

ORDER
NOW
AT
THESE
ATTRACTIVE
PRICES



WE
ERECT
FENCING
AND
SUPPLY
POSTS

Fences in 20 Rod and 40 Rod Rolls

No. of Wires	Height in Inches	Length in Feet	Spacings	PRICE PER ROD, FREIGHT PAID TO											
				Safe Lock Fences Made of All No. 9 Hard Steel Wire											
					Nepean (Ontario)	Manitowish (Wisconsin)	Shoal Lake (Manitoba)	Yorkton (Saskatchewan)	Regina (Saskatchewan)	Weyburn (Saskatchewan)	Langdon (Saskatchewan)	Davidson (Saskatchewan)	Moore (Saskatchewan)	Assiniboia (Saskatchewan)	St. Catharines (Ontario)
5	40	24	8, 9, 11, 11	Car lot	26	26	26	26	27	27	27	27	28	28	28
				Sen. lot	27	28	28	29	30	32	32	32	32	34	34
7	43	24	5, 6, 7, 8, 8, 9	Car lot	34	34	35	35	36	37	37	37	38	39	39
				Sen. lot	38	38	39	39	40	41	41	41	42	43	43
10	48	16	3, 3, 4, 4, 5, 5, 6, 6, 8, 8	Car lot	53	54	54	55	56	56	57	57	58	59	59
				Sen. lot	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	63	64	65	65
8	32	12	3, 3, 4, 4, 5, 5, 6, 6	Car lot	37	38	38	39	39	40	41	41	41	42	42
				Sen. lot	40	41	42	43	44	45	46	46	46	48	48
7	26	8	No. 8 Wire top and bottom No. 12 Wire in between 3, 3, 4, 4, 5, 5	Car lot	27	28	28	28	29	29	29	29	29	30	30
				Sen. lot	30	30	31	31	32	32	33	33	33	34	34
Drive Gate, 12 ft. x 48 in. high, each				Car lot	4.70	4.75	4.80	4.80	4.85	4.90	4.95	4.95	4.95	5.05	5.05
				Sen. lot	4.90	4.95	5.00	5.05	5.10	5.15	5.30	5.30	5.35	5.50	5.50
Drive Gate, 16 ft. x 48 in. high, each				Car lot	5.50	5.55	5.60	5.65	5.70	5.75	5.85	5.90	5.90	6.05	6.05
				Sen. lot	5.75	5.80	5.90	6.00	6.10	6.15	6.15	6.35	6.35	6.50	6.50

PRICES ON BARB WIRE ON APPLICATION

Terms: All Small Orders and orders for Stations where there is no agent, must be accompanied by Cash. Carload orders to Stations where there is an Agent, to be accompanied by \$100.00 Cash and balance subject to Sight Draft attached to Bill of Lading.

Co-operate: Farmers should get together and buy in car lots to save money. We offer a special price on posts to Farmers' Organizations so join with your local Grain Growers' Association and buy your fence and posts in carloads. It is worth while.

Note Reduction on our 8-32 Design

The Prices quoted here are below cost, but we must move our heavy stock. At this low figure it won't last long. **GET YOUR ORDER IN AT ONCE.**

THE SAFE-LOCK FENCE CO., Brandon, Can.

Grain Loading Made Easy

An ideal time and labor saver for filling granaries on the farm or loading cars at the station.



The G.G.G. Portable Elevator is strongly built and is grain tight. Our 18-ft. Elevator will hoist the grain 15 ft.; then it can be directed where wanted by an 8-ft. flexible spout.

With a 2 1/2 h.p. gasoline engine, 15 to 20 bushels in the minute can be handled. A relief door, directly above the receiving hopper, can be opened to allow grain to slide back into the hopper, so that the elevator may be easily started under full load.

Price, with 18-ft. Steel Elevator, and Flexible Grain Spout

\$135.80

G.G.G. 2 1/2 h.p. Gasoline Engine

\$65.00

20 feet, 3-inch, 3-gly Belting

3.00

ALL PRICES F.O.B. WINNIPEG

Grain Purchased on Track or Handled on Consignment

Live Stock Handled on Commission

Implements and General Commodities Handled for Farmers Direct from the Factory

The Grain Growers' Grain Co. Ltd.
Branches at
REGINA, SASK.
CALGARY, ALTA.
RED WILLOW, MAN.
Winnipeg-Manitoba
Agency at
NEW WISCONSIN
Branch California

tagh, of the police detachment at Fort What Cheer!

The native grinned an affirmative. "You give him this letter. Tell him I'd like to have him get it out by the first mail canoe over the trail."

Kewpik wiped his hands on the plumage of a duck, and disappeared within the skin tent for an instant. Then he came back into the open, bearing a square of clean buckskin.

This he wrapped carefully around the letter handed to him, tied it with a thong, and thrust the whole within the breast of his koolitang. Then, to insure doubly the safety of the missive, the careful native tied the ends of the thong to the drawstring of his fawnskin breeches.

"You can take the whale-boat if you'll not use the motor," Walsh went on. "We've got to save our petroleum for serious work."

Silently, asking no questions, the Kenipatoe went swiftly about the preparations for his two-hundred mile journey. He tossed a parcel of dried fish into the boat, shouldered the ten-gallon boat-keg, and filled it at a fresh water pond close by; stepped the short mast and overhauled the gear.

Buck filled a bag with hard bread, dug out a quarter-pound plug of tobacco, and handed them to the native.

Oolah, her fine face aglow with excitement and exertion, huddled up the fur bedding so recently unpacked from the back of the one-eyed Dr. Cook.

She sensed that something out of the ordinary was in the wind—this sending away of her foster father so soon after his return from the hunt.

Yet she neither questioned nor complained. She was happy in serving these white Kahlounahs from the south—these masterful men thru whose bodies coursed the same blood as that of the New England whaling captain who had courted her Indian mother long years before.

The props were removed from the gunwales of the boat, rollers were placed beneath its keel, when Buck asked Kewpik:

"How far distant are the men and women of your tribe?"

"Two days' journey away," was the answer. "They camp tonight at the lake of the Lame Dog."

And then the boat rolled rapidly down the shelving rock. As the sharpened stern struck the water the native gave a mighty push and scrambled aboard. The rudder shipped, the leg-o'-mutton sail set, and the boat drew away to the southward.

"Tab-bow-hoo-dee!"

The native's farewell floated ashore on the eastern wind. Buck waved his hand. Oolah shaded her eyes, and, woman-fashion, dropped a tear and bit her lower lip.

Then the snarling of the unwatched wolf-dogs roused her into action. They had made away with a ham of venison, and were quarrelling for possession of the forbidden meat.

Buck sprang to help the girl restore order among the pack.

When quietness again prevailed the constable turned for another look seaward. The sail beyond the barrier reef seemed much larger than when he first beheld it.

Already he could distinguish it to be that of a sloop.

Headed directly for Seal Point, the vessel approached swiftly. When the constable saw that the craft was unquestionably the Rose Jennings, the sloop of the liquor-runners, he entered the iron hut.

Napier, awakened by the uproar of the dog fight, was leaning weakly upon an elbow as Buck entered.

"Hello, lad!" called the tall constable. "Ready for some grub?"

The younger man nodded. "A toasted hardtack—and a little of that canned milk—please. I'm feeling stronger this-morning. I've quite an appetite, too."

Buck was on the point of calling Oolah, when she appeared in the doorway herself.

She bore a bucket of water fresh from the pond; also a nosegay of wild flowers, which she arranged in a cracked cup.

"I heard the dogs fighting; Kewpik must be back."

"Right, lad. He's back and gone off again."

(To be continued next week)