



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.

AGENTS WANTED—A line for every home. Write us for our choice list of agents' supplies. We have the greatest agency proposition in Canada to-day. No outlay necessary. Apply: B. C. I. Co., 228 Albert St., Ottawa.

BELTING FOR SALE—Over 1,000,000 feet in rubber, canvas, etc.; all sizes and lengths, at 25 to 50% less than regular prices; also large quantities of iron pipe, fencing, etc. Catalogues sent on request. The Imperial Waste & Metal Co., 20 Queen St., Montreal.

FOR SALE—150 acres, two miles from prosperous Town of Wingham. All tillable land, in high state of cultivation; well fenced and drained; two sets of good farm buildings; two orchards; artesian well; windmill; water in house and barn; convenient to public and high school, churches, C.P.R., G.T.R. stations; telephone connection. For particulars apply Box 68, Wingham, Ontario.

FIRST-CLASS farm for sale—150 acres, Township West Zorra; good buildings, good state of cultivation; 10 acres maple bush; never-failing spring and drilled well; free rural mail; 34 miles Lakeside Station; one of the best farms in Oxford County; small payment down, balance on easy terms. Apply to John McComb, Harrington P.O.

GUELPH—Four hundred acres, one of the best in Wellington County. Write: D. Barlow, Guelph, Ont.

NITHSIDE FARM FOR SALE—One of the best farms in Western Ontario, beautifully situated in a bend of the Nith, Blenheim Township, Oxford County, in a high state of cultivation; up-to-date buildings, good fences, fine orchard; four miles from Paris, one mile from Canning. A fine chance for an Old Country farmer. Will sell stock and implements with farm. Apply to E. E. Martin, Canning P.O., Oxford Co., Ont.

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

SITUATION by married man, two sons; management cattle, Berkshire pigs and poultry; won thousand pounds prize money in England; good references. Bromley, 193 Markham St., Toronto.

VANCOUVER ISLAND, British Columbia, offers sunshiny, 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.

110 ACRES, Northumberland Co., clay loam, up-to-date buildings; good fences; fine orchards. For particulars apply to Alfred Deviney, Vernonville, Ontario.

ONE HUNDRED ACRES—Oxford County; choice clay loam, rich and productive; 2 miles from Town of Ingersoll, 24 miles from Condensed-milk factory; a very large concern; milk cheques usually run about \$1,400 or \$1,500 per year from this farm; 14 miles from high school; 80 acres cultivated; large 14-story brick house; two large barns; one stone basement. Price, \$9,000. Could take small farm as part payment.

ONE HUNDRED ACRES, in Oxford County, Zorra Township; the best of clay loam; 75 acres cultivated; fine 14-story brick house; stone basement barn, 40x50; another barn 40x50; a few rods from school; \$8,000; could take a small farm on this.

190 ACRES—Five miles from St. Mary's; good clay loam; 160 acres cultivated; \$3,500; 2-story brick house; stone basement barn, 40x116; \$13,000; could exchange for smaller farm.

HAVE A LOT OF SMALL FARMS FOR SALE.

200 ACRES—Near Plattsville, Oxford Co., clay loam; the best 160 acres cultivated; good maple bush; lots of spring water; buildings on this farm, which are in good repair, cost more than what is asked for the farm, \$16,000. For further description of any farm, please write R. WAITE, Ingersoll, Oxford Street. Bell Phone 243.

WANTED—Good Number One Baled Timothy Hay. State quantity you can supply and lowest cash price, l.o.b. cars your station. Apply: P. O. Box 756, Owen Sound, Ontario.

WANTED—Situation as foreman on a good stock farm. First-class (Canadian) experience. Apply Box H, Farmer's Advocate, London, Ont.

Archdeacon Farrer tells about a boy who took a flower with him to his work every morning. He put the flower on his desk in the schoolroom, and when asked why he did this, he replied that the flower was to remind him of God and keep him from evil thoughts. So should every beautiful thing we see of God's handiwork serve to keep us true to Him.

Little Things.

A traveller through a dusty road
Strewed acorns on the lea;
And one took root and sprouted up,
And grew into a tree.
Love sought its shade at evening time,
To breathe its early vows,
And Age was pleased, in heat of noon,
To bask beneath its boughs;
The dormouse loved its dangling twigs,
The birds sweet music bore;
It stood, a glory in its place,
A blessing evermore!

A little spring has lost its way
Amid the grass and fern,
A passing stranger scooped a well,
Where weary men might turn;
He walled it in and hung with care
A ladle at the brink;
He thought not of the deed he did,
But judged that toil might drink.
He passed again—and lo, the well,
By summers never dried,
Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues,
And saved a life beside!

A dreamer dropped a random thought,
'Twas old, and yet was new—
A simple fancy of the brain,
But strong in being true;
It shone upon a genial mind,
And lo, its light became
A lamp of light, a beacon ray,
A monitory flame;
The thought was small, its issue great,
A watch-fire on the hill;
It sheds its radiance far adown,
And cheers the valley still!

A nameless man amid a crowd
That thronged the daily mart
Let fall a word of hope and love,
Unstudied from the heart;
A whisper on the tumult thrown—
A transitory breath;
It raised a brother from the dust,
It saved a soul from death.
O germ! O font! O word of love!
O thought at random cast!
Ye were but little at the first,
But mighty at the last!
—Charles Mackay.

From Weekly Sun, May 24th.

The Trembling Poplars.

Have you seen the poplars quiver
In the evening by the river,
Where the torch of twilight glances,
And the twilight wind is cool?
Where the fireflies beside them
Hail the high stars and deride them
Till the high stars cast their lances
Of reflection in the pool?

There the rushes lean and listen
To the silver leaves that glisten
As they toll their knell unceasing
Up and down the lonely shore,
And the waters grieve at gloaming
When they hear the wild birds homing,
For the poplars find releasing
From their vigils nevermore.

Oh, and if the night be dreary,
Still the poplars may not weary;
Though the wind should sleep forever
And the waves forget its loss—
Though the stars be quenched to-morrow,
Still the poplars in their sorrow
May forget, oh, never, never,
Him who bore the poplar cross.
—Suzanne Lebeau, in the Reader Magazine.

News of the Week.

Mr. Borden was given a public welcome on his arrival in Ottawa, September 26th.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier will lead the Opposition when the new Parliament meets, in a few weeks.

Farmers' sons took part in a judging competition at the West Durham Fair, held at Bowmanville.

Seven deaths occurred as the result of the railway wreck at Chapleau, Ont., Sept. 22nd.

M. Stolypin, the Russian Premier, who was shot at Kiev, died of his wounds, and was buried at Rion on September 22nd.

Sir Robert Hart, ex-Controller General of Chinese customs for many years, the most influential Briton in China, died last week.

Yet if His Majesty Our Sovereign Lord.

"Yet if His Majesty, our sovereign lord,
Should of his own accord
Friendly himself invite,
And say, 'I'll be your guest to-morrow night,'
How should we stir ourselves, call and command
All hands to work! 'Let no man idle stand."

"Set me find Spanish tables in the hall,
See they be fitted all;
Let there be room to eat,
And order taken that there want no meat.
See every scone and candlestick made bright,
That without tapers they may give a light."

"Look to the presence; are the carpets spread,
The dazie o'er the head,
The cushions on the chair,
And all the candles lighted on the stairs?
Perfume the chambers, and in any case
Let each man give attendance to his place!"

"Thus, if the king were coming, would we do,
And 'twere good reason too;
For 'tis a duteous thing
To show all honor to an earthly king,
And after all our travail and our cost,
So he be pleased, to think no labor lost."

"But at the coming of the King of Heaven
All's set at six and seven;
We wallow in our sin,
Christ cannot find a chamber in the inn.
We entertain Him always like a stranger,
And, as at first, still lodge Him in a manger."

—Miss Amy Baxter.

Gray.

By Jane Forbes-Mosse.

(Translated by Miss H. Friedrichs.)
Gowns of soft gray I now will wear,
Like willow-trees all silvery fair,
My lover, he loves gray.
Like clematis, with silky down,
Which lend the dew-sprent hedge a crown;
My lover, he loves gray.

Wrapt in a dream, I watch where slow
Within the fire the wood-sparks glow;
My love, thou art away—
The soft gray ashes fall and shift,
Through silent spaces smoke-clouds drift,
And I, too—I love gray.

I think of pearls, where gray lights
dream,
Of alders, where the mist veils gleam;
My love, thou art away—
Of gray-haired men of high renown,
Whose faded locks were hazel brown,
And I, too—I love gray.

The little gray moth turns its flight
Into the room, allured by light;
My lover, he loves gray.
O little moth! we are like thee,
We all fly round a light we see
In swamp or Milky Way.

The Bell the Angels Ring

From the Blacksmiths' Column in Guelph Mercury.

There comes to my mind a legend,
A thing I had half forgot,
And whether I read or dreamed it,
Ah, well, it matters not.
It said, in heaven at twilight
A great bell softly swings,
And a man may listen and hearken
To the wonderful music that rings,
If he puts from his heart's inner chamber
All passion, pain, and strife;
Heartaches and weary longings
That throb in the pulses of life,
If he thrust from his soul all hatred;
All thoughts of wicked things,
He can hear in holy twilight
How the bell of the angels rings.
I think there is in this legend,
If we open our eyes to see,
Somewhat of an inner meaning,
My friend, for you and me.
So, then, let us ponder a little;
Let us look in our hearts and see
If the twilight bell of the angels
Can ring for you and me.

Poultry Wanted

We will be in the market for your poultry, either

Alive or Dressed

and will be in a position to pay the highest prices.

If we have no representative in your section, write us direct for prices. We supply crates and remit promptly.

Flavelle-Silverwood, Ltd.

London, Ont.

Pure-bred Jersey bull calf, 5½ months old, sired by O. A. C. bull Jolly Eminent, from A. J. C. C. registered dam. A splendid animal. Price, \$80.

W. E. GORDON, Paisley Road, Guelph, Ont.



Condensed advertisements will be inserted under this heading at two 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 for any advertisement under this heading. Parties having good pure-bred poultry and eggs for sale will find plenty of customers by using our advertising columns. No advertisement inserted for less than 30 cents.

FOR SALE—50 White Orpington cockerels, four months old, bred from imported stock. Price, \$3 to \$5. I won 3rd cockerel Toronto, 1910, 1st cockerel Toronto, 1911, and 1st cockerel N.Y. State Fair, Syracuse, 1911. J. E. Cohoe, Welland, Ont.

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

In Prison.

(E. H. Tristan, in London Sketch.)

The Prison Walls of London Town
Creep in and hold me fast,
The laden clouds loom sullen down,
The rain storms scurry past.
But open wide the grim, gray door,
'And give me any weather,
So I set foot upon the moor
And scent the rain-washed heather.

Give me the dawn above the hills,
The purple evening mist,
The silent pools, the foaming rills,
The loch at night, moon-kist.
Or let me wander through the trees,
And set my ears a-ringing
With the low music of the breeze,
Among the pine woods singing.

I hate the dark, unfriendly ways,
The shuttered houses mock
My bondage to the endless days.
I pine for cliff and rock.
O set me high upon the brae,
To watch the moorland sweeping
Fold upon fold, far, far away,
To where the waves are sleeping.

When London's din is in my ears,
And I half-sullen grown,
Her branding-iron my spirit sears,
Yet this is all mine own.
This that, in dreams, is granted me,
In roar of water falling,
In loch, in moor, in hill, in sea,
Scotland to me is calling.

Just to be Tender.

Just to be tender, just to be true,
Just to be glad the whole day through.
Just to be merciful, just to be mild,
Just to be trustful as a child.
Just to be gentle and kind and sweet,
Just to be helpful with willing feet.
Just to be cheery, when things go wrong,
Just to drive sadness away with song.
Whether the hour is dark or bright,
Just to be loyal to God and right.
Just to believe that God knows best,
Just in his promises ever to rest.
Just to let love be our daily key,
That is God's will for you and me.