

HUNTLEY & PALMERS BREAKFAST BISCUITS

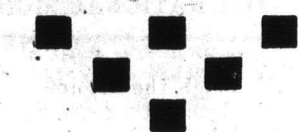
A new and dainty Attraction
for Breakfast and all meals.

Huntley and Palmers Breakfast Biscuits are offered as a most appetising variation upon bread or toast. They are crisp, nutritious, unsweetened and easily digestible.

With butter, cheese or preserves you will find H & P's Breakfast Biscuits perfection itself.

Order Huntley & Palmers Breakfast Biscuits from your grocer to-day—and try them.

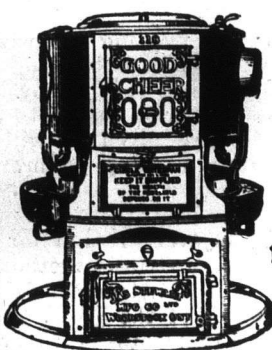
The letters H.P. are visible on each genuine Breakfast Biscuit



SCIENTISTS tell us man originally lived in the water. Be that as it may, health still demands a plentiful supply of moisture in the air we breathe as well as in the food we eat. The commonest cause of colds, sore throats, pneumonia and similar troubles in winter is the over-dry, over-heated atmosphere of so many furnace-heated houses.

Of course the average Furnace gives off heat—that's what it is for—but it's a dry, parching, snuffing heat that cracks your skin and affects your lungs and throat and makes you feel "chilly" in spite of an overheated house.

It is moisture that is wanting in the air—real natural humidity of the outside atmosphere—and the ordinary Furnace is not built to provide this moisture. The Solution is the



"Circle Water Pan" OF THE "Good Cheer" Furnace

A good big water pan—not a mere makeshift—placed where the water can be best evaporated, evenly distributed, breathing refreshment and "Good Cheer" air over the whole house.

The "Good Cheer" Furnace gives a natural, humid heat—an atmosphere which is perfectly comfortable at 68°, and as healthy as it is comfortable.

Write for full information and the name of the nearest dealer to

THE JAMES STEWART MFG. CO., LIMITED,

WOODSTOCK, Ont.

WINNIPEG, Man.

The Girl and The Boss.

Forrest Crissy.



EVER since the work of throwing the long steel span across the stream at Stilton's Gap had begun, Carmody had boarded at Mrs. Stilton's. But Mrs. Stilton confessed with shame in a backyard conversation with Mrs. Callahan:

"I don't know nothing more about that man now than when he come here three months ago. There ain't a sociable hair in his head. He won't even talk to Mary—and most of 'em are glad to pass a word with her. He's the first mortal man I ever see that I couldn't draw out when I had a fair chance. There he's been settin' right at my own table for these three months, an' scarcely a livin' word out of his mouth! If I was asked I couldn't tell whether he's got folks or not. It don't hardly seem decent to have a man under your own roof for this long time and not know whether he's married or single, got relations or alone in the world, worth a farm or living from hand to mouth. Mebby I wouldn't take it to heart so much, Mrs. Callahan, if I

and deftly worked over him until consciousness returned.

One evening after the foreman had left the table, while Mrs. Stilton was away on her annual visit to Toronto, Carmody suddenly spoke to the quiet, sweet-faced girl who had served him at the Stilton table since the work began:

"Do you know if the Keegan family is—well if the widow is in need. He wasn't working for us, you know, but that doesn't make any difference."

There was a quiet gentleness and a suggestion of sympathy in the voice which overcame the girl's shyness almost before he had done speaking. She had stood holding the bread plate as she answered:

"Yes, sir. The children come to my school—I teach the district school and—and help out here for my board. I'd rather do that than board 'round as the teachers before me have done."

Carmody noticed the flush that crept into her cheeks as she made this explanation and noticed, too, that the flushed face had a peculiar winsomeness and pathos.

"I went home with one of the children last night and found what I was



The corn crop in harvest time.

wasn't New England born. Yankee folks, you know, are sociably inclined, and a man like Mr. Carmody goes against their grain. Something mighty queer about that man!"

"Mike says," volunteered Mrs. Callahan, "that he's a gr-rreat boss! When he gives the worruld things go. An' he's not fallin' behind in his board?"

"Never a day," admitted Mrs. Stilton, "but he's queerer'n a black-haired Swede. It does make me creep to see a man take all his natural talk out in staring at the mountain tops. But I will say that he's got the most engagin' smile when he chooses to use it. An' there's no doubt that he's a gentleman born."

To all the men in the white tents of the camp, he was simply the Big Boss. And he was a bigger boss than ever after the night when a dozen jugs of whiskey had been smuggled into camp and a riot between the mixed nationalities had started. Suddenly John Carmody had appeared in the centre of the mix-up, dealing a few blows here and there, and felling several bullies who had terrorized whole camps when on a drunken rampage, and who were known as "kickers and biters."

Alone the Big Boss had quelled the riot and smashed the jugs—and became the talk of the hamlet and camp. Again he "made good" with the men when a riveter lost his balance and fell into the deep hole of the stream below. Carmody was on the lower part, and as soon as he heard the cry, made a dive for the pool. He and the riveter came up together, and Carmody towed the stunned man to shore, dragged him up

afraid of—that the two older boys had dropped out to go down to the mine. Mrs. Keegan is a little above what you might expect—cleaner and prouder, and just wrapped up in the thought of giving the boys an education. And they're interested in their school, too. But he left nothing. When they use up what they have in the house they'll have to be taken care of by the township. She has a little baby and can't go out to work. I'm afraid it was wicked, sir, but I almost wished he had been working for the Company when he was killed—then he would have got something."

"Did you give her anything?" he asked, ignoring her confession.

"Yes, sir," she faltered.

"I thought so," he commented—and smiled his rare smile, warm with approval.

"If you're not too tired when your work is done, you might take me to their cabin. Perhaps I can do something which will at least keep the boys from the mine—that's a hard life for such young fellows!"

That evening, as they picked their way along the narrow mountain path, he drew her out of her shyness until she was giving him a history of her school and its small comedies. At the point where the path turned the shoulder of the mountain she stopped, and pointing to the river below, twisting and foaming along its rocky channel, exclaimed:

"Isn't it splendid? I come here often and just sit and watch it as long as the light lasts."

"Yes," answered Carmody, "it's beautiful. There's a whole lot to it that

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