

The Car for the Farm Woman

(Continued from page 19.)

heard a fine address and, altogether, it was an afternoon and evening most profitably spent. In all probability, not one of us would have been there only for the car. Things like this add zest to life. An afternoon spent seeing new scenery and new faces, or, better still, faces that are dear to us but not so often seen, is a real tonic. On a trip to the city, where we see paraded all the vulgar extremes in women's dress, where we see girls who are mere children disporting themselves on the streets with all the assurance and worldliness of grown-ups, we come home truly thankful for the quiet, wholesome atmosphere of the country. There we can have our children to ourselves occasionally, with the privilege of being real chums, which is a mutual benefit, for children can teach us many things and are great rejuvenators.

But just a word as to the driving of the car. It was my intention before learning to drive, to understand all the inner working. There was a complicated chart and it was my ambition to be able to identify all the parts and understand their action, etc. Alas, my grey matter received the most severe shaking up it has experienced in many a day and my instructor folded up the chart and placed me at the wheel and I—drove. As we skidded along the other day, one of the girls asked, "If anything should go wrong, could you fix it?" Well, as a matter of fact, I couldn't. I don't know a carburetor from a spark plug; however, as a rule, I don't make a practice of crossing my bridges till I come to them and, when misfortune overtakes me, I'll just admire the scenery until some good Samaritan comes along and lends a helping hand. I have found, however, that if the car is always well oiled, the radiator filled with water and lots of gasoline in the tank, that the chances of getting "stalled" on the road are few and far between. Yes, the car is a blessing to the farm woman.

Winning the Wilderness

(Continued from page 16.)

eyond the lines just now who made me think of that fellow, and that made me think of Doctor Carey," the sentinel said, and turned away.

It was after nine o'clock, and the hours were already beginning to stretch wearily for sentinels, when a faint sound of guns away to the eastward broke on the air. Again and again it came, intermittently at first, but increasing to a steady roar. Down in Manila there was dead quiet, but along the American line of outposts the ripping of Mauser bullets and long streaks of light flashed the Filipino challenge to war in steady volleys.

As Thaine listened, the firing seemed to be creeping gradually toward the north, and he knew the insurgents were swinging toward the Tondo road, down which they would rush to storm the bridge in that moment civil life dropped off like a garment, and he stood up a soldier. He crept cautiously toward the bend to see what lay beyond, and dropped on his face in the dusty way as a whirl of bullets split the air above his head.

As he sprang back to his place beside his comrades, other sentinels joined them, and behind them loomed the tall form of Captain Clarke.

"What's around there, Aydelot?" Clarke asked.

"Didn't you hear?"

"Thaine's reply was lost in a roar of rifles, followed by increased firing along the entire line, massing to the north before the Twentieth's front.

"There are ten more men on the

way up here. We'll hold this place until reinforcements come," Captain Clarke declared.

It was such a strategic point as sometimes turns the history of war. But the odds are heavy for sixteen men to stand against swarms of insurgents armed with Mausers and Remingtons. In the thrill of that moment, Thaine Aydelot would have died by inches had this tall, cool-headed captain of his demanded it. Clarke had arranged his men on either side of the way, and the return fire began. Suddenly up the road a lantern gleamed. An instant later a cannon shot plowed the dust between the two lines of men.

"They've turned a cannon loose. Watch out," Clarke called through the darkness.

A second time and a third the lantern glowed, and each time a cannon ball crashed through a nipa hut beside the little company, or threw a shower of dust about the place. "They have to load that gun by the light of a lantern. Let's fix the lantern," Thaine cried, as the dust cloud settled down.

"Good! Watch your aim, boys," Captain Clarke replied.

The bullets were falling thick about them. They whizzed through the bushes, they cut into the thatched huts, they flung swirls of dust on the little line of brave soldiers, they poured like stinging sweeps of hail, volley after volley, along the Tondo road. When the lantern flashed again, sixteen bullets riddled it, and without its help the big gun was useless.

"Poor lantern! It fell on the firing line, brave to the last," Thaine declared as the smoke lifted.

But the loss of the cannon only doubled the insurgents' efforts, and they threatened at the invincible little band with smoking lead. On the one side was a host of Filipino rebels, believing by the incessant firing of the Kansas that it was facing an equal host. On the other side were sixteen men who, knowing the odds against them, dared the game of war to the limit.

"How many rounds have you left?" Captain Clarke asked.

"Only one," came the answer. "Give it to them when I give the word. We won't run till our guns are empty," the captain declared grimly. (To be Continued.)

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