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"I'll go and call the neighbors," said Ben Bow, and "then you may go. You were good to Sarah, and you mean well, and I'll send for ye to come to the funeral. Maybe you'll take the boy into your school."

"Dr. Fifield, what does this mean?" asked Mary Needham that night, after the phalansterians had listened to the tale before the log fire in the great parlor.

"I do not know. It is impossible for me to answer, but the science of psychology will one day explain such problems as these—perhaps in a hundred years from now."

A country funeral fifty years ago was an awesome event. I can see such a one now—the preparations of the neighbors for the feast after the soul-withering ceremony; the watching with the corpse nights, often by lovers; the house-cleaning; the spreading of the bed-furnishing on which the person died, in the back yard; the making of black crape veils; the bringing in of chairs from the neighbors; the parson in his study preparing his discourse; the putting of the body into the coffin "the day before"; the geese waddling in a row along the road (they did it at other times, as well, but were only noticed then); the telling of the honey bees in hives; the coming of the parson; the opening of the coffin lid; one o'clock; "A man that is born of a woman is of few days and full of trouble!"; the long discourse; "Relatives and friends are now invited to take a last look at the deceased"; the re-shutting of the coffin lid; the long procession of carriages; the horses that "acted contrary" in that procession; the fall of the clod of earth on the coffin; the sexton at work with his spade; nightfall; faded and gone.

Margaret Bow's funeral was one that a generation has not forgotten in the simple country towns. Her strange death had not excited the kind of attention that such an event would now; many people fifty years ago in the rural districts believed in warnings, haunts, death-fetters, evil eyes, and "wonders of the invisible world." But nearly all of the people of the town and near towns filled the house yard, and the parson came near one o'clock, with his discourse on the Divine Mysteries, well prepared.

Dr. Fifield, his sister and Miss Needham rode over to the place in the morning, and the ladies prepared the body with suitable dress for the last rites, and waited the ceremonies which would begin with the opening of the coffin lid.

The clock struck one. The sexton, who had been given the "charge of the funeral," made his way through the crowd, and opened the coffin lid. He started back, staring. What had happened? An elderly woman arose and bent over the coffin. A strange look came into her face. She stood there until a wild expression came into her eyes. She then sank down into her chair, and whispered:

"Something has happened—she don't look natural!"

Others looked, and shut their eyes and turned away. The good old deacon now came forward, and looked down. He, too, seemed to receive a shock. He turned around and said:

"She don't look natural at all. She ought not to be seen. I would shut down the lid again. Send for Ben."

Benjamin Bow came, leaving the child by the hand. He lifted the boy up in his arms, and bent over the dead face. One glance and he uttered a cry:

"Sexton!" said he, "she is changing. Close the lid."

Dr. Fifield leaped to his feet as the sexton came forward. He looked into the coffin. On the upper part of the white face and forehead there was the impression of a hand as black as ink. And the middle forefinger was gone.

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This Concern is Going Strong.

Word comes from Brandon that G. F. Williamson, manager of the Manitoba Windmill and Pump Co., has just returned from Calgary, where he completed arrangements for opening a branch house for his company at that point, whence all Alberta goods will be shipped. The company's business for their windmills and gasoline engines has grown so fast that they are forced to open this branch in order to be closer to their Western customers, and a full stock of "Manitoba" goods will be carried there which will no doubt prove a great convenience not only to their local agents, but their many present and prospective customers among the farming and ranching community.

C. W. Northcott, who has for several years been sales manager at the company's head office at Brandon, has been promoted to the management of the Calgary branch, and with his intimate knowledge of the requirements of the trade, together with his long experience in this line, we venture the statement that he will make good from the drop of the hat.

A. J. Britton, for many years in this company's service, and one of the best known rustlers on the road, will be the company's travelling representative for Southern Alberta. Mr. Fowler, until recently with the Ontario Wind Engine and Pump Co., will represent them in Central Alberta, with headquarters at Wetaskiwin, while a third traveller will look after Northern Alberta, with headquarters at Edmonton. Mr. Williamson has also arranged to carry a transfer stock at Lethbridge, so that quick shipments can be made in the south country, and later on will arrange the same convenience at Edmonton.

The Manitoba line consists of vertical and horizontal gas engines, windmills, feed mills, wood saws, wood and iron pumps, etc., and they will this year handle one of the best known and longest manufactured well drills on the market. Most of our readers know that the Manitoba line has been manufactured in the West now over nine years, and is considered by the trade generally to be among the top notches, having been designed to suit a special market, viz., Western Canada.

It is claimed by this company that their engine business doubles each year, and they now supply vertical gasoline engines in 1½, 4, and 7 h.p., horizontals in 5½, 7½, and 10 h.p. In addition, they have a 25 h.p. portable threshing engine, and are getting out a 25 h.p. tractor. All engines are guaranteed for two years.

A large addition to the plant was made in 1910; molding machines are now being installed, and four travellers have been added to the road staff.

All Because Her Clothes Didn't Fit.

A young Eskimo loved a beautiful maiden, whose father's hut was near his own, but, as is so often the case, her parents would not hear of the match. One night a great storm ripped up a crevasse in the ice, and between the two huts there yawned an abyss bridged only by a slender strip of ice. Here was the chance which the young lover sought. He crossed the frail bridge in the dead of night and crept to the home of his sweetheart to steal her from her cruel father.

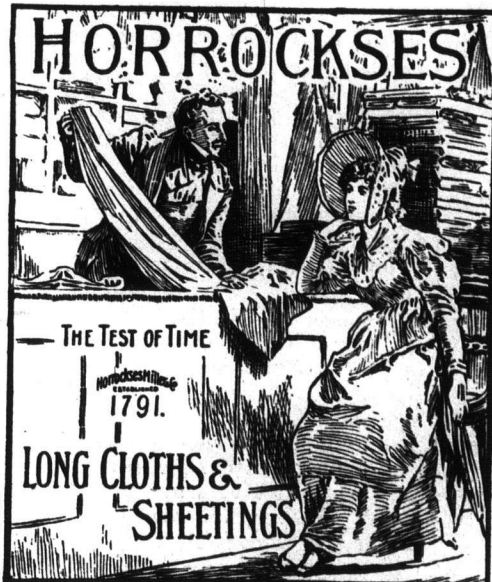
The Eskimos sleep in bags of seal-skin; and with bated breath and loudly-beating heart, he hoisted on his back the one in which his lady love slumbered. With his precious burden he re-crossed the strip of ice, and safe on the other side he broke it down with a blow of his axe so that no one could pursue him save by the aid of a boat. Regaining his hut he opened the bag to gaze upon the fair one, when he staggered back, dumbfounded—he had stolen her father!

To have the children sound and healthy is the first care of a mother. They cannot be healthy if troubled with worms. Use Mother Gravel Worm Exterminator.

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"BURLINGTON"
SUIT.

One man succeeds; another equally fails. Why? One man has utilised every opportunity to get in front, the other man has not.

The man who studies his appearance almost always prospers, whereas the equally able yet dress-careless man too often—far too often—fails.

Doesn't it stand to reason it should be so? Shabby attire indicates to the onlooker a symptom of slackness of mind as well as lack of personal respect. What results? The employer, the friend, everyone seems more ready to help the man who has sartorially helped himself. The path to success is thus smoothed, and the self-respecting man gets on.

Now, is it good sense to so easily miss this help by reason of dress carelessness?

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