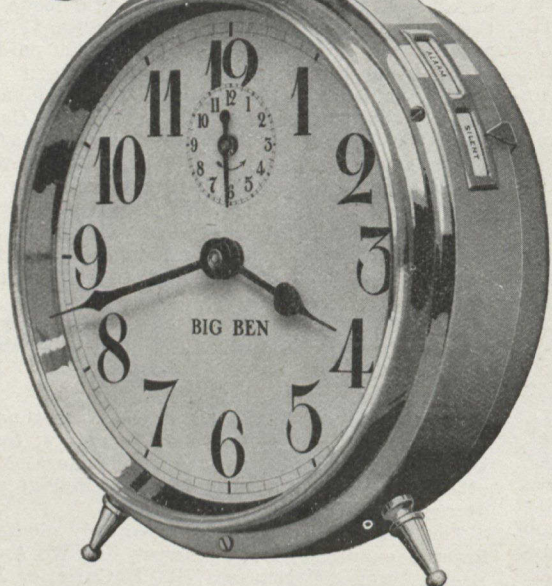


Big Ben



*If you'd rise early, just say when
And leave your call with me—Big Ben.*

BIG BEN has something to say to people who like to get up promptly in the morning.

He guarantees to call them on the dot whenever they want and either way they want, with one prolonged, steady call or with successive gentle rings.

And he guarantees to do it day after day and year af-

ter year, if they only have him oiled every year or so.

There are 4,000 dealers in the Dominion who have known him since he was *that high* and who'll vouch for everything he says.

Big Ben stands 7 inches tall, slender, massive, handsome. He rings steadily for five minutes or intermittently for ten. He's pleasing to wind, pleasing to read and pleasing to hear.

If you cannot find him at your dealer's, a money order sent to his designers, Westclox, La Salle, Illinois, will bring him to you duty charges prepaid.

\$3.00

At Canadian Dealers.

Your Son's Education

Probably you wish to send your son to an agricultural college. As it creates an inducement for him to stay on a farm, it is a good investment. Make provision at his birth for his education by depositing a certain sum at regular intervals in a savings account for him. Discuss it with our local manager.

602

Capital and Surplus
\$6,650,000



Total Assets
\$52,000,000

THE TRADERS BANK

113 Brancher in Canada.



BEETHAM'S La-rola

Is a perfect emollient milk quickly absorbed by the skin, leaving no trace of grease or stickiness after use. Allaying and soothing all forms of irritation caused by Frost, Cold Winds, and Hard Water, it not only

PRESERVES THE SKIN
and beautifies the Complexion, making it **SOFT, SMOOTH AND WHITE, LIKE THE PETALS OF THE LILY.**

The daily use of La-rola effectually prevents all Redness, Roughness, Irritation, and Chaps, and gives a resisting power to the skin in changeable weather. Delightfully soothing and Refreshing after **MOTORING, GOLFING, SHOOTING, CYCLING, DANCING, ETC.**

Men will find it wonderfully soothing if applied after shaving.

M. BEETHAM & SON

CHELTHENHAM, ENG.

IN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS, PLEASE MENTION THE "CANADIAN COURIER."

THE MAN AT LONE LAKE

(Continued from page 19.)

The after-glow was gone and the wind grew stronger. As he pushed out a figure glided between the trees. "You come back, eh?" said Francois. "I see the girl go in." His words cut the stillness like a whip.

The canoe stopped. "I knew you saw," Wynn returned, "although I didn't notice you about. It is safe to take it for granted that you always see, Francois; and that you are soundless—or almost. But the lynx makes no noise, and yet, somehow, I know when he is overhead."

The other drew in his breath sharply. "You hav tak your own time to come from de post," he rasped out. "You hav not been too dam quick. Me, I pack eighty pound from dat post in six hour."

Wynn dipped his paddle and sent the canoe on a few yards.

"My friend," he commented in his smooth voice, "I continue to wonder why the old man did not send you—this time."

An evil expression flashed across the half-breed's face, but he made no answer. His lithe figure melted into the blue-black of the spruce trees, while the bark boat made its way into the hill-shadowed lake. The water deep and cold and mysterious, mirrored the new moon fitfully, for like a golden canoe that had slipped its moorings and gone adrift, it was voyaging through storm-driven clouds down the sky.

The man went ashore and up to his shack. As he opened the door a small furry thing sprang onto his shoulder from out the darkness, startling him. He laughed softly, and lit a candle.

"The welcome sans ceremonie," he commented, "but there is no doubt about it's being a welcome. I am grateful. What is home without a chipmunk, eh, Silvertail? We will bring in wood, make a fire, and fry bacon—bacon, do you hear? Afterwards I will tell you things."

The wind blew the door wide as he went out, whistled through the shack, and died down. Wynn stood in the open, quite still, and listened. On his shoulder the chipmunk sat up, listening also. A great white owl buffeted out of its course, made way heavily through the night. Its eyes, like twin lamps, shone as it passed with green lustre. It swooped down, and a sharp, short scream tore the dark. Then stillness came again.

"He's a good executioner, Silvertail," Wynn remarked, touching him gently. "Kills with one blow. No ancient British headsman could do better. Ware owls, small one. They have beaks of polished brass, and beautiful steel hooks on their claws. Ware owls! You're on to them, eh? So far, so good. Hark to the wind! The wind that has blown down from the North Seas—where

"Ice, mast-high, goes floating by.
As green as emerald."

Listen to the frou-frou of the hemlock and balsam boughs, and the rustling of the birch leaves. It's an old sound, Silvertail. Old as Eden. Ever since I've been up here that sound has hurt. At night it has hurt most. Queer, too, for I like it. Yet sometimes it has made me feel as lonely as the ancient mariner. But to-night, to-night, small one, I feel as though I'd never be lonely again. The curse is lifted from Lone Lake. You want to know why? Come, I've told you enough. We'll make the fire, fry the bacon, and then sleep. Now, I come to think of it, I am tired, old chap. Dog-tired."

Twenty-four hours later there were no leaves on larch or poplar trees. On the ground below a coverlid of frozen snow crystals, the rusty brown and yellow of them was fast turning black.

The north wind had brought a sharp frost, and this had been followed by sleety snow.

Silvertail curled up in the corduroy pocket and lost interest in life. Some shreds of tobacco annoyed him there in the dark, and their perfume pre-

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Samples sent on request.

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SOUTH NORWALK, CONN.

Orders placed through your dealer.



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will never waste her money on imported table salt. She knows that right here in Canada, we have the best table salt in the world—

Windsor Table Salt

The real Canadian girl, and her mother and grandmother too, know that Windsor Salt is unequalled for purity, flavor and brilliant, sparkling appearance.

WINDSOR Table SALT

13

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THIS is a HOME DYE that ANYONE can use



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DIFFERENT KINDS
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ONE DYE FOR ALL KINDS OF GOODS

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