

Facts about fencing or questions answered by the Fence Manager

Based on your experience in this business in Canada, what do you consider the most economical method of marketing fence?

The Invincible method, which includes only one manufacturing profit—one carlot freight to destination, and one distributor. Absolutely direct and economical.

What of fence makers, whose method is to sell to consumers, and the claims made in their advertisements?

The method in their case is very indirect and uneconomical, while the claims serve to obscure the issue, as to the kind of wire used, and for advertising generally.

Do these people make the wire for their fences?

Not a pound.

Then where do they get it?

Chiefly in the United States.

Does the making into fencing represent the larger part of the cost?

Not at all. Over ninety per cent. of the cost is the wire.

Then are they not themselves practically middlemen who market the product of foreign steel makers?

The reader is able to decide.

But how do they manage on small shipments to stand nearly double the freight rate which it would cost to ship fence in carlots?

Well! Of course some wire is being sold at low figures in the United States.

What kind of wire and for what reason?

Bessemer, of which there is an over supply due to several large American steel rail and structural steel makers, having recently gone into wire making in order to secure a market for the product of their Bessemer furnaces, because Railway Engineers, bridge builders, structural steel users and others who know, will no longer accept it.

Have any tests been made of Bessemer steel as applied to fencing?

Yes, at the instance of Farmers' Organization by the Department of Agriculture at Washington.

What were the results?

Their report states that the unequal distribution of impurities in Bessemer steel used as fence wire, produce an action causing rapid corrosion or rust and a tendency for the wire to "shed" its coat of galvanizing.

What steel is recommended or being used by the railway companies and others referred to?

"Open Hearth," because the process admits of accurate control and assures a product of an equal analysis throughout.

How about "Invincible Fencing"?

The makers are manufacturers of iron, steel and wire. They neither make, nor use anything but "Open Hearth Steel" in "Invincible" Fencing. Every dollar paid for "INVINCIBLE" Fence stays in Canada, going mostly to Canadian workmen who help produce it. While with one exception, beside the "INVINCIBLE," every other brand of fence sold in Canada is made from imported (and ninety-nine chances out of a hundred Bessemer) wire, and the greater part of the money paid for it goes to foreign wire makers.

Is the so-called "direct to consumer" plan economical for the user?

Impossible. As it exists in Canada, it is very indirect. For instance the

foreign steel and wire manufacturer gets the bulk of the consumers' money. Second—The railroad gets the freight from the wire mill, to where it is turned into fence. Third—The "Middleman" (?) fence maker or jobber, who is practically the industrious sales agent of the foreign wire mill, gets his "rake-off" beside his cost for weaving, which is high, compared with weaving costs in heavy tonnages at a large wire mill. Fourth—Cartage charges when shipped out, as farmers require in small lots, for delivery to the freight station. Fifth—The railways come in again for an extra handsome slice on these small lots (or anything less than carloads) frequently equal to 15 per cent. and sometimes over 20 per cent.

What is the "Invincible" sales method?

Well sir, it is the ideal one for economy. The first and foremost consideration is to produce an article so good, durable, strong, well made and dependable as to satisfy anyone. Then just one reasonable and moderate producer's profit, one carlot freight direct to final destination, and a reasonable margin profit, for the dealer who distributes it, which he must earn by his work, trouble and outlay. We make one shipment while our local dealer makes perhaps fifty deliveries or more. He does it more cheaply and far better than we or anyone not at hand could do, and his profit is part of the money eaten up by the railways under so-called "direct to consumer" schemes.

Why has your Open Hearth Steel Fencing only so recently been put widely on the market?

The Steel Company of Canada, has taken the first possible opportunity in the course of events to thoroughly equip and man their Fence Dept., and to provide the best and only proper material, for the manufacture of this high-grade *Invincible Open Hearth Fencing* on a large scale, such as never undertaken in Canada heretofore.

Would it not be in the interests of the farmers' pockets to shut out this inferior Bessemer wire entirely?

Certainly, it would in the long run save them an immense amount of money, trouble and disappointment.

Good, responsible, hustling agents wanted in every district to sell, distribute and, if desired, to erect *Invincible Fencing and Gates*. Address Fence Department, Box 22 6

The Steel Company of Canada, Ltd.
Montreal Quebec



yield to the magic charm of this woman whom he had so deeply loved, and at whose hands his pride had suffered so bitterly. He closed his eyes to shut out the dainty vision of that sweet face, of that snow-white neck and graceful figure, round which the faint rosy light of dawn was just beginning to hover playfully.

"Nay, Madame, it is no mask," he

said icily; "I swore to you . . . once that my life was yours. For months now it has been your plaything . . . it has served its purpose."

But now she knew that that very coldness was a mask. The trouble, the sorrow she had gone through last night, suddenly came back to her mind, but no longer with bitterness, rather with a feel-

ing that this man, who loved her, would help her to bear the burden.

"Sir Percy," she said impulsively, "Heaven knows you have been at pains to make the task, which I had set to myself, terribly difficult to accomplish. You spoke of my mood just now; well, we will call it that, if you will. I wished to speak to you . . . because . . . because I was in trouble . . .

and had need . . . of your sympathy."

"It is yours to command, Madame."

"How cold you are!" she sighed. "Faith! I can scarce believe that but a few months ago one tear in my eye had set you well-nigh crazy. Now I come to you . . . with a half-broken heart . . . and . . . and . . ."

"I pray you, Madame," he said, whilst his voice shook almost as much as hers, "in what way can I serve you?"

"Percy!—Armand is in deadly danger. A letter of his . . . rash, impetuous, as were all his actions, and written to Sir Andrew Foulkes, has fallen into the hands of a fanatic. Armand is hopelessly compromised . . . to-morrow, perhaps, he will be arrested . . . after that the guillotine . . . unless . . . unless . . . oh! it is horrible!" . . . she said, with a sudden wail of anguish, as all the events of the past night came rushing back to her mind, "horrible! . . . and you do not understand . . . you cannot . . . and I have no one to whom I can turn . . . for help . . . or even for sympathy . . ."

Tears now refused to be held back. All her trouble, her struggles, the awful uncertainty of Armand's fate overwhelmed her. She tottered, ready to fall, and leaning against the stone balustrade, she buried her face in her hands and sobbed bitterly.

At first mention of Armand St. Just's name and of the peril in which he stood, Sir Percy's face had become a shade more pale; and the look of determination and obstinacy appeared more marked than ever between his eyes. However, he said nothing for the moment, but watched her, as her delicate frame was shaken with sobs, watched her until unconsciously his face softened, and what looked almost like tears, seemed to glisten in his eyes.

"And so," he said with bitter sarcasm, "the murderous dog of the revolution is turning upon the very hands that fed it? . . . Begad, Madame," he added very gently, as Marguerite continued to sob hysterically, "will you dry your tears? . . . I never could bear to see a pretty woman cry, and I . . ."

Instinctively, with sudden, overmastering passion, at sight of her helplessness and of her grief, he stretched out his arms, and the next, would have seized her and held her to him, protected from every evil with his very life, his very heart's blood. . . . But pride had the better of it in this struggle once again; he restrained himself with a tremendous effort of will, and said coldly, though still very gently,—

"Will you not turn to me, Madame? and tell me in what way I may have the honor to serve you?"

She made a violent effort to control herself, and turning her tear-stained face to him, she once more held out her hand, which he kissed with the same punctilious gallantry; but Marguerite's fingers, this time, lingered in his hand for a second or two longer than was absolutely necessary, and this was because she had felt that his hand trembled perceptibly and was burning hot, whilst his lips felt as cold as marble.

"Can you do aught for Armand?" she said sweetly and simply. "You have so much influence at court . . . so many friends . . ."

"Nay, Madame, should you not rather seek the influence of your French friend, M. Chauvelin? His extends, if I mistake not, even as far as the Republican Government of France."

"I cannot ask him, Percy . . . Oh! I wish I dared to tell you . . . but . . . but . . . he has put a price on my brother's head, which . . ."

She would have given worlds if she had felt the courage then to tell him everything . . . all she had done that night—how she had suffered and how her hand had been forced. But she dared not give way to that impulse . . . not now, when she was just beginning to feel that he still loved her, when she hoped that she could win him back. She dared not make another confession to him. After all, he might not understand; he might not sympathize with her struggles and temptation. His love still dormant might sleep the sleep of death.

Perhaps he divined what was passing in her mind. His whole attitude was one of intense longing—a veritable prayer for that confidence, which her foolish