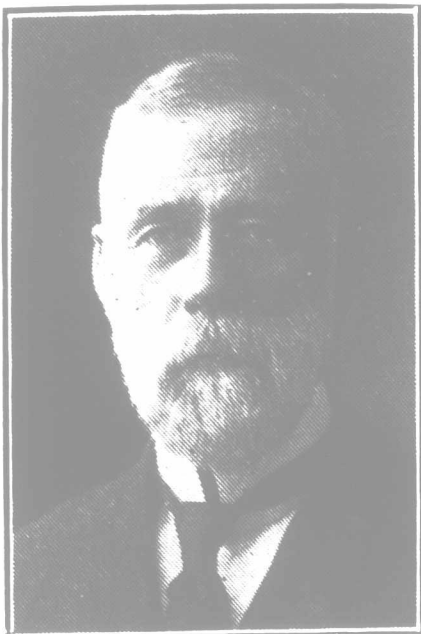


## J. S. KEMP, Stratford, Ontario.

THE INVENTOR OF THE MANURE SPREADER  
AND PRESIDENT OF THE W. I. KEMP CO., LTD.

Manufacturers of Kemp Manure Spreaders, Imperial Horse-Lift Drill  
and Kemp Land Packers.



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power. Most respectfully yours,

IN calling the attention of the  
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latest improved Spreader for  
1910 I would state that I built, in  
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of Quebec, in the year 1875,  
for use on a farm that I owned  
there, the first practical Spreader  
ever built, and that I have been  
engaged in farming and the  
manufacturing of the Spreader  
ever since.

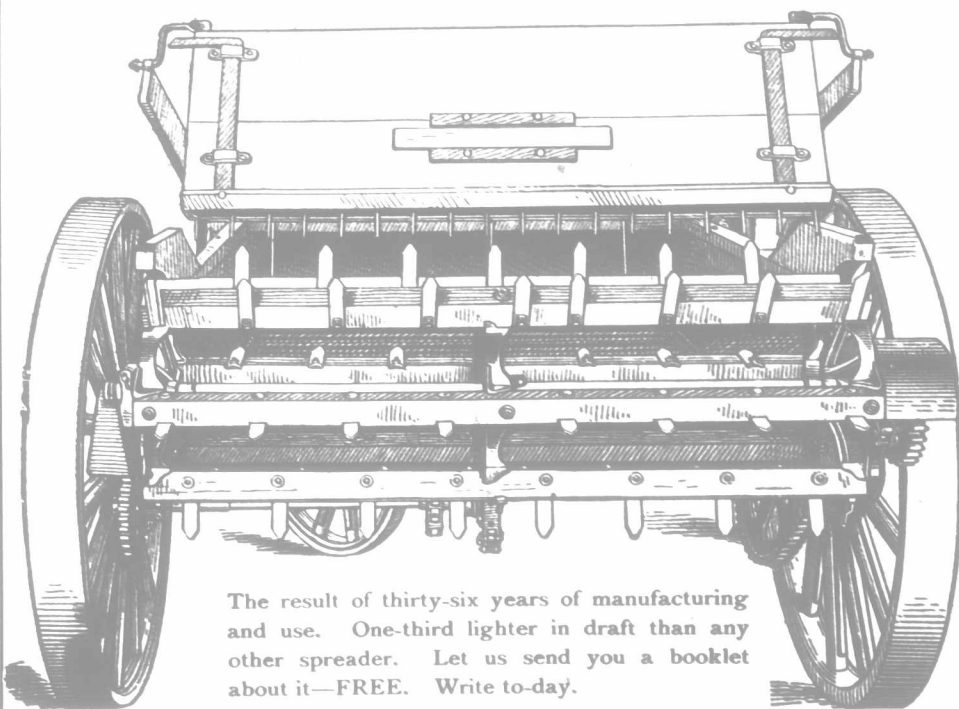
In 1906 I sold out my patents  
in the United States for \$50,500.  
This gave me a chance to devote  
my time to the Spreader business  
in Canada, where it had been  
started in Stratford, Ontario. I  
moved there in the fall of 1908,  
and with the experience of thirty-  
four years in the business, and the  
experience of my sons, we are  
manufacturing by far the best  
Manure Spreading Machine ever  
built. We are now equipping  
the Spreader with what we call  
the reversible Self-Sharpening  
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successfully, and with much less

J. S. KEMP,  
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## The Kemp Manure Spreader

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other spreader. Let us send you a booklet  
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"I'm got weasel eyes," he said; "muv-  
ver kisses 'em." He leaned his warm  
young body against her knee.

She looked down into the clear hazel  
eyes; quite suddenly she bent over and  
kissed them.

The little boy smiled. It was good to  
be loved once more. It seemed to him  
so long since he had been loved. "Den,"  
he said, "muvver kisses de cow-lick."  
His sober little face crinkled up with  
mirth. It was such a huge joke. "Did  
you know de cow licked me?" he asked.  
"De cow licked me wif her broad tongue."

Alice Wilson bent over and kissed the  
lock of hair that stood up so comically  
from the knob-like little brow.

"An' den," the dimples leaped into  
play. "muvver kisses de dimples dat I  
got down in de country at my gran'-  
muvver's house."

Alice Wilson kissed the dimples. A joy  
—a little contraband joy—had stolen into  
her heart and was growing. How it  
was growing! She caught the child to  
her in a tenderness almost savage. "Did  
you know that flowers were dumb, dumb  
things?" she cried.

"Hannah," she appeared in the kitchen  
doorway, the little boy in her arms. "I'm  
going to keep him. I am, I am."

The gaunt old mountain woman, who  
had served Alice Wilson through faithful  
years, was rolling out dough for a cherry  
pie. "Don't look fer no baby-tendin'  
frum me," she said gruffly. She did not  
stop rolling out dough for her fat cherry  
pie.

That night, after tea, a little wail  
startled the silence of the sitting-room  
where Alice Wilson sat; it startled the  
silence of the back hall where old Han-  
nah sat, too. It was followed by a rush  
of bare feet, a swirl of white night-gown.  
Half-way down the hall Hannah's mis-  
tress caught the sobbing little boy into  
her arms.

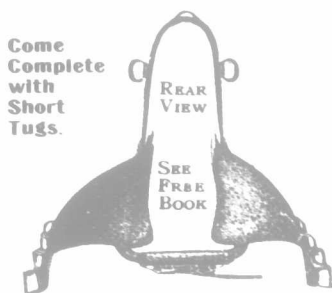
"Here's a mouse in de closet, an' I'm  
'keered to deaf," he panted from the  
shelter of those protecting arms.

Closing the door behind her carefully,  
old Hannah went out and sat on the  
back doorstep. "Don't look fer no  
baby-tendin' frum me," she growled, al-  
though she had not been addressed. She  
groomed at the mountains standing  
against the skyline—her friendly moun-  
tains. What queer, towering, unfriendly  
creatures they had taken! How vast and  
desolate they seemed! Convinced that  
bedlam prowled among them, she got up  
and went indoors, walking heavily. She  
did not hear the sweet, high-pitched  
cries that were saving. "He's 'till  
fox. When he's 'till are he finken' of  
his muvver." But she did hear

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The morning after Dicky Manson came  
to live with Alice Wilson a joyous little  
breeze that had shaken every burgeoning  
thing outside fluttered the shutters and  
came sailing in on the blowing curtains.  
Dicky sat up in bed. "I fought you was  
breavin' on me," he said. Alice Wilson  
turned. "She was standing in front of  
the mirror arranging her hair in prim  
folds. Dicky had looked at it disap-  
provingly. "Tumble it up," he ordered.  
"Muvver tumbles up hers, an' it looks  
pritty." For a moment the woman  
stood irresolute, and she who stands  
irresolute seldom. All the village knew

by noon that Alice Wilson's hair was  
"tumbled up"—and Alice Wilson's prim  
hair.

Before a week had passed she was mov-  
ing about the place in the floating mus-  
lin gowns that she had laid away ten  
years before. "I feel like the mother of  
the girl who used to wear these dresses,"  
she apologized to Arabella, "but Dicky  
doesn't like the ones I wear, and I have  
no others."

"You look like a picter," Arabella said.  
"Everybody's sayin' there ain't nobody  
in this town so sweet to look at as you  
in them old-fashioned clothes—everybody

that's caught a glimpse o' you is sayin'  
that."

Alice Wilson blushed as the girl who  
wore the muslin gowns so long ago had  
blushed.

"Old Hannah is feeling the little influ-  
ence, too," she said. "She's been awful  
to live with. She's treated the poor  
baby like dirt under her feet. He's so  
forgiving. Arabella, did you ever see  
such an angelic child? Well," her eyes  
crinkling up with mirth, "this morning I  
found old Hannah down on her hands and  
knees—her poor rheumatic knees, Arabella.  
They were playing bear, and Dicky was  
shrieking. 'I'm going to eat you up, old  
Miss Hannah.' I wouldn't have had her  
see me for the best farm in the county."

A month after Dicky had come to stay  
with Alice Wilson, one afternoon when  
the village was full of tranquil light, and  
the western sky was brightening to gold  
behind the long line of purple hills, her  
gate was opened by a man whose figure,  
it must be confessed, had outgrown the  
symmetry of youth, but whose clean-  
shaven, youthful face belied his years.

Getting no response to his vigorous  
knock, he sat down on the portico. June  
had come. The roses were at carnival.  
They were everywhere. Overrunning the  
lattice pillars in masses of riotous color,  
overflowing the place with fragrance.

"Arabella," a gay voice called, "I  
heard the gate click, and I knew it was  
you." She came around the garden  
path, and up a step or two. "I've been  
to a circus. Your little John and Dicky  
are playing circus. They wanted me to  
be the fat lady, but I refused flatly.  
But Dicky dragged me off to see the  
skeleton. 'You never have sawn any-  
thing to eq'l the skeleton,' he said."

Alice Wilson burst into a peal of ring-  
ing laughter. Flushed and gay, and  
talking in little panting gusts, shaken  
with merriment, she came up another  
step or two. "I never have," she de-  
clared. "Old Hannah was the skeleton.  
She was on top of a dry-goods box,  
wrapped in an old red quilt. I don't  
know whether the quilt was her idea or  
Dicky's. She's human under the crust.  
Arabella," she paused to give weight to  
her words, "she laughed when she saw  
me."

But Arabella's "The laws 'a' mercy!"  
was not forthcoming.

Alice Wilson came up the steps. A  
slender, radiant shape in her old-fash-  
ioned muslin gown, she stood poised  
against the dying light, as she peered  
into the dusky fragrance of her deep  
veranda.

The light and laughter went out of her  
face at sight of the man who rose to