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HIGH GRADE

SMOKING MIXTURE

Every tin is equipped with patent moistener.



For Perfect Satisfaction

- 2 oz. Tin Costs25c
- 4 oz. Tin Costs40c
- 8 oz. Tin Costs75c
- 16 oz. Tin Costs ...\$1.50

Over Two Million Canadians Carry "Winged Wheel" Cases

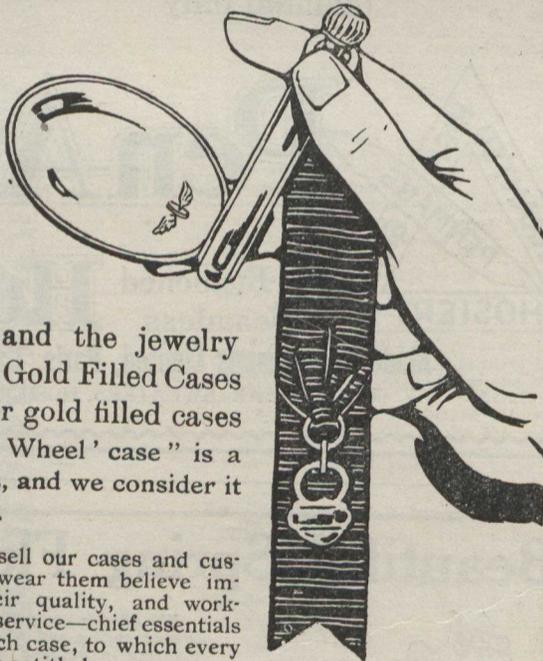
KEEPING faith with the public and the jewelry trade has made "Winged Wheel" Gold Filled Cases the standard of value for all other gold filled cases sold in Canada. "As good as the 'Winged Wheel' case" is a common expression amongst our competitors, and we consider it the highest compliment that could be paid us.

The policy of the American Watch Case Company has always been to stamp their trade mark upon no case which they could not absolutely guarantee, both as to quality of material and workmanship.

During a period of over a quarter of a century "Winged Wheel" cases have been sold to more than 2,000,000 Canadians, and in that time there has been no complaint which has not been cheerfully and promptly adjusted, and as an inevitable result of this policy.

jewelers who sell our cases and customers who wear them believe implicitly in their quality, and workmanship, and service—chief essentials of a good watch case, to which every buyer is justly entitled.

In addition to this, our company has always sold its product at prices as low as foreign cases, without any duty added, so that by buying "Winged Wheel" cases Canadians save the entire duty levied upon foreign goods.



CASHIER TRADE MARK

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"THE WATCHMAN"—SENT FREE
Write for a copy of "The Watchman." Contains an interesting account of how "Winged Wheel" cases are made. Illustrated with photographs of the latest styles and patterns. Also instructs you on the proper care of your watch. A valuable and really beautiful booklet sent free for the asking.

THE AMERICAN WATCH CASE CO. OF TORONTO, Limited

The Largest Manufacturers of Watch Cases in the British Empire



vice-president had related to his principal the general terms of the Transcontinental offer, and went on to say: "I had a wire from the surveyor yesterday—his name is Strong."

Strickland stiffened in his chair. "His name is what?"

"Strong—John Strong, Civil Engineer, and a mighty good——"

"Why on earth did you hire him?"

"Why on earth shouldn't I? It's a good thing I did."

Strickland bit his lip; after all—why on earth not? His recent sight of the unwelcome suitor had aroused all his animosity; he felt injured, almost insulted; and yet this man had made him a quarter of a million, but of course he didn't know it.

"Does Strong know I'm president of this road?" asked Strickland.

"No, he doesn't. I didn't tell him—thought you'd just as soon lie low till the deal went through."

"Jenkins, that's the best thing you ever did; if he had known, there would have been no deal."

Jenkins bridled a little. "There's one other thing," he said curtly. "We have agreed to give Strong five per cent. on the deal."

"Oh, you have, have you! And does Strong know that?"

"No; but we decided it was only fair if he made good. You needn't come in if you don't want to."

Strickland looked at him, speechless, and a clerk knocked. "Mr. Strong is in the waiting room, Mr. Jenkins."

The latter glanced at the president, who nodded convulsively, and Strong entered. His almost impersonal assurance did not desert him, even when, after shaking hands with the others, he bowed to Strickland, and said quietly:

"We have met before, sir."

Then, meeting the anxious question in Jenkins' face, he laid a roll of plans on the table.

"I have pleasure in submitting location plans of a railway from Red Harbour to an intersection with the Transcontinental on Height of Land. The government requirements have been met, and I think you can build a very good road at a reasonable cost. Duplicates have been sent to Ottawa."

Strickland's eyes, narrowed to a slit, were fixed on him; and Jenkins said:

"Mr. Strong, I may now tell you that that charter will be renewed tomorrow and sold to the Transcontinental for one million dollars, of which your share will be fifty thousand dollars."

"One minute, Jenkins," broke in Strickland explosively. "Mr. Strong and I are not on good terms; had he known I was president of this company, those plans would not be here."

The others stared at him, and a silence fell over the room, into which Strong's voice came, cool, clear, and passionless:

"That is a lie."

Strickland gasped and glared at the engineer, who added parenthetically: "I knew it all the time."

"You did, did you!" shouted the president. "And how——"

"My information is private."

His interrogator fixed on him a gaze so keen and penetrating that the others watched the two breathlessly. Then Strong spoke:

"Mr. Strickland, you once told me your opinion of engineers—is it still the same?"

Deep in the older man's heart, in spite of himself, stirred a thrill as those steady eyes met his. The man had known—he could not doubt it; there was truth in every line of his face; and having known, he did what he did. If his own boy had lived, would he not have had him do the same, and been proud of it? Slowly his hand rose, till it stretched toward the engineer.

"Mr. Strong, I was under a mistake, which I regret. I confirm all Mr. Jenkins has said. Will you dine with me to-night, as?"—he hesitated a little—"as my chief engineer and my——"

Strong's eyes twinkled. "Your what, sir?"

"You'll have to get private information on that."