

DELICIOUS

COWAN'S

PERFECTION

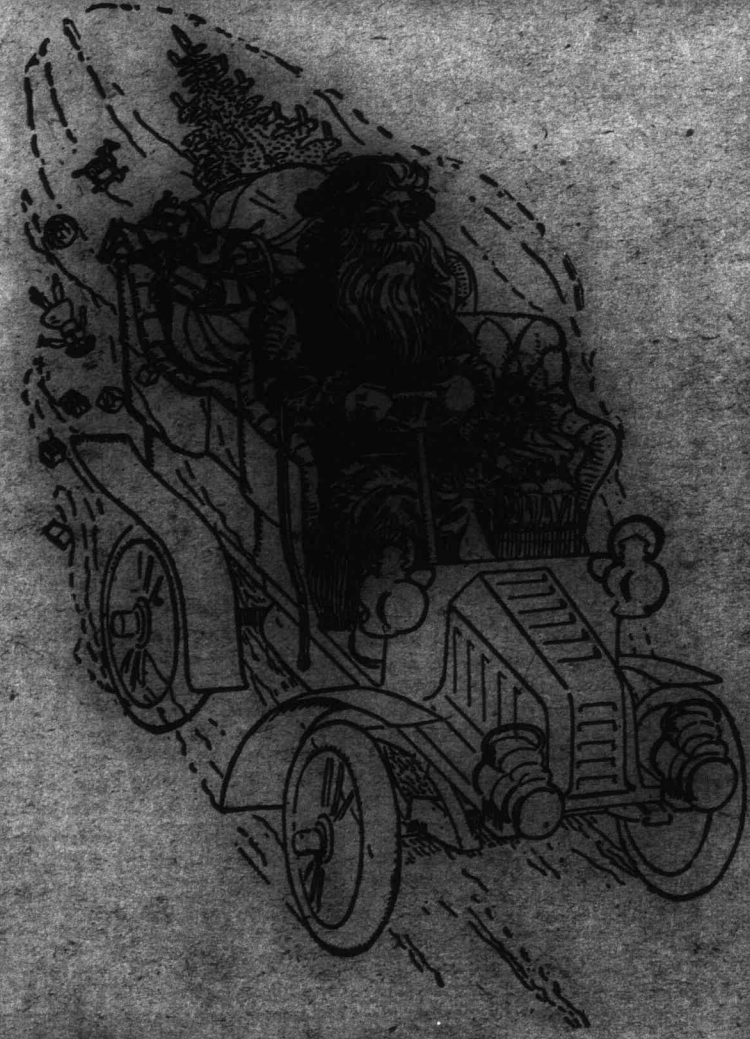
COCOA

(MAPLE LEAF LABEL)

is the most you can buy, will make a cup fragrant, nutritious flavor that is characteristic of Cowan's.

economic that Half a teaspoonful of cocoa — rich, with the delicious flavor that is characteristic of Cowan's.

THE COWAN CO. LIMITED, TORONTO.



Santa Claus Headquarters

Just to remind you that there are only eleven more days for Xmas Shopping. We are ready for the rush. Our goods are on display and open to your inspection. Few stores go to greater lengths to guard their patrons' interests, both as to quality and values. This year our assortment is larger than ever. Our store is filled with Christmas spirit, and we know you'll feel at home. You'll enjoy shopping at our store as courteous treatment will be allotted you. Count with assurance on this store's best service, its promptest deliveries, its most courteous attention. This was always a great Christmas store, but never as great as this year. We have everything along the gift line both for old and young. Our goods will answer that perplexing question WHAT SHALL I GET?

The Home Goods Store

The Holiday Bazaar

Phone 53 3941-396 Toronto St.

When the Cowboy Bought The King in Private Life the Club.

Medicine Hat has some charming chaps, and also gas. It also has prospects. It is the town that was born with a silver spoon. Kipling was thinking about the infernal element that is under the ground. I am thinking about the eternal ground of the cowboy. I don't know his name, but he was enough to pass judgment, but they say he is doing the mayor's stunt exceedingly beautifully; that his smile and his whiskers light up the town equally with the gas. There also have a club down there, a delightful place, conducted on metropolitan club lines, an institution that does really great credit to the town. It is no country club, it is a club with regard for decorum. Some of the members are rich cattle men who employ cowpunchers by the dozen. Along about holiday time the cowpunchers go to town to amuse the town's accumulation and the way they do it is a very fancy way.

There is always a certain amount of toleration on festive dates, and so, when Mayor Cousins walked into the club one night, direct from a council meeting, he was greeted by a man in corduroys, with a red bandana tie and hat far back, revealing an unkempt shock of wool.

"Hello, pard!" said the cowboy, looking the Mayor over with a keen, unobtrusive eye. His step was uncertain but his staved and smothered hospitality instinct was flaring hot. For a long drive, he had punched cattle over the parched plains. For a hundred nights he had sat alone and drear, astride his crumpled nag. For unending days he had followed the leads, along the endless quest for strays and never had he in all that time been privileged to buy a pard a drink. He was consumed with hospitable desire. He had come in and taken over the town and now, his over-hill heart burst and he threw his rugged shoulders about the mayor's yielding shoulders and in a coaxing voice begged to know — "Watch, goin' to have to drink pard? When ever the you want to, you're for the whole dang lay-out of mine, and I'm goin' to give it to you," and he drew back and alighted the worshipful shoulders a mighty bang, which would have felled a maverick, and insisted upon knowing what it was to be.

The mayor smiled and explained that as it was a bit early he would have a cigar, which the cowboy bought with gusto quite as large as the denomination of the bill. Another gentleman, who had been looking on, cautioned the cowboy to go a little way as the mayor with whom he was making so familiar was the mayor. But, instead of being withered the cowboy stepped back and sized the mayor up from head to foot, and then he took his hat and stepped it in the corner, and did a jig-step to the tune of his own warbling. And then he descended upon the mayor without stretched arms. "The may'r," he cried, "don't bust my loggo, now who'd a think it? The may'r! Just the man I'm lookin' for. I've been readin' the papers and I seen yer name, and now I'm talkin' to youse yourself. By gum, it can't be true! And he laid a brown hat upon the mayor's shoulder and poured grinning down into his face. "Is it right or are they kiddin' me?" asked he, and upon being assured by no one's denial of the fact, he realized his opportunity had come. Medicine Hat was the centre of the ranching life, the magnetic pole to which all eyes turned longingly. And now he was in it, in the middle. "Chang-out," and square about the mayor, he reached deep down into the recesses of his pockets and hauled up a wad of bills which he scattered all about the place. "I'm it," he said, "and you're it, and we're goin' to be goin' to smoke for you'r, nor for the may'r. Here, pard" — this to the servant — "This is the may'r. P you know him? He's my friend. And I want him to have the best pol-dum sample of horse you've got in your joint. D'you understand? Now, May'r, name the poison. This is a drink with me!" Well of course there was nothing to it, the mayor had to fall to. He had who it would be and so did all the rest. But it was a matter of no consequence what the others took; the mayor was the man that he was buying for and he watched the details of the party, with a devil's eye until the thing was done.

After the drink was taken the cowboy buttoned up his coat, assumed a posture in the middle of the crowd, and to every one's surprise, repeated with a memory remarkable, the local paper's accounts of the recent council meetings. Alderman so-and-so said that and the cowboy knew it all by heart. A most touch of human interest set it was to which they listened. The local paper had been the only literature to which the cowboy, for the long, long time in camp, had had access, and it had devoured with an interest that had retained its details in his memory. No doubt ambition stirred within his breast, and he thought of the time when he would be the owner of a herd of cattle and live in town and be an alderman. So unusual the incident, so amusing his recital of the stories of the council business, such clumsy closeness found their way into his jokes that the mayor bought. A game of life pool was proposed for the cowboy's entertainment, at which the latter lost regularly, with occasional gas, and in the manner of "doin' him, as amusing as to keep the house in continuous uproar. Abruptly, in the middle of the game, the cowboy took his hat, and with all the dignity at his command, walked out. And doubtless to this day the lone cowboy recalls with pride the night he bought the Cyprus Club from Mayor Cousins.

No European sovereign is so much a man of the open air as the king, and since he came to the throne he has seemed to live even more — and more out of doors. His Majesty's health is excellent, and he is a good result of which follow abundant exercise and much fresh air. He is sixty-eight years old, but with increasing vigor he retains his surprising vigor of mind and body. He is singularly energetic, though not so active in the sense of one who walks rapidly and far. When there is nothing better available for an out-of-door occupation he does not despise the gentle game of croquet, though he has never fallen a victim to golf. He is not afraid of rain, and his observation leads me to the belief that he actually revels in the rain. He has never used an umbrella, or at least, I cannot remember having seen him do so. For life out of doors he prefers clothes which will resist the rain, but he does not seem to like a raincoat. Glad in a long cloth coat, which completely covers his other clothes, he seems to take shelter from even a tropical down-pour. He likes the sea very much, and his favorite mode of travel when he is yachting in pleasant weather on the Solent, but also when he can watch it in a storm. Often I have seen him out on a summer terrace overlooking the Bay of Biscay when the waves were rolling savagely in towards the shore. The rocks threw up the spray in fine clouds as the King stood watching, the sunset beyond the Cape de Bretagne, and enjoying the salt wind that came in from the stormy Atlantic. On his tour abroad this year the King was perpetually out of doors, in the royal yacht, or in motor-cars, or in carriages. He picked wherever he could, even at Gibraltar and Pompeii. Malta was entirely traversed in the Duke of Comaught's motorcar.

His Majesty is indeed at his best when he is at home in Norfolk. Then he becomes as one of the Norfolk farmers, and the people of King's Lynn delight to name him the Squire of Sandringham. Those of us who most highly appreciate His Majesty for his great gifts of statesmanship, for his illustrious position among European rulers, for his power, as M. Delcasse put it, of doing the right thing in the right way at the right time in the right place, have only a slight idea of the deep affection which is entertained for the King as Squire. He is best of landowners of course, but he is also a strict one. No public house is allowed on his Majesty's property. Instead he has provided club-houses in every village on the estate.

The King is not in the least selfish in the enjoyment of his Norfolk estate. Even on days when big shoots are toward, with perhaps the famous Horseshoe covert to wind up the day, there are few restrictions imposed. Not only is Sandringham one of the most perfectly managed properties in England, but it is one of the most open. Wide highways intersect it, and now on the road, main roads, which encircle the estate, the beautiful golf courses, presented on their marriage to the Prince and Princess of Wales by the city of Norwich — gates from which the King has not removed the arms of the many titles he bore as Prince of Wales, the graceful pheasants strut on leisurely or lift themselves over the fences into the wood. Never a keeper is in sight. November usually has a damp wind blowing from the Wash, an unpleasant product of the North Sea, but for the wayfarer the sturdy pines break its force, and even in winter give a great welcome aroma to the air. From the summit of the dune the Wash may be seen on a fine day glittering in the sunshine, but normally when frost is absent, it is dull brown ground of shallow. The avenue is open to anyone, best on an autumn walk, and all the ravages of the storm of two years ago have been repaired.

Since His Majesty went to Marlborough he has lived in the open. He will continue to lead an open-air life till the turn of the year. He has been shooting grouse and deer in Scotland. After that, in the south, he has been busy with his partridge and pheasant at friends' houses such as West Dean park, Monlton paddocks and elsewhere. There are still to come the busy, happy days when he is always out of doors, no matter how the weather is. At Sandringham, and the more formal but still largely out of doors at Windsor. His Majesty has not attempted to be a crack shot like his friend and cousin the late Don Carlos or his lively nephew, the King of Spain. King Alfonso likes to take off his coat and cap when he gets in a hot corner and make the most of it. With His Majesty, I fancy, shooting is a means to an end. He likes the sport for its own sake, but more because it takes him among the healthy delight of the field and wood.

Few are more skilled in the management of a sporting estate than the king. His head keeper, Mr. Jackson, constantly consults him, and the King takes no more sincere interest in the intricacies of game preservation with due regard to the rights of others. He arranges the beats personally and with much skill, and he enjoys a rather strict observance of all the rules. At Windsor, when for sign sportsmen are in the train of one or other of the monarchs, the King overlooks many quaint performances. For himself, he is a good clean shot. He has a sure eye and if he does not permit welcome a spring

T. Hutchinson

Manufacture of and dealing in HARNESS AND SADDLES
Cowboy Outfittings, Trunks and Suit Cases, Tents
Etc. Repairs of all kinds.

Agents Wanted

We are the largest advertisers of investments in Canada. Our clientele extends from ocean to ocean. We want representatives in every city, town and village, and you can make money by acting for us.

We handle nothing but sound propositions which have been thoroughly investigated — ones that will pay your friends to invest in — ones that are easy to sell, as they indicate their worth from the facts submitted.

By making money for your clients, you make friends, and business friends pay.

We are at present offering stock in the Canadian Central Mines. This Company own valuable silver claims in the rich Gowganda district, also 390 acres oil and gas lands situated one hour from Detroit. The Company have 11 producing wells and dividends are assured. It is now selling at 70¢ per share. It will go to \$5.00 per share in a year.

Its Board of Directors are men of the highest standing. It will pay you to invest in this yourself. Write us for our terms and conditions.

PATRIARCHE and COMPANY
STOCK DEALERS AND INVESTMENT BROKERS
PATRIARCHE BLOCK (Old Ontario Bank Bldg.) SCOTT ST., TORONTO

CONUNDRUM

Who can draw like a traction engine? Of the answer you can't think. You'll find it out as quick as wink. It's the Opera House you'll go. On Xmas night to Bengough's show.

Overcoats
Suits
Fancy vests
Extra Trousers
Full Dress Suits

We have the cloth and linings for them. Come and get the new cut.

Canadian Pacific
ANNUAL
EXCURSIONS
TO
U. S. POINTS
Low Round Trip Rates

Explorations in Bible Lands
Lecture in Baptist Church

A lecture of an "interestingly interesting" character was given in the Baptist church on Friday evening by R. H. Mode, M.A., D.D., who has recently returned from the Holy Land where he has been engaged in research work for the University of Chicago. The lecture was illustrated by nearly a hundred lantern views.

Bengough
THE PRINCE OF ENTERTAINERS
To Hear Him Once is to Hear Him Every Time You Can

Opera House
Saturday
Dec. 25th
Auspices — Berean Bible Class
Tickets — 75c and 50c
Plan at Souck's Drug Store

Worth
North Railway St.

Bring your new cloth. We will make it up for you.

J. T. Bell & Sons

BUTCHERS AND LIVE STOCK DEALERS

We carry a full line of all kinds of fresh and cured meats, fish, poultry, butter, eggs and vegetables.

We pay the highest cash market price for all kinds of Live Stock, Farm Produce and Hides.

Horses for Sale
Singly or in Carload Lots



A

Think big treasure will give you

On this or wear. Some dresser. Just

No one novelties — da Lots of rich value.

Then some fine lac cozy sofa cus

The Price Cut Glass

They tell ing Redu close ou of richly would g Christmas or that o

Eiderdown Dressing Gowns

In colors pink, n cardinal, and com tion. Beautifully med. 45 to 50. I from \$5.50 to \$

Tea Gown Extra quality mere, silk trim colors cardinal navy. price

