# Binder Twine MONARCH MANILLA **550 FEET TO THE POUND**

Buy twine that is guaranteed satisfactory, that has been used for the past seven years by thousands of Western farmers and found thoroughly reliable. Made in the most modern factory in Canada. Every foot carefully examined before it leaves the factory. We have a limited quantity now ready to ship at Winnipeg. Our price saves you one to two cents per pound and is less than factory cost to-day. Send your order early and have your supply on hand when needed. Remember Monarch twine is the best procurable; 550 feet to the pound.

Cents PER POUND F.O.B. Winnipeg

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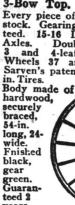
15% Off All Vehicles Shown In Our Big Catalog Two Big Specials for W.H.M. Readers



On this Phaeton Body Road Cart we use selected grade, Sarven's Patent wheels, made of selected hickory, 46 inches high, %-inch rims, fitted with oval edge steel tires, long, easy riding, oil-tempered spring, adjusted and hung so as to balance the seat perfectly; seat and lazy back upholstered in imitation leather. Small articles carried in box under the seat. Built to carry two passengers. The body painted black, carmine gear. Shipping weight about 200 lbs. No. 17A—As described above, F.O.B. Winnipeg. Regular Price, \$43.00.

## **AUTO SEAT TOP BUGGY**

at a Saving of Fully 2400 Seat is upholstered in Moleskin Leather. Large Auto Style Full Spring Seat and Back. Large





Regular Catalog Price 11900 SPEGIAL REDUCED PRICE F.O.B. Winnipeg. Complete with Shafts,

## AJAX WOVEN AND BARBED WIRE



per 80 rod Spool 2 Point Price subject to change

## Medium Weight Hog, Sheep and Cattle Fence

Top and bottom No. 9; Intermediates No. 12 (Full Gauge) Price
Medium Fence, 6 Wires, 40 ins. High, Stays 13 ins. apart, 534 lb. 40½ per Rd.

726 " 7 " 26 ins. " " 13 ins. " 6½ lb. 40½ per Rd.

742 " " 7 " 42 ins. " " 13 ins. " 6½ lb. 45 "

834 " " 8 " 34 ins. " " 13 ins. " 634 lb. 47 "

936 " " 9 " 36 ins. " " 13 ins. " 8 lb. 53 " Prices Subject to Change

The Farmers' Supply Co. Limited 189 Bannatyne Ave. Dept. W.H.M.

#### Unromantic Courtships

Perhaps the romantic proposals of fiction are more picturesque than the usual proposals of real life; the fact that lovers are reluctant witnesses makes it hard to tell. But certainly the queer or comic proposals and attempted pro-posals of fiction cannot be any queerer than some of those recorded in actual chronicle or countryside tradition.

Mr. Howells, in his recent delightful volume of reminiscences, "Years of My Youth," gives an amusing Middle-West example of a "country" bachelor who belatedly made up his mind to marry, and in his default of female acquaintance took his place on the top rail of a roadside fence and called to the first womn who passed: 'Say! You a married woman?' And then at the frightened answer indig-nantly gasped out, 'Yes, sir!' he offered a mere 'Oh!' for all apology and explanation, and let himself vanish by falling into the

aunt only a year or two older than himself. His next-door neighbor, and the owner of a small but cosy farmstead, was a competent and contented spinster, in whom Enos had displayed less than the ordinary neighborly interest. But one day he hailed her over the dividing fence: "Hi, Selina!"

Selina did not immediately understand that she was being addressed, and so Enos leaned across the fence and continued shouting, "Hi! Hi! Hi!" until he attracted her attention.

"Well, Enos, what is it?" she inquired turning.
Enos allowed her to walk close to the

fence before he replied. "Aunt Jane's going to get married, so I guess I better, too. What d'ye think

about it, Selina?' "I think ye better, Enos."

"Then ef ye'll have me, guess I better marry you, Selina."
"Ef I will, Enos, I guess ye better."
"Will ye, Selina?"

"I won't, Enos."

"Shucks, Selina, ye better!" "That's your say-so, Enos. My idee

Certainly, whether she would have bettered herself or otherwise, she did not

marry Enos, and he remained a bachelor. Even less of grace and glamor attended the courtship of a prosaic youth by the name of Joseph, and his sweetheartif that term is not too poetic—the excellent and practical Susannah. Coming up her father's farm lane, Joseph perceived her crossing it at the far end with a bucket of pig wash, and called to her to wait for

him.
"Can't stop, Joe, the pigs are waiting!"

she shouted back.
"Jest a minute. Sue! I got something to say to ye!" yelled Joe.
"Ye can say it arter I've fed the pigs!"

shrieked Susannah. Joe broke into a run. As he approached her where she had paused reluctantly to await him, he panted indignantly, "Ye got to let the darn critters wait for once,

Sue! Hang it, I want to propose!" "Come along and propose, then," reponded Susannah with sweet encouragement. "Ye kin do it while we feed the pigs, can't ye, Joe?"

Joe could and did; Susannah accepted him; the pigs were fed. Whether or no the match was made in heaven, it proved as happy as if its atmosphere of early bliss on earth had not been mingled with the aroma of the pigpen.

## Overconfidence

 When the skilful general wishes to capture a fort, he often tries to find a place that the garrison, sure of its strength, has left unguarded. So Wolfe planned, and so Quebec fell.

Many of those accidentally drowned are good swimmers, afraid of nothing in the water.

Many a trainer, before a great intercollegiate football match, has said that his team would surely win—if the coaches could cure the players of overconfidence. Overconfidence is the sure forerunner of

Every boy has seen some wretched drunkard, with his bleary eyes and broken gait, his rags and filth, shamelessly and pitifully pleading for a few pennies with which to buy a drink. No one can look

on that sight, common as it is, without a shudder. Yet there was a time when every such pitiful being was free from the desire for drink. For a time he took his glass in moderation until suddenly a hidden inheritance from some ancestor hitherto unsuspected, awoke in him, and drove him headlong. No one knows whether that taint is in his blood. Yet everywhere men are saying, "Oh, I shall never be a drunkard! I can take care of myself!"

So it was that the good swimmers thought as they swam to a point beyond their strength. So it was that the poor wretch thought in the days when he drank—before it was too late.

Every now and then we read in the papers that some embezzler has fled from justice. His family, with hearts shamed and broken, hide themselves away from the eyes of the world. Why do intelligent men do such things? Not many men intend to become embezzlers. and let himself vanish by falling into the cornfield behind him."

Almost equally contemptuous of finesse was a New England bachelor in middle life who had lived contentedly on his farm under the able administration of an to this small amount and return it soon, and there will be no heard done." If there are the properties of the prop and there will be no harm done." If they had had a wholesome fear of small dishonesty, they would never have become embezzlers of large amounts at last. No human soul can go down until he

starts down. He never can start down until he takes his first step down. We are not often called upon to decide in a single moment whether we shall become great criminals. We are called upon, every day, to decide whether we shall take a step in that direction. It is the first step that ought to be our concern. Remember the swimmers everywhere in the great Sea of Life who so confidently swam beyond their strength. confidence is the forerunner of disaster. Be afraid of the first step down!

#### A Perplexing Situation

Prof. C. F. Marvin, head of the United States Weather Bureau, tells the story of an expedition from the University of Pennsylvania, that was sent to one of the Southern States some years ago, to observe a solar eclipse.

The day before the event, one of the professors said to an old colored man who was employed in the household where the astronomer was quartered: "Sam, if you will watch your chickens to-morrow morning, you will find that they'll go to roost at eleven o'clock." Sam, as might be expected, was skeptical, but at the appointed hour the heavens were darkened, and the chickens, as foretold, retired to roost. At this the old negro's amazement knew no bounds. "Perfessor," said he, "how long ago did you know dem chickens would go to roost?" "About a year ago," said the professor, with a smile. "Well, ef dat don't beat all!" was Sam's perplexed reply. "Why, perfessor, a year ago dem chickens wasn't even hatched!"

## Did She Enjoy It?

A small boy who had recently passed his fifth birthday was riding in a suburban car with his mother, when they were asked the customary question:
"How old is the boy?" After being told the correct age, which did not require a fare, the conductor passed on to the next person. The boy sat quite still, as if pondering over some question, and then concluding that full information had not been given, called loudly to the conductor, then at the other end of the car: "And mother's thirty-one."

## Double-Barreled Revenge

Wilkinson was near the exploding point when his neighbor met him in the street. "That man Potter," he burst out, "has more cheek than anybody I ever met." "Why, what has he done?" asked the neighbor. "He came over to my house last night and borrowed a gun to kill a dog that kept him awake at night." "Well, what of that?" "What of that?" shouted Wilkinson. "It was my dog."

A safe and sure medicine for a child troubled with worms is Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator.