

"We never have coffee at our house, because I can't make good coffee".

Have you ever started right —with Chase & Sanborn's "SEAL BRAND" COFFEE?

In $\frac{1}{2}$, 1 and 2 pound tins. Whole-ground—pulverized—also fine ground for Percolators. Never sold in bulk. 185

CHASE & SANBORN, MONTREAL.



-TAKES CLEAN FLOUR TO MAKE CLEAN BREAD

Royal Household Flour is sifted again and again through finest silk sieves. No dirt, fluff or lint can possibly remain in

OGILVIE'S ROYAL HOUSEHOLD FLOUR

Bread made from Ogilvie's will be clean, sweet and fresh. Cheap, inferior flour makes unclean, greyish bread. WHY NOT HAVE THE BEST?

YOUR DEALER HAS OGILVIE'S

Makes Cooking a Pleasure

No bending over a hot top to reach the dampers—Kootenay controls are all on the outside—in front. And the oven thermometer shows the temperature without opening the oven door. This range saves fuel, time, trouble and—your temper. Write for booklet.

McClary's KOOTENAY RANGE

LONDON TORONTO MONTREAL WINNIPEG VANCOUVER
ST. JOHN, N.B. HAMILTON CALGARY 15
SASKATOON EDMONTON

McBEAN BROS.

The price is fixed on 1, 2 and 3 Northern wheat. Lower grades can still be sold on sample, and farmers should use commission firms for this purpose. Do not sell either high or low grade wheat at track prices, but sell only after car is unloaded in terminal elevator.

Oats should be selling around 80c. per bus. Conditions strongly favor it. In fact, they could easily advance to a dollar long before next crop is harvested. Owing to wheat shortage, oats must be used for human food, and \$2.21 wheat makes oats worth over 90c. for grinding into flour. Hold your oats.

If on C.P.R. or G.T.P. bill cars to Fort William; if C.N.R., to Port Arthur. Mark shipping bills "Notify McBean Bros., Winnipeg, Man.," so we can check up grading when car arrives in Winnipeg. If you need money, draw on us through any Bank with shipping bill attached to draft for fair advance.

Write us just before selling or shipping your grain as conditions might change on short notice. Again we urge, don't sell your oats at these prices.

Winnipeg, Sept. 19. **McBEAN BROS.** GRAIN EXCHANGE

When writing advertisers, please mention The Western Home Monthly

sheaves anyway, so the ad. for men says." "Let me see the ad. for men you spoke about," said Frank when the trunk was strapped.

It was the usual railroad advertisement for men to help in the harvest fields of the West. Ten dollars fare out and eighteen to return. Wages from two to four dollars a day and board.

Frank's heart beat fast a moment or so. But could he stand the work in his weakened condition? Well, he could take less wages for a while, and according to accounts the farmers were wild to get any kind of men at all. Then with a slump he thought of his pocket book. Not enough money left to pay his board and the doctor let alone fare west. He stared long at the advertisement, and when after repeated calls he went to supper he had it still in his hand.

After he had tried to eat, everyone else having left the room, Mrs. Paul came in.

"Thinkin' of goin' west to harvest?" she asked, looking at the advertisement he had laid aside as he sat down.

"Afraid I can't make the raise," he replied, with a grin.

"'Twould do you a lot of good, Mr. Smith. If you are short you might pay me when you come back. I had another fellow do that five years ago and he did well out there. And paid me every cent, too. Came down last winter with his wife; owns a good farm of his own now."

Alone in his room Smith thought it over. "If I can stall the doctor off I'll go. If I live I'll pay it; if I die—well—but I won't die," and the set of his teeth showed the type of man he was. They don't die, that kind, nor do they give up either.

The doctor was easily "stalled." Before Smith could stammer out more than a word or two he said, "All right, Smith, go ahead out West. It will do you a world of good, more than my medicine could do. Never mind the account, you can pay it again."

And thus Frank Smith left Toronto on a harvest excursion for the West; a poor, white-faced young fellow, not much more than a lad in size, weak and thin, and with the remains of a cough. "Go as far West as you can," was the advice of the doctor, so he shipped for one of the furthest West towns along the main line of the railroad that he had chosen. Colonist cars are not very comfortable riding for even strong men and Frank was just up from an illness of weeks, but the newness of the adventure was partly the stimulus that kept him up and the trip did him no harm.

At the station he had been billed to there were many farmers to meet the excursion, and every stout farm hand was snapped up at once, with active bidding for some of the best men. One man who had been outbid twice was plainly angered by his luck.

"Oh, well," glibed the successful farmer who got two good men from under his nose, "you can take this," and he pointed to Frank with a laugh.

Smith colored to the roots of his hair, but said nothing.

"Did you come out to try the harvest?" asked the burly farmer.

"I did," replied Frank.

"Have you ever been in the harvest fields?"

"No."

"I'm afraid you'd be little use to me. You don't look strong enough for the heavy sheaves. But I must have some one," he added looking closer at Frank. "I'll take you along anyway and try you," he decided.

And so without bargain as to wages Frank Smith went out in the farmer's buggy to try stooking after the binder.

Called at half past five, which would be half past three in Toronto, Smith woke with difficulty, gathered his faculties together, wondered grimly if he had at last reached the place the Irishman told of "where they wake you up in the night to give you something to eat," then crawled down to the kitchen and out to the stable. He could do little more than watch Turner, his employer, as he fed the horses, cleaned and harnessed them and did the "chores." Then both returned to the house for breakfast. After breakfast the mystery of harnessing four horses and hitching them to the binder in the yard was as complicated and hard to follow for Frank as the routine of a department at Eaton's would have been to Turner; but Turner, like most farmers who have been born to seg-

these things done as a part of the day's routine like buttoning one's clothes, thought it was mere stupidity that made Frank's help worse than useless.

The sun was just rising as they started for the wheat field; there was no dew and the morning was crisp, bright and exhilarating. Over by the hills the prairie chicken's booming showed Turner that a "dance" at sunrise was on and the chickens were circling in the ludicrous manner of their kind; Frank wondered what beast or bird of prey was making the hollow sounds. Wild cries overhead drew his attention and Turner pointed with the butt of his binder whip to a wedge of wild geese just coming into view in the south. "The first wild geese," he said, "we must cut as quick as we can, there will be frost soon."

Frank's blood was moving smartly with the half intoxication of the ozone laden air and the inspiration of the morning, and when Turner, reaching the edge of the seemingly endless field of wheat, suddenly threw in the gear and the four big horses bent to their collars as the binder tore a wide swath out of the tall grain, he could hardly keep from emitting a boyish cheer. The rattle of the binder and its "click clack" when the sheaves were thrown on to the carrier were like music to his ears. Turner went on, dropping the bundles at regular intervals, but paying no attention to Frank who began to wonder what he was to do in the cutting business that was started. He remembered a picture of wheat shocked up and started to stick up the sheaves as nearly the same way as he could. Turner suddenly stopped the binder and got off to fix something in the knotted, then before getting on again said, "Wait till I come around again before you start to stook," and went on with the binder, Frank sat down; the hum of the binder grew less and less; soon he wondered if Turner had stopped and piled some sheaves to see; no, the binder was only half way around. When it came around Turner got off. "I see you're nothing but a greeny," he said, not unkindly, but the idea that a country hoodlum, as he considered Turner, should call him a greeny brought hot blood to Frank's face and a tingle to his fingers. A few minutes work by Turner's experienced hands showed Frank, who was far from being stupid, how to stook as well as was needed, and he began to save steps and make every motion count.

After a while he began to feel the sheaves very heavy; he was plainly tiring out. It must be near noon, anyway, he thought, and went over to where he had left his watch in his vest on a stook. It was half past nine. A mo-

POSTUM

A wholesome table beverage with winning flavor.

Used everywhere by folks who find that tea or coffee disagrees.

"There's a Reason"

Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd.
Windsor, Ont.