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| | |
|-----------------|--------|
| 2 oz. tin costs | 25c |
| 4 " " " | 40c |
| 8 " " " | 75c |
| 16 " " " | \$1.50 |

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Flakes are not "Kellogg's." There are many imitations. Only by our method—a secret process—is it possible to transform the tender, sweet-heart of the corn into a food that combines the flavor, richness, nutrition and digestibility of Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes.

You owe it to yourself and family to insist upon KELLOGG'S Toasted Corn Flakes. See that you get it.

Made in Canada,
at London, Ont.

21

Kellogg's

10¢ Per. Pkg.

TOASTED CORN FLAKES



bag, where there more pennies than pieces of silver.

"Here you are," she said, quickly, and she held out twopence.

"Thank 'ee kindly, miss," said the tramp. "I'll bless yer beautiful face; I will, when I drinks my nex' glass of beer."

He fumbled in his pocket, and as he took the money he placed a small envelope in her hand.

"What's the meaning of this?" she asked.

"Don't you stop to talk about it," he replied, "or it'll cost a gen'leman his life. Slip it in your little bag, and read it when you're alone. Don't stand starin' at me like that. The old man'll wonder what's up. You just read that when you're alone, and don't say nothin' to nobody about it."

The colour faded from Joan Endermine's face. Then she thrust the envelope in her bag, and hurried away to rejoin her father.

"How much did you give him?" asked Colonel Endermine.

"Twopence, father," she answered in a low voice.

"Better have chucked it in the sea. Those fellows are no good. I'm a magistrate, and know what I'm talking about."

Joan, anxious to hide her excitement, plunged into a discussion on the merits and the vices of the vagrant class, and so keenly did she follow up argument with argument, that they were still talking about organized and indiscriminate charity when they entered the gates of her home.

She spoke a few words to her mother, and then went upstairs to dress for dinner. The moment she was alone, she opened her bag and took out the envelope which the tramp had handed to her. It was a very small envelope—not more than three inches square—and very dirty. She tore it open, and read the following message in Ralph Lowick's handwriting:

"I am still in the neighbourhood, but am in hiding. For pity's sake meet me to-night at eleven o'clock by the small entrance gate of Cransea Hall. If you cannot arrange it, I will try and be there to-morrow night at the same time. After that I can wait no longer. I must see you. I look to you to save my life and not to betray me—even to your own parents.—Ralph."

(To be continued.)

Back From the United States

"THIS is My Own, my Native Land," quoth Jean Lavigne, as he led his family from the train that carried them back after ten years in L'Etats Unis, said the Vancouver World recently.

Jean's stout French-Canadian heart burned within him as he turned his footsteps from wandering on the foreign strand south of forty-nine.

Beyond acquiring several grandsons, who may qualify for the Presidency of the United States, and a well developed Yankee nasal drawl in place of his native Habitant, Mr. Lavigne has little to thank the American Republic for.

The Lavigne family is the advance guard of fifty French-Canadian families from near North Yakima, Wash., who will return to Canada to seek their fortunes in the Skeena Valley.

On board the Prince Rupert the Lavignes left for the north last night. The head of the house explained that the high cost of living had driven him out of the United States, and he would never return. He had lived, he said, in the Province of Quebec—had been born there. He was induced to emigrate to the Western States ten years ago.

Fortune did not favor him with a very lavish hand. So the Lavigne homestead in Northern Washington has been disposed of, and with the cash receipts the family starts afresh in the Bulkley Valley.

"Seven hundred people will come into Canada from our neighborhood during this year," said Mr. Lavigne. "We French-Canadians love our Canada, and we cannot stay away."



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