

WALTHAM

THE WORLD'S WATCH OVER TIME



The WALTHAM Guarantee

THE reputation of the guarantor is the all-important consideration in determining the value of a guarantee.

The Waltham Watch Company, established in 1854, was the first company in the world to manufacture entire watch movements.

At the present time the normal staff at the main factory includes 4,500 expert work-people, hundreds of whom have spent the whole of their working lifetime on Waltham Watches.

The factory equipment includes many marvellous automatic machines developed exclusively by Waltham ex-

perts for shaping, drilling, polishing and finishing the myriad small parts entering into high-grade watch mechanism.

Every part is standardized. Guesswork is unknown. Inspection and re-inspection is a rigid rule.

The unvarying quality assured by such organization and equipment has resulted in the winning by Waltham of every gold medal awarded since 1854 by the great World's Fairs for supreme watch merit.

And it is these things which give weight to the Waltham Guarantee.

Waltham Watch Company, Limited, Montreal
Makers and Distributors of Waltham Products in Canada
Factories: Montreal, Canada; Waltham, U.S.A.

Jack sprang up from his seat. Here was the one thing removed that could keep him longer in the wilds. Rob would go back, too, and the sooner they started the better. As for these relations of Rob's he had never so much as heard of their existence. But at that he was not surprised. Rob was so silent on many things.

So back they went. Back o'er the widespread lakes, back through the dark dense forest, back to the hum of life, and the busy throb of the city. To Jack the change seemed almost overpowering, and yet he was fascinated by it. But he was as one apart, an onlooker merely, and those who spoke to him found him strangely silent, as one who had all but forgotten the use of his mother tongue.

They went to the bank and Jack made his arrangements and wrote to the solicitors, and then they sought for Rob's relations, but they found they were not at the old address and learned they had gone to the country and taken a farm. So they decided to stay where they were for the time. They had money from the sale of choice furs they had brought back with them. There was no hurry till the business with England was through. They would see the sights. So they stayed, and gradually Jack grew more accustomed to the noise and traffic, the ebb and flow of the human tide that flooded the great city. It was new and strange, and at times bewildering but

"Laddie," he said, "do ye mind how we tracked that bear last fall, tracked him, bit by bit, and laid oor trap at the lang end o't i' the richt place. Weel, this fine freend o' oors is layin' a trap for yersel as sure as sure. I kenned as much so I speered yon bank manager, who I tak' to be an honest mon, and he telt me. Hae nithin' to do wi' him nor yon company nithir, as is naught but hissel' under anither name. And noo, me lad, ye coom wi me the day and oot o' this we gang."

And Jack, who had never done other than defer to Rob's judgment, found himself later leaving the city bound for the country beyond.

The farm at Birchwood Creek stood on an eminence. Sloping away from the garden, bright with flowers, that surrounded the house, was field upon field of growing grain, away to the stream with the struggling bluff of birch trees that gave the place its name. A light breeze stirred the sea of green that murmured now with soft and pleasant cadence, the song of coming harvest, and over all the meadow lark swelled his joyous notes heedless of any listener. Stretched before the door a fine collie dog was sunning himself in the warm glow with his nose between his paws. Suddenly he raised his head and emitted a low growl, then slowly rose. At the same moment the figure of a girl appeared in the doorway.

The Snows of May

By Annie L. Jack

The bare trees slept through the winter cold,
Nor minded the frost severe,
But sunshine and dew made the buds unfold,
And now the blossoms are here,
Wafting their fragrance along the way,
So white, we call them "The Snows of May."

The birds looked up at the wondrous sight
From their nests, with a mild surprise,
For the trees were garlanded pink and white,
And the mother-bird seemed very wise
As she said, "No doubt they are pretty and sweet
But not so useful as something to eat."

So the "Snows of May" in a fragrant shower
Fell softly to earth again;
And the trees were green, but no fairy bower
As they stood in the sun and the rain,
Till autumn discovered the apples red,
Nature's fruition—when flowers are dead.

O fair were the days while the birdlings' home
Was the crotch of an apple bough,
With plenty of food and not far to roam
(It was larva and bugs, I trow).
But before the ripening, south they flew,
And left the apples for me and for you.



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instinct with life, which by very contrast stirred the heart of this child of the wilderness. By slow degrees he became acquainted with one and another of those who came in his way. One man in particular who frequented the boarding house at which they stayed, claimed his attention. He was a stout, florid man with a genial smile and a general air of prosperity, and represented, he said, a financial firm in Winnipeg seeking to establish a connection in Edmonton. He was very open and unreserved in speaking of his business, and by reason of this confidence disarmed suspicion, so that after a time Jack was led to talk of his own affairs and his reason for staying so long in the city. And then, with diplomatic skill, his new acquaintance offered him any assistance he could render should he desire to make an investment or require business advice. This paved the way for the suggestion that a certain financial company, then forming, was worthy of attention, a company with which he himself had no connection, but which, undoubtedly, would do great things. All this time Rob had said little but thought much. He refused to part with his pipe though offered cigars and cigarettes, but smoked assiduously, and his deep set eyes scanned the face of their new acquaintance with deepening understanding. At last, when the business with the bank was through and Jack in possession of his money, and at the invitation of Oswald Grigson, about to pay a visit to the office of the new company, he drew him aside.

"Down! Bruce, down! Surely you know it is only Jock, our Jock." She lingered over the last two words as though they pleased her, and the dark eyes lit with a sparkle like the glint of the sun on the stream below.

"Of course, it's Uncle Rob he wants to see," she continued still speaking to the dog, now wagging his tail. "And, of course, being such old friends he comes often, Barton is not far. But sometimes he is out, and father and mother gone to town, and the garden a pleasant place to sit in a day like this, eh! old doggie."

But the dog had dashed away ere she had ceased speaking, and was gamboling round the rider dismounting from his horse.

Yes, the garden was indeed fair that morning, and Rob MacDonald in no haste to return. He had seen the horseman approach from where he sat smoking his inevitable pipe, on the old fence away back of the barn, and nodding his head wisely had said to himself: "Rob, gie the laddie a chance, and mebbe the lassie as weel, sma' blame t' her, if she favor the lad."

So they sat on the bench at the back of the house, unmolested, at first in silence, for even now, after months had passed while Jack had been working for Richard Prentiss, and learning to farm, he sometimes found it hard to find his tongue. But the girl soon broke the silence. She knew Jock's ways by now, he was Jock to her as to her uncle, and chatted away of the crops and the weather and items of local news.