

GOPHERS!

Kill Them Before They Ruin Your Crop and Soil

Every year the gophers rob you of 3 to 5 bushels of grain per acre. They eat the seed, the tender shoots and the juicy joints. They keep throwing up non-productive soil, little by little, until eventually they ruin your farm. The farmer with gopher infested land, has a mighty serious problem on hand. Why don't you use Mickelson's Kill-Em-Quick Gopher Poison? Thousands of farmers who have used it say it does the work thoroughly, cheaply and quickly. One 75c box will kill all the gophers on an 80 acre field. So

75c Saves \$200 to \$400

because there are at least 2000 gophers in an 80 acre field, and each gopher costs you 10c. And every pair raises about 30 young ones a year. Why don't you stop that big loss this year—now. Go to your druggist and get a box of Kill-Em-Quick, or order direct, postage prepaid. If your druggist does not sell it. It is absolutely guaranteed to do the work. If it fails, I personally will refund every cent of your money. Kill-Em-Quick is the most economical poison because it kills the most gophers per dollar invested. Mickelson's

ANTON MICKELSON
President

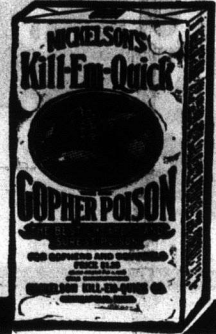
Kill-Em-Quick Gopher Poison

will rid your fields of gophers, squirrels, field mice, pocket gophers and prairie dogs for less than one cent per acre. It has a peculiar odor and taste that is attractive. It draws them like a magnet and the merest atom taken into the stomach kills them instantly. It doesn't merely sicken them—it kills. Dead pests are the only kind it pays to have on your farm. Right now is the time to put Kill-Em-Quick into your fields. It's easy to use, quick-acting and cheap. Ask your druggist. Don't take anything except Kill-Em-Quick, the guaranteed Gopher Poison.

Write Me a Postal Quick

I want to send you my free book that tells you how to kill every gopher on your farm—how to save \$200 on every 80 acres—how to use Kill-Em-Quick for best results. Mail me a postal or letter now. Address me personally.

ANTON MICKELSON, President
MICKELSON KILL-EM-QUICK COMPANY
Dept. O Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada



The Biggest and Best Club of All

The Western Home Monthly
The Nor'-West Farmer
The Weekly Free Press

The Ideal
Combination
for Western
Canadian
Readers

ALL FOR

\$1.75

Each One
a Leader in
Its Own
Particular
Line

The evenings are growing long and it is time to decide what papers to take for the winter. Here is an offer that will interest you now and meet the needs of readers of both sexes, young and old during the long winter months when the papers become family friends. Just think of it! For \$1.75 you can receive for one full year the WESTERN HOME MONTHLY, (Canada's Greatest Household Magazine), THE NOR'-WEST FARMER (the recognized farm paper of the West), and the WEEKLY FREE PRESS AND PRAIRIE FARMER (with the news of the world).

Our readers will, no doubt, agree with us that this is the most extraordinary offer that has ever been advertised, and as it is not likely to be repeated, we suggest that you take advantage of it today. These three papers can all be sent to the same or different addresses. This special rate of \$1.75 holds good to any address in Canada (except Winnipeg) and also to Great Britain.

Those of our readers, who, in addition to sending in their own subscription, also forward us subscription for one of their friends, are entitled to ask for a magnificent picture of His Majesty, King George V, which will be sent to them free.

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY, WINNIPEG,

Gentlemen:—Enclosed find the sum of \$1.75, for which, send the papers mentioned to the following address or addresses:

Western Home Monthly.....
The Nor'West Farmer.....
Weekly Free Press.....

ed, he said, slowly and meditatively, "Well, Archie, it will require considerable diplomacy on your part to answer that letter. It will be a rather difficult proposition to explain it satisfactorily to Miss Gordon, especially since you know who wrote it."

As Professor Douglas made no reply, Mr. McLaren asked with evident hesitation: "Say, Archie, could you—that is—don't you think that you had better pretend that you wrote that letter yourself, and are pleased with her answer. You certainly need a wife, and Helen Gordon is a splendid woman, and in every way admirably fitted for the position. Someone has, I would judge, been trying to play Providence in your affairs. You should feel grateful that he or she has chosen such an excellent wife for you, although it is something that a man prefers to choose for himself. I have not forgotten how you loved Amy, but I can see no possible way for you to act, other than to appear delighted that Miss Gordon has accepted you."

"I see no alternative, either," Professor Douglas replied bitterly. "I wish I knew who wrote that letter. Some busy-body who, doubtless, thinks that my children are neglected. They are becoming rather unmanageable in some respects," he reluctantly admitted; "but I had no thought of ever marrying again. I wish Kate were home. A woman's intuition always sees through things of this kind. I suppose there is nothing for me to do but answer this

when I think of anyone having Amy's name. I—"

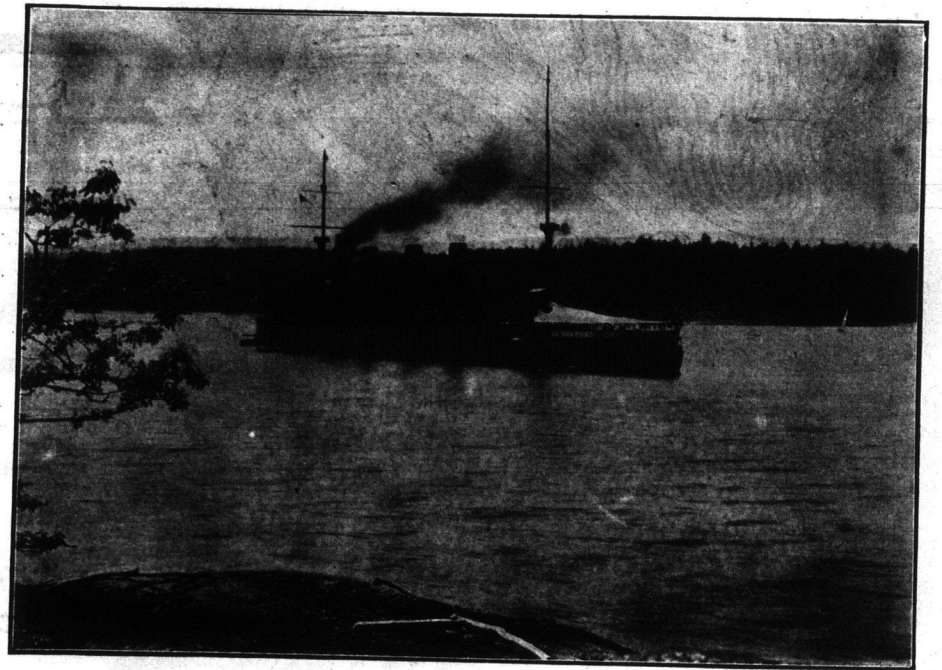
If the bride's face was unusually pale when she left with her husband, it was attributed solely to the fact of her leaving her home and friends, for to the observing Prof. Douglas was all that a bridegroom should in the courteous attention and marked respect he gave his wife. When they were on the train—that was to take them home—he bought her some of the latest magazines, saw that she was comfortable, and feeling that nothing else was required of him, turned eagerly to his daily newspaper. For some time she looked through the window, lost in thought. Then, as though she had suddenly arrived at some decision, she turned, and spoke to her husband so abruptly that he looked up in a startled way. "Professor Douglas, why did you marry me?"

"Why did I marry you?" he echoed in surprise and consternation, letting his paper drop from his hand. "What do you mean?"

"Just what I said," she returned in a tense, agitated voice.

"Why do you ask me such a question?" he parried gently, for he noticed her agitation and the shadowed depths of unshed tears in her eyes, and wondered what had caused this change in her. He was unprepared for her direct and candid reply.

"Because I was going into the library for a book that I wished to bring with me when I overheard you say to some



A Japanese Warship in Vancouver Harbor, B.C.

letter as you suggest. I could not submit Miss Gordon to the humiliation of knowing that she had accepted a proposal that I had never made."

Three months later Mr. and Mrs. McLaren received an invitation to the wedding. Mrs. McLaren felt considerable anxiety about this marriage, and had almost exhausted her husband's last shred of patience, speculating how her brother would act towards his undesired bride, remembering how devotedly he had loved his first wife. Her brother's pleasant, courteous, manner reassured her, yet she breathed a deep, satisfied, sisterly sigh when the marriage ceremony was concluded.

After the bride had changed her wedding gown for her travelling dress she slipped quietly down the back stairs to the library for a book she wished to take with her. Through the open door she saw her husband and his best man, standing with their backs to her, talking.

She hesitated at the door, undecided whether she should interrupt them or not. As she momentarily halted, some words arrested her attention as they came with clear-cut, cruel distinctness, yet there was a strange tremor of agitation in her husband's voice as he apparently replied to some remark his best man had made.

"Yes, my wife is a very fine looking, cultured woman, and better than that, I believe, a wonderfully good one; but, Frank, you know how I loved Amy and that I had no thought of ever marrying again. Say no more to me. I cannot bear it. My heart seems broken

remark your friend, Mr. Graham, had evidently made. "You know how I loved Amy, and that I never meant to marry again. Say no more to me. I cannot bear it. My heart seems broken to-day."

"I should not have uttered such words, Helen," he replied with deep contrition. "I beg that you will forgive and forget them."

"I may do so when you answer my question," she quietly persisted. "It does not seem very just to me to speak of a broken heart on our wedding day." She spoke tremulously. Her resentment was breaking down before the hurt in her heart.

"I am sorry, Helen, truly sorry," he confessed, brokenly. "That I so far forgot myself, and what was due to you, as to utter such words. My first marriage was brought very vividly before me to-day, and—I loved Amy so—and—so—"

"And you do not love me," she interrupted with a tense whisper, that broke involuntarily from her lips, revealing all the sorrow that this intuitive knowledge gave her.

"I did not say so," he argued, gently, picking up her magazine that had fallen to the floor.

"The inference is very plain," she returned with quiet decision, looking away from him. Then, after a moment's silence, she turned and looked him straight in the eyes, asked with exceeding directness, "Is this the answer to my question?"

"No, decidedly not," he answered emphatically. "To marry you be-