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Our new Fall and Winter Catalogue
will be ready for distribution this month.
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This new catalogue is the biggest and best we have yet produced. It contains over 165 pages of money-saving opportunities for our mail order customers.

Never before have we been in a position to give such extraordinary values and all-around good service as we are at present.

We desire to apologize for any orders that have been delayed during the past summer, or any little inconveniences any of our mail order customers have had to suffer, owing to our moving into new and larger quarters. That is all over now, however, and the many new systems and ideas we have adopted, enable us to handle a far greater volume of business than heretofore, with no loss of time whatever.

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Great Free Delivery Offer

—We pay or help to pay transportation charges on all orders.

Get a copy of this catalogue and look it over. If you see anything you like, send us a trial order and see how easily you can purchase city goods from your own fire-side this winter.

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Christie's Biscuits—How their quality is guarded—



The Butter Tester Says:

"I'M A CRANK about butter. I've got to be.

"I realize thoroughly that Quality has built up this big business, and made 'Christie' a household word from ocean to ocean—

first of all, Quality in the butter, flour, milk and other raw materials.

"I've been testing butter for thirty years, and I've never heard of any other firm exercising the same care as Christie, Brown & Co. do.

"All our butter is purchased by a well-known butter authority. He buys for export from the best creameries in Canada, and sends the pick to us.

"You would be surprised if you knew what butter—good butter, according to all ordinary

standards—we reject. Most of it ninety-nine people out of a hundred would taste and accept as excellent table quality.

"It's not a matter of price with us. We pay a little better than the best market price, and the butter must be in accordance.

"We have a high standard for butter, the same as for all other raw materials. Anything that doesn't measure right up to that standard is rejected.

"The basis of the delicious goodness which you enjoy in Christie's Biscuits is the unvarying goodness of the raw materials that go into them.

"When I see how our orders for butter have to be steadily increased, to keep pace with the demand for Christie's Biscuits, I have the best kind of evidence that our jealous guarding of Christie Quality brings results."

You can taste Quality in every morsel of Christie's Biscuits. Sold in bulk, by the pound, or in moisture and dust-proof packages,

Christie, Brown & Co., Limited

and cracklin' like the cedar log in the fire. He stiffen the heart so that no life is in him. Better wait here till the White Death pass, an' Life she come again."

"But we go on. A month we travel north, more than two hundred leagues across the snow. Pretty soon the woods they grow thin, an' then they are no more, an' nothing is in the worl' but snow, an' snow an' snow. It is like the palm of your han' my frien's, so level, so smooth. No life seems to be in the worl' but Massan an' me an' the dogs. Soon the dogs they die, one be one, an' we pull the sled ourselves. The wolves they follow us up that month, for dig up the dogs we bury in the snow, at the place we stop. The heart of Massan it is very sore when ol' Jacques, the leader, he die. But it all pass by. Five rivers we leave behin', rivers of ice with the snow many yards deep over them, like they been frozen very long time.

"One time, when we stop at night an' buil' fire with wood we bring from the las' river—for always the birch an' tamarack she grow along the river bank—Massan he say to me, 'In two day we see Great White River an' the Seals. They Seals they no love for Massan. Maybe I say good-by to you, Pierre.'

"Well, ma friens, that give me no joy. I think I near lose heart an' say, 'Let us go back.' But Massan, he say go on. So we go on. It half day light for near all de time that time. One day de win' she sweep over us, an' we must bury ourselves in de snow for live at all. It was like you throw pebbles in de face. No man can stan' against it. All the night the red and purple flame she dance in de sky, like you see great bush fire along the Height o' Lan', so that the night she bright as the day. We stop only when we mus', for we are too tire' for go on.

It is at de Lac Apeac dat at de las' we fin' heem, an' ah, c'est terrible, mes amis, de way what we fin' heem! We lie, Massan an' me, close together at de leetle fire. Sudden we hear de wolves come howlin', down de lac. We ron out an' look across de snow. De snow she is all purple an' blue an' red for de light dat fall on it from de north. In dat light we see a man dat ron, an' behin' heem, like de shadow on de snow, a long gray line dat follow heem, an' get closer an' closer. Dat is de wolves. Dey not eighty paces behin' heem. Massan he buckle on hees snow shoes like he is mad, so quick, an' go ron across de lac. Me, too, I go quick. De man he see us ron, but we in de shadow an' he think us wolves dat ron for head heem off. He drop down an' put hees han's over hees eyes an' scream. It is mos' fearful ting. Massan he reach de man, an' drop on hees knee, an' shoot an' keel de big gray wolf dat lead the pack. Me, too, I keel wan. Dey all stop ron howl much, den turn an' sneak away in de shore. De great gray wolf he beg coward.

"We carry de man to de fire, de man we come so far for fin' Pere Ramon. I hope dat you never will see de man like so. He lie beside de fire like he is dead, quiet, in hees black robe, an' we two pray dat he will die an' never wake again. For we know dat he is dead man, dat Death he breathe on him in de plain an' stiffen hees heart, an' we pray dat he will suffer no more. But God—ah, God is hard, ma frien's sometime. Sudden, in de red an' purple light he start up, he call out: "Gaspard! Gaspard!"

"Den we know he is mad, what you call crazee, wi' de col' an' de red eyes of de wolves. I speak to heem an' Massan he stand over heem, but he know us not at all. He forget Pierre Laussan an' dat Massan what he love. He try for stan', but he only get to he's knees. He raise he's han's above he's head, he's black han's. Aht, dat is pitiable, dem two sad han's cat face—black like the belt, dried up, wrinkled like de black birch in de winter time, when she die. Two fingers dey are not dere. Den he speak like a dream, like he chokke,