

High School Pupils and Other Students

WHO desire to earn a little pocket money for the holiday season should write at once to "Circulation Department B," Canadian Courier, Toronto.

This is the season when the readers of weekly newspapers and magazines renew their subscriptions. Thousands of people are thinking what they will read next year. These people will welcome suggestions. They are more anxious to talk about subscriptions now than at any other season.

Students are the most successful canvassers. The world loves a student and sympathizes with him in his struggle to get an education. Young men who are anxious to make a little pocket-money at this time of year can do so by working for The Canadian Courier.

The work is easy and simple. It can be done in the odd moments. It can be done among friends and acquaintances. It is pleasant work.

The Canadian Courier has thousands of friends in every province, hundreds in every town and city, and scores in the villages. Will you call on some of these for us? They will be glad to see you as a representative of Canada's only national weekly.

Full instructions and terms will be sent you on receipt of a letter. Write us to-day.

Circulation Department B.
CANADIAN COURIER,
Toronto.

Saunders replied in a whisper. Karl whistled. "This has been a bad business," he said, turning to General Meyer. "But now we have arrived we must arrest somebody. Is that the proprietor over there?"

"Yes, sire," replied Meyer. "He is a partially reformed coiner, and an entirely unreformed receiver of stolen goods. I should not, however, recommend his arrest. The 'Persian Vault' is an institution, and anything which struck at its existence would be unpopular with Your Majesty's lieges."

"Wise councillor!" said the young King. "Who then is that woman over there with the red hair? She has a wild appearance, and has the look of having had a hand in this matter."

"She has," agreed Saunders. "It was her presence that saved our lives. Langli, who is a man of intelligence, when he perceived our danger, went at once for the Red Virgin, as she is called. Then he went for your Majesty's Dragoons. He was clever enough to know the superiority of moral to physical compulsion."

"Indeed! Then tell this Red Virgin to come here, and I will give her money," said Karl.

"I should not do that, sire," said Saunders.

"Why ever not?"

"Because firstly you are a king, and secondly she is an anarchist. She hates kings already; do not give her cause to hate them more. But you have an order on your breast, the order of the Blessed Samaritan. It is given to those who save life under heroic circumstances, and it carries certain privileges in the matter of getting patients into various hospitals. Give her this order, sire. She has earned it, and she may accept it."

"Fetch her then," said Karl.

Saunders went to where the Red Virgin was standing in the company of Mrs. Saunders and the Perownes. Fritz having seen the King's entrance and not desiring his identity to be revealed, remained concealed behind the bar counter, and proceeded to dry his face after the liberal sousing with which Phoebe had procured his return to consciousness.

"Red Virgin," said Saunders, "His Majesty wishes to make you a present."

"I will not accept it."

"It is not a present of money—it is the order of the Blessed Samaritan."

"But I do not believe in the Blessed Samaritan."

"Naturally," said Saunders suavely, "for he was not a real personage. He is merely the hero of a very beautiful story. It is the heroes and heroines of beautiful stories who alone make life worth living. Without them we should perish in a surfeit of uncomfortable realities. Come, my girl, the King waits and I am asking you."

The Red Virgin obeyed like one in a dream. Karl took the small order from his breast and pinned it to the thinly clad bosom of the emaciated anarchist.

"You have saved life," he said simply; "would to Heaven I could say the same of myself!"

The Red Virgin did not curtsy—she did not know how, and would not have done so if she had. But she did something she had not done since she was a little child; she shed tears.

"By the way," said Saunders, turning quickly to General Meyer, "I commiserate with you on your failure in the Juden-haus."

"It seems that others are destined to accomplish what I set out to perform," said the Commander-in-Chief. "I came here to save your life, and find your lives already saved. I tried to raise an army of ruffians to destroy Neumann's brewery—"

"Well?"

"Well, we passed through the Schussasse on our way here, and Neumann's brewery—"

"Yes?"

"Is no longer a building; it is a building site."

CHAPTER XVIII. The Last Offices.

THE survivors of the night's drama, with one exception, slept well. Saunders, who perhaps had suffered most deeply because of his great responsibility, slept best of all. Von

Electric Light, Eyestrain, and the Growing Child

Specialists tell us that most modern ailments are the direct result of eyestrain.

It is a crime to allow a child to read and play under unmitigated electric light.

By the use of MOONSTONE globes and dishes the harsh light is diffused and softened.

It is cheaper, too, than the old way, for less candlepower will produce more illumination, so great is the deflecting and diffusing effect of this chemically perfect glass.



No. 9070. Grecian Lantern.

MOONSTONE "BULLETIN" No. 1

will prove interesting and instructive reading. Give us your room dimensions and our engineering department will tell you, without cost to you, how to light your whole house with a clear and mellow effulgence that will save eye and nerve strain, and work out a material economy at the same time.

Made in Canada.

Jefferson Glass Company, Limited

388 Carlaw Avenue, Toronto

INTERCOLONIAL

Railway

OCEAN LIMITED

DEPARTS
BONAVENTURE UNION DEPOT
MONTREAL
7:30 P.M. DAILY

for QUEBEC, LOWER ST. LAWRENCE RESORTS, MONCTON, HALIFAX.
WITH CONNECTION FOR
ST. JOHN - THE SYDNEYS - PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND - NEWFOUNDLAND SATURDAYS.

A Desk-book of Errors in English

By Frank H. Vizetelly, F.S.A.,

Associate Editor of the Standard Dictionary, treats the hundred and one questions that arise in daily speech and correspondence which are not treated of in the dictionary.

The New York Times: "The scope and plan of the volume, which is of handy size and alphabetical arrangement, strike one as pleasantly sane and sound."

12 mo. cloth, 240 pages. Price \$1.00 post-paid.

Norman Richardson

12 E. Wellington Street

Toronto