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Excuse me, but did you get a telegram for a Mr. Johnston, of Lone Lake, yesterday?" The agent dropped his bundle and answered sympathetically.

"No, madam, I did not."

"What am I to do? I engaged with the Department at Edmonton to come out and teach at Lone Lake. The man in the office said he would telegraph out so that there would be some one here to meet me."

"The message never came here. There may be some one in to-day, though. It's twenty miles out, but this is the breaking season, and there is some one in nearly every day getting outfitted for that. "Bob," he called, to a slow-going young man in overalls, who was struggling with one of the traveller's trunks, "go over to Hall's stables, and the blacksmith shop and find out if there is anyone in from Lone Lake." Then turning to Miss Walters: "You had better go over to the boarding house at present; I'll let you know if there is anyone in."

"The boarding house? Where's that?" she asked, gazing incredulously around.

"That new building facing the track, just beyond the store."

The trim little lady with the brown eyes set off toward the building indicated, which she now noticed had "Albion House" in big letters on its gable. The Albion House gave evidence of recent completion. Pieces of new boards lay scattered around, and a mortar board, in all its ugliness stood beside the remnant of a sand pile. Inside the air was redolent of plaster and paint.

When she entered, a young woman came timidly from somewhere at the back; a white-haired child, more timid still, clung to her skirts behind, and peeked out shyly inquisitive at the stranger. On Helen explaining just why she was there, this woman invited her to "just take a seat in the parlor," and then left her.

Miss Walters seated herself by the window to wait. Something of the loneliness and sorrow of the day of the funeral came over her: so far from her friends and alone. A big farm wagon lumbered by and tied up at the store; a motor car whirred along a road farther back, leaving a cloud of dust behind it. She pulled herself up. "I must not give way; I'm here and I must make the best of it. At any rate I'm not beyond the pale of the motor car."

After watching for some time, she saw a man coming across from the building with the tractor, and with a swinging step approached the Albion House. She had time to notice his erect carriage and easy walk, and that his face was firm and handsome, though much tanned; also that his clothes, though neat, bore testimony to much out-of-door service. Soon she heard him entering the hall, where he paused as if waiting for the timid lady to appear. She did not appear and he started to go back to where she was. Passing the sitting room door and noticing the room was occupied, he hesitated. "Pardon me," he said, taking a step into the room, "but are you the lady who wished to get out to Lone Lake?"

"Yes, I am. Are you Mr. Johnston?" she replied, rising.

"No I am not. My name is Bulwer. I met Bob at the Massey-Harris shop, who told me a lady had come off the train and wanted to get out to Lone Lake. I live out there, and will be going out in the afternoon."

"And can you take me along?" she asked, eagerly. "I have a grip and a trunk," she advanced as if doubtful if all could be accommodated; "can you take all?" Her fresh young face, with its touch of eager sadness, presented a most pleasing picture to the sunburnt man before her.

"Sure!" he replied, with a friendly smile. "I have a democrat, if you know what that is." He laughed again. "I'll be ready to start out about three o'clock, and shall call around for you then." Something in his frank, courteous manner conveyed to the lonely girl a spirit of good comradeship that put her at her ease.

"Thank you so much," she replied. He was off, and she was alone again, but the worried look was gone. "I hope that old secretary doesn't come along before that time," she said to herself, with a mischievous twinkle in her brown eyes, as she thought of the handsome stranger.

A few minutes after three o'clock a team of bronchos came plunging over the rough ground from back of the Albion House. Miss Walters, watching at the window, immediately recognized her re-

cent acquaintance, and seizing her grip, went to the door. When she appeared on the step the nearer driver sprang over against his mate, plunging frightfully, but the driver quite coolly pulled him back into place and up to the step.

"You didn't forget me," she greeted, cheerily; "I was beginning to be afraid you had."

"I am a little late; the blacksmith kept me waiting for some work I have to take out," he explained as he sprang down and assisted her into the seat, and placed her grip at the back with the blacksmithing and various grocery parcels.

"Perhaps you had better leave the trunk," she suggested, as the bronchos sprang away in such a way as showed they had no intention of stopping anywhere so near as the railway station. "I can get on without it for a while."

"Oh, no, there's lots of room," he replied, glancing back at the heterogeneous parcels.

For the first mile or two little was said, the driver giving all his attention to his bronchos, who, determined to get home in the least possible time, tried to bolt every time the wheels lurched into a rut and rattled the blacksmithing. However, after many abortive attempts, owing to the steady, strong hand of the driver, they came to a mutual recognition of the wisdom of submitting to the higher command and going in conformity with it, so that when the next rutty place was reached, instead of plunging as before, they dropped to a walk.

The driver turned to his companion. "Are you acquainted in this part of the country?"

On her assuring him she was not, he resumed: "You'll find everything quite different from the East, and rather rough, but you'll learn to like the West. It's no place for weaklings, but the strong learn to love it."

"Thank you for the compliment," returned the teacher, with a saucy smile that filled him with elation. "Then you think that I am one of the strong ones?"

"Yes, I do. You may be discouraged at first; everything is so primitive, so different from Hamilton, but when you become acquainted with the people you will find many of them cultured and well read."

"I do hope I shall like it. At any rate I am here to the end of the year."

Mr. Bulwer's mind was so centered on the last of that sentence, he failed to notice the bronchos had left the trail and were travelling off to some destination of their own. One of the wheels going over

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