Even the wheels on a Ford car cost you 60 per cent less than on the average car priced around $1000 and under

FIGURE IT OUT FOR YOURSELF

$12.87 — cost of new wheel on average car priced around $1000 or less.

$ 5.00 — cost of new wheel on a Ford car.

$ 7.87 — the 60% saving secured by the Ford owner.

And this merely indicates the general saving in every item of upkeep in which the Ford possesses a big advantage over any other make of car.

An assembly of Ford spare parts—enough to build the touring car complete—costs only $40 more than the standard list price of the car, while on the average car priced around $1000 and less a complete set of spare parts costs $941 more than the car—over twenty times the Ford excess cost.

And yet tests conducted by one of the most authoritative Government laboratories in the world have shown that the quality of Ford constructive material is actually superior to that in most of the best cars made.

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Ford Runabout	$440
Ford Touring	540
Ford Coupelet	730
Ford Sedan	890
Ford Town Car	780
f. o. b. Ford, Ontario	

All cars completely equipped, including electric headlights. Equipment does not include speedometer.

The Waterloo Boy Kerosene One-Man Tractor

DOES NOT REQUIRE AN EXPERT TO RUN IT

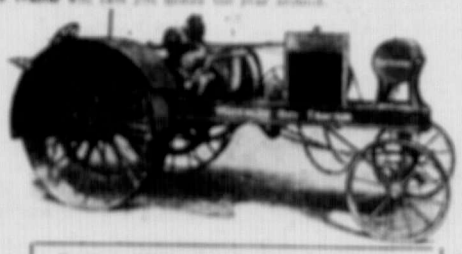
So simple in its mechanism that any farmer can run it without any previous engineering experience. No intricate parts to get out of order. Couple this feature with the fact that it is built to operate on Kerosene with no special attachments whatsoever for the heavier fuel, and you have the ideal light weight tractor—the tractor you want. Gasoline is too expensive for ordinary farm purposes. The Waterloo Boy Kerosene One-Man Tractor will save you money the year around.

Here's the Proof!

Moline, Sask., May 27, 1916
The Gasoline Engine & Supply Co.
Winnipeg, Man.

Dear Sirs—I suppose you would like to know how the machine works. Well, it goes like hell and, for I know nothing wrong and about an engine of any kind, so I get the best out of it. I can do it myself. It pulls the plows as guaranteed, starts easy, and runs fine on kerosene. Yours truly,

(Signed) M. H. CANLIN



Weight only 4800 lbs. Brake Test 24 B.H.P. Draw Bar 12 B.H.P. Ignition, High Tension Dual Magneto. With Automatic Spark Advance

The striking point about this tractor, special to that in the Kindersley district it requires five horses to pull one 14-inch breaking plow and six for stubble work. The Waterloo Boy will pull two 14-inch plows in any prairie breaking and three in stubble. Enough said. Let us mail you further particulars free. Write today. We also handle Gas Engines, Grain Grinders, Cordwood and Pole Saws, Electric Lighting Machines, Hand and Power Washing Machines, Grain Elevators, Pump Jacks, Small Threshing Machines, Belting and Threshers' Supplies.

GASOLINE ENGINE AND SUPPLY COMPANY LIMITED — WINNIPEG

On the Edge of the Barrens

By Stephen Allen Reynolds

Continued from Last Week

From an improvised shelf in one corner of the room Buck dragged down a canvas bag. He unlaced it, tossed aside spurs, leggings, and other unused paraphernalia, and finally produced the familiar brown hold-all of the British military service.

In the pocket end of the canvas roll were two books—one the "Crimson Manual"—of the mounted police; the other a small volume bound in red morocco.

Napier stretched forth a trembling hand for the little book; but as he clutched it, it fell from his nerveless fingers. Huskily he faltered:

"Y you open it—Buck."

Within upon the title page Walsh noted the printed caption:

INFANTRY TRAINING
General Staff, War Office

On the flyleaf, traced in a delicate hand, were the words: "Bound by Mary Leigh and presented to Lieutenant the Honorable Robert P. P. Napier, of the King's Royal Rifles."

"Great Scott, lad! You held a commission in the Rifles?"

Half involuntarily Buck rose and stood at "attention."

"Yes," came from the man in the bunk. Bitterly he went on: "Was with Kitchener on the last Nile expedition—in Bobs's staff in South Africa—saw Lhasa with Younghusband."

The speaker paused for breath.

Then he licked his dry lips, closed his eyes, and went on with the story of his fall from grace:

"As long as there was action—somewhere—all went well. Gibraltar was the finish. We were sent to Gib to rot. We grew stale. There was nothing to do but to play cards and billiards and polo; to take in the bullfights at Linea and Algeciras.

"Some of the men took to sherry and native wines. I stuck to Scotch. I lasted eighteen months." Very softly the ex-lieutenant added: "'Twas then I came to Canada."

Buck's thoughts raced back to the day he had first seen Napier.

He pictured the slim, straight youngster of 20 or so, who wore a monocle and carried a swagger stick until he donned the red coat of the Mounted. He smiled grimly as he remembered how that same "gentleman's son" had put surprise and ginger into his squadron by whipping all the heavy-weights who boasted of prowess with the gloves, to say nothing of his wonderful accomplishments at the target-butts.

Then the tall constable's face grew stern as he harked back to a certain wild night in Saskatoon—a night which cost the Englishman nearly a thousand dollars in cash as well as a month's liberty after the drinking bout was over.

But that night saw Napier take his last drink.

The pure air of the northern prairies had since done wonders for the wastrel. It had blown away the haze from his partly-fuddled brain, put fresh life and vigor into his whisky-bitten frame.

Hard riding and paddling had served to keep his pores open and his flesh firm.

Napier, sick as he was, was an entirely different personage from the ne'er-do-well who one day in the long ago stepped out onto the C.P.R. platform at Winnipeg. From those days of several years before Buck's thoughts returned to the present. Napier had quite recovered his breath and was speaking again.

"Look in the pocket," he said; "the pocket in the back cover of the book."

Three medals, two letters, and a small photograph rewarded Buck's search. The ex-Connaught Ranger's eyes sparkled as he recognized the familiar red-edged ribbon of orange and blue attached to the South African medal.

He smote softly to himself as he noted the seven clasps, each one denoting a battle—the first inscribed "Modder River," the last "Laing's Nek."

Reverently Buck laid aside the Queen's Sudan medal with its red-striped black and yellow ribbon, the single-clasped medal commemorating the opening of Tibet. He then picked up the photograph.

The sweet face of an English girl in her early twenties smiled up at the constable. It was not merely a face of beauty, a commonplace, flattering print from a touched-up negative.

It was the striking likeness of a young woman of breeding and birth; a girl possessing character as well as unusual physical attractiveness.

Long, dark eyelashes; eyes of deepest brown; hair as black and glossy as the plumage of the raven, gave the face a Castilian touch, accentuated possibly by certain curves about the dainty nostrils, which lent to the face an expression of pride and firmness.

"A spirited beauty," mused Walsh.

"She's my only regret," said Napier, hollowly. Hungrily, wistfully he eyed the photograph, but made no move to touch it. "That's Mary Leigh," he went on to say. "She's—I—lost—too," he added falteringly.

"Married?" asked Buck shortly.

"No; not to my knowledge."

And Buck understood.

Napier put forth a mighty effort and managed to raise himself on an elbow. His voice seemed stronger as he began speaking again. An intense desire to make certain instructions clear to his comrade lent him strength.

"Buck," he said, "I want you to read one of those letters all thru. It's the one with the French stamp on it. Then you'll understand.

"She travels almost constantly. Her bankers' address is at the top of the note-head. A letter sent in care of them will reach her quickly. If—" the voice of the speaker grew lower as he paused—"if anything happens to me up here—now or at any future time—I want you to send her a line. I've no living relatives outside of cousins that I don't care a fig about. Will you do this for me?"

"Sure I will, lad," growled Buck.

To hide his emotion Buck spoke gruffly; but when he laid down the photograph and letters in order to ease the sick man back upon his pillow, his touch was like that of a woman.

A long while Napier lay still with his eyes closed; then Buck roused him to sip a cupful of savory broth. Strengthened physically and relieved mentally in some degree, the black sheep of an illustrious family soon fell fast asleep.

An added chill in the air, deep shadows in the corners of the barracks heralded the approach of evening—the long Arctic twilight of spring.

Oolah, dismissed for the day, sought her tupek, where she dwelt alone in the absence of Kewpik, her foster-father, huntsman, and messenger for the king's men at Seal Point.

As the footsteps of the native girl died away, Buck turned to watch the sun sink beneath the grim horizon of the desolate Barrens. Then he lit the bracket-lamp, adjusted the home-made shade so that but little light fell upon his comrade's bunk, and fell to cutting up tobacco.

Three pipes he filled, as was his after-supper habit, and then he lit the first, saw the light burning to his satisfaction, and picked up the envelope bearing the French postage stamp.

The contents of the letter were both legible and to the point.

But three sides of the four-paged missive were covered with writing, yet Buck's pipe went out ere he reached the signature. His strong teeth gripped the bit of the pipe, his grey eyes leaped from the words:

"Very regretfully yours, Mary Leigh," to the slumbering patient. Then Buck Walsh breathed some words that would not look well on paper. He scowled at the letter, stroked thoughtfully his short-clipped mustache, and thru his teeth came another string of indignant oaths.

"'Tisn't right," Buck concluded half aloud. "It's damned near time a third party took a hand!"

No sooner had the thought possessed him than the constable took action.