THURSDAY, MAY 22, 1924

WHAT IS SUCCESS! It's doing your job the best you can, And being just to your fellow-man; It's queking money, but holding friends And haying true to your sime- and

It's figuring how and learning why. And looking forward and thinking And dreaming a little and doing much; It's keeping always in closest touch With what is finest in word and deed; It's being thorough, yet making speed; It's daring blithely the field of chance While making labor a brave romance: It's going onward despite defoat.

And fighting staunchly, but keeping It's being clean and it's playing fair, it's laughing lightly at Dame Ocspair It's looking up at the stars above, And drinking deeply of life and love; But taking loss with a cheerful grin; It's sharing sorrow, and work, and And making better this good old earth, It's saving, striving through strain

It's doing your noblest-that's Success.

MUSIC-DEAF

Perhaps no clergyman save Dear Stanley over knew loss of music that Doan Farrur. "I um told," he said one day to the leader of the choir, "that when preach to-morrow it shall have to preach on the note of the building. IC. flat. What is E. flat?"

unawer. organ to my 'voice?"

could answer. Ronald, singing on a lake

"With exquisite faisetto now and then"

some Attic masterplece, Presenting Thebes, or Pelop's line, fashion.

Or the tale of Troy divine."

DANGEROUS TRADES

Among the most dangerous trades Rose only flouted him. workman, and above all, temperance in just sent me word not to use her road porch. "I see by that basket that you hearts." Fair, I recken," unswered the common that the common distribution of the same of alcohol, go far toward prean industry that looks to the ordinary person harmless enough. Workers in

part counterset this danger. Cottonspinners have to work all the year round in a very warm, humid temperature, and accordingly suffer from for the open air.

One danger which some English eratives are liable American operatives need not dread. In the operation of "sixing" the yarn before weaving it into the loaded goods which are sent to some parts of Asia, chira clay is used, which finds its way into the air pass-

It is pleasant to record have Dr. John Tatham, who writes of the industry in England, "that cotton operatives do not add to the evils of their occupation by the undue recourse of

CONFORMING TO CONVENTION

An American visitor to London was invited to attend a social affair of some importance. He was somewhat in doubt us to what he should wear. fell. Court dress, which he was told was the correct thing for the eccasiod, was looking through the front window. an' offense to his democratio nostrils. In his dilemma he appeared, to United

"My friend," said Mr. Evans when ... "If you will be so kind, Saily," as the matter had been placed before sented the old lady, with great comhim, "I have come to believe that where custom demands a certain dress t is mistaken independence to appear in anything cise." "But knee-breeches and spangled slippers!-on me!" grouned the Am-

"All opposition to drousing with conventional propriety reminds me," continued Mr. Evans, "of a young fellow in Tennessee who was about to start barefoot for a Safurday hight purty

"Where you going? demanded fil mother. ". To the party, he replied. .ut/Well, afore you go, she ordere-'you go down to the creek and wash out ber hand, broke into lively words up." your .feet.' "Bee here, exclutined his mother

"The young man slunk toward the sgrood to go to that party at will."

SANITY TESTS FOR MOTORISTS

You take the curyes going sixty-five, eges of relationship. You talk back to the traffic cop, You race the train for a crossing,-You drive while you are, full

moonahine, or You try to pass everything on the that yourse as crary as a loon of that other will-known draw bug. It is

The Bree Press Short Story

The Dower Right

PANNY REMBLE JOHNSON

way on the hillside you hamely. use the red dower-house. But

In the pride of youth who had chosen this window for her own, because from day. t she could command so wide a view of her realm. Especially she had never tragically. glanced down that great meadow without a thrill of pride-us now, in the evil days, she never beheld it . I without a pang.

Of all this the invaders had no idea. That she was an onemy, and the dowand that the note of the building is er-house a grim fortress, and themselves the wicked besiegers of that are plenty of other good old places "The organist will play a short in- fortress-why, they were too young without dower rights." terlude ending on E flat," was the and joyous to imagine such proposterous things. So they went on sow-"Yes, yes, I know that. But how am ing and reaping in her one-time fields, I to transfer the note E flat from the and riding by her white-pillared por tico, innocently parading their youth This was a question no choir-leader and comradeship and affluence before to waste on you." the face of her age and her loneliness Aguly Dean Farrar referred, in an and her poverty-her bitter poverty early poem, to an amazing boy named that might not even keep the house

of her fathers for her own people to But his own voice, in the reading The girl invader was the worst, the read. Won't you come, too?" of majestle passages, was beautiful She was twenty-five, and she had been But affairs of importance, it ap- and that the long, long years between pecially illustrates his simple candor. and, when he taunched into invective married to the other invader for six poured, detained Terence, and Rose had indeed been lived to little purpose. At one time the Lord of Scremeragainst schoolboy misdemeanors, very years, and two little boys were singing started on her round alone. dramatic. One day he took some out, "mother" after her the whole day Half-way up the meadow the hill and out of her life with those tears on bishop had for a long time been unfriends on a "surprise" visit to one of long; but for all that, she looked a rose somewhat toeply and was crown- her sweet, hurt face. And the boy, used to that humble beverage, yet out the college houses, fully expecting to mere girl to the enemy at her loophole ed with a scattering wood of pines, how beautiful he was! find his good boys hard at work. But in the honeysuckle of the portice. And Rose found herself following a narrow alast, they were enjoying a "brew, so she was just a big west, delightful path to the hillion, and, once there, looked back, pale once more, and dully him ill.

voice, to narrate the story of his dis- The old lady heard him calling her and even in March harbored tiny drifts she capitulated she did it nobly and country can I derive any tuste for by it one day his was Terence. And of snow, she came on one of the old without reserve. She kept the young wine; and yet now my country liquor . "I confidently expected to be able to always when she caught sight of the family burial-grounds once to be found hand in hers. 'Come sit by me here is rendered absolutely distasteful to point with pride to my sixth-form boys old lady she would nod gally, and call, on every plantation in the state. Time on this bench. May I see the flowers? me."

Then, gradually raising his voice, with their first real freedom and their croted among the pines, and hedged "Why, my dear?" he continued, "But what was my, in- first own home, were as red flags with long unpruned box-trees, seemed discovered them greedily engaged in we have indicated; she would leave the and enfold the life-weary. ravenously devouring the fragments of pleasant porch, and go to sit in the lits wooden gate had crumbled; but "Tell me," said the old lady, Who Lie visited her afterward, and found a barbaric repast!". The last words, dusky parlor; surrounded by family its single tall shaft stood upright, as would have known her! uttered fortissimo with intense vigor, portraits, and memorials of past days, if protecting certain little graves nest- "She was only three weeks old," said temper. launched bim on a speech of long- and open the family Bible on a marble- led under periwinkle vines a foot deep. Rose, apologetically; but, oh, miracle winded eloquence. For five minutes topped table cold as the tomb-stone One of these was such a mite of a like loss, some one understood asked. "How fares she?", he was like a "bitten dictionary," and seeking consolation in certain verses mound in its crudie of warn gray at last!

unhappy and lonely heart. But that girl's fresh face and happy voice would remain in her memory.

venting the diseases caused by work. any more. That means I must cut mean to rob me/ she called.

tioned Tarence. debility and exhaustion. They are she doesn't call on anyone," re- for these special days of remember could almost hear the children sing- herd."

also liable to colds, and need to dress to dress to dress their work pled with rheumatism. Saily says so." most of them."

"She doesn't call on anyone," re- for these special days of remember could almost hear the children sing- herd."

"You're plumb crazy!" said the carefully, when they leave their work pled with rheumatism. Saily says so." She looked across from their tempor-Its white pillars gleamed in the dusk. some day, girl," said Terry."

"Don't 'Terryl" cried Rose. she explained, "It sounds as iff we her own memories for the graves of were just-walting." next evening to the young minister's time importance in her mind. She had my thoughts are like withered leaves jack rabbits with their flanks weakly wife, "just waiting. They must think stopped observing them as she had me an unaccommodating old woman." Sally Putton, "if you would only con-

sent to know Hose." "No." Interposed the old lady. can ride by my don-though I think I've put a stop to that-but she sha'n't ome inside it. 'I've a few rights left." She shook her beautiful thick, white curls us she said this, and struck her cane sharply on the polished floor.

Sally started and leaned forward "It's Rose Carter, Aunt Hale," who said, with a sort of timid firmness States Consul-General . Henry Clay | "Hortenae is out, I think. Shall go to the door?"

"In here?" unked Sully brightly.

"No." replied the old lady, who was njoying herself. She lifted her fine, deliberate volce

leaped, too. Hetween these two fires frivolous. little Bally Patton halted. To her relief, itom's humor came to of greeting, and allowed herself to be ! She proceeded to devour him with

sont uway with a perfect good nature kisses, while he gave chuckling 'if you don't go right along and wash that assumed the old lady's message screams of delight. . Let .me drive your feet you don't go to that party, to be as polite as it sounded. Within, the old lady harkened trately | advantage of the situation, to the invador's frash younk voice. breek. 'If I'd. 'a' knowed there was Twenty years back the house had rung going to be such a fusz over getting with such volces. She grew suddenly removed the box to her lap, while he ready? he growled, 'I weddon't Hex homesick with the worst homesickness held the rains along a tevel stretch of / there is, for one cannot ever turn and road, lourney back into any mast,"however dear and passionately longed for.

Therefore Bully, re-entering did not find the old lady looking as triumphant as she expected. She was rather cross it was nothing in the world but a bit of You use a match to look at your gas to Bally, who was her relative by mar- the sweetest selfishness for the comriage, and who came in for the privil- forting of hen own heart, very home-"You ought not to; be signic here, tiny flower-headed' mound, flower-

aunt." said the little- woman, as the heated-yet what meaning had flowers of rose to go, "St. John frais best, you placed by a caretuker?" The old tady frowned; At lived here and with the white box swinging from by misself during a Civil War," she one hand, and the cherub swinging might have conscientious scruples said.

HE meadow and gently sloping paralysis to an old lady just as you riage-wheels. hillaide beyond ran with the were leaving her by her lone self. "It

every day to: watch their relentless bearted freshnoss of girthood. Hully being there. scurlet muchines moving wheat as if horself could not manage it at all, "Not even my deat are safe from drove home another farmer met him each grain were a drugon's tooth, or with a trio of little girle to bring up at work upon ranks of golden aristo- rent freet. She was learning to do -quite openly waited. white embruidery for an exchange.

> "You'll take my advice next time, madam," he said.

Itose winked back the tours. does look us if we had it ull. Terry own. boy," she murmured. "Let's chuck the whole thing then," augrented Terry, cheerfully. Hose turned, looked back yearningly couldn't give it up, Terry," she admitted.. "I just couldn't."

"Then," said Terry, "you're as bad as I. am, and I've no more sympathy "I'm not," retorted Rose, indignantly. "for I'd love her if she'd let me." She gathered up her reins. "Where are you off to?"

."Up by the mendow and home

"It's almost as little as mine," she lived a month."

with an invulnerable joyousness. She hapd. Her eyes were musing and deep, got that soft, eager way of his. menacing to the health, if we judge white mantel-shelf-such a boy's face she came to Virginia. No one bad there to-day," Thomas Oliver's "Dangerous trades," looked, memory cried, "We were like much for that unnamed morsel of a lifting the datales. "And she had little, bursting for something to spite me and The dangerous vary from the obvious them once!" Then she would sit, for- daughter who had only lived long brown curls all over her head." She plok a quarrel withul!"

golds, glass, pottery and metals that farmer. Stop maligning human nature branchy bushes of white roses, bramrequire grinding, filing and polishing, and go put your cultures to soak. Your bly bushes of yellow roses, and vines father," Rose answered for him. In nearly all these occupations it is beans won't be worth photographing in wild, unterhered tangles of roses. safe to say that care on the part of the if you don't get them planted soon." Bally exclaimed over them on ber way cousins!" which in Virginia is a magic day?" the sheepman usked him when

One industry will do as an example, across the meadow with another road." -"I wish you'd come to-morrow, aunt." "Well, we must be a nulsance, Terry. said Sally. "St. John is to have lady. "You are a Northern branch." never knowed a lamb could run like I don't blame her at all. We should everything real appropriate and pretty. have had our own road long ugo. You The children will sing, and we are toward her, altured by the came set tried, it could outrun a cyclone." of "fluff" and "flue" that escape from can't set me against an old lady with to have a special little ceremony at miantwise against her knee. When "Lambai": roured the sheepman. the cotton. Good ventilation will in curis, and a lace cap, and a Chinese the soldiers' graves. We want your silk shawl and a gold-headed cane, and roses for those—they are finer-than bolder, and, with a hand in his moth- is the matter with you?" I'm going to see her to-morrow." any one else has-they are the love-"She hasn't been to see you," men- Hest roses I ever saw! St. John says we'd all get too careless if it wasn't "She doesn't call on anyone," re- for these special days of remember- gray church across the hills. They fore I ket 'em rounded up with the

> She picked up ber basket from the ary cottage to the red dower-house, step and moved away as she spoke. The old lady leaned back, letting "We'll make a great old place of it her eyes follow the alert figure flitting lady draw a sighing breath. Rose will show you those three lambs."
>
> about the lawn. Once she had cut her looked up quickly, and, their eyes met . The sheepman went with him. about the lawn. Once she had cut her Then own roses and wreathed them with across the boy's brown head. her dead; but in recent years all an-"They are," said: the old lady the niversaries had fallen from their oldstopped going to church every Sunday wait until I die to come home to your "Now, Aunt, Hale," . remonstrated morning, or planting her early bulbs every autumn-as she had stopped pretty much everything except mere living in its barest simplicity. . . "Du come, minty!" urged Sally once

of beauty. "Uncle Nelse can drive The old lady shook her head firmly but for all that, the words put her in Like an echo the big brass knocker the temper to do something she had not done for several years. "Hortenae," she said that night to the

more across, her overflowing basket

culored woman who attended her, "ask your father to put the horses in the carriage for me to-morrow afternoon if the weather in fuir. I think it will be," who udded, unxiously, her heart beginning to be set on that something

"Haby," said Rose the next day her youngest, "where's brother?" "Papa took him." "Then I'll take you. Tumble in."

He rolled over the back of the sout trifle, and the fire in her eye sprang into the cart begide her. His heavy high. "You will please may that Mrs. brown hair rippled back from an an-Hale regrets that infirm health com- golic brow, and his heavenly brown pels her to deny herself to atrangers." eyes questioned her intentional. To the Rose heard. His blushed scarlet -- possessor of & serious artist eye he that was the girl in her-but her head suggested a cherub out of an Italian went up, and the fire in her hazel eyes altar-plece; but his mother was more "Ludwell Harrison Curter," she said,

auddenly, "you, look exactly like a dereacte the situation. She smiled, held lictors bonbon. I think I'll est you Chippy!" be gurgled, taking brisen "Oh, you're on my box, baby boy!"

the lifted him back to the seat and

florist and how we know where the invader was going, and what an inex- ably, my boy." cusable thing she was going to do. Yet sick on this day of all the year for h

But— began Bally, Shel-stopped; enclosure among the pines. The sunny slabbath. distressed. It hardly seemed tautful peace on the day descended develke Bandy—we for states a burster or a stress of of her spirit as the knell good in the double fare. Bandy-Well, of co

The bdy pressed closer, bis lovel! little face uglow and alight. He caught her auddenly under her Yound and money in Wall Street. He read the with his soft, ower, baby hands. "Is they for my little sister, mommie, the words stumbled out, soft before he made up his mind what his and rager, too-"my sweet, sweet little first move should be. bit of a slater?"

That set her lips quivering. "Yes, my precious," she said, funding up her table with a manner as mysterious as face to be kissed. And this was the picture the old lady schold with an amazement, an indig- wife, after looking at his complacent nation not id be put on paper. The expression for a while in silence, "what plac-needles carpeting the wood road had botted out the sound of hen car-

She might have descended from the highway for a mile. Mid- does make us uneasy," she concluded, skies, or risen, up out of the earth as the ground floor when the right time alse confronted the invader, who comes." On her way down the path she saw sprang to her feet confounded and put you could not see within, to where Hose cantering through the los; to shame, and clinging desperately to drove to' a neighbor's, three miles the old lady out beside the window of meddew, and watched her wistfully. the one musculine protector in reach, away, and dickered for a rooster, which It's struggling on with the will to win. her humiliation, and looked down the She was the only married woman in All at once, as if by special revelation, he finally bought. Then he carried the long meadow where the invaders rode Hally's experience who kept the light- she comprehended the enormity of her monter four miles to the next town,

> their impertinence!" It was written and pulled up. mowing it as if they were guithtines on five hundred dollars a year, and on the old lady's face as she walted "Hello, Bi." he called. "Forgive me," stammered Rose. It however, and hoped to manage some was w double distilled inadequacy, but swored. it was all she could think of, She the meadow lione, met Terry had been startled pale; but now short Hi?" blushed deeply and moved forward. pretty flowers," reminded the old lady, a rooster of Ben Jones for forty-eight

As the discomfited invader stooped little filer, that's all." to recover her flowers a dreadful thing happened. Bitter tears brimmed over and rolled down her cheeks. It was all to have been so sweet, and now- The boy gazed in her face with

perplexed eyes.

passed by the old lady, the defrauded ty champion of the English Church, mother heart by the insulted mother Robert de Insula, Bishop of Durham, heart, and the invader's tears were in the thirteenth century. This bishop plain to be read upon her cheeks. | had risen'to his high estate from a inexplicably and quexpectedly her very lowly station. Yet he was neither aspect touched the old laby to a be- ashamed of his origin, nor had he the lated comprehension. In a flash it | vanity of ten so apparent in self-made came to her that she was very old men. He was never averse to alluding If she could let this girl so past her stone sent him some country ale. The

"Child!" she called. The invader cup of it, and it immediately made an impromptu meal of cocon and roast girl, as she cantered by on her brown a pale gleaming among the dark wondering, and behold! the old, lady potatoes. The next day is class the mare. Chips.

dean began, in a low and mournful Her name, by the way, was Rose. Here where the pines grew thickest, "Forgive me!" she said, for when heither from my parents nor from my

put them on my own haby's."

at the end of that time his good humor once possessed of power to heal an stone. Rose had dismounted now and "I know," hald the old lady. She looked at the little mound, "Mine troubles thee?" continued the good thought. She stooped to remove the "I've all her little things," confided and attendants sufficient for thee?" would distract her, would staunt her dead leaves and twigs with a gentle Rose; and you saw where the boy Every occupation that men are encould not help but look up at one Just such a tiny mound she had left "I know," said the old lady again. runs; to another, Come hither, felgaged in some way particular portrait set pyer, the tall behind her in a Northern state when She touched the flowers. "Put yours low, and the variet falls down on his from the list of pursuits given in Dr. it was, and smiling; and whenever she ever understood why she cared so Rose knelt again, her loving fingers abominably smooth that my heart is

perils of powder manufacturing to the getting the book, with the tears of old enough to die; but oven her two big; looked up. The old lady nodded. slow and subtle bad influences on the age on her withered cheeks, and the beautiful boys could not make her for- "Dear little heads!" she said, yearn- out with prosperity, fell n-weeping health of less daring businesses, like dull despair of old age in her heart. | get, and she always bore in her heart ingly. Bhe smiled to the boy, who most bitterly. leaning all day over a cutting table or Now it would simply have broken the memory of that wee, unmothered pressed closer to his mother. "Tell sittling at a cobbler's bench. Rose's own heart to have had the grave. And she had kept it so sweet granny your name," she wheedled. It is comforting to know that in all faintest conception of all this, for she with haby flowers, violets, little white "Ludwell." He looked at his mother. countries that call themselves civilized was just as sweet as she looked. roses, white daisy stars small as the She nedded. "Harrison," another nod. 'laws' are increasing in number and | One day, indeed, Terence did say, far-away stars of heaven seem to our "Carter," he triumphed. 'It was an

"And what," asked the old lady, "are like to tell in the North West-went to are dust-producing industries, like the manufacturer of woollen and cotton casion, you're too imaginative for a bloom, tall bushes of crimson roses, names, Ludwell Harrison Carter?" man to herd sheep, lie went out on . "His father named him after his his pony the next day to take care "Then," said the old lady, "we are

> "It must be true," continued the old did have a time with them lambs. She smiled again to the boy, who sided that . I reckon if a grown-up sheep Rose came back to the bench, he grew | "There's no lumbs in that flock! What er's, even dared to lean on the old , "Yes, there are lumbs," insisted the lady's knee himself.

The bells of memory rang from the I nearly run the pony off his legs be fume of other flowers long vanished . "If you'll stop out to the round-up with the vanished years. The old with me," said the cowboy, calmiy, "I Representatives for this District

It was a long look, and during they said many thinks to each other. The old lady said. "I am lonely; and howled with laughter. There lay three blown about the empty rooms. Do not palpitating and their tongues hanging house. Come now-to-day, if you will Bring me a daughter and son, and living. laughing children in place of the little shoets that cannot rest because of my selfish; summoning bract." "I have been ready to love you ever since I saw you," said the hazel eyes. "We will come, we shall love to come. How beautiful life is going to bet"

UNMITIGATED BEVERITY

Parson Wilkins was the southest minister the church at Crunford Centre had ever known. It was apparently as difficult for him to lose his temper as for many of his parish, to keep . theirs. One day, one of the deacons went to him with a complaint about the boy who had been apprenticed by the deacon to learn the carpenter's

"He's so laxy and ungrateful, added to everything glad," said the deacon afraid to talk to him for fear I shall display, anger, New I ,want you to speak to him severely, parson very

"I will certainly speak to him with great severity." A few days afterward he received a call from the

"Now, my boy," said the minister. laying, a calm hand on the graceless youngster's shoulder, "I have heard from the good descon of the things you have been doing and the neglect of your proper work, and I wish to say that I think you have been doing very poorly; that if you persist in this course of action I shall be forced"here the ininiater assumed the air of one administerine & rebuke almost too stern to be endured-to lower my opinion of you; to lower it consider-

PRICE OF HIS SCRUPLES

Vieltor-"Can you take us for a boatide to-day, Sandy?". Mandy-"Certainly, sir. 'What made Visitor- We thought perhaps you might have conscientious scruples

BI'S PLUNGE

81 Burker, who lived in a bill town in Vermont, became fired with an ambitton to emulate the men who make Anancial news of his paper with care and regularity, but it was some weeks

One morning he came in from milking and sat down at the breakfastthat of an Oriental diplomatist, "For the land's sake, St." said his

be you a-grinning at?" "Maria, if I told ye," began Si, cooly, "you'd know us much bout it as do. But," he added, "Til let ye in on,

After breakfast Si "hitched up" and

"I think you ure forgetting your loss case of a fanncier, "I bought me "It who conspicuously bore flowers of her cents, and took it to Rochester and sold it for fifty-sight cents. Just a

. "Oh, spec'lating a little," 'HI an-

DISCONTENTED

A lady who had "too much of a good "Come, sweetheart," she said, and thing" was the mother of that dough-

absorbed and immersed in a study of "Good morning!" or "Good evening!" has let in the wild vines and creeping They are very beautiful. You were But his mother did not experience as the case might be, in country grasses to many. Many more have going to put them on my little daugh- the satisfaction she could have wished been obliterated by the plowshares of ter's grave, were you not?" She con- from the change in their mode of liv-To the old lady these children, wild new owners. But this enclosure se- sidered Rose with kindly keenness. log. The bishep gave her a train of male and female servants, and an hon-"Because-" said Rose. She stop- orable establishment, such as would dignation, veration and shame when I flaunted. After such an encounter as still a place that walted to welcome ped, began again, "Because I could not befit the family of one who had come to such high dignity.

the dame in unything but a sweet "What alls my sweet mother?" he

"Never worse," was the reply. "And what alls, thee, then, or son. "Hast thou not men and women "Yea," quothed she, "and more than enough. I say to one. "Oo," and he knee. And, in short, all things are so

THE LAMBS COULD RUN

effectiveness to prevent those dangers to workmen which are not absolutely besential to their work.

"Girl, I don't half-believe that old lady stood—even Terry had never under-to the ears of inconsiderate inquisit—form a sheep—so runs a story that they stood.

"Girl, I don't half-believe that old lady stood—even Terry had never under-to the ears of inconsiderate inquisit—form."

"Girl, I don't half-believe that old lady stood—even Terry had never under-to the ears of inconsiderate inquisit—form."

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"Girl, I don't half-believe that old lady stood—even Terry had never under-to the ears of inconsiderate inquisit—form." of a blgf flock.

"Well, how did you make out to "Fair, I rockon," unawered the cow Rose looked at her, mutely inquiring, boy, somewhat wearly, "but I shore

bowboy. 'There are three of 'em, and

"There," said the cowboy, pointing, "there's your three lambs!" The sheepman looked, and then h

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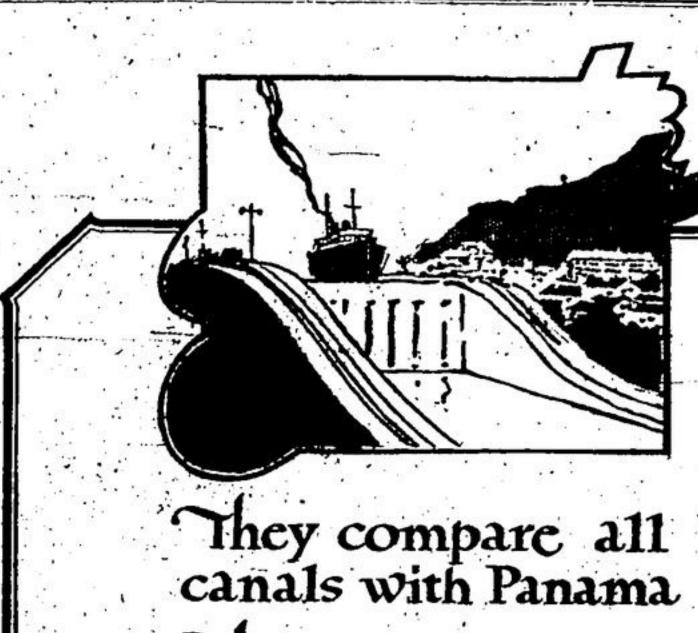
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Georgetown, Ont.

Some Timely Hints

The short road to favor is the advertising route.

.Team work wins! Co-operate with vour customers.

Advertising breeds friendship, holds it and multiplies it.

Transient trade usually happens into the liveliest looking store. People buy what they want; make

em want what you have to offer. Any business that is "not worth ad-

vertising" should be given away. Your salespeople should make a friend for the store every time they make

at the tachestal title that y

bright artistically furnished drawing rooms and lounge, card rooms. smoking rooms and dining rooms spacious decks-comfortable. reatful state roomswith culaine and service always up to the Canadian Pacific standard.

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Local Agent.