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Big Ben is the biggest thing today in the alarm clock business.

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In two years time, 6,000 Canadian dealers have adopted him.

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to tell the right time by.—He is really two good clocks in one—a crackerjack of a timekeeper and a crackerjack of an alarm.

Big Ben has everything in his favor—quality, looks and price.—He runs on time, he rings on time. He stands 7 inches tall. He is triple nickel-plated and wears an inner vest of steel that insures him for life. His big, bold figures and hands are easy to read in the dim morning light. His large comfortable winding keys almost wind themselves.

He rings five straight minutes or every other half minute during ten minutes unless you shut him off. If he is oiled every other year, there is no telling how long he will last.

Big Ben's price is \$3.00 anywhere in Canada. If you cannot find him at your dealer's, a money order sent to Westlox, La Salle, Illinois, will bring him to you, carefully packed and duty charges paid.

softly and her eyes grew starry with anticipation.

A bonny picture she looked to the stalwart, handsome man faultlessly clothed and groomed, who was making his way toward her, accompanied by the smiling hostess. As she glanced up and met his eyes, shining with satisfied happiness at sight of her, she almost fainted with the sudden joy of it.

"Why, Tom, Tom, where did you come from?" she exclaimed, her voice tremulous with emotion.

"From Calgary, in search of my truant wife," Tom answered joyously. "When I reached your home they told me you were here, and as Lady Byrnes-Browne is an old friend of mine, I took the liberty of coming on, and say, Lulu, I've decided to sell the ranch and go into business here in Ottawa. Then we can have all this sort of thing we want," and he waved his hand comprehensively toward the brilliant scene.

"Sell the ranch," gasped Lulu. "Never; I want to go back right now, this very minute and, Tom, I'll never want to leave it, never again, never."

Breaking a Blockade

(Concluded from page 14.)

"Talking-out-a-Bill"; and he's one kind of Bill that nobody can quite talk out. He rises to suggest that everybody quit the game and play another which he calls "Common-Standing-Ground." But though he uses good arguments, somehow the others don't take much stock in it.

And the game goes on.

Mumblings of—Closure.

This is a drastic stimulant which the Talk-outers do not want. Others do.

Long past two a.m. genial Joe Demers from Iberville, P.Q., rises for his fourth speech—French and English. Odd how the French Liberals have been coming forward; a witty, resourceful crowd to whom the Talk-out game comes as naturally as swimming to a duck. Even the impatient Tories admit the discovery of new talent without admiration, being deadly weary of so much organized talk, while the Liberals regard the game as a fine school of debate; college of oratory annex to the Sanatorium; reversion to old parliamentary style when Horace and Virgil were quoted—in this respect a very pleasant diversion if not so costly.

Day and evening and night; and then the dawn again—a bleary-eyed jade creeping in among the golden lights in the glass ceiling, over the green checker-board of the desks. There is no joy in this daybreak. The chamber is stale with yawns and the ghosts of long speeches. But at six a.m. E. M. MacDonald hectors the P.M.G. as though he had just come in to breakfast from a three-mile walk, fresh as a daisy.

Then the ennui again; hats over eyes, blinks and snores and half-dreams. Such magnificent lassitude has never been known in this country; such superb and cynical disregard; such indolent abandon of intellects, with dollars a minute. More and more restless every day.

What will be the result?

Closure? They say so.

But the Liberals say—Election.

Will it be a closure bill with obstruction again; or an emergency closure?

Shallow tactics, argue some. Others allege a philosophy and a deep, underlying significance; the right of a free country to "go to the devil in its own way" as Stead used to put it. Behind all this maudlin mummery there is said to be a great national purpose. Public opinion is being moulded. A principle is being evolved. The masque is only the form it takes. Yawn if you will; listen to the mumblings of those that talk in their sleep—and remember that Canada is in the crucible out of which comes nationalism, not the Bourassa variety.

Man from the West says:

"They'll drive'm to the woods with that Bill. We don't want a navy nohow. All we want is reciprocity and railroads. Tell with a navy!"

But he's not a member. He predicts that an election will replace the Liberals, if they say little enough about the navy in the West.

Along about eleven p.m. Friedmann, the consumption-curer, comes into the gallery with Adam Beck.

"Oh, has he got any serum that'll cure this?" yawns a Tory scribe in the press gallery.

"Incurable!" says another.

Speeches from the press gallery do not go with Hansard. Some of them should. "Order!" pipes up Whip Stanfield, with a grin at the gallery.

"Thanks, old chap! What will you have?"

Whack! goes a fist on a desk, as sudden as a whoop at a thirst-dance.

Dawn again. Another fagged-out frump of a day while the snow slides off the hills, and the streets of Ottawa are ankle-deep in slush, and they say it's sap weather. Smoke again. Even tobacco palls. The air is bad. The game is about played out. Let's have another speech.

No, trial bell upstairs is not the division bell, which reputedly rang 'tother midnight when all the press-men came pellmell to the gallery—a mere illusion. Gape at the clock. Shut the other eye. Swear at that Liberal reading from a book. Parliament reporter fumbles; first time in history that the Parliament library has been boiled down into Hansard. Chairman changes. Shift goes off in the benches. Another on. Quorum of 21 must be maintained.

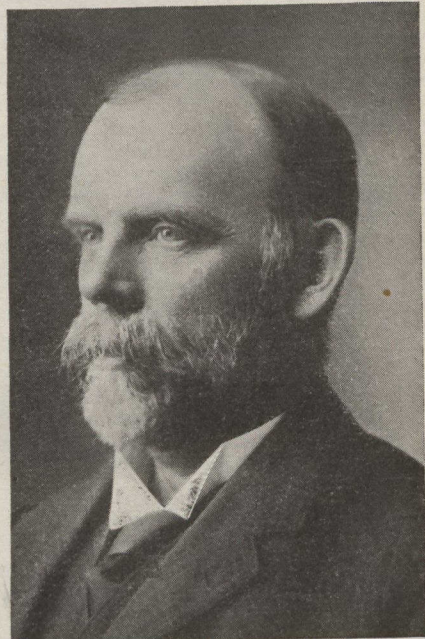
Chief whips are observed hobnobbing—in the elevator.

"Breaking the blockade?" asks a scribe.

"Temporarily," says the Colchester man.

But Saturday evening the long expected storm burst and the Speaker was defied. To enforce closure requires a Speaker—a strong, daring Speaker. No mollycoddle may do the trick. On Saturday, Speaker Sproule was strong, virile, self-assertive, but he met his match.

"So sure as any member of the House openly defies the ruling of the chair, I shall name him," said Speaker Sproule.



DR. MICHAEL CLARK.

To be named is to be expelled, and this one-time obstructionist looked severe enough to essay the task.

But Red Michael, alias Dr. Michael Clark, ventured the unventurable. His courage was of the Light Brigade or Victoria Cross order. He rose to speak when the Speaker was asking for "order," which means "all hands in their seats." The Speaker warned him, but it was of no avail. Then came the words for which they had been waiting for a fortnight:

"Dr. Clark, I name you." And yet amidst the greatest bedlam ever seen in the Canadian House, Dr. Clark still tried to get a hearing. Finally he got an answer from the Speaker, and it looked as if the battle might go against him.

Up rose Premier Borden, and immediately came the calm, for everyone respects the Premier for his office and for himself. He did just what a statesman should have done; he persuaded Dr. Clark to apologize and the Speaker to cancel his dread and unusual sentence of suspension.

Another storm arose shortly afterwards and again Premier Borden had again to interfere. Again he did so in a dignified, if imperious way, and finally persuaded the House to adjourn. Sunday had been reached, and tired throats and bodies were carried thence to be brought back refreshed on Monday morning.