

TO INVESTORS

THOSE WHO, FROM TIME TO TIME, HAVE FUNDS REQUIRING INVESTMENT MAY PURCHASE AT PAR

DOMINION OF CANADA DEBENTURE STOCK

IN SUMS OF \$500 OR ANY MULTIPLE THEREOF.

Principal repayable 1st October, 1919.

Interest payable half-yearly, 1st April and 1st October by cheque (free of exchange at any chartered bank in Canada) at the rate of five per cent per annum from the date of purchase.

Holders of this stock will have the privilege of surrendering at par and accrued interest, as the equivalent of cash, in payment of any allotment made under any future loan issue in Canada other than an issue of Treasury Bills or other like short date security.

Proceeds of this stock are for war purposes only.

A commission of one-quarter of one per cent will be allowed to recognized bond and stock brokers on allotments made in respect of applications for this stock which bear their stamp.

For application forms apply to the Deputy Minister of Finance, Ottawa.

DEPARTMENT OF FINANCE, OTTAWA,
OCTOBER 7th, 1918.

"SAFETY FIRST" PIONEER

N. S. Dunlop Introduced Novelty into Canadian Railroad Life

Mr. N. S. Dunlop, tax and insurance commissioner of the C.P.R., who decided to take a prolonged rest upon the advice of his physician, had been in the service of the company for 26 years. He joined in 1888 at Toronto. The year afterward he was appointed tax and insurance commissioner and claims adjuster. In these capacities Mr. Dunlop did excellent work.

Mr. Dunlop may be said to be the father of "Safety First" on the Canadian railways; and into this work he threw himself with splendid enthusiasm—doing much to popularize the movement. As far as the outside public is concerned, he is best known as the creator of the floral department of the C.P.R. He began in 1888 to save flower seeds from his own garden, and conceived the idea of spreading the cult of flowers over the system. He was a flower, nature and book lover; and the work was congenial to him. He sent out seeds and bulbs to the agents and others along the system; and from time to time, the plots in front of hundreds of stations were ablaze with flowers. He gave prizes; and labored in every way to make this feature notable. In this he succeeded abundantly.

Mr. Dunlop is a member of the New York State Geographic Association, one of the oldest and largest associations of shorthand in the world; but his brochure, "What the Flowers Tell Us," and his work at love in adorning a big railway system with floral beauty, will be Mr. Dunlop's best recognition in connection with his long service with the C.P.R.

Take Good Care Of The Colts

It's cheaper to raise colts than to buy horses. But it's only if you take care of them. Keep a bottle of Kendall's Spavin Cure handy. For thirty-five years has proved it the safe, reliable remedy for spavin, splint, curb, ringbone, bony growths and lameness from many causes.

Kendall's Spavin Cure

Is sold by druggists everywhere at 50¢ a bottle. Get after you copy. A trial bottle of Kendall's Spavin Cure is sent free to those who write for it.

Dr. B. J. KENDALL, CO., Eastbury Hall, Eng.

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Galeb's Conversion

By HAZEL OSWALD

It was Christmas eve, and Galeb Churton, the money-lender, sat in his great dining room, surrounded by all that makes for luxurious living.

"No Jack preferred his artist's work to this," he mused, chuckling contentedly while he half-spoke the words.

Ten years before, his elder brother had told their father that he was not cut out for a Shylock; that he preferred to get a living by pleasant means than his fellow-brothers' flesh and blood, and had gone out into the world, cursing by the father and laughing at by his brother.

Three years later—and 12 months after he had announced his marriage to a fellow-artist's daughter—that old Churton died, leaving all his business to Galeb, and not mentioning Jack Churton by as much as a single word in his will.

To do him justice, Galeb had rebelled against this as much as he could, but he had found out that his brother was able to keep his head above water, and after offering him a share in the business, he had indignantly refused—Galeb applied himself to the task of doubling his father's wealth.

All these things went through his brain as he sat by his fire. Of a sudden a thought struck him.

"Before them—will make the wife bitterly envious and Jack sorry that he ever refused me!"

With this ambitious intention he rose, ordered his automobile to be brought out, and was soon whirling toward Jack's home.

Suddenly the auto stopped, and he got out, telling the chauffeur to return in an hour, not later.

"If I am finished before, I can spend the time somewhere," he thought.

Up the steps of the great apartment he went until he came to a door labelled 42. Then he knocked, and getting no answer, entered very quietly, finding the door not locked.

He looked round the tiny hall, and then stepped into the first room.

"Are you Santa Claus?"

The timid little query stopped him in his wanderings, and he looked down to his feet to see a sunny-haired, blue-eyed little mite gravely regarding him.

"That me, you can't be Santa Claus, for he's over so old, and has got a white beard and a long coat, and a big bag full of toys, and comes down the chimney, and doesn't come till after I've gone to bed, and—"

She paused in her list of details for want of breath, and the first time for many years, Churton laughed heartily.

"You queer little mite," he said, "I'm not Santa. Who are you?"

"I'm Gladys, Churton, and I'm not queer. I'm very well, thank you."

"Are you Gladys," he said, "where are your father and mother?"

"They've gone out to buy some things for me, and they told me to be ever so good. They will be back soon."

Churton looked around him. It was so pleasant, so happy, evidently, and the home he had left seemed to lack a great deal. He sighed.

"What's the matter, strange man?"

"Nothing, dear."

"But there must be something. I always go like that when I want a doll, and mamma won't buy it for me. I haven't got a little girl."

"Poor strange man!" with a clouding of her sunny face. Then, suddenly,

strange man, and poor dear!—he hasn't got a little girl, and he isn't cut out for a Shylock, that he prefers to get a living by pleasant means than his fellow-brothers' flesh and blood, and had gone out into the world, cursing by the father and laughing at by his brother.

"I came to see you—felt a bit lonely. Hang it all, Jack, I want a taste of home life, and escape from the business world. No," at the clean, blue eyes of the baby were fixed on him, "that's a lie. I came here to show off my wealth, and to make you envious; but your little ray of sunshine here took the conceit out of me. You're a man, take me in, for pity's sake, and let me be human this Christmas-tide. The money can go. I must stay here."

When Churton's man came back, he was told that the master would not be home for some days.

Good Galeb

"I wish we could hold the elections about Christmas time," said the astute politician.

"Oh, that's a poor time for a campaign," objected the unthinking person.

"Poor time?" responded the astute politician. "Why, just think of the vote that would be raked in for the party that set up a cry for the 'Full Christmas stocking!'"

The Christmas Robin

In many parts of England the robin is associated with Christmas-tide. There is a belief that on Christmas Eve these birds will sing near a house where a person is dying, to cheer him.

THICK, GLOSSY HAIR

FREE FROM DANDRUFF

Girl Try It! Hair gets soft, fluffy and beautiful—Get a 25 cent bottle of Danderine.

If you care for heavy hair that glistens with beauty and is radiant with life, has an incomparable softness and is fluffy and lustrous, try Danderine.

Just one application doubles the beauty of your hair, besides it immediately dissolves every particle of dandruff. You can not have nice, healthy hair if you have dandruff. This destructive scurf robs the hair of its lustre, its strength and its very life, and if not overcome it produces a feverishness and itching of the scalp; the hair roots flake, loosen and die; then the hair falls out fast. Surely get a 25-cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any drug store and just try it.

END STOMACH TROUBLE, CASES OF DYSPEPSIA

"Pape's Diapiesin" makes Sick, Sour, Gassy Stomachs surely feel fine in five minutes.

If what you just ate is souring on your stomach or lies like a lump of lead, refusing to digest, or you belch gas and eructate sour, undigested food, or have a feeling of dizziness, heartburn, fullness, nausea, bad taste in mouth and stomach-headache, you can get blessed relief in five minutes by getting a large fifty-cent case of Pape's Diapiesin from any drug store. You realize in five minutes how needless it is to suffer from indigestion, dyspepsia or any stomach disorder. It's the quickest, surest stomach doctor in the world. It's wonderful.

Be Progressive—ADVERTISE

Look out, here come mamma and Let's hide."

"All right, dear, tell me where!"

Instantly she drew him behind a curtain, and followed.

"Where's my girl?" in a clear, happy voice.

"The mite ran out and struggled in my mother's arms."

"You don't know who she is, do you?" she said, impatiently.

DRINKING IN JAPAN

Terrible Havoc Wrought by Addiction to "Sake"

That drinking is a widespread habit in city and country life alike, says Captain Bickel, is a widespread general impression. As, however, our most missionaries of direct intoxication are comparatively scarce in public, I fear that the terrible havoc wrought by liquor in Japan is not fully understood.

Reports from many prefectures give striking evidence that drinking has a terrible grip on the communities. A few places report drinking as being moderate but by far the large majority of the reports have statements such as the following:

"Fifty per cent. of the village A drink. The village of B with 600 houses spends 12,000 yen (\$8,000) per year on sake." "Several families in the village of C spent above fifty lars each year on alcohol." (The lars represents about the annual earnings of unskilled workers such as night watchmen or porters, and more than most workers will earn in a country village).

"I have intimate knowledge of one country largely given over to the manufacture of shoyu (a sauce like a ketchup) in which the consumption of sake largely outstrips the profits on this main source of income. Liquor shops are largely on the increase in country districts."

MOTOR OILS AND COLD

Proper Kinds of Oil and Anti-Freezing Mixtures

Many anti-freezing compounds use alcohol, glycerine, water and calcium chloride. The best of the three is that using alcohol, glycerine and water, but for really cold weather, more alcohol and glycerine and less water should be used. When these solutions are used and evaporation occurs it is not necessary to add make-up solution to compensate for the evaporation. The alcohol evaporates much faster than either of the other liquids, so it is necessary to add only alcohol to bring the radiator to capacity.

During cold weather it is necessary that the owner pay attention to oil changes in the gear cases. In cold weather lighter oil should be used than in summer because of the effect of cold on the viscosity of oil. Some use a medium cylinder oil. It is better to use a lighter oil, and should not be used. Before the oil is placed in the case, the latter should be thoroughly cleaned and flushed twice with kerosene.

VERY SWEET OF THEM

A Lollipop Manifesto Which Will Please the Children

There is not a child in London who will not endorse a manifesto issued by a body of grown-ups in Manchester, called the "Confectioners' Association of the United Kingdom." The object of the manifesto is to show, beyond all doubt, that the food value of one pound of lollipops is more than three times greater than, say, one pound of beef. This is made clear by long, learned words to the most obtuse adult intelligence. The Confectioners' Association is trying to persuade the Government that candy should be treated as a necessary article of food, and that they should not be taxed or restricted.

Ornamental Horn Match Holder

A match holder made of the horn shell of cattle hoots mounted on a wooden shield, as shown in the sketch, is both ornamental and useful. One of the pockets holds the unused matches and the other the burned ones. The hoots were cleaned thoroughly and polished and the edge of the shield was beveled off and varnished in the natural color of the wood. The front was lacquered black and also varnished. Popular Mechanics.

How "Bound Feet" Began

According to Chinese history, the custom of small feet among the females of China originated several centuries back, when a large body of women rose against the Government, and tried to overthrow it. To prevent the recurrence of such an event the use of wooden shoes so small as to disable them from making any effective use of their feet was enforced on all female infants.

Don't fill an oil or gasoline stove after dark, nor do so while the stove is lighted, as the flame might set fire to the vapour in the air, causing an explosion.

TOURING THE WEST BEAUTY AND DANGER

Fraser River Canyon—Niagara Gorge Multiplied in Marvelous Scenery—A Racy Description

An easterner, touring British Columbia, writes: Greenhorns going west and not familiar with the infinite capacity of British Columbia to tilt itself on end, think that Siamous is the beginning of normal country. It ought to be, for at that place function have been passed, and the Selkirk text books say merely that the rest of the Province is diversified by hills. It is an understatement. Siamous lies on an arm of Shuswap Lake, a name not to be pronounced safely except by prohibitionists. For 80 or 40 miles toward there are reaches of level land, but always on the opposite side of the lake there are bold and arrogant hills which in any other land would be called mountains.

Like the Old Country

The guide book says the scenery is reminiscent of Scotland and Scottish poets are imagined that Caledonia is vivid and impressive. You can draw your own conclusions. Seen the most westerly arm of Shuswap narrows and becomes the Thompson River, blue clear and in a continuous hurry. The hills are higher and higher still until they form the Thompson River canyon—perhaps 2,000 feet deep, and shaped like a huge V. There are really two sorts of hills on each side of the V. Close to the river and upward for perhaps 600 feet are immense deposits of gravel and white clay, much of it reminiscent of the clay formations at Scarborough Heights, Ontario. Above that again are rock hills, some naked, some covered sparsely with spruce, and all of a reddish tint much more in appearance than the peaks of the ranges we have passed. The task of building a railway on the slanting side of a gravel pit 100 miles long is not as easy as picking potato bugs. The danger of disastrous slides may be understood, but by cribwork and artificial aids of this sort, the engineers have triumphed.

Niagara Gorge Multiplied

Then comes the high moment when the Thompson joins the Fraser River. The hills are mountains now, stark precipices sweeping to formidable height and clothed, where there is foot of snow, with an infinity of spruces. Multiply the Niagara gorge by ten—perhaps sometimes, by 20, and you may have a dim notion of this stupendous chasm. The river is not clear. It is a dull pea green and it boils so constantly in its narrow path that it has no time to clarify itself. In the train, perhaps 200 feet above the river, one frequently must lean closely towards the window to see the top of the opposite bank. Not infrequently this bank lifts itself into a wall with traces of snow in the upmost crevices. For 180 miles this canyon yawns before the traveller, and if he be timid, gives him nervousness. If he be wise, he merely admires and looks, looks and admires the hinder ridges of the neck grow rusty and give warning by ominous creaks. Even when the track leaves the margin of the Fraser and strikes across country to Vancouver the mountains do not cease. It is plain that these same mountains have chased one into town and now wait languidly across the bay until the time shall come for chasing one eastward again.

BURMA GRASS FOR PAPER

Kaing Grass May Form a Good Paper Material

The possibilities of utilizing the kaing grass of Burma for paper making have for some years past been investigated by interested persons. In consultation with paper manufacturers in England, and it is now announced that the conversion of this grass into pulp and subsequently into paper can be accomplished in a simple and economical manner.

The yield of unbleached pulp is 89 per cent. calculated on the air-dry grass. This does not compare badly with esparto grass, from which about 45 per cent. of unbleached pulp is obtained. Kaing grass grows in great profusion in all parts of Burma, frequently reaching a height of ten feet, and is a very hardy plant.

It is a grass making material it may be classed with esparto grass, and is much cheaper, though the quality of the pulp is not quite so good as that obtained with esparto. Esparto grass is to a large extent cultivated, whereas kaing grass grows wild and is sometimes rank and coarse. By systematic cutting, however, over preserved areas, a finer grass of uniform quality can be obtained in a very short time.

Fixing the Valve Stem

A bent valve stem on an automobile engine invariably will cause trouble by sticking open and thus causing misfiring of the cylinder in which it is operating. In testing for a bent stem, which hardly is noticeable to the eye, the forefinger gently lifts the stem, if it does not move freely and drop back to normal position of its own weight, it does not, clean the stem and guide and try again. If the stem and guide are clean the former may be bent.

Plenty of Proof

By O. F. WOODRUFF

Teddy sat upon the top step of the stairs that led to the street and rested his chin in the palm of his hand. Some of the fellows came along and hulloed to him, but Teddy didn't answer. He didn't want to play with the fellows just now, for he was battling with a great sorrow.

Tom had said it, so it must be true, for Tom was eight years old and didn't have to go to bed until 8 o'clock. Teddy's hour for retiring was half past 7, and he realized that the extra half hour made a man of the world out of Tom, while it left the unfortunate Teddy still a baby.

Tom had stuck his hands into his pockets—Tom's trousers were lovely and rough, just like his father's—and had swaggered around telling all the fellows that there wasn't any Santa Claus. When questioned further, he had said that there used to be, but that this year there wasn't going to be, and there never would be again.

No Santa Claus! If Teddy hadn't been six years old, he might have cried, but of course one as old as he never cries.

Teddy wondered if he'd better tell his mother. He decided he wouldn't. Why should his mother, whom he loved so dearly, be made to suffer any longer than was necessary?

It was hard, though, during the next two weeks, which seemed like years, not to tell, and when Christmas eve came and his mother early brought out his biggest pair of stockings and hung them up at the end of the mantel he could hardly keep back the tears. How disappointed he and his mother would be when they got up in the morning and found the stockings empty!

She leaned over and kissed him tenderly. "Are you tired, dear?" she asked. "You don't seem as happy as usual!"

Teddy assured her, as well as he was able for the lump in his throat, that he was perfectly well. His mother, like the wise one she was, didn't press the question. She merely threw up her long looking chair and sat beside the bed until she thought Teddy was asleep, and then crept quietly down stairs.

Teddy lay for a long time after she went, watching the brilliant flicker on the walls. He couldn't go to sleep and besides what was the use, when there wasn't a thing to wake up for? A good many tears rolled out of the corners of his eyes, but he didn't care now.

He must have lain there for about four or ten hours, he thought, and had just shut his eyes to rest them from the light, when he heard a sound, a very little bit of a sound. He sat up quickly in bed and listened eagerly, because it sounded like really old sound, as if it might be sleigh bells. In a minute, he didn't know just how, he was leaning out of the window.

He didn't feel as if he had walked there at all, but more as if he had just stumbled along without any effort on his part, as if he had been some sort of delightful fish bird. He leaned away out of the window, not feeling a bit afraid of falling, and looked down upon the street.

Yes, down there on the street, as plain as day, he could see the reindeer, their long horns and branching antlers, and the bells that seemed almost to cover them filled the air with their musical tinkle. And then there was a gleam of red. Somebody was climbing into the sleigh! There was the echo of a jovial voice calling,

the horns of the reindeer quivered joyfully, then the whole turnout seemed to leap into the air, and like a flash was gone!

Teddy rubbed his eyes. It was funny! He thought he was at the window, but here he was in bed. He sat up and looked around the room. The fire in the grate had gone out, but the gray light of the morning was beginning to steal through the curtains. Teddy got out of bed and crept softly to the fireplace.

The stockings were bulging in all directions, as had been their exhilarating wont in other years! He put out his hand and touched one of them gently. It was no dream! The stocking was full to overflowing!

With a little sighing, whispering wheeze of joy and relief Teddy clasped his hands until the knuckles showed as white as the snow outside. Then with a cry of absolute delight, he dashed into his mother's bedroom.

She opened a pair of sleepy eyes at the sound of the pattering little feet. Teddy threw himself upon her, laughing and sobbing.

"Oh, mother, mother, mother!" he cried. "He came after all! Santa Claus did come! Santa Claus did come! He did, he did, he did!"

Agent Wanted

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The Greatest Wall Paper Inventor of the Age

A TWIST OF THE WRIST TELLS THE TRUTH

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An energetic agent is wanted in this locality to show samples and solicit orders from householders.

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