



## TEACH CHILDREN TO GET A RECEIPT

**I**T is often necessary to send children to the store. It is irritating when they bring back the wrong change. Usually it means a trip to the store for father or mother to straighten it out.

Have you had this experience only to find that the clerk couldn't remember the transaction? Or that he insisted it was not his error? Either you got the missing change with an apology, or the proprietor gave it back reluctantly, or he wouldn't give it back at all.

If the clerk feels he is right, he may suspect the child. If the proprietor is convinced you are right, the clerk is open to censure. In either case an unpleasant impression is left, and confidence destroyed.

Merchants who equip their stores with modern National Cash Registers render their customers a more than ordinary service.

They protect the buyer, child or grown-up, against disputes. They protect their clerks against errors. They protect themselves against loss.

They give a receipt or sales slip with printed figures of the amount paid or charged. This also tells in print who made the sale, and the date.

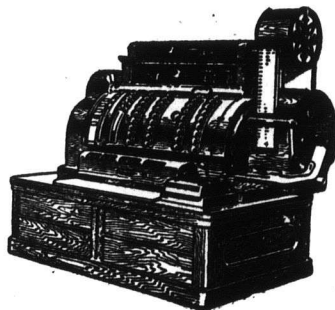
All these facts are registered inside the machine under lock and key for use of the proprietor.

It pays to trade in stores equipped with modern National Cash Registers.

Ask for the N.C.R. receipt or record with unchangeable, printed figures.

**NCR**  
SERVICE

LOOK FOR THIS SIGN  
IN THE WINDOW



### MR. MERCHANT:

One by one we have discovered new ways to protect merchants' profits.

We have now ready for delivery many new models of the National Cash Register.

These 1916 models are the very last word in protection to you, your clerks and the public. The added improvements are worth your investigation.

Write for full information. Address Dept.

**The National Cash Register Company**  
of Canada, Limited, Toronto, Ontario

pointed at the now called Halley's Comet hundreds of years before it was first noted in 1456—think what a stretch of time? the Great Auk was not extinct. Audubon, Napoleon, Washington, Titian, Mary Stuart, Luther, all were yet unborn, the steam engine, the printing press, eye even letters of wood were unknown, undeveloped mysteries in the womb of time—and yet two commonplace mortals slouch along and destroy? in a few minutes time a life that had extended over such immense periods. "Crash" falls the mighty fir and all the earth around trembles and shakes. We pictured the Giant as it swept earthwards and then walked over and seated ourselves on the mighty bole marvelling at its girth—8 feet through, 24 in diameter, with a clean log fully a hundred and fifty feet long—all destroyed in 45 minutes.

Could we but see the first tiny swelling within the seed that gave birth to this great fir—which came first, the plant or the animal? As plants are the only living things that know how to manufacture living material they must have arrived first, as they produce and we consume. First a tiny spore on the mud; then leaved plants, then upright plants, all built by cell growing upon cell, writers believe that life first began in the sea—all subject to the Tale of Creation in

rumbling of heavy trains, tumbling of trees made the day pulsate and the night hideous, over a thousand men backed and hewed, blasted and mined, and I saw the books at the end of the game—every one connected with it drew down a wage or salary, but the entire operation was conducted so that it might pay a dividend to a group of people in "Good old Lunnon" that had put up the funds to buy the tools and pay the men, etc., and it was very interesting to figure out how much profit each individual tree returned to the little black mites that encompassed its destruction.

Now came days and weeks of wild alarms and much loss and destruction. The timber had to be taken down to the sea, the logs also and any lumber cut had to be shipped to foreign lands. Huge booms were built and anchored out in the sea and the immense logs came bounding down the shoots from off the cars like acrobats, entering the sea with a mighty splash, some of them were over 12 feet through, see the lad standing beside the mighty raft, with the sun shining and the sea smooth this sight was very interesting, but after nightfall with a tide and wind the risk was awful, the entire "cut" might go to sea and never be heard of again, as soon as possible the logs are made up into small rafts and towed behind tugs to sheltered



A B.C. Logging Scene

the Good Book, as science only corroborates Scripture. Plants are living things, they eat with their leaves, they drink with their roots—carbon from the air, water from the soil, they marry and are given in marriage, have two sexes, male and female.

"Is the lecture over?" meekly asked Fritz, "as I am very narrow across the wide places now," his usual hint for lunch, so off we went, with grief in our heart at the death of our noble old comrade the Fir Tree.

A year later a public road ran through this great forest, sawmills had sprung up like mushrooms in a night \$2,000,000 worth of timber and lumber had already been sold off the clearing, Hindoos, Sikhs, Chinese, Japanese, Danes, Norwegians, Swedes, Icelanders, Poles, Russians all were cutting down these giant vegetables, Canadians there were none in the field force, the office was filled with Canadians, nearly all the chief officers were of our race, but the top notch sawyer "The Whole Push" as the lad described him, was an American. Jealousy should give place to admiration, for we as a race always get on top of the heap and if they (the Americans) are clever enough to get on top of us why they deserve all they get. Puffy donkey engines and yard engines screeched and "Whuff, whuffed," Did you ever hear a lion call? his "whuff, whuff" is exactly like that of a steam-engine—for mile after mile great blasts, horrid screeches, loud whistles, steady axe and saw noises, hoarse commands,

waters where the home mills can cut them up, then comes another danger. Man this time, these shores are infested by "Beachcombers" that live in rude huts or along the shore on their gasoline schooners, all logs "look alike to them" a neat little raft of a hundred logs are worth a large price to sell or a fair one for salvage, so these gentry used to help the tide and the current and the wind a little bit by cutting the chains of the last "swifter" and letting the logs drift out, it was an easy matter to gather them in some tidal cove and saw off the ends and make a few hundred dollars by a night's work, our captain told me of one chap that cut out two "swifters" on him some years ago, in those days he was running a small saw mill, the log thief had the nerve some months after to try and sell back to the victim his own logs, after careful examination and one visit to the authorities he accepted the offer and steamed off and collected his derelict raft, towed it up to his mill, counted them, measured them, gave the thief the cheque and took his receipt, when the beachcomber presented the paper to the bank the teller told him he was not sure he could give it to him, "have you read it he asked?" "I can't read," said the log pirate. "Pay the bearer as many swift kicks as you can get in to pay for my stolen logs." He left with murder in his eye, but homeward bound he tried to cut out his last log raft, for a searchlight picked him out and a bullet dropped him where fir logs are unknown.