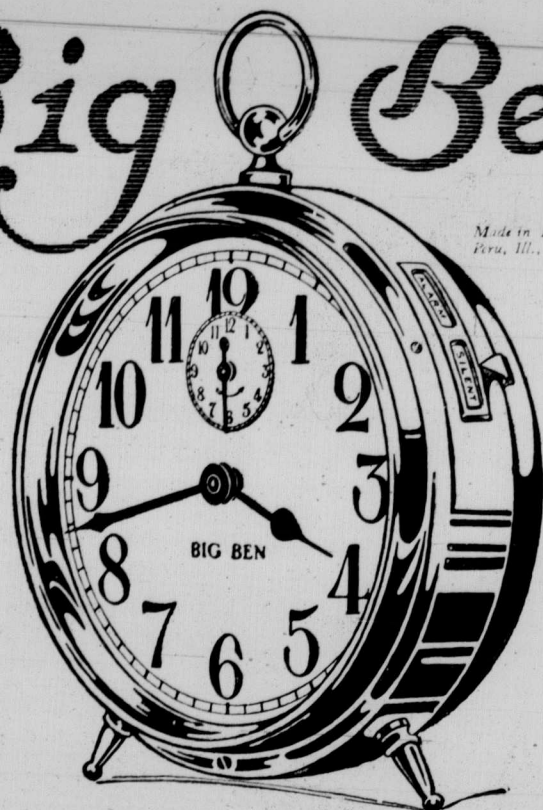


Big Ben



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

It Beats All, How He Gets the Farm Hands up

Chores ain't slow when he's around—his deep toned, cheery voice makes men feel like getting up and being about their work.

That's how he takes all that worry of getting things started off YOUR mind. He's working 24 hours a day on hundreds of thousands of farms—asking only \$3.00 to start and a drop of oil a year as his board.

Put him in the parlor to tell the time by day, or in the dining room, or kitchen—best clock in the world to time cooking with.

Big Ben stands 7 inches tall, triple-nickel plated, handsome, smart-looking; and is just as smart as he

looks. He wears an inner case of good implement steel to keep him healthy and strong.

He'll ring you up two ways—one way is for five minutes straight without a let-up and the other is ten short rings, every other half minute for ten minutes. Shut him off at any point during either call if you choose.

Ask your dealer to put him through his paces.

If your dealer hasn't him, send a money order for \$3.00 to Westclox, La Salle, Illinois, and he'll come prepaid to your front door if it's anywhere in the Dominion.

ADVERTISING is the foundation of all successful enterprises. If your advertisement appeared in these pages it would be read by over 34,000 prospective buyers. Patronize our advertisers—advertise yourself—and we will all be successful.

Drink

BLUE RIBBON



One of the most wholesome of beverages. Western Canada's most popular Tea. YOU try it

Send this advertisement with 25 cents to Blue Ribbon Limited, Winnipeg, for the Blue Ribbon Cook Book. Write name and address plainly.

Young Canada Club

By DIXIE PATTON

JOIN THE PRIZE CONTEST

Elbert Hubbard, addressing an audience in Winnipeg, some time ago, told the story of a man who, when walking along the road, found a horseshoe in the way and picked it up joyfully, feeling that it was a sign of good luck. But as he went on a little farther he found another horseshoe, and the second did not make him twice as happy as the first. A little farther on he found a third horseshoe, and a fourth and a fifth, until finally he brought up at a whole pile of them that had been upset out of a junk wagon, and he threw down the original one in disgust.

I thought of this story to-day as I was reading the letters of some little boys in Stonewall. These little friends wrote about how many horses and cows and hogs they had, about their school and their play, about everything, in fact, but the subject they were given to write about, and finally ended up by asking me to send them a button. Now, if I were to send buttons out for letters like that you would feel, when you saw a Young Canada Club button, like the man who found the wagon-load of horseshoes. They would be so common and so easy to get that you wouldn't value them at all.

Now I do want to send each of these boys a button and have them belong to The Young Canada Club, but I want them to do something for me first. I want each of these boys to write me a story for the new contest, telling of the land they like best to hear and read about. To help in learning about this country they may use their geographies or any book out of their school or home library, or they may learn about it from someone who has lived there, if they know such a person.

There are only a few conditions to remember:

Stories must be written in pen and ink and on only one side of the paper. Contestants must have their teacher or one of their parents certify that the story is their own work and that the age given is correct. They must be clearly addressed to Dixie Patton, Grain Growers' Guide, Winnipeg, Man., and they must be in The Guide office not later than December 20.

DIXIE PATTON.

EARNING A REWARD

The Jones family was sitting around the fireplace one bitterly cold night in winter. They had been telling tales in the light of the last log, which was still glimmering in the grate. The eldest boy had just finished telling an exciting story when one of the others asked their father to tell them a story of one of their ancestors.

"Well," responded Mr. Jones, "when your great-grandfather's uncle was 15 years old he and his mother and father lived on the outskirts of a large wood. They were very poor and they earned their living by picking and selling nuts and berries. One day Frederick (as your great grandfather's uncle was called) went into the wood to explore the different kinds of trees and to see if he could find any more berries. He went a long way out into the woods before he knew it. He turned around and tried to find a path, but he could find no such thing, so he took a short cut thru a wood to his home, as he thought, but in reality he was going into the woods more and more.

"He had been walking a long time when he noticed it was getting darker and darker, and in a few minutes he felt cold and hungry. He was wishing he had never left home when a gust of wind came along and he smelt smoke and fried fish. 'There must be a fire very close,' thought he. His stomach ached for something to eat. He started toward the place where he thought the smoke came from, and sure enough there was a fire ahead with an Indian sitting by the side of it.

"As soon as the Indian saw Frederick

he got up and started to chase him. Of course the Indian ran faster than Frederick and soon caught up to him. Just as the Indian made a grab for Frederick he made a spring and ran up a tree. As soon as the Indian saw this he went up after him; the tree was a very tall one, and just as the Indian's head got in line with Frederick's foot he gave the Indian a push with his foot, which knocked him down.

"When the Indian reached the ground he did not move. Frederick was very much startled at the Indian not moving, so in about five minutes he got down. He went very cautiously to the Indian's side. He found that the Indian was senseless, and, perhaps, dead, for all he knew. He thought how horrible it would be if he were responsible for a death of someone. Frederick lifted the Indian on his back until he reached the outskirts of the forest. As he was going up to the house he was surprised to see a mounted policeman. 'Where did you get him,' inquired the policeman of Frederick. 'Frederick was too surprised to answer. 'He is wanted for a robbery and there is fifty dollars for the one who finds him, so here,' and he handed Frederick the reward. He was almost too much surprised to take the money, but he took it with a nervous hand.

"This is why you have fifty cents on the fifth of August in remembrance of Frederick," concluded Mr. Jones.

DEUR RICHARDS.

Age 13 years.

EARLY SETTLERS

Nearly fifty years ago, when that part of Michigan called "The Thumb," was thickly wooded, and had only a few settlers, a man and his wife took up a homestead there.

They built quite a large log house, and had a nice vegetable garden. The man, who was my grandfather, went away in the woods on Mondays and came home Saturdays. While he was gone my grandmother was left alone. They had a neighbor a half-mile away, but could not see their house.

The Indians were plentiful tho, and often they would come and help themselves to the things in the garden. But they hardly ever came in the house or took such things as flour or sugar. The town was twenty miles away, and my grandfather often carried 100 lbs. sacks of flour from there, while my grandmother would carry her butter and eggs there to sell.

Soon, a little girl was born. When about 3 years old, she would follow her mother all around. One day grandmother went to the spring to get some water, thinking the child would follow, as usual, but just as she reached the spring she heard a scream. She ran to the house and saw the child, who had been playing with the fire, with her clothes in flames. She snatched her up and ran to the neighbors, but they could do nothing for her. In a few hours she died. Her father had been sent for, but he arrived too late.

Soon after this grandfather, while working in the woods on a cold, wintry day, slipped off an icy log, and cut his arm with his broad axe. The other men got him to the shack and tried to stop the wound, which bled profusely, but in vain. They thought that he would bleed to death, for the doctor lived twenty miles away, and there was no one there who knew what to do.

But just as they had given up hope, a Frenchman rolled out of the bunk, where he had been sleeping, and when he saw what was the matter, said: "It will not bleed any more." And it did not, not even when the doctor came and sewed it up.

I do not know how his charm, as it was called, stopped the blood from flowing, but it is so.

ANNIE MacKERRICHER.
Horizon, Sask., aged 12.