

Carhartt Overalls



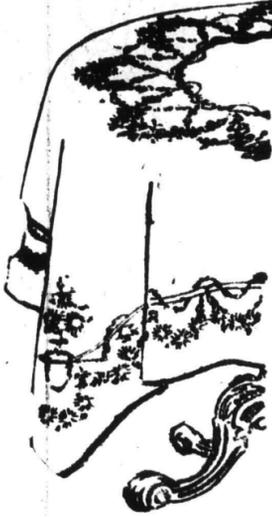
There is offered real economy regardless of the high cost of labor and materials in Carhartt Overalls. Consider for example these advantages:

- 1—Seams double stitched.
- 2—Every button riveted.
- 3—Points where hardest strain comes doubly reinforced.
- 4—Angular rule pocket.
- 5—Pockets roomy and convenient.
- 6—Give-and-take suspenders.
- 7—Tough, durable denim cloth that wears like leather, and ignores washing and rubbing.

You can be sure of getting my overalls by looking for the Carhartt button.

Hamilton Carhartt
President

HAMILTON CARHARTT
COTTON MILLS, Limited
Toronto Montreal
Winnipeg Vancouver
Manufacturers of Men's Overalls and Work Gloves and Carhartt Allovers for Men and Boys



IRISH LINEN Tablecloths.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER'S Irish Linen Damask Tablecloths and Napkins are famous the world over for their beauty in design, snowy whiteness and long wearing qualities.

We are unable to quote prices on account of the present market fluctuations, but always give our customers the full market value at the time of receiving the order.

Write for Linen Catalogue

It will be sent post free, together with samples of tablecloths, bed linen, towels, handkerchiefs, laces.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER, Ltd.

The Royal Irish Linen Warehouse,
Belfast, Ireland.



By Appointment
Special attention is given to Foreign and Colonial Orders.

The Simple Faith of Ole

By G. G. Bostwick
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Ole laughed again as he faced them. Men turned and grinned into each other's faces. This was the moment for which they had waited with that zest which life in the wilderness lends to the least of amusements.

"Yes, I stake him," said Ole. His hand was in his pocket. Slowly, with infinite weariness, he drew it forth.

There, on his shaking palm, lay nuggets—gold nuggets of varying size, from a pin-point to that of a hickory-nut. Rich yellow gold of that sort which maddens men to delirium.

"Great Scott! Where did you find it?" Ole smiled, his lids drooping as though sleep were close to his wavering sense.

"I found him," his guileless look sought the man who had sent him on his fool's errand, "on top of mountain, like you said. I fell down." He shook his head, swaying in his tracks. "Hungry, cold—couldn't walk. And when I sit up, I see this—and this." His hand was deep in his other pocket from which he drew another handful of the gleaming nuggets.

There was a moment of silence. And no laughter.

"Sometimes," remarked the wrinkled old sourdough drily to no one in particular, "Providence springs a little joke of its own that ain't so bad!"

He Leadeth Me

The way is dark, my child! but leads to light;
I would not always have thee walk by sight;
My dealings now thou canst not understand;
I meant it so; but I will take thy hand,

And through the gloom
Lead safely home
My child!

The day goes fast, my child! But is the night
Darker to me than day? In me is light!

Keep close to me, and every spectral band
Of fears shall vanish. I will take thy hand,

And through the night
Lead up to light
My child!

The way is long, my child! But it shall be
Not one step longer than is best for thee;

And thou shalt know at last, when thou shalt stand
Safe at the goal, how I did take thy hand,

And quick and straight
Lead to heaven's gate
My child!

The path is rough, my child! But oh! how sweet
Will be the rest for weary pilgrims meet,

When thou shalt reach the borders of that land
To which I lead thee, as I take thy hand,

And safe and blest
With me shalt rest
My child!

The throng is great, my child! But at thy side
Thy Father walks; then be not terrified,

For I am with thee; will thy foes command
To let thee freely pass; will take thy hand,

And through the throng
Lead safe along
My child!

The cross is heavy, child! Yet there was One
Who bore a heavier for thee—my Son,
My well-beloved. For Him bear thine, and stand

With Him at last, and, from thy Father's hand,
Thy cross laid down,
Receive a crown,
My child!

SUNSET IN WINNIPEG

The western sky in a glow of flame
That paler and paler grew,
Till it melted to gold which in turn became

All tinged with a silver hue.
Nearby clouds of a purple grey
With an edging of fleecy white,
Surrounded by skies with the blue of day
Undimmed by approaching night.

The western sky with a crimson hue
That faded to tender rose;
Till it subtly blended with the blue
Of the evening sky's repose.
Fairy clouds of a milky white
Untouched by the faintest glow,
Save for the glory of radiant light,
Reflected from down below.

The western sky dyed an angry red,
That bordered on sullen grey.
While round about and overhead
Dark angry clouds held sway.
Bold lightning gleams the gloom defied,
And lit the earth depressed,
As gradually the color died
From out the vivid west.

May Mason.

THE SILVER LINING

Each cloud has its silver lining,
Though often 'tis hard to find.
Don't waste precious hours repining,
There's good with all ill entwined.
What seems now a cruel sorrow,
A needless trying pain,
May be for your good to-morrow;
Your loss may yet prove but a gain!

Perhaps, some sad trial will teach you
Where the flower of friendship grows,
And its helpful sweetness reach you
Like the fragrance from a rose.
When you're lying ill and stricken
Its soft touch your pangs allay,
The pulses of Life 'twill quicken
And charm all your cares away!

So, when the dark clouds droop o'er you,
Let the Light of Hope break through
For Happiness lies before you,
And a cloudless sky of blue.
Remember the Sun is shining,
Though covered with clouds awhile;
So look for the Silver Lining
And meet troubles with a smile!

LOVE OF CANADA

Oh Canada! We love thee,
More than our tongues can tell,
Not for the skies above thee,
Not for the gold beneath thee,
Not for thy giant glory.
Dear land we love so well.

Oh Canada! We love thee,
We who can share thy pride;
Not for thy splendid future,
Not for thy mighty promise,
Not for thy share of Empire,
For which thy sons have died.

Oh Canada! We love thee,
Though far away we roam;
Not for thy peace and riches,
Not for thy strength and freedom,
Not for these things—but only
Because thou art our home.

EVENING PRAYER

O Lord, most merciful, Father of my soul,
I cry to Thee;
At eventide, secluded and alone,
I bow the knee.

I've greatly sinned and wandered far
Pray give me rest; [afraid,
As night comes on I yearn to lay my head
Upon Thy breast.

Through this dark night on Thee I do re-
And to Thee cling, [pose
As wanderer finds within the gathering
A mother's wing. [gloom

Condone, O Lord, my tardy thought of
I plead for grace; [Thee—
Help me to live by faith, and dying see
Thy blessed face. Frank Steele.

You cannot "catch up" in life as you can at school; you are marked on your daily average.

Two Kinds of things that should not vex a Man
Are Those he cannot help, and Those he can.