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FENCE TALK No. 3

Page Wire Fences only seem to cost a cent or two more a rod than common wire fence. They really cost fully three cents a rod less—and then some. Figure it for yourself:

Page Fence horizontal wires—the wires that have to stand the pulling strain, are made of a grade of steel wire termed "high carbon." Other fences' horizontals are "hard steel," or hard drawn wire, at best.

High-carbon Page wire will stand a strain of 2,400 pounds.

The other kinds break at 1,800 at best.

That explains why a Page Fence will stretch tighter and stand up longer.

That accounts for Page Fences needing but two fence-posts to the other fence's three.

See now what that figures in a mile of fencing:

Two cents a rod more for Page Fence in the first place, or \$6.40.

100 fewer posts for the Page Fence—because the tougher wire lets it stretch tighter and stay tighter. Are the 100 posts worth 12c. apiece? Call it that—tho' it's nearer 20c. a post, most places. But call it \$12.00 saved in posts—which balances the 2c. a rod more first cost and leaves \$5.60 to the good.

What would you take to dig 100 post holes? To cart 100 posts? To set and tamp 100 posts? To staple the fencing 100 times oftener than you need to with a Page Fence?

Doesn't ten dollars look small for all that extra work?

Well, that is only a part of the saving you make on every mile of Page Fence you put up, as compared with any other fence. Our free book, sent from the nearest Page place for your asking, tells the rest—and tells you how to prove Page betterness beforehand.

The Page Wire Fence Co., Ltd., Walkerville, Toronto, Montreal, St. John, Vancouver, Victoria.

Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta trade supplied by

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Doughty was occupying altogether too commanding a position in affairs. He determined to have a look at the family barometer.

"Liza," he stammered, "it don't seem hardly a good idea to let third parties mess in too much, even if they be clus relatives. I've seen terrible messes come out of it. Now, ain't it goin' to be better if you and me just make our bus'ness our own, between ourselves?"

"Cap'n Duncan, blood in the Doughty family is a good deal thicker'n water. It always has been—it always will be. I should hate to think you were trying to stir up any kind of a touse between me and my dad." She stared at him in a way that sent a little, cold trickle down his back.

"I ain't the man to make trouble in any family," he hastened to say.

"That's just the idee I've always had of ye," cried Aminadab, cheerily and paternally, re-appearing from the ell door. He came along and patted the captain on the shoulder. "I suppose it's settled about the marriage bells goin' ding-dong?" he queried, with a wink as emphatic as the snap of a cigar cutter. Captain Duncan blushed and the daughter looked shyly at him, and then away.

"When lovin' hearts are all agreed, Of words there ain't no special need."

quoted Aminadab, cheerfully. "You suit the Doughty family, Cap Dunk, and that's enough said on all sides." And then more briskly, now that what he considered the frivolity was ended, he said: "I'll speak to the Tasker boys this afternoon, and if you'll work the Todd into dock early to-morrow we'll have that hay aboard like slidin' down a sullen door."

The captain got up and put on his glazed cap. He felt dizzy. There was a smarting in his throat, as though unuttered words were blistering it. An ugly rancor surged in him along with mighty joy, but he didn't know what to say. As he was about to depart, Farmer Doughty clapped a broad hand against his shoulder and jovially pushed him toward Eliza.

"Contracts ought to be sealed, cap," he snickered, disregarding his daughter's indignant protests. "As the lawyers say, 'L.S.'—place for the seal—stands for 'Lips Sweet,' and you can see the place just as well as I can. Come, cap!" And with his other hand he pulled his blushing daughter forward.

A moment after the skipper was staggering down the grassy slope with a shivery glow running all through him from a little burning spot on his lips.

"Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord!" he quavered, softly. "She's a-goin' to marry me!"

But the joy had died out of his face by the time he had stumbled into his dory and took the oars.

"The old scamp!" he gritted. "He's got his spear in my back, and all I can seem to do is wiggle."

When he clambered over the Todd's dingy side, he felt in very proper frame of mind to have it out with Lester Trask. The "crew and cook and the gallant mate" was simmering before a bit of glass propped on the house roof, and was shaving. He wore a fancily striped shirt, and the legs of his new trousers were hunched up to his knees so that the crease might not be spoiled.

"Gettin' ready for a pink tea, I presume?" the skipper growled, stifling his impulse to leap at once on the traitor's back. "If there's anything I hate, it's a shipboard dude."

The crew turned up a mild blue eye, wondering at this astonishing hostility from one with whom he had been on equal terms of comradeship for so long. In justice to Trask, it should be stated that he had never dreamed that his secretive skipper was loving in the same direction in which his own fancies had recently turned. Therefore, there was nothing on his conscience.

"I won't have no more of this primpin' and lubbin' and flirtationin' board ship," roared the skipper, shooting his fists up into the air. The choler he had been swallowing back on shore now burst on this vicarious victim.

Liquor and Tobacco Habits

A. McTAGGART, M.D., C.M.,
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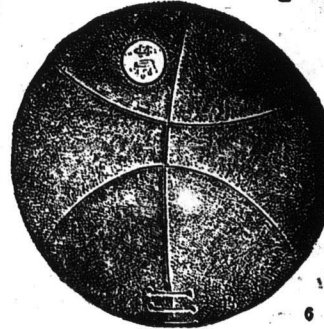
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