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THE FARMER AND THE MINER.

A farmer rose with the meadow lark,
And hastening to his barn,
He milked his cows, cleaned out the
stalls,
And threw his hogs some corn.
And he drew great draughts of the
perfumed air
Into his mighty chest;
And he whistled a gay and rollicking
air,
For life seemed at its best.

Besides, he knew that his wheat,
transformed
Into flakey biscuits, lay
On his table spread and the butter
there
Was as sweet as the new-mown
hay.

There was ham and eggs and peach
preserves
And a bowl of yellow cream,
And the farmer yawned as he ate
his meal,
Which was only fair, it seems.

Then his eye caught sight of a flock
of fries,
As they strutted through the yard;
And he knew upstairs in containers
cool
Lay gallons of pure fresh lard.

"Say, wife, I'm getting tired of
ham,"
Which seems to us quite strange.
"Suppose I kill for midday lunch
Two chickens for a change."

So he killed the fries and the good
wife brought
From the garden quite a store
Of crisp new beans and golden beans,
And vegetable galore.

At noon when the farmer sauntered
in,
And saw the bounteous fare,
He gazed on the flakey cherry pie.
And said, "Well, I declare,"

"I'm not so hungry as I thought,
But I'll eat a bite I guess,
And I'll take a nap in the hammock,
While the horses take their rest."

But his eye fell on a paper, and
This headline met his gaze:
"The miners have returned to work,
Receiving another raise."

"Well, will those pesky fellows
Ever be content?
They only have to work eight hours.
It seems their natural bent

"Is just to raise a constant howl,
Why are they getting more
Than any common laborer
Has ever got before.

"They're just a senseless, shiftless
lot,
And follow with delight
Some hairbrained, lawless leader,
Who's spoiling for a fight."

And saying this he flung himself
Into the hammock bed,
And slept, why not, the day was
warm,
And he had been well fed.

Meanwhile a miner took his gall,
And sitting on the ground,
With grimy hands, he delved inside,
And there a sandwich found.

Was it the same old country ham
As the farmer ate that morn?
No, this was an embalmed rem-
nant of
A hog which knew not corn.

Ah, now he's found the dairy part,
But it is only cheese.
"The good old cottage kind?" you
ask.
No, Limburger, if you please.

"But he has fruit." Ah, to be sure,
An apple and a pear.
I'll venture that he paid six-bits
For the lunch he's eating there.

But look, my friend, the sunshine
Isn't streaming in his face,
Ah, no, the sun would blush to
pause
In such a cheerless place.

And then you know a sunny spot
Is very seldom found
In dirty, grimy hole five hundred
feet
Or more, down in the ground.

At last the miner's lunch is o'er,
He doesn't take a nap,
He labors on just as before,
But hark, he hears a tap.

A roaring sound, an awful pause,
Alas! It is too late,
He's buried beneath an avalanche
Of rock and dirt and slate.

Oh, Farmer, did you dare to say
He was a worthless lot?
He is a martyr and a man,
There are farmers who are not.

He strove to gain a foothold
On the ladder of Success;
He strove, in spite of obstacles,
His cottage to possess.

He toiled and sent his babes to
school,
And tried to raise them right,
He has left them, but God grant
That they shall carry on his fight.

And though there's black sheep
amongst us,
You'll find them everywhere,
In pulpit and in church pew,
As well as amongst us here.

I've lived a farmer's daughter,
The best years of my life,
But I'm content the rest be spent
As just a miner's wife.

And with God's help, I'll raise my
babes,
That all the world may see
There are no youngsters brighter
Than the ones he gave to me.

They will never be ashamed
Of the humble home they've had,
And may they hold in reverence
One miner, he's their Dad.
—Bessie Estelle Carlock in the
Mine Workers' Journal.

CANADIAN PRINTERS AHEAD OF BRITISH

T. E. Naylor, General Secretary of the London Society of Compositors, London, England, who was in Ottawa attending the Imperial Press Conference, paid a friendly call to The Evening Journal chapel of Local 192 of the International Typographical Union.

Time was called for a few minutes, and Mr. Naylor addressed the chapel. He brought cordial greetings to the local printers from the members of the London Society, and spoke in appreciation of the treatment he had received since his arrival in Canada. Dealing with trade union matters, Mr. Naylor said he was more than interested in the work of the Typographical Union, as he had seen it so far. He was very pleased to observe that Canadian "typos" were far ahead of Old Country printers, and was particularly impressed with the fact that the I.T.U. had admitted women to membership and given them the same standing in the union as the men. This was a reform which had yet to come in the Old Country.

Mr. Naylor added that conditions of English printers were, however, improving very much. Talking about the work in printing offices, Mr. Naylor stated that conditions and wages should be such that they would be beneficial both to the employers and employees.

ANOTHER LABORITE ELECTED TO BRITISH PARLIAMENT.

The result of the South Norfolk election in England, consequent on the succession of Coxens Hardy, the late member to the peerage, resulted as follows:—
Edwards, Labor, 5,594; Batty, Coalition-Liberal, 4,476; Roberts, Independent Liberal, 2,118.

Fifty-seven per cent of the electorate voted. Mr. Edwards was largely identified with the agricultural laborers' organization which is very strong in the constituency. He previously represented Lincoln in Parliament.

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Don't Be a Slave To Poverty Poverty Is No Disgrace, But It Is Mighty Unpleasant

NO man or woman with a spark of self-respect, ambition and thrift need worry about the future if they will awaken to the fact that this world has enough wealth in it for every one. The Reason the few have it is because the many—who are the poor—take no chances. They hold on tight to what bit of money they save, and never succeed, but are always bewailing because the few—who are not afraid to trust the other fellow—get rich quick, and enjoy the luxuries of life.

WHY ARE MEN RICH?

Do you think that if the Rockefellers, Harrimans, Sages, Morgans, Vanderbilts, Fields, Westinghouses, Posts, and such men had been afraid to trust their money in industrials that they would ever have been any better off than the majority of their schoolmates? Listen to their own evidence:

"It is the keen-brained man who invests at the start of an enterprise who makes all the money. The stragglers who come in later are the men who help him make it."—E. H. Harriman.

"Five thousand men are millionaires because they invested in new things."—George Westinghouse.

"The foundation of wealth is the first \$100 well invested."—J. P. Morgan

"Other men's brains have made me money—'tis said I have more money than some. If so, 'tis because I have more courage than some."—Andrew Carnegie. "Don't delay, get in while you can."—John D. Rockefeller.

Now you can have wealth, too, but you have to disabuse your mind of the idea that the Bank, or that Real Estate, is the best place to put your money. The wealth of a nation is created by Industry—the wealth of Individuals is the result of Industrials.

A hundred dollars has started thousands on the road to prosperity, and a hundred dollars will start you on the same road—if placed in the proper Industrial.

\$100 invested in the original Gillette Safety Razor Co. is now worth	\$52,000	\$100 invested in Prestolite is worth	\$100,000
(Providing an annual income of over \$3,000).		\$100 invested in Diamond Tires is worth	\$16,700
\$100 invested in Goodyear Tire Co. is now worth	\$25,000	\$100 invested in Burroughs' Adding Machine Co. is worth	\$41,340
\$100 invested in Bell Telephone Stock has returned	\$54,000	\$100 invested in Morgan and Wright Tires is worth	\$24,000
\$100 invested in Goodrich Tires is worth	\$69,600	\$100 invested in National Cash Register Stock is worth	\$24,870
\$100 invested in Cream of Wheat is worth	\$10,000	\$100 invested in Welsbach Mantles is worth	\$50,000
\$100 invested in Dunlop Tires is worth	\$31,000	Taken from Poor & Moody's Manuals.	

Now, do not stand in the path of your own prosperity, and hinder the multiplication of your money.

One hundred dollars invested in OAKOAL stands the same chance today that one hundred dollars did in any of the above stocks in their infancy. Not one of the above discoveries was of so much importance to the life and prosperity of the people as fuel. "Fuel is king," says Hugo Staines, the richest and most powerful man in the world today. "Without coal you can do nothing. With coal you can make iron and steel and with them ships and locomotives, and go on to all the various industries, but fuel is basic and fuel is king," and OAKOAL is the "King of fuels."

OAKOAL must not be confounded with other coal substitutes, because no other coal substitute has stood the test, independent, scientific and domestic, that OAKOAL has stood. No other substitute has shown anything like the lasting, economical and efficient results that OAKOAL has shown, and no coal has ever shown better results.

These facts, plus Ontario's dependence on foreign fields, and the prices fixed by foreign magnates, plus freight rates and wholesale and middlemen and retailers' profits, make an unpleasant aspect of the fuel situation for citizens of this province. As OAKOAL will supply 25 to 35 per cent. of the domestic needs from the wastes of Ontario Cities, and keep 25 to 30 per cent. of the money now going out of the province into foreign fields, surely none are so blind they cannot see that it is folly to delay another day in laying the foundation now for multiplied returns on a few hundred dollars.

There are gold and oil stocks, but no one knows when they may become exhausted. Oakoal raw material increases with increased populations, and likewise the demand. OAKOAL wealth will rival any of the best industrials of today—and you, Sir or Madam, are surely making a mistake if you do not now—today—get in on this wonderful fuel industry. Take timely advice and secure as much of this stock as you can today, remembering that history repeats itself. You who hesitate will look back and say with regret: "I might have shared in its wealth, but I had not the courage to take the chance." Take it now, today, go to our nearest agency or come direct to us, or write or wire for reservation—shares \$5.00 each. If you have any doubt about the magnitude of one of these plants, see the equipment and mountain of raw material at foot of Booth Avenue.

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