

"Well, I'll be blamed!" gasped Johnson. "Do you see the game now?" cried Walling. "Bray usually works down here late in the afternoon, cooping barrels, and so on. Scovill gives him some sort of signal. Brady drags out this nozzle and sticks it in a cask. Then Scovill pours extract down the hose by the gallon. Next day Brady sneaks out the cask and delivers it to friend McMullen, while Scovill is as dumbfounded as the rest of us at finding empty bottles on the floor!" Johnson scratched his head.

"But it is mighty near time for Scovill to appear," said Walling, "and I want to get him red-handed. Officer, just stay by the furnace. If this man Brady comes down, don't interfere with him; but don't let him get out."

They extinguished the light and repaired to the office. The other policeman was hidden in their private sanctum.

Then Johnson and Walling waited. The trucks appeared for their first load. Walling smiled with huge satisfaction, for Brady strolled absently toward the cellar and down the stairs.

Very shortly Scovill entered, nodded good-morning, and mounted to his laboratory.

"Gad!" chuckled Walling. "I knew he'd be here early! McMullen must need more extract! Come on, officer."

They paused a moment on the stairs and listened.

The laboratory door was closed, and they could hear Scovill stepping about rapidly. Then came a series of light thumps, as if heavy bottles were being placed upon the floor.

Walling noiselessly placed a chair before the laboratory door, motioned Johnson to join him, and very carefully raised his head to the level of the glass transom.

Scovill, within, absorbed in his own operations, worked on rapidly.

At his feet six Rex Vanilla bottles stood in line, their corks removed. Scoville turned from them and seized the register—a little square of iron grille-work set in the wall.

A strong pull, and it came free in his hand. He felt about in the heating shaft for a moment. Then he drew forth the other end of the missing hose. Walling had been quite correct.

Scovill jerked gently at the hose. In an instant the answering signal came—a responsive jerk. He picked up a glass funnel and inserted it in the rubber tube. Then he raised one of the open bottles and tilted it.

Gugg-gugg-gugg-gugg! Rex Vanilla, worth twenty dollars a gallon, was flowing down through the hose and into the cask in the cellar!

The first bottle was empty. Scovill set it down and gently picked up the second. Gugg-gugg-gugg-gugg!

Scovill was grinning broadly. The second bottle was half-emptied, when Walling's head poked through the transom.

"Scovill," he said mildly, "do you think McMullen needs that extract more than we do?"

The bottle crashed to the floor, and a wide pool of Rex Vanilla spread over the boards.

Scovill staggered back, gazing in a sort of fascination at the face in the transom.

"I—I—I—" he could only stammer hoarsely.

"Well, we'll take your word for it," said the junior partner genially. "Oh, there's no use looking at that skylight. You can't get out that way. You see, Scovill, your friend Brady is down cellar with a policeman."

"Brady!"

"Exactly. And furthermore," smiled Walling, as the policeman behind them pushed past the chair and through the door, "this gentleman has a warrant for your arrest."

An Attractive Investment

The issue of Empire Loan Stock at \$110.00 was greatly over-subscribed. A small amount will now be sold at \$115.00 after which the price will be increased to \$120.00. Buy before the next increase.

THE EMPIRE LOAN COMPANY

Bank of Hamilton Chambers, Winnipeg, Man.

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO

CAPITAL, \$10,000,000 REST, \$6,000,000

B. E. WALKER, C.V.O., LL.D., President ALEXANDER LAIRD, General Manager
A. H. IRELAND, Superintendent of Branches

BRANCHES IN EVERY PROVINCE OF CANADA AND IN THE UNITED STATES AND GREAT BRITAIN

BRANCHES IN SASKATCHEWAN

BRODERICK	LASHBURN	REGINA
CANORA	LLOYDMINSTER	SASKATOON
DELISLE	MELFORT	SHELLBROOK
DRINKWATER	MELVILLE	TUGASKE
ELBOW	MILESTONE	VONDA
ELFROS	MOOSE JAW	WADENA
HAWARDEN	MOOSOMIN	WATROUS
HERBERT	NOKOMIS	WATSON
HUMBOLDT	NORTH BATTLEFORD	WEYBURN
KAMSACK	OUTLOOK	WILCOX
LANGHAM	PRINCE ALBERT	YELLOWGRASS
LANIGAN	RADISSON	

FARMERS' BANKING

Every facility afforded Farmers and Ranchers for the transaction of their banking business. Notes discounted and sales notes collected.

ACCOUNTS MAY BE OPENED AND CONDUCTED BY MAIL
A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED

The Toronto General Trusts Corporation

Established 1882

Official Administrator Eastern Judicial District of Manitoba.

Investing Agent for Supreme Court of Judicature for Ontario.

Agent for Inspector of Prisons and Public Charities, Ontario.

Acts as Administrator, Guardian, Executor, Liquidator, Trustee, Committee, Agent, etc., etc.

And lends money at lowest current rates on improved Farm and City properties.

Winnipeg Office:

Bank of Hamilton Chambers, Main Street

John Paton, Manager

MONEY TO LOAN

On Improved Farm Lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta.

Sherwin & Vincent, Notaries Public and Estate Agents

317 Portage Avenue, Winnipeg

The Luck of a Book Farmer.

By John R. Spears.



I HAVE very good reasons for remembering the year 1904, and especially June 1 of that year. For one thing when noon came I had worked just a year and eight hours for Mr. Jonathan Burwell, on his farm overlooking the Mohawk Valley, and then after dinner we made a bargain for another year.

"My year was up last night, sir," said I, after he had shoved his chair back from the table, "but I thought I would put in this morning for good measure."

Mr. Burwell's eyes closed a little—a trick he had—and then he said: "Have another piece of pie while we talk it over."

It was cream custard pie, but I had eaten so much fried chicken with hot biscuits and gravy that I couldn't do it, and I said so.

"I've been thinking I'd raise you a dollar a month for the next year, if you stay," he said.

"Make it twenty-five cents a week and I'll do it," said I.

"No," said he. "You've had \$18 a month, and that's fifty cents better than anybody else is paying. In fact, I don't see where the money is to come from to pay what I'm offering—unless I get a chance to trade horses with old Dunlap again."

He grinned, then, for he had beat old Dunlap out of forty dollars at least that very morning; and I had to grin, too, for it was done so slick. Well, there was no use of arguing with him, and so I took his offer.

But that isn't all that happened. While I was cultivating the corn that afternoon I saw Mr. Burwell go down the road to the farm adjoining us on

the south, the Ogden place, and then cut across into the gulf, as we called it. The gulf was a deep gulch at the back of the Ogden farm. A big spring came out at the head of the gulch and both sides were lined with trees down to the bottom. I reckon that was the coolest place in the country, but what Mr. Burwell went down there for was more than I could guess, and I was puzzled the more because I'd seen him going there before. However, in less than ten minutes a neighbor came up from town bringing the mail, and then out comes Miss Nellie, and says:

"Where's papa, Jacob?"

"He's just gone over to the gulf to cool off, I reckon," said I.

"The idea!" she said. "Then you'll have to go and tell him to come home."

"I'll be glad to go if you say so, Miss Nellie," said I; "but he told me to keep the cultivator hot, and—"

"Oh, that's all right, Jacob," she said. "Tell him I sent you. He'll frown and say, 'She hadn't ought to take you from the work,' and then he'll say, 'I suppose you had to come when she told you to,' and then he'll smile and say 'All right, Jacob, hurry back'—you know how it'll be."

She was right about his humoring her. She was his only child, and as pretty as they grow, and educated, too. Why, she'd graduated already, though she was only twenty. Mr. Burwell often said he enjoyed the fun of making money as much as anybody, but the most he cared about it was to give her as good advantages as any of the swells in town had. Of course, I hurried to the gulf, but Mr. Burwell did not smile, as we had expected. He jumped up and, swinging a big hammer as if he would brain me, he said:

"What ye sneaking around following me for?"

He had been breaking some red kind