

CREDIT AUCTION SALE

Imported Clydesdales

The undersigned has received instructions from MESSRS. H. G. & J. L. CLARK to sell by public auction, at Lot 15, Concession 6, Township Chinguacousy, County of Peel, Norval Station, on

FRIDAY, JULY 28th, 1911, at 2.30 p.m.

Fourteen fillies, from 1 to 3 years old; one stallion one year old; also two imported Shetland ponies. The above lot contains a number of prizewinners in Scotland, and will be sold without reserve to the highest bidder. Farm is within two minutes' walk of Norval Station. Six months' credit on approved joint notes.

BEN. PETCH, Auctioneer.

WANTED BY THE GOVERNMENT OF QUEBEC:

**200 Sheep
100 Swine**

All pure bred. Breeders will please quote prices.

J. Ed. Caron, Minister of Agriculture, Quebec, P. Q.
Quebec, July 13, 1911

ing, was a whaler, and he stuck to that work for ten years after hearing Keating's tale before the fascination of the golden quest got full control; but in 1895 he formed an alliance with Keating's widow, and they resolved to try. They outfitted a ship named the Aurora; but Hackett says their failure was due to the fact that the vessel was too small and improperly supplied. Worse than all else, they had aboard six former sea captains who constantly quarrelled. The party reached Cocos Island; but did not find the treasure as the old man had described it, because the seismic disturbances that filled the caves had come fifteen or twenty years before.

Hackett went back to the island six years later, and again failed.

This ends the train of adventurers who have had actual or near actual, personal knowledge of the treasure; but there have been many other searchers for the great wealth. In the early '60's, the Calleen Treasure Company was organized for the purpose; but came to naught. Herr von Brewer, a German, in 1892, made an attempt; but did not have funds enough for the work. In 1896, Capt. Shrapnell, of the British cruiser, Haughty, landed three hundred marines on Cocos Island, and for seventy-two hours the men burrowed the hills without any success at treasure finding. Afterward the Captain resigned from the navy and went back to Cocos in the Lytton, but again failed. Harold Gray, another Englishman, went there in his private yacht and hunted; but failed. By far the most expensive expedition ever sent to the island were those by the Earl of Fitzwilliams, in the Veronique and the Attiquin. Admiral Bury Palliser, formerly commander of the English squadron in the Pacific, had charge of the Veronique, a seven-thousand-ton liner, and five hundred men. A few years ago Earl Fitzwilliams and his crew nearly lost their lives when the Attiquin became a total wreck on the coast of Honduras.

Along the South American coast one hears all sorts of tales about it, some alleging that the Peruvians long ago recovered their property. However, most of those who have investigated believe in the existence of the buried treasure.—Selected.

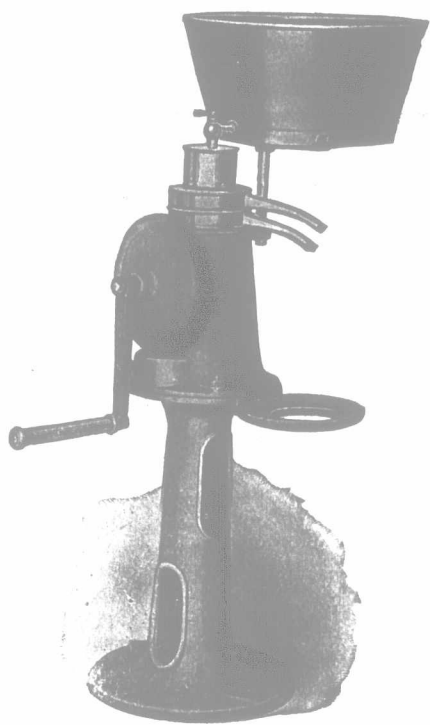
Solitude.

Laugh, and the world laughs with you;
Weep, and you weep alone;
For the sad old earth
Must borrow its mirth,
It has troubles enough of its own.
Sing, and the hills will answer;
Sigh, and it is lost on the air;
For the echoes bound
To a joyful sound,
But shrink from voicing care.
Rejoice, and men will seek you;
Grieve, and they turn and go;
They want full measure
Of all your pleasure,
But they do not want your woe.
Be glad, and your friends are many;
Be sad, and you lose them all;
There are none to decline
Your nectared wine,
But alone you must drink life's gall.
Feast, and your halls are crowded;
Fast, and the world goes by;
Succeed and give,
And it helps you live,
But it cannot help you die.
There is room in the halls of pleasure
For a long and lordly train;
But one by one
We must all file on
Through the narrow aisles of pain.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

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641-9	6	41	22	9	7-8-8 9-9	18
741-9	7	41	16	9	5-6-7-7 8-8	22
742-9	7	42	24	9	6-6-6-6-6-12	20
832-9	8	32	16	9	3-3-4-5-5-6-6	23
845-9	8	45	16	9	4-5-6 7-7-8-8	26
948-9	9	48	22	9	6-6-6-6-6-6-6	26
Reg. 635	6	35	12	9 11	5-6-7-8-8	15
726	7	26	12	9 11	3-3-4-5-5-6	16
832	8	32	12	9 11	3-3-4-5-5-6-6	18
845	8	45	12	9 11	4-5-6-7-7-8-8	19
934	9	34	12	9 11	3-3-3-4-4-5-6-6	20
1047	10	47	12	9 11	3-3-4-5-5-6-6-7-8	23

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CATALOGUE SENT ON REQUEST.

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Happiness is a Habit.

By Nellie L. McClung.

There is no greater mistake for people to make than to allow the habit of discontent to grow upon them. For it is a habit, easy to form, and hard to break, and no condition of life, however favorable it may appear, but can furnish the soil in which the roots of discontent will grow.

There was, in the early days of this country, much cause for discontent among the pioneers, who had left their comfortable homes in the East to come to a new country where comforts and conveniences were almost wholly lacking. Most of them, women as well as men, bore the hardships with unflinching cheerfulness, even extracting a good deal of humor out of the hard places, and bravely determining to make the best of everything. There was one woman who bitterly bewailed the lack of the comfortable home she had left in the East. She could not forget "the pump right in the kitchen, and the carpet on the stair," and, although her home on the prairie was really the best in the neighborhood, no one was long in her presence before her conversation turned on the old theme, of remembering happier things—she missed the fruit so, and the delights of social life which the little Ontario town she had left afforded; the Manitoba winters were so long, and so cold. People began to be genuinely sorry for her family, who were compelled to live in such a depressing atmosphere. She grumbled through twenty years of Manitoba country life, and at the end of that time she and her husband were independently wealthy, and they went to live in Winnipeg. They had a beautiful home, and all the comforts that money could give. Instead of her discontent disappearing, it increased. The social delights she had so longed for and bewailed now tired her to death. They kept a carriage, but she wanted an auto. When they got an auto she was afraid to ride in it, and still the burden of her grief was that Manitoba, at its best, could never be like Ontario. At last her husband took her back to Ontario, to the little village they had left so many years ago. She went back to the same church; she ate the fruit of the orchard she had mourned so bitterly; but nothing pleased her. The village she found deadly dull; the Ontario winters chilled her; she longed for the brilliant sunshine of Manitoba. They are living in Ontario now, not one whit happier than when they battled with the stern conditions of life in Manitoba; for, after all, happiness is a habit, and it is not influenced by outward conditions very much. If you are not happy now, take care—you may never be!

In cheerful contrast to this discontented woman is the wholesome optimism of the old colored woman, who had only two teeth, one upper and one lower, "but," she was accustomed to add when speaking of them, "thank God, they bit!"

It is a wonderful gift, which the good fairy offers us all, of getting our happiness as we go. "There's many a rest on the road of life if we'll only stop and take it." Happy is the heart which leaps up on "beholding a rainbow in the sky." The sensitive heart and mind which responds to the beauty-flashes which nature gives so freely; the person who has the gift of humor, and laughs when he can, and "saves his tears for time of need"—these are the people who have found the elixir of eternal youth. Elbert Hubbard sums it all up in this way: "Beware of the Grouch-Habit!"—Onward.