, and 20x34, and 35x17; window and door sills and chimneys dressed stone; stone work is most excellent; house is bricked inside, making it warm and damp-proof; cellar and furnace; house worth \$5,000 or \$6,000; barns are magnificent, all clear stuff, lumber all through, battened and painted; barn 75x85; L to it 40x90; tie up 60 head of cattle; shed 45x25; sheep pen and hen-house, 50x30; all on stone basements; buggy house, 25x25; stone pigpen, 40x25; 160 acres cultivated; buildings cost at least \$16,000, and this price will take the farm, with thirty acres of wheat in. B. Walte, Oxford Street, Ingersoll.

Notice to Reeve and Councillors

New Patent Snow Plough, can do the work of 50 men; Stone and Stump Puller; Silo for green corn. Come and see me at Sherbrooke, Toronto, Ottawa, and Quebec Fairs.

A. LEMIRE, Proprietor, Wotten, Que.

Registered Seed Wheat for Sale

Dawson Golden Chaff Variety, grown according to the rules of the Canadian Seed Growers' Association for the last 11 years. Scored 97 3/4 out of the possible 100.

C. R. GIES, Heidelberg, Ont.



PURE-BRED Pekin and Rouen Ducks; Wyandotte Rocks; Leghorns, trios, not related, \$2.40. Satisfaction guaranteed. Wade & Son, Sarnia, Ontario.

S.-C. White Leghorns Great layers and prize-winners. Eggs: \$1.00 per 15; a hatch guaranteed. Geo. D. Fletcher, Binkham Ont.

like," concluded Nancy; "far more heroic."

But Evelyn had suddenly ceased to listen. She had risen to her feet, and, with parted lips and all the color gone from her face, waited for two men who had entered the room and now came toward them.

One of these was keen of face and slight of figure; he wore a foreign decoration in his buttonhole, and had the modernity of America written on his every look and movement; the other was tall and strong, like a knight of old, and his badge of honor was an empty sleeve.—Seaman Bright, in N.Y. Tribune.

A Souvenir Enforced.

By Leslie Davis.

Mrs. Birchard looked up from her embroidery. "Henry," she announced, "I have been thinking about giving a ladies' luncheon."

"Well," responded her husband, encouragingly, "that would be nice."

"Yes," she pursued, meditatively, "teas are pleasant and card parties are exciting, but I don't think one really enjoys anything more than an informal luncheon. I believe I'll invite eleven, that will make twelve of us, and twelve is such an easy number to serve, a dozen of everything just goes around. Now, when would you have it? How would Tuesday do, the fourth?"

Judge Birchard placed a black six on a red seven in his game of solitaire, then he looked up with a laugh. "It seems to me, Bertha," he remarked, slyly, "that the fourth will just about be somebody's birthday."

His wife beamed upon him. "Henry Birchard, you are the best husband I have. How do you remember! It's the rarest of virtues. If you only knew how some women have to hint and maneuver in order to have any notice taken of their anniversaries! They are forced to be quite shameless about it. Yes, it will be my birthday, but no one will know it, unless it is Sally Palmer; old school friends have dreadful memories. You see, Henry, I want to have the luncheon soon, because I have an uncertain feeling about this Anna of ours; I am so afraid she will leave, and she does serve beautifully. I needn't worry about faithful old Maggie, she will cook everything perfectly."

While the cards were being shuffled, Judge Birchard looked over at his wife inquiringly. "If I am satisfactory as a husband and Anna and Maggie are equal to their parts, why that anxious pucker in your forehead?" he asked.

"Oh, it's really nothing, Henry, nothing at all; but I do wish I were more original! You see, every hostess tries to have something a little different, a souvenir, or anything of that sort, and I have racked my brain, but I simply cannot think of a thing that hasn't been done before."

The Judge rose and looked down upon her affectionately. "I wouldn't worry about that, Bertha," he reassured her. "Give them a good luncheon, and I don't think they will miss the something different. Well, I have to go down town now. I agreed to meet Markham at the club."

But he did not go directly to the club. Instead he made straight for the glittering counters of Mann & Company, his resource in the annual struggle to find a suitable token with which to celebrate Bertha's natal day.

"A little something for my wife," he confided to the friendly salesman, who had assisted in the yearly rite many times previously.

"Ah, yes. Let me see. Mrs. Birchard is pretty well provided with the usual table silver, I believe. Here now is something a trifle out of the ordinary; small individual skewers in silver. How would they do?"

"Just the thing!" The Judge was delighted to have found his gift so easily. Bertha would be charmed, and she could use the skewers for the first time in her birds on Tuesday. A master stroke!

"There is a small space for engraving," the clerk suggested, amiably. "The initials, as I remember, are B.L.B.?"

Judge Birchard hesitated. "I have always had the date on her presents," he considered. "As the place is so small, how would it do to omit the letters and simply put on the date?"

"Certainly, only a matter of choice";

and that concern so easily adjusted, the Judge went complacently on to his club.

Perhaps no entertainment, however successful ultimately, ever glided smoothly toward completion without a hitch. In the morning of the appointed Tuesday, Mrs. Birchard was summoned to the telephone at the call of her friend, Mrs. Palmer.

"Oh, Bertha, I am so sorry, but I cannot come to your luncheon after all! Cousin Amelia has come down from Piedmont to spend the day with me."

"Sally! What a shame! Let me think a minute. Why, of course you must come and bring Cousin Amelia with you!"

"That is perfectly sweet of you, Bertha, but have you considered? She would make thirteen at the table."

"So she would." Then after a pause, "Well, what if she does? I don't believe there is any one left on earth so benighted that she would object to sitting thirteen. I'll tell you what I'll do, Sally, I'll call each one up and ask her and let you know the result."

A series of telephone talks elicited the agreeable information that none of the guests would feel uneasy in the least, so the matter was arranged and at the appointed hour the visitors, emancipated from superstition, greeted each other and Cousin Amelia at Mrs. Birchard's hospitable board.

It was a delightful luncheon. Gay bits of spirited chatter and waves of airy laughter filled the dining-room, while one delicious dish succeeded another, prepared by the gifted Maggie and served by the irreproachable Anna.

It was with pardonable pride that in due time Mrs. Birchard surveyed a row of plates, each adorned with a round, brown bird held firmly together by a little shining, silver skewer. Only a very keen observer would have noticed that the hostess' bird was unspurred.

Smilingly she watched her guests; each face reflected her own pleasure. A murmur of admiration went up from around the table; then—oh, could she believe her ears?

"What a perfectly original way of presenting souvenirs!" her left-hand neighbor was exclaiming.

"Isn't it?" another guest chimed in.

"Mrs. Birchard, you are too clever!"

"They have the date on! How cunning! It is the prettiest memento I have had all this autumn," declared a third. "I am going to pull mine out at once so that I will not forget to take it; you'd all better do the same," she advised gayly, and the others agreed and followed suit.

"How did you happen to think of giving them?" asked Cousin Amelia mildly.

Mrs. Birchard heard as in a nightmare. They were appropriating her birthday present and she was powerless even to speak! She must say something, she thought, and managed a feeble smile.

"The idea came to me quite suddenly," she answered at last, and they all nodded brightly at her and went on talking happily.

After this delightful incident the luncheon progressed as successfully as before. Suddenly Mrs. Palmer's voice came floating down the table.

"You needn't think I have forgotten it, Bertha; this is your birthday!"

Another animated chorus. "Really? How delightful! Why didn't you tell us, we could have brought you a present!"

"What did you receive? do tell us!" asked Cousin Amelia pleasantly.

A CANADIAN SCHOOL FOR BOYS.

RIDLEY COLLEGE

St. Catharines, Ontario.

Three separate residences; new, specially built and equipped. 1. Lower School for Boys under fourteen. 2. Dean's House, for Boys of fourteen and fifteen. 3. Upper School, for Advanced Pupils. Gymnasium and Swimming Bath just erected. Fine Hockey Rink, Athletic Fields and Playgrounds unsurpassed. Eighty acres. Mild climate. University scholarships won in 1909 and 1910. Boys prepared for Agricultural College.

REV. J. O. MILLER, M. A., D. C. L., PRINCIPAL.

Insult to injury! What had she received, indeed!

Mrs. Birchard pulled herself up quickly and answered truthfully and proudly, "My boy at Harvard sent me a tea caddy and Elizabeth at Laselle made me a jabot of Irish crochet between study hours."

"How nice! And the Judge?"

A shadow passed over Mrs. Birchard's face, quickly noticed by the tactful Sally Palmer.

"Oh, men never remember birthdays, that is too much to expect," she interrupted, gayly. "How is Elizabeth getting along, Bertha?"

But Mrs. Birchard's loyal soul rebelled and would not accept the offered diversion. "My husband did remember," she volunteered, stoutly. "He gave me something!" and with this desperate answer she rose and led the way into the drawing-room. The luncheon was over.

After the guests had gone happily away and their hostess found time and a breathing space in which to adjust herself to the odd turn which affairs had taken, her eyes began to dance, and when Judge Birchard reached home a little later she ran eagerly to meet him, wearing the happy smile he liked to see. More, she was radiant.

"Well!" he exclaimed delightedly, "did the luncheon go so well?"

"It was perfect! Everything was lovely!" Then she hesitated a moment. "Henry, you mustn't mind too much, but the skewers—"

"George! Didn't they skew?"

"Yes, but the ladies thought they were souvenirs and took them all away! Henry, do you think it is bad luck to sit thirteen at table? It was very hard to have to give up those skewers, and yet they made the most wonderful souvenirs. Still I was very fond of them. Do you suppose that some time I could have—"

"Hm," meditated the Judge, "I think it is bad luck for me when you sit thirteen at table."

Turn the Idea Around.

A little thought will show you how vastly your own happiness depends on the way other people bear themselves toward you. The looks and tones at your breakfast table, the conduct of your fellow workers or employers, the faithful or unreliable men you deal with, what people say to you on the street, the way your cook and housemaid do their work, the letters you get, the friends or foes you meet—these things make up very much of the pleasure or misery of your day. Turn the idea around, and remember that just so much are you adding to the pleasure or the misery of other people's days. And this is the half of the matter which you can control. Whether any particular day shall bring to you more of happiness or of suffering is largely beyond your power to determine. Whether each day of your life shall give happiness or suffering rests with yourself.—Onward.

How to be Miserable.

If you wish to be miserable, think about yourself, about what you want, what you like, what respect people ought to pay you; and then to you nothing will be pure. You will spoil everything you touch, you will make misery for yourself out of everything which God sends you; you will be as wretched as you choose.—Charles Kingsley.