

Russell

KNIGHT

To make the Russell completely comfortable was our aim. That we have succeeded is shown by the wide-spread adoption of many features which we *pioneered* a year ago.

By a clever, exclusive arrangement, we utilize the heat of the exhaust gases to warm the tonneau. The value of this feature in our severe Canadian winter is apparent.

"I was at the rugby match at Ottawa," said a prominent owner of a Russell Six. "It was a bitter day. My friends could not see how we were able to sit in comfort in our open car, while they found it unbearably cold in their limousine. I explained the Russell Heating System—how by running the engine slowly the car was most comfortably warm the whole afternoon."

The *Russell rear windshield*, too, is a wonderful help in protecting the tonneau occupants from dust and biting winds. It is an original Russell feature—now widely copied.

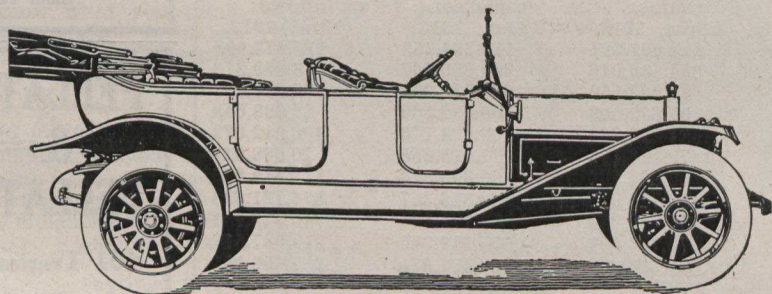
Nothing less than *complete comfort*, as embodied in the Russell-Knight should satisfy. Russell owners—not merely pleased, but enthusiastic—have voluntarily written these fine letters.

Russell Motor Car Co., Limited

Head Office and Factory: WEST TORONTO

Branches: Toronto Hamilton Montreal Calgary Winnipeg Vancouver Melbourne

"Made up to a standard, not down to a price"



No. 14

Winnipeg, Nov. 18, 1913.

Russell Motor Car Co., Ltd.,
346 Donald Street,
City.

Gentlemen:—

It may be of interest to you to know that I am very pleased with my Russell-Knight "28," purchased from your Company last spring. All being well, I hope to have a second car of your make next year.

One cannot say too much of the comfort of your "28"; it surely has no superior, is a very smooth operating car and easy riding.

I desire to express my fullest recognition of the quality of the Russell-Knight Car and bespeak for you continued success.

Yours truly,
(NAME ON REQUEST)

No. 11

Calgary, Nov. 25, 1913.

Russell Motor Car Co., Ltd.,
1504 1st Street East,
Calgary.

Gentlemen:—

With reference to the Russell Model "28" purchased from you three months ago, I have driven the car about three thousand miles, and during the time I have had it I have not had a particle of trouble in any way.

The electric starter is a marvel, never having failed me once.

It is the seventh car I have had and needless to say, it is the best. Its finish and riding qualities are much admired by all who see and ride in it.

In my opinion the car is better than any other sold at the price.

Yours truly,
(NAME ON REQUEST)

and pinned him. Fancy giving your life for a pair of trousers and a coat, Evan! I think it's awfully funny!" He began to giggle.

Evan looked at him attentively. He had to deal with exhaustion, not insanity. He took out his flask.

"Drink this, and don't be a fool," he said roughly.

Ferguson drank, choked, spluttered, gasped, swore, and burst into tears. Presently, with averted head, he muttered, "You've saved my reason, Evan."

"Rats! Take me to your wife, I've got some more brandy, which is probably all she needs. Where is she?"

"In the old shack at Harold Lake. Flitters is with her. You go ahead. There are five men missing, besides Jumbo. I'm going to see if—" his voice broke, and he nodded towards the ruined camp.

Evan landed, raced over the portage, which was a short one, paddled across Harold Lake, and made his way to a little tumble-down shack, once the property of a trapper. The sagging door was wide open. A woman was lying on the floor. Kneeling beside her was a girl with masses of tawny brown hair tumbling over her shoulders.

"I've got some brandy," he began.

The girl turned and looked up at him. She was very pale. There were black smudges on her forehead and cheek. As she met his eyes, her mouth quivered into a smile that made her beautiful. "Goodness gracious!" she cried hysterically, "It's the Flopsy man!" She was the pretty girl of the Pullman car!

Evan stared at her. "Is your name Flitters?" he asked slowly.

Smiling tearfully as she forced some brandy between her sister's lips, the girl nodded. "It's perfectly ridiculous," she said, "and I know it sounds like a breakfast food, or a new sort of cocktail, but it is my name!"

"And you are Bob's sister-in-law?"

"Of course. Who did you think I was?"

"I thought," said Evan, with great deliberation, "that you were a bull pup!"

Some time later when Ferguson entered the hut and heard his wife's "Oh, you poor boy!" half the load of grief and anxiety seemed to slip from his shoulders. "Things aren't so black after all," he said, sitting down on the floor beside her; "the machinery is all right. Thanks to Evan's road, we were able to get a lot of canned stuff and bedding up to the mill. I managed to pull out all my papers and instru-

ments. Of course, there are those five poor chaps missing, but we saved the magazine. And there are thirty tons of dynamite in it!"

Outside the shack Flitters was stripping some of the moss from a rocky plateau, preparatory to building a fire to boil water for tea. Evan was near by, collecting firewood.

"Mr. Chetwood," she called presently, come here a moment, will you? Do you see this big white vein running through the plateau? What is all that yellow stuff in it? Do you think" (this with a pretty air of wisdom that made Evan want to hug her), "that it is iron pyrites?"

Evan knelt down beside her and silently examined the quartz for several minutes. "No," he said at last, and his voice sounded rather breathless, "it's not pyrites, it's—gold!"

"Gold!" she echoed. "Gold? Then there is a regular mine of it, for see, the vein runs away past that Jack pine, and it gets broader all the time!"

"In that case," said Evan, smiling into her sea-blue eyes, and feeling deliciously and unaccountably happy, "your fortune is made."

"Yours, too!" she said eagerly.

"You chose the place for the fire."

"Then we'll go shares," he sug-

gested, "and we will call our mine, the—the—"

"Flopsy Mine," murmured Flitters dreamily. And they did.

Explained.—"Atkins," said the sergeant angrily, "why haven't you shaved this morning?"

"Ain't I shaved?" asked Atkins, in apparent surprise.

"No, you're not," insisted the sergeant; "and I want to know why."

"Well, you see, sergeant," replied the soldier, "there was a dozen of us using the same mirror, and I must have shaved some other man."—New York Mail.

News to Him.—Minister—"So you've turned over a new leaf, Sandy. I was indeed glad to see you at our prayer meeting last night."

Sandy (village reprobate)—"Is that whaur I wis? I didna kin whaur I had been efter I left McGlastan's pub."—London Opinion.

The Sweet Thing.—Fair Visitor—"Oh, don't trouble to see me to the door!"

Hostess—"No trouble at all, dear. It's a pleasure."—New York Mail.