

## THE FULTON Improved Sub-Surface Packer

Length 10 feet

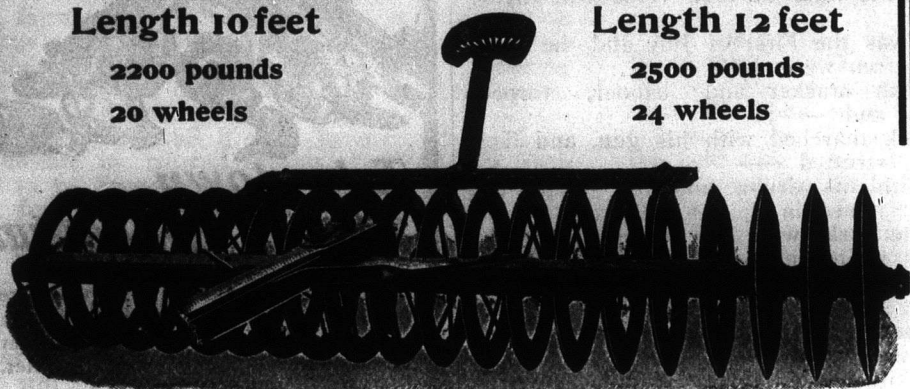
2200 pounds

20 wheels

Length 12 feet

2500 pounds

24 wheels



Patented June 29th, 1909

Manufactured in Winnipeg

Several hundreds of Western Canada's most progressive farmers have purchased and are using this implement, which was formerly sold as the Brandon Sub-Surface Packer, and the result from tilling the soil with it has proved to them, beyond a question of doubt, that a strata of well packed soil several inches thick will produce a better crop than soil that is not packed at all, or only slightly packed on the surface. Improvements have been recently made and added to the old machine making it more complete and better than ever as a soil packer. Catalog and testimonials furnished. Our new facilities for manufacturing this machine enable us to turn out a better implement and at a considerable reduction in price over the old machines. You get more packer quality for less money. Get our prices before purchasing a packer of any make. We can save you money.

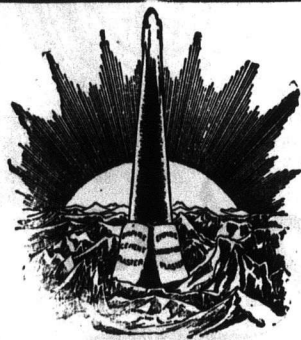
**THE SUB-SURFACE PACKER Limited.**

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## The Young People.

### A Legend of the Blush Rose.

By Hugh C. Laughlin.

Dan Cupid was roaming a garden one day,  
His young heart was merry, his spirits  
were gay;  
He lay neath the trees  
And talked with the bees,  
His yellow locks kissed by the soft  
summer breeze.

The proud lily bent, the fair youngster  
to greet,  
The jessamine offered her fragrance so  
sweet;  
He pillowed his head  
In a violet bed,  
By the worshipping flowers his vanity  
fed.

The modest white rose hung her head  
in despair,  
And murmured, unconscious that she  
was so fair,  
"Ah, were I so bright  
As others, then might  
Some kind ray of love illumine my  
night."

Sly Cupid, overhearing her whispered  
complaint,  
Arose and approached, while the flower  
grew faint;  
Then he pressed—Oh, the bliss—  
On her petals a kiss;  
She blushed, and still blushes there,  
thinking of this.

### How Edison Proved Himself an Inventor.

In one of the larger cities of the South, while making a trip through that part of the country, Thomas A. Edison was entertained at a dinner at which were present a number of well known reporters. The dinner ended, Mr. Edison found himself surrounded by a group, and presently one of the newspaper men said:

"I suppose, Mr. Edison, that from the start you never had much trouble in getting your inventions before the public?"

"On the contrary," said Mr. Edison, "it was often very hard. I shall never forget my first experience that resulted in anything; it's quite a story."

"Tell us," came from all sides, while the reporters sharpened their ears and mentally their pencils at the same time.

"Well," began Mr. Edison, "I was young then, about twenty-three, and I had already invented a number of things which I felt were valuable, but no one wanted to advance me the money to allow me to prove their practicability. One day, feeling pretty blue, I tramped the streets of New York, a few lonely silver pieces in my pocket, and presently found myself in one of the fashionable streets. A lady, young, handsome and richly dressed, was just descending the steps of one of the palaces to a waiting carriage.

"Who is that young lady?" I asked of the liveried dignitary who had conducted her to the equipage. The astonishment on the man's face could not have been greater if I had asked him to name the stars in the Milky Way. Silently he turned on his heel and made his dignified way back into the mansion.

"That's Miss Cymbeline Smart," volunteered a man who was passing. "And that is Mr. Jenkin Smart's house?"

"He nodded and passed on. I knew from newspaper report and gossip that Mr. Smart was one of New York's richest men, and that Miss Cymbeline was his only daughter.

"I hesitated only a moment, quickly ascended the marble steps, rang, and shortly found myself facing Mr. Smart himself in a room which seemed half-library, half-office.

"What do you want?" he asked. "I want to marry your daughter."

"Indeed! Who are you?"

"An inventor."

"What have you invented?"

"Nothing as yet that has proved a success. I need money to perfect my inventions. I work in electricity."

"While talking my glance strayed continually to the massive safe in front of which Mr. Smart stood. I knew his passion—his possessions.

"Do you consider that safe burglar-proof?" I went on.

"No," he replied, "not as long as the man who made it lives. This lock cost me six thousand dollars; before I got this the safe was broken into four times; presently this will be useless."

"Mr. Smart," I said, "I can fix an attachment on your safe that will not only render it burglar-proof, but will deliver into your hands any one tampering with the lock. If I prove this to you will you promise me your daughter?"

"If you succeed I will give you one hundred thousand dollars," he said.

"I'm sorry; it's your daughter I want."

"Very well, then, my daughter if you succeed."

"At twenty-seven minutes after eight the same evening I had perfected my attachment on the safe in Mr. Smart's presence. The following morning at ten, according to appointment, I again presented myself at the palace.

"Your master was ill last night," I said to the servant who ushered me in.

"Yes, sir, he had a fainting spell, sir, but he's quite well again this morning. You are to go to him at once, sir."

"Mr. Smart was standing in front of the safe very much as when I had first seen him.

"Good-morning, Mr. Smart; how do you feel?"

"Well, thank you; why should I not feel well?"

"Mr. Smart," I said, "yesterday evening at thirty minutes after eight you had an electric shock which caused you to fall unconscious in front of your safe. And this morning at half-past eight you regained your consciousness. Am I right?"

"Yes!"

"Mr. Smart, the same thing would happen to anyone who tampered with your safe, and without any knowledge on his part of the electrical trap set for him."

"And suppose I had never recovered from this electrical shock?"

"There was a risk, I admit; it was my first attempt on a person."

"And you knew exactly how long I would remain unconscious?"

"Certainly, the apparatus was set for twelve hours. You will admit, therefore, that I have succeeded?"

"Yes."

"And you will keep your promise and give me your daughter?"

"I always keep my word; you have my permission, but my daughter refuses to give her consent. But, my young friend, he went on, 'do not let this fact disturb you; I promise to buy all your inventions, and to give you at once my check for one hundred thousand dollars.'

"This," said Mr. Edison, glancing smilingly about him, "is the story of my first attempt to raise money for my inventions."

"And did you really sell this million-aire all your future inventions?" asked a reporter.

"No," said Mr. Edison, "I couldn't do that; I invented too many things."

"Is your faculty for invention a natural one?" asked one of the reporters.

"It is," said Edison, and then, with a twinkle in his eye, "I have proven that to you by inventing this story as fast as I told it to you."

His Son—"Dad, what is meant by the Great Divide?" Is it geographical?"

Father—"No, my boy, it is political; and is located, after an election, where the 'ins' meet for apportioning the spoils."