

Look at this Grate Bar

The reasons for its saving of fuel and simplicity of operation are surely worth a minute of your time.

THAT'S the King grate bar. And in every sense it's a *great* bar. Not a bolt or split pin anywhere to require cold-chisel-and-hammer treatment. Working independently of each other, it takes but a moment and a pair of hands to remove or replace them. The fire in the boiler is dumped by simply *reversing* the shaker.

KING BOILER & RADIATORS

The shaker is always in position, but never in the way. The connecting rod of the King being placed at the side, instead of the centre, allows the draft to be evenly distributed over the whole grate surface, causing perfect combustion and the abstraction of every unit of heat energy from the fuel.

A post card will bring you a copy of "Comfortable Homes."

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PEOPLE AND PLACES

Wiring the Prairie.

THE rural telephone is one of the great factors assisting in making Canadian rural life attractive. The telephone used to be considered a luxury on the farm, something remote from the ordinary farmers' pocket in the same way as the rubber-tired top-per. Doctors and lawyers in the towns went in for telephones; they also had up-to-date buggies. In 1911, farmers are just as much professional men as those learned in the law and medicine; they are learned in the soil. And now they have telephones to transact business and make love.

Rural telephones in Saskatchewan, for instance, are so popular that 238 telephone companies are supplying the demand. Here is the growth of the rural telephone in that province of wheat and great distances.

	Companies.	Subscribers.
1908	31	954
1909	45	1258
1910	62	1244
1911 (to Sept. 11)	100	2392
Totals	238	5848
Total mileage—	5,550 miles.	

* * *

Mr. Frost, of Hamilton.

MR. H. L. FROST, president Board of Trade, Hamilton, has been saying some very optimistic things about Hamilton. Frost is "an American by birth, and Canadian by choice," as he says himself. About a dozen years ago, he struck into Canada from the United States, finally landing in Hamilton, which looked good to him from the manufacturer's point of view. In Hamilton, he makes more miles of wire fence than anybody in Canada. This live ex-American is president of the Board of Trade, and has served on various municipal bodies. Sometimes Canada annexes Americans.

Frost is an addition to Canadian citizenship. He is the kind of American immigrant we want: a man who brings along that fine native United States quality of shrewdness, and gets the Canadian national point of view quickly.

Note the optimism of his speech at the Board of Trade the other day: "I see Hamilton the leading manufacturing city of the Dominion." So much for general statement. Next his electric brain flings a suggestion at the Board. "What of a trade excursion, consisting of the local merchants, going away on a trade enterprise for three or four days each year, as is done in Chicago and other large cities?" That's Frost, the aggressive, in a sentence.

* * *

St. John Active.

ST. JOHN, N.B., is a city out for big things. Not long ago a contract was awarded, involving millions, for the construction of a great drydock in St. John. Hardly has the excitement over the drydock subdued a little, when important railroad construction plans for St. John are announced by the railroad companies.

Mr. D. McNicholl, manager C.P.R., was in the city recently, and discussed plans for a train ferry service from St. John over 40 miles of choppy Fundy to Digby in Nova Scotia, thus connecting the C.P.R. at St. John with the Dominion Atlantic Railway of Nova Scotia. The C.P.R. have been very active in St. John lately, buying up lots for new terminals.

The G.T.P. engineers are on the ground at St. John Harbour East, studying terminals for the new trans-continental.

The St. John Valley Road, football of politicians, has smoothed out its contract troubles, and will sign papers for immediate construction. This baby line will strike through the rich agricultural country between St. John and Grand Falls, taking in the St. John Valley.

* * *

Good Jobs in Brandon.

HARVESTERS have no trouble in getting jobs about Brandon, at least, according to the Commercial Bureau in that city. Neepawa sent down to Brandon the other day for seventy-five wheat hustlers, offering \$2.75 a day. Neepawa could get fewer than six men.

THE WILDCATTERS

(Continued from page 19.)

"The Count and Countess Castiella, formerly Miss Brenda Steene, sailed to-day for their home in Italy. It will be remembered with interest that Miss Steene was engaged to be married in August of last year to the M— opera tenor, Richard Luscave, whose family name is Haswell. Before the wedding took place the titled count appeared in the city. An acquaintance turned to an intimacy, and that to an infatuation. He offered his heart and rank to Miss Steene. The temptation of becoming a countess proved stronger than her love. The former engagement was broken, and she now enjoys a position among the highest families of the sunny province, whether one of happiness we will not say."

"The account ran on and on, but that was enough. I was reading it over my mid-day meal, and handed the paper to Ben.

"Ye saints!" said Ben. "A title for a man! The blind minx!"

"Ben's words recalled Haswell's song:

I think of you but never weep
For all that might have been;
It is the unshed tears that keep
Love's mem'ry fresh and green.

Stars may forget to shine out in the blue;
Seas may forget the shore;
But I shall remember your love and you
For ever and evermore."

"Ah!" exclaimed Kirby's companion,

deeply moved by the tale. "The ever is over. Now he has the evermore."

"Yes," the rancher sighed. "That is the story of Haswell's short sojourn on Bar K, and it is one Ben likes to tell. When you have time get him to spin it to you again. He can put more fire and life into it. There's no doubt but Haswell was hard up against the unluckiest thing in this world. Poor beggar!"

"Poor beggar!" the other rider echoed. "Perhaps the evermore was best for him. Fate plays strangely with our lives." He gave such a deep sigh that Kirby looked at him keenly.

"Perhaps the second tenderfoot is a parallel case?" he ventured gently. The second tenderfoot looked him squarely in the eye.

"Kirby," he said. "Of course you know my name is not Hooper."

"Yes," the rancher answered. "I thought it was not."

"You also know that there are times when we want to get away from all we have known and lived in and from everything that was."

"There are times. Yes, there are times," Kirby said. "I don't want your secrets. I am sorry for you, Hooper. I am sorry for you, and there's my hand on it."

The cattelman reached him a brawny fist of steel, rein-seared and alkali-burned, and as they went into camp for the night Carl knew there was at least one sound man in the vast prairie region where he had lost himself.

(To be continued.)

The way to woo



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