

FISH! Right from Under the Ice

No. 1 White Fish . . . 6c	Jack Fish 3½c
No. 2 White Fish . . . 4c	Mullett 1½c
Yellow Pike 6c	Tullibee 3½c

Prices Subject to Change Without Notice

SUPPLYING POINTS — The Pas, Mafeking, Winnipegosis, Amaranth, Delta, St. Laurent, Oak Point, Steep Rock, Mulvihill and Fairford

At these prices will accept orders for any quantities for shipment in Canada only.

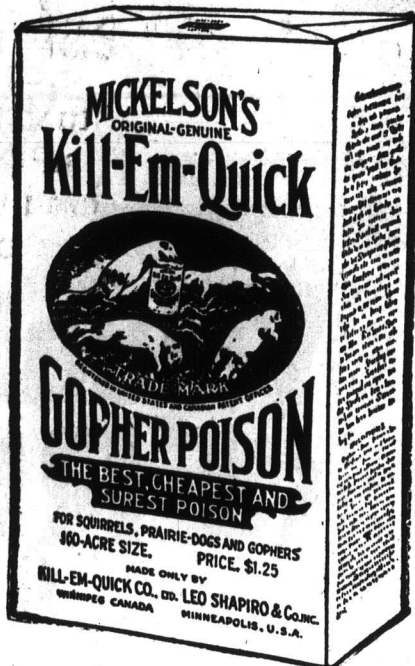
Add ten cents per hundred pounds to cover cost of sacks, as this is the way we will ship unless otherwise specified. If fish are required in boxes add forty cents per hundred pounds.

State whether shipment is to be made by freight or express.

We fill orders from the nearest point of shipment. Cash must accompany the order.

We Guarantee Quality and Prompt Shipment

The Armstrong Trading Co. Ltd.
P.O. Box 634 PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE



This Is The Genuine Kill-Em-Quick Gopher Poison

SO DECREED BY KING'S BENCH DECISION.

The same old name—The same old package
The same fluffy, white powder
The same certain death

It never fails to kill. Gophers are attracted by its odor and hunt for it. They like its sweet taste. The tiniest particle kills instantly. **SAFEST**—no danger in handling. **EASY TO USE**—simply stir into moistened oats or ground feed, then drop into holes or near them. **QUICKEST**—one application kills all gophers. **CHEAPEST**—costs 1 cent an acre. **GUARANTEED**—we return your money, if it fails. Guaranty on every package.



3 sizes, 50c, 75c, \$1.25; enough for 40, 80, 160 acres. Don't be misled, get the genuine Kill-Em-Quick from your druggist. If he can't supply you, we ship direct upon receipt of price. Send for FREE Gopher Book.

KILL-EM-QUICK CO., Ltd.

Successors to Mickelson-Shapiro Co. Dept. G WINNIPEG, CANADA

When writing advertisers please mention The Western Home Monthly.

When Enemies Meet

THE battle ebbed away to the East. Intermittent shots were heard—the occasional boom of a cannon—and presently silence. The sudden rush had been successful and the enemy driven back, beyond the captured trench. Captain Wyndham lay in a little hollow, shot in his right leg—but with the grim philosophy of his race—made himself comfortable as possible, and though wincing with pain—smoked interminable cigarettes, and waited patiently for the rescuing party.

A faint voice behind catching his attention, he turned his head. A German mortally wounded, lay two or three yards away, his face ashy gray in the dim light of early dawn. "Have you any water?" he was saying in excellent English. Slowly and with infinite pain, the Englishman dragged himself, over the intervening space, and held his water bottle to the lips of the wounded man who drank deeply. "Thank you,"—he said, "that—helps a lot—I shall—soon—go out"—there was silence for a space—then brusquely, to conceal unwonted emotion—"Anything I could do," said the Captain. The German fumbled feebly at his coat. "A picture," he muttered faintly. The Englishman unbuttoned the coat, thrust his hand into

photograph fell, face up. As the Englishman swiftly raised the water bottle to the parched lips, a sickly gleam of light fell athwart the sweet face of the girl, whose eyes laughed up into his—and for an instant he started back—it was the face of his young wife.

The sun struggling through heavy clouds, far on the Eastern horizon, brought into view, search-parties, who came to gather in the wounded. Seeing them, the Englishman, turned reassuringly to his companion, but the German smiling wanly, slowly shook his head—and his eyes travelled wistfully to the photograph, beneath his nerveless hand. The Englishman bent, and lifting the once capable hands laid them over the picture, on the dying man's breast. A sweet faint smile, rewarded him. Came a tired sigh—his enemy was dead.

Awkward Mistake

Mr. Gusch (looking at family portrait): "Ah, what a strong face your grandpa had. Was he a soldier?"

Miss Thrush: "Sir! Soldier? That isn't grandpa! That's grandma!"—Chicago News.



A Soldier of the King—just seven years old. Bobby Squair, Gladstone, Man.

the breast-pocket and drawing out a photograph, placed it in the man's hand—the face of the dying soldier lit up, as he quite frankly placed the card-board to his lips. His enemy smiled in sympathy—for he too in an inner pocket, carried a picture. It was of his young wife—his bride of six months. Thinking of her, he almost forgot the pain in his wounded leg.

The faint voice interrupted his meditations. "You also, you have one whom you love?" The Englishman suddenly flushed, and replied—"Yes—I am married"—and added, he hardly knew why—"she is an American." The blue eyes beamed on him—"An American so also is she whom I love, but" sadly—"I shall never marry her now." Moved to unusual speech the Captain said quickly, "But how she will mourn for you." The Teuton made a slight movement, "She may never find out"—and at a look of surprise, "I do not know where she is. Two summers ago we met in Paris. We rode, dined, danced, and talked together, but I was—called to—the sick-bed of my—father and she was gone—when eager to tell my love—I returned."

Overcome with pain, the German's voice trailed into silence. As though finding ease in the sympathy of his listener, he presently resumed, "Inquiries I made—and travelled to England in search—but she had sailed to America. I was recalled to my regiment—rumors were afloat—and later—this war." In utter exhaustion, the faint accents died away, and from the relaxed hand, the

"You say you are very hard up?" said the magistrate to a poor-looking man who was brought before him on a charge of begging.

Prisoner (piteously): "Oh, yes, yer worship; I have a wife and eight children, and you don't know how hard it is to keep them these dull times."

"But," said the magistrate, "I am informed that you keep two dogs."

"Oh, well, if you expect us to eat dogs I haven't any more to say. 'Come on wi' the sentence, and let's get it over.'"

PRESSED HARD

Heavy Weight on Old Age.

When people realize the injurious effects of tea and coffee and the better health that a change to Postum can bring, they are usually glad to lend their testimony for the benefit of others.

"My mother, since her early childhood, was an inveterate coffee drinker, had been troubled with her heart for a number of years and complained of that 'weak-all-over' feeling and sick stomach." (The effects of tea on the system are very similar to those of coffee, because they each contain the drug caffeine.)

"Some time ago I was making a visit to a distant part of the country and took dinner with one of the merchants of the place. I noticed a somewhat unusual flavor of the 'coffee' and asked him concerning it. He replied that it was Postum.

"I was so pleased with it that I bought a package to carry home with me, and had wife prepare some for the next meal. The whole family liked it so well that we discontinued coffee and used Postum entirely.

"I had been very anxious concerning my mother's condition, but we noticed that after using Postum for a short time she felt much better, had little trouble with her heart, and no sick stomach; that the headaches were not so frequent, and her general condition much improved. This continued until she was well and hearty.

"I know Postum has benefited myself and the other members of the family, especially my mother, as she was a victim of long standing." Name given by Canadian Postum Co., Windsor, Ont.

Postum comes in two forms: Postum Cereal—the original form—must be well boiled. 15c and 25c packages.

Instant Postum—a soluble powder—dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water, and, with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly. 30c and 50c tins.

Both kinds are equally delicious and cost about the same per cup.

"There's a Reason" for Postum.
—sold by Grocers.