

Christie's Biscuits are the Best



EVERY particular housewife in Canada says Christie's Biscuits are so much superior to the next best that there is no comparison.

Christie's Biscuits are baked by specialists who know how, in the cleanest and most modern biscuit factory in the Dominion.

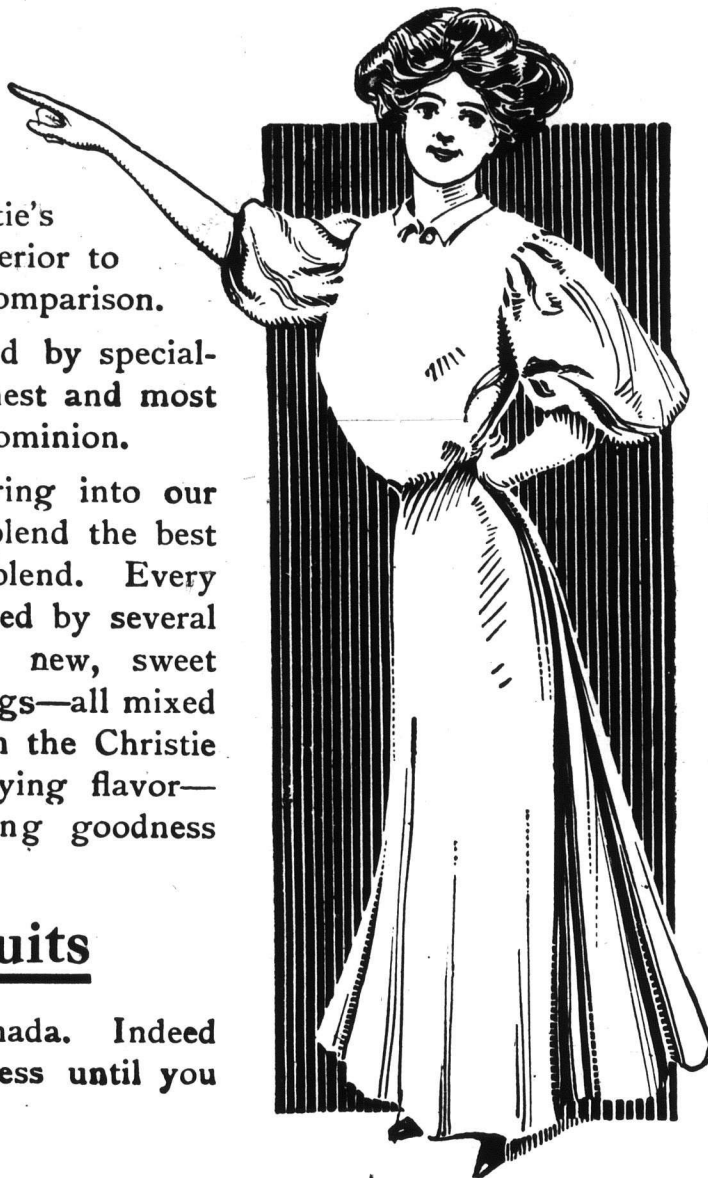
Every pound of flour entering into our bakes is the best milled—we blend the best brands, then sift and test our blend. Every ounce of raw material is analyzed by several inspectors. Pure, fresh butter, new, sweet milk, delicious cream and fresh eggs—all mixed with our special blend of flour in the Christie scientific way yields that unvarying flavor—that crisp, delicious and lasting goodness which has made

Christie's Biscuits

the joy of every housewife in Canada. Indeed you do not know biscuit goodness until you have enjoyed Christie's.

Sold in bulk, by the pound, or in moisture and dust-proof packages.

Christie, Brown & Co., Ltd., Toronto



THE CHRISTIE GIRL—She is representative of the 300 girls in spotless white, employed in the Christie factory. They are supplied with two uniforms a week, and these, with handkerchiefs, towels, etc., are laundered on the premises.

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ed at the table; the guest ate heartily of the bacon and sausages, and made short work of the toast and Dutch cheese, and did not spare the home-made jam, which he declared was a relish not frequently finding its way into his life.

"That pot of jam is no safer with me than it would be with a schoolboy," he said, turning to the little old lady, who was smiling to see her guest so happy. The clockmaker, too, was amused; he kept the stranger's coffee cup well filled, and seemed altogether in an excellent humor.

"That puts warmth into a man," the fiddler said, leaning back contentedly in his chair. "I feel alive again. One does not get a supper like this every day, I can tell you. The strolling player must take what he can get, and sometimes he cannot get anything at all! Then he must play his tune to himself, and take that for food and drink; he must live on that or starve on that; and what do you think sir?—the sooner he starves to death the better?"

"It all depends upon the nature of the person. The world might be the poorer or richer for his death," remarked the clockmaker, as he poured the steaming coffee into his saucer and blew on it. "But so far as one's own wishes are concerned, most people cling to life. For my own part, although I am an oldish man, I wish to live as long as I can hold together; and it is not because I am particularly happy. Volumnia, my wife, gives me twenty years of life if I am careful. What do you think of her judgment?"

The stranger laughed. "I should not say you were very strong," he answered; "but you probably have more life in your little finger than I have in my whole body. And then, of course, you have more chances of taking care of yourself than I have. I am not in a position to consult the weather, for instance, and you are."

"Thomas has a delicate throat," interposed Volumnia Webster; "otherwise I have no fears for him. He is particularly anxious to live a long time, for tomorrow he and I part; and such few years as may remain to us, we shall spend as each of us thinks fit."

"What an odd idea!" exclaimed the stranger blandly.

"Not at all," remarked the clockmaker gruffly; "the only odd part of it is, that we did not come to the determination before, but have waited thirty-five years before making up our minds."

"And I suppose you think that if you wait much longer it will be too late," suggested the stranger. "The time does slip away so stealthily, does it not?"

He suddenly rose from the table. "If this is the case," he said, "I have intruded sadly upon you. You cannot want a stranger here on your last evening."

"On the contrary," replied the clockmaker, lighting his pipe, "we are very glad to have you; we were not particularly happy before you arrived. Your coming here has been a pleasure. Do not hurry away; but light your pipe and draw nearer to the fire, and tell us something about yourself."

"There are two serious obstacles to your first invitation," said the fiddler: "I have no pipe and no tobacco."

"Here are both," replied the little old lady.

"And as for your third invitation," continued the stranger, smiling his thanks to the little old lady, "I doubt whether you would be particularly edified with my history. It is not that of a hero. Indeed I am a most unheroic person. Why, people said I killed my mother; but I myself have never believed in the theory of broken hearts. Does grief kill?"

"No," replied the clockmaker gruffly, "it does not kill."

"Yes," replied Volumnia Webster. "It brings death to the soul. I know that well, for my own heart has been dead these many years. Our son struck the blow. I wonder whether he spoke as lightly as you speak."

The clockmaker frowned, and gave a gesture of impatience.

"Do let the past alone tonight, Volumnia," he said sternly. "On the morrow, when I leave you, you may do as you please about mourning over a dead rogue. But now it would be more useful to you to clear away the supper things."