



Five Trains

Through Sleeping Cars To New York

Lv. at 5.20 p.m. daily Lv. at 7.10 p.m. (ex. Sun.)
Ar. New York 7.50 a.m. Ar. New York 9.25 a.m.

A convenient **DAY TRAIN** leaves at 9.30 a.m., connecting with the **EMPIRE STATE EXPRESS** (except Sunday), arriving at New York 10.10 p.m., and with the **New York Special** (Sunday only), arriving New York 11.02 p.m.

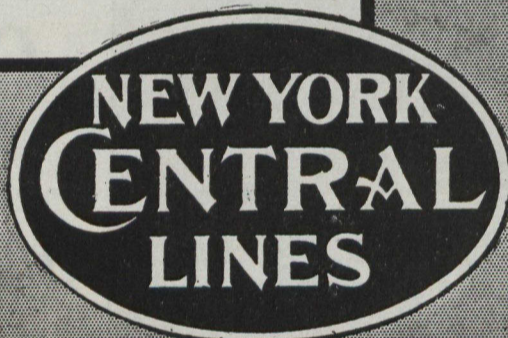
*Other trains for New York leave at
1.15 and 3.35 p.m. daily except Sunday.*

**Tickets good on Hudson River Steamers,
Albany to New York, without extra charge.**

For Railroad tickets or additional information apply to Ticket Offices, Canadian Pacific Railway, 16 King Street, East, or Union Station; or Ticket Office, New York Central Lines, 80 Yonge St. **FRANK C. FOY, C. P. A., Toronto.**

Telephone, Main 4361

Over the
"Water Level Route"



CANADA'S GREATEST GROWING MARKET

WINNIPEG

Locate our Western Factory in the Central City of Canada where you can get Cheap Power, cheap sites, low taxation, plentiful supply of raw materials, best of labor conditions, unexcelled railway facilities, and the support of a community who recognize the importance of its industrial development.

Reports furnished free on the manufacturing possibilities of any line of industry by addressing **CHARLES F. ROLAND, Industrial Commissioner, Winnipeg, Can.**

NATIONAL TRUST CO

LIMITED

J. W. Flavelle,
President

W. T. White,
General Manager

Executor and Trustee Under Will

CAPITAL AND RESERVE - \$ 2,500,000
ASSETS UNDER ADMINISTRATION \$25,000,000

OFFICES:

TORONTO MONTREAL WINNIPEG EDMONTON SASKATOON REGINA



BY APPOINTMENT.

WHITE HORSE
WHISKY
Established 1742.

Great age and fine bouquet with guarantee of purity are its recommendation.

Always ask for **WHITE HORSE** specially if you want it.

Sold by all Wine Merchants, Grocers and Hotels.

the shadow that a tree would cast.

"I've good news for you, Joan," said Lowick, after a long silence. "I am a free man."

"Yes, dear, of course you are. I know that."

"I mean that my conscience is free. We've found out all about the Corodales."

"What do you mean, dear?"

"Mrs. Corodale is dead. She was killed that night by a shell, and all her papers are in the hands of the police. Who do you think she was?"

"I don't know, Ralph. I—I don't quite understand what you're talking about."

"She was the sister of Senor Smith."

"The sister of that man?"

"Yes, and she and her son had settled in the neighbourhood in order to find out my father's secret."

"Then John Corodale killed your poor father?"

"Not with his own hand; he hired a man to do that—the man who was found dead in the marshland. Her butler was in the secret, and he was fatally wounded by the same shell that killed her. He confessed everything before he died."

"Oh, thank heaven for that, Ralph—thank heaven for that!"

"It has, of course, made things much easier for the Government. It cannot be said now that they have let a murderer loose on the world."

She rested her chin on her hands and stared at the green fields on the further side of the bank. Beyond them lay the rifle ranges and the old martello tower.

"They are going to offer me a peerage," said Lowick, after a pause. "I shall not take it. I have all I want—a great deal more than I deserve. Only one thing troubles me—I am still doubtful about having handed over my secret to the Government. I am not sure that England will put an end to war. She may desire to use her power for her own ends."

Joan laid her hand upon his shoulder and looked up at him with a smile. "Don't you see, dear, what will happen," she said, gently. "The secret cannot be kept indefinitely. In time it will become as much the common property of the world as the invention of gunpowder."

"And then?" he queried.

"Why, then, Ralph dear, war will become impossible—just as impossible as if the secret had perished with your father's death."

For a little while they were both silent, and sat there like two children, holding each other's hands. Then Ralph Lowick drew his wife close to him and kissed her.

"The peace of the world," he said, slowly, "is in the care of heaven. But you and I, Joan, have the fashioning of our own lives."

"Yes, my dear husband," she whispered; "and, at any rate, we can assure peace—in our own home."

(THE END.)

Puzzled.—An American took an Englishman to a theatre. An actor in the farce, about to die, exclaimed: "Please, dear wife, don't bury me in Yonkers!"

The Englishman turned to his friend and said: "I say, old chap, what are yonkers?"—Everybody's.

* * *

His Match.—Almost any man is a match for the fellow who has money to burn.—Leslie's Weekly.

* * *

By the Silvery Sea.

The swain was just a little slow. In fact, that was as plain as print. A boulder hid the pair; and so She gave him just a little hint. She murmured, gazing out to sea, And turning pinker than before: "It always seems so quaint to me— The way some yachtsmen hug the shore." —M.A.P.

* * *

Not His Fault.—"Oratory is a gift, not an acquirement," said the proud politician, as he sat down after an hour's harangue.

"I understand," said the matter-of-fact chairman. "We're not blamin' you. You done the best you could."—Detroit Evening Press.