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Ganong's Chocolates



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is a clear velvety skin and a youthful complexion. If you value your good looks and desire a perfect complexion, you must use Beetham's La-rola. It possesses unequalled qualities for imparting a youthful appearance to the skin and complexion of its users. La-rola is delicate and fragrant, quite greaseless, and is very pleasant to use. Get a bottle to-day, and thus ensure a pleasing and attractive complexion.

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Absolute Purity, Perfect Blending, Full Maturity. All are assured if you call for CORBETT'S THREE STAR IRISH WHISKY

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Belfast and Coleraine.  
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The quality of this Whisky is guaranteed by a Union of Irish Distillers

**PROTECT YOURSELF**

against the changeable weather of spring by a little genuine stimulant.

**Whyte & Mackay's**

Special  
**Scotch Whisky**

has the bracing qualities you require. Its tang will make the blood tingle.

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TORONTO

had happened to be repairing the fence of his cow pasture, and had heard his son's shrill calls for help; and when the dog came running up to him with every symptom of fear, he had divined something of the trouble. Hastening to the house, he secured the rifle that stood ever loaded and ready for just such an emergency? The dog, recovering from his first panic fear and emboldened by the moral support of the man, dashed on ahead to meet his untimely fate, the man following as fast as he could. When he arrived on the scene the bear was just bolting the last of the fish. He stood facing away from the man and quartering a little. Raising his rifle with cool and steady hand, the old woodsman took careful aim just behind the massive foreshoulder.

Simultaneously with the whip-like report the bear gave a convulsive start and rose right up on his hind legs. For an instant he stood, swaying drunkenly, his great fore paws clutching at his breast, with an aspect strangely human. Then, with a hollow groan, he crashed over backward, rolling and thrashing wildly among the underbrush. A gush of blood burst from his mouth and nostrils, spattering the dead leaves and grass with crimson. The light died gradually out of his fierce, little eyes; he stiffened slowly; a twitching tremor ran through his giant frame, and he lay quite still.

As the old woodsman strode up with his still smoking rifle, the boy slid down from the tree and danced about, half hysterical, partly with grief over the loss of his canine friend, partly with triumph over the vanquishing of the bear. The old man patted him reassuringly on the back and joked him about his white, scared face. Then he went up to the dead bear and prodded the great, black bulk with his foot.

"That 'ere pelt ain't wuth a whole lot," he said, "but seein' as how you an' I killed him, Jimmy, we'll have to take it home for a sort of soovyneer. Just take a' hold here and I'll show ye how to skin a b'ar."

Suiting the action to the word, he drew a long, keen bladed knife from his belt, and with the help of the boy, proceeded to remove the shaggy hide. And presently, when they had finished their work, they went away.

And now, the manifold little sounds of the woodland, that had seemed strangely hushed during the enactment of the tragedy, awoke to life again. The passing of the big bear had been abrupt, and it was as abruptly forgotten. The little, furtive kindreds emerged from their temporary concealment and went unconcerned about their affairs with timid rustling and scurrings among the dry leaves and grasses; the waters of the creek made murmurous music among the willow roots; the sun beamed softly down through the tangle of budding branches on the warm, moist earth and greening vegetation. All Nature was bland and smiling as though tragedy and death had no place in her scheme of things. And an early cat-bird in the bushes, all unconscious of the horrible thing that lay half concealed beneath, burst suddenly into a flood of sweet, springtime melody.

**At His Own Expense.**—One of Australia's best landscape painters was out with his bag of tricks near Daylesford recently. He had pitched in front of an old, two-roomed, wattle-and-dab hut, softened with a crimsoned-flowered creeper, which he thought would make an excellent sketch. While he was working a tall, hairy man came out of the hut, and regarded him with some misgiving. The hut-dweller approached. "Watcher doin', mister?" he said. "I'm painting your picturesque dwelling," said Patterson. The hut-dweller regarded Patterson dubiously for a minute, then went indoors. Presently he reappeared with his wife, and the two advanced towards the artist. "Mind yeh," said the man, pointing at the painter, "I've got me witness—you're doin' this at your own expense."

**Neighbourly, Anyway.**—"Is he an apostle of humanity?" "Is he? He has twelve children and won't let one of them take music-lessons."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

## THIS WASHER MUST PAY FOR ITSELF.

A MAN tried to sell me a horse once. He said it was a fine horse and had nothing the matter with it. I wanted a fine horse, but, I didn't know anything about horses much. And I didn't know the man very well either.

So I told him I wanted to try the horse for a month. He said "All right," but pay me first, and I'll give you back your money if the horse isn't all right."

Well, I didn't like that. I was afraid the horse was not "all right" and that I might have to whistle for my money if I once parted with it. So I didn't buy the horse, although I wanted it badly. Now, this set me thinking.

You see I make Washing Machines—the "1900 Gravity" Washer.

And I said to myself, lots of people may think about my Washing Machine as I thought about the horse, and about the man who owned it.

But I'd never know, because they wouldn't write and tell me. You see I sell my Washing Machines by mail. I have sold over half a million that way. So, thought I, it is only fair enough to let people try my Washing Machines for a month, before they pay for them, just as I wanted to try the horse.

Now, I know what our "1900 Gravity" Washer will do. I know it will wash the clothes, without wearing or tearing them, in less than half the time they can be washed by hand or by any other machine.

I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in Six Minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that, without wearing the clothes. Our "1900 Gravity" Washer does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman, and it don't wear the clothes, fray the edges, nor break buttons, the way all other machines do.

It just drives soapy water clear through the fibres of the clothes like a force pump might.

So, said I to myself, I will do with my "1900 Gravity" Washer what I wanted the man to do with the horse. Only I won't wait for people to ask me. I'll offer first, and I'll make good the offer every time.

Let me send you a "1900 Gravity" Washer on a month's free trial. I'll pay the freight out of my own pocket, and if you don't want the machine after you've used it a month, I'll take it back and pay the freight too. Surely that is fair enough, isn't it?

Doesn't it prove that the "1900 Gravity" Washer must be all that I say it is?

And you can pay me out of what it saves for you. It will save its whole cost in a few months in wear and tear on the clothes alone. And then it will save 50 to 75 cents a week over that in washwoman's wages. If you keep the machine after the month's trial, I'll let you pay for it out of what it saves you. If it saves you 60 cents a week, send me 60 cents a week 'till paid for. I'll take that cheerfully, and I'll wait for my money until the machine itself earns the balance.

Drop me a line to-day, and let me send you a book about the "1900 Gravity" Washer that washes clothes in six minutes.

Address me personally, L. K. Morris, Manager 1900 Washer Co., 357 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.



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