



Plant of The Brandon Implement and Manufacturing Company, at Brandon, Man.

**STEWART NELSON CO. CHANGE NAME AND INCREASE CAPITAL.**

The Stewart Nelson Co., Ltd., which for a number of years has been favorably known to the trade throughout Western Canada, has been absorbed by The Brandon Implement and Manufacturing Co., Ltd.

The new company will be composed largely of the officers who conducted the business of the Stewart-Nelson Co. Hon. G. R. Coldwell being president, Mr. I. C. Nelson vice-president and Mr. P. W. L. Briar managing director.

The Stewart Nelson Co. was formed in September, 1904, at which time Mr. I. C. Nelson succeeded Mr. Geo. Metcalfe and the name of the company was changed. In June, 1906, Mr. P. W. L. Briar, who had for many years been identified with the Wilkinson Plough Co. and the Toronto Pressed Steel Co., of Toronto, took over the interest formerly held by Mr. A. Stewart and assumed the management of the firm. Owing mainly to the energetic efforts and shrewd business capabilities of Mr. Briar the company was piloted through the storms and stress of depressing times and came to be a success both from the point of view of the stockholders and also of their many customers.

The Brandon Machine Works Co., Ltd., whose plant will be operated by the new company, was organized in 1897 and the main buildings of the factory, of which an illustration appears herewith, was put in operation in 1899. Additions have however been made from time to time to accommodate the increase in business until at the present time the factory is considered one of the principal industries of the Wheat City.\*

## THE Canadian Boy's Camp

**THE NORTH AND SOUTH POLE MEN.**

Said North Pole Man to South Pole Man,

"And how is the weather with you?"

Said South Pole Man to North Pole Man,

"There is something wrong with the dew."

It ought to be wet, but it's frozen yet,

And I don't know when it will thaw.

My spirits are low, and I'm tired of snow,

And the weather is chilly and raw.

We both live in the Frigid Zone,

And I think it's a horrible plan,

So one of these springs let us pack up our things,

And visit the Equator Man."

"O Equator Man," said each Pole Man,

"We'd like to live always in sun."

To each Pole Man, said the Equator Man,

"You'd very soon wish to run."

You'll burn to the bone in the Torrid Zone,

And it's never the place for you,

For the sun's as hot as a boiling pot

And will roast you through and through.

Lo North Pole Man and South Pole Man

Both said "That is good advice."

They cling to the Poles, and the earth

still rolls

With the heat, the snow, and the ice.

**BOY'S PRIZE LETTER.**

Crystal City, Man.

Dear Cousin Doris:—This is my first letter to your paper. I have read all the letters in your paper and I think they are fine. I caught a little mud turtle and it became quite tame. It would come to the top of the water to get fed. I fed it grasshoppers, flies and worms. I could let it go in the water and it would not go away. I caught another one and it was

wild. I had it in a tub of water. I nailed a piece of wood at the side and he used to get upon it. I caught a big one and it was laying eggs. I took two of them and they had no shell but a thick skin. I waited to see if any little ones would come out. But a gopher came and dug them up and ate them. I am yours truly, Harry Ridgeway, age 9 years.

Dear Cousin Doris:—I must now write you a little letter. I saw my last letter in print for which I received a nice book. I am a boy twelve years old and live on a farm of 100 acres. My father has a saw-mill and does a lot of sawing. My favorite game is base ball which all boys will be able to play so I suppose I need not describe it. I am in the Senior Third class and like school very well, but it is 2 1/2 miles before I get to school.

I think you have picked a good name for the boys' corner, and wish with all my heart that the boys will write to this interesting club. My mamma was sick for nearly two years with dropsy which no doctor could cure so on Feb. 16th my dear mother died and I must now live through long sorrow. I guess I will soon have to come to a close. I hope this escapes the W. P. B. which is a dreaded thing by writers of the Canadian Boys Camp.

Would any boy wish to write to me. I would be much pleased.

I wish this club every success.

I remain, Daniel G. Subach, Carlingford, Ont.

If You Please, Miss, Give Me Heaven.

"Papa I am so sad and lonely" sobbed a tearful little child,

"Since dear mama's gone to heaven, papa, you've not smiled,

I will speak to her, and tell her that we want her to come home;

Just you listen I will call her through the telephone."

"If you please, Miss, give me heaven for my mamma's there, You will find her with the angels on the golden stair; She'll be glad it's me who's speaking, call her won't you please? For I want to surely tell her we're so lonely here."

When the girl received the message, Coming o'er the telephone, How her heart thrilled in that moment, And the wires seemed to moan; I will answer just to please her, "Yes, dear heart, I'll soon come home," "Kiss me mamma, kiss your darling, Through the telephone."

Daniel Subach.

I want every boy who reads this letter to write a letter to Daniel Subach, Carlingford, Ontario. I am going to write just the nicest letter I can write to him. It is a terrible sorrow for a boy to lose his mother and Daniel misses her, so let us all try to help him bear his loss. Let him feel that we all want to cheer and help him. Cousin Doris.

**The Ariel Scholarship**

(Continued from June issue)

For more than a year Robert had dreamed of aeroplanes; he had planned aeroplanes, and the one wish of his life was actually to see one of these wonders of the air soaring about, guided by the hand of its intrepid inventor. Now he was to have part of this desire fulfilled; he was to see and hear one of the greatest authorities on the subject, though he would not witness a flight.

And when the great man's address closed with a startling, thrilling announcement, Robert was raised to the very pinnacle of delight, and vowed then and there that he would win the prize and show the inventor that Hillsford

had produced more than one son of great mechanical ability. The inventor's words were:

"And now I feel that I should do something for the city that furnished me a birthplace. To my mind I can bestow upon her no finer gift than one which will stir the ambition of her boys, which will cause them to use their brains and their hands, and to be of high courage. I have set aside in one of your banks a sum of money, the interest upon which will suffice to pay the expenses of one boy at any college in the United States which he shall desire to attend. This scholarship, which I have named the Ariel Scholarship, will be given to that member of the next graduating class who shall present himself at the next commencement with an aeroplane, made entirely by his own hands and according to his own designs, and which shall succeed in flying for a distance of two hundred yards. If there be more than one machine presented the prize shall go to the designer whose craft shall prove itself best in the judgment of myself."

When the speaker took his seat Robert did not need to restrain his desire to shout, for everybody in the big auditorium was cheering frantically.

"I'll win in," Robert whispered to

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