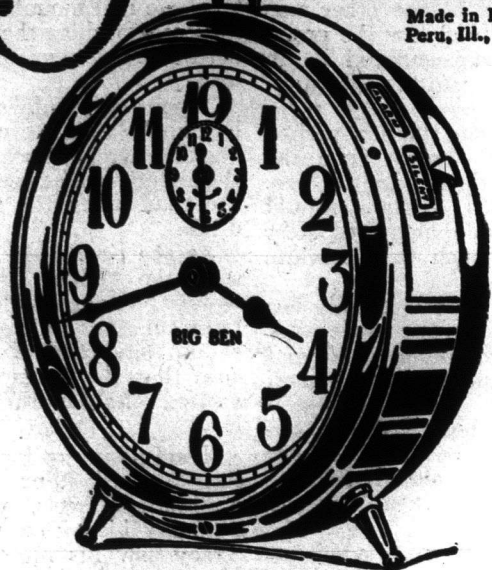


Big Ben

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



—there's Big Ben

What if some important job calls for a get-up long before sunrise?

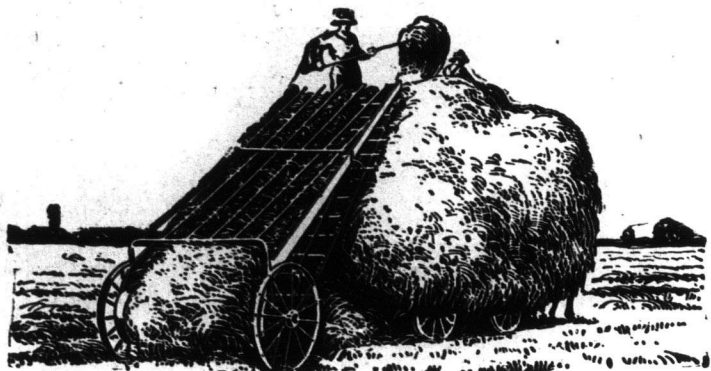
What if the household must be astir for a prompt breakfast right on the scratch?

—there's Big Ben.

Big Ben will get you up and out either way you tell him—with a straight five minute call or ten successive taps at half-minute intervals.

His pay for service is \$2.50 in the States—\$3.00 in Canada. If your dealer hasn't him, a money order addressed to his makers, Westclox, La Salle, Illinois, will put him in your employ.

Deering Haying Machines



ALTHOUGH the weather and the hay crop are beyond your control, your success at haying time in getting the crop safely into barn or stack depends largely on methods and machines.

Many years of trying out in many fields have proved that you cannot do better than to make your choice from the Deering line of haying tools—mowers, rakes, tedders, side delivery rakes, windrow hay loaders, etc.

Deering haying tools are carried in stock or sold by IHC local agents who can take care of you quickly in case of accident. It is their business to see that you are satisfied with the Deering haying machines and tools you buy from them.

Write to the nearest branch house for the name of the nearest dealer handling Deering haying tools, and we will also send you catalogues on the machines in which you are interested.



International Harvester Company of Canada, Ltd.

BRANCH HOUSES

At Brandon, Calgary, Edmonton, Estevan, Hamilton, Lethbridge, London, Montreal, N. Battleford, Ottawa, Quebec, Regina, Saskatoon, St. John, Winnipeg, Yorkton

PEERLESS POULTRY FENCE

A Real Fence—Not Netting

Strongly made and closely spaced—making it a complete barrier against large animals as well as small poultry. Top and bottom wires No. 9—intermediate No. 12 wire—made by the Open Hearth process which time and other tests have proven to be the best. Send for catalog. Ask about our farm and ornamental fencing. Agencies nearly everywhere. Agents wanted in unassigned territory. The Barwell-Hoxie Wire Fence Company, Ltd., Winnipeg, Man., Hamilton, Ont.

the river. The Bannock would thus be led to believe that she was afraid to interfere with his chase, and had ridden away for help.

But she knew an old trail ahead, which led high above the river and out upon a flat ridge, which the Bannock must cross to get through the only passable gap on that side of Bay Horse Creek. For a little way this old trail, a horse and cattle path, was tortuous and narrow, and with a chance of tragic consequence should her pony stumble.

Yet Tracy, leaning forward, with a stout quirt handle held before her face to ward off twigs of the chaparral, took it fearlessly. She would, under other circumstances, have enjoyed the exciting and perilous ride. She came to the ridge safely, and rushed her pony for two hundred yards along its flat back to an old crossing just as the Bannock whirled his stampeded herd up on the slope below.

With not an instant's hesitation, Tracy urged her pony, in stiffling lunges, down upon the front of the climbing bunch. Whooping shrilly and whirling her rope-end as the Indian had done, she split the herd fairly as was inevitable, a part galloping away at angles on each side of the slope.

La Salle came to a sharp halt, in one stiff-legged jump, as the Indian's horse was thrown squarely in front of him. For a second the girl confronted the Bannock's evil face at five yards. One hand held the coil of his picket-rope, the other a

wrench she severed that. With a cry of joy, she whirled her pony about and fled for home.

Swift as a bird, La Salle sped down the steep slope and skimmed across the intervening little valley. Yet although his speed was good, the Bannock had the swifter horse. He gained slowly but steadily in a half-mile-run.

On a slope, near the top of the hill which would bring her within sight of home, Tracy saw that she must again use her pistol; that her pursuer was indeed beyond the reach of fear or reason in his drunken rage.

He was preparing to fling his rope at her—close upon La Salle's heels—when she turned and leveled her pistol at him. He threw himself flat upon his pony's neck and came on, swinging his noose.

Tracy fired three shots in rapid succession; her horse, toiling up-hill, gave her some steadiness of aim. At the third shot the Bannock's horse dropped in its tracks; its rider sprawled upon the slope rolled twice over, and lay face down, with arms outstretched.

With a white face, frightened more at what she had done than at what she had suffered, Tracy fled for home, not again casting a glance behind her. And there, in her own room, lying upon her face, her mother found her two hours later. It took both her parents to get from her a disjointed story of what had happened. Then the mother gathered her in her arms,



Australian Troops training in Egypt.

running noose. With a fierce yell to confuse her and a dexterous whirl of his lariat, he flung the noose.

Tracy threw a hand above her head to fend off the rope; but a wide noose, well flung, is a treacherous weapon. It struck her fairly on the forearm, and a loop whipped over her hand and fell about her waist.

Savagely the Indian jerked his rope taut, catching her securely about the middle and pinioning one arm, and with another wild yell he put spurs to his horse. Had her wit not then been nimble, Tracy must have been hurled out of her saddle. With a sudden sway of her body to the left, she shouted at La Salle to go.

The pony seemed to understand his mistress's need, and sprang instantly after the Bannock's horse.

Before that animal could get the length of his picket-rope, La Salle was upon his heels. Looking back, the Bannock sought by vigorous yanks to throw the girl out of her seat. Finding that not feasible, he turned about, and holding hard upon the rope, to prevent her from slipping the noose, he drove his horse along the slope, spurring and yelling to increase its speed.

Tracy's peril was frightful. One stumble from La Salle, and she would be dragged to death at the heels of that crazy creature's animal. She realizes now that the Bannock was riotously drunk; that her only hope lay in the weapon in her pocket. She drew the pistol, but hesitated to fire. Then, with sudden inspiration, she made several quick efforts, caught its muzzle against the taut rope—and pulled its trigger. The rope parted all but a broken strand, and flinging herself backward with a

and Gordon rode swiftly away to the spot where she had left the fallen Bannock.

He was gone but a little time.

"Cheer up, my brave little girl," he shouted, as he came into the house. "That rascally Indian, worse luck, wasn't scratched. He was only possuming. He's gone, saddle and bridle, and with my roan gelding—the only one of the herd he could catch, I reckon. His tumble no doubt sobered him a little; put a grain of sense into his addled pate. You hit his horse squarely."

"Oh, the poor thing," cried Tracy, who loved any horse, and she sobbed afresh, shaken both by sorrow and relief.

It was closing-time at the town library. Old Mr. Duke, who had filled the post of librarian for years, took down his coat and hat, and with the assistance of his little daughter, got them safely on. Together they started for the door. It was raining hard.

"Wait a moment, child," said her father, and went back into the building. The girl remained, obediently.

Five minutes passed. Then ten. She pushed open the door and walked in. Her father was bent over one of the card catalogues.

"What are you looking for, father?" she inquired.

He put the drawer back, suddenly abashed.

"I'm getting old, Margaret," he said. "I couldn't find my umbrella, and I was searching for it under U in the lists."

Only the uninformed endure the agony of corns. The knowing ones apply Holloway's Corn Cure and get relief.