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XXX Connecticut Yellow Globe Onion (black seed). .Pkg. 10c, oz. 35c, 4 ozs. \$1.00.

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The Return of the Prodigal

By. H. C. Haddon

HE GIRL came down the steps of stopped and looked around her.
"Oh, Harry!" she called. "Harry!"

At the sound of her voice the Prodigal cheeks. appeared from the corrals leading the

two horses.
"Am I late, Little Pal?" he asked. She consulted her wrist watch with mock severity. "Exactly one minute and a quarter,"

she told him, "and I should like to know the reason."
"I haven't any," he laughed at her,

"and I shall have to sue for my for-

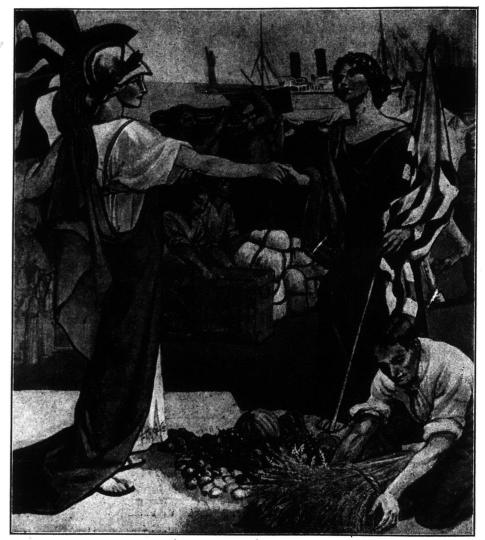
But it seemed as if she was in no mood to listen to his pleas, for no sooner had the Prodigal helped her to her horse than she flicked it with her quirt and was off on the gallop, leaving her companion to follow after her.

For a while they rode to the accompaniment of the pounding of the horses' feet without either speaking a word. The Williams. When he first took a few of

THE GIRL came down the steps of the veranda, drawing on her leather for the Prodigal was only half an inch gauntlets. On the last step she under six feet, and was built in proportion, and two years of prairie life had broadened his shoulders and tanned his neck and

> There was nothing really striking about him. He was not particularly hand-some, as far as looks went, and yet there was a gleam in his eye that warned you just how far you could go with himand you knew, without being told, that he would be a good man to have by your

> side during a row.
> As for his nick-name—well, if your father owned a string of businesses stretching right across Canada, and you, being the only son, deliberately turned your back on towns and town life, coming out to the cattle country and working for your board and so many dollars a month just for the love of the open airwhy, it wouldn't be so very hard to find a name to suit you.



Britannia representing the Allied Powers, grasping the hand of Columbia and thanking her for her offer of interests, commercial, military, naval and financial. All threads of worldly advancement skillfully run through this painting. Here is our farmer gathering up the grain and in the background laborers ready to load the vessels. The words of the President, in his great message to Congress, seem to have been foreordained in this picture when he said: "It will involve the utmost practicable co-operation in counsel and action with the governments now at war with Germany, and, as incident to that, the extension to these governments of the most liberal financial credits, in order that our resources may as far as possible be added to theirs. It will involve the organization and mobilization of all the material resources of the country to supply the materials of war and serve the incidental needs of the nation in the most abundant and yet the most economical and efficient way possible"

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Dept. G

Winnipeg, Can.

keep up with her. Four years at an Eastern boarding school had not robbed her of the easy grace in the saddle that is the birthright of the prairie girl, and now, galloping off the surplus of her spirits she seemed the

and drew a little further ahead.

riders passed by without noticing him.

Once she looked at her companion and

flicked her horse with the quirt again

living embodiment of youth and health.

ranch house, with its surrounding corrals us into his confidence and told us that his and outbuildings, became lost to sight father was the founder and owner of behind a hill. In the far distance a few "The Williams" Wonder Fifteen Cent Stores," Baldy Harris was only voicing cattle grazed. Close at hand a badger watched them from the mouth of his the opinion of us all when he said: hole, eyeing them stupidly, but the two "Why, you seem to be a regular Prodigal

Son!

It was a Sunday afternoon and all the So the name stuck because it was a world seemed mad and glad with the joy of spring. Even the girl seemed to have good one. During the two years that he had been on the Circle Bar ranch, a caught some of its infectious gaiety. strong bond of friendship had sprung up between Harry and the girl, and these Sunday afternoon rides were the outcome of it. To be sure she was the only daughlaughed, a mocking tantalising laugh that made the Prodigal stretch out his ter of the Old Man, while the Prodigal hand to try and touch her. But she only was simply one of her father's hired men, yet the fact made no difference to their The Prodigal watched her with a quiet friendship. Both of them well educated, smile on the corners of his mouth. He they each had many tastes and bonds in knew and partly understood the mood she common.

was in and so he made no attempt to Presently the girl reined her horse to a walk and waited for her companion to catch up to her.

"What's your hurry, Harry?" she asked with a smile. "My hurry?" said the Prodigal blandly.

"Oh, I've been admiring the scenery."
"The scenery," she repeated, and a note