

Chosen By These Leading Clubs

Amateur Athletic Club, Montreal.
St. James' Club, Montreal.
Mount Royal Club, Montreal.
Engineers' Club, Montreal.
Montreal Club, Montreal.
Y. M. C. A., Montreal.
Toronto Club, Toronto.
Victoria Club, Toronto.
Albany Club, Toronto.
Ontario Club, Toronto.
University Club, Toronto.
Commercial Club, Toronto.
Y. M. C. A., Toronto.
Rideau Club, Ottawa.
Country Club, Ottawa.
Laurentian Club, Ottawa.
Garrison Club, Quebec.
Welland Club, Welland.
Halifax Club, Halifax.
City Club, Halifax.
Oddfellows' Club, Halifax.
Church of England Institute, Halifax.
Union Club, St. John.
Knights of Columbus, St. John.

Military Institute, Winnipeg.
Garry Club, Winnipeg.
Commercial Club, Winnipeg.
Y. M. C. A., Winnipeg.
Manitoba Club, Winnipeg.
Vancouver Club, Vancouver.
Commercial Club, Vancouver.
Public School Ass'n., Vancouver.
Western Club, Vancouver.
Imperial Club, Vancouver.
Terminal City Club, Vancouver.
Camosun Club, Victoria.
Union Club, Victoria.
Pacific Club, Victoria.
Ranchmen's Club, Calgary.
Golf & Country Club, Calgary.
Alberta Club, Calgary.
Saskatoon Club, Saskatoon.
Chinook Club, Lethbridge.
Westminster Club, Westminster.
Kelowna Club, Kelowna.
Kaministikwia Club, Fort William.
Cranbrook Club, Cranbrook.
Edmonton Club, Edmonton.
Prince Albert Club, Prince Albert.

Burroughes & Watts' BILLIARD TABLES

were chosen by the above mentioned leading clubs—and many others—because the officers of the clubs, after thorough investigation, were convinced that Burroughes & Watts' Tables are superior to other makes. If you are about to purchase a billiard or pool table, it will be to your advantage to select a Burroughes & Watts'

No other tables have the Steel Vacuum Cushion, which is acknowledged by world famous experts to be the only cushion that gives the ball an absolutely correct rebound.

There are other points of superiority about Burroughes & Watts' tables, such as Rapide Automatic Pockets, West of England Cloths, Extra Thick Slate Bed. So write for full particulars.

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YOU will soon grow
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leading brand for
your table—especially if you are a stick-
er for purity. No sediment or foreign
matter, but rich, clear ale to the bottom
of each bottle—the kind that satisfies.

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LIMITED**
TORONTO



grows, to the outermost confines of the Yukon where the Macdonald plug slides from the hip pocket, the name of William Macdonald is known as though it were the subject of legends.

There is about him the terrible uncompromising honesty and rigour of the old Covenanters; minus most of their bigotries and plus some of his own. No man can have his way and be a millionaire and a philanthropist who is not possessed of some more or less pleasant prejudices. Sir William Macdonald has avoided being smug by being—himself. The most critical of his critics admit that he is a marvelous old man; just as years ago he used to be a wonderful middle-aged man—but less so. And when he was a young man, when first he left the east and came to Montreal in 1854 to establish himself in a small way as a tobacco importer—he was dour and determined and aggressive.

He is the Scot in a high key; born in Canada but as Scotch as heather or a claymore; with the driving force of a Hudson's Bay factor or an explorer; possessed of a strange primal virility that is beginning to pass out of this country. Hardship only could have produced such a personality. He never could have inherited wealth. He must make it and dispense it. He must build up. He must fight opposition and obstacles; thrive on them with the dour obstinacy of a Carlyle. Without much book education, obsessed by no theories, he must look the world fair in the eye and never blink. He must know the joys of simple living. He must know how to compare a copper to a check for a million, and be sure he knows the precise value of each. He must learn how to accumulate the million by shrew manipulation of the coppers and the weights and the measures in perfect honesty, when every dealer and customer and plantation-owner on his list understands where Macdonald stands in the matter of quality and quantity and price and methods of production.

There is no law of commercial textbooks for such a man who makes his own laws as he goes along regardless of theories of success. There is no mere precedent that will suffice. Other men may require a plant and so much capital to get ahead. Macdonald needed only—himself, and all that it implies of Scotch sagacity and insight and tenacity. Other men may have visions and dreams. For him, the facts only and Macdonald; his interpretation of the facts to suit himself and all in his employ.

So there is a curious personal mystery about Sir William. Never has he been known to subscribe to the funds of a political campaign. Even his politics is not familiarly quoted. In religion he is not professedly restricted to any one denomination. In society he has no ambitions. He has never been a drawing-room figure. Never has he hankered to be high up in the cabals of those who instruct cabinets and premiers. He has never written articles for the press setting forth any views upon the practical philosophy of living. He has lived much unto himself. A terribly practical man of no visionary ideas; no convictions about the best means of saving the country from this, that and the other; no vanities of person; no desire to stand pat with any alliance of interests. Always—business; then philanthropy—on a single string. A single determination to make McGill a great university; though no man is able to estimate how wisely the millions have been spent, and there is none so bold as to look such a magnificent gift-horse in the mouth. Twice has his name gone before the public in perpetual form in the naming of Macdonald College and the Macdonald Institute. So much for inconsistency. But the publicity has cost millions. And every time Sir William adds a million to his grand hobbies, there is the accumulation of an idea behind it. He is not an indiscriminate giver. He gives as he does business; with an eye single to the working out of the principle embodied in William Macdonald. What that is no man has ever quite defined. In the doing of it he has made himself as big a personality in Canada as James J. Hill is in America. And the end is not yet.

Theory and Fact.—“Do you think it right to rob Peter to pay Paul?”
“If I happen to be Paul, I do.”—Houston Post.

The REAL Cure for Constipation and Piles

No, this does not consist of some special or new form of drug, because drugs are not a permanent cure for Constipation. The real cure for Constipation is something that will appeal at once to your common sense, because this cure consists simply of pure, sterilized water.

The sufferer from Constipation usually realizes the danger of his affliction because from Constipation arises the vast number of more serious diseases brought about by the retention and promulgation of germ life in the system, in turn caused by our failure to get rid of this waste.

Such a sufferer has probably tried all kinds of drugs, and his experience is enough to prove that drugs form only a temporary relief and require constant use in constantly increasing doses to be at all efficacious. The sufferer greatly adds to his illness by becoming a slave to this drug habit.

How much simpler and saner is this method of Dr. Chas. A. Tyrrell, inventor of the J. B. L. Cascade—an appliance now endorsed by physicians everywhere and used by over 300,000 people. With this system of the internal bath, you dispense with drugs entirely, and you secure a perfectly natural treatment that brings about immediate relief and gradually attains a sure and permanent cure.

Hundreds of people have enthusiastically endorsed this treatment as Mr. E. Nighswander, of Green River, Ont., who writes: “For years I have been troubled with constipation, ulcers in the bowels and piles, which all the money and doctors only seemed to relieve temporarily. The J. B. L. Cascade has completely cured these troubles, and I feel it a duty I owe to my fellow-men to endorse the Cascade in the very highest terms. No amount of money could estimate the value it has been to me. No home should be without a Cascade.”

The J. B. L. Cascade is now being shown in all of the Owl Drug Stores in Toronto, and at Rutherford's Drug Store, corner of King and Yonge Streets. Or if you desire to investigate further, write for Dr. Charles A. Tyrrell's book, “Why Man of To-day is Only 50% Efficient.” We will gladly send you this free if you will address Charles A. Tyrrell, M.D., Room 521-6, 280 College Street, Toronto.

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Scotch Whisky

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or Stuttering may make life miserable for your child, or for one of your family or friends. If it does, you owe it to the sufferer to investigate the successful Arnott methods of permanently curing these disturbing impediments. We will gladly give you full particulars and references. Cured pupils everywhere.

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