



Great Labor-Saving Machine For The Farmer

THE bane of almost every farmer's life is being obliged to depend on "hired help." The loss of "man" or "two," at certain seasons of the year, is a very serious matter and often involves loss of crop. The HACKNEY AUTO-PLOW, the only "one man machine" on the market that can be used successfully for plowing, seeding, haying, harvesting, as a stationary engine for power purposes, and as a tractor for hauling loads, etc., makes the farmer INDEPENDENT and solves the vexatious labor problem. It eliminates drudgery and helps to keep the "boys" on the farm.

The Hackney Auto-Plow will do the work of 10 horses and 2 men plowing and plows from 10 to 12 acres per day. It is a tireless worker, day or night, and there is no cost for "keep" except when in operation. So simple in construction and easy to operate that it is really a pleasure to run it. The cost is less than the medium priced automobile.

The Hackney Auto-Plow is the only machine that WORKED EVERY DAY at the field trials at the Minnesota State Fair, Catalog, photographs and testimonial letters, from satisfied users, free on request.

HACKNEY MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 618 Prior Avenue, ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA

NEW TELEPHONE DIRECTORY

The Bell Telephone Company of Canada is soon to print a new issue of its Official Telephone Directory for the District of

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Connecting Companies

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when she took them away, Olga clung so hard to her hand that the engineer's ring cut her finger.

"You'll see your mama pretty soon, Olga," said Flora. "See! They're getting the fire-ladders."

But the men below now motioned to the girls to go to the south side of the building. There had been a mistake; the fire-ladders were on the other side of the town. With the appliances at hand, the sixth floor could best be reached from the south end.

So Mrs. Blaney led them through the stock-room again. At the water-cooler each girl wet her apron or her petticoat to hold before her mouth. Passing the elevator shaft, they no longer saw a thin blue column of smoke, but dark gray billows, tinged with rose-color, that rolled over the top floor. Flames curled through the cracks in the floor along which the children had rolled their marbles.

With a savage roar, the water from another engine struck the burning building.

Now they reached the south window. The firemen had run up a ladder, half way to them, and had spliced a lighter ladder to it; the top rung of the second ladder was already at the sill.

"One at a time!" shouted the fireman, above the roar of the fire and the thudding of the water.

Mad in her determination to be first, Pearl sobbed, screamed and struggled, but Mrs. Blaney held her back for the children.

"Katy can go ahead of me!" whispered Olga, clinging to Flora's dress. And Flora put little Katy-sobbing and trembling now—on the ladder.

Then they waited. It was so smoky that they could not see out of the windows, and the air grew very hot; the

wall Flora touched burned her hand a little. A cheer came up from below; Katy had reached the pavement.

"Another!" the panting fireman shouted.

"Maggie is lame," whispered the Russian child. And Maggie went next.

"Pearl is afraid and I am not," Olga next decided. So Pearl was carried down the ladder, to safety far below.

At last Flora, letting go the little hand she had held so long, set the Russian child on the ladder. Olga disappeared into the smoke.

"You next, Flora," said Mrs. Blaney.

"No! You have four children to take care of."

"I won't go and leave you, Flora."

The ladder now swayed weakly, and the fireman, on the way up, repaired his splicing as well as he could.

"Another!" he shouted. "And come easy, come easy!"

Both Flora and Mrs. Blaney sat in the window. "I won't go ahead of a woman with four children!" declared the girl. "And one of them a little baby! Think of the baby, Mrs. Blaney!"

Mrs. Blaney began to cry; the girl gave her a slight push, so that her foot slipped out. A moment later the ladder trembled under her weight—she was going down.

The splicings almost gave way, so that the ladder sagged to one side. Below, on the pavement, was absolute stillness; the great crowd was holding its breath. Flora could now see nothing, for the dense smoke rolled below her. She leaned out, holding over her mouth her lace-trimmed pink silk apron, and listening with throbbing heart for the cry, "Another!"

Instead, a crash came.

The ladder had fallen to the pavement. And now there was so much flame and

smoke that nobody could put it back. Flora was alone on the sixth floor.

Within the smoky room some things had caught from the sparks that were coming up the shaft. The doll bride and the bridesmaids were on fire. A huge young lady doll, burning in her pink satin dress, was twisting in the heat, while the wax ran from her smiling face.

Flora ran across the floor to the end where the fire was not so fierce. When the people saw her reappear at those windows, they cheered. A man with a megaphone shouted to her that the ladders were on their way. Then the crowd was quiet. Down there, not only women, but grown men sobbed and cried, but Flora did not know. Somehow she felt all the while that the ladders would come in time. Suddenly there was a great crash in the building below her. That was when the people thought that the floors were falling in.

But the top floor was still firm under Flora's feet. It was not so smoky here, for the wind was blowing the other way. She saw blue sky, and only two blocks away, near a little park, the church to which she went on Sunday.

Round the Emporium traffic was suspended. After the fire the trolley-cars would begin to move again. People would point out a black, water-soaked heap, and perhaps a bit of scorched standing wall. Now conductors, motor-men, passengers, the people in the street had but one thought—Flora.

But a shaft of blue and rose-colored smoke swept across below the window where she stood, so that now she could see the watching people no more.

The windows of the office-building across the alley were full of spectators; from within it a hose was playing on the roof of the burning building. The people here pushed a ladder out toward Flora, but it was too short.

Her damp apron kept the smoke from her lungs, but her eyes smarted, and soon she could not see across the alley. The voices sounded far away.

Suddenly there was a shout—very near, right outside the window! Flora dropped her apron.

Out of the smoke two large brown hands groped toward her a little way from the window. "Can you see me?" the voice shouted. "Jump, and catch my hands!" When the wind blew some of the smoke aside for an instant, Flora made out the figure of a fireman, stretched on the ladder, with his legs strapped to it, and his hands extended toward her.

She sprang into the smoke.

Her hands missed those of the man; she felt herself falling—falling. Then the fireman, by a movement wonderfully quick and dexterous, caught her by both arms, and held her in mid-air, six stories above the pavement and the breathless crowd.

She realized little more till she had crawled over his body and the ladder, into a dentist's office across the alley. A strange woman caught her in her arms and hugged her; and almost every one was crying.

That night in her sleep Flora lived it all over again. The darting flames were about her, she heard the roaring of the water and the fire, the hysterical screams of Pearl and the whispers of the brave Russian child. She saw the big doll burning in its pink satin dress.

All at once she woke. It was Sunday morning; her sister was fast asleep beside her. The newsboys were calling their papers on the street. There was much in the papers about Flora—but she did not think of that.

She saw the sky, blue and pink. In a church the bells were ringing. Under the roof the English sparrows twittered. Over a chair lay her new silk dress, beside that of her sister. In a bowl on the window-sill were her pink and white flowers.

Then, as the air was soft and cool, she drew the blanket about her, and fell asleep again.

THE LIMIT.

"Why did you give your parrot away? The poor bird meant nothing by its profanity."

"I could stand its profanity, but it was learning to imitate my neighbor's rusty lawn-mower."