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THE IMPERIAL OIL COMPANY, Limited

Winnipeg Montreal Toronto St. John Halifax

## HARNESS DIRECT FROM MANUFACTURER

As is generally known, a great increase has taken place in the price of leather during the past twelve months, and in this line goods of all description are more expensive than ever. We are manufacturers of all kinds of Harness on an extensive scale, and are enabled to continue low prices by dispensing with the middleman and inviting the consumer to deal with us direct. Not only can we save money to our patrons, but can place at their disposal a long practical experience that should go a long way towards securing absolute satisfaction. We specialise in such goods as Team Harness—this we can supply at a remarkably low price. The Harness is strong and durable and excellent for farming and general team work.

### See Specifications

**Bridles**— $\frac{3}{4}$  inch square harness leather Winker, or open if desired, short cheeks over hame.

**Lines**—1 inch 20 feet, with snaps.

**Hames**—Varnished wood bolt hame,  $\frac{3}{8}$  in. hame straps, chain spreaders. If desired with steel hames add \$1 per set to harness.

**Traces**—2 inch double leather, and stitched with 3 rows of stitching full length. Heel chain with dee and five link chains.

**Pads**—1 $\frac{1}{2}$  inch top double and stitched, with harness leather housing, 2 $\frac{3}{4}$  by 18 in. felt lined.

**Bellybands**—Folded with 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  inch buckles.

**Breast Straps**—1 $\frac{1}{2}$  inch with snaps and slides. Martingales 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  inch.

**Back and Hip Straps**— $\frac{7}{8}$  inch back strap to hame, folded cruppers and  $\frac{7}{8}$  inch hip straps with trace carriers.

Harness, Complete \$30.00. Without Collars, \$27.00. Without Back and Hip Straps, Deduct \$2.00. N.B.—Collars are Leather Faced. Write us today. You will save money

Information on anything in our line gladly given

Winnipeg Saddlery Co., 284 William Ave., Winnipeg

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Reference: Imperial Bank

suppose we would have been millionaires now if Dad had been in real estate.”

“How glad I am, for my sake, that he never made millions. I don’t suppose we should have been riding together now if he had.”

Margaret’s laugh, as she urged her horse forward, told him that she had no regrets.

\* \* \* \* \*

The line grew rapidly after Roger had taken up his position. People who had been going home when they heard that the rush for tickets had begun and others who had been got out of bed by their friends came hurrying, anxious lest they should be too late. Some, like Roger, came singly, having made no preparation, but the majority came in twos and threes, carrying big coats and wraps to keep them warm during the night, and boxes, chairs and cushions to sit upon, while their paper parcels and baskets betokened that they did not intend to keep their vigil fasting. Many, for the most part well prepared, came in automobiles, bringing with them folding chairs and camp beds.

At midnight the rush for positions in the line was in full swing, and during the next two hours the line lengthened out until it almost encircled the block and there were about nine hundred people in line. Numerous policemen were present to keep order, but there was nothing for them to do. Everybody was in a good humor, enjoying the novelty of his position. “Open all night” cafes, deserted in the rush, followed to their patrons’ encampment with hot coffee and sandwiches, which sold readily at double the usual prices. Nobody begrudged an extra dime; for was there not the golden prospect of drawing a ticket which should bring a fortune?

Dawn came early, stealing, rosy-hued, over the tops of the tall city blocks, and

with its first blush came those who had gone to bed betimes, hoping by early rising to secure good positions, but, finding to their chagrin, that, for once, fortune had favored the night owls. Several hundreds of the early birds, however, got places in the line and their chances in the lottery were just as good as were those of the first halfdozen; and, besides, they had missed the all-night wait, and knew that they were at the right place, whereas the night-watchers had been tormented by a feeling of uncertainty about the location of the draw.

About nine o’clock Roger was aroused from a doze into which he had fallen by a sweetly familiar voice. Opening wide his eyes he beheld Margaret and Dora, both refreshed and radiant.

“You!” he exclaimed, recovering from his surprise.

“Whoever would have thought to find you here? I guess you want to be the millionaire now.”

“Never mind the millions. I feel hungry enough to sell my chance for a good breakfast just now. I suppose you didn’t bring any with you?”

“I’m not a thought reader,” Margaret retorted, “but I’ll keep your place while you go and get some. Dora will keep me company. Why didn’t you tell me about this? There are lots of other girls in line.”

At noon Margaret came to relieve Roger again. She was waiting outside as he went into the hall to draw his ticket just before three o’clock. The two or three minutes he spent inside the building seemed to her an age, but his smile, as he emerged, signalled to her his success.

An hour later Roger realized a thousand dollars on his ticket, which was well within the first hundred, and the same evening Margaret chose her piano and sitting room suite.

## The Mister Clink Thurston’s Duel

By Edward Peple.

CLINK THURSTON had committed a breach of French etiquette, i.e., he had thrown a gentleman through the plate-glass window of the Cafe Beau Garde.

Now, the subsequent duel was caused, not so much by the forcible ejection, nor the personal accumulation of splintered glass, but, rather, by an incident immediately preceding the crash; for Clink had dealt a wound to dignity. With one powerful hand he had seized Monsieur by his collar—the back of his collar—but we let that pass. With his other powerful hand he had seized the slack of Monsieur’s own trousers, and this latter unpardonable familiarity could be washed away only in the Mister Clink Thurston’s blood. Voila!

The Mister Clink Thurston was a six-foot specimen of Arizona’s superior brand of ranchman, a clean-hearted, good-looking chap whose superb teeth made his smile a thing to be remembered, and whose laugh was a joyous, open-throated roar. Two things were said of him. First, he could shoot the fuzz from a peach without bruising its skin; second, his sense of humor would conduct him to the gaffs. With his brace of attributes, a well-filled wallet and his friend Chub Peters, he had come to Paris to rope enjoyment as a rest from longhorns.

On the first evening Chub had met a lady, and become lost for two days. However, he had his guns, so Clink was untroubled as to his friend’s destiny. On the second evening Clink was dining alone in the Cafe Beau Garde, when the horns of the angel of peace were indirectly trodden upon by the advent of M. Foulalle. This personage was a chest-protruding, slim-waisted little wasp with straight, black, waxed mustaches and a dangerous eye. Immaculate—and proud of it—he strode into the cafe after the manner of one who owned it all, yet cared not a fig for such a lowly trifle. It was a nothing. Bah!

Now, had Monsieur been possessed of

a humble mien, causing him to look floorward instead of heavenward, he might have observed a champagne bucket which sat directly in his path; but Monsieur was not of a humble mien. Therefore, he seemed to try for a “goal kick,” missed it and made a foul “touch-down” on a small but well-laden dinner table, which he bore with him in a glittering, dramatic splash.

The Mister Clink Thurston unbuckled a laugh of the earthquake variety, jarring Parisian decorum in three distinct shocks. M. Foulalle emerged from the wreck, covered with mortification and puree la cuisine de Paris. He annihilated the Mister Thurston with a so fierce glance. The Mister Thurston continued to erupt. The outraged M. Foulalle turned green. He seized a neighbor’s wine-glass and dashed its contents full in the face of this unspeakable, laughing beast. The beast arose with a quickness. He laid hold upon the sublime person of M. Foulalle, in the unseemly manner first set forth in this narrative, swung him once, and heaved him through the plate-glass window.

Instantly there was an uproar in five languages. The proprietor of the Cafe Beau Garde was devastated with despair. Why not? Was peace not destroyed, together with every earthly hope and his priceless front window? Bon dieu! And yet—! The beast paid for the broken pane—three times over—but we let that pass. Tiens! What more may a gentleman do?

The angel of peace limped back into the Cafe Beau Garde, and the muscular Mr. Thurston returned to his interrupted meal with the air of one of whom an incident is closed.

Not so with M. Foulalle. His waspship chanced to be the editor-in-chief of a hair-triggered Parisian journal known to fame as La Moutarde, which, being duly translated, purported to be a pretty hot little sheet. As for M. Foulalle, was he not, also, a hot one? He was. His hotness usually arose in the region of his collar, exuding an essence of To-