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Measured by quality or by the amount of cultivating it will accomplish, the 28x16 Bissell Disk Harrow is far ahead of any other on the market This Disk covers 14 feet at one sweep-

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A Trailer can be furnished for cutting out the centre strip when desired. The equipment is for six horses, and the draft is light for the first-class work it does. Gangs are in four sections

and made flexible to conform to uneven ground.

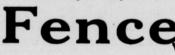
DISK PLATES are the tried and proven special BISSELL shape.
They reach well under, giving the soil a good turning over.

Write any of the John Deere Plow Co., Ltd. Branches, addressing Dept. "O"

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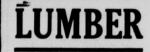




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WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS, PLEASE MENTION THE GUIDE

Young Canada Club

By DIXIE PATTON

THE BOY AND THE BIRD By Charles F. Hardy in St. Nicholas Magazine

A little boy, with some little tools
In a little tool-chest new,
Was looking around for a little work
For his little hands to do, When a little bird, with a glossy breast,

Flew down to a cherry limb That was very close to the little boy, And twittered a song to him.

The little song pleased the little boy, Who said to the little bird: Your song is sweeter, it seems to me, Than any I ever heard.

But I can tell, by your tone of voice, That you're wanting something now, And I'll gladly help you, as best I can, If you'll only tell me how."

The little bird, with a little hop, Came a little closer then, And a joyful note from his ruffled throat Came bubbling in song again And the little song told the little boy That a pretty thing to give, Is a little house to a little bird Who's hunting a place to live.

The little boy, with some little tools
In a little tool-chest new,

Mas happy, indeed, for a little work
That his little hands could do.
And the little bird with the glossy breast
Soon found near the cherry limb,
A little house that the little boy
Hed built with his tools for him Had built with his tools for him.

The little bird saw the little house, And his heart was filled with glee; And I needn't say he hurried away For his little mate to see

And they built their nest in the little house.

Where they live in peace and joy, And the tree-tops ring with the songs they sing, In thanks to the little boy.

HELPING WITH NEST BUILDING

If you like to hear the birds singing about the house in the morning, now is the time to lay plans to entice them there. Sheep's wool, horse hair, ravelled rope and strong twine fastened onto a fence post with a nail so that it will wave in the wind without being too easily blown away are strong inducements to the birds

to go to home building in your vicinity.

If perchance any of you are moved to take such measure to bring the feathered folk about your home you will, of course, be very careful not to disturb them when they have built their houses and set about raising their families. It would be very cruel to coax them to build nests only to rob them of their eggs or young birds and I am sure none of our little folk would be so mean.

Therefore I feel certain that if you set out to help the birdlings to go home making you will do it in good faith.

DIVIE PARTICON

DIXIE PATTON.

PETE'S DEATH

One day, when I was at school, our ttle canary, Pete, died. My little little canary, Pete, died. My little sister and I cried for a long time. The next day we got a match-box and put him in a little grave we had dug for him, and we put light pansies at his head and dark pansies at his feet. The grave is under a spruce tree, which our father got us from the bush when he was up there.

MABEL TAYLOR. Foxwarren, Man., age 11.

FIRE IN A HUNDRED AND THREE he hre-bells were ringing. It was twelve o'clock at night. The wind was blowing at a great rate. I sat up in bed, rubbed my eyes, and listened. I counted, one, two, three. Yes, that's here! I jumped out of bed and shouted or screamed, I do not remember which. "Fire! fire! fire!"

Everyone rushed out greatly excited and very much bewildered, some looking for their glasses and others for their false teeth. I felt very important being the first one to shout "Fire!" By the time first one to shout "Fire!" By the time the fire brigade arrived we all found ourselves standing on the street, in front of a hundred and three. The brave firemen soon put out the fire. We all went

into the house again, but didn't sleep much that night.

MYRTLE S. McDONALD.

Oyen, Alta., age 10.

'AN UNLUCKY RIDE

AN UNLUCKY RIDE

A year ago last summer father and I and two lady passengers went on a trip to Southern Manitoba in our car. We had what I call bad luck. We got about fifteen miles from home before we had our first stroke of bad luck. It came in the shape of a "blow-out." Twenty miles further on we had "blow-out" number two, and ten miles south of Souris, just before dark, we had "blow-out" number three. This seemed, the worst of the three, as a thunder storm was coming on. We arrived at Elgin after dark without We arrived at Elgin after dark without lights and one tire off.

On our return journey we had two "blow-outs." A tire came off one of the back wheels and the inner tube was torn to pieces. The two lady passengers returned home by train, and father and I brought the car home, a distance of fifty roller miles the fort time that fifty miles, minus the front tires, therefore we had to drive very carefully all the way so as not to damage the wheels. Taking it altogether I think we had pretty bad luck.

EARL LEESON. Strathclair, Man. Age 11.

ITALY The country I would like to visit the best is Italy. My time to visit there would be in the summer.

First of all I would cross the Atlantic Ocean from Quebec, then go thru the

Ocean from Quebec, then go thru the Mediterranean Sea.

The first place to visit would be the "Eternal City," Rome. The most famous ruin there is the Coliseum. It used to be the place where the old Romans fought the wild beasts. Next would be the fine churches. The finest church was designed by Michael Angelo. Then I would go to the Vatican, the home of the Pope. Going to see the great palaces I would walk on the large Roman street called the Corso. It is a mile long and called the Corso. It is a mile long and on each side are large shops.

The next city to visit would be Venice. From the ocean it looks like a floating city. It is built on many islands. There are no streets so the people go from place of to place in gondolas.

CATHERINE M. KIRKLAND, Stonybrook, Sask

A JOURNEY TO SOUTH AMERICA

Some years ago a number of my cousins some years ago a number of my closing and I went on a journey to a place in South America. I just forget the name of the place at which we landed, but I remember having to get into the nearest possible shade in shelter from the heat

as we were nearly smothered from it.

We landed at dinner time and were hungry and thirsty so we went to the nearest restaurant and had our dinner, which was quite refreshing to me after travelling in the heat for many miles. It happened that we landed in the

city and after having our dinner we went all around it to see the marvellous sights, which greatly interested us. After having been all thru the city, night was approaching and being tired and sleepy we wanted a place for the night. We got one and then we had our supper. After this we

went to bed and had a good night's rest.

In the morning, after breakfast was over, we hired an automobile to take us

out in the country.

The sights which we saw in the country were very amusing and some were also were very amusing and some were also very thrilling and all were interesting to us.

The next day a large party of people went on an elephant hunt and we went with them. After we had gone some distance an elephant was seen by one of us running thru the jungle, which, after being chased by us for some distance,

was shot at by one of the men and killed. We went on further and soon came upon another one. This one was shot at but unfortunately was missed, which made him angry. Another shot was fired which did no good, but still made him more angry, and then he came straight for us, but luckily we all escaped, but never forgot the dreadful scare which he gave us and ever after we were he gave us, and ever after we were on the look-out for wild elephants while staying in the country.

MARTHA WESTPHAL,

Wawota, Sask. Age 14 years.