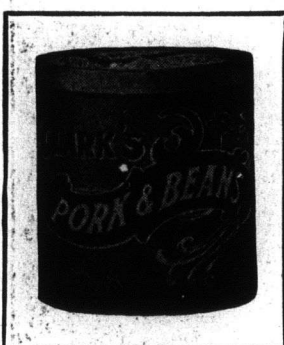


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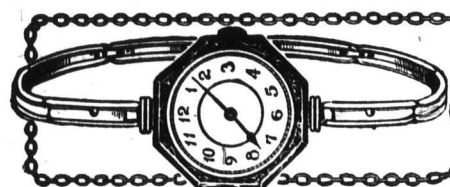
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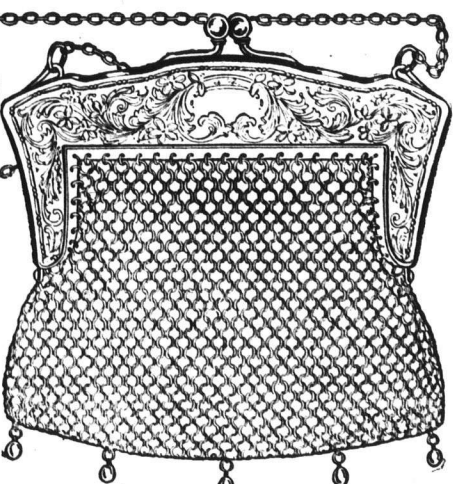


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Here is the greatest prize offer ever made by any Canadian firm.

While they last we will give away absolutely free of cost 750 of these magnificent Nickel Silver Mesh Bags and an equal number of beautiful gold filled Bracelet Watches in the very newest design. Each bag is 4 1/2" wide by 5" deep with a magnificently engraved frame and 15" chain. It is lined throughout with white kid and finished at the bottom with fine silver beads. The Watch we give is a perfect beauty. It is the newest French octagon shape, small and dainty as can be, yet a reliable time keeper. You'd pay \$8.00 to \$10.00 for such a watch at your local jeweller's.

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Then return our money, only \$3.20, and we will at once send you the beautiful Mesh Bag and the lovely Wrist Watch you can also secure without selling any more goods by just showing your grand gift to your friends and getting only six of them to sell our goods and earn our fine premiums as you did.

Remember you take no risk. We pay all delivery charges on your premiums right to your door. If you are unable to sell all the goods they can be returned and we will pay you a cash commission or give you fine premiums for the quantity you do sell. We guarantee satisfaction. Write to-day to

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like your school?" he enquired after some time.

"It is too soon to say yet, but I can see there is much that I can do, and I came out here to do something. I think I have as fine and as intelligent pupils as are to be found anywhere. Already they have deluged me with questions. I must write down to the Department for some further help. The boys are asking me bothersome questions on agriculture. I did not know I had to be a farmer to teach," she added, laughingly.

"I have some very good authorities on agriculture I should be pleased to lend you," vouchsafed her friend.

"Thank you, I should be glad to get them. By the way, couldn't you come and give us a talk some Friday afternoon?" she asked, her eyes lighting up with the idea. "I am sure the boys would be delighted; I hear them mention your place so often; in fact, I'm sure that is where the inspiration for the bothersome questions comes from."

"I had never thought of giving talks, but perhaps I could. I should be only too glad to do anything I can to help you."

"Oh, that will be fine," said Helen, delightedly. "I'll have good news for my boys tomorrow."

The conversation drifted on to the parents, and from the parents to the surrounding district. "I would like to show you the settlement," at last ventured Mr. Bulwer. "Would you care to go for a drive?"

"I should like that very much."

"I'll go out and hook up while you put on your things."

Helen hurried upstairs for her coat and hat, but when she came down Bill and Bob were at the door, and, knowing their impatience, she did not keep them waiting. As they wheeled and drove out of the yard, they could see Mr. and Mrs. Johnston, who apparently had the pigs again into their proper place, in the garden appraising the damages.

When Mr. Bulwer brought Helen back from a long drive, he was delighted to note the happy sparkle in the big brown eyes, and the animation of her whole figure. She had forgotten the loneliness of the morning and had grasped the life of Lone Lake as hers.

"You have given me such a pleasant afternoon, Mr. Bulwer, and I was dreading the first Sunday so," she said, extending her hand frankly. "I don't know how to thank you."

"By letting me be your friend: may I come again?"

"I will be glad to have you come," and then lightly, "Bill and Bob are so attractive." So saying she stepped up to pat their faces; but they threw up their heads and shrank back into the harness, glaring with frightened eyes past the blinkers. They were not yet ready for female blandishments.

After this Bill and Bob came often to the home of the school secretary; they even learned to appreciate patting.

Helen found her school work very interesting. Everything that goes to make intelligent and effective citizenship she taught her pupils, but agriculture received most attention. Mr. Bulwer, true to his promise, gave a talk on soils and cultivation that proved so satisfactory he followed with others on various phases of grain growing and cattle raising.

So the summer passed, and the first frosts gave warning of approaching winter. The threshing engine whistles shrilled out clearly in the chill morning air.

Another Sunday came—a glorious autumn Sunday, and, just after the noon-day meal, Mr. Bulwer called for Helen.

"I would like to take you down to the river," he said. "I have been waiting for just such a day as this to show it to you. There is a beautiful drive down the valley, but it is not so pleasant when the flies are bad; that is why I waited."

When they reached the bank overlooking the valley, Mr. Bulwer reined in his team to allow his companion to admire the scene. She sat entranced. The valley stretched beneath them like some beautiful garden, with the trail, like a tiny thread, winding through it to the wooded part along the stream. At a bend in the river the waters could be seen gleaming like silver in the autumn sunshine, while the trees along the edge formed a magnificent panorama of color, grading from green to bright golden, with here and there splashes of scarlet.

"Oh, Mr. Bulwer, isn't that a most

glorious picture? How beautiful our world is after all! You do give me the most delightful times; whatever should I do without you?" said Helen disconnectedly, so carried away with the beauty of the scene before her as to be unaware of the full significance of her words.

"You don't know how glad I am to hear you say that. The world looks much brighter to me when you are with me. Can't we go through life together," he said, taking her hand in his.

Helen turned puzzled brown eyes to his, then she understood. "Oh, dear, what have I been saying," she stammered, confusedly, turning away her face, crimson with blushes.

"In effect, that when we are together life is fuller, and I ask if it may not be so always. Everything is richer and better to me since I have been with you. You are my life in a very true sense." Emboldened by her silence, he put his arm around her and drew her to him; she turned her face to his and their lips met.

Down through the valley, along the winding trail they drove, past beds of golden-rod and blue asters, on toward the river and the trees of flaming gold, their hearts in full unison with the beauty and the benediction of it all.

Arriving at the shady lane leading through the high trees along the river, the team came to a walk. Mr. Bulwer and Helen talked of many things. The former began by telling something about his people. "I believe I have a photo of my mother with me," he said, and reaching into his pocket he drew out a bunch of papers. Helen looked. On the top was an envelope addressed to John Bulwer Thompson, Lone Lake, Alberta. "Thompson?" she questioned. "Isn't your name Bulwer?"

"Well, people here all call me Bulwer, and I just let them, but my real name is Bulwer Thompson. Bulwer was my mother's name, and so I like it best."

"And your home was in Detroit?"

"Yes."

"You surely can't be the Mr. Thompson my father wished me to marry."

"I don't know. By the way, Walters was the name of my father's friend, and I believe he had a marriageable daughter. But won't you tell me your story?"

"Well, there is not much to tell. I had heard my father speak several times of a chum of his called Thompson. They had pledged themselves to stand by each other should misfortune come to either. About two years ago my father said something about inviting Mr. Thompson's son to visit us, but for some reason he never came. My father died just before I came out here, and in his will he left everything to me, but only on condition that I marry this Mr. Thompson within a year. I was so shocked by such a stipulation I left everything and came out here to teach."

"And I," said Mr. Bulwer, "was so pestered by my father to go and court his friend's daughter to save him from some financial trouble, that I came west with money my mother left me, and that is why I never objected to people calling me by my mother's name."

Helen sat in silence a moment, then leaned closer to her lover as she said: "Well I'm glad my poor old father's wish will be gratified after all," and as an afterthought, "and I'll get the money—but you'll not get it, sir!" she defied; "I'll buy that half section next to yours and start a purebred stock farm in opposition to you," she teased.

"What do I care as long as I have the owner of the stock farm," he replied, as he drew her to him in a warm embrace.

A Mistake Somewhere

The following appalling incident in the musical world is taken from Judge:

Trombone of Village Band—"What do we play next, Si?"

Si—"Sousa's Grand March."

Trombone—"Gos all hemlock! I jest played that!"

No Quarter for Him

Mrs. Jones was standing in the doorway talking with old Mr. Ham, a neighbor. They were speaking in uncomplimentary terms about an impostor who had lately passed through the village, swindling right and left.

"He'd better not come round here again!" exclaimed Mrs. Jones indignantly. "If he does, I'll give him no quarter."

"Quarter!" shouted the enraged old man, "quarter! Well I guess not! I wouldn't give him ten cents!"