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Good Barn Ventilation Pays Dividends KING System of Ventilation Write for This Book ng photographs of many differe of barns ventilated with King Sys telling how we can ventilate your og the right way at lowest cost. KING VENTILATING COMPANY, Ltd.
Dept. 1208
Moone Jaw. Sark



The hen has the right idea—she pays for her keep. Does the gopher?—not on your life! Follow the hen's advice—cut it out—quit feeding the gophers—kill em!

Use Kill-Em-Quick—It Kills!

Gophers are greedy, but wise and hard to fool. It's extra hard to fool them on poison. Unless it is flavored entirely to their taste, they won't eat enough to make them sick, let alone kill them. Most poisons are sold in very weak form, because the taste is hard to conceal and the gopher must eat a lot to kill him. Kill-Em-Quick is different. It is concentrated, exceedingly strong, intensely sweet and palatable to gophers. They always eat it and the tiniest particle taken into the mouth invariably kills.

Kill-Em-Quick Is Cheapest

Cheapest—because it kills all the gophers and increases crops from one to five bushels per acre. Weak poisons in big packages are expensive. They cost more per gopher killed. They use more grain—they let gophers live to ruin crops.

Kill-Em-Quick is strongest, by Canadian Government test. It's vastly cheaper in the long run.

The Mule

Kicks Harder

Than the

Elephant.

Kill-Em-Quick

Kills More

Gophers than Big-Package,

Cheap

Poisons.

Guarantee-Read It!

"We will refund the full retail price, if you are dissatisfied with the results obtained after using Kill-Em-Quick according to our directions. State how and when used, from whom purchased and return the front of this package." This is printed on every package.

You cannot afford to experiment. Gophers do their worst damage just after seeding time, while the grain is young. If you want to save your crop, get the poison the Manitoba Agricultural College says is the "most effective." Get

Kill-Em-Quick

Gopher Poison

The Time-Tested, Guaranteed Gopher Killer

Better be safe than sorry. Get Kill-Em-Quick from your dealer or prepaid from us on the receipt of the price, if he cannot supply you. 40 acre size, 50c; 100 acre size, \$1.00.

Kill-Em-Quick Co., Ltd. Dept. B. Winnipeg,

Urge your Courillor to furnish Nill-Em Duick- It will drevers Nill-Em Duick of Tickle the Soplers To Death!

The Sealed Room

The Sealed Room

Continued from Page 10

a pair of tickets—and I thought, maybe—you might—" He stammered into
an embarrassed pause. She was looking
at him inquiringly and quite unafraid.
"Haven't you made a mistake?"
she asked, with just a hint of amusement in her eyes, and she stepped forward to rreet a stocky young man
hurrying in from the street. This person possessed a prominent jaw, a diamond horseshoe stickpin, flashy clothes
and a scowl of singular malice, which
he promptly directed in Tong's direction.

Tom conceived an instant dislike for
him, and he departed swiftly, wondering "how on earth a girl like her could
take up with such a rough-neck, with
masculine egotism quite forgetting that
he had expected a "girl like her" to
take up with himself, a perfect stranger! Vigorously destroying his theatre
tickets, he scattered the fragments underfoot, and looked for a taxi-cab.
Finding none, he started afoot for a
street car. His one desire now was to
board the next train for home.

His quest had failed, he was sure of
that now, and it was a grinding disappointment. He had followed the rules
laid down by the master, and all had
proved futile. There was no romance
in the city, no mystery nor adventure.
He wished he was home with Yocum,
if for no other reason than to burn
the "Trimmed Lamp."

A street car rattled to a stop at the
corner. He climbed aboard; and a minute later he was being jolted noisily
along North Clark Street.

Meanwhile, the Girl with the Wistful
Eyes and her escort had not moved
from the spot where Tom had left
them—and the curtain was up on the
first act, too.

Both were clearly perturbed about
something. The sporty young man was

them—and the curtain was up on the first act, too.

Both were clearly perturbed about something. The sporty young man was talking loudly, harshly, garnishing his speech with slang and stressing it with violent gestures.

He seemed fairly bursting with indignant protest. Her voice, mingling with his, was soft, low toned and gentle, and her slender hand, touching his sleeve, was eloquent with tender appeal. She looked beseechingly into his wrathful face, entreating him to do a thing which he, apparently, had no intention of doing.

ful face, entreating him to do a thing which he, apparently, had no intention of doing.

"I tell you I won't!" he blustered, jerking his arm away. "You must think I'm chazy—"

"Listen, Frank—"

"Listen, Frank—"

"Listen, nothing! We're missin' the best part o' the show. Comin' in, or ain't you?"

"Frank, won't you please—"

"No, I tell you—no! You can stay here if you want to. I'm goin' in." And he swung on his heel and strode inside the theatre.

She took a faltering step after him, her hand outflung in hopeless entreaty, then stopped, her shoulders drooping, and watched him go from her; and then, as she at last realized that he was not coming back, her wistful eyes filled suddenly with tears of regret, and shame, and self-pity. Excepting a policeman, leaning against the box-office window and surveying her with tepid curiosity, she was quite alone on the rotunda; but she had a feeling that a million eyes were staring at her—a deserted, humiliated girl. And, paniestruck, she turned and fied to the street. In a few moments she was on a north-bound street car, travelling the sejf-In a few moments she was on a north-bound street car, travelling the self-same route taken by Tom, not ten minutes ago. (To be continued)

Master H. E. Northgrave, Sask., and his pony and pony colt.

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