

## Important Auction Sale

OF 40 HEAD OF SCOTCH-BRED

## Shorthorns



AT  
WOODSTOCK,  
ONTARIO,

ON  
WEDNESDAY  
Oct. 11th  
1911

Comprising representatives of the following well-known families: Rosewoods, Butter-

flies, Duchess, Minas, Clippers, Broadhooks and other good sorts. All young or in their prime. Contributed by the following well-known breeders: H. N. Gibson, Delaware, Ont.; Capt. T. E. Robson and nephew, London, Ont.; Kyle Bros., Ayr, Ont.; Hugh Thomson, St. Mary's, Ont.; H. J. Davis, Woodstock, Ont.

Catalogues now ready, write:

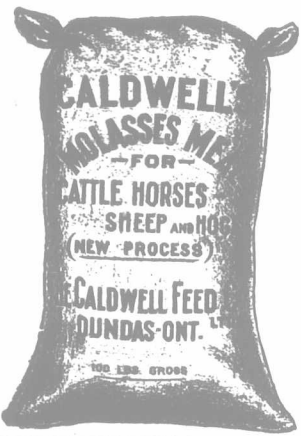
**H. J. DAVIS** Woodstock, Ont.

And get your name in line for one-half R.R. rates.

T. B. FARRELL, Arthur, Ont. } Auctioneers.  
CAPT. T. E. ROBSON, London, }

## Buy It At Wholesale

Molasses Meal is an inexpensive, highly-nutritious feeding meal, which increases the value of all food consumed by fully 25 per cent. Five huge factories in Europe are striving to supply the enormous European demand. By taking advantage of our Great Clubbing Offer you can buy Molasses Meal at wholesale direct from the factory. Learn the facts about



**Caldwell's  
Molasses  
Meal**

and you will use it daily.  
Write for booklets and  
Great Clubbing  
Offer.

Caldwell Feed Co., Ltd., Dundas, Ont.



## Paint your barn

Lumber costs more every year. Save money in repairs and rebuilding by using S-W Commonwealth Barn Red. Durable, handsome and easy to spread. Adds years to the life of your barn. Go to your local dealer for

**SHERWIN-WILLIAMS  
PAINTS & VARNISHES**

Address inquiries to THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS CO., Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Vancouver.

## Ode to a Fossil Bird.

(Archeopteryx Macrura.)

Whene'er I hear a leaf-hid oriole sing,  
Or dream of moonlight and the night-  
ingale,  
I think of your toothed bill, and batlike  
wing,  
And vertebrate tail,

Fragile reptilian bird, which, long ago,  
Haunted Cretaceous forests strange and  
dim,

Where, ere the glaciers came with clouds  
of snow,  
You clutched the Cycad limb!

Crushed in relentless rock they found  
your form,  
For there the delicate bones had left  
their shape—

Beaten to death by some mad, bitter  
storm  
From which was no escape.

Perhaps, with dragged gray torn plum-  
age, lay  
Your body, as a living sacrifice

To save your young; and then the settled  
clay  
Hid you from sullen skies.

Who would have guessed that after your  
wild shriek  
Would come the thrush's note, the  
blackbird's song,

The mocking bird with his mimetic beak  
Japing the feathered throng!

Who would have guessed that after your  
dull plume  
The Heavenly Weaver dwelling in the  
sky

Would shoot such web from his world-  
shuttling loom  
Steeped in such gorgeous dye!

It seems God, like an artist, doth create  
And clothe in gradual beauty what was  
bare

Of grace at first; He loves the Purple  
State,  
He glories in the Fair!

Thru all eternity, for beauty's sake,  
Toward some high model doth His hand  
aspire;

Each age sees less-of-imperfection take  
More of perfection's fire.

A passion for perfection haunts the Whole,  
And, tho the final touch be lost afar,  
God upward leads the universal soul  
From star to dizzy star.

—Harry H. Kemp, in the Independent.

## The Ladies' Aid.

By Edna Dean Proctor.

The old church bell had long been cracked;  
Its call was but a groan;  
It seemed to sound a funeral knell  
With every broken tone.

"We need a bell," the brethren said,  
"But taxes must be paid;  
We have no money we can spare—  
Just ask the Ladies' Aid."

The shingles on the roof were old;  
The rain came down in rills;  
The brethren slowly shook their heads  
And spoke of "monthly bills."

The chairman of the board arose,  
And said, "I am afraid  
That we shall have to lay the case  
Before the Ladies' Aid."

The carpet had been patched and patched  
Till quite beyond repair,  
And through the aisles and on the steps  
The boards showed hard and bare.

"It is too bad!" the brethren said;  
"An effort must be made  
To raise an interest on the part  
Of members of the Aid."

The preacher's stipend was behind;  
The poor man blushed to meet  
The grocer and the butcher as  
They passed him on the street.

But nobly spoke the brethren then;  
"Pastor, you shall be paid!  
We'll call upon the treasurer  
Of our good Ladies' Aid."

"Ah!" said the men, "the way to heaven  
Is long and hard and steep;  
With hopes of ease on either side,  
The path 'tis hard to keep.

We cannot climb the heights alone;  
Our hearts are sore dismayed;  
We ne'er shall get to heaven at all  
Without the Ladies' Aid!"

—Christian Endeavor World.

## THE BEAVER CIRCLE.

(Continued from page 1616.)

It was getting late, however, and the time for going home was drawing closer. When that time did come, I nearly cried, and I believe Jim did, too. Of course, like men, we didn't "let on." It was the first time I had ever been there, and there seemed to be so many things to enjoy myself at that I think I can truthfully say that that Christmas Day was "The Happiest Day of My Life."

JOE THOMPSON

(Age 15. Have left school.)

Marmion, Ont.

## A Trip to "The Farm" at Guelph.

(Prize essay.)

Dear Puck and Beavers All,—

I think the best time I ever had in my life was a trip to the Experimental Farm, Guelph, in the year 1908.

The morning of the excursion was looked forward to with great anxiety by myself and my brother, as to whether there would be rain or sunshine. I awoke very early that morning, about 5 o'clock, and the first thing I did was to look out of the window to see if the sun was shining. To my great delight it was a beautiful, warm, sunny morning.

I dressed myself as quickly as I could and ran down-stairs to get my breakfast. After breakfast, accompanied by my father and brother, we started for the nearest railway station, Varney. Most of the way we were facing the morning sun. When we reached the station I met a great many people who were going to the wonderful Farm. We got into the center coach of the train about 8 o'clock. The car contained beautifully cushioned seats. I employed most of my time by looking out of the window at the broad tracts of country, part of which was hilly, covered with bush, while other parts were level, with beautiful green, growing crops of grain on them (as it was June). We crossed the Grand River on a very high iron bridge, which appeared very dangerous from the coach. Our train made several calls at towns by the way. After we got off the train at Guelph, we took the street car to the Agricultural College, and arrived there about 11 o'clock a. m. I enjoyed the street car ride greatly, through a long, shaded lane of maples. After we got off the street car (which was run by electricity), we went into the museum, a large, red brick building, which contained animals (such as are found in Canada) and birds of all kinds and their eggs (the animals and birds being stuffed). I enjoyed this scene very much, but I had not time enough to look closely at everything. We next went to the green house, where the flowers were innumerable, and their beauty astonishing. They consisted of all kinds. There were both inside and outside flowers, kept fresh and green in dry weather by spraying them with water flowing through pipes of rubber.

As lunch was supplied on the farm about noon, we went to the lunch-room, which was a large building, and got in just a few minutes before the door closed to keep the throngs of people from coming in until the first lunch was over. After lunch, we continued our sight-seeing.

Not far from the lunch-room was a beautiful lawn, and inside the lawn was a pool, which was cemented underneath and around the sides, and all around it was a little iron fence. The water is always clean and fresh looking, being supplied with fresh water through a large pipe.

On this same lawn were two large cannon which were used years ago in time of war.

We left this scene and visited Macdonald Institute and the Ladies' College, which were two large buildings for young people.

Another building I enjoyed very much was the building of relics, which contained some of the Indians' first tools, old Scottish hardware, and clogs; also wooden dishes, and a great many other things I will not now take space to tell about.

After we finished looking at the farm, we started on our way to the Roman Catholic Cathedral. When we reached