

GOSSIP.

If the selfish person only knew enough he would try to think well rather than ill even of his enemies.

If indulgence in jealous, hateful thoughts was only wasting time it wouldn't be so bad, but it is wasting vital energy and peace of mind.

Sportsman (from the bog)—Confound you, didn't you say there was a sound bottom here?

Shepherd—Zo there be, maister; but thou 'aven't got down to un yet!

Angus Pointer, the Canadian-bred pacer, by Sidney Pointer, lowered his record at Cincinnati to 2.04½. This horse is one of the real good things in the racing line.

Most people waste the opportunities of the present in "waiting" for the good time coming.

Better keep an eye on the good time going—it will go fast enough and won't be back your way again very soon.

An English manufacturer who has just returned from a tour in Scotland is relating an amusing incident which occurred during his trip.

In a remote village in the lowlands he came across an inhabitant of such venerable appearance that he stopped to chat with him.

"By the way, what is your name?" inquired the traveller.

"Robert Burns," was the answer.

"Dear me; that's a very well-known name."

"Nae doot it is, mon; I've been blacksmith in this village for nigh on sixty years."

Forget your neighbors' faults.

Forget the slanders you hear.

Forget fault-finding and give a little thought to the cause which provokes it.

Forget anything that belittles another.

Forget the bad qualities of others and only remember the good points that make you fond of them.

Forget all personal quarrels or histories you may have heard by accident and which, if repeated, would seem much worse than they are.

Forget as far as possible the annoyances of life; they will come and will grow larger when you remember them.

Forget all acts of meanness and malice, for by thinking of such things one becomes familiar with them.

A young man who was working for the railroad company went to one of the directors and asked for a pass to some distant point.

"You have been working for us for some time?" inquired the official.

"Yes, sir," the young fellow answered.

"Have you ever had any complaint to make?"

"No, sir," answered the employee.

"Well, if you were working for a farmer, would you have the nerve to ask him to harness his horses and take you to a certain part of the country?" the director asked.

"No, sir. But if he had his horses all ready and was going to that point, I would call him a very mean farmer if he refused to take me," was the young fellow's reply. He got his pass.

The photograph of the Hackney stallion, Smylett Performer, which appears on another page of this issue, shows this very stylish horse at attention, and well brings out his good quality of bone and substantial body. He is now four years old, and is in prime fettle. When in action, he cuts a very swagger pace, and for attractiveness we do not know his superior. He was imported by Mr. Robt. Beth, of Bowmanville, in 1902, and was sired by His Majesty 2513. Last year he was first as a three-year-old at the International, Chicago, and this year was second in that strong class of aged stallions at Ottawa. His present owners, Stewart & Anderson, of Dominionville, well realize his value in their community, and are taking extra good care of him. His services should be in demand long before the season opens, as he is just the type calculated to get good-selling harness horses by the road mares of Ontario.

UNRESERVED AUCTION SALE

OF

CLYDESDALES AND SHORTHORNS
On WEDNESDAY, NOV. 16, 1904

At his farm, 7 miles north of Oshawa station on the G. T. R., and 4 miles south-east of Myrtle station on the G. T. R. and C. P. R.

MR. JOHN BRIGHT

Will dispose of, by auction, 12 Clydesdale Fillies, imported and Canadian-bred, all registered, also 35 Head of Shorthorns: Miss Ramsdens, Marr Stamfords, Duchess of Gloucesters, Simms, English Beautys, Rose, Lavinia, Favorites, Rachels and Lady Days. Also the stock bull, Darnley (26280), and about 25 head of two-year-old grade steers.

There will also be sold all the Farm Implements, the bulk of which are nearly new.

At the same time will be offered the splendid 200-ACRE FARM One of the best in the County of Ontario, all in first-class order, with modern buildings.

Sale will commence sharp at 12 noon. Conveyances will meet all morning trains at Myrtle, G. T. R. and C. P. R.

Half-fare Rates on Railways have been Arranged for.

G. JACKSON AUCTIONEERS L. FAIRBANKS

DISPERSION SALE
OF IMPORTED AND HOME-BRED SHORTHORN CATTLE
35 HEAD

The property of the Estate of the late T. E. Perkins, Petrolea, Ont., at FAIRLIE STOCK FARM, 4 miles west of the town of Petrolea,

ON WEDNESDAY, OCT. 26th, 1904

The imp. cattle are of the best families obtainable and are a good lot, while the home-breds are all of standard families, topped with the best Scotch bulls. They are a grand, heavy-fleshed lot of cattle. 17 of the lot are sired by the noted imp. Heatherwick bull, Prince Fragrance. He, too, is included in the lot. Every animal must be sold, as the executors are winding up the estate.

TERMS—Six months' credit on approved paper; 6% per annum discount for cash.

Teams will meet the morning trains (both stations), and carry intending purchasers to the farm and return for evening trains. Lunch at noon. Sale promptly at 1 p.m. Catalogues on application.

CAPT. T. E. ROBSON, Auctioneer.

All communications to be addressed to

A. M. McQUEEN, Manager of Estate, Petrolea, Ont.

GREAT DISPERSION SALE

OF

HIGH-CLASS REGISTERED Shorthorn Cattle

at MAPLE WOOD FARM, CAIRO P. O., BOTHWELL STATION, on

Thursday, October 20th, 1904,

Consisting of a herd of 33 head pure-bred Shorthorn cattle, including 1 imported bull, 6 Canadian bulls from imported bull, and the balance females, cows and heifers. At the same time and place a number of well-bred grade cattle will be offered for sale. There will be no reserve, as the proprietor is giving up business. Terms: Nine months' credit given on approved security, and 5% per annum off for cash.

Sale to commence at 12 o'clock.

Lunch at noon.

Catalogues mailed on application.

Morning trains met at Bothwell at G. T. R., and N. Bothwell, C. P. R.

ROBERT MOORHOUSE, CAIRO P. O., PROP. CAPT. T. E. ROBSON, Auctioneers. G. E. BROWN,



Myers' Royal Spice

The Spice of Life for sheep and hogs. Not a food itself—but helps them to get all the nourishment possible out of their food.

It coaxes the appetite—sweetens the stomach—aids digestion—regulates the bowels—and prevents colic.

It keeps sheep strong and sturdy—makes them grow more wool—and keeps down the feed bills.

It prevents brood sows from becoming constipated—helps them safely through farrowing—keeps young pigs in good health—and fattens pigs for market quickly.

Every farmer and stockman, who uses

Myers' Royal Spice, says it is worth ten times the cost—and the cost is small for such a big package.

MYERS ROYAL SPICE CO.

Niagara Falls, Ont. and N.Y.

Sold everywhere.



GOSSIP.

A man is never in love with a woman until he begins to tell her his troubles.

It is easier to get engaged than divorced, and the expense is about a stand-off.

It is almost as easy to persuade a girl she can sing as it is to make her believe she is handsome.

Holstein and Jersey cattle and Embden geese are advertised for sale in this issue by Burnbrae Stock Farm, Vankleek Hill, Ontario.

Some men are so unlucky in money matters that when they get a five-dollar gold piece in their change for a copper, they go and put it out again for the same thing.

Mr. Dooley—"Gimme a bar of soap, please." Shopman—"Yes, sir. Do you want it scented or unscented?" Dooley—"Aw, niver mind; I'll jist take it wid me."

A Russian immigrant of tender age was being registered in a downtown Philadelphia school. The teacher questioned, "What is your name?"

"Katinka," replied the child.

"And your father's name?"

"I never hat one," came the quick response.

"Then tell me your mother's name?" again said the teacher, kindly.

"I never hat no mudder neither," answered the little child, seriously. "I was born off my gran'mudder."

Dean Hole, the noted English clergyman who died recently, was the leading figure in many humorous stories. On one occasion he was crossing the channel after a visit to the continent, the voyage being very stormy. The dean was a bad sailor, and had suffered a great deal on the trip.

At Dover he was looking over the railway company's rules on the station wall as a fellow-passenger came up. Said the dean: "After that stormy voyage, we have at least one advantage in making the subsequent trip to London. I see the company carries returning empties at reduced rates."

The rapidity with which gasoline engines are gaining in favor for the performance of farm work is one of the wonders of our modern agricultural methods. These machines have many features that commend them for use upon an ordinary farm. They are admirably suited for pumping, grain grinding, cutting feed, sawing wood, cleaning grain, and the many other odd jobs about the farm for which mechanical power is required. In this issue the Georgian Bay Gasoline Engine Co., of Midland, make an announcement to which we would direct the attention of our readers.

Attention is again called to the dispersion sale, on Oct. 26th, of the entire herd of 33 head of Shorthorns, and a number of high-grade cattle, the property of Mr. Robert Moorhouse, of Cairo, Ont., eight miles from Bothwell Station, G. T. R. and C. P. R. The herd has been bred for many years for both beef and milk, and the cattle are of the most useful and profitable kind. The stock bull at the head of the herd is Palermo (imp.), bred by Mr. Longmore, of Rettie, Aberdeenshire, a massive, red, five-year-old bull, set on short legs, and has proved a first-class sire, most of the young things in the sale being sired by him, as are the half dozen young bulls of serviceable age in the offering, which should find ready buyers at this time, as the season for breeding for fall calves will soon be here, and those purchasing young bulls should have them acclimated and used to their new home sometime before using them. The catalogue may be had by addressing Mr. Moorhouse, Cairo P. O., Ont.

MISTAKEN IN THE FRUIT.

Said he: "You're a peach. Fly with me!"

She replied, as she dashed all his hopes: "You're mistaken. A 'peach,' did you say? Well, I'm not—I'm a cantaloupe."