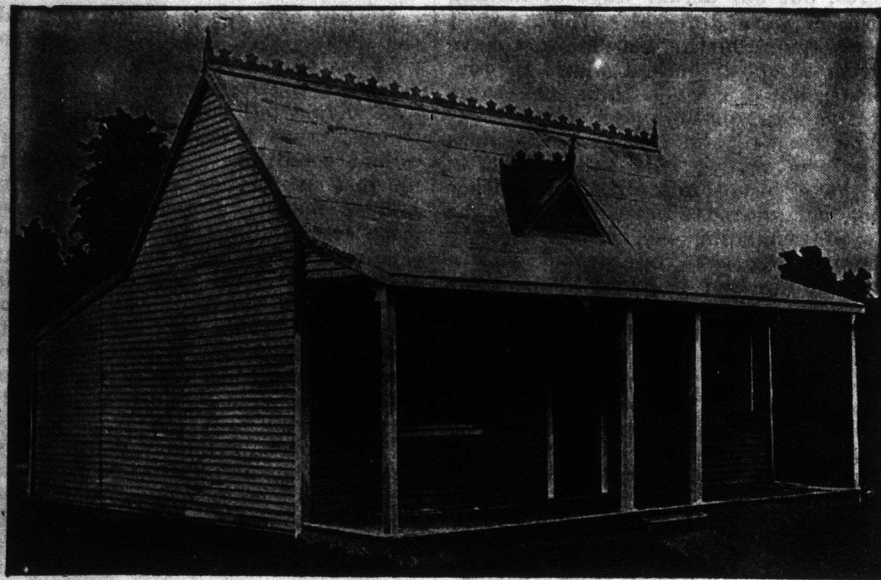


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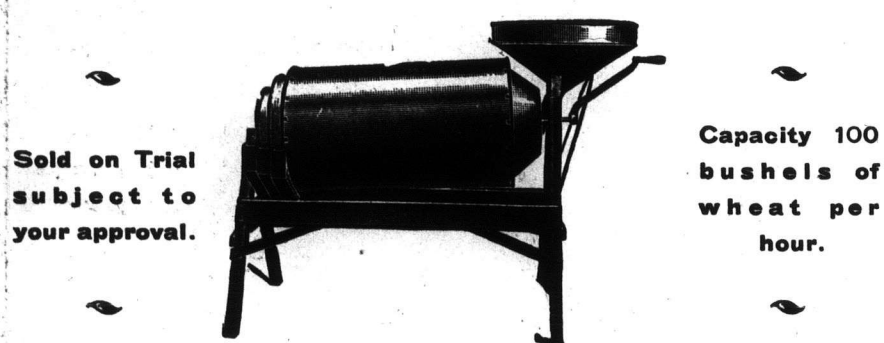
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OUR NEW MODEL "JUMBO" GRAIN CLEANER

is the only farm size machine with capacity large enough for this work.
It will clean a car load in one day, and do it to perfection!



Sold on Trial
subject to
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Capacity 100
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wheat per
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Save your foul seed and wild oats at home to feed your stock. Make 10 to 20 cents per bushel by raising the quality of your wheat from one to three grades. You can save the price of the Jumbo if you have 300 bushels of wheat that you are going to sell, if you have 3,000 to sell, you will save the price of 10 Jumbos at least. Many others did this last season, why not you this year.

Remember in buying our machine you have also the most perfect seed grain cleaner now offered for sale by any concern.

The Jumbo cleans all kinds of grain and seeds. Separates wild or tame oats from wheat or barley, separates perfectly all the largest foul seed, and in fact is just the machine you require for all purposes. Is furnished with bagger, or high elevator for loading tank waggon. Every Jumbo cleaner is sold on trial entirely subject to your approval. If your implement dealer will not supply you, write direct to us, we will see that you get one of our new 1909 Model machines with a guaranteed capacity of 100 bushels of wheat per hour. Send for catalog to-day.

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many ways, and I think I ought to tell you, that I owe you a certain amount of gratitude for all that you have done for me and been to me, during these thirty-five years. Sometimes I think it almost a pity that we should part; but, on the whole, I believe we have decided for the best. And now, listen, Volumnia: I wish to impress on you that if any neighbors come in, and question you about our affairs, as neighbors will do, you may just tell them that we have not parted in anger, but that we are tired of each other. If they want more particulars, as neighbors often do want, you may tell them to go to the devil and get satisfied. They will not put further questions to you."

"I will remember your words," said his wife, putting down a violet comforter which she had just that moment finished. "Here is your comforter; be sure and wear it in the cold and damp weather, for you cannot afford to trifle with your throat; and if you wish to live a good twenty years longer you must take every possible precaution. For my own part, I shall be anxious to know how your health goes on. Is it desirable that we should exchange letters?"

"I think that is hardly necessary," he said, looking at the comforter with approval. "After tomorrow, we practically cease to live for each other; so that it cannot really matter to you what becomes of me, and it cannot

got it quite safe, together with the old pictures of my mother. All our little relics are in that box. We shall see better if we look at them by the lamplight; and when we have settled which are yours and which are mine, I will set the supper table and fry you some bacon and sausages."

Sitting side by side at the table, they took out the treasures one by one, and old memories were called forth at the sight of each treasure — glad memories and sad memories curiously intermingled. There was a chain belonging to the naval captain's father, and a picture of the naval captain himself, at which Volumnia Webster gazed proudly, and at which the clockmaker stared resignedly, and there were a few curious rings, some of which were identified by the clockmaker, and others by his wife.

"See here, Volumnia," he said: "this is my mother's hair in this quaint locket. I never knew my mother, but I remember being told that they cut off a lock of her hair, as she lay dead, and they placed it in my tiny hands. I am glad to see that again."

Then they came upon a miniature of Volumnia Webster, when she was a child of five years, and the clockmaker looked at it a long time, now admiring the eager little face, and now examining with genuine approval the delicate workmanship of the gold setting.



"Sitting side by side at the table, they took out the treasures one by one."

matter to me what becomes of you."

She drew her chair a little nearer to him, and looked at him almost pleadingly; she looked at the face, which had once shone with kindness for her; at the forehead, which her hand had so often soothed in hours of sickness; at his hair, grey in some places and white in others; and she remembered how she had once tried to count those many curls, and had left off in despair. They were still there, those same curls, but grown old and grey. She thought of the young workman of thirty-five years ago, whose love and courage in an hour of trouble had won her heart, and when she spoke again there were very gentle accents in her voice.

"There have been times, Thomas," she whispered, as she put her hand on his arm, "there have been times when I have loved you very dearly. I want you to know this, and to remember this when you are far away; for it is something to be loved tenderly, if only for a short time."

A tear fell from her bright eye on to his hand. He looked up, and seeing that her eyes were full of tears, he pressed her hand and bade her be comforted. But even as he spoke there was a strange tremor in his voice, and a troubled expression on his own face. Thus they sat together in silence.

Then she spoke. "There are some few treasures which we must divide tonight, Thomas. You were asking me the other day for the miniature of your grandfather. I have

"That is a beautiful piece of work," he said enthusiastically. "Any goldsmith would be proud of that."

"You always wished to sell it," she said sharply. "You have so little sentiment in you."

"So you have told me several times," he said without any sign of annoyance.

"But this is the gem of all, Thomas," she said, as she handed him the miniature of a lady. People said I was like my mother, but that was a libel on my mother's face. When I was young, though, I daresay my eyes were nearly as bright as hers. They are not bright now."

The old man looked up at Volumnia. "No, they are not bright now," he said critically.

He laid the picture aside, without any further remark; but he must needs have noticed that selfsame pleading expression of countenance and that half-puzzled look, as though something in life had troubled the little lady, and all her ingenuity could not avail to set her mind at rest.

"This is old Peter Goodwin," said Volumnia Webster, "he was my mother's grandfather. I always think his quaint green coat, and his brown fiddle, and his grey wig go well together. I am very proud of Peter Goodwin."

"You were always proud of your ancestors," growled the clockmaker. "For my own part, I am quite thankful I never had any. But there, I do not grudge them to you. As I have said