

National Directory of Standard Products

(Concluded from page 25.)

MILK.

S. Price & Sons Limited, Toronto.
MOPS (Scrubbing and Dry Dusting).
Tartox Bros., Toronto.

MULTIGRAPH LETTERS & MAIL LISTS.

Harry Edwards, Toronto.
MUSIC PUBLISHERS.

Whaley, Royce & Co., Limited,
Toronto and Winnipeg.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

Whaley, Royce & Co., Limited,
Toronto and Winnipeg.

OFFICE FURNITURE.

United Typewriter Co., Ltd., To-
ronto.

PAINTS AND VARNISHES.

International Varnish Co., Limited,
Toronto.

PIANOS.

Heintzman & Co., "Ye Olde Firm,"
Toronto.

PIANOS & PLAYER PIANOS

The Newcombe Piano Co., Ltd.,
Toronto.

PLUMBING SUPPLIES.

Fiddes & Hogarth, Limited, To-
ronto.

PRINTING INKS.

Sinclair Valentine Co. of Canada,
Limited, Toronto.

PUBLICATION PRINTERS.

The Ontario Press, Limited, To-
ronto.

REFRIGERATORS:

Eureka Refrigerator Co., Limited,
Toronto.

RIBBONS (Typewriter, Adding Ma- chines).

United Typewriter Co., Ltd., To-
ronto.

SCRAP IRON, STEEL & METALS.

Frankel Bros., Toronto.

SEEDS (Garden—of every Descrip- tion).

Carter's Tested Seeds, Inc., To-
ronto.

SHEET MUSIC AND MUSIC BOOKS.

Whaley, Royce & Co., Limited,
Toronto and Winnipeg.

STATIONERS AND PRINTERS.

United Typewriter Co., Ltd., To-
ronto.

STEEL (Tool).

Wm. Jessop & Sons, Limited,
Toronto.

STORAGE

Standard Warehouse & Mercan-
tile Co., Toronto.

STOVES, COOKING, Coal, Wood, Electric and Gas.

The McClary Mfg. Co., London,
Ont.

Wrought Iron Range Co. of Can.,
Ltd., Toronto.

TINWARE

Soren Bros., Manufacturers, To-
ronto, Ont.

TYPEWRITERS.

United Typewriter Co., Limited,
"Underwood" Typewriters, To-
ronto.

UNIFORMS.

Beauchamp & How, Limited, To-
ronto.

VARNISHES AND JAPANS.

The Ault & Wiborg Varnish
Works, Toronto.

VEGETABLES, (Desiccated):

Graham Co., Limited, Belleville,
Ont.

WASHING MACHINES.

Hurley Machine Co., "Thor Elec-
tric Washing Machines," To-
ronto.

"1900" Washer Company, Toronto.

WATCH CASES.

American Watch Case Co., Lim-
ited, Toronto.

WINDOW LETTERS AND SIGNS.

J. E. Richardson & Co., Toronto,
Ont.

Carmagan answered, "and you sure have worked the graft up well. It's a cracker jack. But you're looking kind of tired and I reckon the best thing you can do as soon as this meeting's over is to take a little rest jaunt out to the coast."

Captain McPhee nodded. "It's been a strain, Sid," he answered, "but the success has carried me along. Still I fancy a holiday will come in good and handy. How about going west this evening? Will you come Sid? You can wire your wife that you're with me and I'll chaperon you? I don't feel like going on a jaunt on my lonesome."

"Sure I'll come, and we'll leave this evening. Now for this meeting, eh?"

WHEN Captain McPhee and Carmagan stepped up on to the platform at the west end of the opera house the whole building was packed.

Captain McPhee opened the proceedings and wasted no time in preliminary talk. He remarked that everyone knew all about the marvellous oil-gushers on their property and then plunged into a highly technical and abstruse explanation of the refining of crude oil. Deeper and deeper he waded in; but just as Carmagan had almost decided to cause some interruption the Captain suddenly and dramatically exclaimed:

"There, ladies and gentlemen, I have explained at some length the difficulties that confront all oil companies except one. It is in this refining and preparing for the market that the money is lost. But, and note this well, the Harvest City Pure Oil Company need never worry about such matters. Our oil comes from the wells, and all we have to do, so to speak, is to hold our buckets under the gushers as they fall.

"What does this mean? It means, friends, that on a very conservative basis we can sell oil to the whole world at fifty per cent. less than any other company, and at the same time pocket for our shareholders two hundred per cent. per annum."

There was not a sound, not a shoe scraped on the floor, not a throat was cleared, but Carmagan, sitting up there on the platform, felt the whole crowd thrill with suppressed excitement. The air seemed to tremble with the unspoken question that was in everyone's mind, "How can I get a hand in the game?"

Captain McPhee continued after a short pause:

"We, the original owners of this extraordinary and unique property, are all local men and known personally to you, and, I believe, respected. Perhaps we have done wrong. But in any case we have decided that as this enormous wealth will come from the ground right here, we must give our fellow citizens and neighbors the first offer of sharing in this bonanza. With this end in view, we have capitalized our oil wells at the absurdly low figure of fifty thousand dollars, and now offer . . . and now offer . . ."

As McPhee spoke these words there was a slight disturbance at the back of the opera house. People said, "Shish!" and others cried, "Throw him out!" But whatever it was, was steadily pushing its way up along the centre aisle towards the platform.

The captain took up his narrative again. "We have decided, I repeat . . . He looked down over the heads of the

people just below him, as he spoke, towards the back of the hall where the disturbance was still occurring. Suddenly he saw what was causing it, and words refused to leave his mouth, and he stood there staring speechless at old man Thorne, still clothed in his sacks, now steadily pushing his way up towards the foot of the platform. Other people turned to look, and burst into guffaws that threw off all restraint as the old man threaded his way through the crowd.

Captain McPhee pulled himself together. There was only one way to save the situation, and he grasped at that.

"Why, it's my old friend, Billy Thorne!" he exclaimed. "Come right up on to the platform, William. You shall sure have first chance to participate in this great wealth that lay so long unknown and unheeded under your feet."

"Hear, hear!" a clergyman sitting near the platform exclaimed, and somebody else called for three cheers and a tiger for the Cap, and they were given with a will.

Meanwhile, old Thorne had wormed his way up to the foot of the platform. Here he stopped and would not mount up beside the captain.

The whole audience was now on tip-toe to hear what the old man wanted. Had he come to claim the oil as his? Was there a fault somewhere in the title he had given the company? What had brought him?

Captain McPhee, seeing that Thorne refused to come up on to the platform, leaned forward towards him, a good-natured smile playing over his face. Inwardly he could have choked the old man for butting in at that moment. "What is it Bill?" he asked.

"Just a word, Cap," the old man answered in a high-pitched, querulous voice that could be heard distinctly all over the hall.

"Yes?" the captain asked, as the old man did not continue.

"Cap," Thorne replied, "when you bought my farm you acted fair and square with me, giving me my price and paying over the money as you agreed. Me and the old moke's got enough now to live on for the rest of our lives, and we owe it all to you, Cap."

Captain McPhee sighed with relief. A tremor of horror had passed over him, paralysing his thoughts, when he had seen the old man coming towards him through the crowded hall. Now he recognized that while this interlude was untimely, it was nothing more. He almost laughed at his former fears.

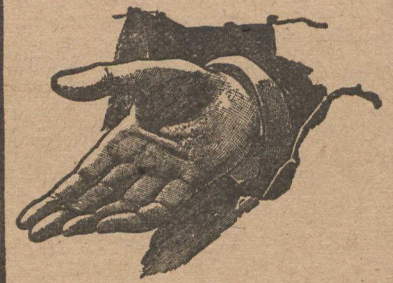
"Not another word, friend," he answered. "Not another word. I believe I have always tried to deal fair and square with all men."

"Hear, hear!" from the clergyman again.

OLD Thorne cleared his throat and began speaking again:

"That's what I said," he answered, "but when I was down at the depot just now putting the moke into a car ready to go east with me to-night a man came up and tried to say that you hadn't dealt square with me. He said that you knew there was oil up in that swamp near my shack and that's why you bought the land. Now, Cap, I called you my friend just now, and when I did that I meant it, so I wasn't going to leave here without putting a little matter like that straight. People wouldn't come openly

Good



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