

Farmers' Market Place

CONDUCTED FOR THOSE WHO

Want to Buy, Sell or Exchange

RATES ON CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

4c Per Word Per Week. 20c Per Word for 6 Weeks.
40c Per Word for 13 Weeks. 80c Per Word for 26 Weeks.
\$1.50 Per Word for 52 Weeks. PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

Address all Letters to The Grain Growers' Guide, Winnipeg, Man.

Count each number and initial as a full word, as for example the following: "J. F. Brown, \$1.00," contains seven words. Be sure and sign your name and address. Do not have any answers come to The Guide. The name and address must be counted as part of the ad and paid for at the same rate. All advertisements will be classified under the heading which applies most closely to the article advertised. No display type or display lines will be allowed in classified ads. All orders for classified advertising must be accompanied by cash. Advertisements for this page must reach us seven days in advance of publication day, which is every Wednesday. Orders for cancellation must also reach us seven days in advance.

After investigation, we believe every advertiser on this page to be reliable. Please advise us if you know otherwise.

CATTLE

HEREFORD CATTLE AND SHETLAND Ponies—Pioneer prize herds of the West. Pony vehicles, harness, saddles. This farm and stock complete for sale. J. F. Marples, Poplar Park Farm, Hartney, Man. 19 tf

12 SHORTHORN BULLS—INCLUDING choice 2-year olds and show yearlings. 80 sold since Jan. 1. Yorkshire boars and weanlings. Grade heifers. J. Housfield, Macgregor, Man.

BROWNE BROS., NEUDORF, SASK.—Breeders of Aberdeen Angus Cattle. Stock for sale.

HOLSTEIN GRADE HEIFERS AND COWS. Registered stock, both sexes. D. B. Howell, Langenburg, Sask. 18-13

SEVERAL REGISTERED SHORTHORN bulls, thirteen months and younger. Walter James & Sons, Rosser, Man. 7 tf

W. J. TREGILLUS, CALGARY, BREEDER and importer of Holstein Friesian Cattle.

SWINE

WA-WA-DELL FARM OFFERS: BERK-shires—Large March litters from prize winners in East and West. April litter, Ontario bred by Toronto Champion boar. Pairs and trios not skin. A yearling show boar, litter-brother to my first-prize sow last Brandon Winter Fair. Shorthorns—six choice young-bulls, richly bred for milk and beef. Leicester sheep—champions over all. Everything priced right. Money back, return charges paid, if not satisfied. A. J. Mackay, Macdonald, Man.

RUSSELL M. SHARP, EDVANS, MAN.—Breeder of Pure Bred Berkshire Swine. Young stock for sale. 26-6

REGISTERED YORKSHIRE SWINE, UN-related pairs. Coleman and Son, Redvers, Sask. 17-13

STEVE TOMECKO, LIPTON, SASK.—Breeder of Berkshire Swine. 18-11

SUTTER BROS., REDVERS, SASK., BREED-ers of Pure-bred Yorkshire Swine. 28-13

REGISTERED YOUNG CHESTER WHITE Boars for Sale. Apply Noval Horner, Creelman, Sask.

REGISTERED POLAND-CHINA SWINE, APRIL Litters. Boars, \$15 each. C. E. Anderson, Marquis, Sask. 28-2

FARM STOCK FOR SALE

FOREST HOME FARM—CLYDE STAL-lions, rising two and three years. Mares and fillies. Two roan yearling Shorthorn bulls, Yorkshire sows to farrow in June. Orders taken for spring pigs. Barred Rock eggs, \$1.50 per 15; \$5.00 per hundred. Stations: Carman and Roland. Andrew Graham, Pomeroy P.O. 15-11

BARRISTERS

ADOLPH & BLAKE—BARRISTERS, SOLI-citors, Notaries, Conveyancers, etc., etc. Money to loan. Brandon, Man. 34-11

ERNEST LAYCOCK, B.A., LL.B., BARRIS-ter and solicitor, Wilkie, Sask. 20-11

Percheron and Belgian Stallions and Mares

To Exchange for choice unincumbered Farm Lands desirably located. You have too much land and not enough stock to farm successfully.

W. L. DE CLOW, Importer, Cedar Rapids, Ia.

BUTTER AND EGGS

BUTTER WANTED—WE WANT 1,000 dairy farmers who can ship us 40 to 50 lbs. first class butter every 2 or 3 weeks, preferably in 1b. prints, although tubs also are in excellent demand. We will pay highest cash prices at all times. Remittance made immediately on receipt of shipment. Will furnish good heavy butter boxes at 50c each, to contain 50 1-lb. prints. These boxes should last several seasons, and are returnable by express at a small charge. Simpson Produce Company, Winnipeg, Man. 23-11

EGGS—THE SIMPSON PRODUCE COM-pany, Winnipeg, will pay cash for shipments of eggs, butter, etc. Special demand and premium prices for non-fertile eggs. Highest market prices at all times. quick returns. 23-11

POULTRY

TURKEYS, GEESE, DUCKS, CHICKENS, eggs, poultry supplies. Catalogue giving valuable advice mailed free. Maw's instant louse killer, easily applied on roosts, kills lice instantly; half pound, postage paid, 50c. Edward's Roup Cure, in drinking water, prevents and cures disease, half pound, postage paid, 50c. Maw and Sons, Armstrong, B.C.

FARM MACHINERY

FOR SALE—ONE RUMELY OIL-PULL thirty horse power, with Cockshutt plow and packer. Excellent condition. P. E. Hatch, Brooks, Alta. 26-6

FOR SALE—20 H.P. INTERNATIONAL Gas Tractor, in first class condition, \$800 cash, or \$1,000 in two payments. H. W. Laird, Tate, Sask. 28-4

FENCE POSTS

LARGE SPLIT CEDAR FENCE POSTS—Write for prices. F. J. Bossley, Solsqua, via Silemouno Junct., B.C. 28-6

FARM LANDS AND EXCHANGE

FOR SALE—QUARTER SECTION IN ideal mixed farming district. Ninety acres under cultivation, splendid soil, abundance of pasture. Near school. Real snap. Easy terms. Geo. Bodley, Kelliker, Sask. 26-6

CITY HOUSES AND LOTS FOR FARM LANDS in any good district. We will exchange what you have for what you want. Write Dept. "E" Prairie Investment Co. Ltd., 204-k Sterling Bank Bldg., Winnipeg, Man. 28-3

MISCELLANEOUS

WANTED—A LIVE AGENT IN EVERY good town and district where we are not represented in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, to sell our hardy specialties, grown specially for Western plantings. Good pay. Exclusive territory. Free equipment. Stone and Wellington, Canada's Greatest Nurseries, Toronto, Ont.

MILLING OATS WANTED—HIGHEST price paid. Send sample. No delay. Drying plant in connection. The Metcalfe Milling Co. Ltd., Portage la Prairie, Man.

FARMERS AND STEAM PLOWMEN—BUY the best Lignite (Souris) coal direct from Riverside Farmers' Mine, \$2.25 per ton. (Mine run \$2.00), f.o.b. Bienfait. J. F. Bulmer, Taylorlton, Sask. 34-11

GOOD CLEAN TIMOTHY SEED FOR SALE—Six Dollars per hundred, bags 25c extra. John Lamont, Red Deer, Alta.

Getting the Franchise

Continued from Page 7

"I'll not get hold of Clayton," said Agnew. "We make this improvement ourselves and get the credit for doing the decent thing at the right time."

"No, no!" I exclaimed. "That's the way Clayton earns his salary. If he puts over a thing like that they may raise his salary; if he doesn't he may get fired. You don't understand the game."

"I guess I don't," said Agnew fiercely; "but I'm willing to do some experimenting with it. I'm sick of working for a concern that is always going round like a whipped cur and obeying orders when it's cuffed. Let's stand up—a decent corporation—and tell those Franklin Avenue folks they are going to have the decent done by them because they have given us a patronage that warrants the service increase."

He was young and impulsive, and I gave him a chance—not without misgivings. Within three days every misgiving was justified. We were in one of the prettiest messes we had ever known. Our announcement fell flat; we had played the role of whipped cur too long to make a shining hit in the part of benefactor. Clayton cut me on the street; Agnew was in despair. And I had received a personal letter from the head of the old railroad board, one of the cheeriest old pirates I have known:

"If you have any money to spend in improvement we will oversee that. Do you think we are here for our health? Next time give us the tip and we'll make an order. Otherwise, how would you like an order compelling you to vestibule your cars, summer equipment and all?"

I understood. He also held his job by producing results. Only he could go through the form of the thing and still be the public's esteemed and reappointed servant. In our office—well, in our office things were different.

Of course his letter was blackmail; but we were at a disadvantage and we took our medicine. We ate humble pie; and by-and-by we had a little thrill of pleasure when the old gang walked out and a new gang walked in. The old gang were highbinders and the new one high-brows. They were a classy lot of boys, however, and they took hold of the railroad situation in our state like an encyclopedia staff preparing a snappy little two-hundred thousand-word digest on the higher forms of mathematics. We were no longer a railroad—we were a theory, an interesting form of problem; and every philosopher from Locke and John Stuart Mill down was being consulted to solve us.

Within a month after that clever little staff of college degrees tackled us we were learning more about running a railroad than we dreamed could be written in books. We rather enjoyed them. It was refreshing to meet theorists after the long line of "give-mes" or "hand-me-outs." The new bunch was honest, and we figured out that it could do us no particular harm. Even Durredege said they would yet be handing us Congress Street on a silver platter. That was a pretty simile, but I had my doubts.

Into my office walked one Major Brimmer, who announced himself as secretary of the Marlborough Citizens' Council—the whole South Side was as rich in civic organizations as a July field in dandelions, and they bloomed best out in the suburbs. Brimmer came to the point of his interview without hesitation.

"You need a public sentiment," said he—"something nice and rousing to put the South Side back of you on the Congress Street proposition. Of course you can line up your own territory; but the South Side—there's the rub. And without us you can do nothing."

I knew I was talking with a crook, but he was interesting and I let him go ahead.

"For five hundred dollars," he said a little later, "you can have a meeting in our new Odd Fellows' Hall in Marlborough—music, reporters, carefully edited speeches, unbridled enthusiasm for your Congress Street plan." He must have seen approval in my eye, for he went in deeper: "For a thousand dollars, a meeting in the Third Regiment Armory downtown—a bigger band, more reporters and more enthusiasm. In the Odd Fellows' Hall, at the first price, you get two or three aldermen—of course they don't count for much—a state senator and two members of the lower house, civic leaders who will talk as long as any one stays to hear them; but the armory meeting—

there is the worth-while stunt—a public protest against the Citizens' Company; the city treasurer, half a dozen state senators, and the dead ones expurgated from the platform." He moved closer—lowered his voice: "Two thousand dollars and I'll have the governor at the armory—and if I can't produce him you can keep the extra thousand."

I did not like the sound of that somehow. I thought Harkness was a square man, square jawed, square framed, square hearted, who did things because he thought them right.

Brimmer had the quick intuition that a man must possess when he makes his success in a difficult and diplomatic calling. He saw that I was incredulous of his ability to produce the governor of our state.

"He won't know," he said. "I have men who can make him think that he cannot afford to miss the chance to address a big mass-meeting. We can take a risk. Harkness is not apt to go against the sentiment of the resolutions I will write myself, which will be read at the opening of the meeting."

I consented—sent Brimmer down to work out the details with Durredege. That evening my press agent rode across the bridge with me.

"Boss," said he finally, "I used to think some of my former achievements were some stunts; but now—after Brimmer—I'm a rank amateur. You don't know any nice little dub organization that needs a secretary, do you?—an alert young man who is willing to take a small salary and start at the bottom?"

The next morning my press agent was back at me again, waving a publisher's pink contract in my face. There was blood in his eyes.

"You've disobeyed orders again!" he said accusingly. "You promised to send all the advertising men in to me—and here you've broken your word! Nine hundred dollars—and for a single page in the twiddle-twaddle edition of the brokendown Herald-Gazette! Boss, you're losing your wits!"

I found my apology. I thrust the blame upon one Arthur Jones, chief editor of the Herald-Gazette and a club acquaintance.

"Jones had me on the telephone and told me he was sending one of his young men over to me personally. He asked me one or two questions about the Congress Street situation, and I—I had reason to believe it was a reporter seeking an interview. After he came in I found him an advertising solicitor; but Jones is a good fellow—and that man said the Citizens was coming in for half a page and we could make them look like lame ducks."

My arguments were petering out under the accusing glance of Durredege.

"Nine hundred dollars—and their rate quoted in every advertising agency in this town—fifteen cents a line—three hundred lines to the column, seven columns to the page—twenty-one hundred lines—three hundred and fifteen dollars all told! Nine hundred dol— Oh, boss, how could you!"

Before I could explain any more he interrupted, saying:

"Oh, I know! They told you they had to make it a round figure to include the drawing of a special design, cuts and the like—extras that are always included by first-class daily papers. The truth of it is that you get the corporation rate, which touches high levels with political advertising. And you transportation men think that you are clever!"

His accusing eye was upon me and I made a full confession. I told him that the Times—another of the journalistically crippled papers of Riverport—had also been after me for nine hundred dollars on a special edition—that the contract was on its way in the office mail. For sixty seconds I lived in dread of this man who was drawing his bread and butter by virtue of my gift of office. Then his tone became soft, as of a mother expressing sorrow to an erring child.

"I suppose they both need the money," I said, "and it's good diplomacy for us to spend money now in the right channels—without asking too many details. The Times man said he surely would see that my check went upon the desk of his managing editor."

Concluded Next Week

The true standard of equality is seated in the mind; those who think nobly are noble.—Bickerstaff.

Make \$2000⁰⁰ more per Year

Hundreds of farmers right now are making from \$1000.00 to \$2000.00 a year extra money, besides keeping up their farm work, making wells with the

Improved Powers Boring and Drilling Machine

Bores 100 ft. in 10 hours. One man can run it; a team operates it and easily moves it over any road; Bores slate, coal, soapstone—everything except hard rock, and it drills that. No tower or staking—rotates its own drill.

20 years actual service all over the world have proven this the fastest and most convenient well machine made. Easy terms. Write for catalog.

LISLE M'F'G. CO., Box 460 Clarinda, Iowa.

