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DIAZ STEPS DOWN

Mexico City, May 25.—General Porfirio Diaz resigned the presidency of Mexico at 4.50 o'clock this afternoon. Francisco de la Barra automatically became provisional president, but will not take the oath until tomorrow. Immense crowds thronged the streets, but there was no violence. President Diaz, in a letter read by the president of the chamber of deputies this afternoon, resigned the presidency of the republic of Mexico, and at 4.50 o'clock the acceptance of the resignation by the deputy was announced.

The following was the letter of Diaz to the president of the chamber of deputies:

"Sir:—The Mexican people, who generously have covered me with honors, who proclaimed me as their leader during the international war, who patriotically assisted me in all works undertaken to develop industry and the commerce of the republic, establish its credit, gain for it the respect of the world and obtain for it an honorable position in the concert of nations, that same people, sir, has revolted in armed military bands, stating that my presence in the exercise of the supreme executive power is the cause of this insurrection.

"I do not know of any fact imputable to me which could have caused this social phenomenon, but, permitting, though not admitting that I may be

unwillingly culpable, such a possibility makes me the least able to reason out and decide.

"Therefore, respecting as I have always respected the will of the people, and in accordance with article 82 of the federal constitution I come before the supreme representatives of the nation to resign from the office of constitutional president, of the republic with which the national vote honored me, which I do with all the more reason since, in order to continue in office it would be necessary to shed Mexican blood, endangering the credit of the country, dissipating its wealth, exhausting its resources and exposing its policy to international complications.

"I hope, gentlemen, that when the passions which are inherent to all revolutionists have been calmed, a more conscientious and justified study will bring out in the national mind a correct acknowledgment which will allow me to die carrying engraved in my soul a just correspondence of the estimation which throughout my life I have devoted and will devote to my countrymen.

"With all respect, Porfirio Diaz."

Cupid—And a Call

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his district visitor and devoted aide, in close pursuit.

She was an active, excellent creature, of uncertain age, whose sterling worth Mr. Marble thoroughly appreciated in the abstract, yet at sight of her his steps quickened nervously.

But all in vain.

"What's the matter?" she panted, overtaking the flying cleric just as he reached the corner. "You seem to be in a great hurry."

Mr. Marble turned and faced her with a dazed smile.

"I am," he said, then quite involuntary: "There's a letter to the Bishop that ought to be written and off by the 3.30 train. I wanted especially to see you this morning." With astonishment he heard himself utter this last statement. The well-known formula had rushed unbidden to his lips, and helplessly, parrot-like, he

blundered on. "I've just received an important call to Shooting Rock, Arkansas, and you ought to be the first to know it."

Miss Wylde's glance of pleased interrogation only added to Mr. Marble's confusion.

"Yes, it's a good way off." (By this time he was plunging ahead like an automaton, blindly, mechanically.) A lonely field, splendid spot. A mission of a thousand miners, seventy miles from a railroad track that has never felt a civilizing or refining touch.

The Rector of All Souls came to a horrified pause. There was a suspicious twinkle in Miss Wylde's shrewd black eyes.

"Well, what are you going to do about it?" she inquired practically.

"Do," ejaculated the Rev. Ronald, and with a recollection of the morning's wrongs hard upon him, he gave an irrepressible groan. "What on earth do you expect a man to do with never a woman to help him?"

Afterwards, when he was quite calm again, Mr. Marble saw clearly just how she had taken it—that innocent little speech of his—but in the blackness of the moment all that he could realize was that Miss Cornelia Wylde had taken him, "for better or worse," and entirely without his own consent.

White and shaken, he walked home with his most unexpected betrothed, listening mutely to her plans for the future, which were many and positive, from repairing the Wheatly Rectory (no Shooting Rock, Arkansas, for her) to investing in a horse and buggy at the vestry's expense.

It was long after luncheon time that the Rev. Ronald turned his steps at last towards his boarding house, engaged, he told himself blankly, to a lady he had never for a moment contemplated in a matrimonial light.

This was the result of his morning

Crimson waves of mortification, horror and actual dread surged up into his cheeks as he thought of it all.

He, the Rector of All Souls, offering himself to three women in as many hours.

It was scandalous, unpardonable in any other man. What must Wheatly say when it heard, as it soon must, of its frivolous rector?

What would they think of him, those two women whom he had wooed so ardently in quick succession—sweet Mrs. Minton and Janet Noble? His heart smote him. How he had pleaded with them.

Then upon his somber meditation—"Mr. Marble," broke in a voice he knew, and rising his head, the horrified rector beheld at his very elbow Janet's mother, an exceedingly large woman—coming towards him with cordial outstretched hands.

Involuntarily he shrank from her beaming face. What did it mean? Mrs. Noble's next words enlightened him only too well.

"I just had to stop you," she was saying warmly. "You do look so blue and downhearted, Mr. Marble. Girls will be girls, you know."

Here her voice sank to a confidential whisper, as with elephantine subtlety.

"I think," she suggested, "It's just possible that if you happened to drop in this evening, Janet might be glad to see you."

The Rector of All Souls underwent no surprise at the sight of the dainty note he found in his room five minutes later.

"My dear Ronald," it began, and even that unaccounted opening left him without emotion. He was past all that now.

"I have been thinking earnestly over our talk this morning. After all, as you say, my duty is to the living, not the dead. Can't you come in and see me this evening? I shall be waiting in the balcony about dusk.

Yours ever,

LYDIA."

That afternoon at 3.30 a telegram was despatched to the Bishop of X in which the Rev. Ronald Marble accepted unreservedly and with enthusiasm, the call to Shooting Rock, Arkansas.

He went alone.

OMNIPOTENCE

There is never a day so dreary
 But God can make it bright,
 And unto the soul that trusts him
 He gives songs in the night.
 There is never a path so hidden
 But God will show the way,
 If we seek the Spirit's guidance
 And patiently watch and pray.

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