

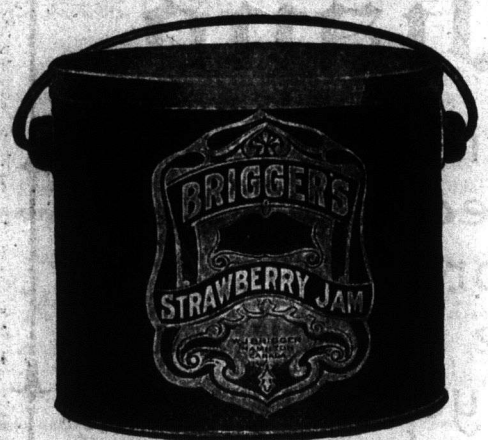
Grocers will stand
behind the guaran-
teed quality of

Clark's Pork and Beans

Every bean is picked—only the
best pork is used—and the COOK-
ING—there is the secret!

The great steam ovens bake
every bean just right, and when
the tin is sealed (untouched through
all these processes by hand) it
contains a dish which is unsur-
passable in nutrition and excel-
lence.

It's worth YOUR while to
insist on Clark's



BRIGGER'S Pure Jams and Orange Marmalade

Put up in 16 oz. glass jars
and in 5 lb. sanitary
double-top gold lined tin
pails.

Brigger's Pure Jams are made
from clean, sound Niagara
grown Fruit and Granulated
Sugar and are guaranteed
Absolutely Pure.



For Choice Pickles

Ask your grocer for Blackwood's White
Onions, Chow Chow, Sour Mixed,
Sweet Mixed, Dill Pickles, Red Cab-
bage, Horse Radish, Tomato Catsup.

If you are not using them—try them.

The
Blackwoods, Ltd., Winnipeg

The Provincial Mutual Hail Insurance Company of Manitoba

Incorporated 1891

SEASON 1911

This is the TWENTY-FIRST YEAR "THE PROVINCIAL
MUTUAL" has been doing business.

In fifteen of these years the full indemnity of Six dollars per acre
was paid.

In five of these years a pro rata dividend was paid.

In seven of these years the full amount of the Premium Notes was
not called for.

TWENTY-FIVE, THIRTY and even FIFTY PER CENT of
Premium Notes was thus returned to Insurers.

Joint Stock Companies NEVER return any Premiums
to Insurers.

No other Company pays so high an indemnity for loss.
The cost is Twenty-five Cents per acre, or less, according to damage
suffered.

Strictly a Farmers' Company, managed by Farmers only, and still

THE OLD RELIABLE

W. F. SIRETT, Minnedosa C. J. THOMSON, Virden
HEAD OFFICE: President, Manager, Sec.-Treasurer

Room 704 Builders' Exchange, 333½ Portage Ave.

P. O. Box 1674 WINNIPEG, MAN. Phone Main 3408

outside, the lamp flung wide, and Law-
rence Mott was crushing the flames with
the aid of a heavy rug. Presently he car-
ried her in and up the stairs and laid
her on her bed. Some of the women had
pulled themselves together, and there was
a doctor in the party; he, Lawrence, could
do no more. He ground his teeth as he
thought of those helpless hands; the poor,
scorched body, the scarred face. Yet she
had shown no fear. Until she lost con-
sciousness she had helped him, rolling
herself on the earth to quench the flames,
pushing him away when he sought to
crush them in his hands. She had only
spoken once. "It was better I should do
it," she said. "I was alight already;
there was no need for anybody else—"
and then she had fainted. Truly she had
shown that an Irish woman knows how
to die.

In the corridor outside her room Law-
rence found Elbow Gibbs, abject, white,
trembling.

"The banshee," he said. "I—"
Lawrence looked him straight in the
face.

"Don't you think you had better go?"
he said. "You could easily have a tele-
gram from Chicago."

And Eliot shrank away, to tell lies to
his host, and leave by the early morning
train.

Once more the Hardy's merry house
party was turned to sadness and dismay.
The doctor gave no hope. The injuries
were frightful. One could hardly wish
her to live. And so, one by one, the
guests left—all save Lawrence Mott. He
gave no reason for staying; the Hardy's
asked none. The grave, self-contained
man was as quiet in his anxiety as he
had been in his joys, but somehow the
Hardys guessed, and they let him be,
worrying him neither with sympathy nor
affected ignorance.

There was a day when, very early in
the morning, Mrs. Hardy came to him,
her face was very white, and the tears
were in her eyes.

"She has asked for you," she said. "Be
prepared. She looks—terrible."

Without a word, Lawrence climbed the
stairs and turned to the room where
Merle lay. Lawrence was prepared for
the alteration he saw in her. Plain Miss
O'Neile was irretrievably disfigured, and
her poor maimed hands were swathed in
bandages. But her eyes were brave, and
her voice was steady.

"I wanted to thank you," she said,
"for helping me. They tell me your
burns are slight. I am glad."

He did not reply. He did not know
how to answer. Words seemed so inade-
quate before that suffering figure on the
bed. So he just looked into her brave
eyes, with a quiet, restful admiration
shining in his own. She turned away
her head, and would not meet his gaze.
It seemed as though she could better
say what she wished to say.

"And I have a request to make," she
began. "A request that, coming from
one disfigured, maimed, c'ring, will not
seem bold or unwomanly. Do you know
the terms of my father's will?"

"Yes," he said. It had been talked
about a good deal at the time when the
banshee uttered her warning.

"I—I feel I cannot let my money go to
Eliot. You know, perhaps, better than I
do, that he is not a good man. He would
not use it well. Do you agree with me?"

"Yes," said Lawrence again. "If he
had money enough to pay his debts, it is
more than he deserves."

"So I think, and—" Her voice dropped,
and the next sentences were almost whis-
pered, while her bandaged hands moved
restlessly upon the coverlet: "And there
is only one man to whom I feel I could
trust it. There is only one way. I must
ask him to marry me. It is the only way,
and it would not be for long."

Her eyes sought his face anxiously,
pleadingly, but he had hidden it in his
hands.

"Will you?" she whispered. "I cannot
otherwise make you my trustee."

His hands dropped, and he slid upon his
knees beside her, while his eyes sought
hers.

"Promise me that you will leave every
penny you possess away from me, and I
will marry you—it is yourself I want."

It was true. Again she turned away
her head. Not otherwise could she say
the words that duty prompted.

"Suppose—suppose I should get better.
I was always plain—and—and—my
hands—"

Swift came the answer, ringing with
sincerity.

"Better the brave, strong soul I love in
a maimed body, than a beautiful body
concealing a cramped, disfigured soul."

Then she let her eyes meet his, and for
the first time since the accident the tears
ran down her cheeks.

"Oh, I have loved you all the time,"
she said.

And the next day they were married,
while the bells, chiming faintly over the
snow, rang their wedding peal. Then fol-
lowed the solemn communion of the sick,
and Merle, all her affairs, worldly and
spiritual, in order, prepared herself to die.

But she did not die. The wiseacre
specialist whom Lawrence called declared
that she struggled back to life by sheer
force of Lawrence's love for her and hers
for him. He disclaimed all credit for her
recovery, and would only admit to having
lessened the disfigurement.

The following year the Hardys' party
went off happily, and without anything
to mar its jollity.

"Your banshee was a fraud," laughed
John Hardy to Merle. "I only wish it
had left us alone."

Merle frowned. "I can't understand it,"
she said. "She has never failed before."

"I believe you are sorry. You think it
infra dig, not to die when the banshee
calls," cried Lawrence, smiling across the
table at her, as if she were the most beau-
tiful woman in the world. And, indeed,
if happiness can call forth beauty, then
Merle was lovely. Now she joined hearti-
ly in the laugh against herself.

"Don't mock at the banshee," said Mrs.
Hardy.

"I have quite a kindly feeling for her.
She proved a most excellent matchmaker.
I'm sure." And again they all laughed.

"Do you know," said Merle to her hus-
band when they were alone, "I believe
that banshee was a trick."

"I have often thought so," he answered
thoughtfully. "And then those accidents—
they were not altogether accidents."

For a moment they were silent; then
Merle went and put her arms around her
husband's neck.

"Dear," she said, "he has passed out of
our lives. Let us never speak or think of
this again."

And so, for ever, they put away the
thought of the past, looking only to the
future, strong in the mutual love, which
had changed "plain Miss O'Neile" into
happy Mrs. Mott.

Dr. Grenfell:—A telegram is a miracle,
only we've got used to it.

Arnold Bennett:—Happiness cannot be
the gift of any legislator or social reformer.

Dr. Simon Flexner:—A healthy mind
in a healthy body is a short but complete
statement of happiness.

Lady Grey:—Everybody knows exactly
how children ought to behave—especially
when they are other people's children.

Upton Sinclair:—Most of the so-called
philanthropic and charitable organizations
are founded on an entirely wrong basis.

Premier McBride:—Educational ex-
penditure, if it is made in the right spirit
and at the right time, is the best of all
human investments.

Right Hon. A. J. Balfour:—The world is
improving, because each generation in its
turn deals with and solves the problems
which are presented to it.

Sir A. Conan Doyle:—A man who
spends his money in beer and other
things, when he might have devoted it to
purchasing a little library, is a fool.

Will Irwin:—At the back of men's un-
just judgments lie two evil tendencies—a
readiness to believe the worst and an
eagerness to hear the worst.

Mr. Roosevelt:—Don't you ever im-
agine that you can invent any patent
system of government which will work by
itself if you don't act the part of good
citizens.

Right Hon. James Bryce:—If any com-
bination of statesmen could remove the
suspicion which exists between nations it
would confer the greatest possible boon
upon all.