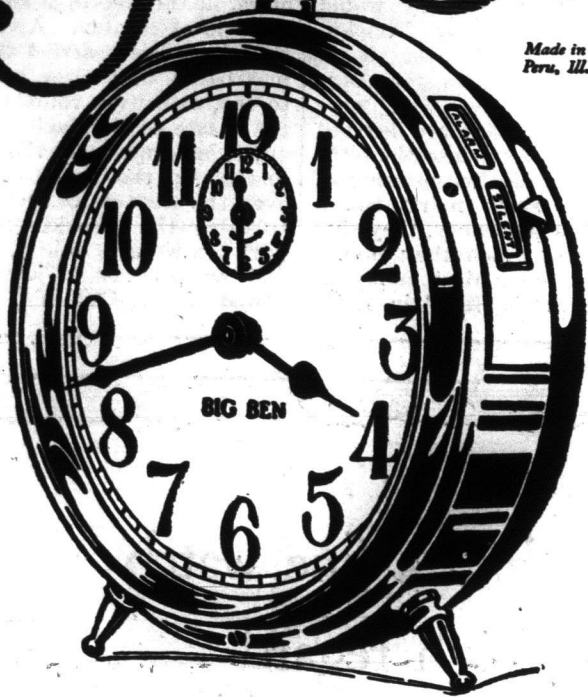


Big Ben



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

A crackerjack of a Xmas present

Remember when you were a kid? The presents that were all shiny and bright, and that "worked!" Were't they the ones that you were proudest of?

Something for your room—something you could use all year—something like Big Ben! Big Ben is a crackerjack of a Xmas present. The sensible presents appealed to you best when you were a kid. Think back a bit and see. Then think of Big Ben for those boys and girls.

Toys, of course, should never be replaced. It wouldn't be Christmas without them. But mix in useful things—things that develop pride and that make little people feel responsible. Give them presents to live up to and to live up with. Don't make the mistake

of thinking they don't feel the compliment.

Let one thing that meets the eye of your little boy and girl on Christmas Morning be that triple nickel-plated, jolly, handsome, pleasant looking, serviceable, and inspiring clock—BIG BEN. See if you don't hear them say: "Why! Isn't that a crackerjack?" Is that for me to use myself?

Big Ben is a crackerjack of a Christmas present to give to any friend. He's two presents in one, a dandy alarm to wake up with, a dandy clock to tell time all day by. He stands seven inches tall. He's got an inner vest of steel that insures him for life,—big, bold, black hands you can see at a glance in the dim morning light without ever having to get out of bed—large, comfy keys that almost wind themselves and a deep, jolly ring that calls just when you want, and either way you want, five straight minutes on every other half minute for ten minutes unless you flag him off.

Big Ben is sold by 23,000 watchmakers. His price is \$2.50 anywhere in the States. \$3.00 anywhere in Canada. If you can't find him at your dealer's, a money order mailed to Watchco, La Salle, Illinois, will send him anywhere you say, attractively boxed and express charges paid.

**Big Ben
Alarm
Clocks**

Are Illustrated in the 1914 Catalogue of
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would have been easy and natural. Any Somersetshire yokel can tell you that. Old Sarum is about as far from Cadbury as Cadbury is from Avalon. Shakespeare makes the Duke of Kent cry in "King Lear":

"Goose, if I had you upon Sarum plain, I'd drive ye cackling home to Camelot!"

Round about Cadbury the Arthurian legend is still a living thing. King Arthur and his knights, they say, sleep within Cadbury hill, awaiting the time when Arthur shall rise again to rule his land; the time when that prophecy shall be made good: "Arthur is come again, he cannot die; Arthur is come again with all good things, and war shall be no more."

Here at Cadbury was Camelot; here the sacred mount where the king feasted with his knights of the Round Table, in that hall which was "the stateliest under heaven." Cadbury hill is Camelot hill. Cadbury people have through centuries handed down from generation to generation the traditions which identify this place and that with the scenes of Arthur's story. High up on Camelot hill, on the eastern side, is a deep well, which, as far back as any records go (and they go far, indeed), has been known as "King Arthur's Well." Why should it be high on this hill except that

unless, indeed, they were the men who built it, as they built the chapel on the Tor. The modern English, to do them grace, did unearth St. Patrick's bones and prove the burial. Lord Byron, at the sale of Horne Tooke's library, purchased a curious old manuscript which told where St. Patrick relics were immured, and in 1823, some antiquaries, guided by this writing, discovered the tomb and found that its contents were identical with its written description. St. Patrick established the abbey, but its greatness and splendor date from the reign of Ine, the first Saxon king, who built the great church, which the first Plantagenet king rebuilt nearly five hundred years later. And so through the ages the cluster of fair buildings grew until there stood, at the foot of the Tor, a splendid range of architecture that was the admiration of the world, the pride of the pious, and the envy of kings. All that is left is a stately range of ruins in a gentleman's back garden! Beyond a stone fence, and in the middle of a pasture, is a curious, cupolaed building, all of stone from vane to foundation—the abbot's kitchen, with four monster fireplaces, where they could roast four oxen whole. Away yonder, in a country byway, on another estate, is the abbot's granary. In the High street



Bob Sleighting in Laurentian Mountains, Quebec

it once supplied the castle whose ruins are in evidence? Traces of a British road lead westward from Cadbury to Glastonbury. Within the memories of men still living the way was used as a bridle-path. How old it is we can imagine, for ever since there have been any property divisions in these parts, the boundary line of the manors and parishes has followed this old British road. And the only name it ever knew, as far as we can learn, is "King Arthur's Lane."

Leland, in the time of Henry VIII, saw Cadbury hill and Cadbury castle. The region was then full of its fame, and Leland wrote: "They that dwell about the foot of Camelot love to celebrate, extol, and sing the name of Arthur, once a dweller in the camp. That camp upon its mountain height was once magnificent and strong beyond all others. O! ye gods! How vast the depth of the fosses! How wonderful the earthwork of its ramparts! How precipitous its slopes! It seems a very miracle of nature and of art!"

The wind sets from the north. It slants down the Mendip hills and brings across the plain to the Tor the chime of the cathedral bell at Wells. The clock that tells the hour there is the famous old clock of Glastonbury abbey. It was one of the wonders of the fourteenth century, and is the oldest self-striking, count-wheel clock in the world. Time and men have dealt lovingly with Wells cathedral. And time would have tenderly cared for Glastonbury abbey, had men permitted, for the work was stout enough. But since Henry VII, Englishmen have wantonly let this ancient pile go to wreck and ruin. Joseph of Arimathea is nothing to them now, nor the memory of the monks who came from Rome but little more than a hundred years after the crucifixion and rescued the wooden chapel from decay,

a picturesque and ancient building, known as the Tribunal, is now the office of an alderman. Adjacent is a structure still more picturesque, built four hundred years ago by Abbot Selwood as the "Pilgrim's Inn," for the housing of pilgrims when the hospitable space of the abbey was filled. It is now, of all things in the world, the George Hotel! There is hardly a house in the town without a corbel-head, a millioned window, a stretch of sculptured tracery, or a bit of panel plundered from the abbey. For the rest—seek it in the walls of the fields where the sheep graze, and in the underpinning of the road that leads across the marsh to Wells, and remember with what grace you may that you are in a land which boasts of its reverence for antique monuments!

The story of the sacred thorn-tree was purely local, but the legend of the Holy Grail spread over Europe, and with it went the legend of King Arthur. And now superior persons say that Arthur never lived, or, if he lived, was never conqueror of the world, nor even sovereign of Britain, but only a petty king who played the tyrant in Cornwall! The old bards were in the right, singing as they did of a king of men. And the laureate who made immortal by his deathless song the memory of the ideal knight,

"Whose glory was, redressing human wrong;
Who spake no slander, no, nor listen'd to it;
Who lived through all his tract of years
"Wearing the white flower of a blameless life,"
was he not in the right?

So then, here on the Tor at Glastonbury, in the isle of Avalon, you are in King Arthur's country, and the heart of it! "Legends," you say? Ah, but such legends!