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A Splendid War Atlas

The Guide has had a great many requests for a complete and reliable atlas of the present war showing maps of all the countries interested and the scene of the various battles, by which any person reading news of the war may be able to follow the movements of the armies intelligently. The best atlas yet published is "Nelson's Atlas of the War." Many of the atlases published early in the war were incomplete, but this one gives everything. It contains 41 maps, showing in detail every part of the warring countries and the war zone of Europe. It shows also the area of the chief powers. It gives a view of Leige and its famous forts, the Kiel Canal, where the German navy is still in seclusion, a map of the famous battlefields of Belgium, and also of the Franco-German war of 1870; the naval positions in the North Sea, the Mediterranean and the Far East are also depicted by maps, and excellent photographs are given of the exterior and interior of Britain's greatest war ship. Other illustrations show the British naval uniforms, the work of provisioning a large war ship, the national flags, torpedoes, submarines, aeroplanes and airships. The book contains 88 pages, 7 1/4 by 9 1/4 inches in size, and is well bound in board covers. Mailed postpaid to any address for 35c

BOOK DEPARTMENT, GRAIN GROWERS' GUIDE, WINNIPEG

This Man Makes \$200 a Week Boring Wells

John Larson of Punnichy, Sask., writes: "I made in one single day with my Power Well Machine, \$23; and many weeks I have made \$200 including moves." Work during your spare time with an

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You're Going To Raise Grain,—Not Gophers

We know your good sense won't let gophers "sponge on you" another year. You know how to kill gophers and how necessary their destruction is. You know they steal your profits, rob you of luxuries and spoil your land. Do you know that just before spring planting is the most effective time to kill them? They're hungry then, waiting to steal your seed and feed on the tender shoots. That's the time to protect your profits. Get ready now!

KILL-EM-QUICK

It Kills Gophers. It's the only way.—you can't trap or shoot enough to make any impression on the increase. But Kill-Em-Quick Gopher Poison will clean them out in a day. Its odor attracts them. The sweet taste suits them. The tiniest particle eaten kills instantly. It's the one absolutely sure way to destroy gophers, prairie dogs, squirrels, mice, etc.

Kill-Em-Quick is the most economical to use. It's the safest. There's no danger in preparing.—simply soak the grain over night, drain in the morning, pour the box of Kill-Em-Quick Powder in and stir thoroughly. Then drop a few kernels of grain into their holes. Next day every gopher in your field will be dead. Or, if you want to collect a bounty drop the grain four or five feet from the holes. No gopher will ever travel four feet after eating Kill-Em-Quick.

We unreservedly guarantee that Mickelson's Kill-Em-Quick is not only the cheapest gopher poison you or any other man can use, but the most effective you can use at any price. Kill-Em-Quick comes in three sizes: 50c, 75c and \$1.25; enough for 40 acres, 80 and 160 acres; enough to kill 1,000, 2,000 and 4,000 gophers. Backed by a cash guarantee. Full satisfaction or money back. Get it from your druggist. If he can't supply you, we send prepaid on receipt of the price. Send for FREE gopher book.

MICKELSON-SHAPIRO CO., Dept. B Winnipeg, Can.

Young Canada Club

By DIXON PATTON

LAST CALL FOR STORIES

And that means also the last chance to win a prize of a rollicking good story book in return for the very little task of writing a letter telling me the following things:

What you would like to do for a living when you grow up.

Where you would like to live.

What sort of house you would like to live in.

Who you would like to have living with you in that house.

What you would do in your spare time to amuse yourself.

For the three best and chattiest letters telling me these things I will give, as I said above, three breezy story books written by famous authors.

All contributors must be under seventeen years of age and must be careful to observe the following rules:

The correct age of the writer must be given with each letter.

It must be written in pen and ink and on only one side of the paper.

It must be addressed to Dixie Patton, Grain Growers' Guide, Winnipeg, Man.

It must be mailed to reach me not later than April 10.

DIXIE PATTON.

A STRAY PIGGY

Last summer we stayed out on the script, which is eighteen miles from our homestead. We had a little pig along with us which belonged to me. He used to run with the cattle. One day, my father and mother went to town and my two sisters and I stayed at home. They said, when they left, that we could go on a visit to our nearest neighbors. While we were down there our cattle came down to drink in the slough near by. We saw a little pig along with them, but we thought it was one of our neighbor's pigs that had jumped out. The little pig came up to the house, so they put him in the pen with their pigs.

When we got home my pig was gone, so we thought probably it was my pig that they put in their pen. So my sister went and looked for him next day on horseback. Sure enough it was he, and she brought him home in a sack. When she got the pig home I put him in a pen and he didn't get out any more as long as we stayed on the script.

WILLIE ENGLER.

Tompkins, Sask., age 11 years.

A VISIT TO AUSTRALIA

My brother and I went to visit our uncle in Australia last Christmas. When we got there we did not find the same kind of houses that are in Canada.

On Christmas day I went with my uncle and his family to a small island in the Murray river to have our Christmas dinner. When they served the food I was surprised. Instead of getting roast turkey and pudding, I got bananas, pineapples, oranges, sugarcane and rice.

When we got almost thru our dinner a rattle-snake came out of the grass and was about to sting my uncle, when he took it by the tail and whirled it around in the air and killed it.

After Christmas was over we returned to our home in Canada and were given a hearty welcome from our parents and their friends when we reached land.

ALMA HOLLAND.

Maple Dale, Sask.

THE WOLF AND MY UNCLE

I once had an old uncle who was a policeman in Telemarken in Norge. He was a very brave man and a hunter, but had had very much trouble in his life.

One winter he and my cousin went out on the skis to one of their friends many miles away. But when they got half way on the road a sad thing happened for uncle. He fell and hurt himself so badly that he had to stop there till my cousin came back with a sled to take him home. When she got a sled to drive him home on she had to hurry back to her father. There he lay under a tree and waited for her to come. He could not move around much.

When my cousin came near, she saw a black spot there. It was a big wolf that had been running around there while she had been away. Then the big wolf ran to him and opened his mouth and was going to eat him up.

Then her father said, "He will kill us." She replied, "No, father, he will not!" and took the gun from my uncle's hands. Then she killed the wolf.

My cousin was only a little girl when that happened. She was a very brave little girl.

ELLEN EKBERG.

Stockholm, Sask., age 13.

VISITING AUSTRALIA

The country I like to hear and read about is Australia. If I were going to Australia I would get on the train at Kelso and go to Vancouver. From there I would get on a ship and go to Sydney.

I would go and see the Fish River Caves, then I would go and see the big gum trees and hunt kangaroo. After that I would go north to Queensland and see the black fellows throw their boomerangs and spears. Then I would see the parrots and laughing jackasses and the duck bill, that has a body like an animal and a beak like a bird and which lays eggs. From Queensland I would go to West Australia and see the sheep farms and the deserts.

HAROLD RANDALL.

Age 13.

A FOUND CHILD

Once upon a time, in the Rocky Mountain States, there lived some miners who were very rough and lived by themselves in a tent ten miles from a town.

One nice winter afternoon they went to the town for some food and on their way they heard cries that seemed to come from a child ahead of them, so they hurried on to the place and when they got there they saw a woman lying dead in the snow and by her side a child was weeping.

They took the mother and the child to see if someone would take care of the child.

They got to town and had the body of the woman taken care of by some people, but no one would take the child, so they took it home and when they got there they asked it what its name was, but it would not talk.

After some time they named it Nancy and the child grew to be a great treasure to the men.

One of the men took the child and moved to Canada and when they got there they got a little cottage and lived happy in the home ever after.

EVA PYSTROM.

Dundurn, Sask., age 10.

FERN AND ELLA

Once upon a time there lived a happy little girl whose name was Ella. Her father and mother loved her dearly and were very kind and good to her. She was six years old and was going to school. Ella liked her teacher and her teacher liked Ella.

One hot July day, Ella was sitting in an arm-chair fast asleep when she heard her mother calling her, so she got up and went to her and said, "What do you want, mother?" Then she told her there was a little girl in the front room come to play with her. She went in and there was a little girl, about six or seven years old. Ella was a tall, slender little girl, but the other little girl was short and fat. She had long golden curls, red cheeks and pretty big blue eyes, and she wore a blue cotton gown. Her name was Fern. She had come to stay a week with Ella and they had a very good time.

One nice August day Fern and Ella went to a little brook which ran thru the field. They picked strawberries and waded in the water and found flowers to take home and had a very good time. Fern was very happy and wished to stay there all the time, so her mother and father came and lived near Ella's home, and the two little girls were so very happy that they did not ever want to part.

But a sad thing happened. Ella's mother became ill and died, so Fern's mother took Ella to live with her, and after a while Fern's father died. So Fern and Ella were never so happy afterwards, but were very fond of each other, which helped to make life worth living.

HARRIETT PORTER.

Gadsby, Alta., age 11.