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rocks, and was crowned by a clump of young birch that had grown circle-wise, and bent in such fashion that their drooping branches touched and they formed a natural shelter not unlike the willow wickiups* of the desert Indians of Shoshone Land.

The man knew the spot and climbed to it. He had eaten his supper of biscuit, so now he took out his pipe and smoked. A restless desire to get away from this unpeopled place and back to the yellow candle-light and fire-glow of the old man's shack seized him, and held him and wearied him. He was tired—tired to death of being alone. He would shorten the night by sleep he at last resolved; would "will to sleep," whatever thoughts tormented him.

The silver-grey moon sailed down the sky companioned by the stars, and shone through the twig-laced chinks of his tent. Two white owls, lantern-eyed fly-by-nights, brushed the roof of it.

A coyote glided across the hoof-beaten path below the hill and scented the air, but the moon troubled him more than his half-roused suspicions. The sun and the stars he knew, but the moon that sometimes bloomed like a red wonder-flower in the sky, and sometimes was small and sharp of edge as a hunter's knife, and again floated high, white and ominous, and ringed with violet that foretold storms,—the moon troubled him, and he howled at it bitterly for many minutes. A little cold wind blew up and swayed the birch-branches, but the man slept unheeding.

In the twilight of the morning Wynn found himself suddenly awake and listening. His nerves tingled with the feeling that he was being watched—and watched by some hidden thing. Rising on one elbow he listened, peering through the low branches.

No,—nothing was near. Nothing that he could see.

"Probably a beastly bob-cat," he said, throwing off the unpleasant sensation with an effort, and stretching mightily, for he was stiff from the night-chill. "Queer—but I invariably have that uncanny feeling when there's a bob-cat about."

Rising, he pushed the swaying branches apart. A ghostly pearl-white mist shrouded the lonesome hill and draped the land, making it impossible to see far, but it seemed to the man that he caught the faint sound of hoof-beats. In a moment more he was sure, and it was good to him to hear a sound definite, and indisputable.

Presently down the hard path below came a young bull moose and a yearling. They were swinging along together at their peculiar pounding trot, and made playful lunges at each other apparently in the highest spirits.

As they came up to the base of the hill the bull stopped dead, and lifted his head inquiringly. He stood in fine relief, a silhouette against the misty light.

It was the man's chance. His nerves were tense with watching; his rifle already raised. He sighted—fired.

The young bull went down with the shot,—quivered dreadfully, straightened, and was still. The yearling looked on in wild-eyed wonder, then bolted, and was lost among the half-grown tamaracs.

The man drew a long breath. He had done what he hated to do, and was glad it was over. Taking his knife he started down hill. As he halted a moment by the dead moose, a bullet whizzed over his shoulder. The report rang against the rocky hills, and passed.

Wynn stood as though petrified. The leather rifle-rest stitched on the shoulder of his corduroy coat had been cut slightly by the bullet.

Swinging about he lifted his hands to his mouth and gave a long, clear "Hal—loo" twice.

"Unpleasantly close," he commented with a soft whistle. "Now what fool Indian mistook me for big game?—Or—or did any fool-Indian? There's a

*"Wickiup" willows planted in a circle drawn over to an arch, and tied about with withes. These form a sort of tent, much used by the desert Indians of Southern California and Mexico.

chance that some half-mad or overbold Trapper has strayed into the haunted territory—just one chance. However, as the College boys used to say, "I've put him wise."

Wynn still stood by the moose, his far-sighted eyes sweeping the rough land. The mist was rising now, and the Eastern sky turned golden and pink, while over the ground was a silver net of hoar-frost.

As he was about to turn to his work, a second bullet sang over his shoulder. This time the corduroy was bitten into beneath the rifle rest.

The man caught his breath sharply, and his eyes blazed. He gave a short, hard laugh. "Fancy shooting! There's a method in that madness. He's not shooting to kill—but to let me know he can kill—when he gets good and ready."

Again he searched the land about him. No puff of smoke showed through the trees. "Francois, I believe!" Wynn asserted half-aloud. "It may be his dislike for me is becoming concrete;—at least, there is no other such shot hereabouts. He may hide behind the tamaracs, or the alders. Possibly he prefers rock shelter. In the direction from whence those shots came a man has his choice of cover. I'll give him ten minutes to fire again, and then he will go, I believe—shod in silence. I won't take to the timber. It wouldn't be of the slightest use. Sooner or later I should emerge, and then,—Oh, my enemy! Another shot, and this one through the heart. First the torture, then the kill. To prolong the torture is to defer the death. No! I will not take to cover. There is one chance. By defying him long enough I may get it. I apologise to all wild-cats. Francois and they are of no kin. He is brother to the adder in the grass, and the copper-head."

Probably the man did not know that he spoke. He watched for some faintest puff of smoke and waited, standing beside the moose as absolutely still as the stiffening beast.

Just before the allotted ten minutes passed, again came the singing bullet from seemingly farther off. This time it went a trifle deeper and grazed the skin beneath the coat in the same spot where it had been cut before.

When the report died, Wynn took his knife, knelt down and went to work. Whether he guessed rightly or not, nothing further disturbed him, and by noon he started across the marsh, his canoe heavy in the water.

(To be continued.)

Canada's Jubilee

(From the Ottawa Citizen.)

A MOST attractive proposal has been made by Mr. C. R. McCullough in an article in The Canadian Courier, which is already being received with marked approval. The suggestion comes with particular appropriateness from Mr. McCullough who was the organizer of the first Canadian Club in Canada, the Canadian Club of Hamilton. In 1917 the Dominion of Canada will celebrate its jubilee, and Mr. McCullough's proposal is that preparations be made to celebrate it by the holding of a great patriotic festival at Ottawa, as well as holding a special celebration of Dominion Day throughout the whole country.

Mr. McCullough proposes that the surviving father of Confederation and all the parliamentarians who have sat in the Senate and Commons since 1867, should reassemble at the Capital, together with the surviving Governors-General and the most distinguished representatives of the various branches of the country's activities. And that these should be the nucleus of a great gathering to receive and welcome Their Majesties King George and Queen Mary. Also that representative statesmen of Britain and the Outer Britains, be invited as the nation's guests. The Citizen contributes the suggestion that in the meantime the Government of Canada should erect a fitting memorial to Confederation in the Capital, and that it should be unveiled by His Majesty on Dominion Day, 1917.