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Young Canada Club

BY DIXIE PATTON

ANOTHER PICTURE COLORING CONTEST

The interest of the club members in the picture coloring contest was such an agreeable surprise that we had the artist set to work at once to draw another picture to be colored.

All the little boys and girls who get The Guide and who are under seventeen years of age are invited to color the picture with water colors or crayons, write their name, address and age at the bottom, fold it once with a bit of tissue paper between and mail it with all haste to Dixie Patton, Grain Growers' Guide, Winnipeg, Man.

For the picture which our artist judges to be the best, a prize of a box of water color paints will be given. The last prize was won by a little lad of seven, so there is no reason why any boy or girl should be afraid to try.

DIXIE PATTON.

A CLEVER SQUIRREL

One day last winter my chum and I went to look after some snares which we had out in the woods for catching rabbits.

When we approached one of the snares we heard a strange noise which sounded like a squirrel's shrill tones. We hurried to the snare and there we saw a beautiful little brown squirrel in it. The snare had caught his hind leg and he was pulling and straining to get loose. My chum wanted to help the little squirrel, but I told him to wait awhile as the squirrel was likely to find some clever way to get loose himself, which I loved to see. My chum consented.

We went a little nearer to the dear little squirrel and then it was that he first noticed us, and that made him more eager to get loose than ever. He turned around and looked at the cruel snare which kept him a prisoner and then he happened to see the string that fastened the snare to the pole. He made a loud noise, and if we could have understood what he said, I am sure he would have said this: "Now I see a chance to get loose and I will do it whatever happens." So he began to chew the string and after a great deal of hard labor he succeeded in chewing it in two. He gave out a shrill noise because he thought that he was loose, but unfortunately the snare was still around his leg and he soon got stuck on a small willow twig. Again he began to strain and pull, but it was of no use, and this time his keen eyes saw the knot on the snare which was around his tiny foot. Again our little friend applied his cleverness. He took around the wire with his teeth and soon was able to free his poor little foot out of the snare, and away he ran up a big spruce tree to its highest branches. He looked down at us making a very loud noise which, in his language, would have meant: "You are not going to fool me again as long as you live."

HEIDMAR B. BJORNSEN.

Vidir, Man., Age 13 years.

A WISE DOG

About seven or eight years ago my grandfather had a dog and his name was Curly. If he saw any strange cattle or horses coming into my grandpa's yard he would stand on his hind legs and see whose they were and then he would jump the fence and take them home to where they belonged. If my grandpa was away any place and grandma thought he was away very long, she would send Curly after him. The dog would go to wherever he thought grandpa would be. He would go to the door and scratch and scratch till somebody would let him in to see if he was there. If he was not there he would go to other houses until he found him. Every time grandpa heard Curly coming he would say, "It is time I was going, here comes Curly." Then they would go.

If the baby was sitting on the floor and he thought she was getting too near the stove, he would go and lie down in front of her. He used to carry in the eggs, one by one, and put them on the floor in front of grandma, and then she would put them away.

If grandma was outside any place and a stranger came to the door, he would not let him in till grandma came back.

Some time after they gave him away. One day he was chasing a deer and he ran across the ice and went in and was drowned. This is a true story.

LOTTIE SIMONS.

Oxbow, Sask., age 13.

THE WREN

I think the wren has a very easy life. It is a well known bird, and always builds a very nice home. Its food is worms and insects. The nest is very seldom destroyed by other birds, and I don't think there would be one person out of ten who would destroy this innocent bird's nest.

Last year a pair of wrens built their nest in a little hole by our old shed where we kept our cattle. When there were six eggs in the nest the female bird began to set. She sat on the nest day after day and the male wren brought her food.

When the little wrens were hatched the two parent birds began to feed them. The female bird sat on the edge of the nest and the male bird brought little worms to her and then she would give them to the baby birds.

When the little wrens were all feathered out they were taught to fly, and they would stand facing each other, chattering away as tho they had something very important to talk about. This year they had their nest under the shingles of grandmother's house, who lives eight rods from us.

I have not seen a wren's nest destroyed. They always have a comfortable home, always find food without any difficulty, and never have any kind of a disease, and very seldom there is an egg that does not bring forth a little bird. Therefore, I think the wren has the easiest life of all.

LAURA HEBNER.

Gilbert Plains P.O., Man., age 12.

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THIS WASHER MUST PAY FOR ITSELF

A MAN tried to sell me a horse once. He said it was a fine horse and had nothing the matter with it. I wanted a fine horse, but I didn't know anything about horses much. And I didn't know the man very well either.

So I told him I wanted to try the horse for a month. He said "All right, but pay me first, and I'll give you back your money if the horse isn't alright."

Well, I didn't like that. I was afraid the horse wasn't "alright" and that I might have to whistle for my money if I once parted with it. So I didn't buy the horse, although I wanted it badly. Now this set me thinking.

You see I make Washing Machines—the "1900 Gravity" Washer.

And I said to myself, lots of people may think about my Washing Machine as I thought about the horse, and about the man who owned it.

But I'd never know, because they wouldn't write and tell me. You see, I sell my Washing Machines by mail. I have sold over half a million that way. So, thought I, it is only fair enough to let people try my Washing Machines for a month, before they pay for them, just as I wanted to try the horse.

Now, I know what our "1900 Gravity" Washer will do. I know it will wash the clothes, without wearing or tearing them, in less than half the time they can be washed by hand or by any other machine.

I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in six minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that without wearing the clothes. Our "1900 Gravity" Washer does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman, and it doesn't wear the clothes, fray the edges nor break buttons, the way all other machines do.

It just drives soapy water clear through the fibres of the clothes like a force pump might.

So, said I to myself, I will do with my "1900 Gravity" Washer what I wanted the man to do with the horse. Only I won't wait for people to ask me. I'll offer first, and I'll make good the offer every time.

Let me send you a "1900 Gravity" Washer on a month's free trial. I'll pay the freight out of my own pocket, and if you don't want the machine after you've used it a month, I'll take it back and pay the freight, too. Surely that is fair enough, isn't it?

Doesn't it prove that the "1900 Gravity" Washer must be all that I say it is?

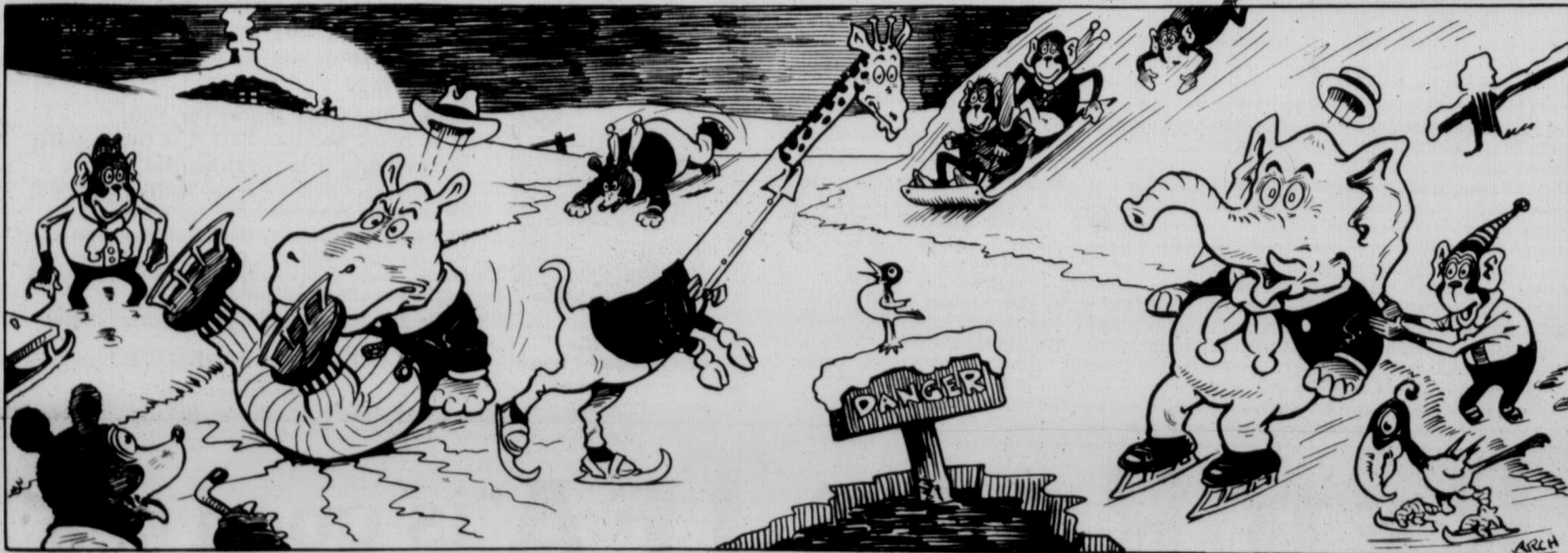
And you can pay me out of what it saves for you. It will save its whole cost in a few months in wear and tear on the clothes alone. And then it will save 50 to 75 cents a week over that on washwoman's wages. If you keep the machine after the month's trial, I'll let you pay for it out of what it saves you. If it saves you 60 cents a week, send me 50c a week till paid for. I'll take that cheerfully, and I'll wait for my money until the machine itself earns the balance.

Drop me a line to-day, and let me send you a book about the "1900 Gravity" Washer that washes clothes in six minutes.

Address me personally—

N. G. MORRIS, Manager
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