

To Security Owners:—

Since most estates contain securities—bonds, stocks or mortgages—no qualification for executorship is more necessary than acquaintance with security values. This Company is eminently qualified to deal with property in the form of securities. Long experience in such matters has given our officials a wide and exact knowledge which might be of service to your heirs if you appointed the Company your executor.

Consultations invited.

National Trust Company

Capital Paid-up, *Limited* Reserve,
\$1,500,000. \$1,500,000.

18-22 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO.

Meet me at the
Tuller

For Value, Service,
Home Comforts



New HOTEL TULLER

Detroit, Michigan

Centre of business on Grand Circus Park. Take Woodward car, get off at Adams Ave.

ABSOLUTELY FIREPROOF

200 Rooms, Private Bath,	\$1.50	Single,	\$2.50	Up Double
200 " " "	2.00	"	3.00	" "
100 " " "	2.50	"	4.00	" "
100 " " "	"3.00 to 5.00"	"	4.50	" "

Total 600 Outside Rooms - All Absolutely Quiet

Two Floors—Agents' Sample Rooms

New Unique Cafes and Cabaret Excellent

RITZ CARLTON HOTEL

SHERBROOKE ST. WEST, MONTREAL

TARIFF

Single Room and Bath from \$3.00 up.

Double Room and Bath from \$5.00 up.

Table D'Hote and a la carte Meals at Moderate Prices.

CANADA'S FINEST HOTEL

FRANK S. QUICK, Manager.

Any Spare Time?

While the work-a-day hours of the week may be devoted to productive toil it is not always the case that the week-end sees accumulated profit. Therefore the handicaps of average ability, of a poor job, or of lack of opportunity to progress, must be made up—if made up at all—in other directions.

The spare time, the leisure time, the loafing time, the undevoted to anything time, holds the secret of financial advancement. It holds it for YOU.

Why Not Earn?

To thousands of people the idea of earning "something on the side" may come as something absolutely new. Are you one of these people? Does increased income seem desirable? (To whom does it not seem so.) If you are in earnest about it I can show you how to go about it. The distribution of a journal with national outlook like the Courier is a big task, covering Canada. Therefore I need lots of men, women, boys—all can help. Don't call it a "canvassing job, for which you are not fitted."

Write me for descriptive ideas on salesmanship of a national journal.

I can profitably employ your spare time.

Sales Manager,
CANADIAN COURIER,
181 Simcoe St., TORONTO

seen it, passed it on to Harriet Santoine. She took it, staring at it mechanically and vacantly; then suddenly she shivered, and the yellow paper which she had read slipped from her hand and fluttered to the floor. Connery stooped and picked it up and handed it toward Eaton.

"This is yours," he said.

Eaton had sensed already what the nature of the message must be, though as the conductor held it out to him he could read only his name at the top of the sheet and did not know yet what the actual wording was below. Acceptance of it must mean arrest, indictment for the crime against Basil Santoine; and that, whether or not he later was acquitted, must destroy him; but denial of the message now would be hopeless.

"It is yours, isn't it?" Connery urged.

"Yes; it's mine," Eaton admitted; and to make his acceptance definite, he took the paper from Connery. As he looked dully down at it, he read: "He is on your train under the name of Dorne."

The message was not signed.

CONNERY touched him on the shoulder. "Come with me, Mr. Eaton."

Eaton got up slowly and mechanically and followed the conductor. At the door he halted and looked back; Harriet Santoine was not looking; her face was covered with her hands; Eaton hesitated; then he went on. Connery threw open the door of the compartment next to the washroom and corresponding to the drawing-room at the other end of the car, but smaller.

"You'll do well enough in here." He looked over Eaton deliberately. "Judging from your manner, I suppose there's not much use expecting you to answer anything more about yourself—either in relation to the Warden murder or this?"

"No," said Eaton, "there is not."

"You prefer to make us find out anything more?"

Eaton made no answer.

"All right," Connery concluded. "But if you change your mind for the better, or if you want anything bad enough to send for me, ring for the porter and he'll get me."

He closed the door upon Eaton and locked it. As Eaton stood staring at the floor, he could hear through the metal partition of the washroom the nervous, almost hysterical weeping of an overstrained girl. The thing was done; in so far as the authorities on the train were concerned, it was known that he was the man who had had the appointment with Gabriel Warden and had disappeared; and in so far as the train officials could act, he was accused and confined for the attack upon Basil Santoine. But besides being overwhelmed with the horror of this position, the manner in which he had been accused had aroused him to helpless anger, to rage at his accusers which still increased as he heard the sounds on the other side of the partition where Avery was now trying to silence Harriet Santoine and lead her away.

Why had Avery gone at his accusation of him in that way? Connery had had the telegram in his pocket from the start of the questioning in the washroom; Avery had seen and read it; they could have condemned him with whomever they wished, merely by showing it. Why, then, had Avery chosen to drag this girl—strained and upset already by the attack upon her father and with long hours of nursing ahead of her before expert help could be got—step by step through their accusation of him? Eaton saw that—whatever Harriet Santoine's casual interest in himself might be—this showed at least that Avery's relation to her was not so completely accepted by her and so definite as appeared on the surface, since Avery thought it necessary to convince her rather than merely tell her. And what sent the blood hot and throbbing into Eaton's temples was the cruelty of Avery's action.

So Avery was that kind of a man! The kind that, when an end is to be attained, is ready to ignore as

though unimportant the human side of things. Concurrently with these thoughts—as always with all his thoughts—was running the memory of his own experience—that experience of which Eaton had not spoken and of which he had avoided speaking at any cost; and as he questioned now whether Avery might be one of those men who to gain an end they deem necessary are ready to disregard humanity,—to inflict suffering, wrong, injustice,—he realized that he was beginning to hate Avery for himself, for what he was, aside from the accusation he brought.

No sounds came to him from the washroom—the girl must have controlled herself; footsteps passing the door of his compartment told him then that the two had gone out into the open car.

(To be Continued.)

Good Baking Recipes

Vanilla Cookies:—4 eggs, 1 cup butter, 2 cups granulated sugar, 2 cups flour, ½ teaspoon soda, 1 of cream tartar, teaspoon vanilla.

Cake Made in a Hurry:—2 cups flour, 1 egg, 1 cup white sugar, 1 cup milk or water, 2 teaspoons cream tartar, 1 teaspoon soda, 2 tablepoons melted butter. Put all in a bowl together and beat until light.

Perfection White Cake:—1 cup granulated sugar, ½ cup butter, ½ cup sweet milk, 2 cups flour, 1 teaspoon cream tartar, ½ teaspoon soda, whites 4 eggs beaten stiff. Bake in two layers and put together with boiled icing.

Christian Science Cake:—2 eggs, 2-3 cup granulated sugar, 4 tablepoons blackstrap, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 cup sour cream, 1 teaspoon soda, a pinch of salt, 2 cups of flour (Scant); filling with dates. Bake in two layers, cook the dates and spread between.

Cream Fruit Cake:—1 cup brown sugar, 1 cup sour cream, 1 egg, butter the size of an egg, 1 teaspoon each of soda and cinnamon, 1 small nutmeg, 2 cups flour, 1½ cups seeded raisins cut in two.

Beefsteak Cake:—½ cup butter, ¾ cup brown sugar, 2 eggs, ½ cup baking syrup, ½ cup currants, 1 teaspoon cloves, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, ½ cup butter-milk, 1 good teaspoon soda, a little salt, and flour enough to make a batter that is not too stiff.

Eggless Cake:—1 cup sugar, 1 cup milk, 2 cups flour, 5 tablepoons lard or butter, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 tablepoons boiling water; sift baking-powder in flour, flavouring to taste.

Easy Cake:—1 cup sugar, 1½ cups flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 2 eggs broken into a cup (not beaten), and filled up with milk. Mix sugar, flour and baking powder together and then put in eggs and milk, last of all add 4 tablepoons soft butter and flavouring. Bake in loaf or layer.

Model Son.—The fussy old gentleman asked the chance travelling companion, "Have you any children, sir?"

"Yes, sir, a son."

"Ah, indeed! Does he smoke?"

"No, sir, he never so much as touched a cigarette."

"So much the better, sir; the use of tobacco is a poisonous habit. Does he frequent clubs?"

"He has never put his foot in one."

"Allow me to congratulate you. Does he never come home late?"

"Never. He goes to bed directly after dinner."

"A model young man, sir, a model young man. How old is he?"

"Just six months."

Next!—A year or two ago we had a play called "Clothes."

Now they have produced a piece called "Her Naked Self."

Whither are we drifting?