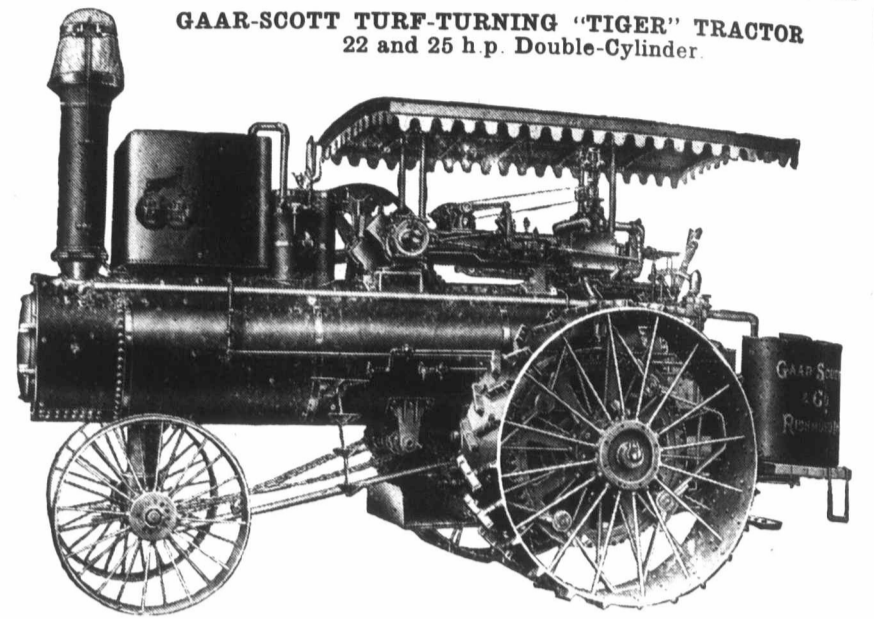


GAAR-SCOTT SINGLE-CYLINDER TRACTION ENGINE
Extra-Heavy Gear—22, 25 and 32 h.p.



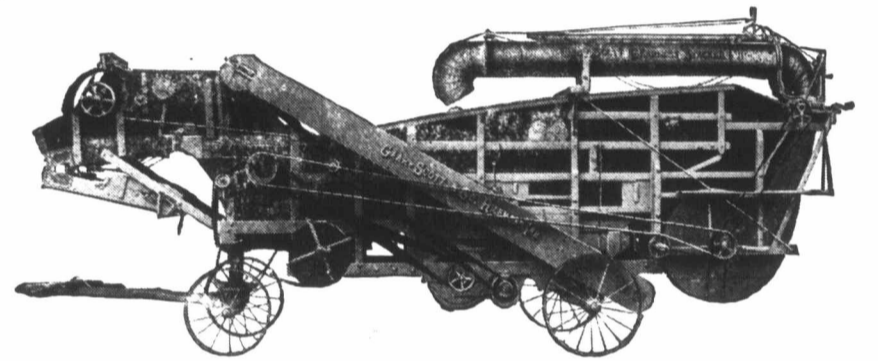
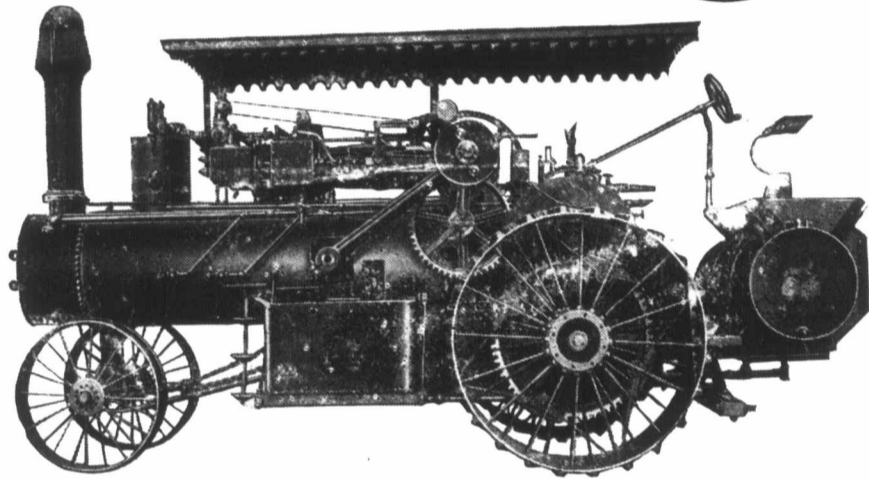
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MISCELLANEOUS

A Baltimore man who frequently visits a scientific friend in Cantonsville, once found him in his laboratory studying a dark brown substance spread out on a sheet of paper.

"I say, Brown," said the scientific person when greetings had been duly exchanged, "would you mind letting me place a bit of this on your tongue? My taste has become sadly vitiated by trying all sorts of things."

"Certainly," responded the accommodating friend and he promptly opened his mouth.

The professor took some of the substance under analysis and put it on his friend's tongue, whereupon the Baltimore man worked it around in his mouth for fully a minute, tasting it as though he might have sampled a choice confection.

"Note any effect?" asked the professor.

"No especial effect."

"It doesn't paralyze or prick your tongue?"

"Not that I can detect."

"I didn't think it would. There are all kinds of it then. How does it taste?"

"A very bitter."

"Very bitter?" Then, after a pause, "All right, that will do."

"But that's the caller's curiosity," said the professor, "What is it, how is it made?"

"That's the caller's curiosity," said the professor, "What is it, how is it made?"

A DISTINGUISHED "MANIAC"

During one of his visits to Paris the naturalist Humboldt expressed to Dr. Blanche, the celebrated authority in matters concerning insanity, a desire to meet one of his patients. The amiable doctor assured Humboldt that nothing was easier and invited the scientist to dine with him the next day.

So on the morrow Humboldt found himself seated at the dinner table of the famous alienist in company with two guests to whom he had not been introduced. One of these was dressed in black, with a white cravat and gold-rimmed spectacles. He had a smooth face, a very bad head, and sat with great gravity through the entire dinner. He was a gentleman of undoubted manners but exceedingly taciturn. He bowed, ate and said not a word.

The other guest, on the contrary, wore a great shock of hair brushed wildly, his shabby blue coat was buttoned askew, his collar was ruffled, and the ends of his cravat floated over his shoulders. He helped himself, ate and talked at the same time. Story after story did this incoherent person tell. He mixed the past with the present, flew from Swedenborg to Fourier, from Cleopatra to Jenny Lind, from Archimedes to Lamartine, and talked politics and literature in the same breath. At dessert Humboldt managed to say, quietly, to his host, glancing at the fantastic personage, who was still talking, "I am very much obliged to you, our meum amuses me immensely." The doctor looked startled.

"You were greatly mistaken," said he at the earliest moment when they were alone. "The brilliant talker was not the man; the silent one is my man." The talker is the famous Montaigne, the novelist.

THE TOUR OF A SMILE

My papa smiled this morning when
He came down stairs you see,
At mamma; and when he smiled then
She turned and smiled at me;
And when she smiled at me; I went
And smiled at Mary Ann,
Out in the kitchen and she lent
It to the hired man.

So then he smiled at some one, who
He saw, when going by;
Who smiled and ere he knew
Had twinkles in his eye;
So he went to his office then
And smiled right at his clerk,
Who put some more ink on his pen
And smiled back from his work.

So when his clerk went home he smiled
Right at his wife, and she
Smiled over at their little child
As happy as could be;
And then their little child, she took
The smile to school, and when
She smiled at teacher from her book,
Teacher smiled back again.

And then the teacher passed on one
To little James McBride,
Who couldn't get his lessons done,
No matter how he tried;
And James took it home and told
How teacher smiled at him
When he was tired and didn't scold,
But said "Don't worry Jim!"

And when I happened to be there
That very night to play,
His mother had a smile to spare
Which came across my way;
And then I took it after while
Back home, and mamma said:
"Here is that very self-same smile
Come back with us to bed!"

It isn't raining rain to me
It's raining daffodils,
In every dimpling drop, I see
Wild flowers on the hills
A cloud of grey engulfs the day
And overwhelms the town;
A fig for him who frets,
It isn't raining rain to me,
It's raining roses down.

It isn't raining rain to me
But fields of cloverbloom
Where any buccaneering bee
May find his board and room.
A health, then to the happy
A fig for him who frets,
It isn't raining rain to me
It's raining violets. —Selected.

The uniformed guide at a provincial art gallery deeply impressed a party of excursionists by the ease with which he recited off the names of the bronze and marble busts. "This is Dante, and this is Lyceurgus, and that one in the corner is Caligula," he explained. "The marble bust with the shaggy beard on it is Virgil —"

"Pardon me," an elderly bystander interrupted, "but you are giving our friends from the country misleading information. The gentleman with the beard is not Virgil but Homer. The other one is Virgil."

The guide realized that his reputation was at stake, and turned on the daring bystander.

"See here, Mr. Clever, you think you know it all, but you've backed the wrong horse this time," he retorted. "I was here when them busts was made, and the sculptor—a clever man, but rather too fond of his glass—got drunk one day and chiselled Omer's whiskers on poor old Virgil's chin!" Then the bystander gasped, and the guide went up with a bound in the general estimation.