

into a limited liability company in 1890, commenced a policy of amalgamation, until with the English Sewing Cotton Company and the American Thread Company in which it is interested, it practically controls the thread industry of the world.

In that country, industrial combinations and working agreements between naturally competing firms or companies are regarded as legal and natural, and expansion of trade has accompanied these developments.

It is possible that the favourable opinion in Europe of what is the cause of so much opposition in America is

due to the operation of simple but definite legislation directed properly against the evils of incorporation, corporate management and business competition. In the United States, the legislation is not only seeking to weed out these evils but, unconsciously or otherwise, it is also seriously affecting the legitimate and normal industrial growth. Canada has little to learn in trust regulation from the United States. Our chief lesson is to guard against the abuses which were allowed by United States legislators when the original trust charters were granted.

WILLIAM GEORGE

By H. D. LOWRY

WILLIAM GEORGE was the only child of pious parents and brought up from infancy to be a shining light to them that came into the world about the same time, and even to his elders. Before he was three he could stand up before company and tell half a dozen little bits of poetry. There never was such a formal boy.

I was born a year before him to the day and I could never do such things. I wonder how I didn't come to hate him. I was poor-tempered, and didn't know the name of obedience. 'Twas beyond even a mother to make out that I was good to look at. I could sing when I was by myself, and the organist heard me one day and wanted me in the choir. But I was shy and refused, though mother begged me to join, saying that if there was one thing discovered that I could do well I ought to do it. Now William George had a lovely treble voice and before long 'twas he that sang solos in the anthems when great renowned preachers came from up-the-country to preach on special occasions.

'Tis a strange thing, but I liked William George amazingly.

As he grew he was still the pride of his parents. He was a long-legged boy and well made. He was good in games, and a fine scholar, and still obedient. However, there was trouble in his family over what he did to Joe Tregear.

Joe was a bully. (He's dead now, poor dear, but truth will out.) William George had suffered along with several others, but one day he just turned and struck Joe in the face, giving him a bloody nose. Now Joe, after the manner of such people, was a coward. He said that nobody ought to do such a thing, least of all William George, that was held out for a model, and he asked him to beg his pardon.

"As to models," said William George, "that is what I am going to be. Take off your coat, for I am going to teach 'ee the alphabet from A to Z."

There were others round by this time so Joe had to fight and William George kept his word. Of course he suffered, for Joe was an inch taller than him. He had two black eyes and he lost a front tooth. But he paid Tregear for past, present and to come, and at last he wouldn't put up his fists again and started to cry. "That's your alphabet," said William George.

There was tears and trouble when he got home and worse came not long after.

There was an old man in the place that had been champion wrestler of Cornwall. He was very religious, and hadn't had a bout for years.

Mr. Symons, the father of William George, was passing the old man's cottage one day in his trap and looked over the hedge into the field. There was William George stripped to the waist, and the old man hardly better, and they were wrestling. He hitched his reins to the gate and climbed the hedge and looked down on them.

"Simon Yeo," he said to the old man, "I'm ashamed of you." The old man was like a child reproved.

William George stood up bravely and his father couldn't but admire the shape of him and the whiteness of his skin.

"It is my fault, father. Mr. Yeo didn't want to teach me. It was a

week before he would give consent."

Simon Yeo looked up. "And what was the last word that made me break the custom of twenty years, boy?"

The boy flushed scarlet. "I said I didn't see the good of having legs and arms if you couldn't use them, and that I wanted to be able to take up for father and mother—and my wife, if ever I have one." He was fourteen then.

His father couldn't think what to do, so he said: "Put on your clothes and I'll drive 'ee home. 'Tis getting on for tea-time, and that last was tussle enough for one day." And then while the boy was dressing he talked quite comfortable with Simon Yeo.

When the boy was ready he thanked the old man, and said no doubt William George would be coming that way again. Just before he whipped up the old pony, he ran his hand down the boy's arm, and a little later he said: "Strength is a great thing. 'Tis like money: it is good or bad according as 'tis used."

Now, none of these things made William George less of a model to them of his own age, but when he was seventeen a terrible thing happened. His father kept the only shop in the place, and you could buy everything except the ugly kind of valentines. He had saved money and he was thinking to put William George in the grocery. There was a nice little business three miles away and in the course of Nature it would be for sale in a year or two.

William George wouldn't hear of it. He said that he hadn't got the memory for the price of things and he couldn't be all the time looking after people. He wanted to be a miner. When it came to the last he disappeared. 'Tis thought that he made his mother promise to keep a secret and told her what he was going to do. He left a letter saying that he had gone away and was going to be a miner, and that he had made arrangements so that he would know at once if they had need of him. And he went up to Tallywarn and found work at Wheal Darkness.

Of course he was soon found, and then he had his way, and went to the classes at the School of Mines, and what he didn't learn was no use to a miner. When he didn't have a class he would get on his bicycle and come home, if 'twas only for ten minutes. For if a woman—sweetheart, wife, or mother—do care for a man that goes to sea, or works underground she is never happy when he isn't in sight.

And at last he had to be taken home. There was a run of ground and he was badly crushed, and when 'twas said that he might live people were almost sorry, for 'twas certain-sure that he would be a cripple. However, he got better and better, for his blood was clean, and the natural thing was for any hurt to start healing from the first. He was very weak, and his father used to help him down to the beach, where he would lie in the sun and look at the waves and pick a pebble now and again and toss it towards them. There was a little dog that was very fond of him, and they used to be most comfortable there in the sun.

Then, somehow or other, he made acquaintance with a little maid by the name of Winnie Heritage. She was sweet as a flower, and any man might have wanted her for his wife.

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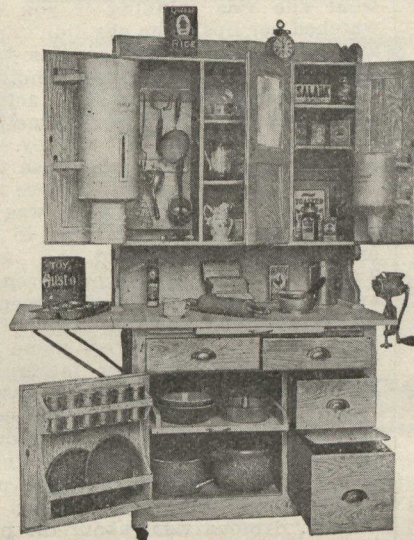


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