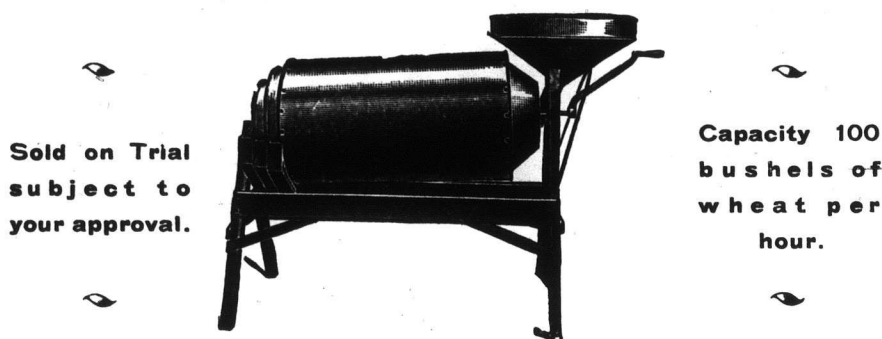


IT PAYS TO CLEAN YOUR WHEAT FOR MARKET

OUR NEW MODEL "JUMBO" GRAIN CLEANER

is the only farm size machine with capacity large enough for this work. It will clean a car load in one day, and do it to perfection!



Sold on Trial
subject to
your approval.

Capacity 100
bushels of
wheat per
hour.

Save your foul seed and wild oats at home to feed your stock. Make 10 to 20 cents per bushel by raising the quality of your wheat from one to three grades. You can save the price of the Jumbo if you have 300 bushels of wheat that you are going to sell, if you have 3,000 to sell, you will save the price of 10 Jumbos at least. Many others did this last season, why not you this year.

Remember in buying our machine you have also the most perfect seed grain cleaner now offered for sale by any concern.

The Jumbo cleans all kinds of grain and seeds. Separates wild or tame oats from wheat or barley, separates perfectly all the largest foul seed, and in fact is just the machine you require for all purposes. Is furnished with bagger, or high elevator for loading tank waggon. Every Jumbo cleaner is sold on trial entirely subject to your approval. If your implement dealer will not supply you, write direct to us, we will see that you get one of our new 1909 Model machines with a guaranteed capacity of 100 bushels of wheat per hour. Send for catalog to-day.

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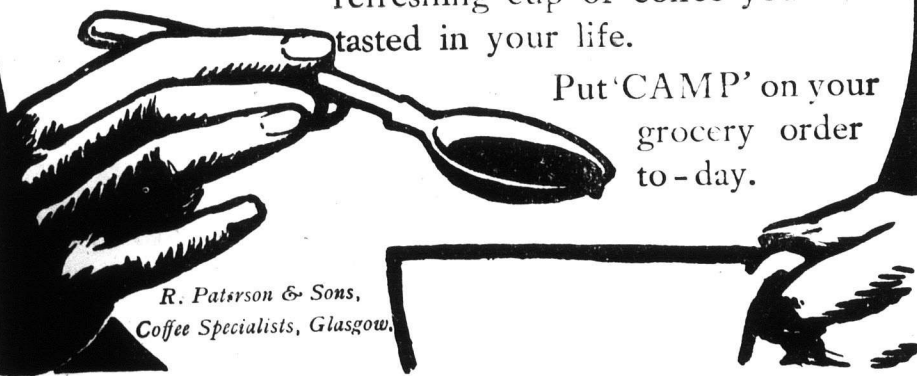
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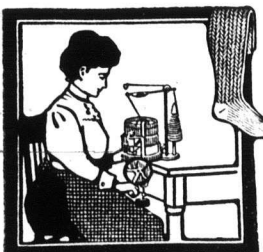
How
to prepare

'CAMP' COFFEE

A teaspoonful of 'CAMP,' sugar, milk, boiling water—that's all! Result—the most fragrant, delicious, refreshing cup of coffee you ever tasted in your life.



R. Paterson & Sons,
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INDIGESTION.

ment Number Four, upper berth, car 312.

I lighted a cigarette, gave my small luggage checks to a porter with directions to deposit my traps in my berth when the train was ready—the Company's office was in the depot—and strolled out to look at the station.

You know the Cologne station, of course. It is as big as the Coliseum, shaped like an old-fashioned hoop-skirt with a petticoat of glass and connects with one of the most beautiful bridges in the world. It has two immense waiting rooms with historical frescos on the walls and two huge fireplaces supported on nudities shivering with the cold, for no stick of wood ever blazes on the well-swept hearths. It has also a gorgeous restaurant with panelled ceiling, across which skip bunches of butterfly cupids in shameless costumes, and an inviting cafe with never-dying palms in the windows, a portrait of the kaiser over the counter holding the coffee-urn, and a portrait of the kaiserin over the counter holding the little sticky cakes, the baby bottles of champagne, and the long lady-finger sandwiches with bits of red ham hanging from their open ends like poodle dogs' tongues.

Outside these ponderous rooms, under the arching glass of the station itself, is a broad walk protected from rushing trains and yard engines by a wrought-iron fence twisted into most enchanting scrolls and pierced down its whole length by sliding wickets, before which stand be-capped and be-buttoned officials of the road. It is part of the duty of these gatemen never to let you through these wickets until the arrival

plexion, as yellow as the back of an old law book, black, jet-black eyes and jet-black hair.

I listened for some outbreak, some explosion about his bed having been sold from under him, some protest about the rights of a citizen. None came. The gateman merely touched his hat, slid back the gate and the Director of the Greatest Show on Earth, smiling haughtily, passed in, crossed the platform and stepped into a wagon-lit standing on the next track to me labelled "Paris 312," and left me behind. The gateman had had free tickets, of course, or would have, for himself and family whenever the troupe should be in Cologne. There was no doubt of it—I saw it in the smile that permeated his face and the bow that bent his back as the man passed him. This kind of petty bribery is, of course, abominable, and should never be countenanced.

Some members of the troupe came next. The gentleman in chocolate with my five francs in his pocket did not mention the name of any other member of the troupe except the Director, but it was impossible for me to be mistaken about these people—I have seen too many of them.

She was rather an imposing-looking woman—not young, not old—dressed in a long travelling cloak trimmed with fur (how well we know those night cloaks of the professional!) and was holding by a short leash an enormous Danish hound; one of those great hulking hounds whose shoulders shake when he walks, with white, blinky eyes, smooth skin and mottled spots—brown and gray, spattered along his back and ribs. Trick dog, evidently, one of those



She, too, went through with a sweep.

of the last possible moment compatible with the boarding of your car.

So if you are wise—that is if you have been left behind several times depending on the watchfulness of these Cerberi and their promises to let you know when your train is ready—you hang about this gate and keep an eye out as to what is going on. I had been two nights on the sleeper through from Warsaw and beyond and could take no chances.

Then again I wanted to watch the people coming and going—it is a habit of mine; nothing gives me greater pleasure. It has made me an expert in judging human nature. I flatter myself that I can tell the moment I set my eyes on a man just what manner of life he leads, what language he speaks, whether he be rich or poor, educated or ignorant. I can do all this before he opens his mouth. I have never been proud of this faculty. I have regarded it more as a gift, as I would an acute sense of color, or a correct eye for drawing, or the ability to acquire a language quickly. I was born that way, I suppose.

The first man to approach the wicket was the Director of the Circus. I knew him at once. There was no question as to his identity. He wore a fifty-candle-power stone in his shirt front, a silk hat that shone like a new hansom cab, and a Prince Albert coat that came below his knees. He had taken off his ring boots, of course, and was without his whip, but otherwise he was completely equipped to raise his hat and say: "Ladies and Gentlemen, the world renowned," etc., etc., "will now perform the blood-curdling act of," etc.

He was attended by a servant, was smooth shaven, had an oriental com-

plexion, as yellow as the back of an old law book, black, jet-black eyes and jet-black hair. I listened for some outbreak, some explosion about his bed having been sold from under him, some protest about the rights of a citizen. None came. The gateman merely touched his hat, slid back the gate and the Director of the Greatest Show on Earth, smiling haughtily, passed in, crossed the platform and stepped into a wagon-lit standing on the next track to me labelled "Paris 312," and left me behind. The gateman had had free tickets, of course, or would have, for himself and family whenever the troupe should be in Cologne. There was no doubt of it—I saw it in the smile that permeated his face and the bow that bent his back as the man passed him. This kind of petty bribery is, of course, abominable, and should never be countenanced.

Some members of the troupe came next. The gentleman in chocolate with my five francs in his pocket did not mention the name of any other member of the troupe except the Director, but it was impossible for me to be mistaken about these people—I have seen too many of them.

So I waited.

Then I heard the low rumble of a train and a short high-keyed shriek—we used to make just such shrieking sounds by blowing into keys when we were boys. The St. Petersburg express was approaching end foremost—the train with the special sleeping car holding the balance of the circus troupe. The next moment it bumped gently into Car No. 312, holding the Director (I wondered whether he had my berth), the woman with the dog, and her maid.

The gateman paused until the train came to a dead standstill, waited until the last arriving passenger had passed through an exit lower down along the fence, slid back the gate and I walked through—alone! Not another passenger either before or behind me! And the chocolate gentleman told me the car was full! The fraud!

When I reached the steps of car No. 312 I found a second gentleman in chocolate and poker-ship buttons. He was