

The Tissue Paper Man

by WILLIAM H. OSBORNE

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The maid knocked gently upon Miss Catherwood's door and handed in a card. Miss Catherwood looked at it and tossed it to the floor.

"Oh, the dickens!" she said frankly. It will be seen at once that, although Miss Catherwood was a young lady of beauty and charming personal characteristics, she had decided opinions about various things. One of the things was Mr. Anthony Wadsworth, who, as appeared, was waiting below for an audience with her.

"The dickens!" reiterated Miss Catherwood. "I suppose I shall have to see him." Miss Catherwood's mother happened to be within earshot.

"Who is it?" she inquired. She was informed. "Dear me," said Miss Catherwood's mother, "why, Mr. Anthony Wadsworth has always appeared to me to be a very proper young man."

"That's just the trouble, mother," returned Miss Catherwood. "He's too proper. He's too conventional. He's a tissue paper man."

"Dear me," answered her mother, "he doesn't look like a tissue paper man."

"Oh, I know," petulantly responded the young lady. "I know. He's just about the proper weight and proper height, and his shoulders are just the proper breadth. He's like a pattern—a fashion plate. He's just unbearable."

Miss Catherwood's mother, who could not quite reconcile her daughter's premises with her conclusion, sighed. Her daughter crept out of the room and went downstairs.

Mr. Anthony Wadsworth rose as she entered and bowed in a quaint old-fashioned way. He was flustered and embarrassed, and there was good reason for it, for Mr. Anthony Wadsworth was there for a purpose, and his purpose ultimately became apparent. He was there to propose to Miss Catherwood, and he proposed. He didn't do it very well, and Miss Catherwood, who had had a proposal or two before, as she listened to him made mental comparisons that were unfavorable to this particular suitor.

"Don't—don't give me your answer tonight," implored Mr. Wadsworth, the perspiration standing out upon his brow. "Wait—wait until tomorrow night. Take time."

Miss Catherwood, who would have preferred to end it at once, assented. She said with all the coldness she could summon to her aid that she would consider it; that she would wait until tomorrow night. And she had a reason for it. She had an engagement with Tommy Beggs for the next night, and she intended to write a short note for Mr. Wadsworth to receive when he came. That would be the end of Mr. Wadsworth.

Tommy Beggs, a boisterous young man whom she rather liked, was going to do for her what no one had ever done. He was going to take her down to a big political rally in the Fourteenth ward—down where she could see politics as it really is. She looked forward to it with pleasure. She liked to learn about the real things that real men did.

She started with Tommy about 7 o'clock in the evening in order to get a choice seat in the ladies' quarters. She left the fatal note with her mother, with instructions to hand it to Mr. Wadsworth. She told her mother what it was. Her mother, who was a very tender-hearted old lady, met Mr. Wadsworth at the door—he came at 8 o'clock sharp—and Mr. Wadsworth was so downhearted when he found that Miss Catherwood was out that the old lady thought she would keep the note to herself.

"I'll call tomorrow evening," said Mr. Wadsworth tremulously. "She probably forgot last night that she had this—this engagement for tonight, although— I'll call tomorrow night."

Down in the Fourteenth ward, in Bailey's hall, Tommy Beggs and Miss Catherwood were having the time of their lives. The campaign was in full blast. Election was near at hand. Miss Catherwood kept her eyes on the speaker, and she listened to every word he said.

"Isn't he fine?" she exclaimed to Tommy. "It's just great to be a man like that, a man who can sway men." There was a burst of applause from something more than one-third of the crowd as the man upon the platform paused in his speech at the proper place. He was a paid campaign orator, and he was good at that. But there was just a bit of dissatisfaction visible upon the faces of the crowd. A man near Miss Catherwood moved about uneasily.

"Aw, —," he said, "why don't they bring on the alderman? What the — the use o' this?"

Another man nudged him. "The alderman," he explained, "ain't a-goin' to be on hand tonight."

As he spoke a stout man entered from behind the scenes and stepped up toward the front of the stage. He was cheered loudly.

"That must be the alderman," whispered Miss Catherwood to Tommy Beggs. But he wasn't. He whispered for a moment to the speaker, and the speaker nodded and shook his head. The big man raised his hand.

"Ladies and gents," he said, "we'd fully expected to have the alderman with us here tonight, but I'm givin' it to you straight that—"

He was interrupted by a mighty yell. "Hi, hi, hi!" yelled the crowd. "What ye givin' us? Look behind you!"

The big man turned, and everybody

looked and howled. "Hooray, hooray, hooray!" yelled the crowd. Miss Catherwood looked with the rest, and then she gave a little gasp, for the man that the whole crowd was looking and yelling at was a young man attired in a full dress suit. He was bowing, with conventional stiffness, right and left, and he was none other than Mr. Anthony Wadsworth.

"Tony, Tony, Tony, Tony!" yelled the crowd. The big man stepped forward. "Mr. Tony Wadsworth," he exclaimed by way of introduction, and pandemonium broke loose. Mr. Anthony Wadsworth stepped forward a pace or two. "Ain't he corkin'?" said the loquacious individual near Miss Catherwood, "and he always comes here in a swallowtail suit. He knows what's what, he does."

Wadsworth nodded, and the crowd became instantly silent. "I didn't intend to be here tonight," he explained. He hesitated. "The fact is," he went on, "I had an engagement with my girl, and she turned me down. I didn't have any other place to go, and I came here."

This, in black and white, amounts to nothing. But it was the way that Wadsworth said it that took. "Ha, ha, ha!" roared the crowd. "Imagine Tony's girl a-turnin' of him down. Go on, Tony!"

Mr. Anthony Wadsworth raised his hand high in the air and started in. Suddenly he stopped. He was looking directly into the eyes of Miss Catherwood herself. He turned white and then turned red. Then he turned away and apparently forgot her. And then he started in. He started in as only Alderman Anthony Wadsworth knew how. Miss Catherwood had thought the campaign orator had talked as no other man could talk. That was because she had never heard Mr. Anthony Wadsworth. With one hand in his trousers pocket and the other in the air the alderman walked up and down the stage, casting into the very faces of his audience humor, pathos, expletive, vituperation, sarcasm, congratulation—everything.

And when he finished the crowd surged up to the platform and literally overwhelmed him. Miss Catherwood, when it was all over, drew a sharp breath. "To think," she said to herself, "that I have refused such a man!"

The next night Mr. Anthony Wadsworth called upon her. She met him at the door. She was radiant.

"I've come to ask your pardon," he said contritely.

"For what?" she inquired.

"You—you haven't forgotten," he stammered, "about—about my—my girl last night. I—I don't know why I said it. I felt reckless, I suppose."

She laughed joyously. "That," she said, "is the only part of your speech last night that I had forgotten. It was just superb."

He laughed. "Dear me," he answered, "that's nothing. Every fellow in politics has to do that. That's not the question," he went on. "There's something else."

"W-what?" she inquired timidly.

"I want to know," he continued, "whether—whether my—my girl is going to turn me down tonight? If so I've got a meeting in the Fifth district. The boys are waiting for me."

Miss Catherwood stepped toward him and held out her hand. "They can't have you," she answered gently, "Anthony Wadsworth, alderman."

Somewhat Surprising. John, remarked Mrs. Bifkins coldly at the breakfast table, "you were saying some rather queer things in your sleep last night. You mentioned something about Kittle and a full house and a showdown and a few other things along that line. What were you talking about?"

Did Mr. Bifkins tell his wife that Kittle was the name of the woman who cleaned out the office and that he was probably dreaming about a full house down at the show the other night? The funny papers would have you believe that he did. But he did not.

"I was probably dreaming of the poker game I sat in that night," he replied without batting an eye. "I lost \$37.15 in that game, by the way, so I can't let you have that \$19.98 for that new hat for a couple of weeks."

Did Mrs. Bifkins scream and burst into tears and call him a brute and go right straight back to her mother? The comic writers and the jokesmiths would have you think she did. But she didn't.

"You must be a bum pokerist, John," she said scornfully. "I don't believe you know a straightup from a four-flush, I believe I could give you three kings and beat you to the jack pot myself. What did you think you were doing—digging post holes or playing pingpong?"—Smart Set.

Football For a Husband. Until early in the nineteenth century it was a very ancient custom practiced at Inverness, Scotland, for the splinters to meet the matrons in an annual game of football. All the available women took part, and the men surrounded the players and urged on their sisters, wives and sweethearts in their struggle, directing their efforts by word of mouth and encouraging the exhausted to struggle on and secure the prize.

The honors of these unusual combats, strange to say, rested more often with the married than the single, for those men selected their wives from those who showed most prowess and endurance on the football field. Hence all the better players were mated and frequently more than a match for the less tough and skillful maidens, though the latter fought like the knights of old for the lady of their choice and to the death, a strange reversal of positions, which doubtless had its compensating advantages when domestic differences arose between a tyrannical husband and his former footballing consort.

A Heated Argument. A man who was charged with assaulting his wife pleaded that he had only had a heated argument with her. It afterward transpired that the "heated argument" consisted of his beating his wife with a red-hot poker.—London Tit-Bits.

The cow tree of Venezuela yields a palatable grayish milk which hardens into a toothsome gum.

AN INDIAN JOKER.

Kicklingberg's Foe, Which Dr. Rose Made No Attempt to Answer.

"It is a notorious fact that there are but few humorists among the many thousands of Indians in this country, and I therefore regard it as a distinction to have enjoyed the friendship of a red man who was a wag in every sense of the word," observed a former member of congress from Ohio in conversation with a friend.

"The wag to whom I refer was known as Kicklingberg and was a Kiowa. He was fine, handsome and tall specimen of a manhood. He and myself became fast friends and often dined together."

"I recall an incident in which Kicklingberg played a part. It was an important conference between Dr. Rose of Philadelphia and a delegation of Kiowas and was held almost within the shadow of Fort Sill. In the course of his remarks Dr. Rose urged the red man to follow in the steps of the industrious white man—to get a piece of land, till it, raise a family and become a citizen of whom the community might be proud. At the conclusion of his remarks Dr. Rose announced that he was willing to be interrogated."

"Kicklingberg took the floor. He said, 'Why don't white men do as white men says? Raising his arm and pointing to Fort Sill he continued, saying, 'Lots white men there got no squaws, no farm—they carry guns!'"

"Dr. Rose was dumfounded. It would have been certain death to have truthfully explained to the Indians the reason for the station of the troops at Fort Sill. And so Dr. Rose made no attempt to answer the question, which had a demoralizing effect upon the conference."

"A day or two later I met Kicklingberg. I inquired why he made such a speech and told him he had done wrong. He nearly went into convulsions with laughter and regarded his act as a great joke. Recovering himself he said:

"I know doctor could not answer question. I know, same as doctor, government keeps 2000 soldiers at fort to shoot us down if we don't behave."

QUEER THINGS TO PAINT.

Peculiar Subjects For Pictures Selected by Students.

A noted artist was addressing his class.

"Young men," he said, "when you begin to paint don't choose peculiar and uncanny subjects for your pictures. Some of you, though, despite me, will choose such subjects. That has been the case with all my classes."

"A country lad painted under me a picture of Nebuchadnezzar eating grass. The picture was intended to be horrible and sad. In a gaunt landscape the king, nearly naked, crouched on his hands and knees. He was eating greedily of a big bunch of grass that he held in his left hand. His aspect was bestial and insane. The picture wasn't badly done, but whoever looked at it laughed."

"Another student of mine once painted a picture that he called 'The Deliverance of Jonah.' On a sea beach Jonah knelt, his hands clasped and his face turned skyward in grateful prayer. The whale was disappearing. Its vast bulk was sinking into the sea."

"A young Australian painted 'The Pound of Flesh.' In this composition the judge and the multitude of spectators looked on while Portia held a long knife against the bare ribs of Shylock. Shylock was howling with wide open mouth and arms stretched out in an appeal for mercy, and the blood was beginning to flow from his side. When this picture's disagreement with Shakespeare's text was pointed out to the young Australian he said, smiling indifferently, that an error of that sort did not interfere with the picture's value as a work of art."

"Among the queer subjects that my pupils have chosen to paint there have been lepers, snakes, tombstones, rats, tailors, worms, skeletons and surgical operations."

The Judge Silenced.

In the famous trial of the dean of St. Asaph, Mr. Erskine, the great English lawyer, put a question to the jury relative to the meaning of their verdict. Mr. Justice Buller objected to its propriety. The counsel reiterated his question and demanded an answer. The judge again interposed his authority in these emphatic words:

"Sit down, Mr. Erskine. Know your duty or I shall be obliged to make you know it."

Mr. Erskine, with equal warmth, replied: "I know my duty as well as your lordship knows your duty. I stand here as the advocate of a fellow citizen, and I will not sit down."

The judge was silent, and the advocate persisted in his questions.

The Intelligent Male.

"Valuable male that," said the Billville citizen to the prospective purchaser. "Saved my life once."

"Indeed! How was that?"

"Saw a flash of lightning making straight for me an' kicked it all to pieces 'fore it could land!"

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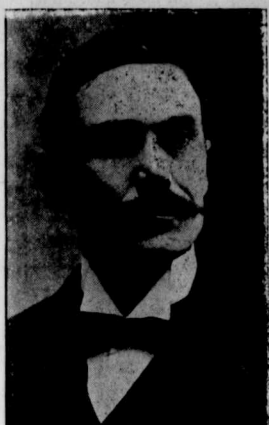
The finest human hair is golden, and red is the coarsest.

WESTERN CANADIAN EDITORS

A Series of Articles Describing their Lives, their Aims and Their Influence.

No. 6.

WALTER SCOTT.



WALTER SCOTT, M. P.
President of the Leader-Times Publishing Company.

Of all the newspaper men of the Canadian West, perhaps none is personally more popular, or has proved professionally more successful than Walter Scott, M. P. for West Assiniboia, and president of the company owning the Regina Leader and the Moosejaw Times. This is in no sense remarkable when the characteristics of the man are known, for they are characteristics that necessarily compel success and inevitably attract friends. Quiet efficiency, disciplined enthusiasm, tireless industry, calm judgment, broad outlook, abounding charity—these are the outstanding qualities impressing every one who meets Mr. Scott. He has firm opinions, opinions reached after mature thought, and which he advocates and defends reasonably and seasonably. But among those holding contrary views he has hosts of friends, and none ever heard him attack any man on personal grounds. It is doubtful if any one has ever heard Mr. Scott at any time say a word in disparage or depreciation of any man whatsoever. Envy, hatred, calumny, malice, uncharitableness—these are all utterly foreign to his nature and disposition. If he cannot praise, he never blames. While Mr. Scott fearlessly criticizes, what he considers wrong policies or courses of conduct, and in no sense can be considered a mere acquiescer, he appears to have the unusual faculty of looking at things from a detached, impersonal point of view, and of not including the person holding views from which he differs in his condemnation. He gives to the opinions they hold. Both in his journalistic and political debates, he attacks and defends principles, rather than men. His method of public conviction is based on no appeal to any consideration of either person or sentiment but rests his case wholly on grounds of logic and reason. He compiles, arranges, relates, and presents facts and evidence impossible to dispute, points to the conclusions these facts have brought about, and he reaches, and leads his readers or his auditors, by the same process of reasoning, to arrive at similar conclusions. But as a writer and as a speaker, Mr. Scott indulges in no "frills." Elegance of expression is in every case subordinated to a businesslike presentation of facts or issues. After he is through the duller reader or hearer understands Mr. Scott's position, knows how he has reached it, and in all probability is disposed to agree with him there.

Mr. Scott is another instance of a successful professional man bailing from the farm. He was born in October, 1867, in London township, Middlesex county, Ont., and until the age of seventeen had little or no opportunity for education. At those infrequent intervals, when his services were not urgently required on the homestead, he attended the nearby country school, where he learned to read and write. But almost every minute of his early years he did the duty of chore boy or hired man at home. He picked the potato bug, pulled ragweed, followed the harrow and the plow, rode the sulky rake and the reaper, bound sheaves by hand, learned to swing both the scythe and the cradle, hoed the corn, pulled turnips, chopped wood, and studied at close range the disposition of the cow, the temper of the horse, and the life-purpose of the pig. From the quizzical humor with which Mr. Scott relates the experiences of those days, his friends infer that he loved not the occupation of pioneer farming, but, despite this, he feels an honest and pardonable pride in the fact that whatever measure of success he has attained has been due, not to extraneous help or accidental advantages, but to personal effort in overcoming personal disabilities.

In March, 1885, a lad of seventeen, Mr. Scott came west, landing at Portage la Prairie, and starting work as a driver in the delivery wagon of a firm of general traders there. After five months of this, he joined the staff of the Manitoba Liberal as "devil." In a few months he received promotion to "the case," and in December, 1886, accompanied C. J. Atkinson, the then proprietor of the paper, to Regina, where the Journal was founded. For six years he was working printer and writer with The Standard and the Leader, with a winter's interval at

Winnipeg job offices to gain further experience.

In 1890 Mr. Scott returned as mechanical foreman to the Journal, which the following year was acquired by a local company under the presidency of the present Judge Scott of Edmonton. Two years later, in partnership with J. K. McInnis, he bought the Regina Standard, and, two years later still, disposed of his interest to Mr. McInnis, and bought the Moosejaw Times. He conducted the paper personally for a year, and in 1895 purchased the Regina Leader from W. F. Davin, M. P., and again returned to the Territorial Capital. Shortly afterwards the Leader-Times Company was organized, with Mr. Scott as president, and both papers entered on an enlarged sphere of usefulness.

The Leader, of which Mr. Scott, prior to the engrossing attention necessitated by public affairs, was more closely in control, has an enviable reputation among western newspapers. In the Territories its position corresponds somewhat with that occupied by the Toronto Globe in Eastern Canada. It is able, progressive, sound and sane. It gives the news when it is news, and on matters of Territorial interest has had the enterprise to institute and conduct personal investigation. The campaign of information it has with in recent years carried on in connection with railway blockades, and general inefficiency and inadequacy of transportation facilities throughout the region in which it circulates is one that has attracted attention throughout the length and breadth of the Dominion, and that has earned for itself the enthusiastic support of the farmers whose grievances it exposed. Its editorial opinions are weighty and well considered, always regard public questions from the Western point of view, and are free from partisan rancor or hysteria, while typographically the Leader is one of the handsomest papers in the West.

Mr. Scott's reputation has been founded on his journalistic and parliamentary career, and hence it is not generally known that he is one of the best amateur ball players in the West. He was a playing member of Regina's first nine for eight years, and can play any position. For several seasons he was pitcher, and for two was behind the bat. In 1895, the year of the Territorial Exhibition, when he was living at Moose Jaw, he played second base with the local nine that won the championship of the Territories against several clubs with imported players. Mr. Scott has also won several curling trophies. He is not a "finer," and has but few associations in fraternal societies, but is a member of Camp Balmoral, Sons of Scotland. As might have been expected from his Scotch ancestry, he is a Presbyterian.

Perhaps among the editors of the West Mr. Scott's chief title to popularity was the highly efficient manner in which, in 1899, he acted as president of the Western Canada Press Association. During the term of his presidency the first, and perhaps the most enjoyable and successful, of the ambitious series of excursions which have marked the successful career of the W. C. P. A., was inaugurated. The editors, with "their sisters and their cousins and their aunts," went through to the Coast and down to Washington State points, being tendered many banquets, receptions and other entertainments en route, at all of which Mr. Scott was the Association's protagonist, and his umbrella—while no one ever saw him without—well and worthily maintaining the honor and dignity of Western Canadian journalism.

Four years ago Mr. Scott was nominated for the Commons in West Assiniboia, and after an exciting election, defeated his opponent, the brilliant Irishman, Nicholas F. Davin, by hundreds of votes. At Ottawa Mr. Scott has made for himself an enviable record for so young a man. He has paid great attention to the subjects of grain trade and inspection, has resolutely stood for discontinuance of land grants to railway companies, and on the general questions of railways and transportation has displayed great activity. Among the many local benefits he has succeeded in securing for his constituency was the inducing of the Dominion Government to deed to these towns blocks of lots which had been held for years in a Town Site Pool, so escaping taxation. All the young men in the Ottawa House, there are none whose utterances command more respectful attention, both from his leaders and his opponents. As quiet of voice as he is of manner, Mr. Scott depends for the effect of what he says rather on the matter than the manner of his remarks, but few speeches delivered in the Commons are more persuasive than his closely reasoned, fact-full addresses. Last January Mr. Scott was re-nominated by a convention which had delegations from every corner of the constituency, and which offered him the nomination on the first ballot with absolute unanimity.

Mr. Scott is one of the West's rising young men, both as a citizen, a journalist, a politician. His tact, his courage, his industry mark him for future honors, and Western newspaper men may felicitate themselves that among their number is one with such promise of a career so distinguished.

W. A. BALDWIN DIES OF FEVER. W. A. Baldwin, of the Imperial Bank staff at Portage la Prairie, died of typhoid fever in the hospital there on the 19th.

EXTRADITION FROM CUBA.

The Department of Justice shortly expects to secure the extradition of Hamel, the Montreal civic defaulter, says an Ottawa despatch. Hamel has been located in Cuba, and Great Britain has as yet negotiated no extradition treaty with that young republic. The Colonial Office is in correspondence with the Cuban authorities, and hopes to arrange for Hamel's case shortly.

Save Expense

and save a fit of sickness by having Beecham's Pills in the house and taking one when you first notice anything going wrong. You will feel well, look well and keep well if you will learn to use

Beecham's Pills

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GENEROUS STRATHCONA.

In addition to the \$50,000 gift by Lord Strathcona to the faculty of medicine at McGill, Principal Peterson has announced that his lordship had expressed his intention of giving \$25,000 as a starter in a subscription list to erect a \$100,000 college gymnasium, and furthermore that Sir William Macdonald had also promised to give \$25,000. Sir William Macdonald had already given \$100,000 toward the Students' Union scheme.

Wednesday evening a jury was empaneled to inquire into the death of Mrs. John McGinn, who fell from a car at the corner of Queen and York streets, Toronto, and died two days later. They found the motor-man and conductor of the car guilty of negligence in not stopping the car in the right place.

ANTI-SUNDAY LABOR BILL.

At Montreal the other day a delegation of the Lord's Day Alliance, composed of Rev. T. Albert Moore, Toronto, secretary; Rev. J. Gordon, Rev. J. L. George and Mr. A. M. Crombie, addressed a session of the Trades and Labor Congress of Canada, and asked the Congress to support a bill to prohibit work on Sunday, which is to be brought before Parliament. The delegation received a tremendous ovation, and their request will probably be granted.

JUST THE THING THAT'S WANTED.—A pill that acts upon the stomach and yet is so compounded that certain ingredients of it preserve their power to act upon the intestinal canals, so as to clear them of excreta, the retention of which cannot but be hurtful, was long looked for by the medical profession. It was found in Parlee's Vegetable Pills, which are the result of much expert study, and are scientifically prepared as a laxative and an alternative in one.

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Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere.

TO SETTLE FRENCH SHORE DISPUTES.

The British flagship Charybdis and the French flagship Lavosier have arrived at St. John's, Nfld. The commanders of these vessels will confer with the Colonial Government respecting the difficulties between rival fishermen over phases of the French shore dispute, which have grown acute in the last few weeks.

MUST BE FREE OF DEBT.

A despatch from Washington says: That no army officer be permitted to marry until he has first secured the permission of the Secretary of War and satisfied that official that his income is sufficient to support himself and family, and that he is entirely free from debt, is the resolution made by Major-General Henry Corbin, adjutant-general commanding the U. S. Atlantic division and department of the east, which was issued at the war department last week.

Under the municipal system Brantford City Council has decided the price of house telephones shall be \$12.

When you think you have cured a cough or cold, but find a dry, hacking cough remains, there is danger. Take

Shiloh's Consumption Cure

The Lung Tonic

at once. It will strengthen the lungs and stop the cough.

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