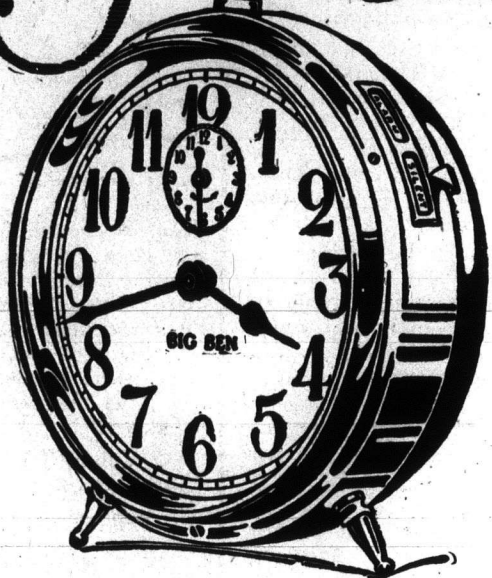


Big Ben



You set the hour—he'll wake you up

If it's two-thirty to get the milk to town, he calls you right on the dot. If it's five o'clock when work is light, Big Ben lets you get the extra sleep.

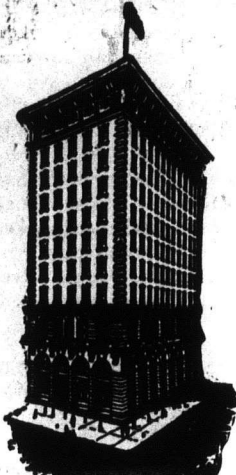
Dodge him around—two to-day—five to-morrow—give him a thorough try-out. Any hour you say

suits Big Ben. Just arrange it with him at bed time. It's his business to get you up on time and he does it loyally—punctually—cheerfully. He stands seven inches tall; has great, strong keys that make him easy to wind; a big, deep-toned gong that makes him pleasing to hear—a round, jolly face that makes him easy to read. If your dealer hasn't him, a money order addressed to his makers, Westclox, La Salle, Illinois, will bring him to you postpaid. \$3.50 in the States—in Canada, \$3.00

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International Poultry Food Tonic so stimulates the hen's system that she simply has to lay eggs.

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Ask your neighbor to take The Western Home Monthly. It pleases everyone—it will delight him or her also.

"Peace and goodwill from Heaven to Earth

Begin, and never cease."

He said the boy softly to himself. The man dipped his pen in the ink, paused again and laid it down.

"Terence," he said, "you shall take a message for me. I won't write. Tell your mother that you found an ogre in a lonely castle, who was only an ogre because someone had cast a spell on him, and tell her, he can only be transformed back into a prince, when a beautiful princess comes to break the spell."

"Mother would make a lovely beautiful princess. She's just like the one in my fairy tale book."

"Well see if you can persuade her to make the ending to this story a happy one."

"I think she will praps to please me. She does lots of things like that for me. And besides, it's not often a lady has the chance of being a real princess out of a fairy book, with a live ogre to get rid of. It's most lovely. But d'you know I don't believe you're an ogre at all. I believe you're a real proper prince."

"Do you really?"

Terence nodded.

"Yes! Only praps you're rather old for a prince. Praps you've grown into a king by now. I am glad I came to your enchanted castle."

"So am I, little man. Perhaps you are the knight through whom I am to be freed from the spell, which you

"Do you understand me, Dawson?" he thundered.

"Yes, Judge. Certainly. I'll send the young woman at once."

Dawson descended to the servants' hall, and confided to its occupants his conjecture as to the speedy confinement of his master in a lunatic asylum.

The fairy tale princess, accompanied by Terence, carrying the rabbit, walked together up the enchanted way to the castle of the ogre. The bald headed one admitted them. A moment later they stood before the ogre.

Nobody said anything, but the Princess grew very pale, and the ogre looked very sad—much more like a good prince than an ogre. At last he spoke.

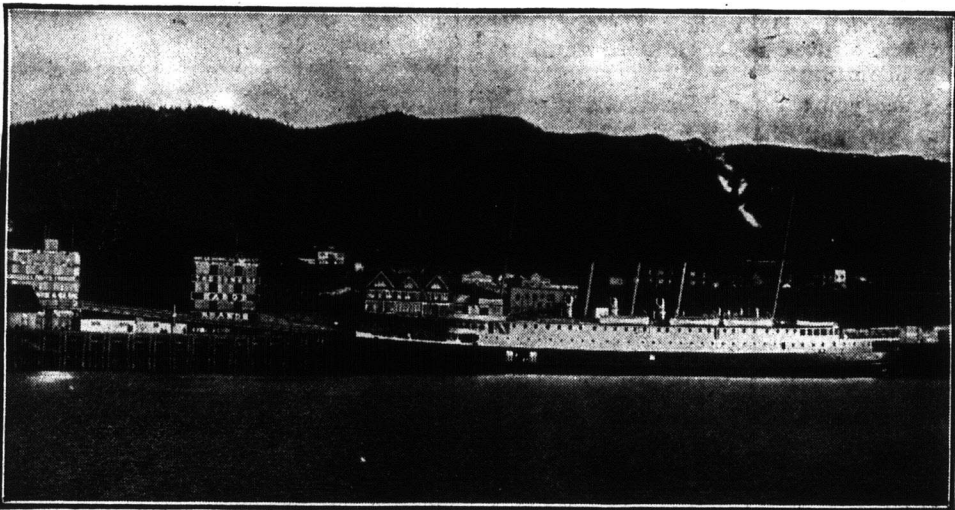
"You have come to break the evil spell that has been upon me all these years, have you not?" he said earnestly, not at all as though he was only pretending.

"Oh, if I only could," said the Princess with a sob in her voice. "Can you ever forgive me, Jim?" Terence was rather bewildered at the very real way these grown ups played.

"You don't know his name, Mother. You should call him 'Prince,' and, of course, you can break the spell. That's what you're for."

The ogre suddenly turned to the boy.

"Ah! Knight-errant! Tell us how an evil spell is broken?" he said, "and what a bewitched ogre does under these circumstances."



Prince Rupert Waterfront

kindly suggested had been cast upon me."

"What a splendid idea?" cried Terence.

"We'll pretend that, won't we? I am longing for to-morrow. We'll play fairy tales all the afternoon won't we, Mr.—King? Good-bye. Oh!" He turned at the door. "I do hope the gentleman with the bald head who stared at me won't mind our coming."

"If he does, he'll go," answered Terence's new friend, which utterance was wholly enigmatical to the boy but sounded distinctly reassuring. The prospect of the bald headed gentleman's disapproval was evidently not regarded with any dismay by the king of this castle.

"Good-bye." Another wave and Terence was gone, running down the enchanted way to the big gates, and home as fast as his little legs would carry him.

Judge Fansittart returned to his library and rang the bell. Dawson, "the bald headed," appeared in answer to the summons.

"Go out and dig up the best young spruce you can find in the shrubbery."

"Dig up, Judge! A tree. I, Judge?"

"Yes, you. Now, at once."

"What size tree, sir?" inquired Dawson, fearing for his master's sanity.

"What size? I don't know. The proper size for a Christmas tree, of course."

Dawson bowed differentially.

"And, Dawson. Who's the youngest female in the house?"

"The kitchen maid, Judge. Fifteen her age is, so I understand."

"That'll do. Send her into the town to buy the right things to hang on a Christmas tree."

Dawson looked blankly at his master.

Terence cogitated a few moments.

"Well," he said finally, "in most cases it's the prince who saves the princess, and then it's quite simple. He just kisses her and everything comes right, and they live happily ever after."

"I see," said the Prince-ogre: "then in this case matters are reversed, I suppose?"

"Yes," assented Terence, "in this case the Princess must kiss you, I expect. It's all quite right because it's a real fairy tale."

The pale face of the Princess was now a rosy red, and she looked shyly at the ogre-prince. He held out his hands, and she went right up to him, and then he caught her in his arms, but whether he kissed her, or she kissed him Terence has never been able to make out: but it didn't matter either way because the spell was quite broken, and the ogre turned into a most splendid prince, who ever after that loved Christmas and rabbits and Terence—but Terence's mother, most of all, and he called her his Christmas Princess—and they lived happily ever after.

A Philadelphia lawyer, who spends most of his time at his country estate, employs a sturdy Irish gardener, whose one desire in life is to live until the banner of freedom is unfurled over Ireland.

One evening the lawyer strolled through the grounds of his place and stopped to have a chat with the gardener.

"Michael, do you know that while we are here enjoying the beautiful twilight it is dark midnight in Ireland?" he asked.

"Faith, an' O'im not surprised," replied the gardener. "Ireland niver got justice yet."