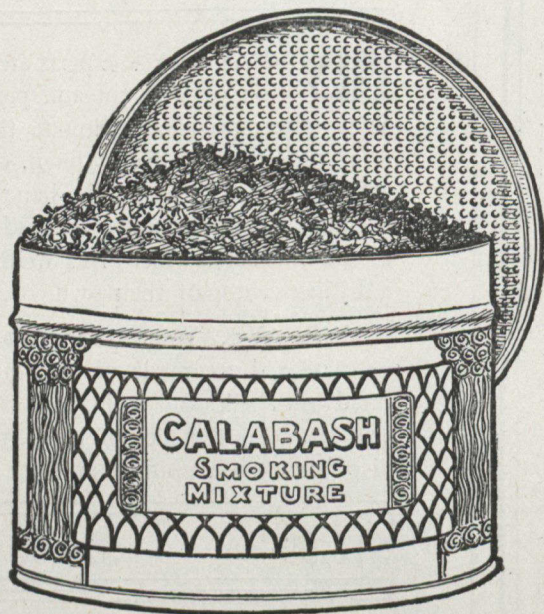


CALABASH

HIGH GRADE

SMOKING MIXTURE

Every tin
is equipped
with
patent
moistener.



For
Perfect
Satisfaction

2 oz. Tin Costs . . . 25c.
4 oz. Tin Costs . . . 40c.
8 oz. Tin Costs . . . 75c.
16 oz. Tin Costs . . \$1.50.

Hotel York

New York



NEW AND ABSOLUTELY FIREPROOF
Seventh Ave., Cor. 36th St.
EUROPEAN PLAN

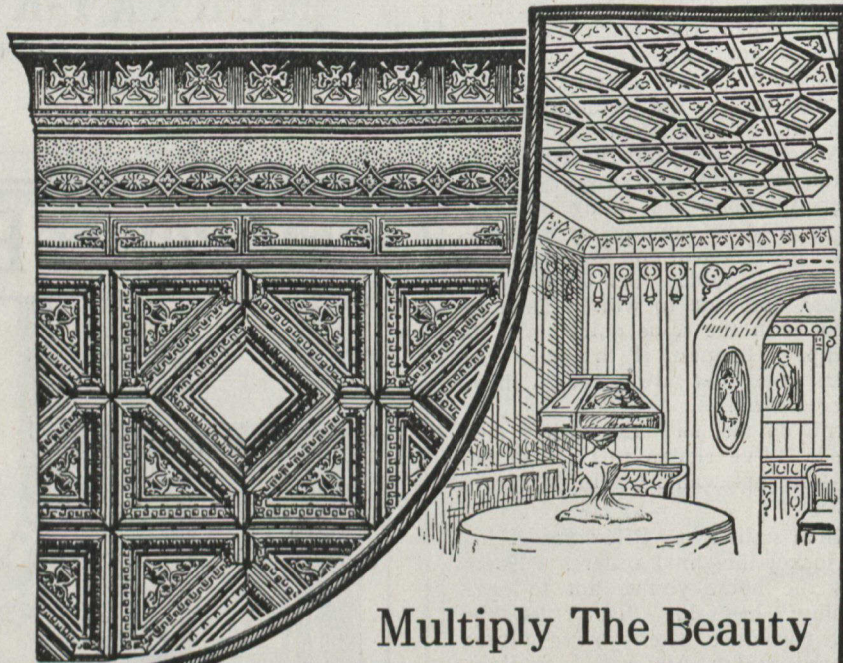
RATES \$1.50 to \$2.50, with detached bath
\$2.00 to \$4.00, with private bath

Occupies the geographical centre of the city, near the vortex of travel. Within from one to five minutes' walk of twenty-one theatres. Cars pass the door, and within five minutes of all the large retail shops. Norman Grill Room. Cuisine of superior excellence. Moderate prices.

H. G. WILLIAMS, Manager

THE CANADIAN OFFICE & SCHOOL FURNITURE CO. PRESTON, ONT.

Manufacturers of
High Grade Bank
& Office Fixtures,
School, Library &
Commercial Fur-
niture, Opera &
Assembly Chairs,
Interior Hardwood
Finish Generally.



Multiply The Beauty of Your Home Interior

Would you like to have the interior of your home made more beautiful? It can be accomplished by having a PRESTON Steel Ceiling erected. Our artistic Louis XIV. and Colonial designs are very effective for home decoration. But you cannot have a REAL idea of the handsome appearance of PRESTON Steel Ceilings until you have them in your own home and see how they multiply the beauty of the interior. So write us for decorative suggestions, booklet and estimates. Cost will compare favorably with plaster, and there will never be any expense for papering or patching.

METAL SHINGLE & SIDING CO., LIMITED, PRESTON, ONT.
Branch Office and Factory, Montreal, Quebec

Preston Steel Ceilings

FOR SALE BY G. P. BRECKON & CO., REAR 210 VICTORIA ST.

IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION THE "CANADIAN COURIER."

the big chestnut, Advocate. His stride was terrific. At the upper turn he shot across into the lead, and in fifty yards had taken the rail from Sponsor. At the latter's girth still nodded the brown head of Creole.

"That's great work," Riley muttered; "hold him there, b'ys, and you'll break his heart."

An elbow nudged Riley in the ribs, and the voice of Dennis whispered in his ear: "Streeter looks weary."

"That pocket is the kind he intended for me—it's break him," Riley answered.

All down the backstretch Advocate led, the white-and-black bars rounded into a ball over his withers, and a length away Sponsor galloped, still lapped by Creole.

Riley could see that the little man in green was urging Creole. "That's the b'y, Tommy!" he muttered; "keep him there—keep him there if you're wise. Tickle him, Tommy, he'll stand it; the old horse is game!" He was riding the race at his jockey's ear.

As they galloped on the turn Riley saw the bay head of Sponsor swing out, and he held his breath, waiting. It was a test. Had the horse speed in reserve to race around Advocate and beat him into the straight? It seemed foolish—why didn't Sponsor's boy wait for the opening next the rail as they swung at the last turn?

Sponsor was creeping up on Advocate—he was lapped a neck on the chestnut, but he was outside. Creole was slipping back—the pace seemed too strong for him. Somebody cried out gleefully: "Creole's beat—the favourite's done!"

Sponsor was clear of Creole now—daylight shone between the bay and the brown, and Advocate was but half a length in front of the bay. They were at the turn, and green silk and black-and-white and the crimson on Sponsor merged into a blurred splash of intermingling colour. Then the colours seemed to shoot across the portal of the stretch opening. The crimson on Sponsor fluttered far out—almost to the outer rail—the bay blotted out by the chestnut, Advocate; and against the inner rail was the green jacket on Creole. The big brown, guided by the wise hand and brain of Tommy, had waited for the opening.

Again Sponsor was in a pocket—an outside pocket, for, carried wide by his foolish rush, he had lost a length, and some other horse had slipped in between him and Advocate.

In the centre of the course galloped the big chestnut and along his neck a pair of black-and-white striped arms lay in quiescent confidence. "The b'y's not moved on him yet," Riley muttered. "Advocate will win in a walk."

Just at the stand Creole thrust forward till his head rose and fell at the chestnut's quarter. There was a quick, loose thrust forward of the white-and-black striped arms, and Advocate answering, drew clear.

As they swept by the judges' stand the clamour of the mob ceased; there was no cheers; the outsider had won; the public's money had been burnt up by the beaten favourite, Creole.

Streeter stood on the step with blanched face. Again he had made a losing win.

A man standing just below Riley was saying: "That was a pretty cheap horse at eight hundred. I guess Dick Streeter's even with Riley now."

And the next day when the papers told of the huge killing that had been made on Advocate in the poolrooms, the public thought it was Streeter's money, but he knew it was Riley's.