

## GRAIN GROWERS!

We are specialists in the handling of carlot shipments. Forward your cars, "Notify the Pioneer Grain Co. Limited." That will enable us to obtain best results for you and to check up the grading closely on arrival of the car here.

Shipments handled strictly on commission or net bids wired out at any time desired. Large advances on bills of lading and adjustments promptly made, accompanied by Government Certificate. Licensed and bonded.

**THE PIONEER GRAIN COMPANY, Ltd.**

THIRD FLOOR D, GRAIN EXCHANGE, WINNIPEG

## Grain Shippers!

Over fifty years' experience in the grain trade of Canada and the facilities to enable us to give every necessary attention to all carlot shipments entrusted to our care are a guarantee to you of satisfactory results.

Bill your cars "Notify James Richardson & Sons, Limited." That will enable us to see that your shipment has dispatch, check up grading and make prompt disposition in accordance with your wishes. We are prepared to handle cars strictly on commission or to wire out net quotations, if desired. Liberal advances and prompt adjustment with Government Certificate. Any Banker will tell you our standing in the grain trade is the very highest. Write us for desired information re shipping and disposition of grain in carload lots. If you haven't already one of our Data for Grain Shippers, let us send you one. It will be of value to you.

COMMISSION DEPARTMENT

**James Richardson & Sons, Limited**

GRAIN EXCHANGE, WINNIPEG GRAIN EXCHANGE, CALGARY

## Good Premiums Continue

Farmers! Get our bids for your grain now loaded, or to be loaded within five days. Note that October prices are much lower, and premiums are sure to lessen early this year. On barley in particular we can pay you big prices. Try the service we can give you.

## BLACKBURN & MILLS

(A. M. BLACKBURN)

(D. K. MILLS)

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Telephones  
Main 46 and 3570

Winnipeg, Man.

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## THE SQUARE DEAL GRAIN CO. LTD.

A STRAIGHT COMMISSION HOUSE

We stand for good faith towards shippers; competent service as selling agents; and promptness in attending to correspondence and in remitting advances and settlements. Try us.

E. A. PARTRIDGE,

President and General Manager.

W. E. McNAUGHTON,

Office and Sales Manager.

OFFICE: 414 CHAMBERS OF COMMERCE, WINNIPEG, MAN.

## SHIP YOUR GRAIN to PETER JANSEN CO.

GRAIN COMMISSION MERCHANTS

328 GRAIN EXCHANGE, WINNIPEG, MAN.

You Want Results

We get Them for You

Write for Market Quotations. Send Samples and ask for Values

Make Bill of Lading read "PETER JANSEN CO., PORT ARTHUR" or "FORT WILLIAM"



## GET A GALLOWAY

Unqualified satisfaction guaranteed, plenty of time given to satisfy yourself, and it is sold direct from our own factory to your farm with one small factory profit, so that you save from \$50 to \$300, depending on the size engine you buy. That money stays right in your own pocket and you get a better engine.

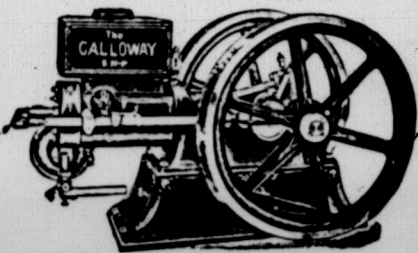
The Galloway is the most practical engine. It has built into it the engine experience of 30 years. It's the simplest, easiest understood, and therefore free from expensive stoppage for any reason.

My best proof is the fact that ten of thousands of farmers call the Galloway engine the simplest, easiest operated, and best engine they ever saw. They bought it after considering the merits of every other engine in the market, and after years of use they pin their faith to the Galloway.

You want to try a Galloway at my risk. I guarantee to ship promptly. I warrant it will arrive in good condition. I guarantee that you can operate it easily, and I promise you faithfully if in any way you are not pleased with the engine I will refund you all your money, pay the freight both ways and take the engine back to Winnipeg. Better still, I have a special proposition which I would like to make you by which you can partly or entirely pay for your engine. Write today for my new catalog.

WM. GALLOWAY, Pres.

**Wm. Galloway Co. of Canada Ltd.**  
Dept G.G. WINNIPEG, MAN.



She sank into a chair, but with her face turned away from him.

"When Mull calls me a woman hater," he began after a somber silence, "it's as near true as those things usually are, for I'm not a marrying man. Not being a marrying man, the only thing left for me to do is to clear out—vamoose. Does that enlighten you?"

"No."

He rose abruptly, towering almost to the rafters, and looked down at her, his brows laboring with emotion. "Do you suppose," he said in a harsh, uneven voice, "that a man could watch you month after month—see you battling with hard luck, with no help but your courage and your two naked hands, up early and late, planting and plowing and weeding out in the blistering sun, and with time for a frolic and song with Tommy, game to your shoe-strings, making heaven of each day, blessedly sweet and strong—do you think a man could see that without loving? But if he isn't fit—if he has killed the woman he loved, or wronged her so she couldn't live—and if he has sworn to pay for her wretchedness with his own, to go without wife and home and child, then what," he finished huskily, "what is left for him but the desert and the wilderness?"

During this recital, Mary's head had veered slowly round, and as he ceased, she put out a hand and touched his softly. "Tell me about it," she said.

He sat down, pressed her hand, and threw it away. The look of misery in his eyes pierced her to the heart; it recalled flashingly her son's mute woe after long hours of holding aloft the green cotton umbrella.

"That's what I came for," he said heavily, "to let you know before I left, but it's like going over a long black list of disasters. I was twenty-one when a bark of my uncle's fell to me at his death, with a small sum of money. I repainted her, and christened her The Annie, for I thought it would bring me luck to have the name of the girl I loved across my first command. We were to be married in four months, upon my return from a trip to the West Coast. The night before I sailed I took Annie to a dance; I was mad over her, and blindly jealous of another fellow I thought she was playing off against me."

"What was his name?" Mary asked in a low voice.

"Norton—Earl Norton. We quarrelled over him, and I made Annie weep. And returning home—we did not return—not at once. . . . At the door of her house she clung to me, trembling, and made me swear to be true to her. I was—I never looked at another girl."

"The next morning The Annie beat out to sea; and the sixth night in a smothering blanket of fog a big wraith of a ship loomed above us, Spanish by the rigging, cut us in two like the halves of an apple, and went on. The next day I was picked up with my head stove in and my wits gone. When I came to, a week later, I found myself aboard a slow merchantman bound for Honolulu. I begged them to lay in to Rio so I could work my way home, for I was crazed by the thought of Annie grieving and thinking me dead. But a big gale blew us days off the track, and the captain refused to put back. I'll spare you the details of that trip. At length I was exchanged to a vessel bound for Boston, a weak-built old hulk which sprung a leak, and we had to put back again for repairs, with all hands at the pumps. It seemed as if the furies were hell-bent to keep me apart from Annie. For weeks I thought of how she would look, and the first thing she would say when she saw me alive and well. Finally we crawled into port, and at dusk the same day, with a shipwreck and ten thousand miles at my back, I knocked at Annie's door."

"Her mother met me, and gave me the news. At first I didn't believe her, and thought Annie was hiding for a joke in the next room. You see, it was my birthday, and I had taken the notion to be married that very night. I had bought the ring in Boston."

Mary looked at him strangely. Her brain was reeling at the misery and deceit which engulfed him, which had made a bitter jest of his life. All these years he had mourned Annie, who had died, not of shame as her mother had made him believe, but for love of another man!

"She told you the story?" Mary

asked. "You spoke to nobody else?"

He shook his head. "I ran out of the house then," he said hoarsely, "and up the hill to the churchyard, where I searched and found her grave. I lay there that night. The next morning I left forever." He rose and held out his hand. "Where's Mull's letter?" He pocketed it, smiling bleakly.

Mary clung to his hand like one drowning. "Oh, I can't bear it!" she cried in an anguished whisper. "I can't bear it! Not for her!" A look of cunning stole into her eyes. "You'll not go without seeing Tommy. He'd never flog me!"

"Good-by!"

For the second time in the twilight, she felt his kiss on her lips. A moment later, she was alone in the man-house. She leaned against the door and covered her face with her hands.

It was between dusk and moonrise when Mary who sat in a golden pool of candle-light, mending, heard a soft, scraping noise at the door.

"Mother—!"

There was a plaintive liquid sound in the voice like that of a mourning dove, and though sadness in Mary's heart was at the brim, she found room for an added pang at sight of Tommy's grief-stained face.

"Come in, dear," she said gently.

He crept in and laid his head on her bosom.

"There, there!" she said, unsteadily. "Your bowl of milk is on the table. Mother had to eat all alone."

Her son lifted a drenched, quivering face from her breast. "W-wipe my tears away."

After supper he laid down his spoon and inquired with sweet humility: "Can I run over an' see the cap'n?"

"Not tonight."

She sewed steadily, but a tear, netted in her lashes, rolled softly down her cheek. She turned her face away from the light. Tommy slipped from his chair without a word, and a rustling in the corner denoted that he was undressing.

Mary finished her mending, flung a shawl round her, and extinguishing the candle, slipped out upon the doorstep. Her head ached violently, and her thoughts came and went in a wild, confused rout, flashing like fireflies across the blackness of her brain.

Later in the night she wandered down to the bluff and descended to the sea. She found herself arguing passionately with the bereaved mother who had lied for her child. There was a stoniness about that woman of whom but the one fact was known which terrified Mary. She laid her case before her over and over, threatening, entreating, weeping, but to all her pleadings the woman made the same weary answer: "I know it was wrong, but I could not destroy his faith in my child. By your motherhood, you shall not tell."

Dawn was shooting pale lances over the crests of the waves as she toiled

Continued on Page 22

## The Automatic Lift Top

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