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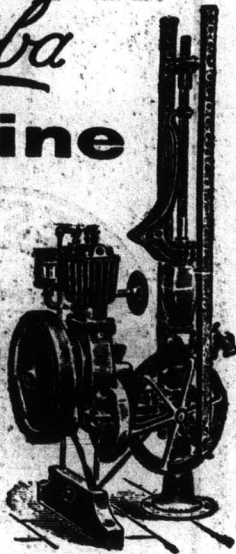
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time as, if he succeeded, he should send for her to join him.

It did not occur to him that it was hard for Alice to stay alone; indeed, it did not occur to him at any time that anything was hard for Alice.

All the hardships of those two years he considered had been borne by him; in fact, he was blindly selfish until his eyes were opened.

When Phillip West arrived in Calgary he met an old-time friend who offered to take him around the city in his run-about and help him in any way he could to obtain work.

Accordingly, the next morning, after an early breakfast, they set out.

Their horse was high-lived, and inclined to be afraid of almost anything. As they drove through the subway a sudden spring sideways, which took both men by surprise, threw Phillip out of the seat, striking his head on a cement block and breaking his right arm.

He was removed at once to the hospital, where doctors and nurses spent most of the day over him.

By evening he was conscious, and asked the nurse to telegraph for his wife to come to him.

The telegram was sent without delay, but, happily, it mis-carried, for Phillip had forgotten that Alice had no money, not even enough to pay the man who would have to take the message to her from the nearest station, which was fifty miles.

She could scarcely borrow enough money for the journey, for no one had it to lend, nor could she sell anything for money, for no one had money to buy, and, anyway, she was six miles from the nearest of her neighbors.

Alice rode eight miles on her pony every week for the mail, but as she did not come or write in response to the telegram, they did not send her any more word of Phillip, and while she waited and watched, week after week, for a letter from him he lay in the hospital very ill.

When he was able to be up and move around a little, he sat for a short time every day on a sunny little veranda on which his room, and several others, opened.

He was very impatient to resume his search for work, for his illness had made the need much greater than before.

As he was sitting on the veranda as usual, one day his attention was drawn by voices that he could not help but hear.

"You're looking fine; you'll soon be out again," a rather pleasant voice was saying in a room close by.

"Yes, I'm going out in the morning on the seven-thirty train," he heard the voice again. "No, I didn't expect to go so soon, but I have the best of reasons. You no doubt remember that photograph that I have showed you so often. Well, last week I met the original for the first time in many years. Bob, I thought the world of that girl, and it nearly killed me when she was married, especially when I was told that the man she married wasn't half good enough for her. I have a friend about a hundred and fifty miles from here who owns a large ranch, and last week I paid him a visit. I rode with him one day while I was there to look for some lost sheep, which were very valuable. We separated near a large canyon and were to go through by two different paths and meet on the other side, and in that way cover more ground. As I was riding along alone, thinking what a wild, lonesome place it was, I saw a figure high up among the bushes on the other side. I stopped my horse and watched for a few minutes. It was a woman picking berries. She had a small tin pail tied around her waist by a bit of cord, and was hanging to the bushes with one hand, while she picked with the other. I was wondering how she got there, and if she was alone, when suddenly I saw her slip and fall. I tore all my clothing, and scratched my hands and face getting to her, to find, that of all the women in the world, she was the very one that I was trying to forget. I carried her to her pony, and leaving my friend to look for me, as well as his sheep, I rode home with her. She managed to get up, but every step that the

pony took made her face grow paler, and twitch with pain, for her ankle was dislocated. When we got to the shack where she lived there was not even enough wood cut to make a fire, and there was scarcely anything in the place to eat. I cut up some wood and made her some toast and tea, and then, as it was night, she insisted that I should leave her. I did, but I returned in the morning with the best team and the easiest buggy on the ranch, and I brought her here with me. My sister is with us, and we are all going to start to the States in the morning; then, just as soon as she can get a divorce, she is going to marry me."

"Isn't that rather a risky business?" a new voice asked.

"Not a bit of it," returned the now familiar voice firmly. "I mean well by her. That husband of hers left her there alone. She hadn't heard from him for weeks, and when he was there he treated her brutally."

Phillip, listening, was trembling with rage. That Alice was the woman in question he had no doubt.

She had picked berries in the canyon, near their homestead, for two summers and had never met with an accident before.

He started towards the door from which the voice came, with his mind made up to tell that young man a few things, but the bruise made on his head by his fall had been much more serious than the doctors had led him to believe, and the excitement was too much for him. He fell unconscious almost at the very door to which he had been going.

For three days his mind was partially blank, and he lay very still, then suddenly one day he remembered the mission upon which he had been going and the voice which he had heard.

He started up in bed, and it was only because of his weakness that the nurse was able to force him back.

He asked her about the patient in the room from which he knew the voices had come. "He was a baseball player who was injured in a game," the nurse told him, "and he left yesterday to join his league in Vancouver."

With him the hope of finding the speaker was gone, and Phillip almost fainted when he was told that it was three days since his relapse. Alice would be in the States!

With an iron will he set himself to get well. He felt that he must.

His friend called daily to see him, and one day came in with news. "I've got the best thing out for you, old boy," he told Phillip. "Some time ago, when you first got hurt, a certain firm here promised me to give you a position. I had them in mind that day when we started out, and when you got laid out I went to see them myself. They wrote to your former employers for references, and found you entirely satisfactory. The manager told me this morning that you can go to work any day for a hundred and twenty five a month, and a steady raise if you make good."

Phillip thanked him as best he could. The one thought in his mind was Alice, and the man who meant well by her.

Phillip grew so restless that at length the doctors decided that the best way to cure him was to let him go, so they did.

After a hurried call on his future employers, he boarded the train. He was impatient at every delay, and as it was night when he reached his station, he was obliged to wait until morning before he could start for home, for the drive was long.

It was twilight on the next day when they came in sight of the shack. That cool, delicious twilight after a long Canadian day, but its charms were lost on Phillip.

A sickening certainty chilled him. He could not tell why he had come home, yet home had drawn him back. Now his heart sank, for he could see from afar that the shades were drawn on the windows, the cow and the pony were not in the tiny pasture, and the little dog did not come out to bark at them.

He paid and dismissed the driver at the gate, telling him the way to a ranch where they could keep him and his team