

# LOSSES PAID IN FULL

286 Loss Claims Paid by this Company Last Year  
Amounting to \$51,485.47

RATE OF ASSESSMENT LAST YEAR 14c. PER ACRE, BASED ON  
\$3,100,368—OVER 620,000 ACRES

Business coming with a Rush

Renewal Insurance being increased in every district, averaging  
over ten per cent. increase

June 4th and 5th, received 113 applications for \$108,500

**SOME OF MANY UNSOLICITED TESTIMONIALS.**

The Manitoba Farmers' Mutual Hail Insurance Co.  
Dear Sir,—I am in receipt of your favor of the 30th ult., enclosing cheque for \$100.00 in part payment of damage to my crop from hail. I have to thank your company for the satisfactory adjustment of the loss and for the prompt business-like manner of the settlement. I am more particularly pleased as the matter was adjusted during my absence from home. I will have much pleasure in recommending my friends to insure in The Farmers' Mutual Hail Insurance Company.

North Brandon, 2nd Aug., 1906

Yours very truly,  
(Sgd.) DUNCAN MCEWEN.

Underhill, Man., Oct. 17th, 1906.

The Manager, The Manitoba Farmers' Mutual Hail Insurance Co., Winnipeg.  
I beg to acknowledge receipt of payment of Hail Insurance. I was hailed out the 9th of August and I received my cheque for 50 per cent. of the claim on Insurance on the 16th—about a week. I consider this very quick work. This is the first time I have been hailed out and when your agent solicited my insurance I was very loath to insure. I considered I was out of the hail belt yet I lost the whole of my crop. I am much pleased at the gentlemanly treatment I received from your agent and your adjuster and would commend your company to the patronage of the Farmers of Manitoba as I consider they have managed their affairs economically and well.

Very truly yours,  
(Sgd.) E. J. IRETON

## The Manitoba Farmers' Mutual Hail Insurance Company

W. C. GRAHAM, Manager - Box 513, WINNIPEG

"Georgy, we must find somebody splendid for Mig. I'm not going to have her wasted! It's up to us to find the best man in the world and make Mig marry him."

"Go ahead yourself, Kit. You don't need anyone to collaborate. You had such success marrying off her sis—"

"Gracious, I hope she'll do better than her sister! There, Poor Boy, I take it all back! Mig can't marry the best man in the world, after all."

In the silence that followed, two long, shadowy figures slid noiselessly across the floor overhead and, one at a time, slipped over the window-sill and dropped to the ground beneath. The rain-soaked earth stood them in good stead, muffling the fall and easing the jar of it. Utterly ashamed of themselves, they crept away toward the Old Girl.

"We ought to be sent up for this," mumbled Kit.

"Oh, sure—sure!" groaned the other, "for six months' hard labor! I never sneaked before—it's a nasty feeling! But how were we going to help hearing, I'd like to know? And wouldn't we have lighted out long ago, if it hadn't been for our confounded togs down there? Nice pickle we'd be in if we hadn't brought some old hunting things along—shooting the country in our shirt sleeves, bare-headed!"

Kit's thoughts harked back dismally to the abandoned "togs." "Think of leaving 'em behind, will you!" he groaned. "There's circumstantial evidence enough in my overcoat pocket to hang me! If they get on our track—"

"They won't—trust the Old Girl for that. We'll make a record-run first. It's jolly good luck the moon's turned on."

But luck was against them. The road developed a depraved rockiness most unkind to rubber tires, and for the Old Girl's sake they were obliged to run cautiously. Even then disaster came in the form of an accident to the low-speed gear, and valuable time and patience were lost in repairing the trouble. That the repairs were inadequate



"Is there any trouble—is anyone hurt?" they chorused.

was proved by the recurrence of the disaster at intervals of more or less regularity. It was maddening.

"I know now how it feels to be a fugitive—slave—absconder—thief-in-the-night!" agonized Kit. "Can't you hear 'em coming after us? Thud—thud—hear 'em, will you!"

"I've been hearing 'em 'way back!" sighed the other. "I don't believe we'd make good criminals, Kit—too tender! And I believe to my life it's got on the Old Girl's nerves, too!"

In one of their rare spurts of speed over a fairly good stretch of roadway, Kit waxed sentimental.

"I say," said he, "I hate to come away without seeing 'Mig,' old man. Aside from one's natural curiosity, it doesn't seem—er—courteous. After those tarts my mother used to make, you know—"

"I know. Same reluctance here. Georgy hates to."

"She must be about right, that 'Mig.' Jolly and no end smart and all that sort of thing. It's hard luck never to see her."

"Well, what say to going back along, then in a day or two and stopping for—er—a—drink?"

"Will the kind lady give two wayfarers a drink of water?"

"The kind lady will, but will not the wayfarers first tell her if they have run across two fugitive slaves—absconders—thieves-in-the-night? The kind lady has been robbed. There were mince pies, strawberry jam, tarts that your mother—"

"Ah-h, the miscreants!—to rob a kind lady of tarts that your mother! No, kind lady, but the wayfarers will run them to earth! They shall hang! Could the kind lady give any description—"

"The kind lady sadly could not. Has she not said they were thieves in the night. But there are coats, overcoats, caps—"

"Oh, I say, what rot!" This from Kit, tired of the foolish play. It was now faint daylight. The east flamed with rosy outrunners of day, and

things hitherto invested  
tery of night, stood re-  
own nakedness of pros-  
their beauty. The touri-  
midst of a houseless  
seemed no sign of life a-  
surely—what were t-  
specks? One speck wa-  
The Old Girl shot nea-  
were human beings. Ne-  
were women. Kit utt-  
mation softly.

"Girls for sure!" he  
believe they're in so  
trouble."

The red speck resolv-  
young person in some  
summery and gay, her  
startling contrast. She  
beside the road, nursing  
other speck proved whi-

The Old Girl came  
stop and both young n-

"Is there any troub-  
hurt?" they chorused.

"Oh, dear, yes!" the  
cried. "I'm so thankful  
I mean somebody has  
and we've broken our  
can't help it if we have  
duced!"

"Oh, Jess!" It was  
Speck quite cheerfully,  
ced with the pain of r-  
Jess, you're so much li-  
should know it was you  
was somebody else!

turning to the strange  
has gone to her brain  
my ankle. We're awfu-  
ourselves—it's too silly  
a place you've camped  
mer! But it was the da-  
got turned 'round."

She made a wry face  
of pain. Kit noted t-  
about her sweet mout-  
sympathy sprung forthw-

"I wish I'd chosen  
burst impulsively. "Ca-  
thing? Once I—I set a-

Her fresh laugh rang  
"You mean a hen,  
George Holland."

The young women h-  
to walk across country  
way station in the da-  
early morning.

"We were so anxious  
explained one of them  
etically. "We were so  
lighted when we found  
early train! They co-  
telling us we'd have to  
didn't plan to get lost!"

"Or to step on rollin-  
was such a mistake! W-

so much to get—and  
seem as if we'd ever—

"There is room in th-  
can easily stow the lug-  
interrupted one of the-

you'll give us the plea-  
ing—I'm George Hollan-  
er, I would say 'Ch-  
Where's your card, Ki-

you mine, too, didn't I-  
"Yes; they're in  
pocket," nodded Kit s-

think where I could hav-  
"I'll go back—"

"Shut up!" muttered  
ear. Then aloud: "If  
to being jolted a little,

"Warren—Margaret  
is my chum, Jessica H-  
Jess?"

"I was," sighed Jes-  
my other state. I don-  
acquainted with mysel-

know my name. Here  
lean on me! Try not to  
if you shut your eyes

hurt so much. We'll a-  
if it will be any help-  
it killing you?"

"Yes," smiled splen-  
lips; "but I'm r-ready  
They were presentl-

snugly in the Old Gir-  
man at the wheel tur-  
orders.

"Which way?" he as-  
Which way?—why, o-  
way! But how were

As if they hadn't tried  
east and west.

"I haven't an idea!" s-  
Warren. "Jess, why  
which way? You h-

your ankle."  
"Worse—I've spraine-  
vane. It won't go rou-