



There's lasting wear, the utmost in style, and absolute satisfaction in purchasing

FAIRWEATHER FURS BY MAIL ORDER

Your purchase from our high class catalogue, direct from the manufacturers is backed by our guarantee of absolute satisfaction. Every customer is afforded an opportunity of examining their purchase on its arrival, and if not absolutely satisfied it may be returned at our expense. Our careful selection of skins, our expert furriers and prompt service to mail order customers enable us to make this unqualified guarantee of satisfaction to you.

THESE SAMPLE VALUES ARE TAKEN FROM
OUR NEW 1917-18 CATALOGUE

LADIES' FUR COATS

MUSKRAT COATS—Made from very choice Russian Muskrat skins. Extra heavily furred and very dark, with the new style large collar and cuffs; best quality farmers' brown satin lining. This coat is 50 inches long, and in all sizes. Price.....**\$125.00**

UNGARE COON COAT—This coat is of a very heavy and dark grey fur, but light in weight. With extra large collar and cuffs. Has fancy silk poplin grey lining. 45 inches long, and in all sizes. This coat is one of our best values this season. The price is only.....**\$75.00**

LADIES' FUR SETS

AMERICAN RED FOX SETS—The scarf, animal shape, nicely shaped around shoulders—has head, tail and paws on scarf—has fancy grey silk lining, and of exceptionally good red color. The muff to match is of melon shape; head and tail; also fancy grey silk lining, pleated at ends of muff; fancy wrist cord to match. Per set.....**\$30.00**

CANADIAN MINK SET—Scarf of six beautiful skins, caprine shape; six tails at bottom of scarf in front, and four heads artistically arranged at back of scarf—nicely lined with brown satin. Muff to match, also of six skins, fancy pillow shape. Trimmed with five heads. Brown satin lining, shirred at ends. Price.....**\$125.00**

MEN'S FUR COATS

RACON COATS—Made from selected dark, heavily-furred skins, and nicely matched. This coat is 52 inches long—has good quality quilted lining, with large shawl collar. All sizes from 40 to 48. Price.....**\$125.00**

WAMBAT COAT—This coat is made from the choicest skins; heavy farmers' satin quilted lining, with extra large shawl collar. 50 inches long, in all sizes. Price.....**\$55.00**

If you have not already received one write for a copy of our new fur catalogue.

FAIRWEATHER & CO., LIMITED
297-299 Portage Ave. Winnipeg

To Prevent Chapped Skin

—use warm water and
Baby's Own Soap.



The warm water opens the pores of the skin and the minute particles of pure refined vegetable oils which form the creamy, fragrant lather of Baby's Own Soap are absorbed into the skin, keeping it soft, healthy, and preventing cracks and chaps.

A perfect rinsing, then smart rubbing when drying guarantees a fine smooth skin in any weather.

BABY'S OWN SOAP

Best for Baby
Best for You

Canada's Standard toilet and nursery soap for over 30 years.

ALBERT SOAPS, LIMITED, - MONTREAL.

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Kill-Em-Quick

Kill 'em with KILL-EM-QUICK
before they hole up for the winter

FIBRE LEGS
4-POUND FIBRE LEGS—ON EASY TERMS
Orthopedic Braces for all Deformities. Send for Booklet.
Ray Trautman, 641 Dean Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.



Rose Bud Ring Free Gold Filled
Guaranteed for 2 years. Set with beautiful Rose Bud. We introduce our big bargain—send for this ring any size for 12c to the nearest jeweler.
Ray Trautman Co., Dept. 15, Detroit, Mich.

Children

The White World

By May Turner

The world is very strange and white. It's beautiful to see,
With snow upon the neighbor's house, and snow upon the tree.
That tall and slender bush with snow quite to the ground is bent,
And underneath, perhaps, is formed a cozy little tent.
The garden fence has woolly lines of snow upon each rail;
There's snow upon the milkman's cap, and on his big tin pail.
Here's pussy coming from the barn; she lifts her feet so high!
O pussy, hurry on to us, for we are warm and dry.
White cushions on the arbor seat; a drift beneath the hedge;
White flakes float by the window-pane and fall upon the ledge.
The snow is beautiful to watch while mother sews her seam,
And on the walls behind us is the pleasant firelight gleam.

Birthday Surprises

By Rose Mills Powers

The little girl who liked to sew,
But couldn't bear to read—oh, no!
Last birthday found, strange to relate,
A row of books beside her plate
Instead of a new work-box—dear!
She thought it was so very queer,
And cried a bit. At last she took
The very smallest, thinnest book,
And, though she thought her heart would break,
She read it through for mother's sake.
And then she read them all, and lo!
She likes to read as well as sew.

The little girl who liked to read,
But not to sew—oh, no, indeed!
A lovely work-box she received
Upon her birthday. How she grieved
At thimble, needle-case and thread!
She wanted picture-books instead,
And thought she surely never could
Say "Thank you!" for them, and be good.
At last in tears she set to work
And sewed and sewed and did not shirk,
Till now no clothes her dollies need.
She likes to sew as well as read.

Betty's Ripple

By Agnes Cairns Pohlmann

Betty dropped a pebble into the pond.
Little circles formed and spread until they reached the opposite shore.

Betty watched the ripples and began to wish.

"I wish," she said, "that I might do something to make a ripple that would go away off, past this little old farm where I've always lived, past our state, even to the edge of our country."

Then she laughed and ran up to the house. Soon she came out with a small, gaily colored basket on her arm.

This basket had been woven for Betty by a little crippled Indian boy who lived on the Indian reservation, two miles above Betty's home.

Many times Betty's mother had sent her with loaves of fresh bread and with butter and milk for the little Indian, who lay upon a cot all day long, and Betty was filled with sympathy for the boy who could never walk, run or play.

Betty's visits were bright spots in this boy's life, and in return for her many kindnesses he had woven for her a gay little basket.

Betty loved it and counted it as one of her treasures. To-day she intended to fill it with berries.

She soon reached the berry patch beside the railroad-track. She lined her basket with the leaves that were still wet with dew, and began to pick the berries.

Just as her basket was filled, she heard the whistle of a train, and hurried down the track to the water-tank, where the train often stopped.

To Betty the stopping of the train was always a great event. Sometimes it was a passenger-train with its load of people looking from the windows; sometimes it was a cattle-train. To-day it was a long train of parlor-cars that stopped at the water-tank.

Betty saw a man step down from the train. He glanced hastily about, and then quickly gathered some of the wild flowers growing near the track.

Betty saw him hold them up to one of the windows, and then she noticed for the first time that a pale little girl was looking out smilingly at the man.

She could not resist the impulse to go nearer, and as she came near the window, the girl saw her, and smiled in a friendly way.

There was a look of suffering on the girl's face that reminded Betty of the little crippled Indian boy.

Then she remembered her basket of berries; she hurried to the window and held them up to the little girl.

The man turned back, and Betty exclaimed, "I wish to give them to her! Please let me give them to her!"

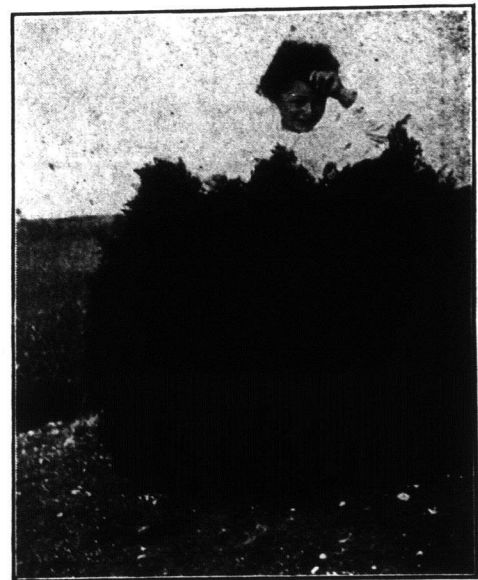
The man hesitated an instant, then with a bow and smile that Betty thought were quite wonderful, he accepted the offering and passed it up through the window to his daughter.

"Please empty them, Adele," he said, "and pass the basket back." But Betty cried eagerly:

"Oh, please don't! They are so much nicer in the basket, and the Indian boy can make me another."

"Who is the boy?" the gentleman asked, and then Betty told them about her little Indian friend, and assured them that he would be glad she had given her basket to the little girl, because he was sick, too, and would understand.

"Please thank him for me, won't you?" called Adele from the window, "and won't you tell me your name, so that I can write you a letter from San Francisco to tell you how much I enjoyed the berries?"



Hide and Seek.

At the mention of San Francisco Betty's eyes opened wide in wonder. "Oh, I should love to have a letter from so far!" she said.

Adele told her that she would be glad to write to any one who had been so kind to her. Then the man wrote Betty's name and address. The whistle blew and the long train slowly moved away.

Betty gazed after it until it finally disappeared; it reminded her on the ripples that her pebble had made on the surface of the pond. With a satisfied smile she said, "I believe I have made a ripple, after all, that will go right to the edge of our country; and better than that, it will start a ripple that will come back to me!"

The Ant-Hill

By Alice Cook Fuller

In their hurry Teddy and Edna ran right through a small ant-hill.

"Be careful!" cried Teddy. "Oh, let's stop and watch them!"

"Yes," said Edna. "They always seem so busy."

In great numbers the little creatures hurried out of their home. They ran here and there, and did not seem to know what to do or where to go. They may have felt as you or I would feel if the roof of the house were blown off.

"See, Teddy," cried Edna, "some of them are carrying rice!"

"I wonder if that is part of the food they have stored away for winter?" Teddy asked. Edna did not know; so they asked mother.

"No, that is not rice," said mother. "The white things that the ants are carrying out are baby ants. They are very helpless. They cannot walk or crawl. They are called the larvae, or pupae."