

# Farmers' Market Place

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After investigation, we believe every advertiser on this page to be reliable. Please advise us if you know otherwise.

## CATTLE

**HEREFORD CATTLE AND SHETLAND**  
Ponies—Pioneer prize herds of the West. Pony vehicles, harness, saddles. This farm and stock complete for sale. J. F. Marples, Poplar Park Farm, Hartney, Man. 19 tf

**12 SHORTHORN BULLS—INCLUDING**  
choice 2-year-olds and show yearlings. 30 sold since Jan. 1. Yorkshire boars and weanlings. Grade heifers. J. Bousfield, Macgregor, Man.

**FOR SALE—FIVE SHORTHORN BULLS**, from twelve to thirteen months old, bred from the very best type of Shorthorns. David Stewart, Gilbert Plains, Man. 22-6

**BROWNE BROS., NEUDORF, SASK.**—Breeders of Aberdeen Angus Cattle. Stock for sale. 18 13

**HOLSTEIN GRADE HEIFERS AND COWS**—Registered stock, both sexes. D. B. Howell, Langenburg, Sask. 18 13

**SEVERAL REGISTERED SHORTHORN** bulls, thirteen months and younger. Walter James & Sons, Rosser, Man. 7 tf

**W. J. TREGILLUS, CALGARY, BREEDER** and importer of Holstein Friesian Cattle.

## SWINE

**WA-WA-DELL FARM OFFERS: BEREK-** shires—Large March litters from prize winners in East and West. April litter, Ontario bred by Toronto Champion boar. Pairs and trios not akin. A yearling show boar, litter-brother to my first prize sow last Brandon Winter Fair. Shorthorns—six choice young bulls, richly bred for milk and beef. Leicester sheep—champions over all. Everything priced right. Money back, return charges paid, if not satisfied. A. J. Mackay, Macdonald, Man. 23 tf

**RUSSELL M. SHARP, EDRANS, MAN.**—Breeder of Pure Bred Berkshire Swine. Young stock for sale. 26-6

**REGISTERED YORKSHIRE SWINE, UN-** related pairs. Coleman and Son, Redvers, Sask. 17-13

**STEVE TOMESKO, LIPTON, SASK.**—Breeder of Berkshire Swine. 18 tf

## FARM STOCK FOR SALE

**FOREST HOME FARM—CLYDE STAL-** lions, rising two and three years. Mares and fillies. Two roan yearling Shorthorn bulls. Yorkshire sows to farrow in June. Orders taken for spring pigs. Barred Rock eggs, \$1.50 per 15; \$5.00 per hundred. Stations: Carman and Roland. Andrew Graham, Pomeroy P.O. 15 tf

## FENCE POSTS

**LARGE SPLIT CEDAR FENCE POSTS**—Write for prices. F. J. Bossley, Solsqua, via Sicamous Junct., B.C. 23-6

## HORSES

**I HAVE A MARL THAT I BRED TO DIF-** ferent horses for two years. Got treatment from Dr. Wilhelm and raised a fine colt last year.—Hy. Weben. Price \$1.00. J. Wilhelm, V.S., 205 9th street, Saskatoon, Sask.

## Percheron and Belgian Stallions and Mares

To Exchange for choice unincumbered Farm Lands desirably located. You have too much land and not enough stock to farm successfully. W. L. DE CLOW, Importer, Cedar Rapids, Ia.

**WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS** PLEASE MENTION THE GUIDE.

## BUTTER AND EGGS

**BUTTER WANTED—WE WANT 1,000** dairy farmers who can ship us 40 to 50 lbs. first class butter every 2 or 3 weeks, preferably in lb. prints, although tubs also are in excellent demand. We will pay highest cash prices at all times. Remittance made immediately on receipt of shipment. Will furnish good heavy butter boxes at 50c each, to contain 50 lb. prints. These boxes should last several seasons, and are returnable by express at a small charge. Simpson Produce Company, Winnipeg, Man. 23 tf

**EGGS—THE SIMPSON PRODUCE COM-** pany, Winnipeg, will pay cash for shipments of eggs, butter, etc. Special demand and premium prices for non-fertile eggs. Highest market prices at all times. quick returns. 23 tf

## POULTRY

**TURKEYS, GEESE, DUCKS, CHICKENS,** eggs, poultry supplies. Catalogue giving valuable advice mailed free. Maw's instant louse killer, easily applied on roosts, kills lice instantly; half pound, postage paid, 50c. Edward's Roup Cure, in drinking water, prevents and cures disease, half pound, postage paid, 50c. Maw and Sons, Armstrong, B.C.

## FARM MACHINERY

**FOR SALE—ONE RUMELY OIL-PULL** thirty horse power, with Cockshutt plow and packer. Excellent condition. P. E. Hatch, Brooks, Alta. 26-6

**FOR SALE—20 H.P. INTERNATIONAL TRAC-** TOR. P. & O. Five bottom plow. First-class condition. D.S. Walker, North Battleford, Sask.

## BARRISTERS

**ADOLPH & BLAKE, BARRISTERS, SOLI-** citors, Notaries, Conveyancers, etc., etc. Money to loan. Brandon, Man. 34 tf

**ERNEST LAYCOCK, B.A., LL.B., BARRIS-** ter and solicitor, Wilkie, Sask. 20 tf

## FARM LANDS

**FOR SALE—QUARTER SECTION IN** ideal mixed farming district. Ninety acres under cultivation, splendid soil, abundance of pasture. Near school. Real snap. Easy terms. Geo. Bodley, Kelliher, Sask. 26-6

**WANTED—TO HEAR FROM OWNER WHO** has good farm for sale. Send description and price. Northwestern Business Agency, Minneapolis, Minn.

**IMPROVED FARM LANDS FOR SALE—APPLY** A. F. Stewart, Valley Stream, Man. 24-4

## MISCELLANEOUS

**WANTED—A LIVE AGENT IN EVERY** good town and district where we are not represented in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, to sell our hardy specialties, grown specially for Western plantings. Good pay. Exclusive territory. Free equipment. Stone and Wellington, Canada's Greatest Nurseries, Toronto, Ont. 23-9

**MILLING OATS WANTED—HIGHEST** price paid. Send sample. No delay. Drying plant in connection. The Metcalfe Milling Co. Ltd., Portage la Prairie, Man. 26 13

**FIFTEEN HUNDRED LBS. BROME SEED** wanted.—Doul, Leighton, Alta.

**FARMERS AND STEAM PLOWMEN—BUY** the best Lignite (Souris) coal direct from Riverside Farmers' Mine, \$2.25 per ton (Mine run \$2.00), f.o.b. Blenfaite. J. F. Bulmer, Taylorton, Sask. 34 tf

**FOR SALE—TWO 200-EGG CAPACITY** incubators, slightly soiled, in perfect condition. \$25.00 each. F.O.B. Winnipeg. Wm. Rennie Co. Ltd., 394 Portage Ave., Winnipeg, Man. 13 tf

## Getting the Franchise

Continued from Page 7

very worst operating proposition I have ever seen. The North Side had its hopes, and they were ours. It had room to expand; and we let two or three clever real-estate men into our inner circle. We planned in an optimistic way for the development of our territory—and that was perhaps the best thing the poor old North Side Traction ever did.

"Poor old North Side?" you ask. I shall not tell you here in detail of my troubles with that property during the first half-dozen years I lived in Riverport. It seemed as if the sheriff was always standing in the outer hall, and as I now look back upon it all I wonder how we escaped bankruptcy. It always seemed impending. There were many, many nights when I was awake, thinking that it would collapse in the morning and the bankers of Wall Street would be pointing me out as a man who had tackled a big job and failed in it. It was my wife who held me to my task with that patient optimism of which she seemed to have an inexhaustible store.

"Remember you are a railroad president now!" she would tell me every time. I fancy she must have imagined a railroad president something hardly less than a king; but it was her loving fancy that kept me breasting the nasty currents, finding some resource in each of those bad times to keep off the hungry creditors of the logy corporation that we had launched.

We had creditors because we were forever spending money. Fashions in electrical equipment were changing faster than fashions change in women's hats, and we were forever ripping out perfectly good engines and generators so that we could effect operating economies. That sounded well when I was running over to New York and doing tall explaining to Relligan and to Sam Kearney; but it took a lot of real money, just as it took money to buy new rails and new cars, twenty-five and fifty at a time. All this time we were being cordially damned by the folks who rode in our cars. To make at least an even break and dodge the sheriff, we had to skimp the service. We showed the local talent in the Citizens' concern that the profit rested in hanging folks up on the straps. We cut down the service—and the North side got up and yelled. We let it yell. We were not in business for our health. And after a little while the Citizens' Company was taking lessons from us.

Then—just as we were getting on our feet and giving our common stock a measly little two per cent—there came a panic year, and Riverport almost went to smash. The big mills shut down; the department stores cut down forces, and we lost our short-haul riders—the cream of the business. It made a big difference in our receipts and at a time when we could not afford to lose them. We were finishing our first modern power plant—an A.C. station, with three twenty-five-hundred-kilowatt generators—and we were hard up for ready money. Sam Kearney could not help us. He was squeezed himself for the moment. We faced the music and cut the dividends off our common stock.

After that came a twelvemonth of recuperation and of wearisome explanations to our stockholders—and after that a morning when my wife came to me as I was shaving, kissed me on the forehead and told me our men had gone on strike. That was not news to me. I had known for weeks they were organizing. Our wage scales were low compared with other traction companies in large cities, and we knew it; but there were our common stockholders threatening to lynch me if I did not give them at least their two per cent. back!

I determined to fight my men—and fight them I did to a finish—with the aid of the local police, a trained army of strikebreakers and the state militia. We won—that is, we won our points against the men. Nowadays I think we lost that strike, because we lost the final shreds of public sympathy that we then held; but we won our points and they were beaten—beaten and broken—their organization bankrupted and their hopes crushed. We did not let them renew their organization. We put in our application blanks a clause which stated that in accepting employment with the North Side Traction Company a man accepted as a reasonable cause for instant discharge the fact of his join-

ing any organization without the consent of the company. That settled them. When they signed their applications they also subscribed to that clause and we had them. However, to show that we took no risks, I made every tenth employee in our service a detective in the separate employ of our secret-service department. That worked. Every attempt that the men made thereafter to organize—and there were many of them, for our road was a fair mark for the walking delegates across the land—we nipped in the bud and heads went off as they did on a brisk day in the time of the French Revolution.

### III.

All these things were but a preface to the big battle in Riverport—the fight with the Citizens' Company for final control of the streets of that town which we were bound to have some day. From the beginning it had been apparent to us that eventually the two companies must merge. That has been the traction, eventuality in every big city in the country. We were in no hurry. When we merged it was likely to mean free transfers between all the lines in Riverport, and we were already seeing that fundamental error of earlier days. Moreover, there was some reticence on the part of each company upon approaching the other in so delicate a matter. We were polite, but distant—that is, we were distant until the day the state legislature jammed through the measure for a second highway bridge, leading straight from the foot of Congress Street to the manufacturing district upon the north bank.

Congress Street, you remember, is the Broadway of Riverport, itself known as a one-street town. Sentiment for years had operated to keep Congress Street free from trolley tracks; but Riverport woke up one day to find that it had its own problems of congestion, just like Boston or New York or Chicago, or any other big town. For a decade it had been growing like a child in its teens. The North Side had justified each of our hopes. We used everybody—real-estate promoters, commercial bodies, banks and manufacturers—adroitly for the development of our territory, and North Side traction was beginning to be worth its oats; in fact, prosperity had increased our problems. Riverport bridge became a nightmare to every one of us. It was, in truth, the neck of a bottle and constantly subjected to tremendous strain. Sometimes in the busy December days when we were hauling Christmas shoppers, we handled from two hundred and fifty to three hundred cars an hour over its single pair of tracks, and any street-railroad man can tell you what that meant to us.

Still, I think we should have worried along with it indefinitely if it had not been that we had still another fellow in our territory and if every blessed one of us had not been looking forward to the day when we were going to absorb him or else be lost ourselves in a swallowing process. That was the idea that recurred to us in Sam Kearney's office as Relligan and I sat there one day making explanations about the new situation, which the plans for the Congress Street bridge had developed. We had been showing the old man how that one old bridge was beginning to bottle us up. I had photographs of the old spans in rush hours, and our traffic sheets, which were vastly more impressive than photographs; but before Kearney had fairly looked at any of these exhibits he took off his glasses and said:

"Raise hell with them!"

Relligan smiled and Kearney was hot. Kearney brought his fist down on the table. "Smash 'em!" he swore. "Get in under their slats! Send them into bankruptcy. I'll back you—if it costs a million!"

Then Relligan explained. The Citizens' Company was a pet vested interest of a great city—its banks, its trust estates, its money in every form. To smash the Citizens' Company would be to smash Riverport—it would mean civil war. And Kearney's brow slowly clouded.

Concluded Next Week

Reputation is an idle and most false imposition; oft got without merit, and lost without deserving.—Shakespeare.

Against the superiority of another there is no remedy but love.—Goethe.

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