

Just try Old Dutch in the Dairy



You'll see how magically it chases away dirt, grease and scummy accumulations and how sweet and sanitary it keeps everything.

Old Dutch Cleanser

Raise the Coals to the Top of the Range for Quick Cooking



Showing Position of
Grate when Raised

NOTE—There have been more than 700 Quick Action Ranges in use in Western Canada since 1910 and we have yet to receive the first order for fire box linings, which fact confirms our claim that the Quick Action is the most durable fire box made.

Just as easily as a gasoline flame can be turned up or down. All you need is a **Merrick's Jubilee Range** with the simple raising and lowering grate which lifts up and down by the turn of a shaft with the shaker handle.

It cooks a quick meal with a small amount of fuel.

It saves time as there is no waiting for a big fire to get started.

It reduces the size of the fire box by half when only a small fire is needed. It can then be lowered quickly to standard depth for baking.

Merrick's Jubilee Ranges have every point of merit possessed by other high grade ranges and in addition have the wonderful **Quick Action Adjustable Grate**.

Your local dealer will gladly demonstrate this range. See it on his floor or write to—

**Merrick-Anderson Co. Limited
Winnipeg**

THE HECLA WARM AIR FURNACE

gives you the maximum heat from every ounce of coal consumed and uses as little fuel as possible. This furnace has passed through years of tests and improvement, and to-day it is bought because of its proven economical service.

YOUR HOME CAN BE SO COSY

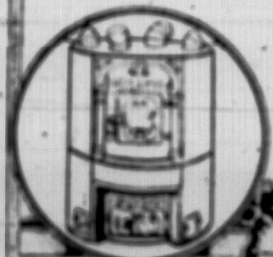
It isn't a question of coal that keeps some houses cold. It may be the furnace. You cannot get more heat out of a furnace than it was designed to give. The logical thing is to buy the furnace built to give you the most heat from the least fuel possible. A "Hecla" puts an end to all heating doubts. Consider these:

<p>THE STEEL RIBBED FIRE PATHS give three times the heat radiating surface of other makes. It actually saves you one ton of coal in seven.</p>	<p>THE PATENT FUSED JOINTS—No bolts or cement here. The "Hecla" joint makes gas or dust through the registers impossible.</p>	<p>THE CIRCULAR WATERSIDE PAN goes all around the "Hecla," ensuring even moisture to every room.</p>
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There are but three points the most detail. You get more than a furnace when you install a "Hecla." Better let us plan it fully.

Send for your copy of "Comfort and Health"—free

**Clare Bros. Western
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Clare Bros. Western Limited, Dept. E. Winnipeg, Man.
Please send me copy of "Comfort and Health."

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Young Canada Club

BY DIXIE PATTON

SPLENDID POEMS COMING

The poems are pouring in to my office and most of them are a delight and pleasure to read. I am thoroughly astonished at the poetry many of you are able to write. The competition closes on October 13 so there is yet time to receive many more. Do you know Can-



dians have not been very successful at writing poetry which will stand the test of time? The real test of art is time. Very few of the poems or stories or books written, and few of the pictures painted, are able to stand the test of time; that is, are able to give the inspiration, the interest, education and beauty a hundred years after they were written that they did at the time of their writing. I am proud of the response of my boy and girl readers in this contest. You should follow up this beginning by studying and learning some of the great poetry that has stood the test of time.

I have scarcely had time yet to hear how you like the idea of helping the wounded horses and dogs of the war. But before you get this message I expect I shall have heard from some of you. Keep the Blue Cross Fund in mind and when you have some money send it to me and I will give it to the Blue Cross treasurer, put your name and contribution in The Guide and send you a button like the one in the corner of this article.

DIXIE PATTON.

P.S.—Inge Dohmann, of Dickson, Alberta, tells me about a paper he is editing and would like to distribute among my readers. It sounds very interesting, Inge, but before I can tell you what I think of your scheme you will have to tell me more about it and if possible send me a copy. I like to hear about the enterprising schemes of my little boy and girl readers, especially when they tell me all the details.

D. P.

MY HAPPIEST DAY

My happiest day occurred last fall. We children had all worked hard picking potatoes, so uncle said we might have a day-off. Uncle wanted to get some blueberries at the sand hills, so we went with him. Aunt prepared our lunch. We thought hot tea was more palatable, so we took some water and unsteeped tea with us in order to have our tea warm.

We all went in a wagon, and uncle says he will vouch that we made enough noise and as soon as we got there, we did what anyone would naturally do. We took a look around us and climbed the sand hills. How we enjoyed rolling down those beautiful hills of sand. I say beautiful, because they were covered with creeping cedar and some other shrub we did not know the name of. When we grew tired of playing, uncle said all play and no work was useless, so we settled down to pick blueberries. We packed a small pail full.

Then we had our lunch and didn't we enjoy it! I made a fire and steeped the tea while my little cousin got the lunch out of the basket. When we were ready we called uncle. While we were eating, he told us his boyish adventures.

After we cleared up the tables we all went to shoot game. A rabbit was all the reward we got for our labor. We saw some black clouds coming up, so we decided to hasten home. We were not so merry going home, as coming.

We went straight to our dear old bed as soon as we got home, and indeed it was time as it was about eight o'clock. I think I was asleep in about ten minutes.

AGNES IRENE GILMORE,
Age 14.

IN THE DUCK MOUNTAINS

It was Sunday morning, early in June, and mamma was packing lunch in boxes and tins, for we were to have a glorious day in the Duck Mountains. I was on the back porch, eagerly scanning the sky for signs of rain but found none. It was a lovely day, not too hot and not too cold.

About half past twelve everything was ready, so we all settled ourselves in the auto, I with my kodak and Asher

with his kodak and gun. The mountains were about ten miles by the route we went. As we were going through Pretoria, a school district at the foot of the mountains, we met some of the children going to Sunday school and church.

We camped beside the Roaring River, or rather a tributary called Ruby Creek. The water was only a few inches deep here, so it was fun crossing over on the great big stones. As it was getting late we boiled tea for dinner in a pail, camp fashion you know. Mamma, aunt Bessie and Mabel spread out lunch on a big stone, while papa and Asher arranged seats. As for me—well—I busied myself keeping out of the other people's way. We joked, laughed, ate and played catch with cookies, olives and oranges during dinner. I upset my tea on one side and Asher spilt his on the other, so I was hemmed in. Mamma and Asher each took a picture of us eating.

After dinner we had to put the machine in a level position as the gasoline tank was overflowing. Then we spent the afternoon in climbing one of the highest hills and looking over most of the Swan River Valley, taking pictures, walking, exploring, gathering ferns and birch bark and talking. About five o'clock we started for home and passed the children going home.

The only things that had happened to me were a scratched leg, a torn sock and the loss of a blue stone from my ring. When we got home we had our pictures taken again. Maybe we will go to the mountains again next Sunday, I'm not sure.

MARJORY E. THOMAS.

Man.

Age 11.

DAN'S DREAM

In the city there lived a boy whose name was Dan Smith and he was 12 years old. I am sorry to say he was not very good to remember what he was told. He told everybody he was absent minded, and that he certainly was.

"Now, Dan, go to the store and get some pears; 25 cents worth will do," said Mrs. Smith, his mother. "Of course I'll do it," he said, and off he went; but on his way he met Jim and Bill Peters. They were brothers. They began talking of the base ball match. "Are they going to play tonight?" asked Dan. "Yes," said Bill, "and I am going to get the money now." Dan's errand forgotten he ran back home. But his father had just got back from work. Now Dan wasn't pleased at this for his father was cross, at least so Dan thought. "You were gone quite a while," said his mother. "Why, where did you leave the pears?" Dan's head went down. Of course he had forgotten them. "Go upstairs, Dan, and stay there." "But there is a baseball match tonight and I want to go." "Not on your life, Dan," said his father. Upstairs went Dan, a sad weeping boy, and lay down on his bed.

"Well, what's the matter," he thought. "Can my ear be really loose?" He pulled on it and sure enough it came off. He laid it on the dresser and he then looked into the glass. "I look lopsided," he said to himself, and then he took hold of the other ear and it came off too. He got to his feet. "Why, my head is loose, I wonder if it will come off too." He put up his hands and took hold of his hair. His head came off sure enough. "I guess I'll be all apart soon," thought Dan. Just then his foot fell off. "Oh! oh! I can't run, I can't run any more. What shall I do?"

"Why can't you?" said his father, for just then he had come to wake Dan up. Dan awoke with a start. He put his hand to his head and ears, then looked at his foot. "They are all on," said Dan, and he looked so surprised and pleased. "What is all on?" asked his father. Then Dan told him his dream. His father laughed. "It was some dream, Dan, I should say. Now remember that, or some day you will lose your head and ears as you dreamed you did." **KATHLEEN DEMAS.**
Nash, Age 16.

The Q

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