

little pines, four to twelve feet high, which to the rear of the cabin stretched away almost as far as eye could reach. "They're good for something."

"In thirty years, yes," answered Edouard.

"No, not in thirty years. Right now, I'd be a rich man if I had them in Chicago, at the right time of the year. There isn't one that wouldn't bring a quarter, and from that all the way up to a dollar."

"You mean?"

"I mean, of course, at Christmas time. You have a regular forest of Christmas trees in this back yard of yours."

"And people buy those?" asked Edouard incredulously.

"Indeed they would. Every town of any size would take a car load."

"Why they not use their own?"

The boy laughed. "Because they all were used, years and years ago. It's just the way you say it will be here. The railroads came, and lots and lots of people; the ground is all in crops."

"The railroads! Yes. But here. How I send off those trees?"

Dick's enthusiasm suffered a sudden check.

"I—well, I don't know," he confessed. "But, say, Mr. Merton told me the railroad would come through here this fall, and trains be running by November."

Edouard laughed.

"Five, eight, ten year, I hear that. Every year, 'This summer the railroad come.' First three, four year, I believe. Now—"

And he scornfully puffed out his cheeks.

"Well, of course, I don't know, myself, for sure. But Mr. Merton is a stockholder in the railroad, he's one of the directors of the Manitou Lumber Company, and—"

"You say"—his interest was evidently deeply stirred—"that Mr. Merton, he part own the Manitou Lumber Company?" said Edouard.

"Sure, he's one of their big men, and besides that—"

"I work for that company, six year," exclaimed Edouard.

"Well, say," a sudden inspiration had flashed upon Dick; "you just come with me and see him at the house boat. It isn't more than half a mile, and you tell him



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all about it. He'll give you advice that's good for something."

Edouard cast a deprecating look at his rough clothing.

"Oh, they're all right," the boy protested. "The Mertons are just such plain folks as we are."

The man hesitated; then, "I tell you," he exclaimed, "you tell him, first, then I come."

"All right," and Dick turned toward the river. "I'll tell him that you'll be down in about fifteen minutes."

"I bring the eggs," said Edouard.

"I declare," laughed the boy, "I nearly forgot for what I had come." And, catching up the basket, he disappeared with it among the trees.

Ten minutes later he was making his explanation to Mr. Merton. "He says

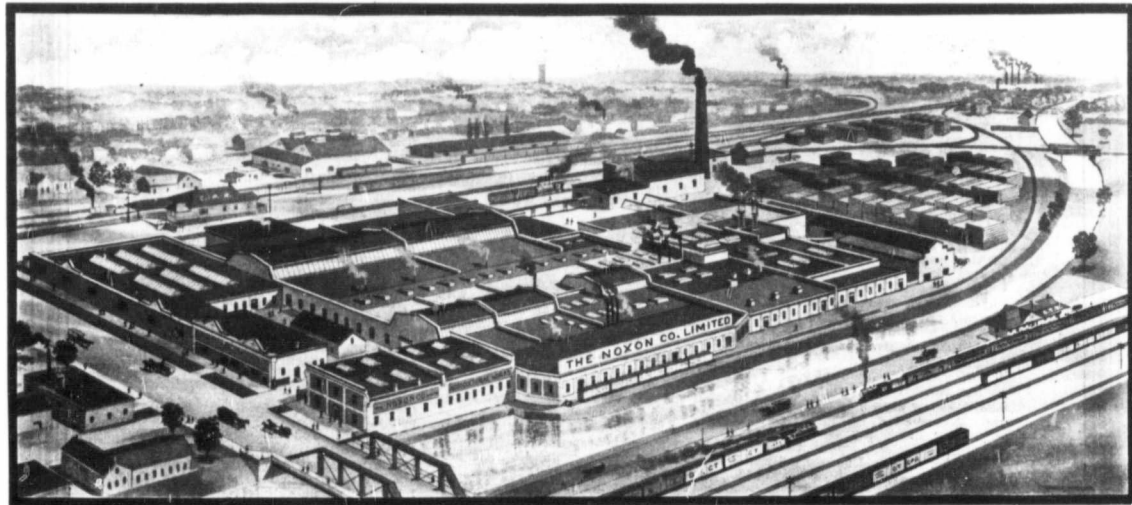
he worked for your people five or six years," so in part it ran, "but now he has been unfortunate, children sick, crops bad and he's discouraged and doesn't know what to do. I showed him these oceans of little Christmas trees, but when he stumped me by asking how he could get them to market, I told him to come down and talk to you. You don't mind, do you?"

"I'll be glad to see him. Fact is," and Mr. Merton smiled again, "business has come to be so much a habit, I can't help mixing it even with vacations. And," the smile grew broader, "one reason I came this way was to look up the crop of Christmas trees. They're getting scarce these days."

So it happened that the morning which had been one of the gloomiest that ever clouded Edouard Mallard's soul, ended

with nothing in all the sky save the cloud's silver linings, for Mr. Merton fully convinced him that this time the railroad was really coming, and before their interview was over, an agreement had been made providing for the shipment of a number of car loads of trees. Most of these were cut by neighbors, whom Edouard was authorized to hire, but many of them Edouard himself cut, with the proud assistance of Jacques and Rene.

Later, in hundreds of homes, those trees were decked with candles and laden with gifts, and happy children danced and clapped their hands about them. How little did they know of the part in their happiness contributed by Dick Hawtin, in his cheerful half-hour's talk, that September morning, away up North in the Christmas forest.



The above picture of the plant of the NOXON COMPANY, LIMITED, of INGERSOLL, Ontario, is no doubt a familiar scene to a number of our Western people who have come from Ontario. To those, however, who have never seen this institution an idea of the size of same will be obtained from the above cut.

The Noxon Co., Ltd., have been in business since the year 1855, known in the earlier years as the Noxon Bros. Mfg. Co. and later as the Noxon Co., Ltd. The Company have been doing a very large export business for the past few years, in fact, the export trade has engaged practically their entire output. Now, having increased the premises to a considerable extent by additions and new buildings, the company are in a position to devote part of their facilities to manufacturing machines for Western Canada and have already commenced doing business in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, particularly in binders, mowers, rakes, cultivators and disc and drag harrows. Mr. W. F. Johnston, late of the Massey-Harris Co., is the designer and constructor of the machines which are giving splendid satisfaction in practically all countries of the world. Mr. Johnston has had a wide experience both in foreign countries and in Canada and the NOXON machines are a standing tribute to his mechanical genius. Mr. C. W. Riley, the President of the Company, is one of Canada's largest Cheese Exporters, also supplying a large amount of dairy produce to the Western markets. The Noxon Co., Ltd., have to date retained their independence and no doubt the dealers and farmers in the Canadian West will appreciate this fact, and be pleased to see an independent harvesting line in the market.

The plant of the Company is situated in the Town of Ingersoll between the Grand Trunk Railroad on the one side and the Canadian Pacific on the other side, both railroads serving the plant with sidings, making the railroad accommodation as good as any plant in Canada. The Thames River which flows along the north side of the plant furnishes the water used on the premises both for steam and fire protection and the Town being almost divided equally by the river makes the premises extremely convenient for the employees. The well known firm of TUDHOPE-ANDERSON COMPANY, who for some years past have been doing a large business in buggies, waggon, plows, etc., have taken the agency for NOXON machines for Western Canada, so they are now able to supply their agents with a complete line. THE TUDHOPE-ANDERSON COMPANY thoroughly cover the West with their large and efficient organization and have large warehouses at Winnipeg, Regina, Calgary and Saskatoon, where a full line of NOXON machines and repairs will be held for prompt delivery.