



“The Beaver”

takes me overnight
To NEW YORK

—and, thanks to the “Water Level Route,” I enjoy a good night’s sleep.

DAILY SERVICE

Lv. Toronto	Lv. Hamilton	Ar. New York
5.20 p.m.	6.30 p.m.	7.50 a.m.

Other New York trains leave Toronto at 9.30 and Hamilton 10.38 a. m. daily, and Toronto 7.10 and Hamilton 8.18 p. m., except Sunday.

For railroad tickets or additional information, apply to Ticket Offices, Canadian Pacific Ry., 16 King St., East; or Union Station; or Ticket Office, New York Central Lines, 80 Yonge Street, 'Phone, Main 4361.



**NEW YORK
CENTRAL
LINES**

‘how’s she goin’? Do you think you’re goin’ to get them?’

“I told him we had eleven so far.

“And that seemed just to dazzle him. It filled his face plum full of sunshine—‘Eleven!—Holy Cripes!—So I’ve caught eleven in the first hour, have I!—Well, Slimmy, I see your finish! Eleven in the first hour! Oh, say!’—And he curls up like a kid full of green apples—‘Oh, Slimmy, I’m sorry for you! You’re all right, only you’ve got your money on the wrong horse! Say, I can see you passin’ it out already—five long, green, crinkly ‘V’s!’—

“At that he just went right off into silent yoops—‘Oh, I don’t know, I’m not so slow! You may be Slimmy, but I guess it’s me that’s slim! Five long, green—Oh, say!’—Uncle,’ he says—‘See that tree over there?—It’s cool, and soft, and quiet, and shady under it, ain’t it?—Well, I’m just goin’ to lay right down there, and keep an eye on up river and fish till I’ve caught enough, see? And I’ve just got the right sort of bait with me for it, too.’ He pulls out a pocket flask already about a third empty. ‘Say, he says—this is it!’—And he takes another swig—‘This is the way to fish all right! This is the particular bait to fetch them in with!’—And he takes another—‘Well, now, I’ll have to let you go,’ he says, breakin’ off at last—‘I’ll leave the rest to you’—givin’ me the ‘uncle’ again, consarn him!—

“Lord, anyone might of thought I was in sympathy with the job he was puttin’ up, or even had started him into it from the beginnin’! I tell you I was feelin’ mighty indignant when I went out to Grandad again—in the meantime Grandad had ketched five more.

“Well, another hour went by, and we’d run it up to twenty-nine—with no call from Hotchkiss. And although five minutes later I snapped my line on a big feller, by noon we had forty-two—and no Hotchkiss showin’. And by one we’d added seventeen more—and still nobody to call us in!—And by that time I didn’t need to be told what was the matter. ‘Now,’ I says to myself, ‘I’ll just warrant that while we’re doin’ his work for him in the bri’lin’ sun out here, I’ll just warrant that that pin-head of misery is layin’ up there in the shade alongside his flask sleepin’ like a mud puppy, and not even doin’ his part by keepin’ a safe watchout!’

“Well, I don’t believe in meddlin’ in another man’s business. But when I see a feller puttin’ up a mean game, and even then shirkin’ his share of the burden, I tell you, I always feel that it’s a good service to the race to give him a lesson. Grandad and me had our chance that afternoon to give a lesson like no two men ever give before. And I could see it, just like a leadin’, that the more bass we ketched, the more of a lesson it was bound to be!

“Sport it wasn’t, but duty it was! And that day saw the smashin’ of all fishin’ records on the Wistass for speed and number!—And Grandad—well, now, I’m compelled to say the old lad acted mighty near about it. He not only kept the strictest kind of track of what he caught himself; but when his pole smashed he got me to fix it for him, and in the meantime jerked ‘em out with mine, and counted them to his credit, too! Nor the old scamp wouldn’t stop to carry his own fish in to shore neither. And he e’t his lunch with one hand while he gripped to his rod with the other!

“But we both got them in a-plenty, and so it went on for hour after hour, until by four o’clock they begun to come thinner; and then I decided to go in shore and total up. We had ninety-six altogether. And although rapids bass don’t run big, of course, when I’d got them into an oat-bag and over my shoulder, I tell you they made a load like a dozen of grin’-stone. But I worked my way up the hill with it, and into the bush to Hotchkiss.

“Apparently he’d only that minute wakened, and he was just lookin’, pretty batty, at his watch—I been takin’ a little snooze,’ he says. And then his eyes begun to get focussed onto the bag—‘What’s that?’ he asks, grinnin’ silly-like.

“‘Your bass,’ I says.

“‘You, you got a lot, ain’t you?’ he says,

“‘Oh, a fair to middlin’ ketch,’ I says—‘ninety-six altogether. . . .’

“Now just from the style of lad he



COWAN'S

PERFECTION

COCOA

“Couldn’t wait, Grandpa”

Cowan’s
Cocoa shares with
milk the first place as a
drink for children. A pure
Cocoa, it contains nerve, flesh
and muscle - building material.
Made with milk it is a perfectly
balanced food, as well as a drink
the children love.

YOUR GROCER HAS IT
208
The COWAN CO., Limited
TORONTO