

Write for Our 1907 Spring and Summer Catalog

EATON'S

SPRING and SUMMER
CATALOGUE No 9 - 1907



THE **T. EATON CO.** LIMITED
WINNIPEG CANADA

IT IS now being issued and is altogether the largest and most complete we have yet published. It describes and illustrates the newest and most popular styles that are now being worn by the fashionably dressed men and women of New York and Paris. It also gives our prices which are the lowest that goods can be sold for after all middle-men's profits have been eliminated.

The goods which are described and illustrated are exactly suited to the needs of the Western people and our prices, considering the sharp advances that have taken place in all lines of goods will be found, if anything, more reasonable. Take men's clothing for instance. Though tweeds and worsteds have advanced fully a third in price we charge the same prices as of yore for our celebrated "Eaton" serge suit. The same is true of boots, the "Eaton" boot for either men or women sells for \$3.00, although all other makes of boots are selling for 50c. or 75c. more than a year ago.

GET OUR BINDER TWINE PRICES

We have purchased a large quantity of binder twine and we have made arrangements for distributing it to our customers with the least possible trouble and at the lowest possible price.

The twine has been made specially for us. It is known as

Golden Manila Diamond E Twine

It is 50 per cent. or over pure Manila. It measures 550 feet to the pound and is evenly woven and strong. It is adapted to any pattern knotter and is so well woven that it will run evenly and smoothly.

OUR LIBERAL GUARANTEE

You take absolutely no risk in buying from us. Should your crop be destroyed by hail, rust or excessive rain, or should the twine be unsatisfactory for any reason, return it to us and we will refund your money.

Write to us for full particulars and don't buy your twine until you have heard from us.

We issue a special Grocery Catalogue every two months. If you have not seen a copy let us know and we will send you one. It is well worth having for it tells what groceries should be sold for.

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you to be shot! Give me them reins, and you look to your guns. We'll drive by Mr. Jukes at a pretty good pace, and if you should happen to hurt him—may the Lord have mercy on him!"

Shaking off Brad's restraining touch, and deaf to his expostulations, she put the whip to the ponies, and the buckboard lurched forward on the deeply-cut trail. Jukes was bearing down upon them, his face inflamed with drunken rage. Two or three shots whistled past them. Miss Gordon held the reins tightly and ducked her head. Brad fired repeatedly as they passed, and just beyond them Jukes reeled heavily from the saddle. With an effort the woman brought the team to a standstill.

"I'm glad I fastened Polly's cage on good and tight!" was her first exclamation. Then, noticing a broken check-rein: "I'll get a piece of twine out of my pocket to tie up that strap. Why, your sleeve's all bloody, I do believe that nasty wretch hit you!"

"Jest my arm, I guess, Miss Gordon," replied the man, a little uncertainly; "but I hope—that is, I'm afeard I've done fer Jukes!"

They looked back. The outlaw lay motionless by the trail, his bridle-rein still over his nerveless arm.

II.

As the rays of the setting sun slanted level across the prairie, a strange procession stopped at Turkey Creek Ranch. Miss Gordon still drove, superintended by Jeremy Taylor, who thrust his head through a hole in the lid of his basket and glared balefully at the universe in general. Beside her sat Brad, pale under his tan, with his right arm swung from his neck. At the tail of their chariot, so to speak, was tied the horse of Bill Jukes, and fastened in the saddle, plentifully bandaged and besmeared with blood, was the man himself. His manner was drooping in the extreme, while from an opening in the cage-cover Polly bestowed an

unbroken succession of choice epithets upon the captive.

Miss Gordon, of them all, was unruffled, and she explained with a cheerfulness that was almost airy:

"Jukes rode down on us, shootin' and swearin' dreadful, and Mr. Merrill had to defend us, of course, so I took the lines. Then we couldn't go off and leave the man layin' there, maybe to die, so we went back, and I bandaged him up, and we brought him along. You can do what you want to with him. I don't reckon he feels very spruce, seein' that he was shot through the lung, an' that Polly's been swearin' at him every step of the way. Mr. Merrill, here, got a bullet in his arm, and has bled consid'able, though it's only a flesh wound."

The gods on Olympus may have been surprised to see *Mimerva* spring full-panoplied from the brain of Jove, but that was the merest ghost of an emotion compared with what the men of Turkey Creek Ranch felt when this splendid apparition in dusty black cashmere dawned upon them, with her nonchalant tale of duelry, leading as captive one of the deadliest outlaws of the country. For a minute there were murmurs and exclamations and glances of amazement; and then, as Miss Gordon, bearing Jeremy Taylor, clambered to the ground, Paper-Collar Joe, the Chesterfield of the ranch, gracefully advanced.

"Ehlow me to ersist ye, moddam!" he began sweetly, but the visitor waved him back.

"Don't you touch Jeremy Taylor, my good young man!" she warned. "I reckon he's had all his nerves will stand for one while."

And Brad, being tenderly helped over the wheel, drawled shakily, with a flourish of his hand:

"No use, Joe. It was too good a chance to lose, so I jest improved it. Miss Gordon's going to come up Turkey Creek, to my place, an' live with me—the future Mrs. Merrill, gents!"

Polly craned his head around the back of the seat and ejaculated fiercely: "You be blamed!" while Miss Gordon's face flushed a deeper red as she bridled and exclaimed:

"Oh, pshaw! Ain't you ashamed of yourself, Brad?"



On the Peach at Gull Lake, west of Lacombe, Alberta

The

the following list
EXI

Duchess
Hibernia
Northwestern Greening
Pattens
Okabena
Malinda

Transcendant
Whitney
Hyslop
Virginia
Fyrus Baccata

Turner
Louden (Red)
Marlboro
Golden Queen (Yellow)
Ohio
Grogg (Black)
Cumberland
Dutch
Holland L. Bunch
Pay's Prolific (Red)
Victoria

Dutch
Grape (White)
Lee's Prolific
Naples (Black)
Crandall

THE

Correspo

A LOVE PO

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And the Land of wa
Thinking verses to an
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Talking to my musin
Padding poetry for p
If the Then were but
I am here and where
Art thou far away fr
Over mountain, over
Dost remember how
In the pear trees pl
Dost recall the perfe
Of our stolen pristin
And remember how y
That we'd run away
Need I put in public
That of which I onl
Sweetheart, dost rem
Deep we loved?—Whe
Long ago—and still
More and more for t
Where—if art at all
Answer, sweetheart,

Comes a voice: "Wh
In the kitchen, cook

Time plays many a
Sweetheart of the lo

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has been on the incr
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