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The Prize Pig

Continued from Page 18

hitched to a brand new democrat, in the rear of which stood an empty crate.

One building contained the oven and needle products of the ladies of the district, as well as flowers and vegetables. In another, row after row of open sacks contained the entries in the grain competition. The adjoining structure was given over to stalls filled with Clydesdales and Percherons that were the pride of their respective owners. Shorthorns, Angus and Holsteins contentedly munched their fodder in the cattle barn. The sheep pens were filled with Leicesters, Southdowns and others. In the last building the pens were filled with swine of both the heavy and bacon varieties. Verily the managers of the Pleasant Valley fair were justified in calling theirs the best country fair in the province.

It was on the afternoon of the second and last day of the exhibition that Molly, Mrs. Turner and Mrs. Hinton drove into the grounds and proceeded to view the wonders. They were greatly interested in the fancy work and when it was found that Mrs. Turner's embroidered-centre-piece had taken first place in its class, and that Molly's bread was declared the best on exhibition, they were highly elated. Mrs. Turner was in such a pleasant frame of mind that she actually smiled cordially at Joe Dawes when he passed their party.

The smile lingered as they went on to examine the first prize wheat and oats. Mrs. Turner could not read with-

out her glasses and she called upon Molly to decipher the names on the first prize card.

"Why, it's Joe Dawes," the young lady reported.

"Yes," said a young farmer standing nearby, "that boy has just about cleaned up the whole show. I tell you he's a comer. It beats all how he's braced up in the last year."

If Mrs. Turner began to be a little bit sorry she did not show evidence of it, but when she found that Joe had also carried off first money for his display of vegetables, and owned the prize Shorthorn, she began to think that after all he might be a most worthy young man, even though the Turner family had no need of him.

The older ladies did not take much interest in the pigs. Neither did Molly until she came to the pen where the prize bacon hog was lazily enjoying himself. Mrs. Turner and Mrs. Hinton hastened on, but Molly was loath to leave for that pig looked oddly familiar. It was scrubbed cleaner than ever pig was scrubbed before. Fresh clean straw covered the floor. She read the card. It was Joe Dawes' "Lollapalooza."

Molly felt very sentimental over that hog and she lingered, paying no heed to the calls of her mother. She talked in low tones to the animal, glad that most of the crowd had hied themselves to the race track. It was while leaning over the pen gate that her handkerchief dropped from her bodice. She had just unlatched the gate and recovered it when she was startled by a familiar voice close behind.

"Molly," said Joe softly. So intently did they gaze at each other that neither noticed the door of the pen swing open. A cur barked.

Something knocked Molly Turner and Joe Dawes off their feet at the same instant. They found themselves sitting face to face in the barn aisle.

III.

It was certainly Lollapalooza's afternoon at the fair. He found freedom delightful and was filled with joy that his short legs could still carry him at as rapid a gait as on that other day when he had broken loose. The heavier porcine contingent grunted their astonishment as a black streak passed them. Luckily for them, Mrs. Turner and Mrs. Hinton were close to the door. They stepped outside just in time. An animal pursued by the cur that was the cause of all the trouble, followed by a small boy, tore past them. The two ladies watched the chase breathlessly. Men joined the boys. Every dog in the grounds was on the trail.

The following mob grew larger and larger as Lollapalooza scooted through the long line of barns. Sober bossies tried to jump out of their stalls. The big stallions pawed and kicked.

Out of the barns and into the grain exhibit streaked the pig, the howling rabble close behind, spurring him with their shouts. Joe's vegetable exhibit fell to the floor as Lollapalooza knocked one of the props from under the table. Other exhibits fell. The pursuers were hindered somewhat by the clutter on the floor, and the hog had time to decide on his next move.

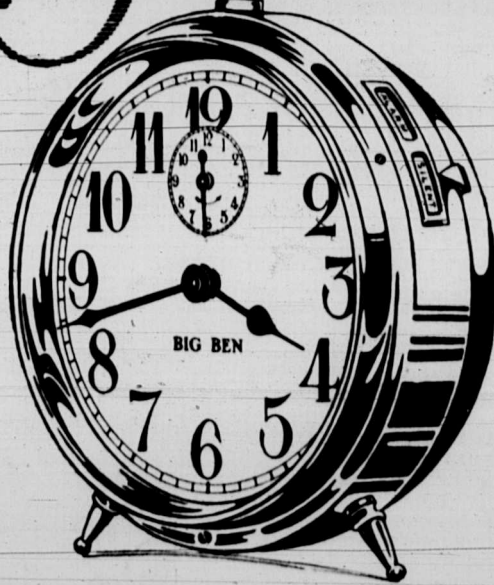
The open door of the ladies' work building invited. Molly's bread, pies, cakes, canned fruit, all were hopelessly mixed up on the floor.

Lollapalooza was stopped as he became mixed up with the knitting and embroidery, but only for the briefest of instants. A woman fainted as she saw him emerge with her favorite lace scarf twisted around his neck.

The pig was now in the open. Past the hitched teams he rushed, the curs close on his flank. Old farm horses that hadn't travelled faster than a slow trot in years, reared up, the fire of youth in their eyes. Those that could break the hitching straps left unceremoniously for home.

Lollapalooza turned sharply and made for the race track. The horses were out for the second race. It was never run. Some of the nags crashed through the inner fence. Others made records for the quarter mile around to the barns. A great part of the crowd in the grand stand joined the chase as the hog scooted around the track. No one thought to time him, which was a pity.

Big Ben



Merry Christmas—here is Big Ben
May he wish you many of them

Don't waste a minute of this merry day. Have the presents ready Christmas Eve. Hang each stocking up. Arrange the presents that won't go inside in little piles around each stocking.

Then when all have gone to sleep, sneak into each bedroom a jolly-faced Big Ben.

He'll ring the merriest Christmas Bell you have ever heard and get the family down to see the presents bright and early so the whole day will be yours to fully enjoy.

Big Ben is a gift worth the giving, for he is a clock that lasts and serves you daily year after year.

He is not merely an alarm clock, he's an efficient time

piece—to get you up or to tell the time *all day*—a clock for bedroom, parlor, library or hall.

Big Ben stands 7 inches tall. He's massive, well poised, triple plated—His face is frank, open, easy to read—his keys large, strong, easy to wind.

He calls you every day at any time you say, steadily for ten minutes or at repeated intervals for 15.

Big Ben's Canadian price is \$3.00 anywhere.

If you cannot find him at your dealer, a money order sent to his designers, *Westclox, La Salle, Illinois*, will bring him to you duty charges paid.

He came opposite the swine building. It looked like a familiar shelter, and straight for it Lollapalooza ran.

Heavens! Mrs. Turner stood directly in his path.

IV.

Molly and Joe had picked themselves up but were standing close and talking earnestly and happily. They were so taken up with each other that they were oblivious to everything else for the time being. They knew now that they were for each other and nothing else mattered.

Suddenly they became aware of a growing roar.

"Here comes Lollapalooza!" cried Joe.

Lollapalooza sure enough! He catapulted through the barn door and dashed into the pen. Joe swung the gate, shut and latched it just as the laughing crowd arrived. They gathered around to look at the panting hog as he lay stretched out on his straw.

Mrs. Hinton pushed her way to the front and plucked Molly's sleeve. Plainly she was very much agitated.

"Oh, Molly, Molly!" she whispered excitedly. "Your mother—she's been photographed."

"Been what?"

"She's been photographed. That pig knocked her down and a man snapped her at the very instant she fell."

The situation demanded action. Led by Dawes, the three quickly made their way out, closely followed by the crowd, which was bent on getting further excitement if possible.

A dusty and dishevelled Mrs. Turner was alternately pleading with and be-

rating a young man holding a camera under his arm. She caught sight of the approaching trio.

"Oh, Mr. Dawes," she sobbed in mortification. "He photographed me. And he says he's going to use it for a comic picture postcard!" She fairly screamed. "A comic postcard!"

Joe turned to the camera fiend.

"Take that film out of the camera," he demanded.

"Aw, gwan. What are you buttin' in for?"

In a second Dawes had him by the collar and for a few minutes the air was full of the photographer. When Joe finally let go of him, the camera was in pieces on the ground and the film lay exposed to the light, the picture completely obliterated.

That evening, while Joe was over at his own place making ready to take supper with the Turners, Molly's mother once more voiced her enthusiasm.

"And, my! Didn't Joe swing him around? He's the right kind of a young man. I tell you he wouldn't let anyone take my picture for a picture postcard—a comic postcard."

Molly smiled happily.

After supper the mother left the young folks together. Her walk took her past Lollapalooza's pen. She stopped and looked into the enclosure. The hog was peacefully munching his feed.

"It was very rude of you, Lollapalooza," she reproved, "to topple me over that way. But your master says you're the best hog that ever rooted and he likes you very much. And we like him very, very much, so I guess I'll have to like you."

"Mph!" grunted Lollapalooza.