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The Boissevain Roller Mills.

The *Deloraine Times* has the following sketch of the new flour mill at Boissevain, Man., owned by Preston & McKay:—

The main building is 30x48, 50 feet high from the basement, built of stone, with cut stone corners, arches and sills. The engine room is also built of stone, 20x30 finished off in the same manner as the main building. Both buildings are roofed with tin. The building cost over \$5,000 and is said to be one of the finest mill buildings in Manitoba.

The basement of the mill is eleven feet high and is excavated about three feet, the other eight is above ground. It is largely used for bran, flour and wheat storage and contains the boots of the elevators, the line shafting for driving the rolls and scouring machine.

The grinding floor, also eleven feet high, contains five double sets of Allis rolls, 9x24 and 9x30, a wheat separator, power packer, chop roll and scales.

We next come to the purifier floor on which are their Smith purifiers, one Richmond shorts duster, two gravity scalpels and 3 cyclone dust collectors. The wheat and flour bins are on this floor, the stone walls being lined with ceiling to protect the wheat from frost and damp.

The next floor, called the rolling floor, eighteen feet high, contains ten No. 1 George T. Smith Centrifugal Reels and Inter-Elevator Bolts, one Eureka Horizontal Scourer, the elevator line and heads, etc. We were told that these reels and kindred machines are superceding the old fashioned long reels, the old reel being now as much behind the age as stones for modern milling.

The mill is driven by a Brown Automatic Cut off engine, which runs the 125 barrel mill without a tremor or jar. In fact the whole machinery of the mill runs beautifully and is a credit to the manufacturers. It is the only mill in Manitoba built on the George T. Smith Centrifugal System of milling, and using a com-

plete line of their machines. All the machines used in the equipment of the mill are the best known to the trade.

The flour from the mill gives excellent satisfaction. Mr. Preston explained that they made a stronger flour than perhaps any other mill in Manitoba, bolting their flour on short reels, instead of the old fashioned hexagon, grinding all their middlings on rolls instead of stones and using less breaks on wheat, and people in baking their flour for the first time should note this, as the dough rises quicker and consequently requires a little different handling from the other flours to which they have been accustomed.

Everybody Laughed.

A certain young newspaper man, who toils for his ducats not far from the *North American* office, recently became the proud father of the handsomest baby in the world. (He says it is the handsomest, and he ought to know.) Last Saturday was his day off, and he and his wife thought they would give the town a treat by taking the baby out and exhibiting it to the admiring multitude. They made two short calls on friends, and the lady concluded to do some shopping, too, while she was out. The baby is a fine, healthy youngster, and after a while it began to get heavy. Hubby had been carrying it, and to relieve him and allow him to stretch his cramped arms the young mother took a turn with it. Before long the proud father was again staggering along with the precious load, and after that they took turn about carrying it. Then a brilliant thought struck the father. Why not buy a baby coach? They needed one anyhow, and might as well buy it while they were out and wheel tootsy-wootay home in comfort. To think was to act, and in a little while the fond parents were pushing a gorgeous coach down Chestnut street, with the hope, expressed by the father, that some of the boys on the other papers could see the finest baby they ever laid their eyes upon. At first

they were oblivious to everything but how well the baby looked in the coach, but hubby finally began to notice that people coming towards them seemed to see something funny. He could not understand what it all meant, and concluded to investigate.

"You wheel the coach while I go ahead and see what's the matter," he said to his wife.

He passed the coach a dozen yards or so and then turned back. One look at the coach made him blush and then shake with laughter. They were near 9th street, and he told his wife to cross over while he wheeled. She crossed the street ahead of the coach, then turned, gave a glance, and with a feeling that beat sea sickness and the gripe combined, clutched a lamp post for support.

There in front of the coach was the placard which the careless dealer had forgotten to take off marked in big black letters, "Our own make."—*Philadelphia North American*.

A Good Joke.

A very popular young storekeeper of this city was busily engaged this afternoon in varnishing the bright work in his store and remarked to a friend who happened to be watching him, that he hoped he would not be troubled with any customers till he had finished the job. The friend who happened to be quick of perception saw he could get a good joke off on him so wishing him good day, he immediately repaired to one of the hotels where he rang the busy young man up by telephone. The call was promptly obeyed much to the annoyance of the young storekeeper, who averred he wished they were somewhere else, but his face was seen to brighten up as he marked down the large order he received through the telephone. But the sender forgot to send the name, and the innocent storekeeper asked for it, when he received the reply—McGinty. He hung up the phone with disgust, and if certain parties are found near that store for the next few days there is liable to be a funeral. The good joke told with a vengeance.—*Nanaimo Free Press*.