



MAGIC BAKING POWDER

Magic Baking Powder costs no more than the ordinary kinds. For economy, buy the one pound tins.

E.W. GILLET COMPANY LIMITED
WINNIPEG TORONTO GAT MONTREAL

MADE IN CANADA

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES

FAIRWEATHERS' January Sale

Our list of mail order purchasers has become so extensive that we have gone to considerable trouble and expense to enable them to secure, as nearly as possible, all the advantages accorded to our city customers in this great purchasing event of the year. To this end we have had printed a 16 page booklet in which we have set forth

Discounts off Regular Prices on Furs and Ladies' Apparel



This book is well illustrated and gives descriptions of the different fur garments (for both men and women), and also our January sale prices on Ladies' Suits, Coats, Dresses, Blouses, Skirts, Hats, Gloves and Hosiery. Discounts on all these lines range from

20 to 50 per cent OFF
Original Marked Prices

At the present time our stocks are in pretty good shape; but this offer will deplete them in short order. In order to avoid disappointment

Write Today for Our January Sale Bulletin

We guarantee everything we sell and in purchases of furs we will send same C.O.D., subject to examination on arrival. If unsatisfactory return them at our expense. We pay all express charges.

Raccoon Coat
Reg. \$125
value, now **\$100**

Fairweather & Co. Ltd.

297-299 Portage Avenue

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Farmers and Country Town Residents
Enquire about our Oil Burners
For Cooking and Heating

- 1—Installed in any cook stove or range. No necessity to buy a new stove.
- 2—Absolutely no danger in operation. The oil will not ignite if a burning match is held in it on account of the low gravity.
- 3—Cheap Fuel. The oil we use is quoted just now at 12-14 cents per gallon, barrel lots, f.o.b. Winnipeg. From $\frac{1}{4}$ to 1 pint of oil per hour will give good baking heat.

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION OR FREE CIRCULAR WRITE
P. & D. OIL GAS BURNER CO.
Dept. 3 425 Main Street, Winnipeg

COSTS LESS THAN 2c. PER HOUR FOR FUEL

A Desert Eden

Continued from Page 8

"He's going to wake up," murmured the girl. "I wish we could wake up first, Danny. I'm trying hard, but I can't. Can you?"

"I'm afraid he'll beat us to it," admitted Daviess. "And then—the deluge. But I'm to blame."

"No; I am," she insisted.

They each drew a long breath, apprehending the inevitable.

The colonel's eyes struggled open; he blinked and gasped, his countenance reddening with the exertion. He stared before him.

"He sees us!" whispered the girl. "Oh, he does see us!"

They stood very still, waiting.

Daviess essayed a smile—a quizzical smile of reassurance; but he felt that it was only sheepishness.

"Eh—what?" stammered the colonel, staggering to his feet. "By Jove! We thought you were lost."

"Where have you been?" he asked. He frowned upon them and grunted as he pulled down his blouse. "Yes, you young rascals. Egad!"—and he addressed the girl—"you frightened your mother almost to death."

"We've been right around here all the time, papa. But you wouldn't see us."

"Wouldn't—see—you!" The colonel was explosive. "Couldn't see you, you mean. Most scandalous thing I ever heard. Worse than a modern novel. Young man, you've gone the limit. You'll account for this high jinks to me. Bowie can explain to her mother."

"Very well, sir. If there's any blame, I'm responsible."

"Papa, you're horrid!" exclaimed the girl. "Anyway, Danny is not to blame. I'm to blame. And last night you said you didn't blame us a bit if we did—stay—by ourselves a little while."

The colonel's eyes winked rapidly. He rubbed his chin.

"Eh? I did, did I? Where were you when I said that?"

"Right beside you."

"Nonsense."

"But we were. We were closer to you than we are now. We walked along with you and mama from where you and she met, over here."

"Go ahead," commanded the colonel. "Stretch it out. What, then?"

"You kissed her. We saw you."

"We couldn't help it, sir," supplemented Daviess. "We were on hand, trying to get recognized."

The colonel was gasping.

"You young villains!" he reprimanded. "Saw me kiss my wife, eh? Humph! I don't believe it." His full red face twinkled roguishly. "By Jove, I'll kiss her again! Hi diddle diddle!"

He gave a ponderous gambol—an effort at a hop, skip.

"I will. I feel funny this morning. It must be the air. Always heard that sleeping out was a fine thing. Let's wake the old woman up and tell her. Sound the reveille, somebody. Toot-tootle-toot-tee, toot-tootle-toot-tee, toot-tootle-toot-tee, toot-tee—Everybody out! Come on, Kate!"

"Oh, papa—don't!" expostulated the girl. She was annoyed. Daviess stared. Was the colonel crazy?

However, Mrs. Bood, who had been left in a very uncomfortable position, leaning against nothing, was commencing to arouse.

The act was more difficult than in the case, even, of the colonel, her husband.

With a movement surprisingly ready, he knelt gallantly beside her.


"Awake, my love, the stars are shining—or the sun, rather," he warbled hoarsely. "Up-sa, daisy. Gaze upon the truants, restored to us safe and sound."

"The mesa has gone to your father's head," declared Daviess. "He's bewitched."

"Like we were. But look, Danny; look!" the girl ejaculated. "He's in the fourth-dimension, too. She isn't. She doesn't see him one bit! And she doesn't see us!"

Mrs. Bood was gazing vacantly about her. She moaned, stirring painfully.

(To be continued next week)



I.X.L. VACUUM WASHER

In Three Minutes

The I.X.L. Vacuum Washer will wash a tub full of clothes. Washes quickly and properly anything from a handkerchief to a blanket. Has banished wash-day drudgery from thousands of homes—lightened Mother's burden—made wash day a pleasure. Why not from yours? DO IT NOW. Write Dept. G.G. Agents Wanted

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Teaching Pieces, etc., 3 for 25c, 15 for \$1.00 Prepaid. Send for Catalogue. Latest Popular Songs and Dances, 2 for 25c, 7 for \$1.00. POPULAR MUSIC SUPPLY CO., 322 Donald Street, Winnipeg.

50 Postcards for 25c

Postpaid. Mighty good assortment! Plenty of design. Values up to \$15 a thousand.

FARMERS STOCK EXCHANGE LIMITED
Neville, Sask.

Sale by Sheriff

(Extra Judicial)

Judicial District of Moosomin
Province of Saskatchewan

UNDER AND BY VIRTUE of a certain Chattel Mortgage which will be produced at the time of sale, made by one William Edward Butler, and dated the 31st day of October, 1914, and under a warrant to me directed: I have seized and will offer for sale by public auction, at McEwen's Stables, in Grenfell, Sask., on Saturday, the 22nd day of January, 1916, at one o'clock P.M., the following Chattel Property, namely:

20 Hereford Cows, registered in Canadian National Records.
12 one-year-old Hereford Bulls.
4 one-year-old Hereford Heifers.
19 Hereford Calves.
9 Horses.

Subject, however, to such prior incumbrances (if any) as may exist thereon.

The Vendor is informed that the cattle are all thoroughbred registered stock; further announcement with reference thereto will, however, be made at the time of sale. Terms—Cash.

Dated at Moosomin, Sask. this 7th day of January, 1916.

G. B. MURPHY,
Sheriff of the Judicial District of Moosomin.

—Advertisement.

OH, MY WORD!

"Don't you know," observed the Englishman, "I can't understand why those beastly Germans insist on spelling 'culture' with a 'k'."

"That," the Canadian replied, "is very easy to explain. They are obliged to use a 'k' because the English have control of all the seas."

The Englishman, vastly amused at this pleasantry, later attempted to repeat the joke to his wife.

"My dear," he said, "I met an awfully clever fellow from Canada today. He made a remark that was positively ripping! I told him I could not understand why the Germans spelled 'culture' with a 'k', and what do you think he answered? He said it was because Britannia ruled the waves. Pahney!"

Peace, yes. It is more to be desired than any other thing at this moment. But peace only on the terms that it means the peace of the world not merely for the moment, but in the years that are to come.—Lord Haileane.