



A Serviceable Wagon

THE features that make a wagon serviceable are those which add to its strength, to its wearing qualities, to its light draft, and to its hardiness. Any farmer can tell whether wagon features are mere talking points or whether they really add to the service he will get from his wagon. Deering wagon features are practical and worth all they cost.

Strong wheels, with steel banded white oak hubs, rim rivets on each side of every spoke, and steel tires that never splinter.

Hickory axles, steel trussed and clipped, with no holes in them, each end accurately fitted into its own individual skein.

Extra thick skeins and skein boxes with a wide bearing surface against the shoulder of the skein. The box cannot cut into the skein and cause hard draft. Note, too, how the construction prevents grease from getting into the hubs and loosening the spokes, and how sand and dirt are kept out of the bearings.

A most liberal use of steel bracing and wear plates. Compare the Deering ironing with that of any other wagon.

These are real features, each making the Deering wagon more serviceable, each adding something to its life, usefulness and economy. Write us for folders showing the wagon in colors and giving full information about the above and numerous other Deering wagon features.

International Harvester Company of Canada, Limited

BRANCH HOUSES
 WEST—Brandon, Man., Calgary, Alta., Edmonton, Alta., Estevan, Sask.,
 Lethbridge, Alta., N. Battleford, Sask., Regina, Sask., Saskatoon,
 Sask., Winnipeg, Man., Yorkton, Sask.
 EAST—Hamilton, Ont., London, Ont., Montreal, Que., Ottawa, Ont.,
 Quebec, Que., St. John, N. B.

NORTHERN ONTARIO

A vast new land of promise and freedom now open for settlement to returned soldiers and sailors free; to others, 18 years and over, 50 cents per acre.

Thousands of farmers have responded to the call of this fertile country, and are being made comfortable and rich. Here right at the door of Old Ontario a home awaits you.

For full particulars as to terms, regulations, and settlers' rates write

H. A. MACDONELL, Director of Colonization, Parliament Buildings, Toronto.
 G. H. FERGUSON, Minister of Lands, Forests and Mines.

FEEDS

We Sell Linseed Oil Cake Meal, Cotton Seed Meal, Gluten Feed (23% protein), Bran, Shorts, Feeding Corn Meal, Feeding Molasses (in barrels), Dairy Feeds, Hog Feeds, Cracked Corn, etc. Car lots or less. Our Poultry Feeds are the best on the market, and the prices are just right. Ask for quotations.

We Buy Hay, Straw, Oats, Buckwheat, Mixed Grain etc.

Crampsey & Kelley
 Dovercourt Road, Toronto

FARMERS ATTENTION!

If you have a horse with itchy legs, mane or tail and you want to cure it, send \$1.50 to me for my Mange Cure, and I will send you what in solution will make you a quart of lotion with full instructions for use.

Adam Watson, V.S.,
 Cobourg, Ontario

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

Time Table Changes

A change of time will be made on

June 29th, 1919.

Information now in Agents' hands

mother and all, and was interested to hear the part our neighborhood had taken in the Rebellion.—I kept talking more than I wished, knowing that it was easier for her to listen than to talk.

Afterwards, when she had fallen asleep and Elizabeth and I were seated in the living room, in the very chairs in which Barry and I had sat upon that night of the ball, I heard the whole story, or, at least, as much of it as Elizabeth knew; and the very listening to it made my blood boil with indignation against the dead.

"She had a very bad time, poor lamb!" said Elizabeth. "But don't you ever say a word against Selwyn. She knows now that he was never the one for her.—Yet—well, it's queer, Mister Alan, how one human being can bewitch another so it seems 'tis all love that's doing it. She doesn't blame herself,—I'm glad o' that. And she says there was much that was lovable about him. But there'll be no hurt in her heart soon, poor lassie,—just a faraway sadness, maybe, like a sad song. She's no bitter at all, poor lassie, but so sweet and gentle as never was."

Little by little the story was unfolded, in Elizabeth's gentle voice, with her pretty speech, all interwoven with the Scots words here and there.

Selwyn had left Barry in New York, with a purse of money, making some excuse that he must go to England. Then his letters failed to come. A day came when, for the sake of the child that was to be, she followed him, and found him in his fine country home. He had advised her to come back to Canada, telling her that her marriage could not count, and had offered her money.—Elizabeth was not very clear about that.—There was another woman there, she said, a very great beauty, whom he had married: Barry had met her just inside the gate. Then the babe had come, and had died.—Someone had been very kind to her.

And when she was able she had sailed for home. It had been a weary voyage. Only a fortnight afterwards, she had learned from an English paper that Selwyn had been killed during a fox-hunt.

That was all, but between the lines what bitter tragedy! I strode the floor as I thought of that frail child buffeting her way about, "among the houses and houses," homeless, friendless and suffering.

I sat down again, and a question was on my tongue, but I did not utter it. In a moment Elizabeth answered without bidding.

"I don't know who married them," she said, "but I doubt it was some sort of Nonconformist that her husband didn't really recognize.—But for her 'twas all right, poor lassie."

"Well, Elizabeth," I said, at last, "we'll hope the sadness is all over for her—and the hardship. If only I knew but, you know, she drove me away, over and over,—ever so gently, Elizabeth, you know that, but ever so decidedly, too." "As to that I canna say," replied Elizabeth, "but remember, Mister Alan, 'Faint heart never won fair lady'."

It was impossible, because of the harvest, for me to stay more than a few days, which I spent right royally at Uncle Joe's, going over to Elizabeth's every afternoon and evening; but before I left the doubt was all cleared away.

Barry had seemed more than ever kind and tender that day. I do not remember just how it came, but I found myself telling her once more how I had hoped for so long and how she had ever and ever pushed me away. Perhaps I should not have permitted myself to speak so then, but it seemed to come of itself, quite naturally.

At first she lay there quite still, her eyes fixed on the swaying of a vine at the window, then she began to speak, very slowly and quietly, telling a story that appeared, for a time, utterly foreign to the thing that I hoped she would say.

"I want to tell you something, Alan," she began. "You will remember what you always called the 'Indian streak' in me?—Well, it is there, Alan. I have often wondered whether there is a story about me in the little beaded moccasin. You remember it?—I have never let it go from me, Alan,—that nor the silhouette. Some day, perhaps, I shall know."

She paused, and I waited, looking at her wonderful, speaking face, with its traces of anguish, framed in by the blackness of her hair on the pillow.

"Do you remember the Indian boy—that night in the forest, when you camped by the spring?" she asked, after a moment.

"Yes," I said, "afterwards I found out he was you, Barry."

"You did?" raising her eyebrows in surprise. "I thought I loved him then, Alan. (How she could not speak Selwyn's name!) I lived, breathed, worked only for him. Then he did not know—about me, I mean. He thought I was just Nahneetis, the Indian lad. . . . It was just after that that he found out. I think perhaps your coming—the association—brought it to him. One day he remembered suddenly, and then—everything seemed to happen. He wanted me to marry him."

"Yes," I said.—"Barry don't tell me this now if it is too much for you."

"But I want to tell you," she replied. "Alan, I wonder if you will understand. Remember, my whole soul seemed to be in his keeping. He was an angel of goodness in my sight.—And he seemed to know all the things that appealed to me. One day I had told him about an Indian wedding. I had seen it when I went off to Waback's, to buy the clothes from Joe.—I wore them, you know, and made my face brown with a stain from the butternut husks.—Shall I tell you?"

We were sitting in front of the wigwams by the river, Waback and his squaw, and Joe and the little ones,—when a canoe passed, with a young squaw and a young Indian in it, and she was paddling the canoe. They neither looked at us nor spoke, and when they had gone Waback said they were being married. That was their ceremony—going to their home with the squaw paddling the canoe. Waback and his squaw had been married that way too. Before that there had been this pledge: he had gone to her, placing two fingers before her face, bringing them together to look like one. She had smiled, which meant yes. After that there had been a feast, perhaps, and now they were completing the ceremony by this silent voyage in the dusk, to their wigwam down by the Great Rock of the Rushing Water. They would be true to each other Waback told me, in his own way.

Alan, perhaps I was over-romantic, although it seemed to be, rather, some urge in me that I cannot explain,—but I wish I could tell you how that simple uniting for life appealed to me. It seemed that the very husk of the evening along the banks was a prayer, and the ripple of the water a wedding hymn, and that the Great Munedoo smiled approval in the smiling of the sunset."

Again she paused, and what could I do but wait?

"I wonder if you can understand, Alan," she continued, pleadingly. "When Howard knew that I was not Nahneetis, he told me that this ceremony was just as sacred as any solemnized by any parson.—I believed him as I would have believed an angel from heaven, Alan.—We were married just like that. To me it was all wholly sacred and right. I never dreamed that he could think it otherwise until I went to England. He told me there that our marriage could not be recognized as legal. He had married another woman, in the big Cathedral. She was wonderfully beautiful, Alan. No wonder he wanted to send me back to the forests."

"You poor child!" I muttered. "You poor, poor child!"

"That was a dreadful time, Alan," she went on, her voice dropping almost to a whisper. "For a few days I thought I should die, and wished it. But to me our marriage still held fast, Alan. As the days and weeks went on I realized that my love for him had been—fascination—not true love. Yet there had been the solemnizing of our vows in the forest, and I could not feel myself free until I heard he was—dead."

She stopped abruptly, then turned to me. "Now," she said, "you know. Do you think me very wicked, Alan?"

"I understand you, Barry," was all I could say, over and over. "Nothing matters.—I understand you, Barry."

For long minutes she looked at me, while I pressed her hot hands between mine, then suddenly she raised herself from the pillow. There was a little bundle of splints by the grate, which Elizabeth had left there for helping the fire, and she asked for them.

I gave them to her, wondering what

she meant to place in the fire. In a moment to build, for "Barry" her in my words into a crowd. I felt gotten, the come with

Perhaps evening, but when the day of city—she

"I want

leave, Alan

"And t

things fixe

So it wa

at the bed

officiating,

Elizabeth

ceremony

too, for N

filled with

provided

enough for

contributio

ring was

that my g

ridden far

before I

enough, I

bent old tr

run that w

Immedia

was spread

hoping to

first stopp

They stood

Nora and

and the res

come up i

my last loo

girl's room

shone in a

glorifying h

And so I

found the la

having giv

with it. E

master, an

but Tom J

Mickey Fee

"Yes, w

give a hand

woods and

with an er

was pretty

ye see."

But Mic

latory. "G

"It be behi

hev' her ho

Since th

both with

"Riverdale

Wild Rose

in sad need

Big Bill no

But the

sunshine, a

has come a

Old Meg sa

My moth

wait for t

ments at R

as Barry i

bringing h

mentous let

Before cl

has heard fr

about throu

gone over c

allying him

is even yet

such measu

version of t

and, no c

the States

master, Ha

and often s

such effect

Of course,

Schoolmaste

them both,

that they h

of the "Hu

hear strange

we may co

future for C

These thi

tarbling, an

who, while