

"King of the Road Overalls"



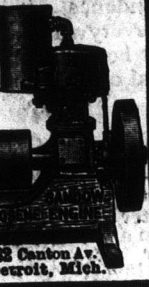
Union
Made

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Made

King of the Road Overalls stand the strain of the severest work. They are built on a plan to give service and they do it. They are guaranteed, and that means they have to be perfect. Ask your dealer.

Sandow S 42.50
2 1/2 H.P. Stationary
Engine — Complete

Gives ample power for all farm work. Only three moving parts—no cams, no gears, no valves—can't get out of order. Perfect governor—ideal cooling system. Uses kerosene (coal oil), gasoline, alcohol, distillate or gas. Sold on 15 days' trial. **MONEY BACK IF YOU ARE NOT SATISFIED.** 5-year ironclad guarantee. Size 2 1/2 to 20 H. P., at proportionate prices, in stock, ready to ship. Postal brings full particulars free. Write for proposition on first engine in your locality. (160) 88 Canton St., Detroit, Mich.
Detroit Motor Car Supply Co.



WHY NOT

Join the contented and prosperous community at Armstrong, B.C.? You can purchase a home cheaper than at any point in the famous Okanagan Valley. The climate is splendid, no irrigation required, a crop Every Year.

The Armstrong District IS NOT A FUTURE PROSPECT BUT A PRESENT REALITY.

No serious wind or electric storms. Pure, sparkling, cold mountain water. Fruit to your heart's content. Armstrong shipped 518 cars of fruit and produce in 1911. For more information write today to

Secretary, Board of Trade,
ARMSTRONG, B.C.

Load Your Own Cars and Fill Your Granary with a New Taggart Portable Elevator
Entirely Strengthened and Remodelled
Will Save its Cost in One Season

It is a back saver, time saver, money saver. It will save three men's time and two teams at least.

For loading cars and filling granaries—operated by gasoline engine which sits on front end of skids. We can supply engine, if wanted, or fit elevators to be run by your own engine by giving us speed and size of pulley. Will elevate from 500 to 1,000 bushels of wheat per hour according to power. We also have a Horse Power outfit complete, called our Junior Star. Only a few of them left. Our 1912 Model has improved Gearing and Frame and is as near to perfection as an elevator can be made for convenience and capacity. Write for descriptive circular. **Agents Wanted.**

THE HARMER IMPLEMENT CO.

Winnipeg

This cut shows Elevator mounted on truck, with leg up and Hopper swung back to let team drive up alongside of Elevator.



Construction

The "Taggart" Portable Grain Elevator is built with 18 or 21 ft. leg.

Grain is elevated by cups and conveyed by worm screw.

Mounted on skids or farm truck.

Hopper swings back out of the way for wagon, and will slide along conveyor so that it fits between the wheels of wagon and does away with the spilling of grain.

Leg swings down when moving and rests on front end of frame.

Spout may be swung in any direction either up and down or side ways.

Our Prices Are Right

avoided it, and I don't blame it. I wished I had, before long.

"It was morning, as near as I could gather—a bleak, chilly, cloudy morning. I was drenched to the skin with aqueous matter and I felt a pressing need of something of a spirituous nature. I felt my bones cautiously. They were sore, but they seemed to be whole, so I raised myself from my first premium couch and limped toward the burg. I struck the main street and was approaching the hotel when I heard a yell behind me. I looked back and saw the tomato-colored Turk who'd indulged in gayety with me during the meteorological preliminaries, as the Professor would have called 'em. He had been engaged in conversation with an admiring group of jays on the other side of the street. I guess the cyclone didn't think he was worth picking up. As soon as he saw me he yelled: 'That's one of 'em!—one of the fellows that started the cyclone! Stop him!'"

"I wouldn't have bet on myself for place in a foot-race a minute before, but I certainly missed everything but the high places when that mob came pounding down the street behind me. I had a picture of myself held in suspension from one of the tall telegraph poles that were hissing by me so fast they had

straight along until I almost ran into the train. Then I turned like a flash and flipped.

"As I clambered up, I saw my red-whiskered friend parting along within ten yards of me, losing ground, but game, and with a thrill of joy and gratitude I reached for a couple of chunks of that coal and turned loose. One chunk took him on the jaw and knocked him backward, and the other landed neatly in the abdominal region and doubled him forward. It was the loveliest thing ever seen.

"Within five minutes it was raining hard again, and I had no umbrella; the coal was the lumpiest, hardest kind of anthracite ever blasted out of a mine, and I was sore enough before I sat on it; I was hungry and sore athirst; at any moment an unsympathetic brakie might come along and boot me into sudden contact with the right-of-way; but the thought of that beautiful double shot filled me with a glow of happiness that was a dead ringer for ecstasy.

"It soaked out in time, though. I travelled on that coal-car clear into Omaha, and it rained every holy minute of the time. It was midnight when I dropped off at the yards and made my way to my friend Michael O'Carroll's place. Mike was standing behind the mahogany when I floated in on the



Reflections in Assiniboine Park, Winnipeg.

the aspect of a picket fence—and that helped me. A half a brick that came hurtling by my ear helped me some more.

"I hadn't any clear idea of where I was going until I heard a bell jingling ahead of me and saw a long train of coal-car running along the railroad track at the crossing at about twelve miles an hour. My relentless pursuers whooped triumph. They thought they had me blocked, but I knew better. I kept

bosom of the stream that ran from my garments, my teeth chattering.

"Mix me a hot one Mike, and I'll take ore at normal temperature while you're doing it, to save time," I says, reaching for the bottle with one hand and for the cheese sandwiches with the other.

"Fr Hivin's sake!" says Mike, his eyes bulging. "Where have yez been?" "Rainmaking," I says, with my mouth full, backing up against the stove, which by good luck he'd lit.

"Ye've struck yer gait, Jimsey," says Mike. "Ye're a howlin' success at it." "You don't know how successful I have been," I said. "This is only a small sample."

"I got into a dry wardrobe that Michael furnished me, and wet down to my regular abiding-place. The next morning I met another old friend who had a good mail-order proposition, and I gave science the shake, for the time being, for conservative commercial rake-off of ninety-eight per cent. of ret receipts. I worried about the Professor for quite a while, until I read a newspaper account of where he'd sued the grange for the amount of our contract, and recover d. Then I saw that I need never worry about him."

Hardly Truthful

Sages assembled in the general store were discussing the veracity of old Si Perkins when Uncle Bill Abbott ambled in. "What do you think about it, Uncle Bill?" they asked him. "Would you call Si Perkins a liar?" "Wall," answered Uncle Bill slowly, as he thoughtfully studied the ceiling, "I don't know as I'd go so far as to call him a liar exactly, but I do know this much: when feedin' time comes, in order to get any response from his hogs, he has to get somebody else to call 'em for him."