

\$5,000,000.00

**for WESTERN CANADA POULTRYMEN
PRODUCED BY THE PEERLESS INOUBATOR**

Into the pockets of the users of The PEERLESS INCUBATOR last year went five million dollars made from the poultry these people raised. Yet chickens are scarce in Canada and eggs are the scarcest of all food commodities. That is positively the fact.

To-day there are not enough Canadian CHICKENS or EGGS to go around. Thousands of dozens of eggs are being shipped into Canada from the United States and other countries to help meet the demand.

Yet there is a shortage! Eggs are commanding a tremendous price—chickens are worth dollars.

Now is the time to take advantage of this situation and make money out of it yourself. You can raise and sell 600 chickens this next year, and you will find a quick and sure market for every one of them. You can get the top notch price for all the hundreds of dozens of eggs that your poultry lay.

Let us tell you how!

The book, "When Poultry Pays," will show you how. Let us send it to you. It is interesting; it is instructive, and it contains the proof.

You need this book. It will be mailed free. A post card will bring it.

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The Raymond Manufacturing Co., Limited

WINNIPEG, MAN.

Western Sales Agents for LEE MANUFACTURING CO., LIMITED,
Makers of Peerless Incubators and Speeders and Poultry Supplies.



WALL PLASTER

The "EMPIRE" Brands

of GYPSUM PRODUCTS are essential to FIRE-PROOF and FIRE-RETARDENT construction. STANDARD of quality is rigidly maintained in everything we manufacture.

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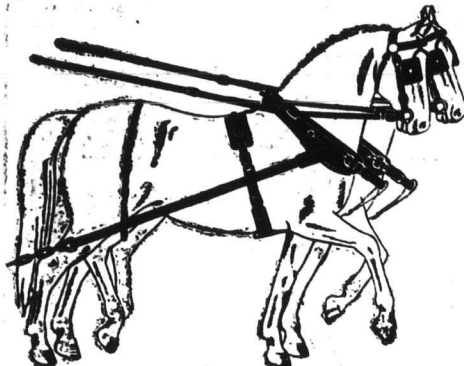
SOLE MANUFACTURERS:

MANITOBA GYPSUM Co. Ltd.

Winnipeg, Man.

HARNESS DIRECT FROM MANUFACTURER

As is generally known, a great increase has taken place in the price of leather during the past twelve months, and in this line goods of all description are more expensive than ever. We are manufacturers of all kinds of Harness on an extensive scale, and are enabled to continue low prices by dispensing with the middleman and inviting the consumer to deal with us direct. Not only can we save money to our patrons, but can place at their disposal a long practical experience that should go along way towards securing absolute satisfaction. We specialize in such goods as Team Harness—this we can supply at a remarkably low price. The Harness is strong and durable and excellent for farming and general team work.



See Specifications
Bridles— $\frac{3}{4}$ inch square harness leather Winker, or open if desired, short cheeks over hame.
Lines—1 inch 20 feet, with snaps.
Hames—Varnished wood bolt hame, $\frac{3}{8}$ in. hame straps, chain spreaders. If desired with steel hames add \$1 per set to harness.
Traces—2 inch double leather, and stitched with 3 rows of stitching full length. Heel chain with dee and five link chains.
Fads—1 $\frac{1}{2}$ inch top double and stitched, with harness leather housing, 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ by 18 in. felt lined.
Bellybands—Folded with 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ inch buckles.
Breast Straps—1 $\frac{1}{2}$ inch with snaps and slides. Martingales 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ inch.
Back and Hip Straps— $\frac{1}{2}$ inch back strap to hame, folded cruppers and $\frac{1}{2}$ inch hip straps with trace Carriers.

Harness, Complete \$30.00. Without Collars, \$27.00. Without Back and Hip Straps, Deduct \$2.00. N.B.—Collars are Leather Faced. Write us today. You will save money.
Information on anything in our line gladly given

Winnipeg Saddlery Co., 284 William Ave., Winnipeg

No Catalogues Issued

Reference: Imperial Bank

prise and come over to the Minaret. "The lion and the lamb lay down together," he was reminded by the humorists at Dakin's, "but when they got up again, it was all lion. There wasn't no lamb." And 'Gene's scheme of one church—his own church—ended there.

But no one had any fault to find with Mr. Holbrook as a sexton. Nobody else could get any heat out of the Minaret's sheet-iron stoves. Nobody else could ring the cracked bell. Weakening as he was, he could set up and take down a Christmas tree unaided. Whenever the organist failed to make her appearance, 'Gene could fill her place. Four times, in the thirty years, he had climbed to the very top of the Minaret to oil the brass rooster that served as a weather-vane. It was a break-neck feat, performed out of sheer affection for the building that he loved, though among the boys of the Hollow it added to his grave-digger reputation for uncanniness.

In truth, no one felt really acquainted with 'Gene Holbrook. While his loud-voiced father lived, the son had effaced himself as a matter of course; and after his own brief, unavailing struggle for union, the habit of silence, or at most of inept, inefficient speech, became ingrained. He sat awhile at Dakin's every evening, before and after mail-time, but made no contribution to the wit or wisdom of the place. He did not even smoke, or do anything, in fact, except sit on a barrel and run his fingers through his beard. The talkers watched him often, as the never-ending debate between Battlement and Minaret drew on, but "not when father was alive," or "It ain't for me to say anything" was the utmost extent to which he committed himself. No one addressed him as "Deacon." It was tacitly felt that he owed that dignity to the accident of inheritance rather than to intrinsic importance in the community; and even little Polly Dakin, aged seven, called him "Gene."

One November night—the mail being very late—the talk at Dakin's grew unusually free.

"No, sir," said the shoemaker, who was a Mental Healer, "nothin' short of a stroke of lightnin' 'll ever scare them Congregationalists into keepin' the peace. Ain't that so, 'Gene?"

Holbrook shifted uncomfortably upon his barrel, but had no answer ready.

"There's them two buildings," pursued the shoemaker. "It's a question of property rights—that's what I've thought all along. If a stroke of lightnin' would consume one of them buildings—they ain't either of 'em insured, be they?—'n' folks had to get together, they would get together. Eh?" And he laughed maliciously at his own fancy, being convinced that religion, in the south township, had long since gone to pot.

But Holbrook spoke out for once, to the astonishment of the crowd.

"You better stick to healing, Josh Wetherbee, if you believe in healing, and let religion alone!" He slipped down from his barrel and stood erect, his gray eyes blinking, his hands fidgeting.

The spectators looked delightedly at Wetherbee, expecting a retort, but Orrin Waterman entered with the mail-bag, and before the general attention was directed again to the disputants, 'Gene Holbrook had teetered out of the door. He was still trembling as he turned the corner by the blacksmith's shop, and trudged along toward his little farm in the Hollow. Gentle-hearted, loving his own church with a devotion more intense than Slab City could comprehend, the shoemaker's taunt had jangled upon every nerve. And the worst was, that Josh Wetherbee had told the truth! 'Gene realized it, even at the instant that it had stung him into unwelcome retort.

He stumbled onward, in the black November night, nodding his head excitedly. In a swift revulsion of feeling he saw the whole wretched business lying ghastly clear. The long strife between Minaret and Battlement was, in reality, a quarrel about dollars, involving the proportionate assessment of the two churches in case they united—a question of "property rights," as Josh Wetherbee had claimed. What was it

all about, this inherited love for the old Second Church, the passionate service of his own life—he, the doorkeeper in the house of the Lord—the fierce talking and fiercer praying of his own father, who would not give a First Church man half the road? It was about a building—mere timbers and clapboards, and plaster and carpets and pews. The forty-year fight for pure religion was as sordid as some long lawsuit over the right of way to a barn. In the sudden illumination of bitterness he saw the Minaret as a part of his father and himself—an embodiment of the Holbrook stiff-neckedness—and he found himself almost hating it. The Battlement was as bad, but the Battlement was not, like the Minaret, bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh. And a man has the right to loathe himself.

He was mounting a little hill that thrust its foot across the Hollow road. It was too dark to see the muddy highway or the Holbrook farm that lay below him, and quite too dark, therefore, to catch sight of what he had marked a thousand times at the turn of the road, namely, the two white buildings glaring at each other on Church Hill. But to Holbrook's strained fancy they were visible, facing each other like two dogs, warily, sullenly. They had stood there like that for so long! Suppose the lightning were really to strike one of them! "By God!" he cried aloud, in his first oath since boyhood, "how it would burn!"

A moment more and he stopped short, flinging up his arms as if to ward off something, some treacherous thought that lunged at him. Slowly the arms dropped. He stood perfectly still, save that his square, ill-modelled head moved from side to side as if he were in terror. He glanced toward the sky—no, it was from behind him that the noise came. A real noise, too—horses' hoofs lifted painfully out of the sucking clay and a rattle of milk-cans upon a squeaking buckboard. It was only 'Gene's fellow-deacon, John Richardson, driving soberly homeward from the village. He was half blind and wholly deaf, and yet, as he drew nearer, Holbrook leaped swiftly into the mass of willows by the roadside and cowered there until long after his elderly associate had passed. To see him creep forth again, groping for the hat which he had lost in his frightened leap, one would have said that here was a man conscious of some crime, and already, perhaps, a fugitive from justice.

After awhile he started on, pausing now and again to listen, or to scan fur-

THE KNOW HOW

To Feed Children and Get Good Results

There are more nervous persons made so by undigested food lying in the stomach than the average individual would suppose.

If food remains undigested in the stomach, it begins to ferment, set up gas and a large portion is thus converted into poison.

That's why imperfectly digested food may, and often does, cause irritation of the nerves and stupor of the mind—brain and nerves are really poisoned.

"My daughter had complained for some time of a distressed feeling in the stomach, after eating, which set me thinking that her diet was not right," writes an anxious and intelligent mother.

"She had been fond of cereals, but had never tried Grape-Nuts. From reading the account of this predigested food, it seemed reasonable to try Grape-Nuts for her case.

"The results were really wonderful. The little brain that seemed at times unable to do its work, took on new life and vigor. Every morning, now, before going to school, she eats the crisp little morsels and is now completely and entirely well, she seems to have a new lease on life—no more distress in the stomach, nor headache, but sound and well every way." Name given by Canadian Postum Co., Windsor, Ont. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

"There's a Reason."
Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.