

Harry Charlton, Builder of Empire

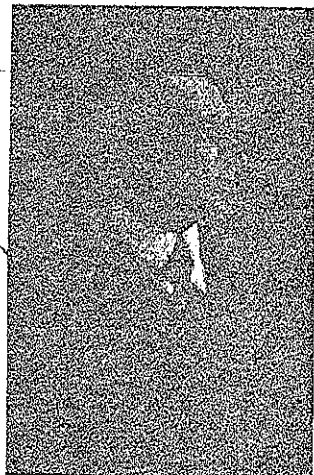
By JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

CHIEVALIER of Japan, a member of the age-old "Order of the Sacred Treasure," decorated by an Emperor, the friend and companion of princes, near-kings, vice-presidents and presidents—the suave, quiet, and Chesterfieldian "Taft of the advertising world," is Harry R. Charlton, maker of empire as well as of friends, and incidentally advertising manager of the Grand Trunk and Grand Trunk Pacific Railway systems. Today Charlton is generally recognized as one of the "big men" of Canada, a big man outside of politics—one of that little company of Hayeses, Chamberlins, Manns and Mackenzies who have turned the great West into a living world, and whose achievements never find their way into the press through political speeches. And yet, even among these men, Charlton stands in a niche of his own.

Of the men who have helped to build western Canada the voices of Donald Mann and Sir William Mackenzie have been heard round the world; something is always bringing them into the public eye. Hayes was a tremendous worker, without a thought of trumpet-blare. Chamberlin is quietly dynamic, disliking the "noise" of publicity even more than Hayes, quiet-spoken, of few words—a powerful human undercurrent that works ceaselessly without whirlpools or splashes on the surface. And Charlton is like him. I believe that it would be difficult to pay a man a greater compliment than this, because I admire the work and achievements of quiet men. "Still waters run deep."

When you enter Charlton's office it is with the knowledge that you are about to intrude yourself upon the presence of the man who is conceded to be the cleverest railroad advertising campaigner in Canada, if not on the continent; and that would mean the world. But the moment you

pass through Charlton's door you feel the peculiar pleasure of realizing that your presence is not an intrusion. Without having said a word, Charlton makes you feel at home. This is what you call personality. Charlton's life work and ambition is to advertise—and advertise better each year. But other duties have forced themselves upon him, and nowadays when a



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Railway.

great personage comes to Canada about the second or third thing to do is to "notify Harry Charlton." It is then that Charlton, in his quiet, unruffled way, prepares to mix with royalty or near-royalty.

And when Charlton agrees to take care

of the country's illustrious guests the rest of the population may fold its hands, knowing that he will do the stunt to a rich and beautiful brown. He guides princes and presidents and grand dukes across and about the continent, entertains them, and gives them a good time in such a thorough way that when they go home they send him all sorts of medals and decorations and blue ribbons and exclusive favors. Not long ago he piloted Prince Fushimi over Canada, and the Prince was so delighted that when he went home he told the Emperor all about it, and the Emperor made Charlton a Chevalier of Japan and a member of the Order of the Sacred Treasure, and a little later came an official parchment from King Edward VII instructing Montreal's young advertising manager when and where he should wear the decoration. In addition to this, Charlton has tucked away in his collection eight gold medals and half a dozen diplomas which he has received at various times.

One of the most interesting facts about Charlton is that he has a hard time keeping his job. There is nearly always some other big railroad or corporation ready to pull him out of his position for its own particular use. From 1891 to 1896 he was in charge of the advertising department of the Canadian Pacific. Then the Davis and Lawrence Company got him until 1898, when he took charge of the Grand Trunk Railway system's advertising. He won't change again. That is his own private opinion publicly expressed. Empire building is the one engrossing game of his life. To see prairies break into life, to see stations grow into towns, and towns develop swiftly into cities is the one hobby that makes him ninety-nine and seven-tenths per cent. pure enthusiasm. That is why he is to-day recognized as one of the three or four foremost makers of newer and greater Canada.

The Lichen Trail

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"Did he live long after—I shot him?" whispered Ben.

Her brows contracted and with a painful effort she murmured, "He died that night." He shivered. He had known the man was dead, but she was the first human being to announce the fact to him. "Let's go inside," he mumbled.

White of face she unsteadily demanded: "You ain't glad to see me, then?"

"Yes, I guess so," he slowly decided. "But I'm all mixed up. Last winter was hard. Once I tramped twenty miles in a snowstorm to one of the International lumber camps and hid round in the cold just to hear the fellers talk. One feller played on a harmonica. I had to go when it was snowing so's not to leave a trail. Took me two days to go and come. At the first of my being-up-here-guess I was loony. But come inside."

gry for her company, thirsting for the music of her voice. But the sheriff's girl was too much of an adept in woodcraft to be found when she desired privacy.

On the morrow he remained at home till the sun crossed the meridian, hoping she would come to him. Then he started to hunt for her. Once he caught a fleeting glimpse of her light figure crossing an opening and he dared the danger of a loud shout. If she heard him she gave no heed, but vanished as lightly as a cloud-shadow from the grass when the sun breaks free. Then ensued a frenzied pursuit and elusive evasion. He did not pause to analyze his emotions in thus desiring her presence; he only knew he had been half-mad and must have the benefaction of her company. It was not until he had returned to his home, exhausted, that she appeared to him.

"I'd just about give up all hope of seeing you again," he remembered to say.

She nodded her head and gently releasing her hand leaned wearily against a stump.

"And you knew it—knew I was suffering the tortures of the damned up here—without even a dog to talk to—and you kept it from me?" he snarled, his huge form vibrating with fury.

She made no answer, but slowly collapsed on the carpet of moss. The piteous suffering in her face should have won his compassion; but even as he backed away from her he was reviewing the many, many days of awful suspense, the sleepless nights, when every bush concealed a foe, when every sunrise found him girded about with enemies. And this white-faced girl could have recalled him to life!

"You've let me stay up here like some wild creature for a year," he muttered. "I've lost a year of life—of life! D'y'e understand?"

The Lichen Trail.

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She rose and walked to him mistaking no surprise at his return. "Leave me not worthy to have you come back to the life you've lost so long!"

"But, I tell you—" he was fiercely postulating, when she broke in: "I'm not worthy to be told anything I've lied and lied to you till my soul is. But I deserve it all."

"Lawd! he's dead then?" he clattered staggering away from her.

"He lives—but he never married. I told you he was dead, to keep you from her. I repented and tried to tell the truth, but after I said he lived I know it's false. They quarreled and he's back to the city. Go to her."

"Say, Anst," he panted, "give it to me straight. Lawd, woman, everything hangs on the truth. Is young Ross dead, alive?"

"He lives," she whimpered. "He was much hurt. He's gone home and the nothing to hinder you from going back, taking up your life where you quit it. He come to the settlement. Oh, Ben, I've been wicked—but tell me you forgive me."

"It's high time you told the truth," said rebukingly. "We'll start for home tonight."

"You can go alone," she muttered. "Follow soon. You need have no fears. The sheriff's girl can take care of herself anywhere in the woods."

"We go back together," he exclaimed. "We'll take up our life where we quit when I made a fool of myself over Fann. We go together, the sheriff's girl and me always together."

How the Colored Brethren Are Fleeced.

(Continued from page 98.)

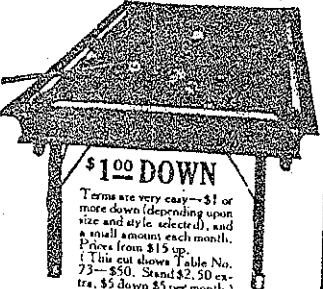
varies from ten per cent. a week to ten per cent. a month, never less than the latter figure. The law, which fixes the interest rate at eight per cent. in most Southern states, is evaded by making the note call for a sum much larger than is actually borrowed. The rate of interest expressed therein is in keeping with the statute, but if the borrower seeks a renewal, he must pay according to the understanding reached when the loan was made, without reference to the legal rate of interest. In the event that the matter is brought to the attention of the authorities, which has been done in a few instances, it becomes merely a matter of veracity between the money lender and the customer, as the note bears no evidence of evasion or transgression of the law. Thus the "loan sharks," as this class are known, prosper and grow fat without practically any interference on the part of the officers of the law.

In some communities there exists what might be termed a "private law."

The High Cost of Playing Billiards and Pool

The expense of playing in a public room enjoys many persons who prefer and would like to play these splendid games—games which should be within reach of all.

Those who are accustomed to play on public tables, with nothing to show for the expense, can easily own a Burrowes Table with the money so spent, playing on the table while paying for it.



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Burrowes Tables are splendidly made and correct in every detail. Leading experts use them for home practice. Full playing equipment of balls, cues, etc., furnished free. You will need no special billiard room. Burrowes Tables can be mounted on dining or library table or on their own legs or folding stand. Put up or taken down in 2 moments.

FREE TRIAL—NO RED TAPE
On receipt of first installment we will ship Table. Play on it one week. If unsatisfactory return it, and on receipt we will refund your deposit. This covers you a free trial. Write today for illustrated catalog giving prices, terms, etc.
E. T. BURROWES CO., 516 Center Street, Portland, Me.

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Years to pay on any terms if you desire to keep it. This is an exceptionally fine art piano—fine as can be made, yet the price on this unusual special offer, is lower than ordinary commercial make.

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Gems and Jewelry like Monarchs

Marvelous Synthetic Gem Imitation. Imitation of the electric synthetic diamonds. Guaranteed to contain no glass. Guaranteed to be backing-free. Use thirty-thirty synthetic gems are set in gold. Hold U.S. money. Absolutely satisfactory. Buy Jewel.