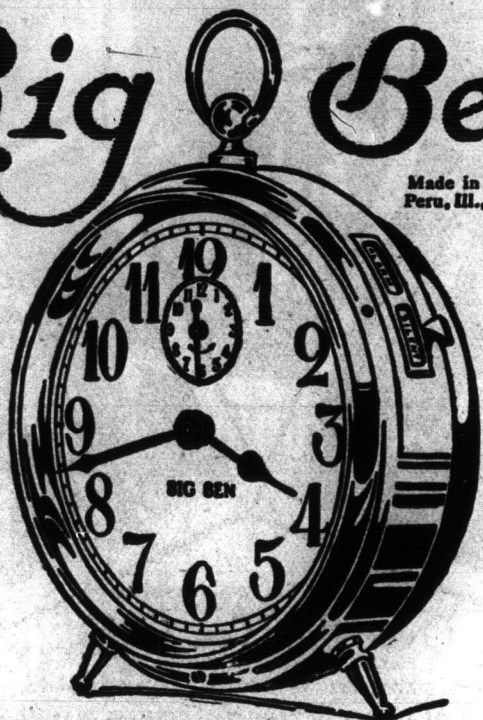


Big Ben

Made in La Salle and
Peru, Ill., by Westclox



For That Big Monday

Right after that Sunday rest-up—for a running start at that job Monday morning with plenty of time at noon and the work all done by sun down—Big Ben.

Set him for any hour you wish. He will have you on the job at any time you say—with one

straight five-minute ring that can't miss fire or with ten gentler taps every other half minute for ten minutes.

Big Ben stands seven inches high with a clear, deep-toned bell, large black hands and bold numerals which show up clearly in the dim early light.

His price is \$2.50 in the States—\$3.00 in Canada. See him at your dealer's. If not there, a money order to his makers, "Westclox, La Salle, Illinois," will bring him to your address—postpaid.

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stands between you and loss with an insurance policy that

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the kinks out of this homestead, for he'd tried every idea he knew of and still she kicked over the traces and balked once in a while.

Then I asked if he didn't think it was about time to take her feelings into account and cut his ideas over to suit the homestead? He looked at me kind of quizzical like for a minute, then clapped his hand down onto his knee and laughed. At last he said, "That's it, ma! We've begun all wrong! The next time I go to town, I'll get a new nipple and a bran new bottle; and we'll study out a new formula that will fit the constitution of this infant homestead of ours; then we'll begin and bring it up all over again."

The next day, he got some little tin boxes and filled them with soil from different parts of the farm and sent them to the government chemist. When he got the returns from that man, he drew a little map of the land dividing it up into fields and planning his crop rotation according to the chemist's findings. Some of the neighbors laughed at him, but when pa undertakes a job, he's bound to see it through.

Its several years since we took up our homestead and five since pa began his systematic crop rotation. We haven't any great successes to brag of, nor, on the other hand, any great failures to complain of. The land is in good tilth. Our alfalfa and brome have done well. Our crops have nearly always paid for themselves, and sometimes a good deal more. We have gone to no extremes in either grain or mixed farming, but stuck to a middle path, keeping only what stock we could reasonably expect to keep well, and it has paid us.

Best of all, pa's farming has helped to interest some of those around us in better farming or rather farming for a home instead of speculation.

Our cottage, with its setting of trees and shrubs and its bright flowers, is very cosy, but the years are telling on pa and me. The children are urging us to return to them. They say we are too old to be away off out here alone. They are right. We are too old. Younger hands can now do more toward the building up of Western Canada than ours. And yet—and yet—we shall miss it so when we have left it all for good, for, as pa says, "It's a grand work helping to bring up a new country."

"God Save the Queen"

The origin of our National Anthem, "God Save the Queen," has been much debated, and with unsatisfactory results. We have, on the one hand, the positive statement that in 1794 a gentleman named Townsend was able to report that, in 1740, his father, when present at a banquet in celebration of the taking of Portobello by Admiral Vernon, heard King Carey—the composer of "Sally in our Alley"—sing "God Save the King," as a song of his own writing and composition. This is supported by the evidence of Dr. Harrington, the famous physician of Bath, who affirms that Carey wrote both the words and music of our National Anthem, but that at his (Dr. Harrington's) request, the bass was re-written by J. Christopher Smith, Handel's amanuensis. On the other hand, in the "Memorials of the Guild of Merchant Taylors," the claims of Ben Jonson to have written the words, and Dr. John Bull to have composed the music, are tersely and temperately stated; and the tune is said to have been first sung before the Merchant Taylors when King James I. and the Prince of Wales dined in their hall. Into the much-debated question as between Carey and Bull it would be unwise to enter here. Suffice it to say that, while it is now impossible to decide the matter with perfect certainty, the balance of testimony is greatly in favor of Carey. In 1745 "God Save the King" became publicly known by being sung at public entertainments, as a "loyal song or anthem," during the Scottish Rebellion. James III.—the Pretender—was proclaimed at Edinburgh on September 16, and the first public hearing of what has now become our National Anthem was at Drury Lane twelve days later. The tune of "God Save the King" was a favourite with several of the great composers. Weber introduced it in one or two of his works,

and Beethoven, besides writing seven variations on it for piano, used it in his Battle Symphony, apropos of which he said in one of his letters, "I must show the English what a blessing they have in 'God Save the King'—Cassell's Family Magazine."

In the Northland

By H. Bedford Jones

Rude is the home, but a cradle tosses soft to the lilt of the pines above,
Lined with the fleeciest wood-kissed mosses, touched with the tenderest mother-love;
White-scarred stumps through the trees are gleaming, seal of the axe on the wilderness,
But here in the shack is a mother, dreaming over a babe that the lone winds bless.

Lost in the lure of the wood-smoke wreathing, washed by a whispering wave of wind,
Wrapped in the hymn of the forest's breathing, purpled warp of the hills behind,
Rough and rude is the home, sweeping fragrant cedars and pines above;
But soft to a woman's face is creeping the wonder-light of a mother's love!

They Found a Way

Parents of an earlier generation often deemed it their duty to repress rather than to encourage outward manifestations of affection which tended, as they believed, to lessen the wholesome awe surrounding parental authority. A little girl eleven years old was sent to live with her grandparents until her widowed mother could make a new home for her. The child had been brought up tenderly. On the first night of her stay, when she reluctantly took her candle to go to her lonely room, she paused to kiss her grandmother good night. The old lady started back in dismay.

"Child, child," she exclaimed, reprovingly, "Judas betrayed his Master with a kiss!"

Such a rebuff to an affectionate and homesick child strikes us to-day almost with horror; yet the grandmother was a good woman, and did not mean to be unkind.

In another old-fashioned family a like attitude led to an amusing stratagem on the part of the youngest son and his bride. As honeymoons were then little known, he brought her immediately to live in the formal and rigid atmosphere of a home wholly unlike the one from which she came. Moreover, it was regarded as an offence for the young couple to seek seclusion. The poor little bride, homesick at best, sadly missed the cheerfulness and petting to which she was accustomed. Then, suddenly, "Love found out a way."

The head of the house, an austere and dignified clergyman, had always insisted that coughing, sneezing and blowing the nose were acts too inelegant to be performed in company; any of his children who found them unfortunately necessary must hasten into the outer hall and close the door. The lovers, taking advantage of this rule, acquired two amazingly severe, coincident and continuous colds. And as soon as one began to cough, and bolted, it seemed to set off the other, who hastily followed. Then one day a horrified aunt came through the hall unexpectedly. A moment later she burst into the living room, and exclaimed:

"John and Louisa aren't coughing—they're kissing!"

The minister rebuked her sternly.

"Emily, 'tis impossible! Unless, indeed," he added anxiously, "the moment marks a crisis; a terrible discovery, and the need of conjugal consolation. These coughing spells have certainly increased. I will admit I have feared consumption."

"They were laughing," said Emily, dryly.
"Then," announced the minister, with relief and also with finality, "as to their other—er—occupation—your eyes deceived you. My son, Emily, has dignity; and his wife, I trust, has sense."