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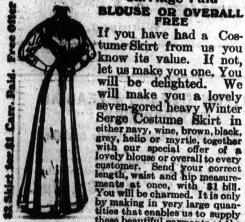


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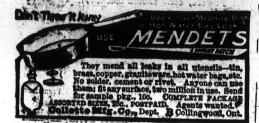
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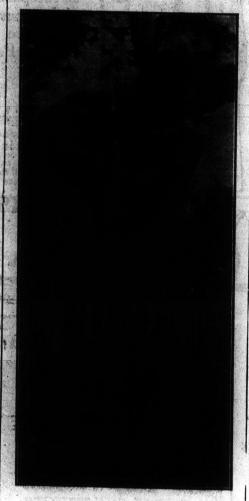
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Fritz Afloat, or a Jaunt in a **Motor Boat**

By Bonnycastle Dale

TELL the catalogue says you can run for a cent a mile, and she will do seven of them in an hour, and if it rains any more this spring we need not stick to the rivers and lakes, we can just run anywhere, the air is just full of water. Thoughts like these crossed the lad's mind as he splashed his way over to the boat builders to see the lad foot bull strength of the lad foot bull strength. the 18-foot hull stored there. It looked good to him with its white glistening paint, its gilt "Mowich" (Chinook for Deer), on the bow. Varnished combing, blue ensign astern, and a white and red name pennant on the bow. The engine looked simple too. So simple that the salesman showed him all the ways to do it in about four minutes—Fritz found other ways for four hours later. The



A Fine Maskalonge

one and a half horse power engine certainly looked simple enough, although it promptly threw its starter whizzing for Fritz's head the first time he whirled it, "Bite me, would you, I'll tame you," the lad ejaculated between closed teeth, (he was thinking of his Natural History pets no doubt). The trial spin, with the maker at the bow, was a huge success, never a kick out of time did the little engine give. It just sat down and attended to business.

"It's as easy as running a sewing machine," quoth the man.
"I'd do well with the sewing machine,
I don't think," said Fritz.
The carefully saved roll of bills was

handed over, receipt pocketed, stern line thrown off, and out into the current of the river slipped the Mowich. One swift turn with the crank and "put, put," went the little engine, singing away like a teakettle.

"She's a duck," sang Fritz-Put-put

-p-u-t-p-sang the engine, and died gently away.

"She's a lame duck," sighed the boy, as he seized the crank and slipped it on and whirled the wheel and drew it offall in one swift motion-"Put-p-

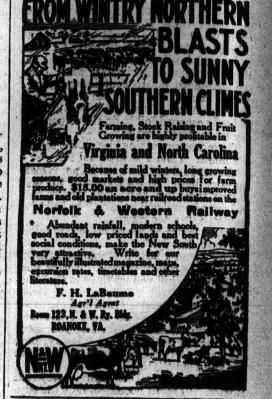
sighed the engine.
"I'll put put-putter you, old girl, if you don't do better," cried Fritz as he cranked and cranked with little result. "Oh! I forgot to turn the spark on again." "Put-put-put-put-pu-"
"Well, that's better, Oh! bother, the gasoline is off too." Another tap was

turned, again the wheel flew around before Fritz's impulse, and "Put, put, put,
put," off she went right merrily. "Guess
I'd better fill the oil cup, and the two
grease cups." "Put, put, put," sang the
engine. "Fine as silk," sang the lad.
"Now, where's that smoke coming from;
this is no coal burner! Phew! where's this is no coal burner! Phew! where's this is no coal burner! Phew! where's the old rags, guess the ship's a fire." It certainly looked like it for a small cloud of black smoke was coming out from under the aft deck. "Well, my cushions are corkfilled anyhow" thought Fritz. Just then he saw a drop of solder fall from the muffler, "Golly, she's melting; something wrong." Another dense cloud of smoke made the lad turn off the spark. Not a moment too soon. The spark. Not a moment too soon. The pump had been returning all the water to the river, instead of sending part through to keep the pipes and the muffler cool. It took a good half hour to get things cold enough to resume the trip, and the lad's heart went mouthwards every time he smelt burning oil, or grease on any joint.

Right ahead, was the dam, to the right, the locks. Out of the swift water in the calm of the "dead," the Mowich darted. The boat was all right, but Fritz pulled the side stearing gear, and sent her straight for the overflowed log guard that protected the left side. Instantly reversing he threw the gear right across and went "BUMP" into the good old solid limestone wall. It was only the big brass anchor line eye on the deadwood of the bow that saved her. She bounced back like a ball and, urged by Mr. Put-put-put attacked it again. Fritz at this instant threw off the spark and standing up put the oars in place and manhandled her into the lock. All this was done to the loud plaudits and hearty laughter of the locksiders. and hearty laughter of the locksiders. Fritz only pursed up his lips and ignoring the flood of advice, wiped and cooled, and atended strictly to business, with the result that the moment the lock gate opened. "Put-put-put-put" went the merry little engine, and off darted the Mowich in true deerlike style. All went merry as the proverbial marriage hell for merry as the proverbial marriage bell for several miles, every time she was hungry Fritz gave her oil, every time she seemed thirsty he gave her more water. "Keep her at 4½ and about 2," said the man, and you have a good mixture. I wonder what a mixture means thought the boy. Just then a passing motor boat man called out, "Poor mixture, sonny." called out, "Poor mixture, sonny." Fritz looked at his exhaust, quite blue looking, while the passing boat sent out a purring cloud of steam-white moisture. "I have it," joyfully cried Fritz after many mysterious, and anxious moments. "Put-puff—put—puff p-u—" "Too much water," laughed the boy. New movement, "Put, put, put" too, then suddenly she stopped dead, and no art the boy possessed would move her. "Row a mile," he laughed, and out came the "ash breeze." "I'll bet she's flooded," called a passing semispeed man, "turn her over twenty times and she'll

go."
"Thanks," yelled Fritz. Ten times!
"threy times! forty twenty times! thirty times! forty times! that shining nickle handle spun. Drops of perspiration stood out on Fritz's noble brow. "Put." "Hurrah!" "Put-put." "Hurrah! hurrah!" "Putput-put" and off the little witch went for home, and all the way too, as if she had never given the boy a moment's trouble, all the day long.

"Old lady, I'm going to take you out fishing," said the boy to his boat. She curled the water from her bow in a laugh as she started, and off they went to where the wild rice, beds hid the mighty maskalounge, the tiger of the fresh water lakes. Now, his lady did not like to travel at reduced speed, but with infinite care the lad soothed and



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