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King of the Road Overalls

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It stands as a guarantee of PERFECT MATERIAL, TESTED PATTERNS, SUPERB CUTTING and that every garment must make good or it will be replaced. Ask your dealer for them.

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Can you write a good line to complete the undermentioned verse?
Amusement and exercise for your wits with the opportunity of winning
1st Prize—A Solid British Government Hall Marked Gold Watch.
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We have decided to adopt this method of advertising in order to bring our name prominently before you and to gain your confidence. All you have to do is to supply what you consider the most suitable last line to the following limerick:

A pretty young miss in her teens,
Tried a husband to find with good means;
She sadly lacked gold, but was clever and bold,
Each solution must be accompanied by \$1.00 for which we shall be pleased to supply either one of our patent lighters or a handsome comb for ladies, as per illustrations. Silver mounted briar pipes or cigarette cases, gloves or vanity bags can also be supplied if desired. You can send more than one attempt but each attempt must be accompanied by an order for goods to the value of \$1.00. Each effort will be carefully judged by an expert, whose decision will be final. Names of successful competitors will be duly published in this journal.

KENRICK MARSHALL & CO., 255 High Holborn, London, England

A Judgment of Solomon.

A Deal in Dogs. By S. W. Mattingly.



I WAS quite pleased to find a letter from Aunt Matilda by the side of my breakfast bacon one splendid morning in May. I could be quite sure, in the first place, that there would be a five pound note inside; and I could also rely on a rather peremptory invitation to stay with my aunt at Little Stottney.

It was true that Aunt Matilda was sure to have some extraordinary piece of business on hand—last time she had sent for me it was to defeat an upstart curate at croquet; the time before to exact the utmost penalty of the law upon a farmer who had the temerity to catch in a trap my aunt's cat, Peebles, a dour Grimalkin of poaching habits.

All the same, the prospect of a trip out of London for a week or two was quite alluring.

My pleasant anticipations were more than fulfilled, but I must confess to a considerable shock when, on opening the letter, out dropped a cheque for twenty-five pounds. What could be the reason for this burst of munificence? I turned to the letter for information, and read as follows:

The Red House,
Little Stottney,
Suffolk, May 26th.

My dear nephew,
I have long been intending to write to ask you to pay me a visit, as there are several small matters I wish to consult you about. I was going to put it off till next month, but something has now occurred which makes it important that I should have a man at my side to advise, and, if necessary, to protect me.

As you may have heard, The Welkin, which stands opposite my house, has recently been taken by a General Sholto. I am not, as you know, fond of military men; at the same time I should have wished to meet him in a neighborly spirit, in spite of the fact that he keeps a motor-car, a machine which I abominate, and a chauffeur, who I greatly fear is making love to Amelia.

But this is not all.
The general keeps a huge St. Bernard, a most pugnacious and vicious creature. How pugnacious you will see for yourself, when I tell you that he is constantly luring my darling Joseph into combats with him.
(It must be mentioned that this Joseph was well known to me as the biggest and most savage bull-terrier of my acquaintance.)

The climax came yesterday. Joseph was quietly eating a bone on the lawn, when Crusoe—the general's dog—came bounding in, and rushed at my gentle pet like an infuriated lion. Joseph naturally turned to defend himself, whereupon the monster seized his bone and made off with it. Joseph followed, and from the sounds I heard I fancy a savage fight must have taken place in the general's garden. I cannot help feeling glad that Joseph succeeded in recovering his bone, and bit the chauffeur, who attempted to interfere.

I at once wrote to General Sholto, informing him of what had occurred, and demanding that Crusoe should at once be placed under proper control. His answer I have just received. I can only say it is what I should have expected from a soldier and a motorist. He declares that Joseph was the aggressor, having stolen the bone from Crusoe in the first place, just as if that excuses his dog from entering my garden, and he goes on to say that it is a well-known fact that St. Bernards are a particularly docile and friendly species. "You, madam," he concludes, "appear to have got hold of a particularly undesirable specimen of a most ferocious breed. Let me advise you to be careful. My chauffeur tells me he is buying a pistol. Yours faithfully, Wolseley Sholto."

I do not know much about the law,

but I think it must be possible to send the chauffeur, if not the general himself, to prison for this murderous threat. For the present I have sent Joseph in the drawing-room, and shall keep him there till you are here to advise me. Please catch the next train if possible; dear Joseph is so very playful among my old china. I enclose a little present which I hope will compensate you for your absence from your office for a few days.

No doubt your staff will be able to deal with the more pressing business.
Your affectionate aunt,
Matilda Grimwade.

Twenty-five pounds, I decided, would amply compensate me for a short absence from my professional duties, which consisted in sitting in a small, dingy office, playing dominoes with my "staff," a promising young scoundrel, aetat thirteen, who wasted my stationery at a salary of six and sixpence per week.

Aunt Matilda invariably describes me to her friends as a "rising young lawyer." I have risen, considerably, it is true—from the first to the fifth floor in Honeycote Buildings; but if I rise any higher it can only be to pitch a tent on the roof.

I packed quickly, wrote a note to the "staff" already alluded to, and took a hansom to Liverpool Street Station. The united efforts of the Great Eastern Railway and a station fly landed me at Little Stottney soon after midday.

I was received by my aunt in the drawing room, and I could not help noticing that chairs, tables, and in particular the china cabinet, wore a somewhat battered look. An old Sevres vase of fabulous worth had disappeared entirely.

"A terrible blow has fallen on me since I wrote," said Aunt Matilda, our first greetings over. "Joseph has disappeared. You little know how thankful I am to have you with me."

This, though ambiguous, was meant to be flattering.

"I look to you, Charles," my aunt went on in broken tones, "to help me in this sad hour."

"You can rely on me to do my best, Aunt Matilda," I declared. "Above all, we must look on the bright side. In my profession we are accustomed to deal with the most difficult and unexpected problems. Detective work has always been a favorite study of mine, and I have read almost all the detective tales that have ever been published. (I have plenty of time for reading at the office.) "What I should like from you now is a statement of what has occurred since you wrote to me yesterday."

"I can tell you in a few words," said my aunt. "For reasons that are obvious" (here her gaze strayed to the china cabinet) "it was inadvisable to keep Joseph in this room all night. Therefore I ordered him to be shut up in the kitchen, intending to keep him indoors till your arrival today. But to my horror, when I came down to breakfast this morning, Amelia informed me that he had slipped out of the front door soon after she came down. She thinks she heard him barking in the general's garden afterwards. From that hour to this there has been no sign of Joseph, dead or alive."

I made a note of this statement with a professional air. From my extensive reading of detective literature, I knew exactly what ought to happen. The general had obviously kidnapped the dog; he would have a niece whose acquaintance I must at once make. I should fall in love with her; she would persuade the general to disgorge Joseph; Amelia would marry the chauffeur, the general would play piquet with my aunt, while the eventual alliance of myself with the niece must be within the bounds of probability.

"I should now like to ask you one or two questions, Aunt Matilda," I said, in a business-like tone. "This case presents some novel and interesting