

Big Ben



Big Ben the biggest thing in the clock business

Big Ben is the biggest thing today in the alarm clock business.

He is only two years old, but he's already getting more trade from the Dominion than any clock alive.

In two years time, 6,000 Canadian dealers have adopted him.

Nearly half of the families in Canada leave it to him to call them up in the morning; nearly half the families in Canada use him all day long

to tell the right time by.—He is really two good clocks in one—a crackerjack of a timekeeper and a crackerjack of an alarm.

Big Ben has everything in his favor—quality, looks and price.—He runs on time, he rings on time, he stays on time. He stands 7 inches tall. He is triple nickel-plated and wears an inner vest of steel that insures him for life. His big, bold figures and hands are easy to read in the dim morning light. His large comfortable winding keys almost wind themselves.

He rings five straight minutes or every other half minute during ten minutes unless you shut him off. If he is coiled every other year, there is no telling how long he will last.

Big Ben's price is \$3.00 anywhere in Canada. If you cannot find him at your dealer's, a money order sent to *Westclox, La Salle, Illinois*, will bring him to you, carefully packed and duty charges paid.

Again Maud Barrington's reason reasserted itself, and remembering the man's history she became sensible of a curious dismay, but it also passed, and left her with the vague realization that he and she were actuated alike only by the desire to escape extinction. Presently she became sensible that the sleigh had stopped beside a formless mound of white and the man was shaking her.

"Hold those furs about you while I lift you down," he said.

She did his bidding, and did not shrink when she felt his arms about her, while next moment she was standing knee-deep in the snow and the man shouting something she did not catch. Team and sleigh seemed to vanish, and she saw her companion dimly for a moment before he was lost in the sliding whiteness too. Then a horrible fear came upon her.

It seemed a very long while before he reappeared, and thrust her in through what seemed to be a door. Then there was another waiting before the light of a lamp blinked out, and she saw that she was standing in a little log-walled room with bare floor and a few trusses of straw in a corner. There was also a rusty stove, and a very small pile of billets beside it. Witham, who had closed the door, stood looking at them with a curious expression.

"Where is the team?" she gasped.

HEADING for a birch bluff or Silverdale—no I hardly think they'll get there," said the man. "I have never stopped here, and it wasn't astonishing they fancied the place a pile of snow. While I was getting the furs out they slipped away from me."

Miss Barrington now knew where they were. The shanty was used by the remoter settlers as a half-way house where they slept occasionally on their long journey to the railroad, and as there was a birch bluff not far away, it was the rule that whoever occupied it should replace the fuel he had consumed. The last man had, however, not been liberal.

"But what are we to do?" she asked, with a little gasp of dismay.

"Stay here until the morning," said Witham quietly. "Unfortunately I can't even spare you my company. The stable has fallen in, and it would be death to stand outside, you see. In the meanwhile, pull out some of the straw and put it in the stove."

"Can you not do that?" asked Miss Barrington, feeling that she must commence at once, if she was to keep this man at a befitting distance.

Witham laughed. "Oh, yes, but you will freeze if you stand still, and these billets require splitting. Still, if you have special objections to doing what I ask you, you can walk up and down rapidly."

The girl glanced at him a moment, and then lowered her eyes. "Of course I was wrong! Do you wish to hear that I am sorry?"

Witham, answering nothing, swung an axe round his head, and the girl kneeling beside the stove, noticed the sinewy suppleness of his frame and the precision with which the heavy blade cleft the billets. The axe, she knew, is by no means an easy tool to handle. At last the red flame crackled, and though she had not intended the question to be malicious, there was a faint trace of irony in her voice as she asked, "Is there any other thing you wish me to do?"

Witham flung two bundles of straw down beside the stove, and stood looking at her gravely. "Yes," he said. "I want you to sit down and let me wrap this sleigh robe about you."

The girl submitted, and did not shrink from his touch visibly when he drew the fur robe about her shoulders and packed the end of it round her feet. Still, there was a faint warmth in her face, and she was grateful for his unconcernedness.

"Fate or fortune has placed me in charge of you until to-morrow, and if the position is distasteful to you it is not my fault," he said. "Still, I feel the responsibility, and it would be a little less difficult if you could accept the fact tacitly."

Maud Barrington would not have shivered if she could have avoided it, but the cold was too great for her, and she did not know whether she was vexed or pleased at the gleam of compassion in the man's grey eyes. It was more eloquent than anything of the kind she

had ever seen, but it had gone and he was only quietly deferent when she glanced at him again.

"I will endeavour to be good," she said, and then flushed with annoyance at the adjective. Half-dazed by the cold as she was, she could not think of a more suitable one. Witham, however, retained his gravity.

"Now, Macdonald gave you no supper, and he has dinner at noon," he said. "I brought some eatables along, and you must make the best meal you can."

He opened a packet, and laid it, with a little silver flask, upon her knee.

"I cannot eat all this—and it is raw spirit," said Maud Barrington.

Witham laughed. "Are you not forgetting your promise? Still, we will melt a little snow into the cup."

An icy gust swept in when he opened the door, and it was only by a strenuous effort he closed it again, while, when he came back panting with the top of the flask a little colour crept into Maud Barrington's face. "I am sorry," she said. "That at least is your due."

"I really don't want my due," said Witham with a deprecatory gesture as he laid the silver cup upon the stove. "Can't we forget we are not exactly friends, just for to-night? If so, you will drink this and commence at once on the provisions—to please me!"

Maud Barrington was glad of the reviving draught, for she was very cold, but presently she held out the packet.

"One really cannot eat many crackers at once; will you help me?"

Witham laughed as he took one of the biscuits. "If I had expected any one would share my meal, I would have provided a better one. Still, I have been glad to feast upon more unappetizing things occasionally."

"When were you unfortunate?" said the girl.

Witham smiled somewhat dryly. "I was unfortunate for six years on end."

He was aware of the blunder when he had spoken, but Maud Barrington appeared to be looking at the flask thoughtfully.

"The design is very pretty," she said. "You got it in England?"

The man knew that it was the name F. Witham his companion's eyes rested on, but his face was expressionless. "Yes," he said. "It is one of the things they make for presentation in the old country."

MAUD BARRINGTON noticed the absence of any attempt to explain, and having pride of her own, was sensible of a faint approval. "You are making slow progress," she said, with a slight but perceptible difference in her tone. "Now, you can have eaten nothing since breakfast."

Witham said nothing, but by and by poured a little of the spirit into a rusty can, and the girl, who understood why he did so, felt that it covered several of his offences. "Now," she said graciously, "you may smoke if you wish to."

Witham pointed to the few billets left and shook his head. "I'm afraid I must get more wood."

The roar of the wind almost drowned his voice, and the birch logs seemed to tremble under the impact of the blast, while Maud Barrington shivered as she asked, "Is it safe?"

"It is necessary," said Witham, with the little laugh she had already found reassuring.

He had gone out in another minute, and the girl felt curiously lonely as she remembered stories of men who had left their homesteads during a blizzard to see to the safety of the horses in a neighbouring stable, and were found afterwards as still as the snow that covered them. Maud Barrington was not unduly timorous, but the roar of that awful icy gale would have stricken dismay into the hearts of most men, and she found herself glancing with feverish impatience at a diminutive gold watch and wondering whether the cold had retarded its progress. Ten minutes passed very slowly, lengthened to twenty more slowly still, and then it flashed upon her that there was at least something she could do; and, scraping up a little of the snow that sifted in, she melted it in the can. Then she set the flask-top upon the stove, and once more listened for the man's footsteps very eagerly.

(To be continued.)



Pop

a packet of Edwards' Soup into the pot or pan when you are making that stew—or

that hash or sauce, or whatever it is.

Let it boil for at least half an hour. You'll find that the home-made Irish soup will make your pet recipes tastier than ever, by bringing out their full flavour.

EDWARDS' DESICCATED SOUPS

5c. per packet.

Edwards' Desiccated Soups are made in three varieties—Brown, Tomato, White. The Brown variety is a thick, nourishing soup prepared from beef and fresh vegetables. The other two are purely vegetable soups.

Lots of dainty new dishes in our new Cook Book. Write for a copy post free.

E. H. B.

DISTRIBUTORS W. G. PATRICK & Co., Limited, Toronto and Vancouver.
WM. H. DUNN, Montreal. ESCOTT & HARMER, Winnipeg.