

For Spraying
Fruit Trees, Shrubs, Bushes and Plants, there's nothing to equal



EUREKA
COMPRESSED AIR FOUNTAIN SPRAYER

Requires but one pumping to empty entire contents of tank. Automatic lever valve stops flow of liquid when spray from nozzle is stopped. Easy, light, compact, carried by hand & when the pressure required is equal to that of a bicycle pump. Two models, with best attachment for spraying small trees. Write for catalogue. THE EUREKA PLANTER CO. Limited, - Woodstock, Ont.

FARMERS' ELEVATORS

Write for Modern Plans and all information :: ::

Estlin & Co.
Chambers of Commerce
WINNIPEG
Elevators Built Anywhere



Somerville & CO.
BRANDON
Monuments



A Postcard will bring you our FREE CATALOGUE, which contains numerous illustrations of monuments, showing our latest designs.

BUY BY MAIL from our Catalogue. We guarantee satisfaction and a saving of 25 per cent.

When writing address J. T. Somerville & Co., Brandon, Man.

Somerville Steam Marble & Granite Works
Rossar Ave., BRANDON, Man.

Edward VII's Last Journey

Continued from Page 8

As the last prayer was said and while the music still echoed through the chapel the members of the royal family gathered about the coffin. The central figure of the group was Alexandra and alongside, half supporting her, was Princess Victoria; on the other side at the reach of her hand stood King George. As the last solemn words were said, the Queen Mother spasmodically clutched Princess Victoria's arm. Then the body was lowered into the vault, and the obsequies were over. King Edward came to his end amid the soaring death music of the church organ and the coffin was lowered into the vault in which lie George III, George IV., William IV., and Queen Adelaide. Just after the anthem, "His Body Is Buried in Peace and His Name Liveth Evermore," King George left the side of the Queen Mother and placed a small royal standard miniature of that of the King's company of the Grenadiers upon the coffin. Then at the end of the prayers the coffin was

slowly lowered into the ground and earth cast upon it. Queen Alexandra, who throughout the service had remained standing at her royal son's side, now joined in the collect which was said by the Archbishop of York and the benediction was pronounced by the Archbishop of Canterbury.

A. Conan Doyle's Tribute

"Who shall hope to describe the cortege?" writes Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, in an impression of the funeral contributed to the Daily Mail. "What mere roll call of regiments, of monarchs, or of nations can conjure it up? The senses were stunned by its majesty, its color, its variety and still details linger in the mind. One carries away a memory of three riding veterans abreast, Earl Roberts, like a white falcon; Lord Kitchener and the rugged Sir Evelyn Wood. Alas, that Wolseley could not have made the fourth to render the group complete. The dog, too, who could forget him, a little white dog, as he trots behind his master's coffin and the troops of kings who escorted their dead peer, with the noble kaiser riding at their head. England has lost something of her old kindness if she does not take him into her heart today. There is Spain, ascetic and eager; Portugal, a sun-burned boy; Belgium, a kindly-faced man; there is hope for the Congo at last if that man has his way. Then, too, one remembers the strong profile of the great American set like granite, as he leans back in his carriage. "To me the strongest impression of all was that of the exquisite Queen Mother, the sweet womanliness, the gentle grace, a picture framed for an instant in the carriage window, and never to be forgotten."

"These are the high lights which stand clear in my mind after a broad river of scarlet and gold has flowed, full tide, between its bank of pale faces and the King has passed to his place."

"Now it is over, statesmen and warriors, leaders and princes, with a glint of gold and a glass of steel, the greatest muster on earth, are all gone and remain but a memory."

"The people surge forth from their close ranks and the hushed hum of London rises once more. For a few hours the great complex machine has stood at rest. For as many weeks it has been running heavily and slowly in all its countless gears, which turns again to its own proper business. The great dead has been honored and the world is now for the living. All its manifold activities will roar into action and the strife of parties will break forth. It is good and should be so, for only through battle can life's high issues be attained."

THE NEW KING

By William T. Stead

King George has now been on the throne for a week and it is about time the truth was spoken with emphasis in order that a mass of lying calumnious statements about him should be dispelled at once for all.

It is pure ignorance, no doubt, which may or may not have some origin in fact in the remote past, but the story now current that the new King is a confirmed drunkard is neither more or less than an infernal lie. So far from the King being a drunkard, he is nearer a teetotaler than any King who has ascended the English throne. For years past, I know, on first hand authority, from those who have lived in his house, dined at his table and traveled with him at home and abroad, he has been one of the most abstemious of men.

I was told the other day by those who know him well that it is nearly two years since he touched a drop of alcohol. About that I can say nothing. All that I know is that those who know him best are the most indignant at the persistent circulation of stories as to his fondness for strong drink.

Equally false are the stories that have been circulated about the married life of the King and Queen. Their home is simply ideal from the domestic point of view. They are both devoted to their children, are never so happy as when they can shut all the world out of doors and can devote themselves to each other and to their children. But of this devoted couple the most incredible falsehoods are circulated by people who accept them without any malicious desire to believe them true—simply hearing them continually repeated, assuming that they must be true.

Winnipeg :: Industrial Exhibition

THE Annual Exhibition of the Wonderland of the World; with its instructive competitions, its marvels on exhibit, its fascinating attractions and its progression of events; its premiums, its prizes. The Glittering Pageant of a Bounding New Nation :: :: ::

Farm Exhibits—Industrial Exhibits—Provincial Exhibits. The Motor and Automobile Contest. School Exhibits—Art Exhibits—Home Exhibits. RACES—SPORTS—FIREWORKS—CIRCUS
Nearly \$50,000 in Prizes. Send for List.

Swell the Enthusiastic Tramp of its TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND THrong. Excursions from Everywhere

The Opened Gateway



To the Land of Fortune

JULY

13-23

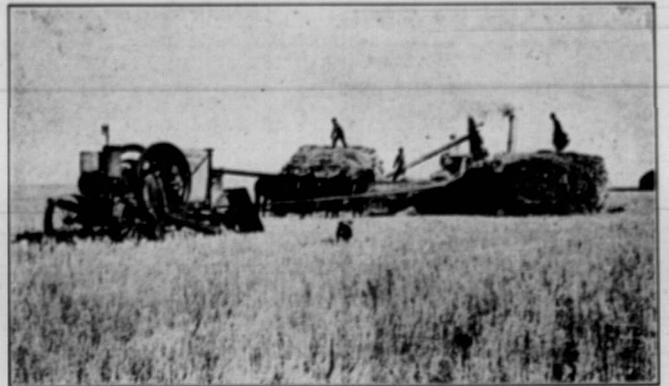
A. W. BELL, Secretary - - 1001 UNION BANK - - WINNIPEG

SAVE THE BIG THRESHING BILL

By using a

Fairbanks-Morse Threshing Engine

SAFE RELIABLE SIMPLE ECONOMICAL
STRONG SUBSTANTIAL RIGID GUARANTEED



Send for our Catalogue W.T. 7, describing the work these engines will perform. They are specially designed for threshing purposes, and the information contained in W.T. 7 we believe will be of great interest to you. Let us lay our special selling plan before you. Write TODAY for Catalogue.

THE CANADIAN FAIRBANKS CO. LIMITED

92-94 Arthur Street

Winnipeg, Man.

ST. JOHN, N.B. MONTREAL TORONTO CALGARY VANCOUVER

R. A. BONNAR

W. H. TRUEMAN

W. THORNBURN

Bonnar, Trueman & Thornburn
BARRISTERS, ETC.

P.O. Box 223
Telephone 768

Office: Suite 7 Nanton Block
WINNIPEG