A Positive Guarantee goes with every M-RE GRAIN GRINDER of money back if not completely satisfied.

If the M-Re Grain Grinder does not give you better chop in less time and for less money you have only to return it and get your money back.

Could we possibly make a fairer or more generous offer? Over 1500 M-re Grain Grinders have already been sold with that guarantee and not a single one has ever been returned. Every one who has ever tried it has been enthusiastic about it.

The M-re is a Revolution

The M-re grinds with emery wheels instead of steel plates or discs. Steel plates slice the grain, while the M-re thoroughly grinds it to a fine powder. Its chop is as superior to that of the steel plate grinder as the electric light is to the oil lamp. There is simply no comparison. Then the M-re is the only grinder that will completely destroy wild weeds. The emery wheels can be dressed in a few minutes and be as good as new and they last three or four times as long as the steel plates. Have one of these machines sent to you, put it to as thorough—as severe a test as you wish. If you are not more than pleased and satisfied with the results, simply say so and we will refund every penny of your money.

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THE UNITED GRAIN GROWERS LTD.
Distributors to the Western Provinces
WINNIPEG REGINA SASKATOON CALGARY

AD. NO. 4

"Uni-Lectric"?
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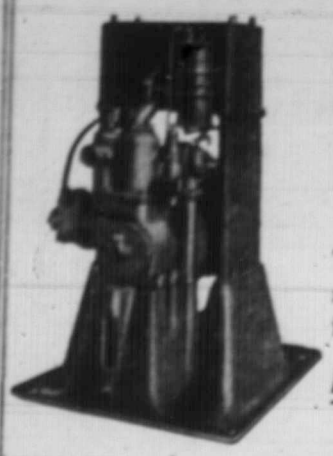

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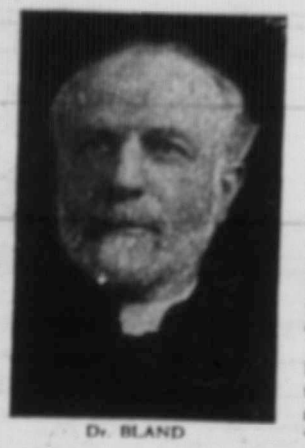
The Deeper Life

Keeping the Whistle

By Rev. S. G. Bland, D.D.

DURING the last three weeks I have been up and down a good deal of the C.P.R. main line from Winnipeg to Calgary with excursions north and south by train and automobile. This does not, of course, entitle one to speak with much authority on crop conditions in the country traversed. Rains, too, have fallen over parts of the west during the last few days which may have materially helped the situation, especially as far as feed is concerned. So perhaps the outcome is not going to be as serious for the southern parts of the prairie provinces as it seemed a fortnight ago. But with the drought in the south and the recent frosts in the north it seems certain that the season's returns will be very disappointing in large areas.



Dr. BLAND

It has been painful to see the stunted growth or even the complete disappearance of the grain through the drifting winds. One consolation may be found in the way a year of crop failure is often followed by a bumper crop owing to the absence of the drain a good crop makes on the land. And the area of summerfallow this season will be in places unusually large. But to many farmers this season promises to be an acute disappointment, the more so as some of them had put all their available resources into as large an acreage as possible for both business and patriotic reasons.

And yet there are consolations even when the disappointment and the hardship are very great.

In a good year our great western provinces present a beautiful and gladsome spectacle in the vivid green of June or the golden glory of August. Perhaps the most pleasing sight of all is to see far as the eye can reach the yellow stooks standing thickly over the land to the horizon's verge.

The sight means good and comfort and a satisfactory reward to honest toil.

But perhaps to those who look down on us and our labors, our joys and our sorrows, with "larger, other eyes than ours," there may be an even more beautiful and inspiring sight, and that is a people taking disappointment and even privation cheerfully and courageously. And as far as my observation has gone during the last month, the spirit of the farmers has been fine.

A man owning a farm some five miles out from the town where I am staying, and which was being worked for him, took me out this evening to see a field which he had been told had been frosted. On the way out we inspected several fields of wheat. One, in which the wheat was in the dough stage, had apparently come through unhurt. In two others where the frost had caught the wheat in the blossom stage the heads were yellow and lifeless. We came at last to his own—a fine stand of 70 acres of well grown wheat and oats. A careful inspection revealed that of the 70 acres perhaps two were sufficiently advanced to have escaped. The rest was fit only to be cut for feed. But my friend's spirit was admirable. "Anyway," he remarked, as he returned from the inspection, "It'll make a fine lot of hay."

The farmer has had the reputation from time immemorial of being a grumbler. I remember as a child seeing in Punch the picture of a farmer and a friend surveying a fine meadow covered thickly with hay cocks. The friend had remarked cheerfully on the fine summer they had had, and the perfect weather for haying, to which the farmer was represented as gloomily rejoining, "Yes, it is too bad. We shall have no sinecure hay for the cows this year."

Well, the disappointment to the farmers of the West is peculiarly keen this year. They have spent more money than they ever spent before in putting in a large acreage. They were anticipating an extraordinary return. And now some of them will get nothing. Yet I have heard only one man complaining. Others like my friend are congratulating themselves on having some feed at any rate. Others are saying, well, it won't be long till we get another crop, and they are looking forward to a specially good one and on a maximum of summerfallow.

One man philosophically remarked to me that the pinch would not be altogether a misfortune. "We needed a check. Some of us were financing too swiftly, buying more land, new automobiles, and perhaps a piano on top of that, reckoning on 40 bushels to the acre and $2.00 a bushel."

He thought too that men were going to have patience with each other and get the loss distributed. The banks, he thought, were going to show a different spirit towards the grain grower in difficulties than they had in the past. Generally, in the past, he said, they had jumped on the man in a tight place and taken anything he had as security. He believed this time they were going to show a leniency and consideration that would be very helpful.

So the widespread disappointment and loss may not prove after all a real misfortune.

If the Allies can be fed, and Mr. Hoover has given recently some very cheering assurances as to that, and with the lessening of the submarine peril Australia's 200,000,000 stored bushels of wheat may become available, perhaps what the Canadian West loses this season in money may be made up in the spiritual gains of courage, humility, and comradeship.

It is not the most prosperous that are the most kindly. Common trouble brings men and women together as hardly anything else will. The most wonderful comradeship the world has ever known is found to-day where there never was such hardship, danger, and suffering—at the trenches.

That is where, too, there is the most superhuman patience and cheerfulness.

Western Canada, that has been in danger of becoming intoxicated with its prosperity, has now a chance to show something at least of the spirit its sons have shown in the firing line.

And, perhaps, there are boys and girls to-day in the frost-parched districts of the south or the most frost-blighted districts of the north, who will always cherish as one of the most precious and inspiring memories of the old home just how their father and mother took the crop failure of 1918. They are going to fight the battles of life more bravely, and take its disappointments and dark days with a temper just for what they are seeing this disastrous summer.

I have heard a story of a man in Scotland who had retired on a very little competency and a comfortable house, who had unfortunately trusted his money to a friend who proved unworthy and who lost at last his money and his house. Meeting him one day walking whistling along the street, a friend expressed surprise, "Are you the man that has lost all?" "Yes," was the answer, "they hae taken my hoose, and they hae taken ma siller, but I defy them to tak ma whussle."

There is a cheerfulness that is born of prosperity. That is not for all, nor is it of much value. There is a cheerfulness that is born of good health.