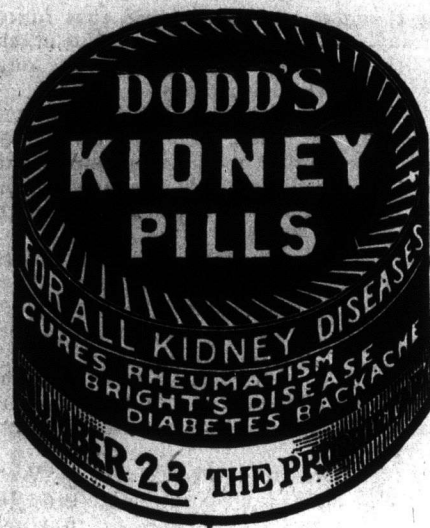


GROCERIES and EGGS

We now have a satisfactory arrangement for supplying groceries to our locals at prices on same level as paid by dealers.

We need your business to make this a permanent success and to enable us to open up wholesale distributing warehouses in Saskatchewan.

We can also handle your eggs on a co-operative basis, paying you the full proceeds (less expenses only) in hard cash.

See your Local Secretary WITHOUT DELAY or write the Central.

The Saskatchewan Grain Growers' Association
Farmers' Building :: Regina

Don't Whip Children

Or scold older persons who wet the bed or are unable to control their water during the night or day for it is not a habit but a Disease. If you have any Kidney, Bladder or Urinary Weakness, write to-day for a Free Package of our Harmless Remedy. When permanently relieved tell your friends about it. Send No Money. Address: ZEMETO CO., Dept. 12 - Milwaukee, Wis.



HAIL

We have concluded an arrangement for writing Hail Insurance on behalf of a Company of the highest standing.

We can give agencies to our Locals, and we want your co-operation in the handling of this part of your business.

Your Local Secretary has all the necessary information. See him or write the Central.

THE SASKATCHEWAN GRAIN GROWERS' ASSOCIATION
Farmers' Bldg. - Regina

"What made you?" Nell replied. Then all four began to laugh foolishly. "What were we quarreling about?" Roy asked.

No one could remember, and they laughed together at their own silliness. Then they worked busily and piled the golden hay into a stack again.

A Joke On Jamie By Stella C. Dysart

Jamie's grandmother called him from his play in the back yard. "Jamie, I should like to have you run down to the dentist's with this note," she said. "His door is next to the post office on this side. Here, I'll slip the note into your blouse pocket, where it will be safe."

"Yes, grandmother," said Jamie. "And please wait till he reads it," his grandmother added. "The note tells him that I can't come until to-morrow. He may wish to send some word back."

Jamie went hop, skip, and a jump down the shady sidewalk. He was curious to have a peep into the dentist's office and at the dentist himself.

As Jamie reached out to knock on the door next to the post office, the door opened, and a man in a white apron exclaimed, "Well, here you are at last! I began to think you weren't coming."

Jamie found himself inside the shiny little room, trying to get the note from the pocket in his blouse with one hand, while he held his hat in the other.

"Is it late?" he asked anxiously. He thought that his grandmother was late in telling the dentist that she could not come. He hoped that the dentist was not angry.

"Rather late," said the man cheerfully, "but never mind! We'll be through in a jiffy. There you are."

He put his hands under Jamie's two arms and tossed him lightly into a big, soft chair that took up one side of the room.

"Now, throw back your head and open your mouth," he said, and at the same time reached for something that was inside a little white-knobbed drawer beside the chair.

Jamie's head fell against the towel that covered the chair back, and his mouth came open quite without any help from him. The shining tool in the man's hand held his eyes. For a moment he forgot all about the note that he had not yet succeeded in pulling from his pocket. Then he felt the shining tool pushed gently into his mouth, and a sudden fear came to him. Jamie turned hot and then cold. He thought that he could feel the tool getting hold of his tooth—ready for the jerk that was to come. He looked up into the face that was bending very near to his own; he even put out his hand and touched the rough coat sleeve nearest him, but the dentist took no notice.

After what seemed a long time, the dentist straightened up suddenly and looked at Jamie in a queer way.

"Every tooth is sound and fine!" he said. "I thought—" He looked a little sharply at Jamie, who was sitting up in the big chair and still fishing for the note.

"It is grandmother who needs her teeth fixed," Jamie explained, as soon as he could make sure that the tool had not brought any of his teeth out with it. "Here is a note from her."

"Your grandmother!" the dentist exclaimed in astonishment. He opened the note and read it hastily.

"Why," he said, laughing, "I thought that you were another boy."

He lifted Jamie carefully to the floor, and then standing back, looked at him curiously.

"What did you think about me, little man?" he asked.

"Why—why, I thought you were going to take out my teeth instead of grandmother's," Jamie admitted. Then while the dentist held the door open he sidled out of the room.

The Boastful Donkey

Once upon a time there was a Donkey who lived in a field where there was no pond; so he had never seen his own image, and he thought he was the biggest and strongest and hand-somest creature in the world.

One day a Lion came through the field, and, being a polite beast, stopped to greet the Donkey. "Good-morning, friend!" he said. "What a fine day this is!"

"Fine enough, I dare say!" said the

Donkey. "I never think about the weather. I have other things to think about."

"Indeed!" said the Lion. "May I ask what things?"

"None of your business!" said the Donkey rudely; and he set up a loud braying, thinking to frighten the Lion away.

"Why do you bray?" asked the Lion. "Bray!" cried the Donkey. "That was not braying—it was roaring!"

"If you think I don't know braying from roaring," said the Lion, still politely, "you are mistaken. That was a bray."

"Very well!" shouted the Donkey. "If that was, this shall not be!" and he uttered a long and loud "Hee-haw!" and kicked up his heels in angry pride. "What do you call that?" he asked proudly.

"I call it a bray," replied the Lion; "and a very ugly one. You see, after all, you are a Donkey; look at the length of your ears!"

"How dare you?" cried the Donkey. "My ears are the finest in the world—everybody says so. And as for roaring, if I have not scared you yet just listen to me now!" And flinging up his heels again he bellowed till his own long ears tingled with the sound.

He expected the Lion to be terrified, but the Lion merely smiled.

"You certainly can make a most hideous noise," he said; "but when all is said and done it is only a bray. If you really wish to know how a roar sounds I shall be happy to oblige you."

The King of Beasts then began to lash his tail and pretended to fall into a great passion. His eyes flashed fire, his tawny mane bristled; he opened his great mouth, and a roar like thunder filled the air. The Donkey, after one terrified look, took to his heels and scampered off as fast as he could go, tumbled into a ditch, and lay there all day, not daring to move for fear.

The Lion went on his way smiling. "It is a pity," he said, "for a person to live in a place where he cannot see what he looks like."

—S. Penrose.

He Understood His Profession

The professor of jurisprudence in a Western university was lecturing to a hundred embryo lawyers. He asked whether everyone in America could own property. One fellow answered, "No, a criminal can't own property."

But the professor said, "Suppose a man owns a ranch, gets into trouble with his neighbor, assaults him, and is put into the penitentiary, does he still own the ranch?"

The class was unanimous that he did. "If he did not continue to own it," went on the professor, "what would be come of it?"

That was supposed to settle the discussion but one boy called out, "The lawyer would get it!"

There was a hearty laugh, of course, and the professor added:

"We learn two things from that apt remark—be a lawyer, and don't be a criminal."

Mrs. Brown—The trousers which I have washed for Ike have shrunk so much that the poor child can hardly put them on. Her Friend—Try washing Ike, and he might shrink, too.

The Retort Courteous

Old Jim Bidwell, pioneer of California, married a squaw. After forty years the squaw died and Jim went back East, married a school-teacher in the home town and brought her back.

The Bidwells hadn't been home long when the kind and loving ladies of the place called around.

"Of course," they said, with many smirks and side glances—"Of course, Mrs. Bidwell, you understand, or maybe you don't know, that your husband's first wife was an Indian—that he married a squaw."

"Yes," replied the second Mrs. Bidwell, sweetly, "I have been told so, and judging from the white women I have seen here I don't blame him."

And that was about all.

PURE BRED SHETLAND

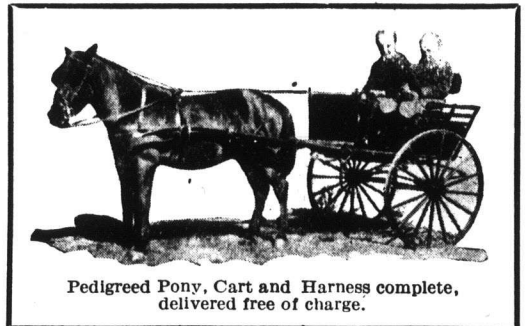
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