

Christmas is coming

Write to-day for Birks catalogue



OUR NEW CATALOGUE

IN choosing a gift from the Birks catalogue, our patrons are making their selection from the largest and most exclusive stock of its kind on the American continent, and at prices which can only be attributed to a Canadian product.

For over 20 years we have issued a Christmas catalogue, and we feel that with our manufacturing facilities, we are uniquely fitted to render our patrons up and down the land an efficient and personal service which we believe will be of material assistance in the choosing of their gifts.

We will mail our catalogue to any address immediately on receipt of inquiry

HENRY BIRKS & SONS
Goldsmiths and Silversmiths
LIMITED WINNIPEG

**The Family Car
Choose It With Care**

BRISCOE

FIRST, and most important, is the question of **Safety**. You cannot afford to overlook this feature of the Briscoe "4-24." The Bailey gearless differential, which drives **Both** rear wheels, prevents side sway and reduces the risk of skidding or slipping.

Next comes **Ease of Control**. This car is a universal favorite with women, because they can change the gears with their finger tips, and the slightest pressure operates the clutch and brake pedals.

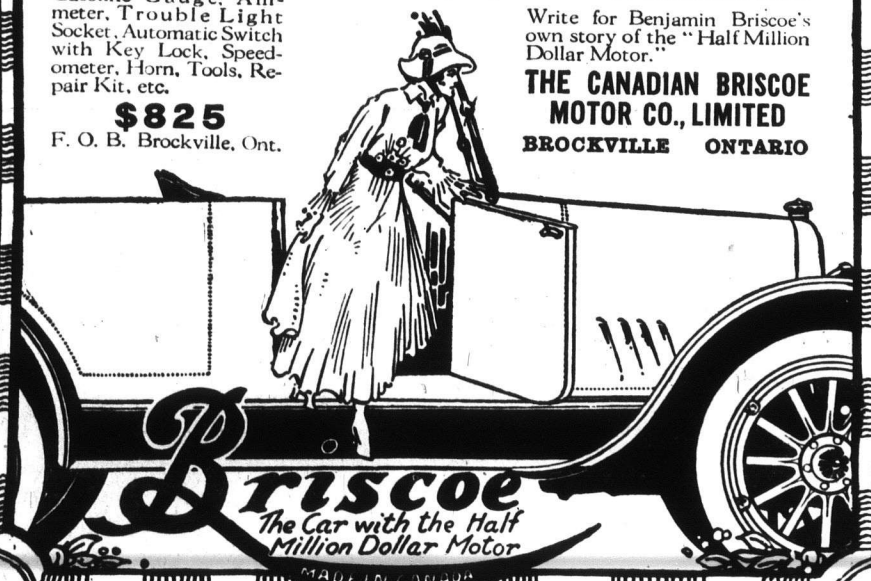
And finally—**Price**. The Briscoe "4-24" is not a high-priced car. It brings the joy of motoring within reach of all.

PRICE—Touring Car or 4-Passenger Roadster, complete with Electric Lighting and Starting System, Full Elliptic Springs front and rear, Demountable Rims, Gasoline Gauge, Ammeter, Trouble Light Socket, Automatic Switch with Key Lock, Speedometer, Horn, Tools, Repair Kit, etc.

\$825
F. O. B. Brockville, Ont.

Write for Benjamin Briscoe's own story of the "Half Million Dollar Motor."

THE CANADIAN BRISCOE MOTOR CO., LIMITED
BROCKVILLE ONTARIO



Briscoe
The Car with the Half Million Dollar Motor
MADE IN CANADA

When writing advertisers, please mention The Western Home Monthly

Philip Steadman roused himself to interest in the ward. Hitherto he had been too ill, with his brain so muddled from the effect of poisonous gases, that he had scarcely been conscious of any sensation beyond relief resulting from the care and treatment.

A great box of Canadian preserved fruit had arrived that day at the hospital, and the distribution of the contents was like the breaking of golden sunshine through darkening grey skies.

The soldiers were discussing in deep tones of gratitude the woman whose generous heart had prompted her to serve her country thus.

"God give her happiness. The soldier lads love her well. Many a moldy crust has gone down the easier because of her jam," commented a Princess Pat.

"She's doing her 'bit' for the Empire—that Canadian lassie," muttered a Highlander.

So they were talking about the Canadian girl who had so liberally provided the army with fruit. Once while in the trenches, Philip Steadman's rations had been among the number made more

ing it," explained the nursing sister, slipping the paper into Philip's hand and setting the jar of jelly on the table.

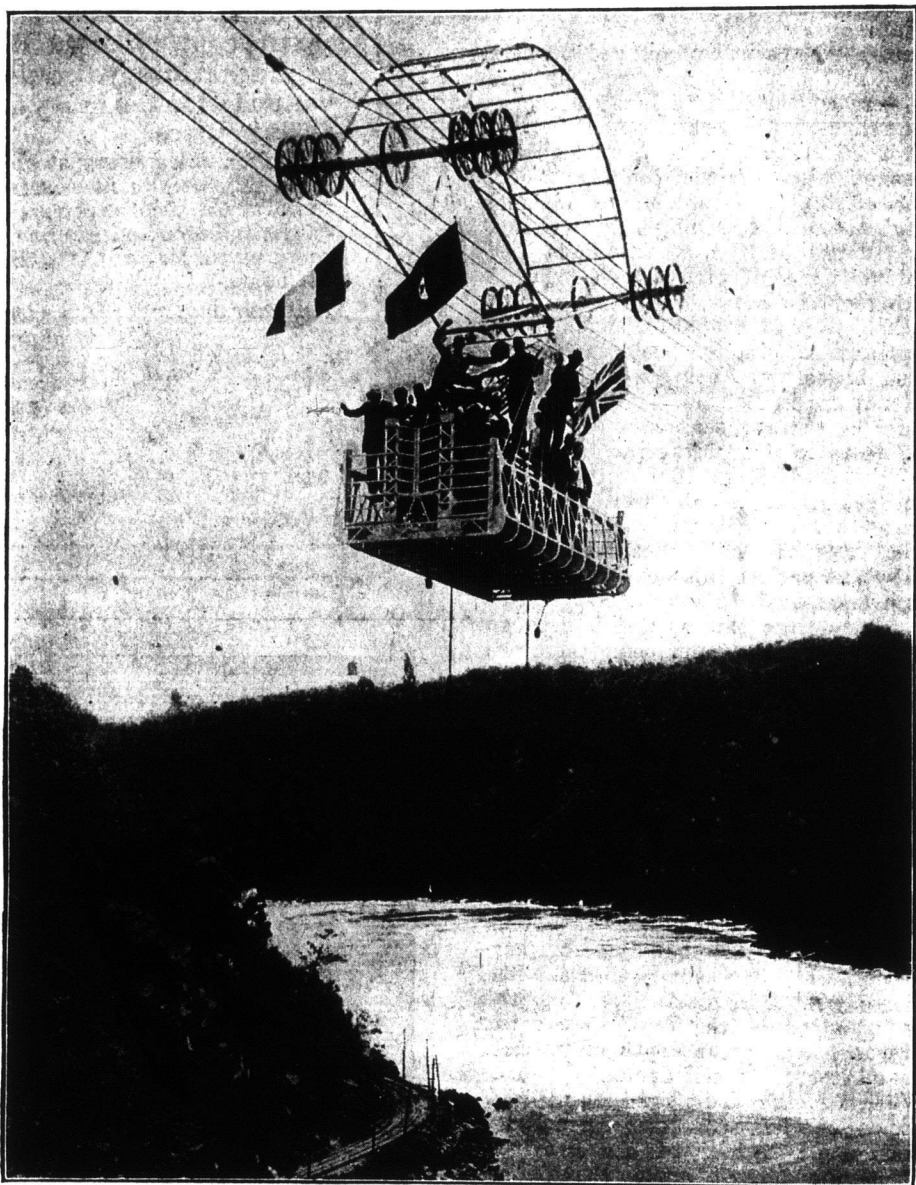
Curiously, Philip unfolded the letter and read:

"Dear Soldier Laddie:—As you eat of this apple jelly, can you imagine an orchard set on purple hills, where the lights of sparkling amethysts shimmer among rose and white bloom and golden fruit. Harvesters scorned the fruit of the Ben Davis—the wonder tree of all the orchard. But the Ben Davis apples have been converted into this gloriously transparent jelly. May it prove a blessing to the boys in khaki!

"The man who is king of all these orchards, also is in the fighting ranks. Thank God for his heroism, and the purpose that is dominating the energy of our womanhood.

Your Canadian friend,
Betty of the Orchards."

The paper shook in the grasp of Philip Steadman's trembling fingers. A strange thrill gripped his soul as he choked back a sob. "Betty of the Orchards!" he muttered brokenly. "Betty girl, is it



The Aerial Bridge, the greatest bridge of its kind in the world, which crosses the famous Niagara whirlpool at Niagara Falls. The bridge was opened to the public for the first time recently. It is run on cable and gives the sight-seeing folk a wonderful view of the falls. Along the shore of the rapids on the left is shown the Gorge trolley route which takes the visitors from Niagara Falls to Lewiston, then across to the Canadian side and then to Niagara Falls, Ont. In crossing the whirlpool on the aerial bridge the noise from the falls is so great talking is almost impossible. The aero car is run on cable lines 1800 feet in length and is driven by a 75 horse-power electric motor. Thirty-six passengers can be accommodated. The car is 150 feet above the whirlpool.

palatable by the arrival of a fresh supply of jam. And with it had come the story of the girl who had given the best of herself in preparing the fruit that otherwise would have wasted in the orchards, for the use of the khaki lads. Often he had thought about this girl. He would have liked to have known her. There would have been a heart understanding between them, the same burning call of the Empire's need throbbing in their souls. What courage it would give a chap to feel, that back there in Canada, the girl he loved kept the home fires burning like that.

A nursing sister brought to Philip's bedside a tiny jar of jelly—clear as amber, shot with the iridescent hues of rose. "Would you care to try this?" she questioned, removing the cover.

Philip Steadman reached out his hand eagerly. As the cover lifted, a paper, many times creased and folded, fell to the bed.

"It is a letter. You may enjoy read-

ing it," explained the nursing sister, giving me strength to reach the homeland to find new life and love and ambitions, where the purple lights shine on the orchards and the wonder girl of all the world labors for her Empire," he mused tenderly.

When She Grows Up

Nurse—"Why, Bobby, you selfish little boy! Why didn't you give your sister a piece of your apple?"

Bobby—"I gave her the seeds. She can plant 'em and have a whole orchard."—Judge.

The Best Kind

Alice—"No man will ever dare to trifle with my affections. I have five big brothers.

Agnes—"They'll trifle with you sooner than they will with mine. I have five little brothers.